R. N. (Reg) Atkinson Museum
785 MAIN STREET
PENTICTON, B.C. V2A 5E3

Thirty-Eighth Report

OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

November 1, 1974

R. N. (Reg) Atkinson Museum
785 MAIN STREET
PENTICTON, B.C. V2A 5E3

THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT

of the

OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Founded Sept. 4, 1925

COVER PICTURE

The cover picture illustrates Angie Waterman's report of the Society's field day in July [credit to President Victor Wilson.]

The byline giving credit to Mr. Alfred Thomas for his story "Mountain Pathfinder Founder of Princeton" in the 1973 report was, in some way or other omitted, Mr. Sismey apologises.

November 1, 1974

NOTICE

of Annual Meeting
of the
Okanagan Historical Society
1975

Notice is hereby given that the Annual Meeting of the Okanagan Historical Society will be held

SUNDAY, MAY 4, 1974 75

at 2:00 p.m. — Okanagan Landing Community Hall
Okanagan Landing, B.C.

Afternoon Meeting 2 p.m.
and Dinner Meeting at 7:00 p.m.

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Presentation of Reports
Election of Officers

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HISTORICAL

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planned to recognize the

50th ANNIVERSARY

of the

OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

during the week of 4 - 11 May, 1975

VERNON — the founding center for the Society will open the celebrations on Sunday, May 4th.

Events in other areas will follow during the week. Watch for Notices.

KELOWNA — will close the week's celebrations with a Rally at the Pandosy Mission on Sunday, May 11th.

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EDITOR'S COMMENTS

The style of the different contributions is naturally very varied. The direct approach of the best of our material is just what I believe the O.H.S. Journal requires. We are not historians, but we can assemble and record the material which future historians will need and can use.

I suggest that contributors would do well to stick to the story they are telling and avoid reflections or comments. If the story is told in a clear straightforward manner, the reader will reach the same conclusions without prompting.

There are two articles which include considerable technical detail on their subjects. I had grave doubts as to whether to print them as they stood or to cut drastically. Mining, cattle and fruit growing are the basic economic pillars of the development of the Okanagan Valley, so I left these articles complete, at the risk of boring some readers.

I am not sure how much the editor is expected to edit the material received. In some instances there has not been time to do what I felt needed doing. If a story is made lengthy by padding, either it must be reduced to its relevant parts, or else some equally important contribution must be excluded from the current volume.

I think I am fortunate in the amount of material which I received, however, more came between July 15th and August 15th than in the preceding months. This has meant that I have had to go to the printers with what I had on August 15th. Fortunately I did hold back two less interesting items, had I not done so, one or two stories of wider interest would have had to be set aside.

I believe that by setting a deadline of June 30th, or earlier, and sticking to it, the editor will have a chance to put the material together in an orderly manner.

Having been thoroughly nasty, I will try to make amends. First I must thank the President and the members of the editorial committees, without whose devoted efforts I could have done nothing. Secondly, the achievements, under frontier conditions, by people who had known only protected and civilized lives, gives us a gleam of hope that, if our present society falls apart, there will be men and women able to meet the difficulties as they arise.

I realize that in my ignorance I must have made some errors, I hope I may be forgiven these. If, in an endeavour to make a story more readable, I have deleted the author's most cherished phrases, it has not been done with malice aforethought.

The bookshelf has been discontinued because I don't have the connections my predecessor did. If members come across books which they believe would be of interest to other members, it would be helpful if they would tell either the editor, or a member of one of the editorial committees, about it (give title, author and publisher). Credits for photos go in all cases to the author of the article illustrated unless otherwise stated.

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DONALD GRAHAM ...

EARLY NORTH OKANAGAN PIONEER

By: James E. Jamieson

Very little has been officially recorded in Okanagan Historical Reports of this nonagenarian who played such an important part in the early development of Armstrong-Spallumcheen area of the North Okanagan — but his name ranks high on the list of those pioneers, especially from the fact that he was the first reeve of Spallumcheen, the first officially designated municipality in the North Okanagan. Mr. Graham has been dead for thirty years and we, in some small measure, hope to attempt a brief account of this extraordinary man.

Born in Scotland in 1848, Donald Graham came to Canada as a young man in his twenties, first settling at Guelph, Ontario. But the West lured him. He tried soldiering, gold-seeking and hunting as he travelled westward, finally arriving in Kalama, Oregon. This was in 1874. He took ship at Tacoma, Wash., to the busy port of New Westminster and up the Fraser by boat to the head of river navigation at Yale where the famed Cariboo Stagecoach Line went overland to Cache Creek and into Fort Kamloops (now Kamloops) in 1875. That year he joined a survey party opening up a road to the Yellowhead Pass, with which he was associated until 1877. (It might be noted that this was only 13 years after the fabled 1862 Overlanders, of which Augustus and Catherine Schubert and small children were a part, made that perilous journey down the North Thompson from Tete Jaune Cache, landing by a raft at Fort Kamloops, where on the night of their arrival our district's most distinguished female pioneer, Rose Schubert, was born — the first white child to be born in the Interior of B.C. (see 17th report).

Spallumcheen Beckons

In Kamloops he learned first of the Okanagan Valley by a chance meeting with Martin Furstineau who had settled in the Spallumcheen area in August of 1873. Some years later Mr. Furstineau built the first hotel there which he named after the Governor-General, H.C. Lansdowne. The name Lansdowne was applied to the settlement which sprang up - the post office was opened on July 1, 1881, when it, and later the municipality, took the name Spallumcheen. The Lansdowne hotel was the focal centre of a fascinating era of its time.

The writer has been told by his father-in-law, Charles Patten, that he and his brother Edward, as young lads, rode bareback down to the hotel to watch the outlaws from across the border, with a price on their heads, ride up to the Lansdowne Hotel - at least one tried to ride right in to the bar - in search of not only a temporary safe haven, but to quench their thirst with the white man's firewater. Charles Patten's father, Levi, had a grist mill and sawmill on Deep Creek, powered by a water wheel.

Right then and there young Donald Graham made up his mind to investigate this charmed land. He came in by way of Grand Prairie (Westwold) where incidentally the writer vividly recalls Mr. Graham recounting seeing the strange sight of camels roaming at large - these animals from far off Asia had been brought to B.C. as pack animals, but unfortunately they proved unable to cope with the rugged terrain and eventually were set loose to roam away their years at Grand Prairie.* Reaching Round Prairie, the home of the Augustus Schuberts (Senior) in November of 1876, Donald Graham took up land just south of the present city townsite - near Realm (later owned by O.W. Nordstrom and presently by Pete Rosendal). Mr. Graham cleared the forested and rock-strewn land and proceeded to take his place among the early settlers - Herman Wickers who had arrived June 5, 1873, A.L. Fortune, the first white settler on June 15, 1866, the B.F. Youngs, the Ehmkes, Schuberts and others as documented in Johnny Serra's excellent publication "The First Hundred Years" - entering into active and prominent participation in all phases of community life. It was on his trip up the Fraser River in 1875 to the Interior that Mr. Graham first laid a coveting eye on a comely lass, Miss Adelaide Christian, no doubt on her way to the Vernon or the Priests Valley and Lumby area where her relatives had settled, who was later to become his wife.

* See Camels in B.C. - 6th Report.

Elected First Reeve

This became a reality after he had built a home on his land in Pleasant Valley; together they raised their family and laid foundations of a community that honored him when he was elected first reeve of Spallumcheen Municipality on July 21, 1892. Elected along with Mr. Graham were Councillors Robert Wood (no relative of the Robert Wood of later years), Donald Matheson, the first president of the Armstrong Fair, forerunner of the present Interior Provincial Exhibition; John Cameron and Thomas N. Hayes, who pre-empted land at Larkin on April 4, 1884. The first municipal clerk and assessor appointed was Henry Seydel who served in this capacity from Sept. 24, 1892 to March 13, 1895.

The building of the Shuswap and Okanagan Railway changed the whole complexion of growth in the North Okanagan. (We will quote directly from Johnny Serra's "The First Hundred Years.")

Under the 1890 section: "An historical event of the Okanagan Valley was when the Shuswap and Okanagan Railway started to build from Sicamous to Okanagan Landing; the year was August 1890 and its completion was May 12, 1892. Originally the railway interests wished the townsite near Davis Creek and attempted negotiations with a Mr. Davis who owned the land at that time. Mr. Davis, however, wished the railway to purchase his entire farm so an agreement was not reached. Eventually the railway people were able to make a better deal with Robert Wood for the present townsite of Armstrong. At the time this ill chosen site, a large sandbar surrounded by water and swampland called the "Island", is where the Railway Co. placed a station. It is best described by Jabez Kneller, quote: 'I arrived in Armstrong September 1, 1892, travelling on the Shuswap and Okanagan Railway which had been completed three months before ... at that time, Armstrong consisted of one box car which served as station and living quarters for the station agent. Apart from it there was just willows and swamp.' "Armstrong station received its name in honor of a London capitalist who had bought bonds of the Shuswap and Okanagan Railway Company. The original townsite was surveyed by R.S. Pelley, P.L.S., and every alternate lot was deeded by the E.C. Cargill Co. to Riley, Paterson and Co., the builders of the railway.

"Now at this time the citizens of the tiny community to the north called Spallumcheen (Lansdowne), realized that the railway had bypassed them. They also realized the potential of moving themselves to the railway and a mass exodus took place in 1891 headed by Robert Wood, Daniel Rabbitt and E.C. Cargill. Almost all the buildings, the church and business houses of Spallumcheen (Lansdowne) were moved to Armstrong when the railway came into regular operation in 1892. The residents of Spallumcheen were, with few exceptions, the pioneers of Armstrong. Mr. Wood and Mr. Rabbitt laid out the townsite which they named Aberdeen, so for a time there was the anomaly of the town being called "Aberdeen" and the railway station Armstrong. Finally an agreement was reached between Wood and Rabbitt and the railway company, and when the post office of the new village was opened on the first day of July, 1892, the name was Armstrong with Daniel Rabbitt postmaster." End Serra quote.

Donald Graham held the office of reeve for balance of the year 1892 and the two following years. On Dec. 17, 1892, Council completed the work of dividing the Municipality into four wards: namely Spallumcheen Ward; Salmon River Ward; Pleasant Valley Ward, and Okanagan Ward. First meeting in 1893, Jan. 16, Reeve Graham introduced and read for the first time By-law No. 3, to fix the renumeration of municipal officers, as it was expedient by law. 1 - That the clerk should receive the sum of $135 per annum, payable in quarterly instalments; 2 - That the assessor shall receive the sum of $40 per annum payable on completion of his work for each year; 3 - That the collector shall receive the sum of $50 per annum, payable on completion of his duties each year; 4 - That the treasurer shall serve without salary; 5 - That the road inspector shall receive the sum of $2 per day, for every day usual service.

MLA in 1894

Following his election as reeve Mr. Graham was elected Member of the B.C. Legislature in 1894, defeating F.G. Vernon, chief commissioner of lands and works. At the next election in 1898, the late Price Ellison of Vernon, won the seat.

Following his four year service as representative in the B.C. Legislative Assembly, Mr. Graham resumed his farming operations, consisting mainly of growing wheat. This eventually led to his being involved in the formation of the Okanagan Flouring Mills Company Limited. As in many such enterprises, although at the time it performed a much needed work in the community, it became the victim of progress and competition. The venture was registered in September, 1895. Capital stock was $60,000 divided into 600 shares at $100 each; registered shareholders were C. O'Keefe, Donald Graham, Donald Matheson, Mark Hill and Daniel Rabbitt. By the middle of July, 1896, the mill was finished and in running order. The mill was quite successful for about ten years. By 1900 "the writing might have been seen on the wall." Prairie competition was becoming increasingly keen. Large borrowing was necessary from the Bank of Montreal to maintain production. During the year 1906 an audit of the company books

showed a very large percentage of uncollectable debts, so much so, that the company was declared insolvent. On Dec. 11, 1906 it was decided to wind up the affairs of the company. The Bank of Montreal refused to hold the shareholders responsible. The names of the five directors were on notes and they intended to look to them for payment. A sum of $35,000 ($7,000 each) was placed before the directors to pay within one year. This sum, on competent advice, was paid to the Bank. It was one of the few ventures in which Mr. Graham was associated that did not end on a happy note.

After his retirement from active farming, Mr. and Mrs. Graham moved into Armstrong to reside. He was president of the Board of Trade for a number of years (when the Board of Trade was re-activated in the late 20's) and even though he was reaching a venerable age, made quite a success of it. At that time, we well remember his enthusiasm to introduce large scale sugar beet production in the Spallumcheen district. But the famous Armstrong celery and head lettuce was at its peak and thought of this other crop met with lukewarm response. In retrospect and in view of the subsequent decline of these two products in the area; we cannot help but think that Mr. Graham's far sightedness was many years ahead of the business and packing house powers at the helm at that time.

Advancing years led Mr. and Mrs. Graham to go to Edmonton to live with their daughter, Mrs. Ada Durand in their twilight years, with whom they were living at the time of his death.

A staunch supporter of the former Presbyterian Church, at Union in 1925 when the national referendum was held and amalgamation of the former Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational churches was endorsed, he swung his support to the newly formed United Church in Canada. He and Mrs. Graham, who switched from her early family upbringing in the Roman Catholic faith to that of her husband's, rarely missed church services at Zion United Church when health permitted. Mr. Graham was a member of Zion United Session until his removal to the prairie capital.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham were honored guests on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the incorporation of the Municipality of Spallumcheen on July 21, 1942. Regrettably this turned out to be the final visit to his beloved Spallumcheen. He died late in March 1944 at the ripe old age of 96.

At the time of his death, Mr. Graham was survived by his widow; also three sons, David in Alberta, Donald in Texas and Charles in Hollywood; his daughters, Mrs. Katie Durrand and Mrs. Ada Durand, both living in Edmonton. Another daughter, Rosie, died here as a small child. There were 15 grandchildren and six great grandchildren.

Mrs. Graham died some years later; they are buried side by side in an Edmonton cemetery.

Donald Graham's life covered the better part of a century. It was one of complete devotion to his adopted land ... his every move was made in the spirit of consuming interest in the well being of the community ... integrity was his foremost virtue. As an admirer of this exceptional Scottish immigrant, we deem it a privilege to have known the man.

THE INKAMEEP INDIAN SCHOOL

Anthony Walsh

One day in the late fall of 1930, I was working with Bob Fanning on his fox farm in the hills behind Kelowna when there was a phone call from Fr. Carlyle of Bear Creek. He told me there was a letter in the mail for me from him, and after I had read it, to phone him back. The letter arrived and I was amazed at its contents. For it stated that the teacher at the Indian School at Six Mile Creek near to Vernon had left in the middle of the term. There was need of a teacher for the remaining six weeks, and he thought I was just the man for this temporary job.

I picked up the phone, "Father you must be crazy. I know nothing about children or education".

He replied that as I had a week-end free, to accompany him and see the reserve and the school. I went as requested, met the Chief and the Indian Agent and saw the reserve and school. I was pressured to take the job. But I had a partner to consider, so could not give a definite reply.

After consultation with Bob, he asked, "Do you want to go?"

"Well it is only for six weeks, and there is little work here on the ranch except the feeding of a few apples a day. It would be an adventure."

Off I went into entirely new territory for me. Within three weeks I realized that these Indian children were of a creative and talented people. And they were not dirty and decadent as thought by many of their white neighbors. After I had been teaching for a month, the agent paid a visit to the school. He said little but contacted Ottawa, who then contacted me with a request to continue teaching in the new year.

On returning to the ranch for the Christmas vacation, I took up the matter with Bob. He said he was planning on returning to Vancouver Island. I then decided to return to the Reserve and complete the school year.

That summer I took a Teacher-training course at the University of Alberta in Edmonton, and read whatever was available on Indian Affairs in the libraries. This gave me an opening and provided me with a base of study of the cultures of the main Indian tribes throughout Canada. I then started to search for material dealing with the Okanagan Tribe, but as they were a small group, and were made up of fishing and hunting people, there was not much material available.

During the second year of teaching I was able to get a start on different art forms dealing with Okanagan designs. Then we were able to secure some examples of bead and silk work on buckskin to make a small exhibit. At the close of the year there was a concert given under a big fir tree in the school yard. And among those attending were Miss Topham Brown. Jim and Mrs. Goldie, Mr. & Mrs. Bob Allison and Gordon Massy. There was much surprise and praise on the part of the visitors, and the children and parents were delighted. They met their guests as equals, and with a sense of some accomplishment in that they had something to contribute. This small venture was like the opening of clouds following a black storm, and the sudden appearance of a shaft of golden sunshine.

But the effects of much extra curricula involvements was demanding and draining. I felt a need of a slower pace with some time to think and do research. There then came an opening at the small day school at the Inkameep Reserve just south and east of Oliver. Here I started a career that was to last for ten very full and fascinating years of creativity and research. After attending courses for two summers at Edmonton, I then attended two other summer schools at Victoria, B.C. Then came a freedom to travel and study for a number of years. Largely at museums and universities at Victoria, Seattle, Berkeley and the Natural History Museum in New York. The latter having very well-equipped and pleasingly displayed West Coast Canadian Indian art and replicas of life in those parts before the coming of the white man. Then too a study at the National Museum at Ottawa proved of great value.

The Inkameep Reserve is in a small valley quite distinct from the main Okanagan Valley. It is surrounded by high hills and distant mountains, due to irrigation there were fine meadows of green alfalfa in contrast to the dryness of the sandy soil and the sage brush. On some of the hills there were examples of rock paintings. These provided a start with art native to the reserve. There were days after the closing of school when pupils and myself would ride off and sketches would be made of these designs, and then transferred to the top of the blackboards of the school. Then further sketches were made of the designs on bags and moccasins, and so a start was made.

Chief George Baptiste was an old man at this time. He had been a man of wisdom and vision.

And the fine bands of horses and herds of cattle were largely due to his initiative. And he had built up a type of life of value to his people just beginning to feel the impact of the encroachment of another culture.

He was ahead of his time in that he wanted his children taught within their own background, not sent away to the residential schools. And with persistence, he held to his views and eventually got a small day school established on the reserve. It took about two years for the children to fully accept me. For though I appeared friendly, I was after all a white man. And it was generally assumed by adults, and so was accepted by the children that no matter how kind a white man might seem, he was always suspect. This attitude which is easily understandable, was largely due to the many broken promises of the past, and the greed and disdain.

The parents and the old folk were always courteous. The Chief just wished for one thing, that his children be equipped to be able to hold their own in a white man's world. For he sensed clouds ahead foretelling of storms. It was essential that they should have some understanding of sales and the marketing of fine horses and fattened cattle in the markets and the stockyards of the Coast.

Meanwhile the art studies continued and enriched the more difficult subjects within the curriculum. And any information that I could pick up during the summer vacations was like grist to a mill that consisted of a very small but fascinating school room. A room in which hardly a week went by without there being some new development.

Then there came about a very unusual breakthrough that was to bring in its wake very extraordinary happenings. As one Christmas was approaching, I brought up the following suggestion.

"How would you like to make some sketches for Christmas cards". There was very great excitement.

"If the Nativity had taken place in the lower Okanagan Valley, what would have been the setting?"

"There would be no stable, but there would be calves in the hills of our reserve."

"There would be no ass or ox, but there would be deer, coyotes and rabbits."

Every available space on the blackboards was made use of. There was tremendous concentration and along with the sighing, considerable erasing of chalk lines. What eventually emerged was a tepee made of bull-rushes. The Baby was laced on to a brilliantly decorated papoose board. There was a tree and an owl, a deer and a coyote, and a boy and girl dressed in fringed buckskin.

"But where are Mary & Joseph?"

It appeared that they were visiting relatives, and the boy and girl were left to tend the baby.

These rough unfinished sketches on pieces of birchbark were then sent off to friends of the school. They were welcomed and acclaimed by the receivers. Then someone suggested that a large picture should be made of the different sketches, and carried out on a piece of buckskin. So the effort became a group project, and then the finished sketches were submitted to the young artists, and between them they chose the one they thought best. (For by this time they had developed sufficiently to appraise each other's work). And the artist, whose work was the most finished, was Francis Baptiste.

His grandmother prepared him a beautiful piece of buckskin. And when he had finished his picture there was much oohing and ah-ahing. As I had no car, the garage had been turned into a studio for the small school room had become jammed with utensils and sketches and finished projects. And there the buckskin painting was left to dry, supposedly safe from any smudges or handling. It was to be sent to a competition to the Royal Drawing Society's Exhibit for Commonwealth children to be held in London, England. A few days before it was to be sent away, one of the children had gone to the studio to get some materials. Then came rushing back to the school in great distress and screaming that the bush-tailed rats had chewed holes in Francis's picture. Everyone took flight from their desks as though they were a flock of birds to survey the situation. When I arrived they were holding up the buckskin from which great chunks had been gouged. There was only one thing to do. Get Grandmother to give another piece of buckskin. She did, but it was not as nice as the first one. Within two days time Francis had completed the second picture, and then after being carefully packed and insured it was on its way, and just arrived a couple of days ahead of the deadline. After some weeks there came an announcement over the radio that the picture "Inkameep Nativity" had won a Silver Medal, and was going to be taken to Buckingham Palace for the Queen to see.

Then in 1938 a portfolio of the children's drawings and paintings were exhibited by the Junior Red Cross in different capitals throughout Europe. In that same year I took an exhibit of the Inkameep art which was exhibited in London, Paris and Dublin and at a big exhibition in Glasgow, Scotland.

The next area of importance in connection with the art was when the old Chief agreed to send Francis Baptiste to an Indian Art School at Santa Fe, New Mexico. There he studied for one school year. On his return the Chief built him a studio near to Francis's home. And here he

THE FISHERMAN
By: Sis-hu-lk, Inkameep

Francis Baptiste was one of Anthony Walsh's pupils.

Photo copy of drawing in the Osoyoos museum by Eric D. Sismey.

painted many pictures that were sent to different countries throughout the world.

While these developments were going on in the art field, other creativities started to take shape. There came a feast day in the fall of the year, when a picnic had been arranged amid the high hills. But as the afternoon approached the sky darkened and a deluge descended battering on the roof and the dry earth. The old stove was lit, and because of the increasing darkness the oil lamps had to be lit. And whatever cooking had been planned was carried out. Then there were games and much merriment. There then came a pause and a little fellow by the name of Johnny Stalkia, who had very little English, came to me and said.

"Teacher, me know Indian story."

I was all ears. The others wished to squelch him, for this was forbidden territory. But I said, "Let him speak."

Then a very strange thing happened, this small boy became like a bear - for his story was about a bear. And there before our eyes the bear walked and rolled and talked in the Okanagan dialect. I was spellbound as were all the other children as they sat enthralled by the ability of one of their own number to portray the actions of an animal so vividly. There flashed through my mind the thought - here are the elements of drama in which bird and animals act and speak like human beings.

As the children were captivated by the presentation, I did not have too much difficulty in getting further stories. There then came a further development of art forms. For masks were needed. These were made of paper mache of the bird and animal characters. Then stories had to be chosen that had some aspect of dramatization.

One very surprising thing emerged in that these children had a certain grace of movement, there was no stiffening from the elbow or knees downward, for both legs and arms flowed. And in these flowing movements there came something very distinctive in the walk, run or crouch of each different portrayal.

Then, to give a further finesse to each character, for it would not have been in keeping to have used masks with jeans and shirts, I purchased cheese cloth. That was the only material cheap enough to buy on the small salary of a day school teacher. This was then dyed the color of buckskin, and the play-making was under way. A cloud-burst of creativity then took place that was breath-taking. A child would tell his story after much coaching by the old people. Others would then make comment and a script would start to take shape. But the contributions had always to keep within the framework of the story, although some speeches were added for some of the minor characters to keep the script flowing. And in very crude form, but authentic, small plays came into being.

Within the Oliver area there lived two white girls, Isabel MacNaughton and Elizabeth Renyi. Isabel had often listened to old stories told by Mrs. Shuttleworth of Okanagan Falls. She had written poems and was now willing to write plays for our children. One told of "Why the Ant's Waist is Small.", and another "Why the Chipmunk's Coat is Striped." Elizabeth had tried out

some acting of plays with small white children.

When I read the first play about the ant and its waist there was great commotion. It was as though there had been an invasion of acrobats. There was a great joy in the eyes and much exaltation.

Later the Inkameep children were to write their own version of the Okanagan story of the Hare and the Tortoise, the latter known as a turtle. It was presented at a festival at Penticton. The adjudicator stated that practically every rule of the theatre had been broken, but somehow a very entertaining performance had been produced that was greatly appreciated by a rapt audience.

When this was repeated for the old people, they were amazed. It was played in a superb setting, the sun was descending upon the western mountains, and the vivid green meadow was entrancing against the silver grey of the sage brush. The smell of the baked earth and the pungency of the sage added to the fantasy of the evening. Something new was born - first the enthusiasm and skilled performance of the children. Then too, the eyes of the old, for no words can surpass the eloquence of the eyes either under stress, joy, or accomplishment. How they laughed at the antics of the boastful rabbit, and there was a lump in their throats when poor rabbit was humiliated. And the white audience, which included many sophisticated former Europeans, had difficulty in expressing their feelings, except that they had witnessed something essentially Canadian, something they knew was present, but which had always before evaded them. And their sincere appreciation gave to the adult Indian people a kind of seal upon their old culture, that still had the power to amuse and produce awareness and an attempted awareness of something of a people who had forged their own way long before the advent of the white people to the western valleys and mountains.

Often in the silence of the evenings, when sounds carry far, I would hear the Indian cowboys singing their own songs. This they did while driving cattle down from the high pastures to the meadows beside the river and the creeks.

Whenever I spoke of these songs and expressed a desire to hear them sung, there was always a silence and a blank stare, as though this was not my business. I often thought how I might break this impasse. For in all countries throughout the world, and among all people and all ages songs have been sung of sorrows and joys and happenings of importance in the lives of each of the people, something that was of their very own. There must be some way of breaking the bondage that tongue-tied a people, preventing free expression.

About this time a friend knowing of the children's love of color offered unbeknown a solution. For there arrived a large gaudy poster of an English thatched cottage with a luxuriant garden in which were many hollihocks. It was so bright that one was forced to blink. When I held it up for the children to see, there was a kind of stunned surprise and then much exclamation. Then the interest was heightened when I told them that I was going to give it as a prize to the one who could sing three Okanagan songs, and who sang them the best. And that I would give them two weeks to learn the songs. Much animated chatter followed this announcement. After school and the carrying out of evening chores I would hear snatches of songs and during the week ends as they rode by on different errands a certain melody would be repeated time and again. I asked no questions but sensed that much effort and practice was underway.

When the fourteenth day arrived there was much suppressed excitement. Then one by one each made contribution. Some had just one song, a few two, and a still further few, three. And the one without any question the winner was a small frail child named Irene maybe she was six or seven, who from birth had a slight disfigurement on her upper lip. In every-day life she was highly strung and nervous, but on this occasion she had poise and self confidence and there was a glow in her eyes as she sang her three songs. Because she was so outstanding, this was an occasion that demanded care and careful communication. There was praise for all the competitors, odd remarks on weaknesses, and much expressed interest in the songs themselves that dealt with many phases of life and of interest. But the prize was for the one who had sung three songs the best. And the only fair conclusion that I could come to was that the singing of Irene Baptiste was of unusual quality. As she came forward to receive this picture of garish coloring no saint could have looked more ecstatic. Then holding it very close, she returned to her seat in wonderment. And for a few days she went about in a world of her own, very far removed from every-day life. But after a time she returned to her normal self and I was able to question her.

"Irene, how was it that you sang those songs so beautifully?"

"Teacher," she said, "When I saw that picture, I wanted it more than anything else in the world. After school I ran as fast as I could and found my Grandma."

"Grandma, you got to teach me Indian songs." Grandma kind of laughed and then she said in a deep voice.

"I have not sung Indian songs since I was a little girl like you."

"Grandma try and remember, I'll wash the floor for you, and I'll get the water, I'll help you weed the garden. I'll do anything you ask me, but please teach me Indian songs. Just three

Indian songs. She thought for one day, and then sang and sang. And when she got tired, you know what I made her do?"

"No."

"I made her whistle."

"Shame on you, for your Grandma has few teeth."

"She just laughed and started to whistle. That is why I sang the songs well, and how I won the prize."

Within a few months we had garnered thirty different songs, some were important ones. One old man enthused by the interest of the children gave us a drum, this then formed a background for the singing. Here was another step forward in gaining respect and joy for something that was essentially of their own background. Something that no longer need be hid from the critical whites.

The playground had always been a behaviour laboratory, you never knew what next might happen there. One day I was looking out of the window and there were three small children acting much like small ducklings. I stood fascinated as they waddled and quacked, preened their feathers and were squatting down on the earth with little kinds of murmuring. There then came the thought, these movements could be co-ordinated into a dance. Most of the Indian dances, though now forbidden, had been based on the movements of birds and animals. I awaited an opportune time, and then presented the situation that their people had always danced, and where these movements had come from. I related about watching the duck game and that there was the possibility of making a dance, a dance that would be a funny one. We had a drum to keep time, we had a pet deer of much graceful movement. So let us put our heads together and try.

There was great concentration for some weeks. Some were most agile and with good co-ordination. Others, though keen observers, lacked the ability to carry out the steps and movements. Others had a good sense of timing with the beating of the drum, and dances started to take shape. As with everything else associated with the first attempts at new forms of creative activity it was carried out by group effort.

Then after a certain amount of testing an avenue was opened up for individual effort. Each child chose their own bird or animal. And by careful observation and concentration some very beautiful and amusing dances were brought into being. Some of the drummers were uncanny with their sense of rhythmn that gave an effective setting and pause to certain expressions of hand and body movements.

There were three little girls aged four, five and near to six who came each day for a few hours to get their ears attuned to the English language. At times they were as merry and mischievious as kittens. Two were slim and light on their feet, the other was pudgy, slow moving and very serious.

There came a perfect day, a Saturday when I wished I was riding the hills, but there were reports to complete and other necessary school chores. Then I heard a tapping on the door and some giggling and whispering. As I was not in the best of moods, knowing it was not adults, I growled "Who is there?"

The door was pushed gently open and there were the three.

"What do you women want?"

There was a flurry, soon they were beside me, all talking at once.

"Teacher we have a dance."

"Impossible."

"A butterfly dance."

"I'm busy run along now."

"It's true, Teacher."

For some time the argument went on, but sensing their intensity, which was most rare, I gave way before their determination.

"Alright, alright, now listen carefully. No fooling around or climbing trees, and getting stuck and yelling and disturbing the school, so no one can study."

But to all my misgivings, they gave reassuring answers. They left not one stone unturned in getting their own way on this occasion.

I must admit that on the whole they carried out my wishes. There were occasions though when the exasperated drummer in desperation at having to cope with the antics of the butterflies would explode. And flinging her drum in one direction, and with drumsticks in each hand would pursue the shrieking butterflies. Fully prepared to batter them should she catch them, which was seldom, for she was heavy of limb and slow on her feet. I would then have to go outside and yell so hard that the windows would rattle. They would return with heads hung low and very crestfallen to get a scolding.

There came a late afternoon when all was quiet, and they insisted their dance was now ready. I tried to evade their pleas, but in vain. Again they stood their ground, and I was forced to give way. I was then dragged down to the rambling creek, told to put my hands over my eyes, and not

look up until I heard the beat of the drum.

And what a sight greeted my eyes as I looked up at the end of the beat. I could not help but think, how in the long ago, the first dances were seen in such a setting.

There was blue sky overhead, and the swift soaring of an eagle in flight caused a swishing sound. The Saskatoon bushes were full of fragrant white flowers, while a chorus of birds completed the setting. Then an unseen signal must have been given and suddenly there appeared two white butterflies. They had clumsily used the blossoms of blackthorn as wings. With such scant disguise they lost their human form, and with delicate posturing emerged as butterflies, while the beat of the drum was subdued. I was transfixed by such a sight. There before me, created by children of four, five and six, was a true art form.

When the dance was ended, they disappeared and then came out just ordinary little Indian girls, but with eyes alight and eager to hear my comments. I was embarrassed, for I could not find words to express my feelings, but could only in some kind of a fumbling way let them know of my appreciation. But with that understanding which children have at times, they accepted my being so inadequate.

There then came about the formation of a mock broadcast studio, and for seven minutes every day the schoolroom became the radio station I.N.K. of Inkameep, with most of the youngsters taking turns to act as announcers. From such small beginnings, they were to go on to Vancouver travelling by train for the first time. They produced and carried out a program of their songs, much to the amazement of the CBC folk who had gone through anxious moments, for they feared mike fright and speechlessness. But they need not have feared, the troupe took things in their stride. And then by a big ship they went through the islands to Victoria to put on their plays and dances and sing their songs before a huge crowd in a park near to the Parliament Buildings.

Many other creative things were to happen, and wherever they went up and down the valleys they helped to bring understanding and a lessening of prejudice.

While all this work was going on, it was against a background of anxiety, a haunting of the shape of things to come. For Europe was preparing for war. Was it worthwhile to go on expending energy that could come to nought? But there followed another train of thought, seed had been sown that could flourish in the eventual constructive era that could follow the destruction of war.

Then too, there was the awareness that these children of talent and ability would likely be crushed between two opposing forces. That of the old ways and the merciless ones of the new. For always throughout history primitive folk have been unable to overcome the cruelty and the greed of invading white men and their ways.

But our venture had come too late, the gap was too wide to be bridged. And among this small group that had brought such joy to others, and opened up new channels of exchange and acceptance, a number died tragic and premature deaths. They became broken in spirit and the light of gladness that had once lit their eyes became glazed. But for a few brief years they had experienced happiness.

Anthony Walsh

FOOTNOTE

By: Eric Sismey

It is with pleasure that I offer Mr. Anthony Walsh's story about his early activities at the old Indian school on the Inkameep Reserve. It is a valuable contribution to the history of the Southern Okanagan. But I must add there are many Indians now in middle age who remember Mr. Walsh well. They hold him in high regard and with affection.

The last paragraph of Mr. Walsh's story ends with a note of sadness. He writes that he fears the venture had come too late, and the gap too wide to be bridged.

This, I do not think is quite correct. In 1966 I was responsible for bringing Mr. R. Bouchard, a trained young linguist, to Penticton (OHS 30th report, pp 67-69). Since then progressive studies have been made under his leadership; his work has been recognized.

He has devised and committed to writing the Okanagan language by means of an easily learned alphabet. He has gathered many tapes of Okanagan songs and legends and his work with trained informants is progressing with governmental support and the Indians, themselves, are showing increasing interest in their language and culture.

Eric D. Sismey

References

Okanagan Historical Society reports
18th report pp 24-29
30th et seq.

Reproductions of Francis Baptiste drawings are available at the Osoyoos Museum

A Nativity tape broadcast over the Christmas season by station CKOK at Penticton is based on Mr. Walsh's material.

WILLIAM ATKINSON

An Appreciation

Summerland lost yet another pioneer and veteran on June 13th, 1973 with the passing of William Atkinson, at the age of 87 years.

Bill, who was born in the town of Gainsborough, in the county of Lincolnshire, England, came to Canada in 1904. Serving his apprecticeship as a painter and decorator in England, he settled in Calgary for a short time and moved to Summerland in 1906. It was here that he spent the rest of his life, apart from a brief period at Kaleden and for four and a half years on active service in France with his Battalion, the 2nd Canadian Mounted Rifles. Bill participated in much of the heavy fighting on the Western Front, for his unit took part in most of the important battles of the war such as the Ypres Salient, Sanctuary Wood, The Somme, Vimy Ridge, Passchendaele and the last hundred days. Wounded twice, first in the head and then the chest, he had a marvellous escape from death when a bullet smashed into his cap badge.

On demobilization he returned to Summerland, quickly becoming involved in community activities. Married in 1921 to Elizabeth Ritchie, the daughter of another respected pioneer, Bill is survived by his wife and two daughters, Louise of Summerland and Isobel of Burnaby and three grandchildren.

William Atkinson, deeply involved and interested in ex-service matters, played a vital and an important part in the Great War Veterans Association. This being the predecessor of the Royal Canadian Legion. As Secretary of the local branch of the G.W.V.A., with Theo. Hermon he was directly instrumental in establishing on 24th April, 1926 the present Branch, Summerland No. 229. Throughout the whole of his life, until failing health and partial blindness (probably accelerated by his war service) prevented him from participating in the work of the Branch, the Legion remained his first and last love in community activities. A few months before his death Bill was presented with his fifty years badge at his home by the President of the Summerland Branch, Howard Shaanon, and he was the last charter member of Summerland Branch Number 22 of the Legion.

June 22nd, 1965, must have been a proud day and a day of remembrance for Bill and the fifty other survivors of his old Regiment. For it was then, that all of them, became the guests, at Government House British Columbia, of one of the most popular and renowned Regimental Officers of the 2nd Battalion C.M.R.'s. Although Major George Randolph Pearkes, V.C.D.S.O., M.C. had now become His Honor, the Lieutenant Governor of British Columbia, Honorable George Randolph Pearkes, V.C.D.S.O., M.C., there remained no barrier of rank or station between them.

And, as one would expect, Sergeant William Atkinson also played his part in the Second World War. From the raising of the Provincial Defence Force, subsequently given the title of "Pacific Coast Militia Rangers," he served throughout the war until the "Stand Down."

Bill always took a keen interest in sports. In the early days of Summerland he was a member of the crew of the Summerland War Canoe Club and the football teams, later being an active member of the Lawn Bowling Club.

Lastly, one has the feeling that this brief resume of William Atkinson's life would be incomplete were no mention made of that happy day in 1971, when husband, wife and family, gathered together, shared half a century of sunshine and shadow. Truly it must have been a "Golden Wedding day."

Many of Bill's friends and representatives from the Experimental Station and Canadian Legion, gathered to pay their last respects at the funeral service held in St. Stephen's Church with Rev. R. Matthews officiating.

THE SUMMERLAND YOUTH CENTRE

By: D.V. Fisher

The Youth Centre on Giant's Head Road is a familiar sight to Summerland residents but there are many today who know little or nothing of its past history. The Youth Centre and Anglican Church built in 1910 and the Baptist Church built in 1908 are the three oldest public buildings in town. Yet to look at the Youth Centre from the outside (and the inside) it appears in a remarkable state of preservation having recently benefitted from painting and renovation, made possible by the Federal Local Initiatives Program under the direction of Youth Centre President Arthur Halleran.

To go back to the start, the Youth Centre was erected largely from subscriptions obtained by students of Okanagan College which was opened in 1906 under the auspices of the Baptist denomination from 1910 until 1949, although it served a number of functions, it was known locally as the "College Gym." The building was erected by the late Harry Tomlin and served as gymnasium and auditorium for the College until 1915 when Okanagan College was forced to close its doors because of the exodus of so many young men from Summerland and ajoining areas to the armed forces.

From 1915 until 1933, although still owned by the Baptist denomination, the College Gym was used mainly as a meeting place for Scouts and for basketball, both of which activities were very popular in that period. Among present local residents who were involved in these two activities at that time were Gordon and Ralph Blewett, Clarence and Irvine Adams, Dr. James

Marshall, Dr. W.H.B. Munn, Alf Johnson, Earle and Doney Wilson; and Mike Clay of Penticton.

The Gym was well supplied with climbing ropes, parallel bars and similar equipment. Although smaller than the minimum regulation size for a basketball floor, many exciting games were played with spectators standing hard against the walls as well as on the stage. Because of its construction on 2 x 12 cedar joists, the floor had a fine spring to it which still is remarked upon by the square dancers who rent it several times during each winter season.

The Gym also was used in the 1915 to 1933 period for badminton and for a while as a hall for church services of the "Home for the Friendless" who had acquired the two college buildings on the hill above, and for many years operated a home for destitute persons.

In 1934 the late Alex H. Steven leased and later bought the College Gym which he operated until 1939 as a packing house. During that period present local residents who worked for A.H. Steven include John Bennest, Henry Mohr and Bert Simpson.

From 1942 to 1948, Mr. Harry Beeman, now a Kamloops resident, leased the College Gym and used it as a combination furniture manufacturing plant and living quarters for the Beeman family.

In 1948 the late A.E. Smith of Garnett Valley, father of local resident Roy Smith, purchased the building from Mr. Steven with the intention of converting the premises into a cannery under the management of W.G. Rempel. However, Mr. Rempel left Summerland and the plan failed to materialize. At this time, for a short period, Pollock Motors used the building as a storage area for used farm equipment.

As the population of Summerland increased, the time arrived in 1949 when it became necessary to build a new High School with expanded facilities including gymnasium, auditorium and special classrooms. As a result of this development the school gymnasium, which for many years had served not only as a gymnasium but also a meeting place for Scouts and other youth organizations, was demolished.

The need thus became urgent to find a meeting place for Cubs, Scouts, Brownies, Guides and Teen Town whose total membership at that time exceeded 250 young people. Leaders of these organizations formed an "Inter-Group Building Committee" consisting of Mrs. T.C. Croil, Mrs. Betty McIntosh, the late Mrs. J. Marshall and Messrs. G.R. Beggs, H.R. McLarty, J.R. Butler, A.D. Coggan, E.F. Smith and J. McLachlan under the chairmanship of D.V. Fisher who was at that time Scoutmaster of 1st Summerland Scout Troup.

A public meeting was called for June 20, 1949, in the Oddfellows Hall to consider purchase of the College Gym for $3,500.00 The decision to purchase was made and a group of local citizens signed a note for $1,000.00 at the Bank of Montreal to cover the $500.00 down payment on the purchase price plus $500.00 for urgent repairs. F.E. Atkinson was elected Chairman, and the late E.R. Butler, Secretary-Treasurer, of the new organization which on Nov. 3, 1949, was incorporated under the Societies Act of B.C. as the Summerland Youth Centre Association. The directors who signed the constitution were E.F. Smith, the late E.R. Butler, Ross McLachlan, the late Mrs. F.V. Harrison and Mrs. T.C. Croil.

Renovations necessary to put the building into usable condition consisted of restoring every pane of glass in the building (which was done by the Scouts), re-roofing the south side of the building, modern wiring, a new maple floor (provided and laid by the Rotary Club), renovation of plumbing facilities, painting, complete insulation and a furnace. Local organizations and individuals gave freely of their time and by Oct. 6 of 1949 the 1st Summerland Scout Troop commenced to use the hall, shortly followed by other youth organizations.

Repair and renovation activities continued all the winter of 1949-50, the coldest and longest on record, but the hall was continuously heated by the new furnace which burned peach pits fed automatically by a coal stoker. Local residents claimed it was the first time the "Gym" had ever been warm in winter, and the cost of heating amounted to only a few tons of stoker coal used to supplement the peach pits in the coldest weather. The peach pit furnace finally gave out in 1970 when the present gas heating system was installed.

In 1950, the old manual training building was obtained from the School Board for one dollar, cut in half and the two pieces attached to the back of the Youth Centre to provide a spacious kitchen and a storage space for seating benches.

In the first three years of operation, the Youth Centre executive had the very demanding task of raising funds to pay off the purchase price and to undertake improvements. These consisted of giant fund raising campaigns, sale of non-interest bearing bonds, membership drives, amateur nights, New Years' Eve dances, etc., and great creadit goes to former Reeve F.E. Atkinson for master-minding and directing these activities. Since the Youth Centre Association was formed, approximately $27,000 has been invested in the present building and improvements.

In 1961 the present parking lot to the west of the Youth Centre, was purchased from the Nixon Estate. This also has proven a most useful games area for youth groups meeting in the building.

In the early years the main source of operating income was obtained from membership

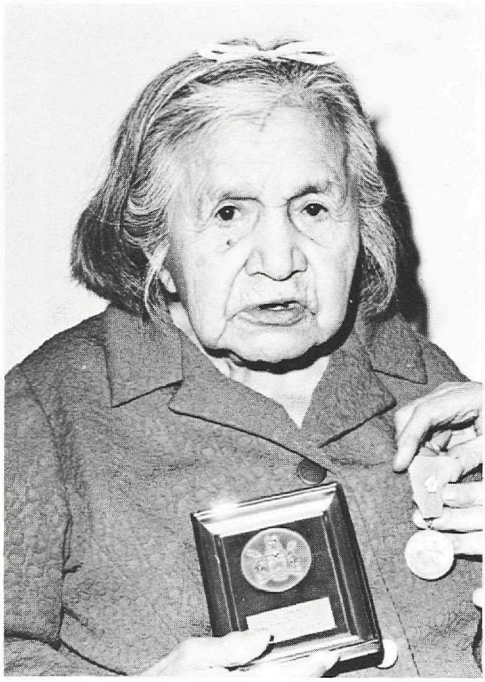
campaigns which usually raised around $1,000.00 and a small grant from the Municipality equal to the taxes. Because the Youth Centre is in effect a community facility and membership drives only derived funds from certain persons, the Municipal Council agreed to increase its annual grant to the Youth Centre in lieu of membership drives. At the present time the grant is $600.00 out of which the Youth Centre in 1972 paid $478.00 in taxes, light and water rates.

Today the Youth Centre finds many uses. Accommodation is provided for Cubs, Scouts, Brownies and Girl Guides. In addition, it is popular for square dancing and frequently is used on Saturdays for auctions. Being the largest hall in town (apart from the Secondary School auditorium) it also serves as polling station for Provincial and Federal elections. It is very well heated, has good kitchen facilities, a raised stage with draw curtains, public address system, parking lot and central location.

According to its constitution, the Youth Centre is available for use by any youth group with responsible adult sponsorship. No specific rental is laid down for such groups but sponsors of present organizations using the Youth Centre contribute toward its upkeep. At the present time, it also is being used as overflow accommodation for the secondary school physical education program.

The present officers consist of Arthur Halleran, President; Lorne Bloomfield, Vice-President; Mrs. Betty Sharpe, Treasurer; Ted Farkas, Secretary; and the Executive, Don Estabrooks, David Munn, Hans Schmid, Bill Barkwill, Lloyd Gartrell, Doug Grant and Don Fisher.

With its new paint job and improved interior facilities this 63 year old building stands ready to serve many Summerland needs for years to come.



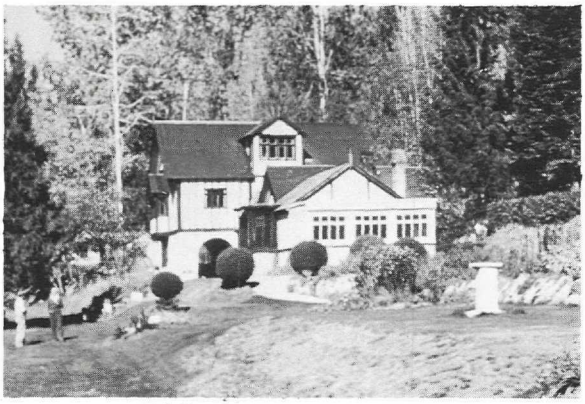
Mrs. Susan Swart was honored recently on the morning Happy Birthday program of Penticton's CKOK radio.

Born in Lillooet on January 1, 1871, Susan lives quietly at Haven Hill Retirement Centre where the cake was not large enough to accommodate all the candles. Mrs. Swart raised seven children, all of whom have died except Amos. Susan gets around quite well with the aid of a cane and occasional help from friends. She is lively, quick, full of fun and enjoys television.

In Eric Sismey's 1971 photograph Susan is shown proudly holding her Centenarian medal and her Pioneer medallion.

CHARLES JOHN COLLINGS

By: John Tapson Jones



Charles John Collings home, 1952.

On June 1st., 1910, Charles John Collings, artist and native of Devonshire, England, set out with his wife and two sons to emigrate to Canada, having become somewhat disillusioned with the art critics of the old land. They duly arrived at Sicamous, B.C. exactly one month after leaving. The father then set out for Kelowna on the CPR south train with a letter of introduction to the Carruthers family, orchardists there, leaving his family housed in a big tent he had purchased.

It did not appear that the bare hillsides of the Okanagan Valley appealed to the artist in him, so after a week or so, returned. On the arrival of the CPR train at the Depot he was approached by one Bert Freeman, agent for the Seymour Arm Fruit Lands Ltd., who with his boat 'The Dawn' took prospective purchasers up to the Arm to view the properties. This trip was made the following day and as a result the Collings family became the owners of a five acre holding, thirty-two miles north up the Shuswap Lake where the only access was by water.

While Mr. Collings was at Kelowna his two teen age sons Carl and Guy took on the hazardous job of painting the CPR hotel at a wage of $2.00 per day.

Guy says that having to paint from scaffolding four and a half stories above the water deterred the less adventurous.

So in July the family set about building a home on their five acre plot. The house they built is a copy of many a British country home, and in its setting in the natural beauty of our Canadian woods, is still a joy to anyone privileged to see it.

The father built the huge fireplace in the living room and his sons the kitchen and living room around it. They moved in Christmas day 1910 and their first visitor was Luscome Carrol, who had been the artist's agent in England and who had come out to Canada searching for him.

C.J. Collings' water colours are unique. He would soak smooth paper in water for a day or two, then when ready to paint lay the paper on a slab of cork in order to conserve the moisture. Then he used a dry brush and dry pigment which resulted in the beautiful blending of colours so noticeable in all his work.

An art critic in England described him as the best colourist since Turner. There have been exhibitions of his work all over the world; - in 1954 in London, in 1956 in Vancouver and in 1965 in Ottawa, where there was included a collection from an Australian owner.

The Art Museum at Worchester, Mass. has five of what Guy Collings says are his father's best works.

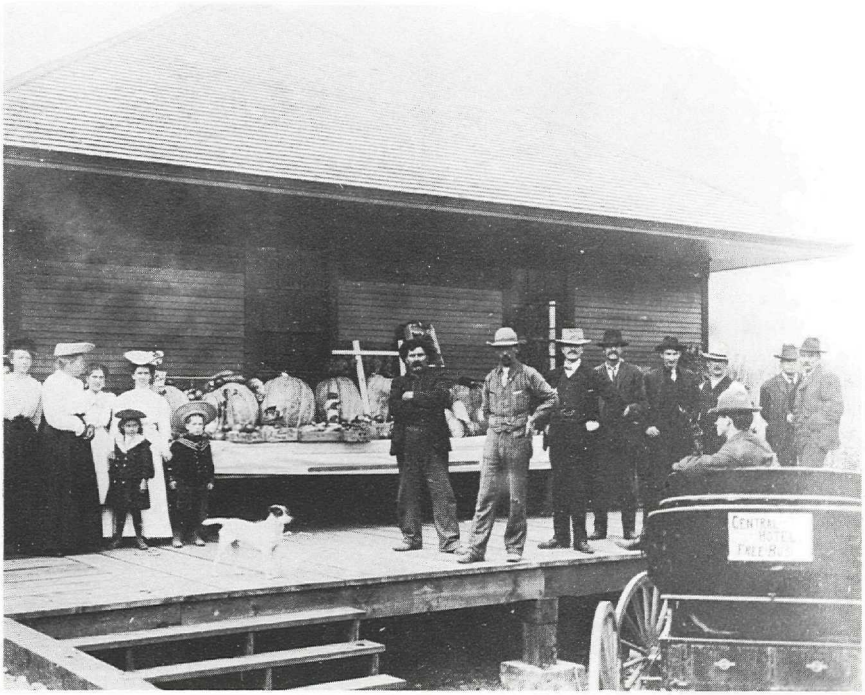
So until the time of his death he continued to make a living for his family with his art. His water colours are eagerly sought after by collectors today.

In March 1929, Mrs. Collings fell ill. Guy Collings rode his bicycle the 32 miles over the ice to Sicamous to summon help. Dr. H.L. Burris duly arrived from Kamloops by train some twenty four hours later, and was then taken on the ice to Seymour Arm by Andy Patterson, the CPR conductor, with his dog team of twelve huskies.

Charles John Collings passed on in 1931 aged 82 years, and Guy Collings, the last surviving member and now aged 83, still maintains the family home and grounds. After his seventieth birthday he built himself a room in keeping with the decor of the rest of the house to contain his full sized billiard table, and today spends his time fabricating handcrafted articles of furniture, which are in great demand. He frequently comes out to Vernon to enjoy the concerts put on by the North Okanagan Community Concert Association, a guest of the writer.

"VANCOUVER, VICTORIA and EASTERN RAILWAY"

By: Richard H. Muirhead



The country fair show on the station platform at Keremeos when the first train arrived on July 10, 1907. The Central Hotel "free bus" adds to the picture.

Covered bridges dotted along the wide Similkameen Valley are relics of a railway destined to exist for almost seventy years to bring prosperity to the valley and sadness when its usefullness was done.

The Vancouver, Victoria and Eastern Railway and Navigation Co., a Great Northern subsidiary, served the mines at Phoenix in competition with the Canadian Pacific Railway and from its name we shall see its founders had visions of building to the blue waters of the Gulf of Georgia.

By 1905 the Great Northern had built from Midway, in southern British Columbia; skimming along the Canadian border through Myncaster, Bridesville B.C., the mining town of Molson, Washington and Sidley, B.C. on Anarchist Mountain, then down the switch backs and hairpin curves to the town of Oroville, Washington on the Okanogan River.

The contracting firm of Foley, Welch and Stewart continued grading west of Oroville up the Similkameen river canyon to the mining town of Nighthawk, around the big bend, turning north across the Canadian border through Cawston's broad cattle land to Keremeos. Except for a number of bridges across the river, the wide valley offered easy construction all the way to Princeton. Piles driven deep into the sandy river bed still support the unique covered bridges after almost seventy years of spring floods.

On April 11, 1907 the tracklaying crew of 145 men crossed the 49th parallel and started laying Canadian rails as was stipulated in their contract. By May 2nd they had laid the steel over the Armstrong bridge, south of Cawston, just before the spring floods started. On May 23rd, the water rose three feet in as many hours, piling three years accumulation of driftwood and trees against the bridge supports.

The damage to the structure was extensive. Building railways on river bottom land was economical but left the bridges and pile driven approaches vulnerable to annual run off from the

snow laden Cascade mountains high above Princeton. The Hedley Gazette in its weekly edition of June 13th reported the Armstrong bridge was still under repair. Almost to the day 65 years later (1972) the spring run off damaged the same bridge leaving ties and rails hanging over the angry waters and trains have not run over it since.

Tent towns of the workers moved up the valley as work progressed and in some locations bake ovens were made of rocks and dirt to bake the sourdough bread. Grading the sandy bottom land, they used many horses to pull wagons, scrapers and other equipment.

An early version of our modern grader, had 12 horses worked by 3 men. It was pulled by 8 horses handled by the "Skinner" and also 4 horses pushing, controlled by the "Push" who was mostly in the dust. The man on the platform turned wheels to run the dirt up a travelling belt that filled the many wagons to transfer it up the line.

An interesting find made last summer in Moore's Antique Store in Keremeos, a land selling pamphlet, dated Feb. 1906; "The Great Northern and the Canadian Pacific, both at Midway seeking outlets to the coast and the only feasible way is up the Similkameen Valley. The Great Northern is now building from Midway and the road is located and partially graded up the valley (Similkameen) and it is fully expected the trains will be far as Keremeos by July."

In 1906, while this was going on, the Canadian Pacific was building a spur from their main line at Spence's Bridge to Merritt. This was many miles from their steel at Midway.

The coming of the railway was hailed with great enthusiasm by the miners, cattle men and the valley farmers. Anticipating the arrival of the railway many businesses moved from the old town, high on the benches to a new Keremeos near the new station.

Some things the American railroad would not change. The Canadian mail would still be delivered by Welby's four horse stage for many years till a more modern mode of transportation took over. Leaving Penticton and driving west up Shingle Creek on the Green Mountain road, the freight and passenger stages passed through Olalla to Keremeos. The dirt road to Hedley traversed the "Seven Devils", seven small hills that gave travelers a roller-coaster thrill.

Photo of the graders during construction of the V.V. and E. railway near Keremeos.

The first train, its bell ringing puffed into Keremeos station on July 10, 1907. Citizens in their Sunday best displayed their farm produce on the station platform. The "Free bus" from Tweedle's Central Hotel stood waiting for passengers. During the hot summer the crews toiled to complete the telegraph line, ballast the roadbed and construct a water tower at Keremeos as the grading work pushed on to Hedley.

By the middle of August, H. A. K. Drury, Dominion Government Inspector of Railways gave his blessing and the V.V. and E. established a regular service on October 1, 1907.

The first train arrived in Hedley two days before Christmas 1908. The booming mining town welcomed the event with the biggest Christmas blow out the town had ever seen or would see again.

News item from the Similkameen Star May 19, 1909, "80% of the grading completed between Hedley and Princeton. Cold spring will mean high water in June that will further delay the start of tracklaying." As at Hedley, it was two days before Christmas that the town of Princeton welcomed its first train and the snowed in citizens went wild with joy.

Soon the coal trains were moving the good quality Princeton coal to a hungry market south of the border. Supt. Charles Graham of Vermilion Forks Mining Co. ordered mine production stepped up. To the west of Princeton, up the Tulameen River, Columbia Coal and Coke Co. at

Cardiff, later called Coalmont, eagerly waited the arrival of the rails.

Before the winter had set in grading was completed 16 miles up the Tulameen River to Otter Lake, Here the Cascade Mountains barred their way. The engineers planned an 8 mile tunnel, if finished the longest in the world at that time, also a 6 mile tunnel at a higher elevation but both were impractical. Later the grading was completed north up the easy Otter Creek Valley to Otter Creek Summit.

The problem of tunneling the gravel hill in the rail yard of Princeton was finally solved by heavy timbering. Heavy snows of the winter caused Chief Engineer J.H. Kennedy to postpone rail laying up the narrow canyon of the Tulameen river till March. Again the rivers flooded damaging the bridges below Hedley, interrupting rail service in the valley till the mad waters receded, leaving 25 freight cars stalled at Keremeos.

When the steel was completed to Otter Creek summit, later Brookmere, the work stopped. Should they go north to Merritt or find a way to the Fraser River through the mountains? To follow the Coldwater River to its head waters was possible, but the Coquhalla Pass looked impossible, later this was accomplished by the Kettle Valley Railway. It took 4 years and was later abandoned after more than 30 years of heart breaking maintenance.

In 1910, with chess-like strategy, the C.P.R. let a contract to McDonald and Co. for 30 miles of grading south from Merritt to Otter Creek summit and this was completed the next year. After long negotiations the rival railways were connected and the V.V. and E. trains were allowed to run to Merritt and on to Spence's Bridge and the C.P.R. to Princeton.

Also in 1910, with James J. Warren in charge and Andrew McCulloch the chief engineer, the C.P.R. ran surveys from Midway to Merritt. When the contract was let the line went up the Kettle River on the old right of way of the Kettle Valley Railway Co., that was chartered in 1900. No rails had been laid but its name was given to the line.

In 1912 L.M. Rice and Co. finished building to Hydraulic Summit, now McCulloch, an elevation of 4130 feet, more than double that at Midway. Grant Smith and Co. built the next 59 miles down the mountains over the high Canyon Creek trestle to Chute Lake around the switch backs above Naramata to Penticton. The next 40 miles was graded by Rice and Co., a steep 2.2% grade to Osprey Lake above Summerland.

At Osprey Lake the original survey had planned to go up the Summer Creek valley to connect to the Merritt line at Otter Creek but the plans were changed in February 1914. Guthrie McDonald and Co. completed the 31 miles down the steep grade into Princeton.

This was the last link to connect Southern British Columbia with the coast. After steel was laid the first K.V. train was in operation between Merritt and Nelson by May 31, 1915.

While this construction was in progress the C.P.R. contracted McArthur Bros. to grade 40 miles up the Coquhalla River from Hope to Brookmere. With the K.V. trains running from Hope through to Nelson by July, 1916 the V.V. and E. (G.N.) abandoned hope of a line to the coast.

Arrival of the morning train always caused a crowd to gather. (Photo by courtesy of the Penticton Museum).

Under the original charter the Great Northern was obliged to use Canadian rails on their Canadian lines. Steel shortage during the first world war was no doubt a factor in causing them to withdraw in favor of the Kettle Valley, later, by mutual arrangement, the line between Princeton and Hedley was abandoned and the rails removed in 1917.

G.N. Tunnel at Princeton taken before the ballast was laid between the tracks.

An interesting story comes from Alex Cappas, now retired in Princeton after many years with the K.V.R. When asked if he remembers any train wrecks on the V.V. and E., he replied with a big smile; "You will not believe this one. The only one I remember was when we took a wrecker down their line to lift an engine back on the track that was derailed by a bull." After that it was suggested they use "Bullcatchers" not "Cowcatchers" on their engines.

Not until the Hedley mines closed for good in 1954, when the ore gave out, was rail service stopped and the steel removed between Hedley and Keremeos. The two covered bridges were converted to handle vehicles. One was damaged in the floods of 1972, the other leads to the Cathedral Lake Provincial Park by way of the Ashnola River.

When abutments secured deep in the river bottom and the timbers protected by plank coverings these bridges have weathered many a winter. It may be that a spring flood will spell doom to the craft of the early pioneer bridge builders. These structures should be preserved as long as possible as relics of the past.

The V.V. and E. Railway, known as the Great Northern, is now the Burlington Northern Incorporated. After daily service was suspended, they ran a "request" train between Keremeos and Oroville until floods again damaged the Armstrong bridge in the spring of 1972. Logs and debris blocked by the decking, diverted the waters to a new channel to undermine the south approach leaving ties and rails waving above the waters. Isolated on the Canadian side were three box cars, the complete rolling stock of the line in Canada.

The damage caused by the floods of 1972 will be long remembered through out the province. Many homes in the Cawston area were surrounded by the muddy waters. To divert the flood the railway granted permission to cover the track with gravel to form a dyke that can still be seen.

For almost three score years and ten the railway served the valley well. Now mile-a-minute traffic uses many miles of the old V.V. and E. roadbed. Only a few miles of rails and three covered bridges represent the hopes of a very ambitious venture.

The End

THE KENYONS

By: Finday Munro

Sid Kenyon was born in Preston, Lancashire, England in 1895. His father was a cabinet-maker and was left to raise two little boys. His wife died when young Sid was only five years old. After struggling to raise his two sons in Britain for several years, he immigrated to Canada in 1907, coming to Calgary where the family had friends.

Although only 11 years of age, Sid went to work in a sash and door company, his father worked with a cabinetmaking firm and his older brother also found employment. After four months in Calgary the family moved to the Kootenays, in the Bluebell Mine area.

They managed to get a small "nestegg" together and were sold some "orchard acreage" in the Kaslo district, which, like many of the land deals involving emigrants, turned out to be rocky, scrub land, virtually impossible to develop.

The three plucky Kenyons got through their first winter by cutting and selling firewood. They then moved to New Westminster where they all worked at various jobs, including carpentry, cannery work and in iron works.

The depression of 1913, just preceding World War 1, saw the house building business come almost to a standstill and it was a difficult time for many men in B.C. Sid Kenyon, like many other men, joined the Canadian Army for the "security" at $1 per day, warm uniforms and their "keep".

He joined the 104th. New Westminster Regiment and was later transferred to the 29th Batallion, training at Hastings Park. By May of 1915, the batallion was sent overseas, landing at Portsmouth, England. The batallion continued training at Folkestone and was sent to France in September, spending the winter of 1915-16 in the trenches.

In April of 1916 the famous battle of the "Craters of St. Eloi" was raging and the 29th struggled against impossible odds to hold the key military position. They were mercilessly shelled for two days and two nights by the Germans: rifles and machine guns were useless, clogged with mud and shrapnel from explosions of enemy shells.

Of the 200 men in the complement, 159 were killed or died of wounds and on April 19th, the 41 surviving men were taken prisoner by the Germans. The exhausted shell-shocked men were marched for four days, with only one piece of bread and one cup of water during the whole time, to a prison camp at Geissen, Germany.

They were put to work, under guard, in mills, furnaces and farms. Sid Kenyon was sent to an iron smelting works, where the men worked 12 hours a day, 7 days a week. Mr. Kenyon remembers their "Sumptuous fare" as, a cup of black coffee and six ounces of bread for breakfast; thin vegetable soup with a little meat in it twice a week and coffee, and for the evening meal, soup only.

Kenyon's early years of struggle had given him the strength and grit to carry on despite the crushing conditions, and he made three daring but unsuccessful escape attempts. Each time he was caught and returned, he was given 14 days in a dark cell on bread and water. But this did not quell his optimistic spirit and in March of 1917 he finally managed to make good his escape, travelling by night, hiding and resting by day. He reached Holland, a neutral country, and the Dutch helped him in his return to England on April 1.

His days of battle were over. Holland and Great Britain had signed an agreement that any prisoners escaping through the Netherlands, would not return to active service. He was attached to a reserve Batallion stationed at Seaford Camp, near Eastbourne, Sussex.

It was there that he met his future wife, a pretty and vivacious English girl named Dorothy Jordan, whom he had met through mutual service friends. One of the most romantic aspects of their courtship was that young people all met in the famous old "smugglers village" of Alfristone, where, many centuries before, pirate-sailors chose their future wives, who were abducted, brought to the village and smuggled in through a tunnel beneath the village church.

Dorothy Jordan and Sid Kenyon became engaged, but Dorothy did not have her father's permission to marry, so her fiance returned to Canada to be discharged and came back to New Westminster about the time the Armistice was signed in November, 1918. The couple continued to correspond, hoping it would not be too long until they could be married.

Kenyon got some work in the coast shipyards, but as the war supply demands were coming to an end, production slowed to a stop within a few months. He had a pal who was coming to the Okanagan to try to find work, so Sid accompanied him. He travelled from Vancouver to Rosedale by motorcycle, put his bike on the train to Princeton, and biked from there to Pen-

ticton and Summerland.

He liked the Valley and its milder climate and found a job with the provincial government, building the first major irrigation ditch in the Oliver area. The district was just starting to develop into fruit growing land and the ditch was to bring water to the new orchards.

After the irrigation job was completed, he found work doing finishing carpentry on houses in Penticton, then personally contracted to tear down a hotel in Midway, bring it by railway to Summerland and re-construct it.

In 1920, Dorothy Jordan arrived in Summerland just in time for the grand opening of the hotel and a big party in her honour. The couple were married in New Westminster and returned to Penticton where they spent their first summer in a 12' by 14' tent, while their fist small bungalow was being built.

Mrs. Kenyon remembers her "honeymoon camp" as lots of fun, it was lovely to get up those warm summer days and look out and see that lovely Okanagan Lake, as our little tent was pitched right at the foot of the present Main Street."

Their first son Allan, was born in 1922; Gordon, in 1927 and Gerry in 1932. Mrs. Kenyon made a trip home to England in 1927, taking her first son with her and he attracted the fond attentions of grandparents and relatives during their seven month stay.

Mr. Kenyon continued in the building business, working for a contractor named Jens Hogan. He was foreman in 1928 for the construction of the present United Church, situated on the corner of Eckhardt Avenue and Main Street. The building was considered to be very large at that time, it is still in use today.

He formed a partnership with the late Oscar Matson and Thomas Robertson in 1930, the firm being named M.K.R. Builders. After about three years, Sid Kenyon sold his shares in the company and went to work on his own. He was superintendent of the "new" Post Office, on the corner of Main Street and Nanaimo Avenue, and also built the Ford garage, just half a block west, which until quite recently, still remained. The site is now a parking lot for the Canadian Bank of Commerce.

In 1937, Mr. Kenyon formed another partnership with the late Sid Killik and the new company will be remembered by many Okanaganites as Kenyon and Killick Ltd. The company grew and prospered, building both residential and commercial buildings in the fast-growing city of Penticton.

Al and another well-known Penticton man, Lyle Brock, the son of Mrs. Guy Brock and the late Mr. Brock, returned from overseas and joined the family company and Gordie joined the business as well.

Upon his partner's retirement, Mr. Kenyon took over the company and sons Al, Gordon and Lyle Brock, as well as the late Art Marlow, also an employee, bought shares in the company, along with other longtime employees. Mr. Kenyon Sr. retired from active work in the company 15 years ago and he and Mrs. Kenyon spend their summers at a lovely lakeside home in Okanagan Falls and usually travel abroad in the winter, maintaining a winter apartment in Penticton.

Dorothy and Sid Kenyon have shared many interests outside of their family and business during their 53 years of marriage. Keenly interested in local, provincial and federal politics, they worked together through several unsuccessful campaigns, for Mr. Kenyon's election to the B.C. Legislature, as C.C.F. candidate for Similkameen.

Sid Kenyon served on the Penticton Hospital Board and as an alderman for the City of Penticton, from 1942-46. He stepped down as his company grew too large to be eligible to bid on civic contracts.

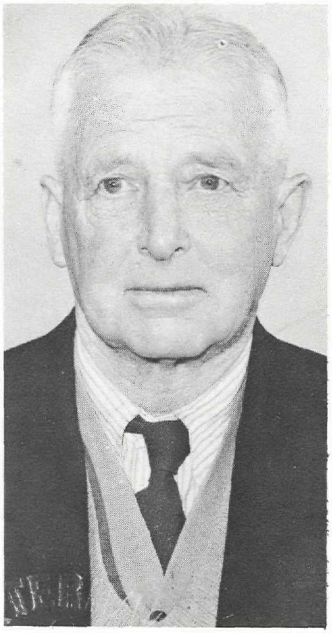
The couple has been active in Chamber of Commerce, and have both held senior positions in the I.O.O.F. and Rebekah Lodges, Rotary, Children's Aid, Central Welfare and other community organizations.

Few of us have a monument until we leave this world, but Sid Kenyon has many, and he's very much alive, alert and full of pep. Some of his major edifices are: The Penticton Peach Bowl, City Hall, Penticton Library and Arts Centre, Bank of Montreal and Canadian Bank of Commerce in Penticton. Throughout the whole of B.C. there are many commercial buildings, schools, overpasses and bridges, which prove that a family business can be fun and a great source of satisfaction.

REMINISCENCES OF A SCHOOL TEACHER

by Hugh de Fylton Mackie

[Mr. Mackie died in 1971. This article was written about 1966]



The year 1913 set, I think, a record for the number of immigrants entering Canada, some 300,000 of them, of whom my brother (the Rev. Austin Mackie) and myself formed two insignificant items.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught with their daughter Princess Pat were sailing on our ship, one of the old "Empress" liners, and we were due to leave Liverpool about the middle of October. There was a big crowd down at the docks to see the Royal party off and the bands were blowing themselves to ribbons with "Will ye no come back again" and "God be with you till we meet again" as the gangways were pulled in and we slowly drew away from the dock. Suddenly there was a shout and a big splash; a spectator had either fallen or been pushed from the dock and was now obviously in difficulties in the oily water. In a matter of seconds half a dozen would-be rescuers had plunged in after him; black heads were bobbing up everywhere, it seemed, and the climax came when one of our ship's sailors high in the mast top, some eighty feet above the water, made a spectacular high dive and joined the heads below. No sooner did the unfortunate faller-in show up than a rescuer would make a grab at him and down he would go again; but at last he was fished out more dead than alive then, and quite dead the next day, we heard afterwards. All this time our ship was making her way downstream to take advantage of the tide; once over the bar, we anchored for the night in order to pick up our sailor the next morning.

We were travelling second class and found to our annoyance that half of our promenade deck had been taken over by the lower echelons of the Royal party-valets, maids, and such like; but there was still enough room for us, and we could look down on the steerage passengers crowded on the decks below us who were much worse off.

It did not take us long to discover that quite a large proportion of our fellow passengers were girls going out to marry their fiances in Canada - there must have been forty or fifty of them in our class alone; and they certainly made the most of their freedom from matrimonial obligations. We soon learned from experience that it was positively dangerous to walk around the deck after dark, and it is only fair to the officers - especially "Sparks" - to say that they rose to the occasion nobly. In this connection I might say that after we had landed and the brides-to-be kept dropping off along the route as they were claimed by their future husbands, one of the latter met his girl as she was stepping off the train with the words, "I've heard all about your goings-on aboard ship. You can just turn round and go home again!" and walked away. One of our shipmates who was present at this incident told us of it later on, and I have no reason to doubt the truth of it - nor the cause of it.

At last the Citadel of Quebec hove in sight and we prepared to land. In those free and easy days there was no nonsense about passports, visas, inoculations and so forth; you just walked down the gangplank looking as healthy as you could and clutching a five pound note in case it was asked for - which it very seldom was. Now and again the Medical Officer standing by the gangway would stop a passenger and raise his eyelid - conjunctivitis? - then wave him on. That was all. At the Customs shed I was standing next to one of our future brides, who had often regaled me with her tales of how her mother and herself had had a gorgeous spending spree in Paris buying her trousseau. Her trunks were opened and she stood ready with her bills; the lids fell and disclosed - nothing! Just nothing but paper! Some ingenious crook on board ship had somehow gained access to the passengers' baggage in the hold and sawn the backs neatly from her trunks. Poor girl! I left her in floods of tears, and felt like adding my own to hers.

We next went to watch our "Settlers' Effects" being unloaded. Every immigrant was allowed to bring with him, free of cost, all such furniture, tools, etc. as he thought he might need in his new home (if he had one!) - and varied in weight from a few score pounds to over a ton. These were known as "Settlers' Effects" - I have many of mine to this day.

Amongst the emigrants was a farmer from the South of England who joined us at the dockside to oversee the unloading of several huge crates and many smaller ones belonging to him. We had got to know all his history (a good deal of some people's reticence disappears at

sea), and had been told how his wife's unfortunate and incurable alcoholism had driven him to give up his pleasant farm, and with his four very attractive daughters to take up a ranch in British Columbia - sight unseen - at, I think he said, a thousand dollars an acre. Had he got a house with it? Oh, no, he would put one up next spring and live meanwhile "just in a tent". Surely that would be too cold! "We're used to that - we shall manage all right." He planned, he told us, to plant apple trees and raspberries the next spring, and live on the proceeds of the latter whilst the former were maturing - a matter of ten years! As the cranes lowered crate after crate on to the wharf, it seemed as if he had brought out the contents of half a dozen houses - there were two pianos, a gun case with enough weapons to supply a small armoury, and farm implements by the dozen, to say nothing of the ordinary furniture - armchairs, beds, grandfather clocks and so on. We were pretty green ourselves, but he, poor chap, was even greener, we thought. I have often wondered since how he got on, and how he and his girls managed in their tent that subzero winter, and what he thought of his ranch when he first saw it!

We had an hour or so to wait before our train pulled out, but I did not think my French would be equal to the strain of conversation in that language. Bilingualism might be excellent in theory, but as far as I was concerned, it just didn't exist, so, instead of visiting the Plains of Abraham as we had intended, we collected our dog (no quarantine required) and boarded our train for the long trip West.

We travelled Colonist and so were able to cook any meals we needed - the restaurant cars were beyond our means. I tried them once, but when I found that one "pomme de terre au beurre" (baked potato to you) cost 60c, that was enough for me. I suppose our food cost about 75c a day, and the entire cost of passage from England to British Columbia was about 30 ($150). All the way from Winnipeg on, we opened the compartment door and sat on the steps in the sunshine; the Conductor never objected as long as the door was closed before the train stopped and we enjoyed every minute of it.

There was always a crowd big or small to meet the train, and often a sunburnt farmer or two would make his way slowly through the carriage, always looking hard at the women folk. We learnt later that they were on the lookout for a wife; if the man's proposal was accepted, as it sometimes was, the lady would leave the train, board her future husband's buggy - and there you are. Everything settled without a wasted moment!

Once over the Rockies - and what a thrill it was to hear the long-drawn-out whistle of the great locomotive echoing and re-echoing around the towering mountains! - we were in British Columbia, the country which one homesick British tourist described as "nothing but rocks and bloody fir trees!" To us, however, it was the Land of Promise.

That feeling was slightly damped by what happened when we had left the main line at Sicamous and taken the branch line through the Okanagan Valley to Vernon. As my brother and I were adding up our capital (which didn't take long, I can assure you) a passenger stopped and looked over our shoulders. "What!" he exclaimed. "Is that a ten dollar bill you've got there?" We assured him it was. "And where are you boys going?" "To Vernon," we replied. "Good God, boys!" he cried. "Put it away! There isn't a man in Vernon who wouldn't cut your throat to get one of them. They haven't seen one for years!"

This was our first introduction to the financial standing of the city and rudely shattered the idea we had previously held of this being a land flowing with milk and honey, or if not exactly that, crowded with currency. However, it was too late to turn back now, and an hour or two later, with our little capital stuffed deep down in our trouser pockets, we stepped out on to the platform at Vernon.

The city streets in those days were very different to what they are today, of course, gravelled, not surfaced, and Barnard Avenue lined with big trees - now, alas! a thing of the past - with hitching posts and drinking-troughs for the horses at regular intervals. We finally got rooms upstairs in the old Vernon News block from which we were to sally forth to found our fortunes - or so we hoped. The next day happened to be a Sunday, so, armed with an introduction to the Hon. Price Ellison from a relation of his in England, we set off for afternoon tea at his house. The kind reception we received from the whole Ellison family that day I shall never forget, and it went a long way toward deciding us to stay in or near Vernon, despite the possibility, or perhaps probability, of having our throats cut.

The following week we started out in search of a job: my brother to canvass parents for the private school he hoped to establish, and I to land a job in a lawyer's office. As far as I can remember, Cochrane and Billings were the big and almost only law firm then in town, so to them I wended my way. Mr. Billings was most kind but not very helpful; he had no vacancy for me, he said. When I suggested that there might be something in my line in Vancouver, perhaps, he was horrified. "Why", he cried, "the sidewalks down there are just crammed with young Englishmen looking for jobs! You won't have a chance!" I walked out of his office wondering what in the world I should do now; life suddenly looked very bleak. Here was I, 6,000 miles from home, my bridges all burnt, a wife and infant son waiting for me to bring them out to Canada, and the little money I had - only a few hundred dollars - melting away like ice in the sun - and no job.

It had to be the Coast - there was evidently nothing here. My brother meanwhile had not had much better luck - a few tentative enquiries, that was all. We decided to move out to the Coldstream as soon as possible; our finances were not sufficient to stand the strain of a rental of $50 a month in town. We took an empty house on the Aberdeen Road, belonging to Norley Tunbridge. (The house is still standing). Leaving my brother in charge, I went off to Kamloops but had no better success there than in Vernon. The only thing that I remember about Kamloops was that the main line of the C.P.R. ran down the centre of the street and that the passing of the trains a few yards away almost shook me out of my bed in the hotel at night.

Next stop - Victoria. I remember an amusing incident which happened as I stepped off the boat from Vancouver. The bellboy had seized my grip and carried it the few feet down the gangplank, then stood expectantly awaiting his tip. In England a tip of two or three pence was the usual thing for such a service, so I thought I would be on the safe side and give him a nickel. I shall never forget the expression as he looked first at it and then at me. Then he dropped both bag and nickel and walked away. I picked up both. I had come from the wrong side of the Tweed to miss a chance like that!

Arrived at the Union Club, to which I had an introduction from Mr. Ellison, I was about to sign the register when I saw that the signature on the line above was that of a naval cousin of mine whose existence I had completely forgotten. The clerk told me that this cousin was just about to go south on the Canadian destroyer "Algerine" which, with her sister ship, the "Shearwater" was at that time on duty along the Pacific coast, and that the two ships were then lying at anchor at Esquimalt. I at once went there and, sure enough, it was indeed my cousin who told me that the ship's sailing had been postponed for a day, and we arranged to meet at the ship again on the following morning. As paymaster it was his duty to settle up the ship's accounts with the chandlers and others who had furnished her with supplies during her stay in port, and for this purpose he took me with him around the city. He gave into my care a big canvas bag - I can see it now! - very heavy it was, and almost full of lovely gold sovereigns and half-sovereigns. The paper currency of to-day confers nothing to the thrill which real solid gold can inspire, and evidently the merchants whom we were paying off thought so too, judging by the wide grins of appreciation they displayed as we emptied out our coins on to their counters, sometimes several hundred at one time. The next day both ships set out for the South, whence they were to return in a big hurry a few months later with the German Pacific fleet hot at their heels, ready and anxious to blow them to pieces once they got outside the three-mile limit. By that time Premier McBride had bought up his famous submarine from the Americans, which was intended to secure the safety of the harbour; whether it would have done so, considering the untrained and almost amateur condition of her crew, will always be a matter of speculation.

Before leaving Victoria I went to say good-bye to the Hon. Price Ellison (then Minister of Finance and Agriculture) in his impressive office in Government Buildings. He promised to do what he could for me, adding that there might soon be a vacancy for a clerk in the Land Registry at Kamloops - salary $40 per month. Even in those days that was not very much for a married man with a family, but it was better than nothing, the job never did materialize.

My next stop was Vancouver where I put in several days calling at lawyers' offices, always with the same negative result. Anyone who has been through such a bitter experience will know how one feels at the end of the day - an overwhelming sense of failure and frustration and a hopeless outlook. I don't think I ever felt so depressed in all my life before or since, and returned to Vernon, not with my tail between my legs but without any tail at all. After all a tail is mainly used for wagging and assuredly I did not need one for that purpose. Very much not so!

After waiting some weeks for news from Kamloops - which never came - I decided to take definite steps towards returning to England. If I waited any longer I should not have enough money left to pay my passage home.

I went to ring up the C.P.R. about my ticket, but, as the line was busy, I went out to cut wood for our small box heater which was all we had to heat the house and which never seemed satisfied. On my way back I picked up our mail. One of the letters for me was from Regina - who ever could that be? I knew no one there - not a soul. As I tore the envelope open and read the contents my eyes almost popped out of their sockets; it was from one of the biggest law firms in that city offering me a job at $120 a month! The writer had heard of me through a distant relative, a home-steader in Saskatchewan, whom I had not seen for over 18 years, and why the lawyer had written to me away in B.C. and an absolute stranger, when (as I afterwards learnt) there were dozens of young lawyers in Regina anxious to get the job, I shall never know. I am, and always shall be, convinced that it was nothing less than the hand of Providence guiding my steps. No greyhound had anything on me as I took my rail ticket, not to London, but to Regina.

I shall never forget the shock I had when I first entered the office of my new employers. Instead of the poky little place in England, I found myself in a huge room, heated like a furnace, with some 50 double desks occupied by a clerk and his stenographer with her typewriter. All around the circumference were offices for the senior officials and partners, and the noise of all these typewriters going at once was deafening. I was ushered in to one of the partner's rooms and

found the great man kindness itself. "But", he warned me, "no afternoon tea as I understand you are accustomed to have in England!" Of course I agreed to this, but soon found out that that pernicious habit was not confined to England!

I took rooms at a boarding house run by two Salvation Army lassies and I could not have wished for anything better. There were about 18 or 20 of us, all young fellows of about my age, lawyers, bank boys, accountants, and so on, and we had a wonderful time.

I must tell you of a queer coincidence which took place here - so queer that you probably will not believe it. Some years previously, in England I had attended a garden party at which a merry-go-round was one of the chief attractions. Whilst sitting on one of the horses, I had unfortunately dropped a golden sovereign from my pocket, which, to my horror, fell from the now rapidly revolving platform and bounced into the crowd of spectators standing around. Needless to say, I never saw it again. (I might explain that the coin fell out not because my pocket was so full of gold, but for exactly the opposite reason!). At any rate I had forgotten all about it long ago. One evening the conversation at our boarding house turned to tales of "Lost and Found", and one of the party, not long out from England, was telling us how he had once picked up a gold "quid". Remembering again my own experience, I asked him for details, and we soon found by comparing notes that it was at his feet that my lost sovereign had fallen. It was indeed strange that loser and finder should have thus met 6,000 miles away. What would have been stranger still had the finder offered to make good my loss - but that would have been too much to expect.

After a few months at the office I was put in charge of the foreclosure department with a room and a stenographer of my own, and was now in a position to get my wife and son over from England. They arrived on the ill-fated "Empress of Ireland" on what was destined to be her last westward trip, for, on her return journey, she was rammed by another ship as she was going down the St. Lawrence, and sank with a heavy loss of life, including all the ship's band, who used to play special tunes for my little son's benefit. Also drowned in the same tragedy was a large number of Salvation Army people who were going over to an important rally in London.

When summer came along, I decided to take my family back to B.C. to see how things were faring with my brother. We found him a going concern, with about half a dozen pupils; though enjoying life immensely, he was worried about his lack of skilled help in the domestic side of the school, and suggested that we should join him permanently. My wife's experience as a trained nurse at the London Hospital would be an invaluable asset, and her duties, he assured us, would be purely nominal. Anything further from the actual fact, as she was later to find out, would be hard to imagine!

We returned to Regina after a delightful trip via the Arrow Lakes' paddleboat, and finally decided to go back to B.C., largely influenced by the cruel climate and the long winters on the prairies. The two most vivid memories of my few years there were the sight of the first green grass of the spring in Wascana Park after a seemingly endless winter, and in the same place a real live Bishop (Bishop Harding) with his Episcopal gaiters an' a' - such a garb seemed so strange and out of place in far Western Canada and reminded me so much of the Old Country.

A few years after leaving Regina, my former employers asked me to return, with enhanced prospects. From a material point of view I should have probably done well to accept, but I declined. Anyone who has lived in the Okanagan Valley, even on a mere subsistence scale, will understand why. By that time our little son had been killed in a tragic accident, and my wife and I did not feel like tearing ourselves up by the roots again. So we stayed and the three of us began the long uphill struggle which was to last for the next thirty years. We had by now another little boy, born just before we left Regina, and soon after we settled in B.C. he had a brother, both, alas, destined to lose their lives in World War II.

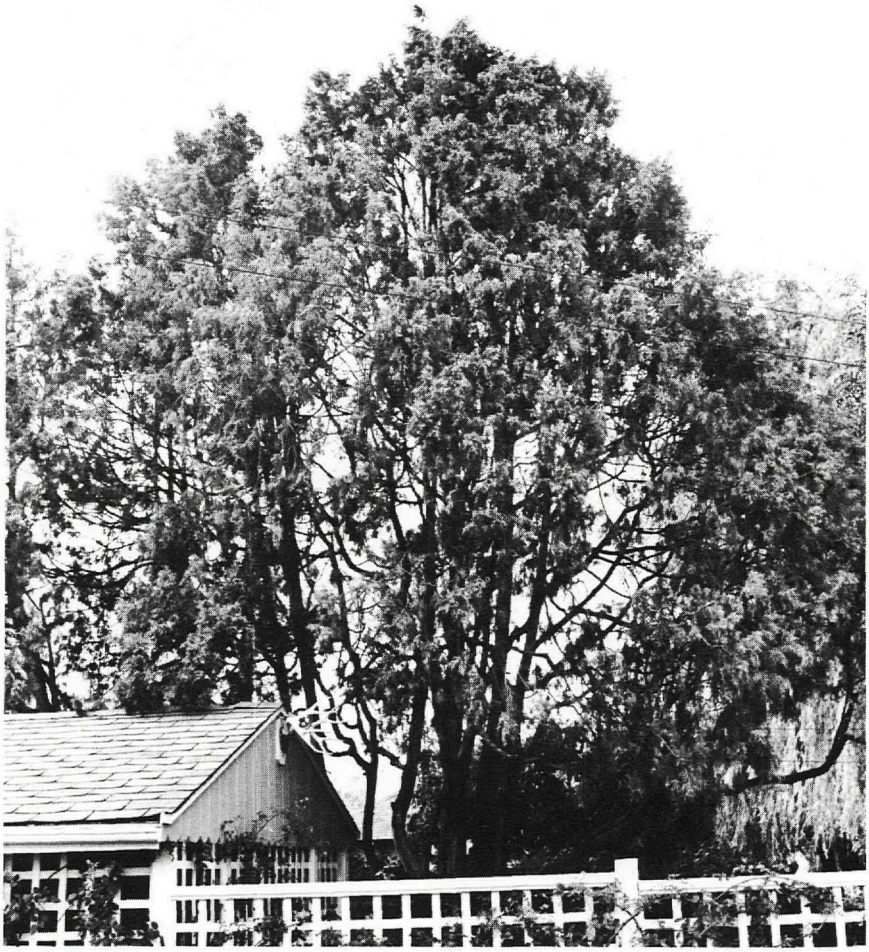
I shall never forget those early days and our struggle to combine school teaching and farming. We had by now two horses, one, "Dick", an old army horse whom the sound of a distant band would instantly convert into a charger, and "Rex", a superannuated trotter whose feet seemed to fly in all directions. With these two yoked to a plough, and a bright green amateur at the plough handles, you can imagine the result if your imagination is good. No two furrows ended at the same place and it was only the harrows which mercifully hid the hills and dales and made the surface look as if it had been broken.

Then there was the picking and the packing of the fruit. Ours was a very old orchard, one of the earliest planted in the neighbourhood, with varieties whose names were unknown or forgotten. I recall one tree which bore five different kinds, but in those days, and in the war years, apples were apples, and no rude questions asked by non-existent inspectors. In the fall, as soon as the boys were put to bed, we would rush off to our packing-shed, plug the boxes as full as possible, and take a chance on naming the varieties correctly. One crop of microscopic crabapples (name, if any, unknown) which we christened "Kitcheners" was so named partly in honour of the great Field-Marshall whose name was then on everybody's lips, but chiefly because the tree which produced the fruit grew near the kitchen door.

It was in the early '20's, I think, that we decided to take a great leap forward, and buy an 18-

acre fruit ranch which was for sale at a reasonable price - $8,000. Needless to say, it strained our financial resources almost to the breaking point even to handle the down payment, but the gamble paid off, and in a few years we had liquidated the whole debt. But it took a lot of hard work, I can assure you.

In our new home we set to work clearing the bush and putting up buildings including classrooms and a dormitory for our new school. We also bought a few cows and pigs (which seemed to increase at an embarrassing rate), also poultry and bees. In fact we were very much on the up-and-up and never had a moment to spare. All the time our pupils were increasing in numbers, and took up more and more of our time; before long we had to buy a sports ground and extend the accommodation for the boys. So it went on over the years until we had over 50 boys, with a staff to match, to say nothing of a highly productive orchard. By then we had decided that it was time to call a halt, and so, 20 years ago, in 1946, we retired (in theory) to our present home on beautiful Kalamalka Lake. Not that retirement has made much difference in actual fact, for with five acres, mostly in soft fruit (cherries, apricots, etc.) to look after, there is no time to lie around and wait for something to do. But I have loved my life and have never regretted exchanging a career in the law and an office in some city for the sunshine and outdoor life of the Okanagan Valley.



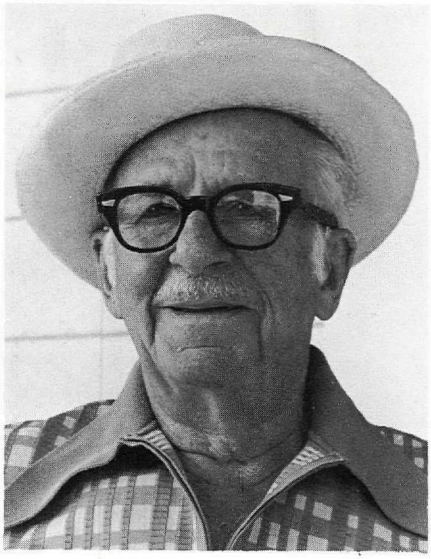
This tall juniper growing beside the house at 296 Windsor Avenue, Penticton, now owned by A.T. Ante was planted by Thomas Ellis, Penticton's first settler. (1866)

Tom Ellis's first house to which he brought his Irish bride was built in 1872. The house was enlarged and partly rebuilt in 1892 at which time the tree was planted near the north-east corner of the house.

The tree may easily be recognized from the Ellis Historic marker in Windsor Park. Eric Sismey - caption and photo.

CAWSTON IN CALIFORNIA

By: Eric D. Sismey



To write the **"World is Small"** is trite. Yet the world has shown herself small to me on several occasions.

Now this is my story.

About the time the first R.L. Cawston arrived in the Similkameen in 1884 another Cawston was wandering around California and an Englishman, Charles E. Sismey, my father, was around there too. How they ever met I will never know but after reading Verna Cawston's story I began to splice hazy recollections together.

The Cawston ancestry reaches back into the Doomsday Book and to William the Conqueror: And so does mine.

In 1906, my father and his two sons - 1, the elder, were living in Sheringham, Norfolk. I am sure of this date for newspaper headlines, in red, proclaimed the San Francisco earthquake of April 18. I was 14 at the time. I seem to remember a village named Cawston (approximately 13 miles north of Norwich, Ed.), not too far away. I may have been there for we bicycled far and wide from Sheringham.

In 1910, my father, with itchy feet as usual, wanted to take a look at fruit growing in British Columbia. Instead of going the shorter way, across the Atlantic, he secured passage on a freighter sailing from Hull, England, to the west coast of North America.

Our ship owners, James Chambers of Liverpool, England, were exploring trade possibilities in anticipation of the opening of Panama Canal.

Sailing a few days before Christmas our ship, Skipton Castle, took a fix on the Falkland Island at the tip of South America before finding Cape of the Virgins at the east entrance of Magellan Strait.

The strait named after Ferdinand Magellan, who made the passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific in 1520, is still only a very little used waterway. It is 360 miles long and from two to twenty miles wide. It was, at that time, poorly lighted, poorly charted and there was no pilotage. Ship captains were on their own. It was marked, here and there, by small wrecked freighters rusting on the rocks.

After a severe dusting on the Atlantic side by Cape Horn gales, we passed south of the Cape of the Virgins and along the strait to anchor off Punta Arenas at dusk.

The following day we emerged somewhere between scattered Pacific Islands to buck mile long Pacific swells.

The strait had little interest. Flattish at the east end it was spotted with occasional corrugated iron buildings marking the home camps of the many large sheep ranches on both sides of the strait. West from shack town, Punta Arenas (Magellanas now) the waterway narrows, and breaks through the snow capped Andes mountains. It is a savage land, the climate vile and though it was summer we encountered hail. It was the birds that I remember, birds without number circling the ship or splashing out of our way only to settle astern, albatross, gulls, cormorants, ducks, petrels and mollyhawks. And penguins too.

In the Pacific, far from land, we crossed the sailing ship track. Sail, mostly British and German, carried freight to Europe from as far north as San Francisco. It was coal to the sea ports of Chile and Peru with nitrates and guano on the return. One sight that I will never forget was that of the "Howth" a four-master, running her easting down with all sails set and homeward bound for Cape Horn.

Then, after about another 30 days through an empty ocean, the salt-stained Skipton Castle, reached San Pedro in California early in March.

From the bridge of our ship, moored against a San Pedro wharf, a sandy beach stretched southward as far as one could see. There was nothing, nothing to break the sweep of the clean, white sand. Farm land separating Los Angeles from San Pedro was crossed by the red cars of the Pacific Electric railway which speeded over well laid tracks at 50 miles an hour.

Los Angeles, in 1911, was an exciting place for a young English lad; everything strange, peanuts, chewing gum, corn flakes and waffles and Bull Durham cigarette tobacco poured from little muslin sacks into brown papers.

The Rosslyn Hotel at 5th and Main was our hostel during our stay. It was still there when I left Los Angeles in 1958, only the elegance of its palmy days was gone.

From the Pacific Electric depot at 6th and Main we rode the cars to Redondo, to Long Beach and through the Pasadena orange groves bordering Lake Avenue to Altadena and the incline railway leading to Mount Lowe.

One day we journeyed to Norwalk and it was there I learned of the ostrich farm which my father and his partner Cawston started before I was born. Somehow my father found his way through the labyrinth of roads to the farmland where it all began, and where, he claimed, the first artesian well in the San Gabriel Valley was drilled.

While Cawston was getting things ready, building pens and fences, my father brought the birds from Africa. Later when the ranch was going well, more interesting things diverted attention and the farm was left in careless hands. Birds were fed whole corn ears which choked them, but the final catastrophe, which upset everything, was when some of the birds escaped.

I leave you to imagine the consternation and havoc caused when ostriches paraded the streets of little Norwalk to stampede horses in harness and saddle ponies at the hitching posts outside the several stores.

Well! That ended the original bankrupt partnership but it did not bring ostrich farming to an end. Cawston had faith. Before long he started again and this time he made it succeed.

From about 1904 into the 1910's, the ostrich farm was on the outskirts of Los Angeles. It was a show place, as much an attraction as Disneyland today. It covered about five acres and was built in the Arroyo Seco at Gravenza (South Pasadena now) adjacent to the present freeway and Sycamore Park.

I remember the high board fence surrounding the place, brightly painted to suggest, and probably exaggerate, the sights to be seen inside. There were five or six large sun mirrors which could be turned to the sun to reflect heat for the birds in the enclosure to enjoy.

There was a processing room and a display of the lovely plumes. The willow, the most expensive, sold from 15 to 50 dollars depending on the number of feather fibres tied to a single quill.

At that time the country was emerging from prudish Victorianism. Ostrich plumes were the high fashion of the Flora-Dora and Gibson girl days. Plumes decorated enormous hats and were woven into the long feather boas that nearly swept the ground. Later came the fan-dance craze.

I remember a smaller ostrich display closer to town in the 1920's located somewhere around Pasadena Avenue and Main Street.

I'll jump now from the '20s into the late 1930s and to the lobby of the Fresno Hotel, in the city of that name. We had come down that day from my job in the High Sierra and were sitting in the lobby before lunch. At the desk I noticed a man talking to the desk clerk. He was looking my way.

He came over. Are you Mr. Sismey? He asked.

Yes, I replied!

My name is Cawston, he continued. I wonder if you are any relation to a Sismey associated with my father many years ago?

If you mean the ostrich farm? Yes! I am his son!

At lunch we brought each other up to date. I was, at the time, an electrical engineer with the Southern California Edison Company at their Big Creek project in the High Sierra. He was in agricultural sales, with interest in ostriches no longer.

We parted after lunch. We have never seen each other again.

Again allow me to jump. This time from the 1930s to my retirement in 1957 and a year later to return to the British Columbia I left in 1923. At Penticton I again became interested and active in the Okanagan Historical Society and through it I met A.H. (Gint) Cawston, the youngest and only living son of the original R.L. Cawston of 1884. We know each other quite well and to complete the circle, if I may put it that way, Gint Cawston and I were awarded, a year or two ago, with Life Membership in the society in recognition of our interest and activity.

THE CATTLE DRIVE

By: Sam Manery

In November, 1910 the Richter Ranch in the Southern Similkameen had an order for one hundred and fifty head of beef cattle from Pat Burns and Co. The Cattle were to be delivered to Greenwood, B.C. for shipment by rail to Calgary and points enroute.

William Richter, Frank Richter Sr's third son, was in charge of the drive. In need of extra help, William hired George Prest of Princeton. Arthur Miller, a young man who came in with the building of the Great Northern railway in 1907, and myself to assist him with the drive.

We left the ranch one cold blustery afternoon and headed over the Richter Pass, across the Osoyoos flats, over the bridge on Osoyoos Lake and up the mountain east of Osoyoos, following the Dewdney Trail.

The afternoon wore away fast, and darkness overtook us quite early, at this time of year. We immediately made camp and prepared supper. That consumed, the question of herding the cattle overnight arose; this location was a poor one for holding cattle, except with considerable difficulty.

Arthur Miller and I were assigned the task of first watch, until one a.m. The herd had settled down, so we returned to camp, replenished the fire, made fresh coffee, had refreshments, wakened the second watch, William and George, who were assigned the time from one a.m. to seven a.m.

Art and I were very anxious to crawl into our blankets for much needed rest; then, like a bolt out of the blue, something spooked the cattle. Knowing what this meant, our orders were to saddle up and attempt to round up the herd.

You can imagine what a job that meant on a pitch black night.

However, after a few hours of hard riding, we accomplished some semblance of order. The cattle quieted down again, enabling us all to pitch in and have breakfast.

The time being six a.m., we hit the trail over the summit toward Bridesville.

The pack horse was packed with blankets and grub, and the herd got moving again. We were fortunate in not losing a hoof in the melee.

A wet heavy snow began falling which made our task harder, the snow fell steadily all day, and had reached a depth of sixteen inches when we reached Dick Sidney's ranch, where we planned to camp overnight.

Pushing the cattle down the lane well past the house and barn, we left them on their own, not having to herd them overnight, which was a break indeed, not having slept for thirty-six hours.

Reaching the barn the horses were unsaddled and fed an ample supply of hay and grain. By the way they were tired too, after being under the saddle for so long a time.

We cowboys proceeded to the house, where a most delicious meal was awaiting us, prepared by Mrs. Sidley, and which was much appreciated.

Lucky William Richter was offered a nice bed in the house. We three forlorn cowboys, carried loose hay to an empty stall in the horse barn, piled it to a depth of three feet, spread our blankets and rolled in, just room for the three of us. Soon we were warm and comfortable and pounding our ears (as the saying goes). All this preparation was done by the dim light of a coal-oil lantern.

After a few hours sleep, something woke me up. Listening, I heard a man shouting. Making my way to the door in the dark and listening to find out where this shouting was coming from, I made out William leaning out of the upstairs window of the house across the road. Yelling, "the cattle are going back, saddle the horses you cow-pokes and head them off."

The other two fellows were not too happy at being awakened from a sound sleep. With a good deal of grumbling they decided to move.

In looking for my boots which I had placed under my pillow of hay, I found them frozen stiff, but managed with some exertion to get them on. Having a head start on the other boys, I went out the door first, they followed at intervals.

William remarked the next morning, it was like watching horse and rider coming out of the black hole of Calcutta.

Reaching the head of the runaway herd after two and a half miles of slugging through the deep snow, I managed to get them turned. The much needed help of the other two boys, was my salvation. In no time we had them back down the lane again. Not wishing to be disturbed again, we outwitted the wise old cows by tying our lariats together and stretching them from one fence to the other across the lane and road, then tying empty five gallon cans to the rope. This made a

terrific din if anything touched them.

This task accomplished, we returned to our beds.

Before daylight in the morning we had breakfast, and had the herd on the go by break of day, down the hill past Bridesville and on to Rock Creek. Through this scattered mining town, down the Kettle River valley and on to the Joe Richter ranch at Ingram creek, we herded the drove into the meadow, knowing they would be secure overnight.

Darkness had overtaken us again. We were called to a very appetizing meal. That consumed, the team was harnessed and the cattle fed baled hay after fifty six hours of slim pickings.

Returning to the house at eleven p.m., we rolled into our own beds pronto. At three a.m. William's stentorian voice roared through the upstairs bedrooms. "Come on you cowpokes, lets get this beef herd moving." Of course we had something to eat first. Then we returned to the barn, saddled up, and in short order had the herd moving again.

The temperature had dropped to four below zero, with a stiff south wind blowing. Boy, wasn't it cold! In crossing the Midway flats we were compelled to walk and lead our saddle horses. In no way could we ride at the slow pace the cattle were travelling and not freeze to death.

We were hard pressed to keep the herd from breaking back as they were very reluctant to face such a wintry blast.

After passing through Midway we turned east up Boundary Creek, we were protected in this narrow valley with towering mountains on both sides. Out of the chilling wind travelling was less severe, and to say the least very much improved.

We reached Greenwood around eleven o'clock, put the beef in the shipping corrals, and proceeded to have lunch.

Greenwood at that time was a wide open town, twenty-four hours a day, many saloons and hotels operating, besides, the smelter was going full blast, with a tremendous pile of slag burning one half mile long.

A rip roaring town, with one gang of men coming, one gang working and one going.

After putting away an ample dinner, and getting the morning's chill out of our bones, it was back to the weighing and loading chutes.

This phase of our undertaking was not too difficult. As we drove four to five head at a time through the chute into the scales, the door was slammed shut, and the weighing and tallying began.

One hundred forty nine head of the herd was disposed of in this way, which left an old rambunctious, berserk and loco cow to be weighed. We had managed to get her with others into the chute at odd times throughout the afternoon, but she had always broken away. I might add here that the chute was just big enough for three horses and riders abreast which was a tight squeeze.

After many a try, we eventually herded her into the chute. Getting her onto the scales was another problem. She reared up on her hind legs, threw herself backward and wiggled herself free over and between our horses, at one time she was across my horse's neck in front of the saddle. Fortunately none of us were hurt.

The question came up, "What are we going to do with her?" William said, "Spread out, and I will try an old trick". The three of us cowboys immediately retreated to either side of the corral. William then walked out into the middle of the corral. With a snort and a bellow she charged him, followed him through the chute across the scales, and up the well constructed scale fence, when she fell backwards onto the scales. By this time we had the heavy gate closed. At long last we had captured the frenzied animal.

William stood over six feet and was quite fast on his feet. Had he not been quite so fast the loco animal would have nailed him to the fence.

This brought to an end a very trying cattle drive, it was no picnic, but was the lot of the cowboy, who carried out his assignments with stamina, vim and vigor. You must remember also, we had wonderful saddle horses in those days to help us over the tight spots.

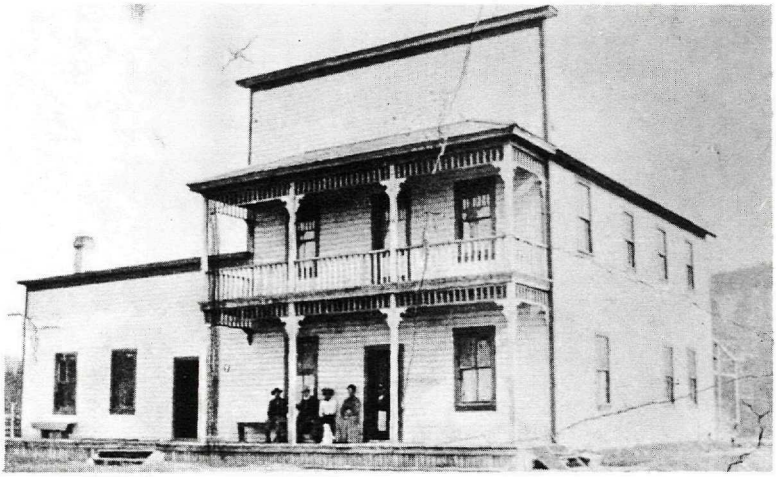
With a sigh of relief we headed uptown, got rooms at one of the hotels, had supper and rolled in.

The next forenoon was spent taking in the interesting sights, of a pioneer town in the making.

This was my first introduction to Greenwood. After lunch George Prest and I prepared to make the return trip home.

We rode as far as the Joe Richter ranch that afternoon leading the pack horse. Leaving early in the morning we reached home the same day. It was a long ride, but we realized nevertheless that something had been accomplished.

BRIDESVILLE, B.C.



At the turn of the century wheat grew tall through the 3,500 foot rolling hill country around Bridesville, a former freighter's stop, now bypassed by Trans-Provincial highway #3.

The climate seems dryer today than formerly. Grain does not flourish and the country has reverted to hay. Now, except for abandoned farm buildings and green-clad hills, the motorist is seldom aware that the back country is laced with roads and that the highway crosses again and again the Dewdney trail. Not far from the pavement are stains in forest and open hills where little settlements once stood which can hardly be called ghost towns because they have disappeared. Two, Sidley and Myncaster, have left little trace of their going.

One early adventurer over the Dewdney trail was Richard Sidley. He came west from Ontario in 1885. He homesteaded on the mountain top about nine miles east and 2,500 feet above Osoyoos Lake.

Sidley was followed to the mountain highlands by Hozie Edwards who homesteaded the present site of Bridesville. He became the first postmaster on January 4, 1907. The settlement was originally called Maud after Hozie's wife.

Around 1910 David McBride came to build a hotel in the village which became Bridesville.

The long mahogany bar and large ornate mirror in McBride's Bridesville Hotel came from the Bucket of Blood saloon in the abandoned gold camp, Camp McKinney.

Bridesville, in its heyday, boasted the usual characters found in early mining camps. Once a one eyed miner, settled on a rocky ridge above town. He was followed by two other miners, both one eyed. Naturally the ridge became known as One-Eyed mountain.

It is told that one of them never took off his overalls and, that, when he bought a new pair he simply pulled it over the others. And the story goes that at one time he was wearing seven pairs over what was left of those underneath. I do not, however, vouch for this story.

Bridesville, already mentioned as a wide spot along Trans-Provincial No. 3 is a former railroad town. It is still the centre of the mountain community. There is a school there, a post office, a store, garage and several cottages but there is little sign of the old railroad. Search, however will reveal traces of the abandoned grade.

In the late 1890's and well into the present century the Great Northern Railway was never far from the British Columbia border. In the interior of the province Spokane was the business centre.

The Great Northern and Grand Forks ran a spur to the Phoenix copper mines and from Grand Forks, a subsidiary the Victoria, Vancouver and Eastern, dodged in and out of the province to the little towns of Myncaster, Bridesville and Sidley where passenger trains provided an outlet to Spokane and Westward through the United States to Keremeos, Hedley and Princeton where coal was mined for the railroad.

Service, both passenger and freight, through Bridesville as far as Sidley was terminated in 1931.

References:

Myncaster O.H.S. 37th Report pp 104.
Sidley O.H.S. 36th Report pp 109-110
Sidley O.H.S. 35th Report pp 23-26.

THE MORGAN FAMILY OF SUMMERLAND

By:
Ivan E. Phillips

The Brown girls. Evelyn, Ethel, Lillian, Kathleen, Anita, Amy.

FOREWARD

This is the story of a pioneer family. It tells of the trials, the frustrations, the endurance and the courage, the joys and the sorrows. It is a chronicle of a never ceasing battle against the forces of adversity. It brings to life the bitter Saskatchewan winters, the floods in the Trout Creek area of Summerland and the building of homes in a new and unknown land.

What was it like to sever the bonds of family life, to leave friends and relatives behind and perhaps to never see them again, to venture into an unknown, and conceivably hostile land? For those of us who have followed years after, and are now reaping to the full the results and the benefits of their faith, their courage and endurance, the life that the pioneers led is virtually impossible to comprehend.

Mary Anne Wilson and her brother James, were born in Co Tyrone, Ireland, and they left the "Emerald Isle" to begin a new and happier life in Canada. Their reasons for leaving were not unusual, quite apart from the vista that this land of promise offered, they had both found it impossible to get along with their step-mother. Originally both brother and sister had began their new life in Toronto. After a brief stay , James left the country and settled in Buffalo in the U.S.A.

It was in the year 1885, the year of the Riel rebellion, that J.R. Brown and Mary Ann Wilson were married. The ceremony took place at Qu'Appelle, Saskatchewan, on April 30, 1885. Best man to the couple was Mr. W.G. Cameron and the bridesmaid Margaret Wilson, the sister of the bride. There, two and a half miles out from Qu'Appelle, they established their home on a farm, comprising a section and one half of land.

Like so many other settlers of that period our man of the house was glad to supplement the income from the farm. J.R. Brown became the local postmaster, spending three days in that capacity, and carrying the mail back to "Edgely Farm" in the evening. Incidentally, the Edgely farm was purchased from the Canadian Pacific Railway Company in May, 1882. It comprised 31

1/4 sections of land. It extended 18 miles between the C.P.R. Station of Qu'Appelle and Regina, and seven miles from the C.P.R.

Edgely farm was owned by the Sykies Brothers in the United States of America and managed by W.C. Cameron. The latter eventually became the owner of Guisachan at Kelowna. For those who may be unfamiliar with the topography of Qu'Appelle, the railway station was 12 miles from Indian Head and 35 miles from Regina, and it served as a distributing point for Fort Qu'Appelle which was 20 miles to the north. Touch Wood Hills and the Prince Albert settlement had, even in those days, several stores and hotels.

Over the years the family had grown to six girls and one boy, in the following order of ages - Anita, Ethel, Evelyn, Amy, Lilian, Ralph and Kathleen. Every summer the whole of the Brown family would drive to Fort Qu'Appelle. Here they would set up camp on one of the lakes. It was customary for Mrs. McCrossan, the wife of Rev. McCrossan, to camp close to them. As Anita recalled, "this put us all at our ease," particularly when her father had to return home. Then it was possible for her to extend the holiday another two weeks by staying with the McCrossans. Wisdom of such an arrangement was forcibly demonstrated one year, for it happened that at the time the Annual Fair was in full swing, it was usual for the Indians to wear full war dress. As the evening wore on, the Indian dance became wilder and even more menacing. Much later, it was obvious that they had by some means acquired, or gained access to liquor, and shortly after they took to the war path. It was fortunate for Anita and her friends that the police arrived on the scene and escorted them back to the town. There they had friends who gladly put them up for the night.

Continuing her reminiscences, Anita recounted two other unpleasant and frightening experiences. It was in 1902 that with a girl friend, she took her sisters and brother (their ages ranging from four to fourteen years) , with a team of horses and in a democrat, complete with camping equipment, their destination being the halfway house between Qu'Appelle and Fort Qu'Appelle. Proceeding at a leisurely pace, a severe and heavy rainstorm suddenly blew up and it was quite impossible to go any further. Quickly unhitching the horses, the tent was, with a struggle against the storm, securely lashed down over everything. Then the whole party crowded together and sought the safety of the shelter afforded, until the storm was over. Resuming the journey, and eventually arriving at the access to the lake, the hill leading down to it was steep and dangerous. Some method had to be devised to check the swift descent, so as to act as a brake on the democrat. This problem was solved by using the tie ropes of the horses and knotting the ropes to each pair of the wheels together , the front and the back. Believe it or not, although the party had a boat, no one had had any real knowledge or experience in the handling of any type of water craft. So, fastening a picket rope to the boat, one of the group took it in turns to walk along the lakeshore, holding the end of the rope, and thus preventing it from going out too far on the lake.

Anita has vivid memories of those bitterly cold and inhospitable Saskatchewan winters. For in Qu'Appelle, every winter the snow was certain to blanket everything and it lay thick and deep on the bushes and trees for long weary months. Often during those months the snow would blow, swirl and drift around the one storey home, building up as high as the roof itself, and blocking and closing off one bedroom in particular. It was a hard and laborous task to shovel the snow out by hand, in order to cut steps to the very top of the drift, to reach the place where the horses and the sleigh were kept. However, it had to be done and sometimes in a hurry. Frequently it was well nigh impossible to find a way to the horses and cows, for these buildings were located in the bush and near the well. Of course, there were many other difficulties to contend with, for instance, it was a cold and exhausting task for the men to raise an adequate supply of water daily to the top of the well. More often than not, the water bucket and the trough were frozen solid, so that the ice had to be chopped out. So intense was the cold that the men had to wear three or four pairs of mitts to handle the rope attached to the bucket. In very bad weather the cows would not even attempt to leave their shelter to drink the water near the well. It was the practice to haul the water in special barrels from the well to the house.

Anita recalls with sadness, the following tragic story. "On the next farm to ours," she said, "lived very good neighbours of ours, Mr. McLeish, his wife and daughter. It so happened that the Indians had stolen Mr. McLeish's horses, however, not long after that the news reached him that these were corralled in Yorkton. My Dad, like the good friend that he was, and our neighbour, at once set out to recover them, should the news be true. Arriving at Yorkton, the two were joined by a policeman for the purpose of checking identification. The law officer was attired in the regulation red coat. Unfortunately, Mr. McLeish was also wearing a garment of the same colour. Whether this was by design or accident was never known. The four men leaving the building where they had met, then made their way to the corral. Almost immediately a shot rang out and Mr. McLeish collapsed and died. Presumably one of the Indians had mistakenly taken him for a policeman clad in his red coat."

Of the Indians whom the Brown family saw much of, most of them were poorly clothed,

wearing blankets and moccasins only. In the vicinity of Qu'Appelle it was the custom for them to carry their families and their belongings on rails attached to the horse, with the rails trailing on the ground.

Forgetting the long days, the bitter cold and the snow of Qu'Appelle, Anita recalls with nostalgia the summer days of her girlhood. She walks again with her friends through the long swishing grass, bending low to pick the delicious wild strawberries, the luscious raspberries and the red pin cherries, she loses herself in a forest of Saskatoons.

These settlers in a new and strange land, many of whom had left comfortable, and not so comfortable homes, were not unmindful of the amenities of life. Every effort was made by them to initiate change and so afford an opportunity for social contacts, advancement and a continuing education for their children. As one would expect, the various religious orders played a prominent and leading part in furthering the education and instruction of the secular and spiritual needs of the community. An illustration of this need which was met by the spiritual leaders was the establishment of a boys' college, Archdeacon Greene, later of Kelowna, was the professor there. A short distance from the college Mrs. Cameron had been instrumental in building an Anglican Church. This church was named the "Vernon Church". Both of these buildings were but a short way out of Qu'Appelle, like so many of the other early churches in the west, they owed much to the donations and subscriptions which this good lady collected from people in England and Scotland.

It was the cold and bitter Saskatchewan winters and the children's health that was responsible for the Brown's decision to move into British Columbia. It was not a decision that was lightly made. Indeed many anxious hours were spent by the husband and wife before it was finally determined. Eventually, it was agreed that "J.R.", as he was mostly known, should go on first and make the arrangements. This he did in the fall of 1902. Mrs. Brown and the family were to follow in the spring of the following year.

Travelling down Okanagan Lake, Robert eventually arrived in Summerland. He lost no time in his quest for a house. After looking at the Canyon Ranch, he bought eight acres with a house and five acres from R.M.H. Turner. In the spring of 1903, he returned to Qu'Appelle and sold his farm. He then made final arrangements for the shipping of two carloads of stock and household effects, for settlement at Trout Creek Canyon Ranch. The family followed shortly after, arriving in Summerland on February 6th, 1903.

The first year was a difficult and laborious one. However, J.R. was able to sell the crop of peaches by packing and shipping the fruit to the Government Offices in the Province. Actually, at the end of the season he found that he had made eight hundred dollars off ten trees. Not a lot of money when one considers the long and tiring days of work, the heat was troublesome and the mosquitoes numerous and active. Robert, on his arrival, was concerned that there was no school for the children. Consequently he, together with Mr. J.M. Robinson and a lawyer then staying at the hotel, established a school with Mr. Ken Hogg acting as teacher.

There were no roads at that time, the men felled trees and cleared the logs to make a passable road leading from Trout Creek to Summerland. This in itself was no mean achievement, making it much easier to travel between the two points. At that time in "Summerland by the Lake" there was a newly built hotel, a store and a Post Office, the latter being managed by Tommy Moore.

Years after, Robert Brown worked for the government for a number of years as an Indian agent. A kindly man, he was a real friend to the Indians and was well liked by them. It was a responsible post for he had a large area to cover on a continuing basis. It was his practice to use various modes of transport. For example, he would board the boat at Summerland for his visit to Enderby and district. There with a team and buggy he would travel through the area and stop at various points to talk with the Indians. For the southern area Robert had to cover Keremeos down to Nighthawk. The return journey was made via Osoyoos and by the overhanging rock at Vaseux Lake. On this journey it was necessary for him to use his own team and democrat. As cars came into use on the roads he would occasionally have Gerald MacLain, Mrs. Orr or Edna English drive him.

The esteem in which he was held was expressed in tangible form, when the government sent J.R. Brown to England to lecture on British Columbia.

This was not all. At the local level, "J.R.B." became one of Summerland's foremost citizens. He was, in company with its first Reeve J.M. Robinson, Mr. Thompson and clerk Mr. Logie, a member of the first council.

With tragic suddeness the life of this dedicated man came to a shocking close. His passing was not due to illness or a particular complaint but it came as a result of a trivial incident, such as might occur to anyone. J.Robert Brown was clearing land that he had bought of heavy timber. Striking his axe deeply into a large and heavy log, he endeavored to pull it forward. The axe slipped out of the log repturing his bowel.

And so, one must say good-bye to Anita's dad, on this 13th day of May, 1926. Numerous expressions of sympathy were received by Mrs. Brown, including a personal one from J.M.

Robinson. An excerpt worthy of recording for posterity reads as follows: "As one who has been deeply interested in the foundation laying of the Summerland community, I would like to bear testimony to the value of the work done by Mr. Brown in the direction of the highest type of good citizenship. His bright and cheery disposition and the high ideals of his social and business dealings with his many neighbors, was an inspiration to good citizenship and I can assure you the Okanagan Valley met with a great loss when J.R. Brown was called. With deepest sympathy for yourself and your dear family, I am most sincerely yours J.M. Robinson."

Granville Morgan — Anita's Husband

Granville Morgan was born in Harrow in the County of Middlesex, England, in the year 1874; he received his education there.

Granville's father was Eli Morgan and his mother Emma, nee Sexton.

It was in March of 1893, that Granville in the company of Mr. Kent arrived in British Columbia. Harry Dunsdon of Summerland had written to Mr. Kent asking him to invite Granville to accompany him. Granville was a young man of nineteen years, and, as was to be expected, he had not the slightest notion of what British Columbia was like. However, he retained to the last, vivid memories of that first journey through the bitter cold and snow. The climate was quite unlike that to which he was accustomed. Although the snow was deep when both the emigrants boarded the train, inside it was hot and stuffy. When the train stopped at various points along the route and the two men hastened to leave it for a breath of pure air, the initial shock of the cold made both of them gasp. The travellers realized afterwards that the Prairies were always incredibly cold during the winter months. Actually, this particular winter of 1892-93 was exceptionally cold and severe, with lots and lots of snow.

En Route to Summerland

Leaving the train around the latter part of March, 1893, the two men eventually left Sicamous. It was then that Granville, shortly after arriving at Vernon, experienced his first feeling of home-sickness, for he now realized that he had left his home thousands of miles away and had in fact, burnt his boats behind him. At that time, Vernon was a far different place to what it is today. It comprised two hotels, the essential blacksmith shop, and two or three stores. Mr. Kent and Granville after some discussion decided that they would stay there for a while, for they might, with luck, get a lift in company with another traveller bound for the same destination. The new railway had only been completed from Sicamous to Vernon a year or so before and the trains were infrequent, thus, one often had to wait for a connection. However, after a couple of days or so, they decided they could not afford to wait any longer. So, they walked through the snow to Okanagan Landing down the track from Vernon. The chosen route was by Kalamalka Lake since there was a sleigh track down the ice. As has already been mentioned, the whole of Canada experienced, in 1892-93, one of its most severe winters, and certainly British Columbia had its share of frost, ice and snow. However, it was not until the two men were walking down the track from Vernon that they fully appreciated the extent and the toll being extracted from the herds of cattle and the wildlife of the area. It must have been a pitiable sight that winter, to observe the hundreds of dead cattle along the fence lines, near where a certain growth of brush had escaped the mowing machine from year to year. This brush alone, was the only scanty shelter available. Some idea of the distress and the suffering of the stock can be gauged by the fact that the brush had actually been chewed down to the wood, over an inch in diameter. Still further on their journey to Summerland, many deer were to be seen along the trail. Some of these were already dead, others were just able to walk. A number of them Granville and Mr. Kent lifted up and placed on their legs, only for them to fall again. To the travellers, it was obvious that it was the direct result of starvation. It was said at the time that it could have been a disease. However, since many wild horses died that hard winter, the consensus of opinion was that it was as the result of starvation.

Continuing their journey to Kelowna, the pair, after walking for about fifteen miles, met a man dressed in a long coat and with a luxuriant growth of beard. He was riding a very short-legged pony, which seemed to accentuate his height, for his feet were almost touching the ground, later they discovered that he was one of the Postills. Enquiring as to where they were going, Granville replied to Trout Creek, as that was the area of Summerland where they intended to settle, and they expected to be there the same day. "That is quite impossible" said Mr. Postill! "Do you realize that it is not only very early March, but also now three o'clock in the afternoon. You would never be able to make Kelowna. However, you would be able to make my place and start again tomorrow." So, giving the couple explicit directions, he told them to tell Mrs. Postill to put them up for the night. The wisdom of this advice was soon evident as they struggled on through the deep snow; footsore, hungry, anxious and almost spent, they felt they would never make it before daylight ended. Darkness had fallen before they eventually reached the house. This was at the end of the sleigh track, fortunately for them, a bright light was burning in the window of the house, guiding them on to that haven of rest, after the long and

exhausting journey. Talking about it years afterwards, Granville often remarked on the warmth of their welcome, adding, how much they relished and enjoyed the supper. As for the beds, the comfort and rest of these were just indescribable.

It seemed as if the meeting with Mr. Postill was the turn of the tide for the foot weary travellers. Having bade adieu to Mrs. Postill the next morning and resumed the journey to Kelowna, they had not gone very far before they were hailed by a man with a load of hay. "Where are you two going?" he shouted. "To Kelowna" replied both of them. They could hardly believe their good fortune, when the man said "Get up on the load and make yourself comfortable, I have to go there too!" By the time they had arrived at Kelowna, they learned that their good Samaritan's name was Stillingfleet. "Think nothing of it" he said, shaking hands with both of them. They expressed their thanks and said farewell.

Staying at the Lakeview Hotel, which was then being run by Archie Macdonald, the two did their best to be patient. However, it was all of two days that they waited at Kelowna for Eneas MacDougall to come over from Westbank. The ice was not beginning to break up but there was a channel across the lake. Both Kent and Morgan had by this time become very anxious, since they were completely without cash to pay their way. They learned a short time afterwards, that their worry over this was needless, for folks were understanding and most helpful. As Granville was wont to say, in those days they all seemed to be carefree. So it was, that they made arrangements with the MacDougalls' to take them down to "Trout Creek" the following day by horseback. That same night both of the men stayed with Alex McLennens and his brother John. Both the brothers were pleased indeed, to put them up, for starting up a homestead, they were delighted to learn something of what was then going on in the outside world.

Early the next morning MacDougall arrived with two saddle horses, and they started on the last lap of their eventful journey. Arriving at Trout Creek, at the Jones' Ranch, they found the house. It was then standing in what is now known as "Victoria Gardens." Here they met Harry Dunsdon, who was the initiator of their venture into the west.

As Robert and Granville were penniless, they had to borrow ten dollars to pay MacDougall for his services. Initially, Granville lived with the Jones brothers. Later, he worked for James Gartrell for the summer. His wages then were five dollars per month with board. His financial position improved somewhat when he left the Gartrell Ranch and secured another situation at the Barclay place. Working under Arthur Day, the foreman, his wages were then boosted to ten dollars. Even then, ten dollars was not a princely sum; nevertheless, whenever Granville delved into his store of memories, he would invariably refer to those early days spent at the ranches as one of the happiest periods of his life. To the last, he retained pleasant remembrances of his first employers and friends.

It was now three years since Granville had left his native heath, he continued to add still further to his store of "know how", which was necessary and essential in this new way of life. In persuance of his objective, he left the "Lequime Ranch" at Kelowna where he had been working, the ranch had now changed hands. He decided for the sake of change, to work for the Govern-

ment. It was true that the position was a lowly one, for it was on a road construction project. However, Granville was anxious to prove that he was able and willing to work at anything that would help him to forge ahead in the future. This work, at Midway, lasted until the fall of that year.

After this, he returned to the Okanagan, living with the Dunsdons until the bad weather was over. The following winter, he returned to the Boundary District, working this time at the A.K. Stuart ranch at Christina Lake. In June of 1899 Granville decided that he would settle in the Okanagan Valley permanently, he had a yearning for it which could not be stifled or overcome. Working at the Dunsdon's, to help to pay for the expenses of living, he continued to pursue his original desire and intention, to operate his own ranch. This opportunity came the following winter, when a Mr. Vaughan offered him a half interest in his ranch at Anarchist Mountain. Vaughan had 320 acres, with buildings, a team of horses and food. Granville rode down to the ranch in February of 1900 to look the place over. It was very cold, with lots of snow. Making Fairview on the first day from the Dunsdon's ranch, he arrived at the Vaughan ranch the next day. After deliberation, he decided that this was not for him. Returning to the Dunsdon's he entered into partnership with them. The wording of the partnership agreement was as follows, Granville was to own one-third interest in Jim Dunsdon's pre-emption. At this time it was known as "Sage Brush Flat", and is now owned by Steve Dunsdon. It was further agreed that Granville was to work on this pre-emption, which he did, for over a year. During part of this period Harry Dunsdon was in England on business.

Granville in his personal papers made mention of the high flood water of that year 1894 in more or less the following words, viz. "The high water had resulted in everywhere being in flood. The lake has never been so high, creeks are just unfordable." Had it been forty years later, the whole of the country would have been disorganized. One wonders what Granville really thought of it years later.

The reason for the settlers building their houses, cabins and the like near a creek or lake, was the need for ensuring an adequate supply of water for house, garden and orchard. Irrigation was by the channel and ditch method. Much time, effort and money was spent each year preparing for the battle against the high water. In spite of this, there were years when the gentle flow of water in Trout Creek became a raging torrent, impossible to contain within its banks. Anita, living as she did for most of her life, beside the creek, with her husband Granville, and later alone, recalled the anxiety and the worry of those days. There were years she said, when the run-off would be so devastating that the large log jams, lifted high on the water, would be carried each side of the house. All this in spite of the efforts of men working incessantly throughout the long days and the nights, crews of men spent countless hours, filling and placing sandbags to hold back the rushing waters. And women too played their part, all through the days and the nights, they continued to make coffee and tea and to prepare sandwiches, serving the weary crews resting awhile from never-ending labours against the angry, surging waters. The women's presence at the actual scene of operations, was in itself an encouragement, giving a lift to the workers' morale.

In 1893, the first Canadian Pacific boat, the "Aberdeen" was built, making its maiden trip with a celebration at Penticton which was for long remembered.* The lake steamer service proved to be a boon and blessing for the whole population of the Okanagan and also beyond. Freight coming in from the main line was responsible for the initial starting of many businesses that had to do with freighting. The headquarters at the time was, of course, Penticton. Goods of all kinds were hauled by four and six horse teams to Hedley and Princeton in the west, and in the east to Greenwood, McKinney and the Boundary District, and Fairview to the south. Often people would flag the boat from various points along the lake. It would respond by running its bow up and on to the beach, to discharge or load any freight, or passengers. However, this kind of helpful service had to be terminated for the following reason. One morning there was so much wind and a heavy sea running, that it was quite impossible for the "Aberdeen" to beach. So a rowboat was put off to pick up the two passengers. All went well, until the return journey to the point where the present Canadian Pacific wharf is now located, and where the "Aberdeen" was waiting. Unfortunately, close to there, the rowing boat and the steamer collided. This was due to the heavy swell. Indeed, the First Mate and the two passengers in the small boat had a narrow escape from drowning. So it was not at all surprising when orders from the company's headquarters put an end to this practice forthwith.

* See OHS Vol. 13

Although the weather for the years of 1893-94 was not so severe in the Okanagan as on the Prairies, it was bad enough. It would be true to say, however, that at this time the whole of Canada was like an ice box. Yet, here in the valley, strangely enough, game abounded and was plentiful. For example, the deer population was very heavy. A large number of these animals were killed by the Indians solely for their hides. The carcasses being left behind, and the actual hides used for moccasins, clothing and various other purposes. The deer ranged far and near in

the fall and in the winter, particularly on the front benches. As for the blue grouse, these could be seen by the hundreds. Breeding along the low hills and the benches, it must have been a memorable sight, and a thrilling experience, to hear their love call throughout the season of spring and to watch their strutting and mating performances. In those early days at the turn of the century, there were countless willow grouse in the bushlands and prairie chicken in abundance.

Anita recalls that at one period of Summerland's history the power house was located on the actual site of the present Provincial fish hatchery. It was actually converted to that purpose for a very good reason. Not only was there a good supply of water available and running close by, but the temperature always remained constant at 50 degrees, ideal for the purpose of a hatchery. Initially, George Gartrell was in charge there, and later Granville acted as a helper to him. Eventually George left, and Granville became responsible for the operation of the hatchery. The Summerland hatchery of to-day, with its modern equipment is in sharp contrast to its predecessor of those days. However, the fundamentals remain the same, the eggs were collected at Penask Lake and taken to Summerland, there they were, after hatching, distributed to the various lakes. As the work progressed, a new hatchery was built, and Granville remained in charge. By now he had attained a somewhat higher status, for now he was classed as a Fish Warden. This position entailed quite a lot of travelling, by reason of his district being a large one. During these periods, he was fortunate to have the assistance of George Gartrell.

Anita and Granville Marry

On December 26, 1906, Anita Brown became the bride of Granville Morgan. The newly married couple bought thirteen acres of land, adjoining J.R. Brown's property, from Duncan Woods. The latter was quite a character. A miner from Hedley, he owned quite a lot of land at Trout Creek. He lived in a log cabin on the site where the J.E. Embree house still stands. Building their house near to the Creek, the couple spent the summer of 1907 working on the pre-emption, doing necessary and urgent work, they sold this in 1908, and were then able to complete work on their house. Later they bought a ten acre orchard.

On December 30, 1907 Arthur, the first of the family of three boys, was born. Gordon on May 3, 1916, and on January 5, 1920 Howard. When the Morgans first came to Trout Creek, Mr. and Mrs. Faulder lived in a log shack. This was owned by Mr. Kendall, and is now the Landry's property. It was most unfortunate for the Faulders that when they moved up the creek to Faulder into another house, it had to be demolished, for the Kettle Valley railroad ran plumb through the centre of the house; they had to build another dwelling on the other side of the creek.

A Medley of Memories

Newcomers to the community, are often unaware of the fact, that "Summerland-by-the-Lake", the present lower town, was at that time the hub of the universe, as far as the business houses, shops and the like were concerned. Indeed, there was nothing whatever in the "West" of the "Town", that part of Summerland was then an Indian reservation. Mr. J. Ritchie was, originally, the founder of the present business and shopping district, as it is to-day. It was known that he traded large tracts of land with the Indians. Even at that period of Summerland's history, there was a flourishing business in selling, buying and trading land. Anita remembers well various changes and transactions concerning the transfer of land. For instance, J.R. Brown and a former Governor-General of Alberta, G.H.V. Bulyia, owned the Landry property Changing hands again later, it became the property of a Mr. Black, with a wharf which was called Black's Wharf and named after him. Wharf Street is a reminder that the boat often used that part as a stage, for embarking and disembarking passengers, and landing their belongings.

Anita retains vivid impressions and memories of the events, the places and the faces, of those first few months after the arrival of the family from Qu'Appelle to their destination.

She remembers the occasion so well, to her it seems as if it were but yesterday. It was on February 6, 1903 that Mary Brown and her family arrived in Summerland after the journey from Qu'Appelle. Dad and Granville were waiting for them at the wharf, to meet, and to greet them. It seemed as if Mrs. J.M. Robinson had been teasing Granville, about the family of six girls, who were on their way to Summerland. Apparently at that particular time, he had been driving a number of guests around who were staying at the hotel. His ulterior motive being, of course, to make sales. The three girls, Ethel, Evelyn and Anita, spent their first night at Mrs. Gartrell's. During the season they packed fruit such as cherries, peaches, plums and pears. Another task performed from time to time, was the milking of eight to ten cows. This was at home, for their Dad and Mother both had their hands full. In addition, to the usual tasks of a large family, there were meals to prepare and to serve. There were always twelve to fifteen at the table, including Rev. Baldiston who was a boarder with the family for a year or so. Anita remembers that when her mother and family left Qu'Appelle, the temperature was thirty degrees below, when they

boarded the "Aberdeen" at the landing stage, it was quite mild. In Summerland religious instruction was given to the boys and the girls in the school room. The school was then located near the old hospital, now operated as "Century House." The first Church services were held nearby on alternate Sundays by different denominations. The first Sunday in the month a service was taken by the Methodists, the second by Mr. White from Peachland, and the third by the Baptist Minister, the Rev. Richie, from Peachland. At the first Anglican Church of St. Peter's in Summerland, which was built on the actual site of the Anglican cemetery on Giants Head Road, the services were conducted by Archdeacon Thomas Greene. He made the journey from Kelowna to ensure that the spiritual needs of his Anglican congregation were not neglected. Anita remarked that she tried to play the organ at all the services, sometimes another person would deputize for her. The Browns began to grow up, and disperse. In 1905 Ethel and Evelyn left the family fold, to continue their education at Columbian College in New Westminster. A little later Amy followed, travelling to Toronto, to train as a nurse. Shortly afterwards, Anita was married. Ralph, the only boy in the family, following his father's bent, departed from the home for training at Guelph Agricultural College. When hostilities broke out in 1914 Ralph had the urge to enlist in the armed forces. Like a dutiful son he wrote to his father seeking his permission to leave the College. However, due to the lake being frozen, the mail did not arrive in Summerland until much later. In the meantime, taking it for granted that sanction would be forthcoming, he had already joined when the letter did eventually arrive. Around this time, J.R. Brown had bought a house in Summerland. In addition, he had also bought twenty-five acres of land from Duncan Woods and forty-six acres on the lakeshore. He also had an interest in the Brown Bulyea property, now Landry's and also on the Sandhill area. Returning to Summerland in 1918, Ralph operated the farm for his Dad. This had been sold to a Major Daniels under a regular payment agreement. However, the Major never did complete the sale, but had moved out taking everything with him.

Friends and Neighbours at the Station

In spite of the fact that Granville was working out, the newlyweds were determined that this must not prevent or slow down the planting of their orchard, for time was of the essence. And so by hard work and long hours the task was completed. It was fortunate for both of them that, living across the creek from the Dominion Experimental Farm, many individuals of the Staff became their very close friends. To facilitate this friendship, a large tree was felled and placed over the creek to ensure safe and quick passage of a number of friends on both sides of the water. The Morgans became very close friends with R.M.H. Helmer, the first manager of the Farm, and his family. Other good friends and neighbours were the Dennys, the Fred Gartrells, Gilbert Thornber, the Harold Smiths, Johnstons, Sid Sharp and Frank Diers.

It was apparent from an early age that Arthur, the Morgan's eldest son, had a flair for the fashioning and use of wood. This was, of course, a valuable asset in a country where almost everything depended on lumber which was plentiful and of good quality. Due to a complaint from which he suffered, he spent a number of years in California. However, he returned to Canada some time after this and operated a furniture store in Vancouver. Eventually he returned to Summerland and built a score or so of houses in the district. Arthur and his wife Nancy demolished the old Will Watson house and built a new home in its place. After a while he sold this and built yet again. Later, with the knowledge he acquired and the skill that he possessed it was natural that he should be selected as a suitable member on the staff of the Department of Verterans Affairs. He is still working with the D.V.A.

Howard Joins Up

It was in 1937 that Howard went to Vancouver to help his brother in the manufacture of furniture. Arthur was not only an owner with his own store, but was also a cabinet-maker, afterwards for a short time in 1940 Howard was with "Fisheries" at Rivers Inlet. He did not seem to be able to settle for long, perhaps it was the effect of the war, or the thought that Gordon was now serving in the Royal Canadian Air Force. However, in September of the same year he returned to Vancouver, but not for long. In May, 1941, he was in Toronto as a clerk, also in the R.C.A.F. After two brief postings to Trenton and Aylmer in Ontario, his unit landed in England in 1941. His first posting being Bournmouth on the South coast, in 1942, he was stationed in Ireland and thence posted via Lincoln to Gloucester, in the west of England with 411 Squadron Records Office of the R.C.A.F.

In January of 1943 Howard was on the strength of 424 Squadron at York. From there he was drafted for overseas service in North Africa.

In December of 1943, because of poor health, he was repatriated. In January 1944, he was in Vancouver and then served at Jericho Beach as "Clerk Administrator." His discharge from the R.C.A.F. became effective on November 8, 1945. Shortly after his release from the Service, he was employed by the V.L.A. office at Kelowna. In 1957 Howard bought the old home and was

married. As a Fieldman in Oliver, he also planted an orchard and built a home about four miles out of Osoyoos, and his family of four children were all born there. However, later he sold out and moved to Kelowna. It was after Ralph Brown retired that Howard was made the Administrator of V.L.A. for the Kelowna and District Area. Buying a home at Mission, six miles out of Kelowna, Howard is still with the Department, a well known and respected figure, particularly amongst Ex-Service personnel.

Gordon Graduates to Air Crew

Gordon or Bob, as he was often called, worked at Copper Mountain before he enlisted in October of 1940. At that period of the war, the situation in Britain was grim indeed. Gordon left British Columbia to take the first step in his training, reporting at Brandon, he was in a short time posted to Rivers, Manitoba. In January he was drafted to Regina, and in the following month was wearing the propellor of a Leading Aircraftman. In April of the same year he was married to Wilena Clapperton of Princeton. In May he was stationed at Moose Jaw. Several weeks of intensive training followed, for solo flying was only the beginning and not the end of graduation as a Pilot. It was a proud day, not only for Gordon and for his family, when on July 14, 1941 he was presented with his wings and posted to Trenton. In November and December, 1941, he was at Picton, Rockcliff and Mossbank. Leaving Halifax in August 1942, he landed in England early in September. On the 15th of that month he was posted to Bedford and in the January of 1943 was on the strength of 406 Squadron. As a night fighter Pilot with 406 he now had gained much addtiional experience. In June he was holding the confirmed rank of a Flight Lieutenant.

And now perhaps the writer may be permitted to digress for a few moments, to quote the following excerpt from his volume - "The R.C.A.F. Overseas - The First Four Years", it is relevant to the story of Flight Lieut. G.R. Morgan. Under date "Night Fighters, 1943" Page 133, appears the following - Quote - "The night fighters carried out a successful air-sea rescue on the 29th (July) when they located a Fortress which had crashed in flames in the North Sea. The entire crew was later picked up by motor launch. The 10th had also witnessed a successful air rescue when F/O G.R. Morgan and Sgt. D. Bentley located a lost transatlantic Liberator with ten passengers which was flying in 10/10th cloud and half-mile visibility. The Liberator was just about to land on an airfield under construction but was guided by our aircraft to a safe landing at an established base." At this period of his service, Gordon was flying the light reconnaissance Mosquito bomber. In November he joined 169 Squadron based at Ayr in Scotland and in the January 1944 he attended a three week course on the Spitfire.

Gordon Reported as Missing

It was on April 22, 1944 that the dreaded telegram that so many expected, and so many received, arrived. In brief official language, it reported Gordon as missing. This was of course a great shock to the family. Yet, talking to Anita recently, and asking her how she felt at the time, she said "Of course I was frightfully upset and worried. Yet through it all I never lost hope, for my son Howard would often say, 'Don't worry or give up hope Mother. It is not unusual for missing Air Crew to turn up. He may be hidden in some place or other.' This encouragement coming from Howard, who was in the Records Office of his Squadron, was a great comfort to me."

It transpired that Gordon and his Navigator, on an offensive patrol over southern Germany in support of a bomber attack on Cologne, were shot down. However, on September 9th, 1944 word was received from London, England, that Bob was safe and was now on his way home. He duly arrived without mishap on October 9th, 1944.

Gordon's survival from death or captivity was as fabulous as most, here is the story, perforce condensed. There is no doubt at all that Bob, by virtue of his training and above all his operational experience and now a knowledgeable Pilot, was used to making instant decisions. Realizing at once after his kite was hit, that this was the end, he ordered his Navigator to jump from the aircraft and when he was clear, followed immediately after. Both of them making a perfect parachute landing in occupied enemy territory. Wasting no time after landing, they made their way as quickly as possible from the scene of the crash. Assisted by the populace at the greatest risk to themselves, the two airmen eventually found comparative safety.

The Great Hide Out

And now began a hide out that was to last for five months. It seemed to be incredible, ludicrous, when they reached a "Fishing Lodge" up in the mountains, that they were now amongst friends. Neither was this all! For these escapees represented almost all the air crews of the Allies, Canadians, Americans, British, Australian and so on. At this period of the war, almost all of them received some form of survival training, and were thus at the peak of their efficiency. How did so many live for so long before they attempted to escape? The answer was of

course, that the Belgians brought them food. It was as one would expect under the circumstances, plain but wholesome, a priest taught those unfamiliar with the language, to speak and write French. Any approach to the lodge was detected and the men quickly hid themselves in the woods. It seems as if there was a store of food at the lodge, and it was protected by an alarm. However, the secret of its working was known, and a raid made on the store from time to time. The men adapted themselves, particularly the Canadians, to the mode of living. An example of this was the comfortable bed that Gordon made for himself by spreading a large bough on the ground and then covering it thickly with dry foliage. Gordon used a part of his parachute as an under sheet, and the top piece served as a covering. Truly it could be said that necessity was the mother of invention.

The Time of Test

As the long days of summer passed, final preparations were made for escape. It was a simple, but daring plan. And it may have worked just because it was simple and daring. Before setting out on his journey Gordon turned his tunic inside out, wearing it thus, it was not so conspicuous. Over all was worn an old coat, a very old coat, this with a decrepit bicycle and his knowledge of the language served as his passport to freedom. One must draw a veil over Gordon's actual route, sometimes, silence is golden, even after a lapse of many years. Suffice it to say that on September 9th, 1944 Anita learned from England that Bob was safe and would soon be home again. On October 25th he had arrived at Halifax, and on the 29th was home and reunited with his family.

Gordon's transition from airman to civilian, due to his service, was rightly expedited. And he has been, since his discharge, a valued member of the staff of Dominion Fisheries.

So it was that Flt. Lieut. G.R. Morgan returned to the land of his birth. During his four years of wartime service, he had made numerous friends. Since his return to Canada, he has re-visited his Belgian friends.

Truly Gordon Robert Morgan's service in the Royal Canadian Air Force may be fittingly epitomized in two Words - "Mission Accomplished." In conversation with Anita, vibrant and still mentally alert, the thought constantly comes into the mind," how has she held, and continued to hold, the years at bay?" To what does she ascribe her longevity? For it is apparent that she still enjoys life to the full. This must surely be due in large measure to the active life she has always led. Yet her path has never been strewn with roses, she has known not only the sunshine, but also the shadow. Through it all she has always retained a sense of balance.

In her younger days, Anita's favourite pastime and relaxation was riding. She travelled far and wide on horseback over the Summerland area, for she was an expert horsewoman. Adjudged the best lady rider in a horse show held in Summerland many years ago, she was presented with a silver bridle as a tribute to her horsemanship.

Anita Becomes a Charter Member of the Summerland Women's Institute

In 1909 Mrs. Lipsett canvassed the Summerland district to organize a branch of the Women's Institute. This, with the active aid of others, was successfully achieved. The record of the branch from that time to the present day is well known. Anita was one of the first to join. As a Charter member in the company of Mrs. S.A. MacDonald, Mrs. M.E. Collas and Mrs. E.M. Hookham. All four were later presented with a scroll, a life membership and a bouquet.

It is also worthy of mention that Anita was, with others of her period, presented with her medallion during the "Centennial Year" celebrations. An active member still, in the Okanagan Historical Society, Penticton Branch, she is also a fervid bridge player.

Journey's End

Living in her old home as she has since the first day of her marriage, fifteen years of which were spent alone, Mrs. Granville Morgan has now said farewell to all the familiar sights and sounds of sixty-seven years of uninterrupted tenancy. The rich and fertile land remains free (at least for a time), from encroachment. "I have always had helpful and wonderful neighbours" Anita has said "And Mr. and Mrs. Aoki still live in the cottage on the orchard. Their two boys always helped me by mowing the lawns and doing odd jobs around the place." So this house of memories still stands and the orchard continues to be cared for by Masao Aoki.

The three surviving girls, for they are still girls in spirit, are perforce separated by the miles between them. Anita now living happily at "Parkdale" in Summerland, Kathleen in Vernon and Evelyn in Lacombe, they continue to keep in touch with each other. Although Ralph, Amy, Ethel and Lilian have crossed the Great Divide, this family of seven children are surely still together in spirit.

THE FIRST R.L. CAWSTON (1849 - 1923)

by
Verna B. Cawston [with Gint Cawston]

R.L. Cawston branding calves. Note his customary working clothes.

If you have travelled over the Hope-Princeton Highway (#3), which links Vancouver with the Trans-Canada Highway, via the Similkameen and Okanagan Valleys, you must surely remember that long hill in Keremeos. Perhaps you paused at the top long enough to note a sign that reads, CAWSTON, 3 MILES. Well, that's our town - population around 800 and officially named in 1916 (on recommendation of L.V. Newton). It was named after my father-in-law, Richard Lowe Cawston, better known as "R.L." (the first one).

It is a pleasant little orchard village near the Similkameen River and includes that part of the wide benchland and valley around the corner from "K" Mountain and at the foot of the "hogsback" - about 3,000 acres. In 1950, the benchland was opened up as a Soldiers' Settlement project for World War II veterans and is mostly given over to grape-growing.

There have been many changes since 1847, when the quaking-aspen grove by the 'slough' was the site of a Hudson's Bay transfer post or holding-place, and the only other inhabitants a small band of Salish Indians. The Post was moved to a Keremeos site in 1865.

From then until 1884, the rich bottom-land of the 'R' ranch was owned by F.X. Richter, the first white settler in that part of the valley. (His youngest son, Frank, has a home in Cawston.)

That year the original 5,341 acres were purchased by "Grandfather" Cawston and his aunt, Mrs. Ella Lowe. They acquired extra lease-land here, also at Osoyoos and Princeton. In fact, R.L. and Richter held range land at Princeton for years before there were any sizeable ranches running stock there. 'R' ranch continued to stock Shorthorn and Hereford cattle, at times 2,000 head.

The summer cattle-drive was made in July, a trip of at least two days to Princeton and ten more over the old Dewdney Trail to Hope. From there they were taken by boat down the Fraser to New Westminster and reloaded for Victoria. Until 1882, Van Vaulkenburg Company was the purchaser, later bought out by the B.C. Cattle Company. After 1895, when contracts were made through Pat Burns to supply railroad construction gangs, beef went on the hoof to Rossland.

They still followed the southern Dewdney Trail via Osoyoos, Rock Creek, Midway, Grand Forks, Christina Creek and crossed the Upper Columbia.

Old-timers tell me that R.L. Cawston was a "colourful character" with a great sense of humour and adventure and that he possessed, as well, a vocabulary that even a steer could understand. There was one occasion when the right words were not enough.

One of his friends, J.O. (Ozzie) Coulthard, had for several years staked mineral and surface rights in various locations. Probably the best known were the "Roanie" (1887) near Granite Creek and the 'Kingston' (1894) on what was later called Nickel Plate Mountain. The latter claim may have had historic potential. Ozzie and Charlie Allison had selected a few hopeful-looking samples to send out for assays. R.L. and his brother, George, were at the same time moving cattle from the Princeton range for the fall drive to Rossland. Here was an opportunity for the prospecting lads, and their samples were duly put in R.L.'s care.

On reaching the Columbia crossing, there was the usual confusion of urging the bawling herd into the water. Matters became even more complicated by the unexpected appearance of a 'steamboat round the bend'. Her warning whistle shattered all manoeuvres and it was every steer for himself. The leather-lunged drivers used any method of persuasion to head off disaster, and when R.L. desperately needed reinforcements to turn the panicked animals, he just happened to have some rocks in his pocket. That's luck for you! As the last chunk bounced off its target, there was a censorable double-take ending with, "Well, there goes Ozzie's goldmine!" (Four years later, a Wollaston and Arundel claim on that same mountain sparked the development of the first producing lode mine in the Similkameen.)

Gint tells me that his father had another way of dealing with problem steers. He was a good swimmer and sometimes outflanked a stray by diving in beside it, pulling its head under a few times, which tactics usually sent it bawling after the herd. His well-trained horse paced him until its rider was once more aboard.

On examination of any pioneer records or anecdotes, I find it is impossible to separate biography from environment. I've also noticed that there is nothing timid or tame about either of them. So, although I knew Grandfather Cawston, only for a very brief time, everything I've learned about him has only strengthened my views on 'the good old days'.

*For one thing, distance and time were only as relative as the 'happening' involved. Take a honeymoon for instance. In 1885, R.L. travelled some 3,000 miles to marry Miss Mary Ann Pearson of Stratford, Ontario, and their return honeymoon trip occupied a leisurely month of days. From Stratford their journey was via Port Huron, Chicago, St. Paul, Winnipeg, Spokane (by train), on to Marcus and Colville (by stage), then six days on horseback over wild, mountainous country to the Kettle River, thence to Midway and Osoyoos. Here they enjoyed a neighbourly welcome from the Haynes family and a lay-over for Christmas. Horseback again and over the Richter Pass to their new home, which might well have been called a suburb of Osoyoos or Hope, depending from which Post Office you picked up your mail. (The following year, a P.O. branch was installed at T. Daly's ranch at Keremeos.) Their itinerary from Winnipeg was the only one possible at that time and was recorded in letters home by the bride. From Colville, their guide and packer was an Indian friend of R.L. - Crooked-mouth Pierre.

* (See O.H.S. Report, #13, 1949.)

Contrast that leisurely journey with the record R.L. set up when, in 1888, he rode Mouchiks - Barrington Price's roman-nosed buckskin, from Hope to Keremeos in twenty-four hours. The occasion was a race against time to file at Vernon on a grazing pre-emption before it lapsed. After Mouchiks' eventual death from old age, Price had two hooves of the sturdy little horse silver-mounted as humidors. He presented one to R.L. and the other one to the Lorenzetto family, of Hedley. (Gint has turned it over to the Penticton Museum.)

While we are on the subject of mementos, there is another one that has survived because of sentimental value, though its contents have long since been 'borrowed' by fish-happy young 'uns. So has the cane salmon-rod that went with it. The relic is an English fly-book made from calfskin leather. It contains a complete list of England's game fish with the name of the appropriate fly to be used. Inked on the cover, M.CULME SEYMOUR, 1882, and on a scrap of paper the faded writing, "Killer-fly for Cowichan salmon". I wish I knew what that fly looked like.

Admiral Seymour was later in charge of the fleet at Esquimalt, Both he and R.L. belonged to the Canadian Club for "recreation, billiards, cards, etc." The latter and his wife had a standing invitation to dine aboard the flagship when occasion permitted. Mrs. Cawston used to tell of the first time aboard when R.L. forgot to tell her that sailors wait until the end of their meal to ask the Grace! Seymour sent many sportsmen from the Old Country to Cawston. In his book, A SPORTSMAN'S EDEN (and I wish I had that, too), Sir Clive Phillipps-Wolley tells of hunting sheep in the Ashnola. There he met a similar hunting-party guided by "the jovial Mr. C-" (Cawston). They spent a convivial evening and next morning went separate ways, to avoid any overlapping of sighting game.

Grandfather's zest for living must have been responsible for the variety of his interests and abilities. Susan Moir Allison, wife of John Fall Allison, pioneered in Princeton and Westbank as early as 1872. In her memoirs she often mentions visits to and from the Cawstons. She tells of one incident at Westbank when a nocturnal tapping at their window roused them from their beds. It was R.L. on his way home from Vernon and he wanted to share with them a magnificent display of the Okanagan Arc. "This aurora glowed in shifting, hissing curtains of green light, and all were delighted in spite of the late hour." She also refers to grandfather as "Dr. Cawston", saying that his advice was sought in many a sick-bed emergency.

He could also pow-wow in the native tongue as well as Chinook, and was often called upon to act as interpreter and arbitrator for the Indians. ***In 1883, when a smallpox epidemic swept through the Okanagan and Similkameen, he halted the death-havoc among the Indians with a government supply of vaccine and whiskey of his own donating. When he ran out of vaccine, he used the pus from any available 'ripe pox' and carried on. His procedure was simplicity itself. First the patient was given a generous internal jolt of whiskey for an anaesthetic. After this, "Doc" Cawston swabbed off the area of treatment with a disinfecting dose from the same bottle, scored the flesh with the (previously) pin-cushioned cork and then applied the vaccine. This mass vaccination was a success or as "Dr" C- proudly put it, "They all 'took' and had arms as big as their legs." For these services, the government rewarded him with a purse of $300.00, which he promptly invested in a gold watch and chain.

***(See 12th O.H.S. Report).

L. to R.: - Dick, Pearson, Beauchamp.
R. to L.: - Alfred (Gint), Mrs. R.L.

If the 1880's are definitely pioneer times to us of 1974, the folks of that era, in turn, spoke of their grandparents as being of pioneer stock. R.L.'s grandfather, John Cawston, and his family migrated to Canada from Wiltshire, England, c. 1825. The Lowes arrived from Kilkenny, Ireland, in 1832.

Both families settled in S.W. Ontario, the Cawstons being one of the first two families in the Stratford area. A son, John, married Maria Lowe, from Harperhay, and their first child, Richard Lowe Cawston, was born on February 10, 1949. In time, eight daughters and three more sons swelled the family ranks.

The youngest son, George, who joined his brother on the 'R' ranch in 1892, became well known throughout the Interior as 'Tenas' Cawston. Several of his friends were named "George" and being the shortest, "Tenas" was inevitable. He was also of a slimmer build than his brother, for grandfather in his younger days weighed in at a plump 220-235 pounds. (Vertical statistics - five-foot-seven). Even in later years, he kept to his 200-pound level.

Physical fitness and expertise seem to be consistent with pioneering. Young R.L. learned to swim in the Avon River, could plow a straight furrow and swing a cradle, and was a left-handed 'Dead-eye Dick' with a rifle and shot-gun. He always maintained that a Winchester-73 was the best rifle. With the exception of one memorable winter swamping in a bush-camp (U.S.A.) and a brief hitch as a salesman for McColl Bros. Co. (now McColl-Frontenac), R.L. stayed with the home acres until he was twenty-four.

His uncle, William Lowe, was now living at Osoyoos and in partnership with Carmichael (Judge) Haynes in the cattle business. Young Richard was invited to join him and for the next ten years lived there as ranch foreman. Will Lowe died in 1882 and in 1884 his widow and R.L. bought the 'R' ranch in the lower Similkameen, south of Keremeos. The following year grandfather brought his bride to live in the new five-roomed house.

There were numerous farm buildings. The oldest was a log double cabin with a breezeway, built by F.X. Richter c. 1870. (Four of his five children, all boys, were born there. Hans once told me that even after the new house was built, the young fellows preferred the old cabin because of its airy sleeping-loft). There were two root-houses for storing fruit and vegetables, a smoke-house, chicken-house, granary, barn and double corral. The packing-shed, pig-house, log 'China' cabin for helpers, and the stone-house for dairy products (still standing) were built some years later. Another home, nearer the meadow, was built by Fred Wright in 1914.

The newlyweds' house was of logs, weather-boarded and painted white with brown trim. In time it acquired extra rooms and a 'living-porch'. After the family moved back to Stratford in 1903, Mrs. Lowe had it painted railroad red, which made it a noticeable landmark for the next sixty years. In 1955 Gint had it covered with gray asbestos siding - a concession to progress.

Three of their four sons were born here, attended only by an Indian midwife, Agnes Kwalokin (phonetic). The eldest, John Pearson (1886-36), was the first white child born in the district - registry, Keremeos, then Richard Lowe (1888-54). George Beauchamp, born in Ontario (1889-1917) died on active service. Alfred Hamilton (1892) better known as "Gint", was the first child to be baptized in the original St. Saviour's Anglican Church, Penticton. He is retired from the Forestry Service, still 'at home' and prominent in all pioneer activities.

Throughout all their years in Cawston Mr. and Mrs. R.L. were known to be kindly and generous hosts. There were frequent visitors from 'outside' - Pat Burns, Major Allan Brooks, Father Pat (Henry Irving), C. Seymour and other members of the Canadian Club, R.J. Musgrave, Leo Boscowitz, E. Dewdney, C.E. Pooley, Worthington, Luxton - to name a few.

Visits from Similkameen and Okanagan 'neighbours' were also highlights at any time, and what Mrs. R.L. would have done without their Indian friends is a dismal guess. The Kwalokins, Terbaskets, Crooked-mouth Pierre and his wife, for instance, certainly eased many a dilemma and emergency.

The ranch supplied the family with meat, game, fruit, vegetables, grain and dairy products. Staple goods were packed in from Hope or, later on, by stage from Vernon. The good old days indeed, though the highwater flood of '94 played havoc with the pigs, chickens and anything that could be water-damaged.

Education was provided for when needed. By 1892, a school was built at Similkameen, six miles southward. Years later, the first classes in Cawston were held in the ranch house parlour for a time.

Old family documents show that R.L. Cawston was a member of I.O.O.F. Lodge #3, New Westminster, as early as 1884. His first appointment as Justice of Peace for the County of Yale is given as April 26, 1889, an office which he held until 1903. He was away from B.C. for several years and later resumed the office, now 'Stipendiary Magistrate' for almost the rest of his lifetime.

His many interests took him from home fairly often and how to get 'to and from' could turn out to be Hobson's/Cawston's choice. Whatever was available - horse, buggy, democrat, wagon or shank's mare, rowboat or paddle-wheeler - was made use of as a matter of course. Often an Indian dug-out had its place in a pinch.

The Similkameen is a turncoat river and some stretches can never be found in the same place two years in succession. But in the early days, from Princeton southward it was navigable for a dug-out canoe when high water covered the rocks, and was then a fairly safe artery of transportation. Grandfather has put on family record (verbal) his account of one such voyage.

He and a 'hand' by the name of Davis had occasion to hire a dug-out and its two Indian owners to convey them down-river from Princeton. The spring run-off was practically over, but still swift and cold. Matters went smoothly until they were nearing Starvation Flats above Hedley. Apparently Davis made some blundering move and suddenly the crew and passengers found themselves overboard. It was obvious that Davis could not swim, so R.L. draped him over the upturned canoe and told him to drift with the current. If he landed "somewhere" they would rescue him later. The Indians were looking out for themselves and soon made it to the shore where R.L. joined them. They could see that Davis had hung up on a small sandbar farther down.

It was late afternoon and the matter of comfort was urgent. The Indians rolled around in the sand to dry off and jumped up and down to get warm. Then one of them poked around in a log jam until he could break off a dead branch with a hard, tapered stem end. There he located a live branch (probably fir), tore it out and filled the firm depression with bits of dry rotten wood and grass. Using both hands, he twirled the dry stick in the trash while his companion chanted their fire-song. At a signal, they traded places and kept up this ritual until smoke and, finally, a small flame appeared. Fire struck and they kept up a roaring blaze until morning, while the unfortunate Davis spent a chilly night. The Indians made it no secret that they were "hyiu solleks" at his clumsiness. Luckily the canoe was not harmed and in reasonable time the voyagers reached their destination.

In 1903, a halt was called to this rural and venturesome living when it was decided to move to Stratford to complete the boys' schooling. It was with much regret that the family said goodbye to their friends and their first home. A farewell gift of $100.00 was presented to them and the faded, original list of donors shows forty-six names of old-timers (and wives).

In Stratford, R.L. went back to the McColl Company but kept his interest in the 'R' ranch. He became a keen hockey fan and often accompanied the home team to outside matches. On one occasion he enjoyed a brief taste of national fame.

King Edward VII was very much in the news at the time (1907) and R.L.'s resemblance to His Majesty was striking - the build, the height, the beard, etc. R.L. had accompanied the Stratford team to London (Ont.) where a crucial game was scheduled. They won and were naturally in an exhilarated mood when they boarded the train for the home journey. As they passed through the day coaches on the way to their own, some wit in the entourage shouted, "Hail to the King!" To R.L.'s unabashed delight, he received a standing ovation, applause and cheers, which he graciously acknowledged. However, before the journey was over, some skeptic aboard had nosed out the facts.

In 1909-10, R.L. was approached to sell out to the newly-formed Similkameen Fruit Land Company. After much dickering he agreed to take 49% of shares in lieu of cash. He then went back to Cawston; his wife and Gint followed a year later. Pearson had gone to Jamestown, N.Y., where he later married, Beauchamp was working with his uncle, Will Cawston, on Bank of Commerce buildings and Dick as a book-keeper in Winnipeg. These two sons returned to Cawston before the 1914-18 war.

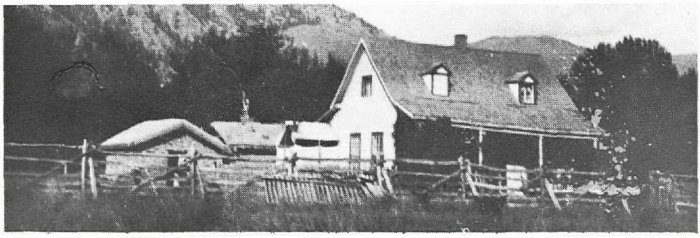
A big change was in store for the old-time residents of the district. Three thousand acres of the original property were now sub-divided into five-acre lots. Many were sold to prairie people but at first actual settlers were few. The war years of 1914-18 discouraged promotion. Business was revived in the post-war period; individual homes and orchards dotted the valley. Then, in 1926, the S.F.L. Company folded, still owing Mrs. Lowe $50,000, and leaving a tangle of mortgages and legal titles. It was not until 1933 that the government took charge of final settlements, and still years later before the last title was allocated.

In the meantime, Dick, Gint and their parents moved to the new ranch house. Fruit and livestock were now commercial products, though prices were seldom encouraging. In 1919, Gint married and moved to his own property on the upper benchland. Here the first of R.L.'s grandchildren was born - a son, Jack Beauchamp. (Gint's wife, Myrtle, died September 20, 1973).

In R.L.'s time, a cannery, store, post-office, school and community hall indicated further progress. But the old-timers were thinning out. R.L. Cawston was 74 when he died at his home on July 25, 1923. Mrs. Cawston survived him by ten years until April 14, 1933, one month past her eighty-first birthday.

As a 'colorful' character, R.L. will be remembered for many reasons. His bluff yet kindly disposition, his portly figure, Edwardian beard, billy-cocked hat and ever-present cigar are a few of them. His phobia against spiders and his 'bank' under a board in his bedroom floor are perhaps not so well known.

I doubt that the R.L.'s will die out. My husband, son and grandson received his name. His respect and liking for the outdoors is another inheritance which the present R.L. (Smithers, B.C.) intends to keep.



The old ranch house, 1885 when it was white with brown trim.

CANADA'S SMALLEST POST OFFICE

Also Known As The "JAM TIN" Post Office
By: H. G. Walburn

A.W. Gray, Mrs. Sam Gray, about 1910. Where Highway 97 is today near Wood Lake turnoff.

One of the early settlers in the Okanagan Valley area between Kelowna and Vernon was Thomas Alva Wood. Except for a few old-timers no one remembers Mr. Wood but he has left a legacy of three local place names, two of them well known to-day and the third - the subject of these notes - remembered by few people except for the above mentioned old-timers and present day stamp collectors, who are interested in locating cancellations of old 'Ghost Town' Post Offices.

The two names we are familiar with to-day are "WOOD Lake" - on Highway 97 - and "WINFIELD" a growing community through which the main highway runs. Mr. Wood named his home "Winfield House" which was located at the base of the bare hills on the East side of the valley and the name is perpetuated to-day in the shortened form "WINFIELD".

The forgotten name is "ALVASTON", derived from Mr. Wood's middle name Alva. The Post Office of Alvaston existed for ten years 1909 - 1919. For a Post Office that was open for ten years it is a surprisingly scarce mail marking, only one example having been located despite a diligent search of all possible local sources. There is however a very good reason for this scarcity over and above the obvious one of a lack of local population making use of the Post Offices services. The P.O. was located about half a mile from the mail coach route which kept to the Highway and more use was made of the packing case at the sign on the Highway (see illustration) than of the Post Office itself. Ingoing and outgoing mail was placed in the packing case, left by or to be picked up by the Vernon-Kelowna stage. Also in the packing case was a jam tin containing a small supply of stamps for which money was left in the tin by anyone needing stamps. The late R.M. Angus of Victoria provides us with the following information, while on a visit to the Okanagan about 1912.

"On raising the lid of the packing case, my friend and I discovered a jam tin containing about a dollar's worth of stamps. The few persons who used this Post Office were supposed to help themselves and deposit the money for the stamps taken, which were few. The privilege was never abused as far as I know and the mail was cleared by a stage driver in the horse and buggy days, whenever he happened to be passing."

The illustration taken at the same location shows the well known contributor to these pages Mr. A.W. Gray at the horse's head and his Mother, Mrs. Sam Gray, seated in the buggy.

Mr. Jack Wyatt who carried the mail on this route for many years recalls handling the Alvaston mail. Usually he was met at this road sign by the Postmaster, if not, the mail was left in the packing case.

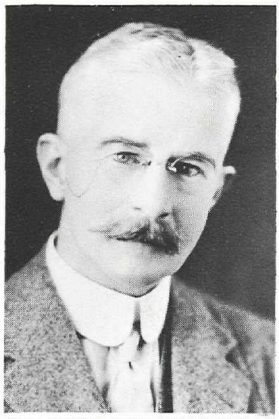
Alvaston Post Office, from George H. Melvin's "The Post Offices of British Columbia 1858-1970". Named by Postmaster A. Chatterton after T. Alva Wood Established 1-10-09, closed 1-4-19.

Postmasters:

A. Chatterton, October, 1909 to May, 1911.
H. Horsnell, August, 1912 to March, 1917.
C. Lodge, August, 1917 to January, 1919.

ERNEST (JUDGE) WATERMAN OF PRINCETON

By:
Dolly and Fred Waterman



Ernest Waterman of Princeton.

Ernest Waterman, a pioneer of the Similkameen District, was born in Yorkshire, England in 1870. His family connections with Bessemer's Steel Works in Sheffield led to a short stint in this huge factory, but he felt that such a narrow world was not for him, and answered the call of distant places by emigrating to California at the age of twenty-one with the object of becoming a fruit rancher.

The call of still more distant fields rought him to Vermillion Forks (Princeton), in British Columbia's beautiful Similkameen Valley in 1894, where his brother, W.J. Waterman, a pioneer mining engineer, was investigating the area's mineral potential. (W.J. Waterman left the Similkameen in the early 1900's with his family, and settled at Okanagan Falls. He was the father of Victor Wilson, who is well known throughout the Okanagan and Similkameen, particularly in Historical Society circles.) Impressed with the prospects of the Princeton district, after two trips to California to wind up his affairs there, Ernest Waterman had decided that the Similkameen was the place he would settle permanently. He had not, however, wound up **all** his California affairs; in 1898 he returned to California to claim as his bride Mabel Hunter, whose family had emigrated from Scotland some years before.

They were married in California in March 1899, and then began their honeymoon trip to Vermillion Forks, by boat from San Francisco to Seattle, by train to Vancouver, and thence by train to Spence's Bridge. At this point it will be of interest to quote from the bride's diary at that time, telling of the trip from Spence's Bridge to Vermillion Forks: ...

April 6th, 1899: Left by stage and arrived at Nicola by 6:30 p.m. and spent the night there.

April 7th, 1899: Left Nicola by stage at 6 a.m. and reached Jack Thynne's (now the Cook Ranch) at 7 p.m.

April 8th, 1899: Left Thynne's at 4 p.m. and were driven to Granite Creek by Mr. Thynne, where we stayed the night.

April 9th, 1899: Left Granite Creek by stage at 10 a.m. and arrived here (Vermillion Forks) in time for a late lunch. Very glad to reach our journey's end at last.

In connection with this last days journey, the approach to Vermillion Forks was barred by a number of Mr. Waterman's friends on horseback, who had come out to meet the stage. He had told these friends that he was going to California to bring back a 'half-breed bride', and they, after stopping the stage like some 'wild-west' bandits said "Well, Ernie, you little b*!#@*-r, glad to see you back, and let's have a look at this half-breed bride ..." Introductions were made and the horsemen said, "What about this half-breed bride", to which the reply was, "Yes indeed, boys, half Scottish and half English" ... After resuming the journey, the bride stated that she was horrified at the swearword used in greeting by 'the boys', to which the bridegroom replied "In this country, and amongst friends, such a word is merely a fond term of endearment" ... and with this the bride had to be reluctantly satisfied.

Shortly after, the London Company which sponsored the Vermillion Forks Mining and Development Company engaged Mr. Waterman as Manager, which position he held for some twenty-five years. The town's name was changed from Vermillion Forks to Princeton in 1860 to honour the Prince of Wales, and the Company's name was changed to the Princeton Coal and Land Company, circa 1912.

In 1902 Mr. Waterman was made the first Justice of the Peace in the Similkameen District. Still with the family is a most impressive scroll issued at that time and signed by the then Lieutenant Governor of B.C., Sir Henri Gustave Joly de Lotbiniere, K.C.M.G. and co-signed by Provincial Secretary Richard McBride (Later Premier of B.C.) Also treasured is a second scroll presented in 1925, when Mr. Waterman was made a Stipendiary Magistrate (no stipend!!!), and signed by His Honour Walter Cameron Nicholl, Lieutenant Governor of B.C. ..."

Mr. Waterman was closely involved with the history and development of water and electricity supplies to the Princeton townsite. The first power was generated by the infamous and ill-fated Princeton Cement Plant in 1912, using Princeton Coal and Land Company's coal, but Princeton itself had very localized power in 1911, provided by the Vermillion Forks Company, and until 1914 the Princeton source of power was still the coal plant of the Princeton Coal and Land

Company. 1915 saw the Copper Co. (Copper Mountain) starting a power line from the defunct Cement Plant to Copper Mountain, but this was followed by the big breakthrough in 1917 which saw approval by the West Kootenay Power Company of the extension of their power line from Bonnington Falls near Nelson to Princeton and the expanding needs of Copper Mountain. This arrangement was through agreements with the Coal and Land Company, which led to the formation of the Princeton Light and Power Company in 1922 by Mr. Waterman and his life-long friend and Partner, Mr. Edwin Barr Hall, another Princeton pioneer. This Company still serves Princeton and district in 1974. It may be mentioned in this connection that Mr. Hall and Mr. Waterman also designed and built Princeton's first community water system in 1910, when they were directors of the Vermillion Forks Mining and Development Company.

Mr. Waterman's community involvement was versatile. As well as his duties as Justice of the Peace and Magistrate, he was for many years secretary of the first Princeton Hospital, built in 1911, and as an official and delegate of the Board of Trade, travelled extensively throughout the Province and the State of Washington, spreading interest in the potential of the Similkameen. One of the main projects, which was first mooted in 1913 was the Hope-Princeton Highway (or the "Automobile Road" as it was called at that time, and which old timers will recall it still being called after the long sought for road was completed in 1949. Unfortunately Mr. Waterman did not survive to see the realization of this long worked for dream).

Tragi-comic episodes by the score form part of the story of his long career as "Judge". On one occasion, when he was 'judge' of the annual horse racing on July 1st, one of the better horses finished well 'out of the money' and it was obvious to those in the judges' stand that the horse had been hold back or "pulled" by the rider. When called to account for this breach of sportsmanship, it was found that the rider had bet on another horse ... He had the good grace to say "Well Judge, I guess it did look kinda raw."

A local lady, who was quite regularly "beaten up" by her husband when he came home "under the influence" (which was also quite regularly) sought out the local police constable after one of these episodes. Under questioning by the Judge, the husband stated plaintively "But Judge, I love that woman" ... to which the Judge replied: "Well, you have a most unusual way of showing it, and to give her a rest from your love, thirty days in the 'hoosegow' ..."

A local prospector, called into court to make his peace with the law after smashing a door and window in Princeton's prime hostelry, the Jackson Hotel, had this to offer in his defence: "It's like this, Judge, when I come in from the hills with a poke-full of dust and nuggets, I'm met by the hotel-keeper with 'Come in and make yerself to home, Charlie old friend' after a week or so and all my gold is gone, it's "Get out you drunken bum, and a push out through the door" ... so I smashed it, good ..."

Jay Foo, one of the thousands of Oriental gentlemen who helped build British Columbia in those early days, ran afoul of the white man's law in connection with the 'Opium and Narcotics Act!', and was duly taken to court. Jay Foo's command of English was nil nor had he been indoctrinated with the blessings of Christianity. The Judge called in an interpreter, and after lengthy sessions of "He say Yes, and he say No", the Judge came to the point of Jay Foo swearing his oath on the Bible. The interpreter said "Him no savvy Bible, but chicken, him Okay". It turned out that in China at that time, a wrong-doer brought to account, swore his solemn oath while placing his right hand on the back of a live chicken ... A live chicken was promptly obtained, and the trial proceeded. The result of the case is shown is a scrap-book of the Judge's, which shows a receipt from Ottawa dated 1923 for "Twenty-five dollar fine imposed on Jay Foo for Breach of the Opium and Narcotics Act" ...

Mr. Waterman was often in demand as a speaker at public functions, and on one occasion was asked by the late Reverend Doctor Goodfellow of Princeton (a stalwart of the Historical Society for many years) to address the local High School graduating class, and suggested as a subject "If I were seventeen". The Judge said to Dr. Goodfellow that he considered this a highly dangerous topic, as it might put some undesirable ideas into the heads of the 'bright young things'. A more mundane topic was chosen.

Writing was a hobby of his and he contributed articles and stories to the Vancouver Province, as well as "The Shoulder Strap" the official magazine of the B.C. Provincial Police.

A keen sportsman, Mr. Waterman had a life-long interest in fishing, hunting and marksmanship, and knew every river, creek and mountain lake in the district.

He was also one of the founders of the Princeton Golf Club and Curling Club, and was an active participant in both these sports.

Mr. W.B. Ewart, pioneer Princeton Hardware and Sporting Goods dealer, whose store still thrives under his son John, was his favourite golfing partner. One occasion, when he visited Ewart's store to purchase a new golf club, Mr. Ewart stated scornfully in his Scottish burr: "And what do ye want with **another** club, ye canna play with the ones ye've got" ...

It is fitting, therefore, that after a day of golfing with Mr. Ewart and other friends, followed by another day of fishing with his great friend Edwin Barr Hall, the "Judge" passed away peacefully at his home on Fenchurch Street, Princeton, in his 74th year.

DAVID LECKIE

By: David Russell Leckie

1905 - Just one of the get-togethers on a Thursday afternoon at Manhatten Beach, facing north at the camp of The DeHart's and Leckie's.
Front: Russell Leckie, Guy DeHart, Frances Buckland (deceased), Ernie Wilkinson, Bay DeHart (Mrs. Gus Lyons), Date Leckie (Mrs. R.L. Davison), Dorothy Leckie (Mrs. L.C. Wright), Jack McLaughlin, Annie Reckie, Mr. Elsworthy (deceased), Harry Spedding (deceased), Eva Reckie (Mrs. C.C. Josselyn - deceased)
Second Row: Unknown visitor, Mrs. Chas Harvey, Marjorie Leckie (Mrs. C.M. DeMara - deceased), Mrs. F.R.E. DeHart (deceased), Edythe Smith, Mrs. David Leckie(deceased), Mrs. D.W. Sutherland (deceased)
Top Row: F.M. Buckland (deceased), Jim Doyle, (deceased), Mrs. D.W. Crowley (deceased), Mrs. Jim Bowes (deceased), Miss Kathleen Morrison (Mrs. Crittenden - deceased), F.R.E. DeHart (deceased), David Leckie (deceased), Wm. Lloyd-Jones (deceased), Mrs. W.J. Knox (deceased), Mrs. A. Boyer (deceased), Mrs. P.B. Willets (deceased), Mr. D.W. Crowley (deceased), Unknown visitor.

David Leckie was born in Edinburgh, Scotland in 1866. His father died about 1877 as a result of grapeshot not being removed from wounds received in the Crimean War. His mother married again to a Mr. Falconer. In 1882 the family emigrated to Canada where they took up a homestead in Manitoba. Although David was only 16 at the time, he was a big boy and applied for a homestead of his own some hundred miles away from that of his parents. This was near Hartney, Manitoba. His crop was frozen out twice and hailed out the third year, so he became a grain buyer, and then manager for one of the Ogilvie Elevator Co. grain mills and elevators.

Before the railway was completed, David Leckie and another young man named H. Hammond built a 30,000 bushel capacity elevator and established a lumber yard, the stock for which was hauled from Mentieth. In 1893 Hammond and Leckie built a flour mill.

It might be of interest to Kelowna historians that Harry Chapin's father also operated a lumber yard in opposition to the Hammond and Leckie lumber yard in Hartney. Harry Chapin and his family moved to Kelowna where he owned a cafe, confectionary and tea shop on Bernard Avenue. The Chapin family were very well known and popular here.

The only Doctor in Hartney was Dr. Frank McEown. He arrived there in 1889 and the following year he went back east to Garden Island, just outside Kingston where he married a Miss Lewers, whose father owned a large part of the island, was a Captain on the Great Lakes and owned a small shipyard. In 1893 Mrs. McEown's sister, Date Lewers, came to join the McEown family, and shortly thereafter married David Leckie. They had four children, all born in Hartney-Date, Marjorie, Dorothy and David Russell. In the fall of 1903, Leckie came to British Columbia and travelled through many parts of the province including a trip by stage

coach up the Cariboo Trail. On the train there were three or four travellers representing a variety of wholesalers in Vancouver, and David Leckie said that the traveller who could give him the best reasons for opening the kind of business that they represented - that he would start such a business in Kelowna. Mr. Colin Brown of Wood, Vallance and Legget, a wholesale hardware Co. (now Marshall Wells Ltd.) gave what David Leckie considered the best reasons, so he started the construction of a one storey concrete building in the 200 Block, Bernard Ave. He returned to Hartney, sold his home and businesses and moved his family to Kelowna, arriving here on May 12th, 1904, on the C.P.R. stern wheeler the S.S. Aberdeen.

His hardware stock was just arriving from Vancouver, and so the business was started.

There was no control of the Lake level in 1904, and Bernard Avenue was flooded right up to Ellis Street. During a hot dry summer one could follow a path along what is now Water Street through clumps of bulrushes. In that year the location of Pandosy St. and Lake Avenue was under many feet of water. The only road to Okanagan Mission was around Benvoulin, past Father Pandosy's Mission, around the bench land, coming out near the Okanagan Mission Community Hall. After the spring floods it was possible to use what was called the Swamp Road, below the higher benches. This road was laid for a mile or so with jack-pine poles. In Kelowna wooden sidewalks elevated to various heights were used on all the inhabited streets.

David Leckie bought 10 acres on Richter Street, bounded on the sides by Martin and Stockwell approximately. He built two cottages on this property. In 1906 he built a large house on Bernard Avenue in the 700 block, with a 200' frontage lot.

The DeHart and Leckie families were the first campers on Manhattan beach. There were many guests during the summer months. David Leckie brought in the first motor boat on the Okanagan Lake from Peterborough, which he named the Minnie-Ha-Ha. The following year Mr. F.R.E. DeHart and Mr. Jim Bowes brought in two slightly larger boats named "The Grace Darling" and "The Red Bird" respectively. The accompanying picture taken in 1904 or 1905 by D.W. Sutherland should be of interest to Kelowna historians, as it shows and names many of the pioneers who helped to build the City of Kelowna.

The first Regatta held in Kelowna was off the old C.P.R. Wharf. David Leckie could see the inadequacy of the facilities, so he, with Mr. Raymer, a contractor and first Mayor of Kelowna, and Mr. David Lloyd-Jones of the Kelowna Sawmill Co., financed the main portion of the first Aquatic building. Some shares at $100.00 each were sold to other interested parties. Leckie's shares were later donated to the Aquatic Association. David Leckie helped to finance the first Kelowna Hospital, acting on the executive. He was a charter member of the Board of Trade, and was co-signer of a bond to exhibit fruit at the World's Fair held in the State of Washington. The Kelowna exhibits captured the majority of the medals, and won the Gold Medal for the best packed barrel, box and basket.

He was on the board of directors of the Knox Presbyterian Church, when the present First United Church was built. Mrs. Leckie was an ardent church worker and served as President of the Ladies' Aid, the group who helped to furnish the Church. Concerts were held to help finance the expenses.

In 1912 David Leckie raised the hardware store to two storeys & built what is known as the Leckie Block. The hardware business of Leckie Hardware Ltd. was sold to Mr. W.A.C. Bennett in 1930.

David Leckie.

Mr. Leckie served several terms on the City Council, as chairman of the light and water committee. It was under his chairmanship that the first water system was installed. Engineering troubles caused him to get the late Harry Blakeborough to move from Vernon. Mr. Blakeborough was the City Engineer for many years. Mr. Leckie helped form the Kelowna Lawn Tennis Club and was a substantial shareholder. The shares have long since been written off. He was chairman of the building committee to build a Scout Hall on Bernard Avenue. This building was used extensively for basketball, and many other activities.

In 1924 the fruit industry was in dire straits. Mr. Leckie offered his services as manager to the Kelowna Growers Exchange for a salary of $1.00 per month, which salary he assigned to the Salvation Army. During this time the K.G.E.'s finances were at a low ebb. Mr. Leckie used his own personal credit to tide them over the crisis.

Mrs. David Leckie died in 1914. She was popular, charitable, and active in Church affairs. The Leckie family still resided in the large house on Bernard Avenue. In summer the tennis court was kept busy evenings and afternoons with young people playing. They spent many winter evenings having sing-songs as Dorothy was an accomplished pianist. Social activities were really full and enjoyable.

Date, the eldest daughter, married Dr. R.L. Davidson during the first World War, and after his discharge from the Army he practiced dentistry in Penticton for many years. They later moved to Vancouver and are still living there. Marjorie married Charles M. DeMara, they lived in Kelowna where he had founded DeMara and Sons Insurance Agencies. Mrs. DeMara died in 1967, and Charles in 1970. Dorothy married LeRoy C. Wright of Vancouver. Russell married Ethel Whitehead in Kelowna in 1923. They had three children - Barbara Morgan living in Okanagan Mission, Pamela Agassiz who lives in Calgary, and David Leckie who now lives in Toronto. Mrs. Ethel Leckie died in 1952. Russell still lives in Kelowna.

After his children had married, David Leckie re-married in 1925. They travelled extensively and eventually took up residence in Vancouver. Mr. Leckie died on January 9th, 1936 at the age of 70.

An Introduction to the story on Page 62

GEORGE F. ROBINSON

By:
Findlay Munro

Mr. Robinson was born in 1892, near Colchester, Essex, one of a large family, and when very young he went to work on various jobs but, as the wages were only eight shillings per week, he made up his mind that there was no future for him in England. He decided to go to Canada. In order to earn money to get there, he went to work for a fruit and vegetable farmer at the age of 16 years. His wage was 16 shillings a week but he soon found out that he was charged 13 shillings a week for board. In spite of that, he did stay there for some years and gained valuable fruit and gardening knowledge so that today he is one of the Okanagan's competent professional fruit and garden experts. He is in great demand as a judge at fruit and vegetable exhibitions as well as for flowers.

On March 30th, 1913 he tried to book passage to Canada, but the boats were all filled and he finally booked passage on a ship called the Philadelphia, an American line ship bound for New York. The ship was loaded with Southern Europeans, who were kept in the steerage and treated worse than animals with hardly enough to eat. From New York he went to Montreal and then on to Calgary. The oil boom was on at that time in Alberta with everybody buying shares in the oil wells. Edwards, the Editor of the Calgary Eyeopener wrote that even the office boy and the office cat had shares. One company poured several barrels of oil down a dry well and then sold shares but they were soon caught and the fraud exposed.

AN OKANAGAN FRUIT GROWER LOOKS BACK

By:
G.F. Robinson

(See Introduction on Page 61)

Land broken Oliver, August 1921.

I came to the Okanagan Valley in 1921. First I stopped off at Summerland, then I took the Stage from Penticton to Oliver, it was driven by Warwick Arnett who delivered mail to Fairview and south to the boarder. The construction of the main channel and laterals of the South Okanagan Irrigation system was in progress. Quite an area of land was broken and a few trees planted. A Nursery had been established to grow stock for those who were taking up land. In 1922 I went back to Summerland and bought an orchard south of Giant's Head Mountain. About two acres of the property were planted to apples. That spring I planted an additional three acres to apricots, peaches, cherries and apples.

From 1918 to 1921, the Okanagan Valley enjoyed a period of good fruit prices, apples returned $60.00 per ton orchard run. Bing and Lambert cherries 10c per lb. Royal Anne 8c per lb. Apricots were fetching $100.00 per ton and peaches $60.00 to $70.00 per ton, pears and plum prices were also good. Wages were 30c to 35c per hour and packing charges 40c to 45c per box; box shook 14c per box. Box makers got around $1.00 per 100 boxes. In 1922 the fruit business hit the down hill grade. I picked around 700 boxes of apples for which I received $103.00. Many of the growers got red ink and were owing the packing houses for packing their fruit. In 1923 my total returns were $150.00. I started to graft over some of the off varieties, most of mine were in that bracket. During the winter of either 1922 or 1923 the American orangeman sales specialist, Mr. Sapiro, was brought in to advise. He helped us form the Co-operative Growers and about 80% of the Growers signed up. After two or three years many growers quit and went over to the independant shippers. Most of these shippers were not in favour of the co-operative movement, and by paying a few more cents per box for some varieties caused a lot of dissatisfaction and unrest among the growers. Then was formed the Provincial Marketing Board headed by Mr. Black. It was supposed to set the shipping price of fruits. This probably would have worked but secret rebates entered into the picture. As usual the grower was taking it on the chin.

The winter of 1924-25 was a bad one, late in December, the weather was quite mild. One Sunday with a temperature of 55 degrees there suddenly came a chill in the air, by Monday morning the temperature was zero with wind from the north. Spring came and I found I had taken a wallop below the belt. Over 200 of the young trees I had planted in 1922 were killed. By 1926 I managed to raise $65.00 for new trees. These I planted and took every care of them but only to run short of irrigation water. That year was a dry one, we only got water during the day time. During the night the reservoir had to be filled, so we got only half of what we were sup-

posed to get. We were living on a high spot and our domestic water was just a trickle. I tried to water the young trees by packing two four gallon coal oil cans up a hillside and giving each tree a drink. To do this I had to get up before 4 o'clock in the morning as the pressure was better at that time. In spite of my efforts, few of the young trees survived.

In 1926 the Dominion Government investigated the fruit industry. Out of the investigation came the Duncan Report. The Nash Simmington Co., a shipping concern, were convicted under the Combines Act and fined. However, the growers didn't benefit much. Some of the men connected with Nash Mutual Co. moved into the Valley and operated packing houses to supply their wholesale houses in Western Canada. The growers soon found they were out of the frying pan into the fire.

In the twenties spraying was not much of a problem. One spray for blister mite for apples and pears, and one for peaches and apricots were all you needed. There were only a few spray machines in the district at that period, but they seemed able to handle the situation well enough. In those days, most of the growers kept a horse, cow, chickens and a pig or two and grew their own vegetables, so with lots of fruit available the cost of living was not high. Very little commercial fertilizer was used, because the manure from the stock went back on the land. In any case in 1926, sulphate of ammonia was only $26.50 per ton. Most orchards were sown to alfalfa which was cut for hay for stock feed. In the twenties the average grower had about $250.00 invested in a horse, a democrat, and a few implements. Today, in addition to a tractor, sprayer, trailer, mower and forklift for handling bins, and adding the cost of the pipes and other fittings that he needs for sprinkler irrigation, he has $8,000 or more invested. Times have certainly changed in the orchard business.

Since that time, problems have come thick and fast. Brown rot, corky core, codling moth, collar rot, perennial canker, pear psylia, mites, aphids, fire blight, mineral deficiencies, frosts and hail became increasingly burdensome. Packing charges went steadily higher. Brown rot and corky core caused great losses. As we picked each tree , we cut some apples to see if part or all of the tree was diseased. In some cases, only some branches were affected . Dr. H.McLarty of the Summerland Experimental Station finally found the cure for these troubles.

He advised the growers to bore holes in the trunks of the trees in the fall with a 3/8th bit - then we filled the holes with boron and sealed them with grafting wax. If the holes were not well sealed, the boron was carried up with the sap and killed a strip of bark. Next fall the apples were free from brown rot and corky core. Later on Mr. Ben Hoy of the Provincial Department of Agriculture found that boron was effective if spread on the ground around the trees at the rate of 30 pounds per acre. The treatment was to be repeated every three years. The latter procedure is still recommended.

In 1923, my pasture land was flooded when the pipeline that drained the seepage from the higher orchard became blocked. This backed up the water on the lower part of my orchard for about four to five months and killed 15 large bearing apple trees and 40 prune trees. To overcome this I installed a system of drains with ten inch flume, rock and prunings, then backfilling, this did the job. By this time I had acquired three cows and had to deliver nine quarts of milk every day. The surplus milk we separated and the cream we churned. The skim milk we fed to the pigs. These sidelines were quite a help in providing us with our groceries. Since I was operating a ten acre orchard on Summerland Sandhill road in addition to my own place, it was a busy life. I never kept union hours — but in fact most of the growers put in long hours to pay their way.

In 1928 I took over two orchards on shares, with the owners paying for taxes and fertilizer and spraying. This deal did not pan out very well as returns were low for fruits. In those years we did not have spray thinning. In one orchard were two very large Red Astrachan apple trees, these were biennial bearing and set every blossom. It took me ten hours or more to thin each of them. Although I had to make three pickings at harvest time, the final returns amounted to 40 cents per box. Yellow Transparent gave much the same returns. The next heavy crop year I pruned out bushels of inside fruit spurs, that helped.

In 1930 we were again up against a shortage of water in the Summerland area. Beginning the end of July, we got water for only 24 hours instead of 48 hours. Having three lots to irrigate, I started at 3 o'clock a.m. to get the chores done and milk delivered. I got back to start the water at 8 o'clock, set the ditches and start thinning. We were only able to run the water for three hours a setting, then back to thinning. Before quitting at 5 o'clock p.m. I set the water again, then home to eat, milk, separate, and feed the cows and pigs, etc. At 8 o'clock p.m. I was back to change the water and at 11 o'clock p.m. I was back again. Next day I had to be up at 3 o'clock a.m. to start all over again — this went on for three days at a stretch. I was very glad it did not last for the whole week.

In 1932, I did the pruning on my orchard and the other two that I was operating on a share basis — removed the prunings, put in irrigating ditches, irrigated until the end of May and moved to Penticton. There I went into partnership in the Penticton Flower Shop and Nursery. My partner operated the greenhouse and I the nursery, at first there was very little nursery stock,

most of what we had were garden perennials. To keep things going we grew about one and a half acres of potatoes and about five acres of hay. The potatoes were dug by hand; that was tough as we had patches of grass sod to deal with, potatoes were worth $1.00 per 100 pounds. On one of the orchards the owner promised to pay me the difference if the returns did not equal labour costs. However, he passed away — the final returns averaged 21 cents per hour which I turned over to my partner who had taken over the operating of the orchard. The other orchard was taken over by a neighbour. I received nothing for the work I had done.

We had another severe cold spell on October 27, 1935. It stayed cold for days. Many of the older growers will recall that year. A large part of the apple crop was frozen on the trees. That season I had two and a half tons of apricots on the trees I planted in 1926. That fall, freeze killed all the apricot trees. I was not alone, thousands of apricot trees were killed in the Okanagan Valley. I planted again to peaches and apricots the following spring. In the early thirties came the codling moth and the battle was on. Control of the codling moth is still one of our toughest problems and an expensive one too. Then came the war in 1939.

In 1943 with no help available, I had to sell my Summerland place for $4,500.00 — that is what it had cost me in 1922. In the meantime I had worked it over to good varieties and had planted it up until there were not two acres but seven acres bearing. The Dominion Government that year put a floor price on fruits and there was a good crop of all varieties and prices were good. (The party who bought it made good). I figure there was $5,000 to $6,000 crop that year. The next year he sold the orchard for $6,000. That's the way it goes in the fruit business.

With the coming of the codling moth, growers shied away from apples and went heavy to soft fruits. In the nursery business I had got into the production of fruit trees but apple trees were by this time a drug on the market. Out of 1,500 to 1,800 trees that I grew annually for three years, I only sold 200 to 250. Some of them were bought for inarching and brought only 15 cents apiece — the rest I had to burn. In 1949-50 the growers received another severe winter setback mostly from injury to soft fruit. About 300,000 trees were killed and many more were so badly injured that they never again produced a full crop. Our benevolent provincial government decided to help the growers, so they asked the growers to record the number of trees killed, but there was a gimmick — you had to lose 15% of your trees before you were eligible for help. One grower in Summerland lost 200 trees and after months of waiting he received a cheque for $1.75; he was not greatly comforted. I lost one acre of peaches, 108 trees, but did not bother to put in a claim.

Again in 1955 old Mother Nature hit us with her icy blasts. On November 11th, the temperature dropped to zero. Spring had been a late one, so the fruit was late in maturing and the trees were not dormant. The total loss in the valley was at first estimated at 400,000 trees, but many more died in the following years. I was more fortunate than before. In my Penticton orchard I lost most of the apricot trees but the apple trees whether on Malling or on seedling roots came through without damage. I think that was because I stopped irrigating at the end of August and the trees were in a better state of dormancy than in many other orchards.

Speaking about Malling root stocks, I planted the first of these in 1945 in nursery rows, they were Malling No. 1. I asked a ten cent premium for them but none would buy, so I planted them myself. I had worked with apple trees in England years before and remembered dwarf trees came into bearing while quite young. They were not Malling Stock but what were called Paradise root stocks. At this point it seemed to me that the apple tree of the future would have to be smaller. Labour costs were getting too high for big standard trees to be economically sound. So, in 1947 I planted trees which I had propagated on Malling No. 1 - IV and VII root stocks, the varieties were Delicious, Sparton, Winesap and Jubilee. The Jubilee trees were budded over to Golden Delicious after three years. Jubilee did not come up to expectations, this was a Summerland Experimental Station cross McIntosh Grimes Golden, introduced about the same time as Sparton.

In 1949 I planted Delicious on Malling II. This type of tree I found did not come into bearing as soon as trees on Malling IV and VII, but the trees were not as vigorous, owing to zinc deficiency I found out later. The Summerland Research Station carried on experiments in my orchard for four years with various sprays for zinc deficiency and they eventually made a great improvement in the foliage and growth of my trees. Since the experiments were carried out we have consistently sprayed our trees with zinc sulphate in the dormant season and have overcome the deficiency condition.

When I first planted apple trees on Malling root stocks, I made inquiries as to the spacing, but I got little information. Finally I decided on a spacing of 15 feet by 15 feet. After eight years, Winesap on Malling VII which were averaging eight to ten loose boxes per tree were crowded. The Sparton variety I found required less room than Winesap since it has much stiffer wood. Eventually we removed every other Winesap tree. This gave us a thirty foot spacing with one tree in the centre. That spacing has proved satisfactory.

After the 1955 freeze, we decided to try to move the trees from the block with 15 foot spacing, Malling II and Malling VII root stocks and plant them in place of apricot trees that had been winter killed. This we did in November 1957-58. The trees were dehorned and dug around, then

hoisted out with the hydraulic lift of the orchard tractor. They were moved directly to holes already prepared. Although many of these eight to ten year old trees had very little soil on the roots and no water was available when they were transplanted, we managed to get them established without loss. The Delicious were grown in the new location for one year, then grafted over to Sparton and the Sparton were left as they were. These semi-dwarf trees have now been bearing for several years. In 1965, seven years after they were moved, many of them produced six to eight boxes of fruit.

Speaking of dwarfing root stocks, I have found that trees budded on the highly dwarfing Malling IX root stock need the best of soil, as the roots are brittle, the trees need support. Because some of the Malling stocks have a tendency to shallow rooting, in 1954, I suggested to Vernon Orchard Nursery that they bud the semi-dwarf Malling IV and VII eight to ten inches higher than usual. In 1956, I helped plant about 700 of these trees. When I examined them in 1959, I found they had five to seven roots about 1/8 of an inch in diameter above the original roots - this should make for better anchorage. After many years of experiment and observation I favour the semi-dwarf tree, such as provided by Malling IV and VII rootstock, but just to keep up with development we have planted some trees budded on the new Malling 26 rootstock. These trees should be between Malling IX and VII but they are said to have better anchorage. Some years ago growers were having considerable trouble with apricot trees breaking from the rootstock. Apparently it was a matter of compatibility. I tested several root stocks including Damson seedlings, Myrobalan B. Brompton, Marianna 2624 (plums) peach seedlings and apricot seedlings - the apricot seedlings I found made the best union. There was no breakage and the trees were satisfactory.

Now I am going to speculate a bit at random - no other line of agriculture has so many hazards as fruit growing. Many of these hazards the grower cannot control. The grower who loses his trees is out of commission for years and has the costly job of taking out the old trees and hauling in new soil for the new trees. With Malling root stock trees he has a decided advantage over seedling rooted trees. With land that in many cases has been under cultivation for 40 or more years, replanting poses special problems. Certainly in the future the grower is going to have to give more thought and attention to new plantings than if they had been in virgin soils. One thing many growers have failed to do is to have about one tenth of their holdings in a state of renewal. With today's high labour costs the big old seedling rootstock trees are too costly to prune, spray, thin and harvest. When a picker has to use a 12 or 14 foot ladder and climb the trees as well, he loses interest in the job — he did this in the hungry thirties, but not today. I note that many fairly recently arrived Europeans are doing a better job of fruit growing than some of our native sons, in fact they seem to be getting by very well.

With all due respect to the members of the Federal and Provincial Departments of Agriculture and to the advice we get from these highly qualified men, I wonder whether they themselves would be able to grow fruits more profitably than a lot of the growers. I quite understand of course that it is not their job to grow fruit commercially. I must admit that without their help it is doubtful if we would be in business today. An article in one of our farm magazines stated that Canada's 1964 apple crop amounting to 20 million bushels, 7,400,000 bushels were processed and 4,000,000 bushels were exported. That left about 9,000,000 bushels for Canada's population of 19 million. Surely Canadians should be eating more of their own apples than this.

During the years I have been growing trees on Malling rootstocks I have noted a marked difference in the compatability of different varieties on the various rootstocks. Some varieties grow with great vigor on a particular rootstock, others do not. On another rootstock the results may be quite different. As to the new trend to high density plantings, unfortunately we do not have much reliable information at this time. In my opinion, it will be necessary to prune the trees according to the spacing, otherwise as growth develops some trees will have to be removed.

In recent years apple colour has become more important than quality and flavour. Apparently bright coloured apples sell faster then less highly coloured ones. For that reason some of our apple varieties are often over mature when picked, because they have been left to develop more red colour. Soon after harvesting they become mealy. Mealy apples certainly will not encourage repeat sales.

Production of fruit varies according to the bearing area of the trees. I have 18-year old Sparton budded on Malling VII rootstock with a spread of 20 feet, a trunk circumference of 22 inches and a height of 12 feet. These trees can carry ten bushels of fruit. It takes three years to produce an apple tree from seedling roots, but only two years to produce one from the vegetated propagated Malling rootstock. So the nurseryman has to plan accordingly because the demand for nursery stock varies widely from year to year according to conditions.

During last year's TV Chautauqua, we were told all about the problems the fruit growers have to contend with, internal breakdown, corky core, codling moth, collar rot, pear psylia, mites, aphids, fire blight, mineral deficiencies, frost, hail, fungi, virus, scales and other parasites including the human ones. It is amazing that fruit growers in this part of the world have the courage to stay in the business. They need a certain amount of rubber in their make-up to be

able to bounce back. Each year at our Convention, thirty or more resolutions are passed, yet many of the growers continue to hang on only by their teeth. They do not make as good an income as men working for wages with no investment. Maybe we should take a few pages out of the labour unions book, maybe we should find out how the Quebec farmers operate. They get offficial attention without very much beating around the bush. To many who are in the business, fruit growing has become a side issue, they have other interests and other jobs as well, you cannot operate an orchard effectively that way. When you buy an orchard you must be prepared to lose some sweat and not expect union hours.

Now-a-days most of our fruit growers are confused. For example, they do not know what to plant. Tree Fruits Ltd. advise that the growers should not plant cherries, only one variety of apricot 'Tilton', no Vee peaches and no more Delicious apples. They say we should reduce Winesap apples by one-third. Jonathan and Stayman apples they want to have eliminated and Romes maintained. They propose that we maintain present production of Newtowns and Golden Delicious apples, but these varieties can only be grown in favourable districts. They now black-ball even that fine apple, Sparton, the best one introduced in years. They think it is susceptible to breakdown. I think perhaps the storage trouble with this variety is just the old one resulting from over soft fruit from vigorous young trees or from trees over stimulated by excessive nitrogen.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson.

I planted Sparton trees in 1947 and year after year I kept the fruit in good condition until March and April in an ordinary root cellar. When there was storage trouble with McIntosh, we did not go off the deep end and stop planting that variety, why should we lose our heads over the same thing, with an even better apple. In my opinion Sparton has too much to commend it, for us to be getting panicky over what is probably a readily corrected trouble. Sparton's a fine hardy variety. It has fine quality and flavour and fine colour. It is easy to pick and has as good a record of bearing as McIntosh. It takes from 30 to 40 years for a new variety to be grown in volume and marketed so as to create a good demand, let us not forget that.

Some years ago, we had storage trouble with Sparton, the late Dr. R.C. Palmer visited my orchard, as was his habit for years, to see how the Malling root stocks were coming along. He advised me to graft Sparton to another variety. I took his advice and worked some of my trees over to Red Delicious. The rest I left alone. They carried a few boxes of fruit, which I kept and later gave to visitors. Without exception, they were high in their praise of Sparton for its quality, flavour and firmness. So I changed my mind and cut out all the Delicious grafts and let the trees revert to Sparton, I am glad I did. I wonder if colour has come to have too much influence on our sales people. I maintain our red varieties of Delicious can only produce the same percentage of high quality fruit as the original Delicious. The super-red varieties may have almost any degree of maturity, by over emphasizing colour we are gypping the public today — it will be ourselves tomorrow I am afraid because in the long run the public will get wise to poor quality, colour or no colour.

Why is it, I wonder; that the growers continue to produce with no profit? No other business that I can think of continues to function when its cost of production so closely approximates its returns, this condition is as bad today as it was 50 years ago. It must just be that the growers like the country and like to work.

Nevertheless I have to admit in conclusion that, in spite of the many ups and downs that I have had, I have also had much satisfaction in my years as a fruit grower in the Okanagan Valley.

In closing, I thought you would be interested in the varieties grown in the 1920's.

Varieties Grown 45 Years Ago
APPLES

Alexander, Belle Flower, Ben Davis, Baxter, Black Twig, Cox's Orange, Canada Baldwin, Cellini Pippin, Duchess of Oldenburg, Delicious, Gano, Golden Russet, Grimes Golden, Gravenstein, Gravenstein-red, Hubardson's Nonsuch, Jefferies, Jonathan, King of Tompkins County, King David, McIntosh Red, Mann, North West Greening, Northern Spy, Ontario, Paragon, Pewaukee, Rhode Island Greening, Ribston Pippin, Red Astrachan, Rome Beauty, American Baldwin, Arkansas Black, Scarlet Pippin, Christmas Stein, Liveland Raspberry, Maiden's Blush, Newtown, Roxbury Russet, Rob Roy, Rainier, St. Lawrence, Salome, Sutton's Beauty, Seek no Further, Spitzenberg, Stayman, Winesap, Snow, Stark, Tolman Sweet, Vanderpool Red, Twenty Ounce Pippen, Wolfe River, Wealthy, Winter Banana, Wagner, Winesap, Winterstein, Wismer's Dessert, York Imperial, Yellow Transparent.

PEARS

Clapp's Favorite, Beurre D'Anjou, Beurre Bosc, Doyenne de Comice, Doyenne de Boussoch, Louise Bonne de Jersey, Bartlett (William's Bon Chretien), Beurre Clairgeau, Dr. J. Guyot, Duchess D'Angouieme, Winter Nelis, Seckel.

PLUMS

Coe's Golden Drop, Damson, Diamond, Pond's Seedling, Yellow Egg, Burbank, Green Gage, Grand Duke, Peach Maynard, Wickson Prunes.

CHERRIES

Centennial, Bing, Lambert, Tartarian, Yellow Spanish, Deacon, Governor Wood, Royal Anne, Windsor.

APRICOTS

Blenheim, Kaleden, Royal, Reliable, Rose, English Moorpark, Perfection, Wen Moorpark, Sunglow, Tilton.

PEACHES

Alexandra, Carmine, Champion, Fitzgerald, Fisher, Hale's Early, Mikado, Belle of Georgia, Early Crawford, Elberta, Rochester, J.H. Hale, Triumph, Yellow St. John, Late Crawford.

LATER VARIETIES

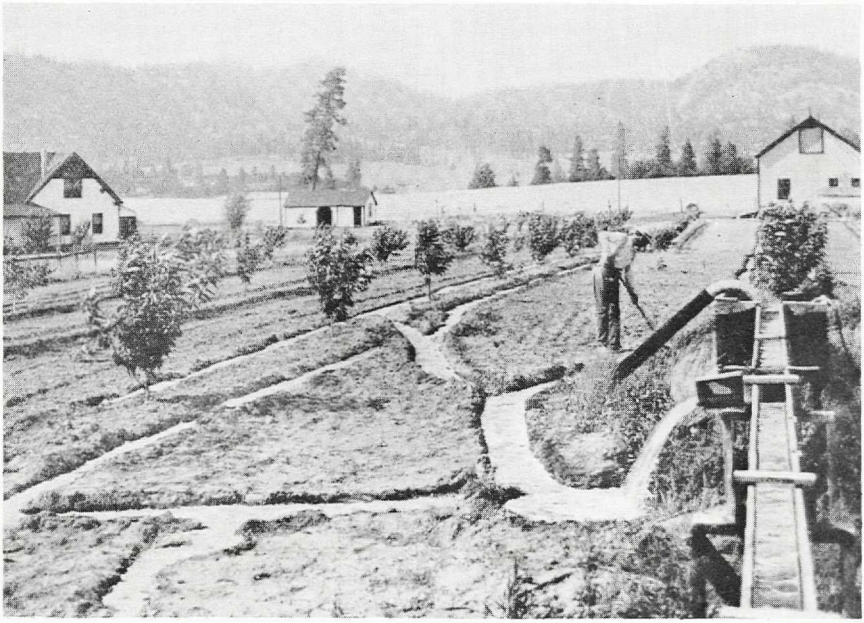
Vedette, Valiant, Veteran, Solo Fisher, Red Haven.

Crew - Penticton Co-operative Growers 1922. No doubt many will recognize themselves. Photo: Philip Howard, Eric Sismey photo copy.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ORCHARD INDUSTRY IN THE OKANAGAN VALLEY

- 1890 - 1914

By: David Dendy



Irrigating, Cosen's Orchard, Glenmore, about 1910. Note open ditches.

Fruit has been grown in the Okanagan almost as long as the area has been settled. The Oblate Fathers planted apple trees at the Okanagan Mission in 1863, and small orchards were laid out by other settlers, such as George Whelan and Alfred Postill at Kelowna in 1875-76. But these were small plantings, intended only to supply fruit for the ranchers themselves and perhaps a small surplus to be sold locally; they were not commercial orchards in the modern sense, but rather the fruit-gardens of cattlemen and grain farmers. There were no serious attempts at commercial fruit-growing in the Okanagan until the 1890's. The miniscule character of production there can be seen in the fact that when the British Columbia Fruit Growers' Association was formed in 1889, only two directors out of twenty-seven were selected from the Okanagan-Spallumcheen area.

Basically, the small production was a result of the lack of transportation facilities. The completion of the C.P.R. in 1885 really did little to alter the situation, for the line was forty miles or more north of the best fruit lands, at Vernon and south, and while relatively imperishable grain and cattle could withstand such a trip in a wagon or afoot, fruit could not.

All this was changed by the Shuswap and Okanagan Railway. The company was incorporated in 1886, but construction did not begin until 1890, and was completed from Sicamous through Vernon to Okanagan Lake on May 12, 1892. The new potential was early noted, for in May of 1891 G.W. Henry, a former Ontario fruit-grower, stated that:

> There is a spot in B.C. where winter apples can be produced that will, I believe, surpass even those of Ontario. That is the famed Okanagan Valley, where I believe that the fruit will be as large and the yield as prolific as in Port Hammond, and the appearance and quality equal to that of Ontario with a more certain surety of a good crop each year.

But fruit was not king of the land yet. An official 1893 guidebook of B.C. put cattle ranching and wheat growing ahead of fruit culture in its discussion of the prospects of the area, while a newspaper article of 1891, discussing the Shuswap and Okanagan Railway's territory, stated that "It is preeminently the great wheat and grain district of the province," and did not even mention fruit.

The man who brought fruit to attention and prominence, more than any other, was the Earl of Aberdeen, Governor General of Canada from 1893 to 1898. Before his appointment he travelled extensively in Canada, including the Okanagan. In the fall of 1890 he bought 480 acres at Okanagan Mission (later named the 'Guisachan' Ranch), and in 1891 the Coldstream Ranch of Forbes G. Vernon, an estate of over 13,000 acres. Lord Aberdeen was an innovative man, and in 1892 planted out 200 acres at each of his ranches to orchard, as well as experimenting with hops. Some of the farmers in the valley, inspired by this example, also planted fruit trees. J.L. Pridham of Okanagan Mission, for example, laid out 35 acres, James Gartress and others planted land at Summerland, and by 1893 roughly 75,000 trees, mostly apples, had been planted in the Yale-Cariboo district, largely at Kelowna and Vernon.

But this burst of energy did not last. T.W. Stirling wrote in 1909 that:

Picking prunes, Bankhead area. Note the heavy ladders, - these were real back-breakers.

> The first orchards planted for commercial purposes at Kelowna ... were planted 18 years ago (i.e. 1891). There was some planting also during the next year or two ... the few orchards of this period (total) perhaps less than 150 acres ... After this there was very little planting done until about six years ago (i.e. 1903) ...

This statement is borne out by the statistics of the census of 1901, which showed that the number of apple trees, by far the predominant type of fruit, in Yale-Cariboo had only increased to 106,000.

The reasons that the original enthusiastic predictions of the Okanagan becoming one vast orchard did not come true in the 1890's were varied. One very significant check on the expansion of the industry in the Okanagan was the continent-wide depression which commenced in late 1893 and lasted for five years. Such conditions were not conducive to ventures requiring large capital expenditures, and fruit growing fell into that category, much more so than did many other agricultural enterprises such as grain-farming on the prairies. Lady Aberdeen, for example, wrote that the prospective orchardist needed a capital of not less than £500, so as to afford to buy twenty acres, plant it, put up a house, and live for the four or five years before the trees produced a crop.

Development was also slowed by the fact that so much of the best land was part of huge properties of the original cattle ranchers, and until they decided to sell there was no possibility of extensive fruit growing. Lord Aberdeen attempted to alleviate the problem by subdividing part of his Coldstream Ranch in 1893, and the Okanagan Land and Development Company also sold some lands in smaller plots, but most of the land was still locked up in huge ranches. One

'progressive' settler, the poet Charles Mair, fulminated in 1893 that:

> What with fruit, fine vegetables such as tomatoes, hops, vines & wine-growing, this region will be an exceedingly rich one. The one draw back is that a lot of political shyster's at Victoria and old chaps who packed in over the mountains from Oregon and Washington many years ago have got hold of all the best land, both bottom and mountain ... the sooner the country is municipalized the better so that they may be forced to sell to better men.

And other problems beset the infant industry as well. Many went into orcharding with the belief that all that had to be done was to plant the trees, which would take care of themselves, and to collect the profits. Even Lord Aberdeen's experiments suffered from this assumption. An agricultural expert commented that:

> Numbers of fruit trees on the Giusichan (sic) property had been very badly planted, either with the roots in bunches or too deeply, and there had been a want of cultivation and neglect of pruning and spraying.

In 1896 the Guisachan orchard had to be pulled out, and the original plantings at Coldstream were also not very successful. This may have been partly due to the fact that the first manager of the estate was no farmer, but rather Lady Aberdeen's brother, the Hon. Coutts Marjoribanks, and it was not until 1895 that an experienced man, W.C. Ricardo, was put in charge; but whatever the reason, the partial failure was no encouragement to prospective orchardists, and it was not until the turn of the century and the coming into bearing of the replanted areas, that the Coldstream Estate could again be pointed out as an example of the success of orcharding, as can be seen from the fruit production statistics: 25 tons in 1897, 150 in 1898, 100 in 1899, and 279 in 1900.

A final problem was that of finding markets for the fruit and getting it to them. As early as 1894 the manager of the Coldstream Ranch complained that "Lack of markets we consider the greatest drawback to farming in this district, and also high freight rates." The first sales, of course, were local. The miners at Fairview and Camp McKinney in the southern Okanagan provided a market for some fruit, particularly from Summerland and south, but these camps were not large and could certainly not absorb the crop from further north. The next possibility that became apparent was the newly-flourishing mining district of the Kootenays, which imported all of its food, mostly from the United States. This market was served by private shippers, and from 1893 a group of Kelowna farmers, later incorporated as the Kelowna Shippers' Union, cooperated in shipping and selling there. With the assistance of the provincial government, they succeeded in obtaining from the railway improved freight rates which allowed them to meet the competition from south of the border.

The prairies were another matter. It was obvious that this was the market which would have to become a principal consumer if the Okanagan fruit districts were ever to expand, and they were frequently pointed out to cynics as an inexhaustible source of demand, but actually there was little done to exploit them before the turn of the century. Most of the fruit sold on the prairies came from the United States. An official of the Canadian Department of Agriculture said in 1899 that:

> It seems scarcely creditable to the enterprise of our fruit growers that four-fifths of all the fruit that is at present used over this whole stretch of country, populated at present by nearly 250,000 people, is sent in from the United States.

The Canadian fruit which was sold on the prairies was almost entirely from Nova Scotia and Ontario, which had the transportation advantage of cheap Great Lakes shipping. Freight rates were very high on the C.P.R., and only very slowly was it pressured into reducing them, for example, from six cents per pound in 1895 on fruit expressed from Vancouver to Winnipeg, to four cents in 1898, and to two and a quarter cents in 1899. By 1901 rates had been cut to the point where apples could be shipped from points in the Okanagan to Calgary for only eighty-five cents per hundred pounds.

But growers in the Okanagan were slow to take advantage of these new rates for two reasons. One was that many of the first shippers from British Columbia who had sent fruit to the prairies had neglected to pack and handle it properly, with the result that much spoilage occurred, disappointing both parties in the transaction. The other was that the growers tended to be very independent-minded, suspicious of cooperation, except in the case of the Kelowna Shippers' Union, which devoted most of its energies to produce other than fruit. As a result the most economical bulk freight rates were not utilized, and it was not until 1901 that the first full carload of fruit was shipped to the prairies, and then it was by a private company, Stirling and Pitcairn. This same company, incidentally, also experimented with other markets farther afield, sending a trial lot of two carloads to Britain in 1903.

The time was ripe for renewed interest in Okanagan fruit lands. British Columbia was emerging from the economic doldrums, and the older orchards were now producing enough to

show that fruit growing could be profitable. Surprisingly, it was a prairie man who first took advantage of the new conditions. J.M. Robinson came from Manitoba to prospect for gold near Peachland. The Mining venture was a failure, but Robinson was impressed by the fruit he found there. In 1899, he started selling fruit lands at Peachland to wheat farmers from the prairies, who were entranced by the combination of favourable climate, sport, and easy living. When he had finished selling the land available at Peachland he moved on to wider fields, and in 1903 incorporated the Summerland Development Company.

Others, noting the trend of the times, were quick to follow Robinson's example. W.R. Pooley and E.M. Carruthers had been engaged in the real estate business at Kelowna since 1902 and in 1904 they combined with T.W. Stirling to form the Kelowna Lands and Orchard Co., which bought 6,743 acres from the Lequime family for $65,000. This land was quickly provided with roads and irrigation, and placed on the market at prices from $100 to $200 per acre. In 1905 the Southern Okanagan Land Company, a similar enterprise, was incorporated at Penticton to buy the huge Ellis estate and subdivide it. The great Okanagan land boom was on.

The rapidity with which the boom grew can be seen from newspaper reports. In the fall of 1904 it was modestly stated that "Land sales around Kelowna, Vernon, Summerland, and other points have been good" ... but by the fall of 1905 the **Vernon News** could boast proudly that:

> The influx of settlers during the past year, resulting from the subdivision of the big holdings, and the adoption of energetic and up-to-date methods of advertising and pushing real estate, has been surprising, and has resulted in a great increase in the total cultivated area of the valley ...

1908 - Farmer's Advocate.

Another illustration of the boom can be seen in the statistics of fruit acreage in British Columbia: in 1901 there were 7,430 acres planted, in 1904 there were 13,340, and in 1905 a total of 29,000, almost all of the expansion being in the Okanagan. "This increase in acreage for 1905 meant the planting of about 1,000,000 young trees."

It should be noted that most of the first buyers were settlers from Manitoba and the prairies who were well off, but who had had enough of prairie weather.

Only later was there an influx of English settlers, lured out to farm the colonies by expensive advertisements promising large returns and appealing for British immigrants.

Land companies to exploit the new bonanza sprang up rapidly. In 1906 the Coldstream Estate was formed into a limited company, and offered irrigated land for $150 and up per acre, with easy terms of payment. The Central Okanagan Land Company paid about $100,000 for 1665 acres near Rutland in the fall of the same year. The South Kelowna Land Company was formed in 1908, and by 1912 held about 6,000 acres of land with irrigation works worth around half a million dollars. Belgian capital to a total of about $950,000 came into the valley, founding the Land and Agricultural Company of Canada in 1907 and the Belgo-Canadian Land Company in 1909. Numerous other companies were formed, and the Okanagan swarmed with real estate agents. In this confident atmosphere expansive advertisements were issued, pamphlets and even books published extolling the qualities of Okanagan fruit lands, and prices were pushed up and up. By 1912 irrigated land was running at $200 to $400 per acre, and orchards in bearing might fetch anything up to $2,000 per acre.

Unfortunately not all of the real estate agents were scrupulous or honest in their dealings. A Royal Commission in 1912 commented that:

> The injury that many individuals have suffered and the harm to the reputation of the Province that has real-estate operators misrepresenting essential conditions such as soil, climate, irrigation, land clearing, and earning-capacity affecting the value of the land, have been pressed strongly upon us for consideration.

There is an anecdote told which, although obviously apocryphal, illustrates magnificently the

lack of scruples on the part of some land agents. According to the story, a new settler was looking for land, and was offered two places, one on the East Kelowna bench and one in Rutland. The prospect said to the Rutland agent, "I like your price, but this place is so rocky, and that one up on the bench has such nice fine soil, not a rock around."

The agent's quick reply was, "That's why you should buy this land. Up there, the first big wind that comes along will blow out your whole orchard, but down here the trees have something to hold on to."

Affairs were actually so bad that even the promoters felt constrained to warn the public about cheats and frauds. J.S. Redmayne, who wrote a book about the new fruit lands, for example, explained at length about dealers who offered bargain-price properties which were no bargains, and finished up by saying that:

> ... I feel that the foregoing remarks are necessary for the guidance of the English fruit farming settler coming into a country where every second man he meets on arrival is probably a real estate agent in disguise!

But even the legitimate land companies were often guilty of misrepresentation, whether deliberate or not, presenting isolated examples of high profits and low costs, overestimating the fruitfulness of the land, and not providing sufficient utilities. The companies constantly emphasized the vast sums that they had spent on irrigation works, but the amount of water supplied was often pitifully inadequate. In the Kelowna area, for example, they provided only one acre-foot of water per year, which they considered, together with rainfall, sufficient for orchards. This was enough to keep the young trees alive, but it was nowhere near the quantity required for good bearing orchards, as can be seen from the fact that the modern recommendation for furrow irrigation, the method then in use, calls for 22 to 45 inches of irrigation annually.

The promoters of Okanagan lands continued to boost their holdings, promising great profits.

> After a maximum wait of five years, I understand the settler may look forward with reasonable certainty to a net income of from $100 to $150 per acre, after all expenses of cultivation have been paid.

Some advertisements went higher, speaking of income from a ten-acre orchard as £600 or even 700 per annum. But by 1911 scepticism was rising, particularly among those who found that the land they had been sold did not match up to the promises. One man, who had bought an orchard from the Coldstream Estate, but sold out and returned to Britain in 1911, reported that:

> It was impossible not to be struck with the obvious, shall I say, lack of riches everywhere. I met man after man, some of whom had been fifteen or twenty years in the country, but never a one of them had done much more than keep his head above water.

The sceptics were confirmed in 1912. By this time many of the new orchards were coming into bearing. A heavy crop in the Okanagan coincided with similar heavy crops in Washington and Oregon, and the result was that the usual markets on the Canadian prairies were glutted with the American surplus at low prices, and Okanagan fruit, which came onto the market later than the American crop, was put at an enormous disadvantage, with resultant disastrously low prices. According to Raymond T. Hicks, manager of the Kootenay Fruit Growers' Association:

> With the exception of apples, not a single fruit grown on British Columbia lands this season have brought back the cost of production to the grower, and the fruit yield this year has been the best in the history of the province ... Apples so far are returning to the grower the cost of production and no more.

One result of the disaster of 1912 was that the growers decided that cooperation was a must if they were to survive. The only cooperative organization previously extant, the Okanagan Fruit Union, had been formed in 1908 and had operated on a small scale, but was forced to go into liquidation as a result of the 1912 debacle. A new organization, Okanagan United Growers Ltd., was formed in May of 1913. This venture was more successful, and managed to hold a large portion of the market until 1923, when a new and larger cooperative association was set up.

As far as land sales were concerned, the damage had been done. Although the promoters tried to keep the boom going the customers no longer appeared. Conditions were aggravated by the collapse of the province-wide real-estate and investment market at the beginning of 1913. After 1912 land sales dropped off to almost nothing, and the land companies were left in severe difficulties, for few of them had sold more than a third of their irrigable lands. They had been depending on the revenue from sales of land to pay for the building and repair of their rather makeshift irrigation works, now, with sales vanishing, they had still to maintain these expensive systems for the settlers who had bought land already, and who had been promised cheap water as an inducement to purchase.

Not everyone saw the collapse of the boom as a bad thing. New plantings ceased, and many orchards on unsuitable land were abandoned, particularly as a great number of the young English settlers left to fight the Empire's war in 1914. The Deputy Minister of Agriculture said

that:

> The cessation of real-estate activities is having a good effect, and tending towards the settlement and development of our vacant lands, and towards more genuine farming, and therefore increased production.

Despite the shortcomings of the land promoters, they fulfilled a valuable function in the development of the Okanagan Valley. They changed the complexion of the land from that of extensive to that of intensive agriculture, and firmly established orcharding as a major economic activity. The fruit industry of the Okanagan had grown to the point where it accounted for the vast majority of the province's output, producing in 1913 over twenty million pounds of fruit, worth to the farmers more than $640,000, and with 30,000 people dependent on the success of failure of the crop. Fruit growing had become the established and important industry of the Okanagan.

Editor's Note: The foregoing article is supported by 72 references and a bibliography of 38 reports and publications, too numerous to list in this report.

High in the hills above Naramata are the remains of a telephone line, which dodged from tree to tree, built for use during construction of the Kettle Valley Railway.

When built the side-block carrying this insulator was nailed about 25 feet above ground to a growing yellow pine to where the tree was about 8 inches in diameter.

Since that day the growing tree has almost encysted the insulator and sixty growth rings date back the time of nailing to 1910. During this more than half a century the tree has grown taller, too, so when the insulator was collected it was nearly fifty feet above ground. Bud Gawne, collection, Eric Sismey photograph.

Winning Essay

FAULDER, B.C.

By:
CARLA KENYON

McNICOLL PARK SCHOOL
Grade 8
March, 1974

Mrs. W.R. Dewdney presents certificates to winners in the Essay Contest in the Penticton Branch, O.H.S. - Carla Kenyon first prize and Brett Hodgins runner-up.

To most young people in the Okanagan, with the exception of the Boy Scouts, the name Faulder does not mean much. So I decided to find out about the history of this small settlement because my mother was Mrs. Faulder's god-daughter and was named Margaret after her, and my maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Criddle, spent their honeymoon at the Faulder home in June 1919.

Mr. E.R. Faulder at the age of 19 came to the Summerland district from Harrow, England in 1891 to learn ranching. He arrived at the Barclay Ranch which had been established by Mr. George N. Barclay whose father was a member of the English banking firm of that name. He had advertised in English newspapers for young men to come to Canada to learn ranching. Mr. Faulder was his first pupil.

Mr. Barclay raised cows and horses on his ranch. In 1897 Mr. Faulder and Ed Garnett took a herd of horses over the Hudson's Bay Brigade Trail from Barclay's to Ashcroft to sell to the miners who were going to the Yukon in search of gold. They also took horses over the Dewdney Trail to sell in the Fraser Valley.

Later Mr. Faulder pre-empted 320 acres five miles up Trout Creek. When the Kettle Valley Railway was completed in 1915, the flag-station on the site of his homestead was named "Faulder."

Mrs. Faulder (nee Margaret Nicholson) came to Manitoba from England in 1882 and lived near my grandmother, her cousin. She came to Summerland about 1901 to be a governess to the Barclay children. It was here she met Mr. Faulder and they were married in 1902.

Mrs. Faulder had a brother, Cecil Nicholson, who was a member of the North West Mounted Police Force in Manitoba. Later he was a B.C. Police Constable at Camp McKinney when the mines were in operation. He and Mr. Faulder fought with the Canadian Troops during the Boer War in South Africa.

Mr. Faulder built a comfortable log house on his ranch and that is where they first lived. When the land was being surveyed for the railway, it was found that the track would go through the house. So Mr. Faulder built a larger frame house across the creek. The yard was nicely landscaped with trees, shrubs, flowers and a lawn.

He did some farming and planted an orchard but he was quite well off financially and lived the life of a gentleman farmer. He also had a home at Crescent Beach on Okanagan Lake.

After the orchard started to bear fruit, Mr. Faulder built his own packing house. Every Christmas my grandmother and her sister, Mrs. H. Lowe, received boxes of delicious Johathan apples. Times were hard on the farms in Manitoba at that time and the apples were a great treat.

My maternal grandparents were married in 1919 in Manitoba. They came by train to Sicamous and then down Okanagan Lake on the "S.S. Sicamous" to Summerland where they were met by Mr. and Mrs. Faulder. They spent several weeks there and my grandfather caught rainbow trout in the creek every morning for breakfast.

Mr. Faulder had one of the first automobiles in the valley, and it scared my grandmother half to death on the narrow mountain roads, especially the road along Okanagan Lake to Penticton.

Mr. W.R. Deane and Mr. R.M.H. Turner were pupils of Mr. Barclay. Later both had land at Faulder. These two men were classmates of Mr. Faulder's at Harrow, and they had gone to school with Winston Churchill (later the Right Hon.) who was then a junior pupil at Harrow.

Mr. Granville Morgan, after receiving accounts of this new country from his friend Mr. Faulder, also came from Harrow in 1893. He pre-empted land on Trout Creek between Prairie Valley and Faulder.

Mr. Deane joined the B.C. Provincial Police Force and was stationed at Osoyoos. Later, he lived on his pre-emption which adjoined that of Faulder's.

Another pioneer settler was Mr. W.C.W. Fosbery who took up a pre-emption on Trout Creek, just west of Morgan's. Fosbery and most of the other young men in the district contributed labor in building St. Peter's Anglican Church, which was opened in 1898. Services were held monthly by Archdeacon Thomas Green of Kelowna.

Mr. Harry Amundson, known throughout the Okanagan for his skill and talent as a wood craftsman, was section foreman on the Kettle Valley Railway at Faulder for several years in the 1920's. His chip-carving, inlaid work and sculpture in local woods were outstanding in detail, variety and beauty.

Sam McGee, the hero of Robert Service's poem, "The Cremation of Sam McGee," bought land at Faulder and lived there for a short time. He had cows and sold milk to the Faulders.

The residents of Faulder wanted a school but they did not have the number of pupils that were required by the Public Schools Act. This difficulty was overcome when Mr. J. W. Harris, a teacher with five sons and two daughters of school age, was hired. Mr. Harris taught in Faulder for several years and when he moved to Summerland the school closed. It never opened again.

Mr. Harris' children were highly intelligent. His late son, Dr. G. Howell Harris was a professor Emeritus of Horticulture at the University of B.C. Another son, the late Dr. J. Allen Harris was a world-renowned scientist; a professor Emeritus of Chemistry at the University of B.C.; the discoverer of Element 61; and a former MLA for South Okanagan. A third son is Canon Thomas E. Harris of Burnaby, B.C. A son, John Harris is a retired bank manager in Vancouver. Another son, the late Ivor Harris, was also a retired bank manager.

Mr. Harris' daughter, Rene, the late Mrs. C. Burtch, was a high school teacher in Penticton. She was a member of the University of B.C. ladies basketball team who were World Champions in 1930 at Prague. The other daughter, Mrs. M. Lansdown (Gwen), lives in Winnipeg.

A sawmill was built at Faulder by Thomas Greenhow. The lumber was used to build irrigation flumes and houses in Summerland. Later the mill was sold and moved to Mineola. After the railway was built, the sawmill company and the ranchers shipped their lumber, cattle, hay and milk from Faulder Siding.

Mr. Greenhow was a partner of Captain Thomas Shorts of Okanagan Lake fame, and they owned the first steamboat to sail on Okanagan Lake. It was launched in 1886 and named the "Mary Victoria Greenhow" after the only daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth Greenhow.

For many years the Boy Scouts have camped at Faulder. It is a natural outdoor camping site, and is in almost complete week-end use during the spring, summer and fall. The 25th In-

ternational Silver Camporee was held here in 1970.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Faulder were fond of sports. They had a grass tennis court at their home, and they enjoyed many games with their friends at the tennis club in Summerland. They both rode horseback well.

Mr. Faulder may have been one of the first Okanagan "Rock Hounds." He collected rocks from around the district and sent them to England to be polished and made into jewellery. He gave Mrs. Morgan a very pretty topaz pendant which she prizes very much and which she showed to me. My mother has some local amethyst earrings which had belonged to her godmother.

Mr. Faulder was also very good at woodwork, and he made many pieces of furniture for their home. He made Mrs. Morgan and my grandmother very handy sewing baskets.

The first Christmas the J.R. Brown family (Mrs. Morgan's family) were at Trout Creek, Mrs. Morgan remembers that they didn't have much and didn't expect a very exciting Christmas. However, Mr. Faulder arrived on Christmas Eve with a large bag of presents for the children. He had brought them over the Dewdney Trail from Spencer's store in Vancouver. It was a Christmas Mrs. Morgan says she will never forget.

Mrs. Faulder was artistic and good at needlepoint, embroidery and fine sewing. She made many baby clothes by hand. Some she gave to my grandmother, and some to Mrs. Morgan and others. My mother has one of the hand-made baby dresses.

When the Faulders visited England, they would stop over on their return trip to visit my grandmother in Manitoba.

Mrs. Faulder died in 1933 and Mr. Faulder died in 1940. Both are buried in the old Summerland cemetery.

The citizens of Faulder and their descendants have helped in the development of this district and also of British Columbia. Faulder is a quiet place now. Some day it may be a part of the residential section of Summerland and will take the overflow of people coming to this area.

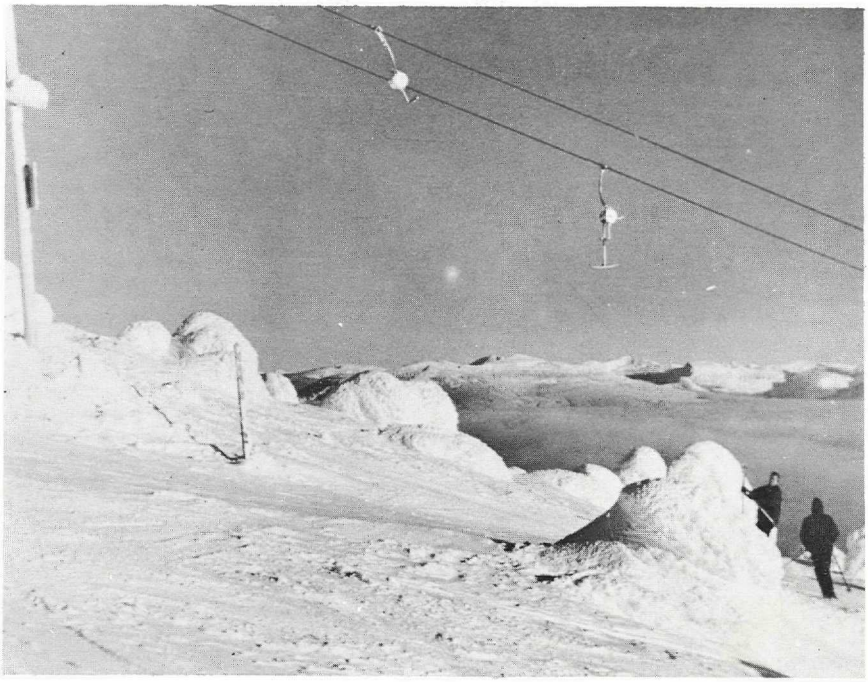
Interviews and Correspondence with:

1. Mr. Finley Munro, Penticton, aged 93, who recorded his pre-emption about five miles north of the Faulders in 1904.
2. Mrs. Anita Morgan, Summerland, aged 88, widow of Granville Morgan.
3. Mrs. G.W. Kenyon, Penticton, my mother.
4. Mrs. H.S. Kenyon, Penticton, my paternal grandmother.
5. Miss Jessie Lowe, Ottawa, Ontario, my mother's cousin.
6. Mrs. Kate Offer, Brandon, Manitoba, my mother's cousin.
7. Mrs. Donald Orr, life-time resident of Summerland, nee Mary Gartrell, daughter of Mr. James Gartrell. who recorded his pre-emption at Summerland on June 3, 1887.
8. Mrs. H.C. Whitaker, Summerland, nee Grace Logie, daughter of Mr. J.L. Logie, first municipal clerk of Summerland, appointed January 21, 1907.
9. Mrs. W.R. Dewdney, historian and pioneer of the Okanagan.
10. My visit to Faulder.

Mr. and Mrs. Faulder and the first log house they built.

THE STORY OF BIG WHITE

By: Douglas Mervyn



The story of Big White begins with the first hunters and trappers who ventured up its slopes in search of cariboo, goat, grizzly and deer. Teddy Roosevelt once camped on the mountain during an Okanagan hunting trip. It is doubtful that anyone who ventured on to the mountain in those days foresaw the development that was destined to take place.

Big White, the highest mountain in the Okanagan, with an elevation of 7,603 feet, three peaks, two huge alpine basins, and miles of alpine slopes formed a ski paradise waiting to be developed. Snow comes early in October and lies in depths of six to 10 feet until late May or June. Blessed with near perfect powder snow conditions throughout the winter and fine corn snow in the spring, all that was missing were skiers.

As skiing developed in the Okanagan, it became obvious that the Kelowna Ski Club would have to find a new ski area: the Black Mountain Ski Bowl just didn't have enough snow. Cliff Serwa and I who were then two Ski Club directors, suggested moving it to Big White. This was turned down because of lack of access and the scope of the project.

After many unsuccessful attempts to interest others in developing the area, Cliff and I decided to do it ourselves. In 1962 we formed a partnership and obtained the initial lease on the mountain. A jeep access road was built that November and a house trailer left on the mountain. We purchased a Bombardier Snowmobile and averaged one or two trips a week to the mountain throughout the winter. Skiers at every stage from beginner to expert were taken to the area in order to get a good cross section of opinion on the placement of the Big White facilities. One opinion was unanimous: "If you get a good road into here, you can't go wrong". With skiing experience in Canada and the U.S.A., New Zealand and Austria behind us, Cliff and I knew the importance of careful planning in the area. Trips were made to most of the ski areas in the Pacific Northwest and ideas were borrowed from many places. Particular attention was paid to lifts as a lift is the backbone of an area and the best equipment was considered a must.

April of 1963, Big White Ski Development Ltd., was incorporated to finance and operate the development. Eight miles of two lane access road was constructed and six miles of logging road widened and improved to provide access during the first years. When our own funds were exhausted, we sold shares in the company to Kelowna investors and continued the development. The construction was hampered by one of the wettest summers in the history of the valley. When

the road was still over a mile from the area, clearing was started and the installation of a 5,500 ft. Doppelmayr T-Bar began. It was touch and go to be ready for opening day, seven day weeks and ten hour days were the rule for the whole crew. In order to complete the chalet in time for the opening, some of the carpenters worked two twenty-four hour shifts with only one night's sleep between. The morning of December 8, 1963 saw a mad scramble at Big White. Paint that hadn't dried was covered with polyethelene, the bench saws and tools moved out and the kitchen staff moved in. When the first skiers arrived, the area was ready. After Christmas the first year, the Department of Highways took over the job of snow removal, a terrific burden in an area with 30 to 50 feet of snowfall annually. Skiers came from all over the Northwest and Big White was on the road to success. But during Easter that first year, a spell of hot weather melted the frost in the road and the area had to close down for the balance of the season due to road conditions.

The following summer, a 1,600 ft. Doppelmayr T-Bar was installed to serve a beginner - intermediate area. Prior to installing this lift, we again looked at lifts all over the Northwest and then convinced we already had the best, again purchased a Doppelmayr lift. A two-mile section of logging road was abandoned and a much better road was built along the Kettle River. In the fall, all but a half mile section of the logging road was abandoned with the construction of a new road from the main road to the West Kettle River. The remaining section of the logging road was again completely rebuilt to two lane standards. But, the summer and fall were again abnormally wet and the road never dried out.

The winter of 1964/65 was very successful, but again, a premature closure in the spring caused by the road giving out, hurt the company financially. During the summer of 1965, more work was done on the slopes and trails; the clearing of an entire new area for a future chairlift installation; the construction of a new two storey ski shop and a concentrated effort to surface the road with a good layer of gravel. Plans were also progressing for a ski village located at the foot of the area. A ten unit apartment building was constructed by Quadra Construction and the units were sold to Kelowna people. This new group calling themselves "Ten Skiers Motel Ltd." were the first occupants of the Ski Village.

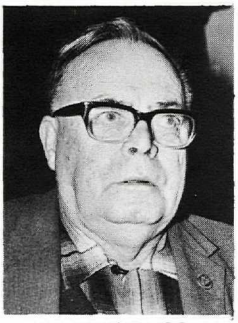
At the end of November, 1965, only two to three feet of snow covered the area. This was more snow than any other area in B.C. had, but not enough to adequately cover all the slopes that hadn't been groomed. Despite this, forty-two Edmonton Ski Clubers out for a week of skiing and instruction had such a good time that a Boeing 737 full came back at New Years. Both Cliff and I knew the need for slope grooming but previously, money available had to be put into the road and other facilities. The balance of the winter was a complete success with many more skiers than the previous years and more and more from Seattle, Spokane, Vancouver, Calgary and Edmonton. The increase in skiers was hardly noticeable on the hill due to the steady increase in lift capacity as the demand increased to 800, then 900, then 1,000 skiers per hour. Combined with the East Lift with a capacity of 1,200 skiers per hour, line-ups were almost unheard of. A pleasant change from other areas.

That year as the spring thaws arrived, the years of work on the road began to pay off. Not only did the road remain open during the break up, but it stayed in fairly good condition throughout. At Easter, Big White had the finest spring skiing in the Northwest with a "Corn-Snow" ski condition anywhere on the mountain, at the start of the holidays. During Easter week, a foot of perfect "Powder" snow fell and provided unexcelled skiing. Due to its height, with a base elevation of 6,050 feet at the chalet, Big White's season is the longest in the interior.

Many new trails and runs were laid out during the next season; the most notable being the "Cliff" with an 800 ft. vertical drop and slopes so steep that none but the most expert dare try it. This is a run from the top of the big lift east down into a huge alpine basin. A HD-9 tractor was purchased during the winter for the express purpose of slope grooming and run clearing during the summer ahead.

Next summer the crews on Big White were busy again. Most important of all, the main runs were groomed extensively which allowed the area to open the season early in the year with great skiing. New trails and runs were cut out in preparation for a chair lift to be installed the next year. Enthusiastic skiers are now enjoying the new runs which provide excellent skiing on the West ridge. The road also saw work during the summer and the one area that gave problems that spring was completely regravelled and improved. Together with the good winter road maintenance by the Department of Highways, the drive to Big White is now less than an hour. The Ski Village has also had many additions. There were two more lodges, plus numerous private chalets, thereby increasing the capacity of accommodation offered. All of these are very comfortable and great places to spend a ski holiday.

1971 saw the long awaited Chairlift installed, opening a completely new area of the west ridge and creating a new base, 650 feet lower in elevation than the original chalet. A beginner T-Bar was also installed at that new base area. Major new runs were opened and the mountain entered the major leagues. The winter of 1973 to '74 was a record snowfall of seventy-five feet and wonderful skiing throughout the season. The third annual Snow Kite Flying Championships was held and won by Harry Christie of Kelowna.



Eric Sismey photo

REGINALD NOEL ATKINSON

A Tribute by Eric D. Sismey.

Mr. Penticton Museum is dead. He died in the Penticton Hospital on November 10, 1973. He was 75.

I have known Reg for more than 50 years. He and my late wife, Jessie, attended the Penticton High School together. In 1915 we were both in the 102nd Rocky Mountain Rangers at Kamloops. Reg served overseas but I was laid low with pneumonia and was medically discharged.

Few men have contributed more to his home town. Never one to seek the limelight but always in the front rank to get something started and then to keep it going.

Returning from war service in November 1919 Reg was one of the organizers of the Royal Canadian Legion, Branch 40. He was its first president. Two years in the presidential chair was followed by 16 on the executive, resigning to serve 5 years as rehabilitation officer. During the second world war he was Commanding Officer, 71st. Company, Pacific Coast Militia Rangers. He trained riflemen on a range he was responsible for building on the Gillespie Flats at Kaleden.

I will miss Reg Atkinson. Over the years I have spent many enjoyable afternoons in his museum sanctum discussing matters of history, of old timers we knew and the generalities of museums.

While the whole museum reflects Reg Atkinson perhaps the exhibit most nearly representing him is the large and valuable collection of military insignia. He began this collection while in front line trenches, and later in military hospitals. A shoulder tab here, a button there and this continued until his last few months. Not long ago he showed me his latest treasure. His collection of Indian relics was also close to his heart.

Reg Atkinson's associations with the Okanagan Historical Society, in which he was a Life Member, were extensive, as a writer he was well known, (see my article in the 36th report of the society under the title "Mr. Penticton Museum").

Reg will be remembered for a long time. He was a fount on information always ready to share his knowledge. He delighted helping children to identify their treasures and was never too busy to answer their questions.

I would like to see the name "Penticton Museum" changed. The name is cold. To rename it the "Reg N. Atkinson Museum" would bring warmth and would memorialize its founder.

FATHER PANDOSY MISSION RESTORATION

By: Primrose Upton

The work of restoration continues at the Father Pandosy Mission. We are very fortunate in having as caretaker, Mr. Leo Bjorklund, a retired carpenter from Ocean Falls.

Leo has done a lot of work in the barn, moved some of the smaller pieces of machinery under cover. The kitchen is set up for public viewing, with many dishes, utensils, pump, baby bath, and the thousand and one things one might expect to find in a pioneer kitchen. Shelves of the Welsh dresser are gay with tins which used to contain things like sugar, oats, tapioca, rice and other dry ingredients so necessary in cooking.

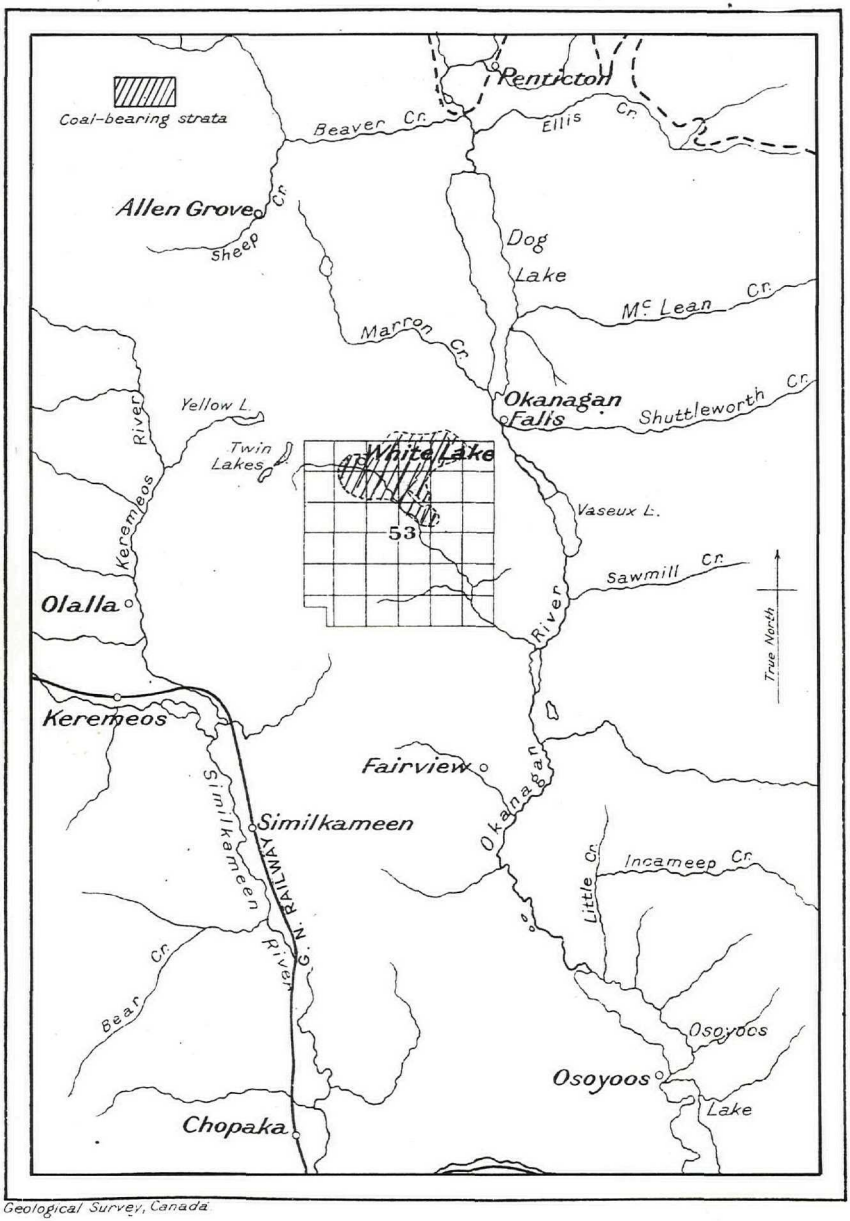
The room on the north side of the Christien house has been set up with glass cases to house many of the valuable artifacts. One case contains religious articles, and an excellent painting of Father Pandosy. Another case with a number of interesting carpentry tools has a photograph of Joe Marty, who did such a herculean task of restoration. Two other cases contain artifacts pertaining to the growing and harvesting of tobacco, shoe lasts and cobblers tools, while the other case contains sewing machines, work basket — all articles which a woman of the house would use.

Two wall cases have many cuttings about the work done at the Father Pandosy Mission.

Outside the grass is kept beautifully trimmed — the tall grass around the farm machinery is kept well within bounds, and some treatment and repair of the machinery is being undertaken. There are more and more visitors each year, with a good many guided tours.

THE WHITE LAKE COAL MINES

By: Jacqueline Howe



Geological Survey, Canada

White Lake coal-area

Miles

5 4 3 2 1 0 5 10

The first official reference to this area is contained in the Mining Reports of 1901. William Fleet Robinson was the provincial mineralogist and he reported on the entire province. However, in commenting upon the area from Camp Mackinney to the valley floor he wrote: "The Okanagan slope opens out into a series of bunch-grass hills and parkland, sparsely timbered with fir of good size and affording an excellent ground for cattle. There are two strawberry farms halfway down the hill coming into production a month later than in the valley." One wonders about the size of the farms and of the market at that period.

The Fairview Mines were favourably mentioned: "A greater showing of gold-bearing quartz than is then known in any other part of the province but whether or not the gold values are sufficient to permit profitable treatment is a question which remains to be settled, only the **Stemwinder** being worked." The gold commissioner was C.A.R. Lambly (father of Wilfred and Charles- "Spud") and the mining recorder was J.F. Brown. His report for August 8 was: "Camp at the **Stemwinder** to which point a move had been made on the third in order to avoid the heat and the mosquitoes, was broken at 8 a.m., the pack train being sent to Olalla or Keremeos by wagon train and the saddle horses being taken across the country to the north, striking the Fairview-Penticton road some five miles out of Fairview. This road was followed to White Lake, so-called from the alkaline deposit on its shores."

Mr. Robinson, who earlier in his report said that 1901 was the year of the greatest output in the province of coal and coke, glanced slightingly at the coal here.

"To the east of this lake, above a short stretch of hillside, the mountains rise precipitously for 600 feet, and appear from the exposures, as seen with a powerful glass, to be chiefly sandstone or fine-grained conglomerate. To the west the country slopes very gradually towards the lake, which lies in the lowest point of a basin or wide draw between the hills lying to the north and south. This draw is devoid of trees, the surface soil being a fine clay. On the southern slope several small outcroppings of coal-bearing rock were noted. About three-quarters of a mile to the west of the main road, there has been an attempt made to mine coal. Exactly what the workings amounted to could not be learned, but, judging from the dump, they were not very extensive. A circular shaft, about 4 1/2 feet inside diameter had been sunk, but was then filled with water and could not be inspected, and the depth is unknown. The dump would, however, indicate that it was not over 40 feet.

"No coal of any size was found on the dump, but the small fragments discovered showed it to be a lignitic coal of fair quality. In the dry bed of a small gulch cut in the clay, some 200 feet from the pit, the outcroppings of the seam were found. The section here showing is, in ascending series, first, beds of unknown thickness consisting of conglomerate of alternating fine and coarse layers composed of disintegrated granite and other igneous rocks, including small boulders of granite up to 2 cubic feet in size, but with no sign of any fragments of rock of original sedimentary derivation. On the top of these lay a finer-grained conglomerate, still made up of granite particles and occasionally containing pieces of petrified wood, the replacement of the wood being by silica. Above this, again, came shale in bands alternating with coal, but in no instance was the coal found to be more than a few inches thick, while the clay partings were of an equal width. These beds were traced up the gulch for 100 yards, the strike of the measures being about S. 65% W. (magnetic), and the dip at the outcrop about 18° S. 25° E.

"The coal and shale beds appear to be about 10 feet thick, and are overlaid by bituminous shales and slates. What may have been exposed in the shaft is not known, but there is certainly no workable coal shown in any of the outcroppings which could be found.

"From White Lake, a road leading to the upper end of Keremeos Creek was taken and followed down to the townsite of Olalla, where the camp and the pack-train were found at about 9 p.m., the distance travelled being 25 miles."

It was considered coking coal, had been used for that purpose and for blacksmithing coal by the miners from Rock Creek to Fairview. But there was a great deal of sulphur and ash in it and he did not consider the small outcroppings to be particularly useful or valuable.

In 1903 Gilbert Taylor bought the White Lake ranch. His son, Robert, recalled that the coal was used for blacksmithing but the sulphur was so strong that one was driven from the shop by the odour and that the plants, so carefully tended by his mother withered from the fumes. Hiram Inglee had the post office where Welby's stage coach stopped and to whose passengers Mrs. Taylor sent coffee. Thomas Roadhouse drove the stage coach. The main mine was south-west of the Astrophysical Observatory and west of White Lake itself. Mr. Woods of Greenwood was the owner although there is no record of this in Victoria.

The 1920 edition of Wrigley's Directory stated that there was a settlement, White Lake, 16 miles south west of Penticton and 12 miles north of Keremeos in the Similkameen Electoral District. It was served by stage. This was one of the late Seaman Hatfield's enterprises. The stage was a four-cylinder MacLaughlin car which carried the mail once a day. Mrs. B.D. "Tib" Griffin (formerly Gladys Guernsey) mentioned that a truck of Mr. Hatfield's carried coal which was used experimentally and briefly on the C.P.R. lines from Penticton to Oliver in 1921-22. The coal "clinkered up" and was unsuitable. Her father, Herbert Guernsey, raised cattle and horses and

also grew apples. T.R. Preston, the builder of the sawmill which gave its name to the long hill from the Junction Ranch up to the White Lake area, brought the Guernsey apples into Penticton by wagon, 75 boxes at a time "without a bruise".

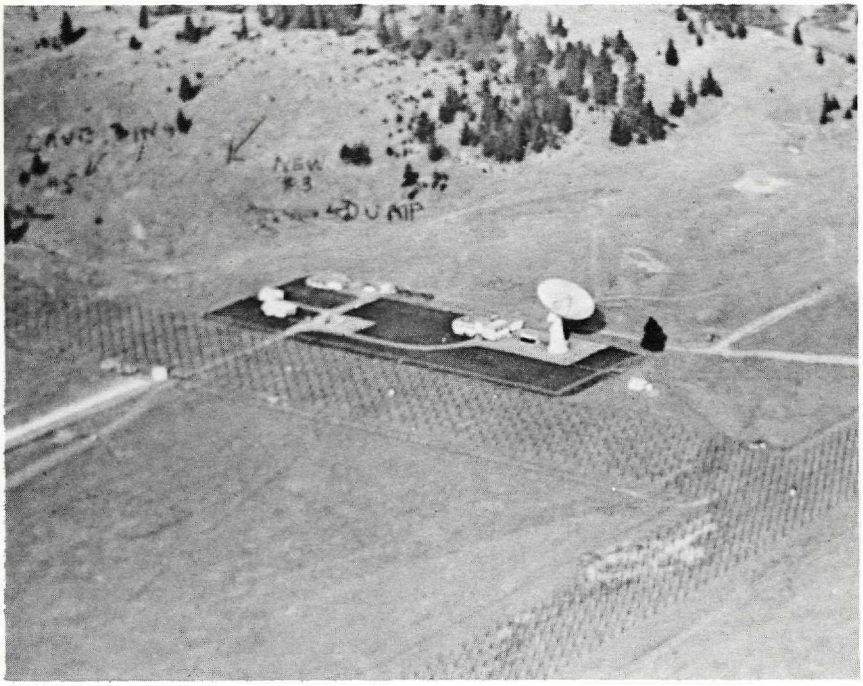
The local resources listed in Wrigley's Directory were fruit growing, mixed farming and cattle raising. There was a population of 60 with the nearest telephone at Marron Valley and a Presbyterian Church and a school at Myer's Flats. Mrs. Griffin remembers that Bertie Atkinson, a layreader, held Anglican services in their home and at Keremeos although she was married in Penticton by the Rev. J.A. Cleland in 1920.

The names of heads of families or householders not already mentioned conjure up stories for each: Dave Burns (whose son Jack is living near Sawmill Hill and Robert in Oliver), W. Dewar at Horn Lake, G. Foster, C. de B. Green and his son V. de B. Green, George Gunn, August and Theodore "Babe" Kruger, Harry Lush, Berkeley Noad (the eldest son of the Earl of Berkeley), Thomas Thynne, James Prather, Frank Sladen and Richmond Traviss. James Prather's wife, Pearl, who had come from Oregon in a covered wagon and died in 1973, was Jack Burn's grandmother and Leighton Traviss' aunt. Both Robert and Jack Burns were born there, delivered by Dr. H. McGregor on the farm that is now the resort called St. Andrews-by-the-lake.

The fascination of these lives lies not only in the pioneering that these people did but in tantalizing, half-remembered tales of many that cannot be verified in detail and therefore cannot be written. The gold mine at Grandora, Jimmy Prather's death by fire in a cabin, the multi-lingual, dignified Berkeley Noad who batched with Thynne, Lottie Doerffler's hard-working youth with "Highland Mary" Walker, the steam engineer at the sawmill, the abandoned orchards, the fallen-in mine shafts. There was one Harry Hide who achieved a brief notoriety in 1926 in freighting coal too frequently to the Oroville school. A curious customs official pried beneath the load one day and found the cases of whiskey.

The coal was tried fruitlessly at the Lady Alexander Hotel at Okanagan Falls around 1902. This hotel was built by W.J. Snodgrass who was Mrs. C.L. Badgley's grandfather. Her father, Frank T. Abbott, used the coal in his steam laundry in Penticton in 1911.

These fragments of personal history, although alluring are not the main purpose here; the coal mines are. One of Canada's most renowned geologists was Charles Camsell. He was born at Fort Liard in 1876 where his father was the factor for the Hudson's Bay Company. By his energetic and brilliant efforts, he became in time the Deputy Minister of Mines and Resources for the federal government and Commissioner of the North-West Territories. He wrote his interesting autobiography **Son of the North** in which he glossed over his very considerable achievements and honors to tell of the vast and remote country he knew and loved, only too often just a string of faintly familiar names to most Canadians.



In the summer of 1905-07, he surveyed the Similkameen country and the Okanagan which he grew to love for its warmth and aridity in comparison to the Arctic. He outfitted in Penticton, spent one uncomfortable night in the old Penticton Hotel beset by bedbugs, so slept the next night in an adjoining hayloft. Fraser Campbell, the packer, helped him buy a string of pack horses from Joe Brent at an average of $10 apiece. The latter had culled these from the wild horses that roamed between Okanagan Falls and Osoyoos. Camsell's own horse, "Nigger", eventually was so well-trained that he would stop at every rocky outcrop! He had to do a topographic base map and superimpose on that the geological data. There is an interesting chapter in his book on the Tulameen characters as well. His niece, Miss Ethel Camsell, a devoted nurse now residing on Penticton Avenue, directed me to this unusual book. Charles Camsell prepared guide books for the International Geological Congress, which covered the territory from Midway to Vancouver, not only along the Kettle Valley Railroad but along the C.P.R. as well from Nicola to the Coast. All of this is a long way from Fort Liard! His light-hearted style does not fully disguise the immense and detailed work he did, nor the contribution he made to Canada, which he knew more intimately than most of his countrymen.

Here is his report from the geological survey of 1912:

"White Lake is a small post-office situated on the western side of Okanagan valley about 6 miles west of Okanagan Falls. It lies in an area of coal-bearing rocks which has for convenience been named the White Lake coal area. The area of the field is about 6 square miles in extent and occupies the northern part of township 53 of the Similkameen land division.

"The value of the field as a possible producer of coal is doubtful and has not yet been determined. Some mining of coal has, however, been done from a narrow seam near the centre of the basin, and the coal extracted used for blacksmithing purposes at Fairview when quartz mining was being carried on at that point.

"No geological work had previously been done on this area; but a small collection of fossil plants was made by the author in 1910 from an outcrop of shale and sandstone, and this collection has been sufficient to determine the age of the coal-bearing formation.

"White Lake coal area is a basin-shaped depression almost completely surrounded by hills which rise more or less steeply from its central part. A small lake, known as White Lake, which has no visible outlet, lies almost in the centre of the area, and from this the slopes rise on all sides. To the west the slopes rise high and steep but not irregularly to the summits of the range which forms the divide between Okanagan Valley and Keremeos Creek. On the east the slopes are not as high but are more broken, and in this direction an exceedingly rough and broken country, consisting of a jumble of steep hills and depressions, separates the coal area from Okanagan Valley. This broken country is probably the locus of an ancient volcano which was active about the time that the coal-bearing formation was being deposited.

"Two streams, each of them dry during the latter part of the summer, traverse the coal-field. Park rill enters the field from the west and flows out by a narrow valley at the south. Prather creek enters from the north and leaves by a narrow inconspicuous gorge which cuts through the broken country southeast of the coal-field. White Lake has no outlet, and this with other small ponds in its neighborhood appears to be fed from springs. There are several springs in this neighborhood, some of which are sulphurous and, possibly, represent the last stages of expiring vulcanism.

"All the central and lower parts of the area are open and free from any growth of timber. Higher up the slopes, however, and covering the summits of the bordering hills is an open forest of pine, fir, and poplar. The whole area of the coal-field was at one time an excellent grazing ground for horses and cattle; but so many cattle have been allowed to range over it that the grass which formerly covered it, is being replaced by sage brush. The climate of White Lake is dry and mild and if water for irrigating purposes could be obtained it might be made to produce a variety of fruits.

"No rocks older than Tertiary are exposed in or around the White Lake area; but some cherty quartzites associated with argillites, probably Palaeozoic, outcrop in the valley of Park rill south of the area. Angular fragments of these rocks are also included in the volcanic agglomerates and tuffs which overlie the coal-bearing rocks, indicating that a basement of these Palaeozoic rocks underlies the Tertiary rocks, fragments of which were rifted off the walls of vents during outbursts of vulcanism.

"Underlying the coal-bearing rocks is a series of volcanic flows of basic or medium basic composition, consisting of basalts and porphyrites. This series appears to lie in conformable relation to the coal-bearing rocks and from the attitude and general character of its beds is of Tertiary age.

"The coal-bearing rocks cover an area of about 6 square miles in the northern part of township 53 and occupy almost all of sections 27, 28, 29, 33, 34, and 35 and small parts of adjoining sections. They consist of tufaceous sandstones and true tuffs, shales, conglomerate, breccia[1], and thin seams of coal.

"A section along the valley of Prather creek on the north side of the basin was measured,

which gave a thickness of about 2,000 feet of beds. It is very likely, however, that this thickness is not uniform throughout the whole area; but because of the conditions under which the beds were deposited must vary greatly from one side of the area to the other. It is possible also that the 2,000 feet of thickness in the section represents more than the actual thickness of the beds for, while there is no apparent duplication of the beds by faulting, it is very probable that there has been some slipping or faulting along the planes of bedding so as to give to the section an apparent thickness greater than the actual.

"A study of the measured section shows that the whole series can roughly be divided on lithological grounds into three parts. The lowest third of the section contains a preponderance of black and grey shales with a minor amount of sandstone. The shales are associated in places with thin seams of coal. The middle third contains chiefly sandstones with some bands of grey shales. The uppermost third consists wholly of tufaceous sandstones.

"In the central portion of the area some grey shales and two narrow seams of coal outcrop. These beds are not contained in the section measured and probably overlie it and constitute the topmost members of the series.

"The sandstones are all grey in colour and vary in the coarseness and angularity of grains from the east to the west side of the area. On the east the grains are more rounded and water-worn while on the west they are very angular, showing a proximity to their original source.

"The coal seams are all small and none of those so far exposed are of much commercial importance. On the north side of the area in the valley of Prather creek a seam of 3 feet in thickness has been exposed in an incline shaft about 45 feet deep. The seam, however, contains so many partings and bands of clay that it is of little commercial value. About 100 feet east of this point a vertical shaft 50 feet in depth is said to have cut a bed, 9 feet in thickness, of coal and shale. The section on Prather creek, shows that both above and below the two seams exposed in the shafts are other thin bands of coal, all, however, of small size and of no commercial importance.

"So far as at present known, the most important seams of coal are those exposed in a small ravine on the northwest side of White Lake. These seams are respectively 14 and 20 inches in thickness. A shaft 35 feet in depth was sunk some years ago on the coal seams and about 1,000 tons of coal mined. This coal is of a bituminous[2] character and was used at Fairview for blacksmithing purposes.

"In general the structure of the White Lake coal area is that of a synclinal[3] basin, the strike of which is east and west. In detail, however, there are often wide variations from this direction, especially on the eastern side of the area where apparently there has been considerable disturbance since the deposition of the coal-bearing beds. The dips range 0° to 50° and average about 30° . Some faulting has taken place, especially in the disturbed region on the east.

"The rocks of the coal-bearing formation appear to have been laid down in a gradually subsiding basin on the western edge of a region in which vulcanism was active at intervals throughout the whole period of their deposition. The eruptions at this focus were of the explosive type and great volumes of tuff were blown out and deposited in the basin. In parts of the basin these tuffs were water-worn to form true sandstones; but in other parts they have not been so worn and they retain the same angularity of grain that they had when first ejected.

"Both the sandstones and shales contain a great many plant remains, and from a very small collection of these, the age of the rocks was determined as Oligocene. They are, therefore, correlated with other areas of coal-bearing rocks at Princeton, Nicola, Tulameen, and other points in the southern interior of British Columbia.

"Overlying the coal-bearing rocks on the east is a series of volcanic breccias and tuffs and some flows of an andesite or more acid nature. In places the overlying volcanic rocks succeed the coal-bearing rocks conformably; but in other places there is a marked angular unconformity between them. It is probable, however, that this unconformity does not indicate any great time interval between the two series. The upper volcanic rocks occupy an exceedingly irregular and broken country to the east of the coal basin, which no doubt is the source from which tuffs were derived. This broken country is apparently the locus of an ancient Tertiary volcano which was active at intervals during and after the deposition of the coal-bearing rocks. It has all the characteristics of an ancient, denuded volcanic crater about a mile in diameter, the bottom and sides of which have slumped in leaving a series of steep-sided hills and deep sinkholes now often filled with water.

"From the evidence that has been obtained, which consists merely of an examination of the surface, it is not possible to make any definite statement relative to the actual or probable value of the field. Small coal seams occur both at the top and bottom of the series. The two seams at the top are small but contain a good grade of clean coal and some mining has been done on them. Those at the bottom are larger, but where they outcrop at the surface are too dirty to make a useful fuel. Their dirty character may be due to proximity to the border of the basin and it is possible that they may become cleaner toward the centre of the field. This however, can only be determined by putting down a bore-hole which, in the centre of the field, would have to be driven

about 1,500 feet in depth to intersect the seams."

A significant step forward came in 1921 when the Southern Okanagan Colleries Limited was incorporated on April 20 as a Special Limited Company, with capital of $750,000 divided into 750,000 shares. The registered office of the company was at Penticton. That information is in the Provincial Archives but according to the records of the B.C. Department of Mines and Resources, the capital was $400,000 with an office in West Summerland. There is no disagreement on the leading figures who were R. Hookham and Reynolds of west Summerland. The problems of a financial depression and lack of developed tonnage contributed to the difficulty of raising capital, according to Philip Freeland, the provincial mining engineer. The next year the company development work included open-cuts across the coal-measure, exposing 6 seams from 80 to 160 feet apart, a tunnel driven about 400 feet with an upraise put through to the surface a hundred feet above, two diamond-drill holes bored across the dip of the seams by Dan Lynch. The bit used a cut with a 15/16 core at 563 and 437 feet respectively which Freeland considered adequate for location and width but useless for an estimate of quality and amount of foreign matter.

"Development work was carried on spasmodically. A washing plant was erected to clean the coal, second-hand machinery purchased, concrete foundations were laid and camp accommodations built by 1926." Total output of the colliery was 426 tons for that year. A breakdown of men employed and their wages proves interesting: underground was one supervisor and clerical assistant at $7.25 a day; five miners at $5.20; a miner's helper at $4.20; two above ground supervisors and clerks at $7.87; two mechanics and skilled labourers at $5.20 and two labourers at $3.70. Jack and Robert Burns recalled a wry joke that, "There were eight men in the office and four in the mine." The company engineer was J.R. Lockhart of Seattle whose dream of a 1 1/8 mile tunnel directly through to the trestle at Okanagan Falls or an aerial tramway proved as insubstantial as the quality and amount of the coal. The Burns brothers and Frank "Red" McCulloch recalled that Ben Barlow was the pit boss; "Red" was the compressor mechanic and driver of a Model-T Ford for which he constructed a dump box holding two tons to haul the coal to the cold storage plant in Penticton. He converted the engine of a four-cylinder Tudhope into a compressor. He remembered three or four cave-ins in which Frank Dollamore was nearly caught. The latter did all the tunnelling. One night both "Red" and Frank Dollamore were on the graveyard shift when they discovered and killed a huge rattler. "Red" cut it open to find a full grown rabbit inside. In those days the Chinese paid $2 a live rattler, which according to "Red", was drowned head first with its mouth tied shut in whiskey, then used as a cure for rheumatism. These grisly details lead the listener to believe that either the price of whiskey or the knowledge of medicine was as low as the wages. Other workers were George Cole, Danny Dollamore, C.J. Rippin, bookkeeper, Dave Burns, Ernest Price, Bob Gurley, miner, and Jock McNair, Lottie Doerffler's father, the cook. By 1927 the reported production was 645 tons. But the size of the dump which can be clearly seen to the north of the Radio Astrophysical Laboratory elicited the remark this spring from a trained observor, "Those old miners were great liars."

By 1926, the company officials were G.R. Hookham, president of Vancouver, C.J. Rippin, Summerland, vice-president, R.M. Grant, secretary, Vancouver and B.R. Barlow, superintendant, Penticton. There was trouble raising capital and trouble in keeping the machinery going. John Horton, then a mechanic at Wilkin's machine shop on Westminster Avenue in Penticton, frequently repaired and improved the one-cylinder engine for the vibrating machine. At the mine the men had ignorantly reversed the governor and complained that, "It took three men and a boy to hold it down."

By the late 20's, Barlow and Rippin were trying to recoup their losses by bringing in cattle from Calgary and ranging them in the area. Harry Reynolds, Mrs. Janet Davis' brother-in-law, was one of them.

Eventually, despite money rumoured to be from Judge W. C. Kelly and Dr. F. W. Andrews, the men gave up.

P.B. Freeland, the mining engineer, in 1931 commented that a ready market existed in the Okanagan Valley for good coal. Tony Ambrosi and Joe Plate, miners from Princeton, in 1933 sunk a 90 foot inside shaft from a tunnel to an old tunnel and found a seam, a four-foot one of much cleaner coal. One hundred and ten tons were sold in Penticton. That year was the last recorded production.

The area is considered to be so unique geologically that the University of B.C. has established one of its geological summer camps about six miles south of White Lake where students receive training in field work.

Today, one can see from the road west of the Observatory the old tunnels and the dump, as little prominent as a sleeping groundhog on a shale slide. The area is particularly beautiful in the spring with the sunflowers yellowing the hillsides and the scars of the old workings no more than greyish black smudges in the distance. One may hear the long-billed curlew with its plaintive cry as well as see sophistication of the computers and the records of the heavens at the Observatory.

The writer wishes to thank the following people for giving of their time and knowledge: Mr. John Burns, White Lake; Mr. Robert Burns, Oliver; Mr. Robert H. Taylor, 530 Martin, Penticton; Mrs. Norman F. Doerffler, Allandale Road, Okanagan Falls; Mr. Frank McCulloch, Ross Road, Kelowna; Mrs. Janet A. Davis, 654 DeHart Road, Kelowna; Mrs. B.D. Griffin, 637 Burne Avenue, Kelowna; Mr. Evan G. Cameron, 324 Windsor Avenue, Penticton; Mr. Joseph G. Harris, The Reg Atkinson Museum, Main Street, Penticton; Mr. H.R. Hatfield, 687 Vancouver Avenue, Penticton; Mr. John W. Horton, 2411 South Main Street, Penticton; Mrs. C.L. Badgley, Barton Place, Okanagan Falls; Miss Ethel Camsell, 594 Penticton Avenue, Penticton; Dr. P.E. Argyle, 1499 Balfour Street, Penticton.

Pictures supplied by:
Dominion Radio Astrophysical Observatory.
Mr. Robert H. Taylor, Penticton
Mr. Maurice Rippin, Upper Bench Road, Penticton

1 As a result of explosive outbreaks at volcanic vents, igneous rocks are sometimes blown out as fragments of all sizes. These fragments settle down on the sides of the cone or at greater distances and yield rocks with fragmental textures, allied to sedimentary. If coarse, they are called Breccias; if fine, Tuffs.

2 Black, more solid, lower in oxygen, higher in carbon, and, at times, possessing coking properties; in a coal scale, fourth from peat up to anthracite.

3 Dipping towards a common point.

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MISS JESSIE TOPHAM BROWN

From the Vernon Community Arts Council Bulletin
April 1974

In Memoriam

"When Miss Topham Brown died recently at the age of 92, she left behind her the memory of an individual who had a continued impact upon art in the Okanagan since World War 1. Miss Brown was a fine teacher. Many of her students have gained success in the Art World. She worked increasingly to bring to Vernon a variety of stimulating exhibits. She believed in community involvement and encouraged her students to be involved and to enrich the life of the community through their art. She remained alert to the changing concepts of art, and was challenged by new ideas and in turn challenged her students to experiment, to innovate and to explore. In an era when people retire at age sixty to sixty-five, Miss Brown retired at 91. She remained dedicated to the belief that people have to help themselves, that they must remain active and look to the future."

Miss Brown was born in England in 1882. She was educated at Wycombe Abbey School for Girls and then spent a year in Germany to "learn the language, listen to music, and take painting lessons." Finally, she trained for three years at the Slade School of Art at University College, London. Mayor Stuart Fleming described Miss Brown as "one of the most dedicated" residents of Vernon. Her work in Vernon was first recognized by having Vernon's Art Gallery at the Civic Centre named after her. Later, in 1971, she received the Freedom of the City of Vernon. This honor was conferred in recognition of her "outstanding service, contribution and encouragement in the field of the arts."

Edited Tape-Recording of Miss J. Topham Brown's Canadian Journal

By: Miss Joan Heriot

Recorded a few months previous to Miss Brown's death on March 2, 1974

"I first came to Canada in the spring of 1909 with my friends Barry and Georgina Phipps and their little girl, Frances. Another friend also came out with us from England. After a voyage of about two weeks we landed at Saint John, N.B. and took the Intercolonial Train to Montreal. There we took the C.P.R. to Victoria. It took us nearly two weeks to get to Victoria from Saint John. In those days the dining car didn't go through Field so everyone turned out there to have their meal at the Hotel, and then returned to the train again. In Victoria we stayed at the Rocka Bella Hotel, a very well-known boarding house at that time.

Immediately after we got to Victoria the friend with us became seriously ill and it was decided that Georgina Phipps should go back with her to England right away. So I was left in charge of the little girl. We went to Sidney and stayed at Dr. & Mrs. Gordon Cummings' Convalescent Home during the time that Georgina was in England — at least until the autumn, when Barry took a house in Victoria and I went to housekeep and look after things there until she came back. So that was the first winter and the Cariboo plans were "hatching". Barry was an engineer and was working then, I think, for Beggs Motor Firm. He was working on a new transport system for the Cariboo and was evidently in touch with the future Lieut. Governor, Francis Jones Barnard, of Barnard's Express.

When Georgina returned from England in the spring of 1910, we joined her in Banff, and there we stayed pending the Cariboo decision. Barry promised that if suitable rooms could be found for us, he would take us up, too. The 141 Mile Ranch House was to be his headquarters and here he **did** find suitable rooms — so that he could see his wife and daughter as he went back and forth. He had a White Sheffield Simplex steam car, made in England specially for the road, high clearance and everything else! — and this he used to take prospectors up and down between Ashcroft and Soda Creek, also to Barkerville and other points north. The White steam car has long been extinct, I am sure, but it was a real adventure to travel in it. Often they had to light a fire in the road underneath it to raise enough steam to start the engine! Sometimes, if Barry had a spare seat, he would take his wife down to Ashcroft with him, and once he took me down. It was a most interesting journey with all the different passengers, prospectors and pioneers.

The 141 Mile Ranch House was the most important at that time. It was run by a Mr. Murphy, whose brother was Mr. Justice Murphy, then at the Coast. We had very comfortable rooms there and a very free and delightful life, riding and fishing in that beautiful country and doing everything that any body fresh out from England would adore. It was **lovely!** If you wanted a horse, they said "Go and get one". There were about 60 in the field and you could have what you wanted. Every Sunday there was a rodeo there, and I should mention here, the extreme courtesy of the cowboys — through all the four or five times I was up there, nothing but courtesy. Mr. Murphy kept perfect order with the teamsters[1] and poker was played nearly every night — sometimes the jackpots were nearly a foot high — and finally some teamster, with unmoved face, would pocket the lot. At about two in the morning Mr. Murphy used to say, "Now, boys, time for bed", and they would light the candles down in this great big room and go upstairs like little boys, perfectly quiet. Mr. Murphy, who was a good player himself, would let me sit beside him to watch, and that was an education in itself.

The Murphys had an Indian cook whose husband was the lineman.[2] Sometimes she used to disappear leaving us to do the cooking while she went off to fish. She would also take us to the best places to fish, so when I went back another time I took her a real fishing rod, a good one, and she was very proud of that. For some reason or other she took a great fancy to me — she would come to the table during dinner bringing me a huge dish, say, of prairie chickens — "for her friend, Miebs Brown". She was a dear old thing. Her daughter, Carrie, was taught by the governess along with the Murphys' children. The Murphys were always very good to Carrie and when she later attracted the notice of a Swedish contractor who wanted to marry her, she was 'treated like a daughter and married from their house'. So Carrie and her husband lived in Vancouver in a marvellous house and later her mother went to live with them.

We were up there (at 141 Mile) for about four months. There were two 'excitements' while we were there. Two Indians at Clinton killed a white man who had been interfering with their women-folk — for which I don't blame them — and they killed an official and escaped. These two Indians, Splinlam and Paul, had their photographs posted on every ranch house and there were large police notices to say "Do not ride off the road — we shoot at sight." We had one scare — knuckledusters and remains of a fire were found just below our ranch house where, supposedly, the two Indians had camped one night. Then, later on, when the pay was being taken out of Barkerville, somebody held up the coach — although there was always an armed guard on the stage then. We rode up next day with the Indian girl, Carrie, to see what was there and to poke through the remains of the letters, etc.

We stayed at 141 Mile House until the late autumn of 1910. It was very difficult to get down that autumn, all the cars were filled with prospectors going out and Barry was fully occupied with his work, so I used to stand in the road and flag the cars down to see if they had any room for us. Finally, we did get a lift down to Ashcroft and from there we returned to Vancouver by train. Here, Barry had taken a house in Point Grey for the winter — I think in Blenheim Street. Point Grey was practically all virgin forest then. Georgina's brother was Sir Henry Bridges, Governor of New South Wales, and during the winter the Phipps decided to go to Australia. So in the spring of 1911, I was left on my own in Vancouver and had to make my own way.

Some years later, after I had come to Vernon, I went to the Cariboo many times. One Christmas I went to stay with the Cottons at Riske Creek. Here, in the sparkling winter afternoons, with blackened eyes[3] and beaver jackets, and a beautiful cattle pony, we used to ride after the cattle and generally bring in several hundred head, and sometimes horses. Mr. Cotton very kindly lent me his own cattle pony. The cattle pony knew his work — you didn't have to do a thing except sit tight. Another thing I loved doing was going for the mail to Riske Creek Post Office — over the ranges with two great horses and the sleigh — 12 miles there and back. It really was a lovely, lovely place. The Cotton's house was very big, like an old English house — upstairs was a billiard room and lots of bedrooms, and downstairs a big drawing room and dining room, etc. They always had a Chinese cook and Mrs. Cotton was, herself, a very good housewife.

In those days most of the ranches had good horses, some of them **very** good horses — real racehorses — and the social event every summer was the race meeting. And, of course, they had to have the police there. But the police couldn't leave the prisoners behind, so they brought them with them. The prisoners were as sporty as the police! So, in order for everyone to have a good time, the prisoners sat on the ground chained to the police van where they could thoroughly enjoy watching it all, and the police could watch with impunity, too! And then we'd all have a picnic. There was no racecourse, as such — the races were just held on the range. It certainly was a paradise up there in those days.

•Coming down one Christmas, Mrs. Cotton was unable to bring me to the railhead at Williams Lake, so she sent one of the cowboys. We drove all day — the most gorgeous day, and it sparkles up there — it's really brilliant — and in the evening we got to Williams Lake. The cowboy took me into the hotel and said, "Lock your door," and I went upstairs. The Chinaman came a little later and said, "Bime by I bling you hot water" — which was oniony! Sometime

during the night the train came in from the north to go to Lillooet — but I was getting out at Clinton to catch the stage to Ashcroft. When the train came in, the only passenger coach was filled with hilarious miners and prospectors who had just been paid off and were by then as drunk as ten lords. The trainman, seeing the situation, came in and said to me and to the one other woman who was there, "I think you ladies had better come into our caboose". So we did. The men were as nice as could be. The woman had two children to whom the trainmen gave up their bunks. Although it was about thirty or forty degrees below, the pot-bellied stove had gone out — so they thought they'd re-light it. They picked up a can of coal oil and emptied it onto the 'fire' and there was an 'explosion'. The whole caboose was filled with black smoke and we coughed round the stove until it cleared. It was **bitter!** When we got to Clinton I was put off to catch the stage next morning. Not a very clean hotel! At Soda Creek there was a hotel where they said the bedbugs went down to look for your name in the book. Well, it wasn't as bad as that but I lay **on top** of the bed and in the morning I was down very punctually for the stage — an **open Ford!** I went the rest of the way sandwiched between two immensely fat women, but even so, I was just a block of ice when we arrived at the Ashcroft Hotel. After the open car I welcomed the warm stuffiness of the hotel. From there I took the train to Sicamous, and then to Vernon.

I remember 100 Mile when it was just one ranch house with it's barns. It belonged to two English brothers called Stephanson or Stevenson. They always kept it beautifully. While we were there Lord Montague Cecil came out with a view to buying this ranch and he sent up to ask if they had a side saddle for Lady Exeter — for she was not used to riding astride. And now, it is a town! — though the land is still in the possession of the Montague Cecils. I never went to Barkerville in those days. It was by then already on the wane, tho' people were continually coming and going from there. I didn't go until just before it was turned into a show place. The old street was then full of gaps but the little old church still stood with the illustrated papers on the walls and there were beautiful carvings in the cemetery. We walked up to the old court house and saw a man still panning for gold. And then we found a bit of the old road where the stage used to go — rather a dramatic road beside a great rocky ravine (now called the "Painted Canyon").

While I was in Vancouver with the Phipps, I had got to know a Mr. and Mrs. Adams. She had been ill in hospital and now wanted someone to take care of her. So I said - "Well, I will on one condition, that you do as I say, otherwise I won't undertake it." So, I joined them. Mr. Adams was an engineer and was at that time finishing the Dairy Buildings at the U.B.C., which he had planned for the Department of Agriculture. We lived in a great big surveyor's tent right on what is now U.B.C. grounds near the convent. There was nothing at Point Grey then except the Agriculture Department. It was all virgin "bush". And in Vancouver itself, at that time, all up Shaughnessy Hill there were great piles of trees — great **enormous** logs — all burning, as they cleared the forest, and this (clearance) went right through to the river. Later, when the Adams took a house, I went with them — about 1913 — and that was when we grew mushrooms. So, I've had quite a variety of experiences!

When the war broke out in 1914, I went to the Women's Exchange and helped them there for about two years. The manageress was a friend of mine. She'd been in a bank and was extremely efficient. It was a war effort to help needy people and also to produce money for the war. The Committee chose an old house on Howe St. that had once been the Japanese Embassy. Since then it had been a house of ill-fame and we had a lot to do to live this down! We had some nasty incidents. Finally, when it was all straightened up and redecorated, somebody had the bright idea of having a lunch room — so I went there as the cook and got quite a name for my omelettes, which I used to make one after the other as fast as I could every lunch time, and the Chinese boy would run in with them hot and return for more as fast as he could — we worked very hard there. For recreation, on Sunday we used to take the old C.P.R. North Vancouver ferry from Water Street and walk in Lynn Valley, which was quite beautiful then — or we'd visit a couple of friends there. And then in 1916 I came up to Vernon because I had friends here and a job waiting for me. I did a certain amount of war work, too. I was up at the hospital for a time — and then Miss Le Gallais heard about me and said would I come and help her with the girls' school she had just started. St. Michael's School (Miss Le Gallais') was then occupying the old Barclay house (Hillcrest) and the old Lefroy house opposite on 37th Ave. So I came to Miss LeGallais and housekept and cooked, coached the games, etc. and taught the drawing. That would be in 1917 or 1918 and I was with Miss Le Gallais until I went back to England (for a visit) in 1920. Meanwhile, I had met Mrs. Goulding and we became good friends. In the holidays I went down to Oyama and picked apples.

When I went to England I was determined that when I came back I would have my own place, where, if I put my teapot in the doorway and wanted to kick it over when I came in, I **could**. Helping Miss Le Gallais with the teaching at that time was Miss Chamberlain, a friend of the Chapmans on the B.X. ranch. I was most fortunate because, when I came back to Canada, Judge Chapman telegraphed me in Montreal and asked me to go out there. So, whether they had heard of me through Miss Chamberlain I don't know, but she had lived in the Chapman's

cottage, which from then on I had for many years. I got to know the Cottons through Miss Chamberlain, I think, and also Sylvia Cotton was at the school. And then they invited me to stay with them in the Cariboo.

(The Chapman's place was some three or four miles from town). It was from there that I taught at the Mackie's (The Vernon Preparatory School on the Coldstream). I went out there every week, and also at St. Michael's (the new school - now Brandon House Apartments). I also gave a few private lessons in town. (Miss Brown would **walk** into town and back to give these lessons and to teach at St. Michael's). And then I had my summer drawing camps.

The first drawing camp I had was on Okanagan Lake right by the Killiney Wharf on the Pease property (now Forest House) where we lived in tents. I had my horse down there and some other horses for the girls to ride. We worked every day for nearly eight hours and the girls rode in the evening. We also had lots of bathing — always ready to leap in off the wharf when the C.P.R. paddle steamer came by and made big waves! At the end all the local lake dwellers and parents were invited to come to the exhibition of paintings, which we pinned up on the trees. (For tea, cakes and scones were made by Miss Brown and baked in the Chinese cookstove. This was a gravel topped table on which rested, side by side, three oblong "Coal oil tins." The two outer tins, with one end cut out, served as fire boxes; the middle one with a flap cut at one end for a door made an excellent oven. The three tins provided a flat cooking area on which we could boil two kettles and at the same time fry bacon and cook pancakes, etc. This most efficient contraption must have become extinct when coal oil was no longer sold in those big four gallon tins). That was the first of twenty years of summer drawing camps. I had camps at "Aubrey's" for many years (a deserted house near the shore about a mile east of the Killiney Wharf). "Tangye's," another deserted house nearby was later bought by the Haines, and they were always very good to me. It was all still quite wild along there in those days. I had girls as well as boys if they wanted to come.

And then I went to Sorrento. For the first camp there the Kinghorns lent me their own camp. which was very nice. We went to Sorrento several times and twice we had the Grieve's camp. I had a grown-ups' camp at the Grieve's, which was very successful. Sometimes we used to cross the lake on the ferry to explore the other side. Then I took students up to Revelstoke mountain . We were up there by ourselves and **we** were supposed to phone down any fires — there was no one up at the Look-out at all. I don't know how I did it — with the drunks coming up at night — I was terrified. They used to come up after parties in Revelstoke, come up and drink. I had the Warden's camp right by the road, and the girls were only a little bit in. Oh, I used to sit in agony until they'd gone down — because you could have done nothing. Apart from that trouble — because we were quite alone — that was a beautiful camp. We saw the flowers come up to their full glory and fade — and we used to walk to Eva and Miller Lakes — it was just **beautiful**. And then the hoary marmots were thick, thick — they were everywhere, — great big, lumping things! We went twice up there. The second time — when we got back to Revelstoke, we heard that the war had ended. Then we went up Silver Star and had the Waterman's hut up there. Then I took them three or four times up to the top of Sugar Mountain and we camped at eight thousand feet, but then we always took the old guide, Mr. Frazer, with us and went up with pack horses. We helped him with the horses and looked after them, but he could stop the students from hanging over that one-mile drop, which was so pleasant for me. I really wondered sometimes how I took the responsibility, and then the parents would say, "Oh, we don't worry!" I think some of the most successful camps of all were the mountain ones — because, of course, we did work up there, too, and brought the paintings down on the backs of temperamental pack horses. We had one pack horse who slipped off the trail — rolled down the mountainside with his legs in the air. Mr. Frazer leapt down and cut him loose and the horse got up and shook himself, and he only had a slight scratch on the fetlock — but it was agony seeing him roll down. Altogether, I had about twenty camps and everybody, I think, enjoyed them. And we certainly worked.

(What about the other things you started — weaving and pottery?)

Well, some years before the war I went to the coast and took a very good weaving course and then took up weaving and also taught it. I had a very big loom as well as other smaller ones. One outlet for my work was the Vancouver Hotel. Elizabeth Armstrong (Mrs. Allan McClean) used to have the shop there — she used to order so many things and I would send them down to her. And I wove various things for sale locally. The Golf Club was just starting then and I wove material for a great many skirts and people knitted their own sweaters. I used to make tweeds, and patterns as I wanted them. Then I had a rug loom which you could do upright. But when I got so busy at the studio, I sold my looms or gave them away.

The first studio I had, Mr. Tassie kindly rented to me during the war and there I used to have a Red Cross Group making dressings. But I had this group first for the Chinese-Japanese War — years before our war. We went for our meetings to the Chinese House — you know, the old store, which I liked, and the Chinese used to entertain us. I think I wrote to every W.I. in B.C. to ask for linen. We had an old machine and we machined the dressings flat and then people rolled them. We made many thousands of feet of those Chinese dressings. Then when our war came

along, 1939, your Mother, (Mrs. A.D. Heriot) and I had meetings for the "young marrieds" in my studio. We worked all through the war there and made many thousands of dressings. Your Mother and I would go to the Red Cross and come back with bales and bales of gauze and we would then cut it and get it all ready for them for the meeting in the afternoon. Oh, — and I took all sorts of "nursings" and "bombings" and what-nots and I used to get rather good marks in the exams! And then they had decontamination classes, etc. - so that was my war effort here.

(Didn't you teach pottery, too?)

Oh yes — I used to teach pottery at the studio — I had a small kiln and they did very good work — but then the schools started — and they wanted to know and I told them to go to the "pottery people" and to the "kiln people" and they got so much equipment at the schools that I gave it up — except for making a few hand-built things — because the schools went in for it in a big way. But I had it long before the local schools, like the weaving and silk screening, and so on. I had a studio for many years - first of all in the old Vernon News Building. There, I had classes every day of the week except Sunday and sometimes evening classes until about 1967. Over the years I had many interesting students, some of whom went on to make their careers as artists or art teachers. Joyce Noble, now Mrs. Devlin, went on to the School of Art in Toronto and is now doing very well in Ottawa, chiefly portraits. She had a commission to paint a portrait of Lester Pearson, when he was Prime Minister.

With the advent of Mrs. Pitt's Scholarships, many of my students claimed these and went on to Art School: - Susan Phillips, Marie Rippin, Sharon Nash, Kathleen Minato, Agnes Hannah, Jean Howsam, Forest Hutchinson, Robert Markel, Dan MacDougall, Peter Drought, Aleck Kowalsky. Alan Manjak — I don't want to leave anyone out but there are so many, I can't mention them all. Sharon Nash has gone in for Interior Decoration and Forest Hutchinson has become a very good potter. And now, of course, the Pitt Scholarships go to the Schools all over B.C. I would like to say in conclusion, that teaching art in Vernon has been an enlightening and, on the whole, a delightful and interesting occupation.

(In 1932) I had a chance to go down to Buenos Aires to stay with a married sister whose husband was estancia manager for absent landlords. His office was in Buenos Aires, but once a year he used to go round the estancias. He took Hilda with him once and she had a wonderful time. I've always done these things on legacies - not on earnings, dear! — I wrote to Cook's in Vancouver and asked them: A - the quickest and B - the cheapest way to Buenos Aires? A - the quickest was via New York, some thousands of dollars by first class boat, straight down; B - the cheapest was by cargo boat from Vancouver around the Horn! In the end I took a Norwegian freighter,, a new boat carrying fruit and oil from Vancouver to the West Indies and the South American ports via Panama. It was the most delightful voyage you could imagine. I had all the privileges of the Captain's deck and everything else, because the Captain liked me being with his wife when we went ashore, I being a little older; and we went through all the ports together, and the boat always waited for you. We sailed along the coast of Brazil and it was a pale grey-green — the forest — it was gorgeous, and you could see where the Amazon came out and we coasted along in the gorgeous weather and went into Rio de Janeiro, which was simply beautiful, going into Rio by the old port of Niteroi. We landed in one or two other places in Brazil and finally got to Montevideo, which is like Vancouver or Victoria. There I phoned Hilda and it took about a night to go over to Beunos Aires.

I was with Hilda for some months. The people in the Argentine were extremely wealthy but they had **taste** - shown in the public buildings and libraries. For instance, the Jockey Club not only had a place out at the race course, but a magnificent club in Buenos Aires. We used to go there to dinner on Sunday nights. They had classical, old masters, Spanish paintings and beautifully carved Spanish Mahogany doors. Of course, I enjoyed this. Then I went to Montevideo to visit a cousin of ours. He was head of the British Schools there. Then we had the chance - Hilda and I and her husband - to go up to Mendoza, which is in the foothills of the Andes. It's the one place in Argentina where they allowed gambling. We had a private compartment in the train to go up in and the sights, going up for 500 miles, were the beautiful lakes just filled with flamingos - marvellous - just flames of pink and red - and you were watching for the foothills - and by the time you'd finished watching, your head was almost back — 12,000 feet for the foothills going straight up from the plain, and the Andean peaks over 22,000 feet just beyond. At Mendoza the railway carriage was our hotel. We went by car next day right up into the mountains and there I picked wild petunias - and everywhere, marvellous views. At night you could go to the gambling house if you wanted to, and there, as it was in the Cariboo with the gambling, to me the most interesting part was the psychology. And these people - it was really interesting to watch them. The whole visit was full of interest, as you can imagine, apart from the flowers - petunias and begonias - I remember the begonias, and these enormous mountains. And I wanted to go home that way, Trans-Andean, but my brother-in-law thought that at that time, it was very difficult. I'd have a bad break in Central America and the boats weren't too good, so I came back with them to B.A. and booked a passage on a Japanese steamer, a passenger boat which had been round the world and came home that way. It was a beautiful run; we had

Japanese and Oriental and British cooking. You know what was **most** interesting on that trip — the Japanese sailors had been all round the world and for their own amusement and their own exercise, every night they used to practice medieval archery - shooting into faggots, lengthwise (?) - and we could sit on the upper deck and watch them. And they were not doing it for us but for their own benefit; that was the most interesting thing. And not only that, they had fencing; they all wore their kimonas — but that fencing was really fascinating, with the very, very long fencing swords. We went through the West Indies and landed in New Orleans, and that was interesting, seeing the old Napoleonic, French part of the city. And then I came across through New Mexico right through to California and up home that way, by train all the way — right over the desert by train — it was wonderful over the desert.

You know I've injoyed thinking back, but it's quite difficult to place it all in chronological order. But when I went to England in 1928, Hilda had just been married and they were then just off to Buenos Aires — her husband had been there before. Well, she came to say good-bye to us and I said, jokingly, "Bob, give me your phone number." And he did. Well, that was the last thing I thought of — that in 1932 I would "go out" to them. It was wonderful to see the country as it was then. Hilda often went to stay with friends in the higher country as she had been very ill before her marriage and Buenos Aires' climate is terribly hot and steamy. These friends, who lived on a lovely estancia, gave her a wonderful time. And when she got home they would say, "Well, how did you like being in camp?" **Camp!** Maids everywhere, everything you could want, beautiful house — ! And the place where we stayed was visited years and years later by Gerald Durrell. When I was there with Hilda these people had twins, a boy and a girl, and the girl, - her name was Elizabeth - was the most **beautiful** baby, about a year old. And Durrell, in his book, "The Drunken Forest" - said - "The beautiful Elizabeth met us —."

"Rather interesting when you knew them and all about it. Oh, I had a lovely time, as you can imagine, enjoying a bit of luxury! Two old ladies, friends of my father's, died and left my sisters and me quite a considerable legacy - so I used mine for that!"

Footnote 1: These teamsters drove the big 12 horse freight teams on the Cariboo road Ashcroft to Quesnel.

Footnote 2: Probably a lineman who looked after that section of the Ashcroft to Yukon telegraph line.

Footnote 3: This was possibly to reduce the risk of snow blindness.

Every May through the early 1920's public minded Penticton citizens arranged an annual clean-up day. With rakes and shovels, trash was gathered and the down town area tidied up.

Among those shown in Phil Howard's treasured 1921 photograph are: - Charlie Burch, merchant; Jack Ellis, fire chief; L.A. Rathvon, merchant; Jim Hanley, Herald; Dr. Davidson, dentist; T.H. Boothe, insurance; A.A. Swift, Kettle Valley; Alec Smith, father of movie queen Alexis; E.J. Chambers, Reeve 1920-23; Wm. Blair, merchant; Chart Nichol, merchant; C.J. Mckeen, druggist; Wilf Lambley; W.A. Mckenzie, MPP and others. Eric Sismey photo copy.

H.H. (BERT) THOMAS
(1874 - 1973)

By:
Phyllis Miller and Verna Cawston

Editor's Note: Two contributions have been submitted about Bert Thomas, they differ little on the facts. I have used the Miller-Cawston version, with additions from Dave Taylor's which are set in italics. See also page 22 of the previous report.

On his favorite mount "Lena."

To have been a "permanent resident" of one district for 76 years is a unique record. When those years include such ventures as pack-horse freighting, ranching, prospecting, trail-guiding, road-building and forestry service in the "early days," they add to the distinction.

All these interests and activities contributed to the successful livelihood of Bert Thomas, a pioneer resident of Princeton, B.C., who died on November 15, 1973, one week after his 99th birthday. He was the youngest member and last survivor of a family of nine children, all born in England. Of these, three brothers, Charlie, Bill and Ernest, also had their share in the annals of local history.

Bert saw Princeton grow from a squatters' hamlet of some forty settlers and adventurers. As cattle hand and rancher linked with our earliest land holdings, as prospector, trailsman, contractor, clerk, entrepreneur, road foreman and forester; he contributed much to construction and communications, he knew our region in yards and years as few have or will.

To the members of the Thomas families, any reference to the early days of Princeton, brings to mind such names as Allison, Schisler, McDougall, Howse, Cook, Hunter, Irwin, Waterman — a partial list of the "firstcomers" of the '90's. The diverse opportunities to earn a living in this new and open-handed country must have been their common bond.

The history of Princeton begins with John Fall Allison, its first settler, trader, and in time, postmaster. Until 1860, this dot on the colonial map of British Columbia was known as Vermilion Forks. Governor Douglas then changed its name to "Princeton", in honor of Edward, Prince of Wales. The name "Allison" became linked with "Thomas" in later years when two of Allison's daughters married two Thomas brothers.

Herbert Heald Thomas, youngest son of Alice and Charles Thomas, was born in Barnwood, Gloucestershire, on November 7, 1874. (Heald was a family name and later passed on to his eldest son Bob). His parents sent him, at the age of six to the Cathedral Boarding school in Gloucester - a most reluctant scholar — as Bert often recalled. Because of his clear soprano voice, he was soon a member of the Cathedral Boys' choir. His parents attended service there and Bert's precious home-weekends were always curtailed by these Sunday morning commitments.

In time, school years were over and at the age of sixteen, Bert was the winner of an essay competition on sales' promotion, set by the newspaper for which he was working. The cash prize was barely enough for his next project — a trip to Canada. His brother Charles, ten years his senior, had previously arrived at Granite Creek (via Australia) so Canada was a logical choice for young Bert.

He booked passage at Southampton in the summer of 1892. A shipmate, Charlie Moon, was returning to his ranch in the Chilcotin; *they became cronies, swiping chickens from the galley, as Bert confessed or bragged, still showing a scar on his thigh where the knife had slipped as they devoured the evidence;* finally Bert promised to go with him. But first, he would visit his brother Charlie, now working at Nicola. Perhaps because his funds were dwindling to zero level, Bert got off the train at the station called Ducks, 17 miles east of Kamloops, *"I did not get off the train where I was broke; I had two dollars and fifty cents."* In later years, Ducks would be a more

familiar name to him. He still had the price of a meal or two in his pocket, when, in Bert's words, "a cowboy picked up a green Englishman" and he was on his way to the Douglas Lake ranch for his first job in B.C. The rendezvous with Charlie Moon was automatically cancelled. Getting word to his elder brother was a simple matter.

At this ranch he first met Jack Budd, another ranch-hand. A few years later he would meet him again - as a neighbour and friend of George Edwards, alias Bill Miner, the notorious train robber, whose last hold-up in B.C. was at Duck's, in May 1906.

(During his Princeton-Nicola era, Edwards was also a friend of the Allisons and encouraged their small children to raid his pockets for candy. The night before the Duck's episode, however, he flew into a rage when one of them reached for the regular treat. He left shortly after dark and the whole episode was so unlike his usual manner, the Allisons could only conclude (much later) that there had been a gun in his "candyless" pocket).

J.B. Graves was Manager of the Douglas Lake spread and Bert worked for him until his brother Bill, arrived from England in 1894. Bill was a carpenter by trade and they built and shared a cabin on Nicola Lake. From there Bert worked at various jobs, but always preferred riding and working with stock. Another ranch-hand stint came his way, this time with Hewitt Bostock, (later in 1896 a senator).

In his dry humorous way, Bert liked to tell of one buying trip to Kamloops with Mr. and Mrs. Bostock. They had covered many horse-and-buggy miles on their homeward journey when the lady discovered that her thimble had been left in the hotel room. In spite of masculine protests, back they must go to get it, for to Mrs. Bostock's mind, to be a thimble-less housewife was an unthinkable situation.

In the late '90's, all four Thomas brothers were living in Princeton. Bill worked successfully at his trade and made his home there until his death in 1959. Later Ernest moved to California. In 1896, Charlie Thomas was running a pack train of supplies to Princeton and it was on one of these trips that Bert made his first visit to the district where he would eventually spend the rest of his life. A notation from a copy of 1894 B.C. Directory (courtesy of M. Balf, Kamloops) lists both C.E. and H.H. Thomas, Nicola Valley area — the former as a clerk and the latter as a labourer.

In 1897, these two brothers moved to Princeton where Charlie built the first of his three stores. Though the sign read "THOMAS BROS." Bert worked elsewhere - on the Dewdney Trail as surveyor's assistant, on his mineral claims and at Copper Mountain in 1900. He was a partner with George Wardle in a butcher shop and invested in several land holdings in the Nine-mile area. He also owned another 15 acres of agricultural land (now the Coyne ranch) east of Princeton and adjoining the Allison property, which had once been mooted as the rival townsite of the newly-named Princeton. Later, Bert's family "camped" there in the haying season.

When the Thomas brothers arrived in 1897 modern Princeton was being born ... and prematurely. There were about forty folk. Allison, who died in November that year, had long maintained a trading post and post office. There was Ah Tuck's mysterious Oriental miscellany. W.C. McDougall had a store by then or soon after, and F.P. Cook branched out from Granite in 1898. All were located near the present Tulameen bridge.

In the spring of 1902, Caroline Allison and Bill Thomas were married and made their home near the present Taylor property. Years later they moved to where Caroline and her daughter Clover and three sons, Alfred, Ross and Roy now live.

Grace Allison and Bert Thomas were married in Vancouver in late October 1902. Their honeymoon ride over the rough Dewdney Trail at the beginning of winter was an epic journey often related by Mrs. Thomas. Their first home (built by Bert and Bill) on Angela Avenue has since been moved, but they lived there for eighteen years. Six of their children were born there; only Helen "arrived" at their second (and final) home on their One-mile Ranch. It was here that Grace and Bert Thomas celebrated their Golden and Diamond weddings.

During those early years, other members of the Thomas family arrived from England. First to come was the boys' sister, Mabel, who later became the first matron of Princeton hospital. Then, in 1912, their parents came, accompanied by another daughter, Maud Cole. A home was built for them on Harold Avenue near the Tulameen river. Soon another daughter, Constance followed and took on the care of her parents. She too was a nurse and could assist Maud. The latter, in 1914 took passage to England on the ill-fated Empress of Ireland. Due to a collision in a fog, it sank in Gulf of St. Lawrence.

A plaque in the local Anglican Church bears this tribute:

> "In loving memory of Maud Cole, who lost
> her life on the Empress of Ireland, May 29/14.
> The installation of electric light in this
> church was due to her efforts."

In 1912, after her parents' death in the same year, Constance returned to England.

That year, Bert purchased the present ranch on One-mile Creek, five miles east of Princeton, though the family did not move there until November 1920. It had been owned by Bill Allison,

son of John F. A year later his cabin was incorporated into a large two-storey house. Martin A. Grainger (first Chief Forester in B.C. and a close friend of the family) had a cabin built for his own use when visiting in the district. Bert's farming interest was still with stock and he was very proud of his pedigreed Herefords.

(Editor's Note: The quality of Bert Thomas' pedigreed Hereford cattle is attested by the fact that at one time the Douglas Lake Cattle Co., placed a standing order for all his young bulls. He was president of the Princeton Stock Breeders' association in 1945).

Shorty Dunn, another accomplice in the Duck's robbery, came to work for Bert after his parole from prison in 1918. He seems to have had more than one talent, for one of the ranch house walls was hung with his work — a huge canvas painting of the railroad engine involved in the robbery, with its smokestack occupying more space than the engine. Shorty, later moved on to Ootsah Lake, where (as William Grill) he was drowned in Tahtsa River in 1928.

Bert's work as a road-builder and foreman was outstanding. Beginning with the Dewdney Trail in the late '90's, he went on to Kennedy Mt. and Copper Mt. roads (1907-1910), then the Princeton share of the Hope Highway in 1912. He was a foreman on this road again in the "Depression '30's, a stint that ended at Cambie Creek in 1937. He was to see the final culmination when Princeton, Hope and Vancouver were linked officially on November 2, 1942.

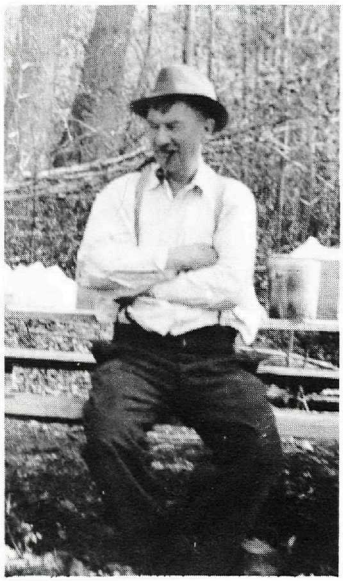
His appointment as Forest Ranger was made in 1913. During those busy years he did a great deal of timber cruising around Merritt, as well as "bug-hunting" (as his family put it) for the Entomological Branch of Forestry. In particular it was a research project to tabulate the effect of forest fires on pine-beetles and their predators.

Bert guided many a party over the original trails, both Dewdney and Manning Park (Three Brothers). An article by Bruce Hutchison in the Vancouver Province, dated August 30/31, tells of a preview trek on the Hope-Princeton Highway made by the writer. The party included a Minister of the Crown (Hon. W.R. Bruhn, Minister of Public Works), three engineers, a photographer and seven worms from Saanich in a tin can ... Good Bert Thomas, that prince of road foremen, guides and cooks, cooked everything, fortunately for the Government of British Columbia and us all. From Princeton to Defiance Camp (the Hope end) - 96 miles in three days on horseback.

Though in time their children married and scattered, Bert and Grace Thomas stayed with the One-mile ranch. The latter was in poor health for some years before her death (on May 6, 1969).

Bert never totally recovered from his loss, though interest and memory survived until his last few weeks. A kindly father and citizen, he lived to begin his hundredth year. Six children survive him:

Constance Alice Story (Babs) of Bremerton, U.S.A., Phyllis A. Miller, of Princeton, B.C., Heald Stephen (Bob) of Princeton, B.C., Wilfred Charles (Bill) of Princeton, B.C., Teresa Mary Buehl of Seattle, U.S.A., Helen Virginia Ashe of Merritt, B.C., A son, Herbert Evan, died August 28, 1972.



Bert Thomas (1940).

DUN-WATERS OF FINTRY

By:
David Falconer

Capt. J.C. Dun-Waters arrived in the Okanagan in 1909 and purchased the first parcel of land that was later to grow into Fintry Estate from a Major Audain. Dun-Waters named his new property after Fintry Stirlingshire, Scotland, where he grew up on his family's estate. He was born November 28, 1864 in Torquay, England and was baptized James Cameron Waters. He entered Jesus College, Cambridge when he was 18. At 21, an uncle named Dunn willed him the Outram Press which controlled a large Scottish daily paper, the Glasgow Herald. One stipulation was that J.C. take the name of his uncle; -so Dunn was hyphenated to Waters. For some unknown reason he dropped one "N" in Dunn to make his name Dun-Waters. At 23, he married Miss Alice Orde. At the time of his departure from Britain he was Master of the South Shropshire hounds. The members of the hunt presented him with a small sterling silver statuette of a foxhound, and a sundial that was later set in the garden of his Fintry house.

Originally, the growing of the finest Okanagan apples possible was Dun-Water's chief interest. One hundred acres was planted to apples alone, and an extensive web of irrigation fluming was installed. The two suspension bridges were built in that pre-war period to support the wooden irrigation pipe.

Dun-Waters brought out his cousin, - a man named James Godwin - to manage the ranch and promised to will Fintry Estate to Godwin and his family. So Godwin arrived from Durban, South Africa and assumed the duties of general manager.

Fintry Proper, now known as Fintry Manorhouse, was built in 1911-1912. The stone for it came from the mountainside directly behind the building site, the lumber was brought in by boat. At the outbreak of the Great War. Dun-Waters returned to Britain and received his commission with the Middlesex Yeomanry. He served in Italy, Gallipoli, France and Egypt. After the armistice he provided a soldiers' hospital in Cairo at his own expense. Dun-Waters, his wife and her secretary and companion, Miss Catherine (Katie) Stuart assisted in setting up the hospital.

The Dun-Waters and Miss Stuart returned to the Okanagan in 1919 and were joined there by Miss Stuart's brother Geordie. He had been an electrician at Ocean Falls, but came to Fintry to fill the position of Estate Accountant.

The large tudor house west of the packing house and C.P.R. wharf was built in 1919 as a residence for the Godwin family. This house and the octagonal dairy barn, (now called the round-barn) were both designed by a Vancouver architect, J. Honeyman. Honeyman had been a former school-friend of Mr. Dun-Waters back in the old country.

Capt. Dun-Waters and his cousin, James Godwin didn't get along well at all. Finally in about 1920, Dun-Waters paid Godwin $40,000 to leave Fintry and cancel the inheritance contract.

After Godwin left, the management duties were divided between 2 brothers. Guy Pym became ranch manager, and moved into the house Godwin had vacated (known then as The White house). At the mouth of Short's Creek another large house was built for the orchard manager, Ronald Pym. Because it was built by the creek, it came to be known as Burnside. By 1923, after living in Burnside a year or so, it was found that the house was simply too large and difficult to maintain. So a cottage was built on the south side of Short's creek near the foot of the mountain to house Pym. (That house is now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Wilf Potter, who have been in charge of farming operations at Fintry since 1964). During this period, the octagonal dairy barn was built. In design, it was many years ahead of the times. The silo is in the centre with the stanchions and stalls 360 degrees around it.

Late in 1923, Capt. Dun-Waters decided to have a trophy room added to the southside of Fintry Proper. This was to house his many big game trophies, including a large Kodiak grizzly shot on an expedition to Alaska prior to the great war. His guide on that expedition was a man named Popp, who later became one of Vancouver's foremost furriers.

The dual manager system at Fintry hadn't worked out well. In 1923, Fintry's operating losses came to a staggering $50,000. On April 1, 1924, Mr. Angus Gray was hired as over-all general manager. Gray, his wife, son and daughter moved into The White house and occupied it for the next 24 years.

On April 28, 1924, Mrs. Dun-Waters suffered a stroke and passed away in 2 days. She and the Captain had been married 37 years.

The following is an excerpt from Miss Stuart's 1924 diary:

"Monday, April 28th - We all came in late for dinner. Missus had a stroke 8:00 p.m. Doctor

came 12:30 and Miss Wood, sat up all night.

April 29th - Missus just the same. Wood left and Miss Brown came. Doctors Arbuckle and Logie here for dinner. Lovely day. Master cut the grass and got very hot and tired.

April 30th - Much the same. Had Mrs. Gray over for the night. Poor old dear had a very troubled night. She wanted him to rub her which he did many times during the night.

May 1st - Going on just the same. Sleeps a good deal. Miss Cherry arrived. Doctor and three ladies here to tea and we thought she was better and going to get well, but she went to sleep about 6 p.m. and died at 9:15 - never having woke up.

Friday, May 2nd - Nurses left. We buried our dear in the garden at 6:00 p.m. Rev. Gibson brought Mr. Lloyd down. Duckering, White, Gray, Brand, and we three."

A bower of dark red scented roses covered the grave. The head stone reads, "Here lies my dear Old Missus in her garden. 1924, J.C. Dun-Waters." Dun-Waters had affectionately called her "My Old Missus" for many years. The rose bower was for many years referred to as "The Missus' Place."

Capt. Dun-Waters and Miss Stuart left Fintry June 20, 1924 and journeyed to Vancouver. Throughout this period, work was progressing on the trophy room. About a week after Dun-Waters' departure, the tradesmen working on the trophy room noticed smoke billowing from an attic window. The entire structure was quickly gutted, with only a few paintings, pieces of furniture and such saved. His secret room in the cellar, filled with whisky and wine was not damaged.

When Dun-Waters returned to Fintry, he and the Stuarts set up house in the then vacant Burnside house. Dun-Waters had his whiskey and wines moved into the Burnside cellar, and there they all stayed until Fintry Proper was rebuilt in November 1924.

In the Trophy room, then called the study, was a special alcove in which was reconstructed in miniature a rugged mountain cavern, complete with moss covered boulders, in the center, mounted in life-like pose was Dun-Waters' Alaskan Grizzly. On the walls were trophy heads of elk, mountain goat (shown at the Leipzig world fair), buffalo, timber wolf, stags, and so on. In later years, after Dun-Waters' death, these trophies were donated to the Kelowna Museum. A record cougar pelt with head and claws lay on the floor, before the fireplace. A thick green carpet on the floor cost - $1,000.00 - an enormous sum in 1924!

Furniture was brought out from the old country to refurbish Fintry Proper.

This house provided all the easy comforts of luxurious living. Generous living rooms, halls, dining room and verandahs. The gleam of mellow mahogany, old silver and antique brass; priceless products of master craftsmen of former days. On the walls were many pictures reminiscent of the Captain's earlier days with horses and foxhounds. A large black bear stood on his hindfeet, on the verandah, (in a most startling pose). Nearby, beside the front door hung a heavy old brass bell. Contemporary gossip, whether true or not, placed this bear outside the door that Dun-Waters' drinking friends used when he guided them outside for a sobering breath of air. Suitably lighted, it was frightening enough to startle a man into complete sobriety.

On the completion of Fintry Proper, Dun-Waters imported a $5,000.00 shipment of Thompson's Scotch whisky with his own "Laird of Fintry" label.

The house was staffed by one Chinese cook and one Chinese houseboy. The houseboy, now an elderly gentleman, remembers cutting and splitting seemingly endless piles of wood to stoke the stoves and fireplaces. "arra time, chop, chop, chop," is how he puts it.

Behind the house (and still there) was a set of stone steps which at first glance seem to lead nowhere. This is what the Scottish term a "looping stane." The "looping stane" was used by ladies and gentlemen when mounting a horse.

(Editor's Note: in English mounting steps; necessary for a lady riding side saddle to mount her horse).

Behind the house is the kennel where J.C. kept his beloved airedale hunting dogs.

Fintry Proper looking North.

Fintry Proper was surrounded by extensive lawns and flower beds. The verandahs were shaded by a covering of Boston ivy and climbing roses. Leading from the front entranceway directly to the sundial, extended a flagstone walk with rare rock plants blossoming between the great flat stones while, nearby, countless perennials produced a season long succession of brilliant bloom.

In charge of gardening at Fintry Proper was one Andrew White. He and his wife lived in a small two story log house overlooking the orchards from a flat piece of ground above the round barn. This structure had been built by Peter Lawrence of Ewings Landing for Dun-Waters in 1922, and was called The Chalet. It boasted a spacious screened verandah across the front and a large granite fireplace in the living room. The fireplace was built by a man named Baird from Enderby. The Chalet's red-painted cedar-shingle roof could be easily seen against the mountainside from the decks of the paddle wheelers plying Okanagan Lake. The spectacular Fintry lower falls with a vertical drop in excess of 125' are situated about three minutes walk south of The Chalet.

Several miles behind The Chalet, in a valley formed by Shorts Creek, and just below Terrace Mountain was Fintry High Farm. Capt. Dun-Waters purchased this area in 1914 and had it cleared to make hay meadows by 1923. At one time in the early '20's, over 200 men were employed clearing the area with teams of horses. They were housed in tent-frames near the two storey log house in the first meadow. In 1923 Dun-Waters had 300 Hereford cattle and sold all but 75 the same year, at a loss.

In 1924 he became convinced that Ayrshire cattle from his native Scotland would thrive well in the Okanagan. He dispatched George Hay, Kamloops district agriculturist, to the east to select the best Ayrshires available in Canada. Hay returned with one bull, 3 milk cows, and 3 Heifers with calf. Then each year for the next 7 years, Angus Gray journeyed east to the Royal Winter Fair in Toronto to expand the herd. By 1931, Fintry had a line-up of 130 Ayrshires exhibited at the Interior Provincial Exhibition at Armstrong. This was the largest showing of Ayrshires ever in western Canada. Notable records were achieved by this herd. The cow "Alloway Miss Crummie" in a 305 day test in 1928 was first in B.C. with 11,903 pounds of milk and 557 pounds of butterfat. Fintry's "White Lily", in the same year was second in B.C.

The milk was sold partly to the C.P.R. sternwheelers and the remainder to a Vernon creamery.

An ice-house was dug into the hillside behind Fintry Proper. In a cold winter, ice was sawn on Okanagan Lake, and packed in sawdust in the icehouse. In other years, ice was imported on the Sternwheelers.

Fintry boasted an elaborate irrigation system, utilizing water brought down in the wooden pipe from the upper falls. This same water powered an electric generator which provided power to the entire estate. The generator was of the pelton wheel type. Fintry also had its own telephone system with 7 phones on the exchange, connecting Fintry Proper, Burnside, the White house, the dairy barn, the packing house, the powerhouse and the High Farm.

Most of the men in management positions at Fintry were of Scottish origin, and **all** were keen ice curlers. The first rink at Fintry was made at Burnside in 1924 by diverting water out of Short's Creek onto a level bit of ground. One day while a group of them were curling at Burnside, Angus Gray noticed J.C. walking from the house down to the rink, and it struck Gray that J.C. looked just like an old time Scotish laird overseeing his estate, so Gray called out to his fellow curlers, "Aye lads, here comes the Laird of Fintry!" and that name stuck to Capt. Dun-Waters from that day on. Prior to that, he had simply been referred to as "The Captain."

Later, a much fancier, roofed-in curling rink was built behind the barns near the blacksmith shop.

Miss Stuart and Capt. Dun-Waters became very intimate friends as time passed. Especially after Mrs. Dun-Waters's death. Dun-Waters always called Katie "Bunny", and she called him "Manny."

In the early 1930's, Dun-Waters met Margaret Menzies, an employee at the old Vancouver Hotel. Much against the advice and wishes of the Stuarts, J.C. and Margaret were married in Vancouver. Until this time, the Stuarts had been living at Fintry Proper with Capt. Dun-Waters. Prior to the arrival of Dun-Waters and his bride, the Stuarts moved into the vacant Burnside house.

From the time Dun-Waters brought his bride back to Fintry Katie Stuart and Margaret Dun-Waters never associated, or even spoke to one another until just prior to Dun-Waters death. But J.C. remained a close friend of Katie's and would walk from Fintry Proper to Burnside each afternoon for tea.

Many of the orchard workers were of Japanese origin. Mr. Gray remembers them all as being very able and conscientious people. Many of them (or their families) are still living in the Okanagan. Names like Ozumi, Sakakibara, Sasaki, Sugawara, Ouchi Kaneda and more. Many of them lived in an area called the Japanese Camp, which was on the north bank of Shorts Creek between Burnside and the dairy barn. Butch Kaneda and Angus Gray rebuilt the suspension

bridges at the upper falls about 1943. They had become weakened over the years and were completely re-built for $900.00 An engineer had previously estimated it to be a $2,500.00 job. In those days, the bridges were not decked and to cross the chasm a person had to balance their way across atop a 12" wooden pipe. Mr. Gray recalls seeing several otherwise brave men crossing it on their hands and knees!

There were two boathouses at Fintry, one at the north corner of Fintry delta and the other just north of the packing house. In 1935 Dun-Waters had a power launch moored in the boathouse adjacent to the packing house. This boat had been re-fitted some months before with a 1934 Wolseley engine that burned high-octane aviation gasoline. One nice summer day in 1935, Dun-Waters and his wife were preparing to go out in the boat, but were unable to start the new engine. Mr. Gray was assisting the Laird in cranking it. Apparently gasoline had accumulated in the bilge and was somehow sparked. The whole boat exploded in a ball of fire. Dun-Waters was sitting at the bow, near the overhead door of the boathouse and escaped without injury. But the Laird and Mr. Gray were farther back and a considerable distance from safety. Gray pushed Dun-Waters over one side of the boat; then dove over the other side of the boat. Gray was a powerful swimmer, and although he was seriously burned on his face, arms and hands, managed to drag Dun-Waters under water and out by the boathouse door. Just as Gray cleared the entrance way, the heavy overhead door came crashing shut. If they'd been a few seconds slower, they'd have been trapped in the inferno and would have certainly perished. As it was, the entire structure burned down and one of the Laird's beloved airedale dogs was lost.

In 1936, realizing he had no heirs to pass on his estate to, the Laird tried to find a suitable buyer for Fintry. His search was in vain. In 1938 he gave it all; except the Burnside house and grounds, to the London, England based Fairbridge Farms Training School.

One day in the summer of 1939, Capt. Dun-Waters treated all the Fairbridge School boys to a dinner at the National Hotel in Vernon. For dessert, they all had ice cream, and under the ice cream, each boy found a shiny new silver dollar!

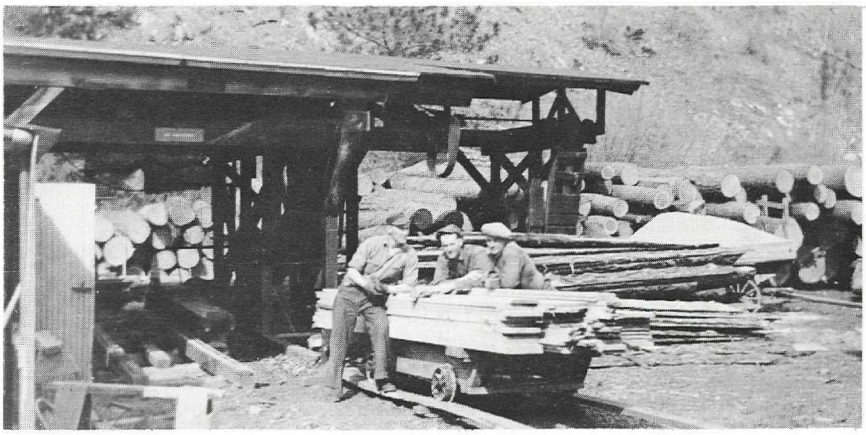
Almost every person I've talked to has a different, usually humorous, anecdote to tell of Dun-Waters. He was a great walker, sometimes walking many miles just for exercise and pleasure. Once, after walking several miles towards O'Keefe's, he stopped at a farm and asked the lady if she would make him up a lunch to eat, and the lady, thinking him to be just another transient passing through, told him he would have to chop some wood to earn it. So Dun-Waters went to the back of the house and began chopping wood. The farmer's small son came out and got to chatting with him. Dun-Waters pulled two silver dollars from his purse and gave them to the lad, the boy possibly never had such a sum of his own and ran into the kitchen to show his mother.

After a few minutes the lad returned and Dun-Waters asked him what his mother had said. The youngster replied "Mother says you can stay for lunch, tea and dinner, too."

In the fall of 1939, James Cameron Dun-Waters died of prostate cancer. In his will, he had left Burnside and its furnishings to Geordie Stuart. A trust had been set up to care for Mrs. Dun-Waters and Miss Stuart.

Geordie Stuart passed away about 10 years ago and Katie a few years later. At this time (July 1974) Mrs. Dun-Waters lives in Kelowna.

Fairbridge Farms school was mainly financed through charitable donations from Great Britain. So, when strict pound sterling export regulations were established there after the second world war, Fairbridge found itself without sufficient funds, and in 1948 it folded.



Sawmill at rear of Round Barn. L - R. Norton Would, Elmer Clarke, Bill Hooker.

Fintry passed through several owners during the next 15 years, with little effort made to maintain it in the manner it so rightly deserved. Fintry was purchased in the early 1960's by Mrs. Ronald Graham of Vancouver for $215,000. Since then it has been managed by her son Arthur Bailey, who lives with his wife and two sons in what is now called the Manor house. When Miss Stuart passed away, her property was left to her nephew, Rod Stuart and his wife. They now occupy Burnside.

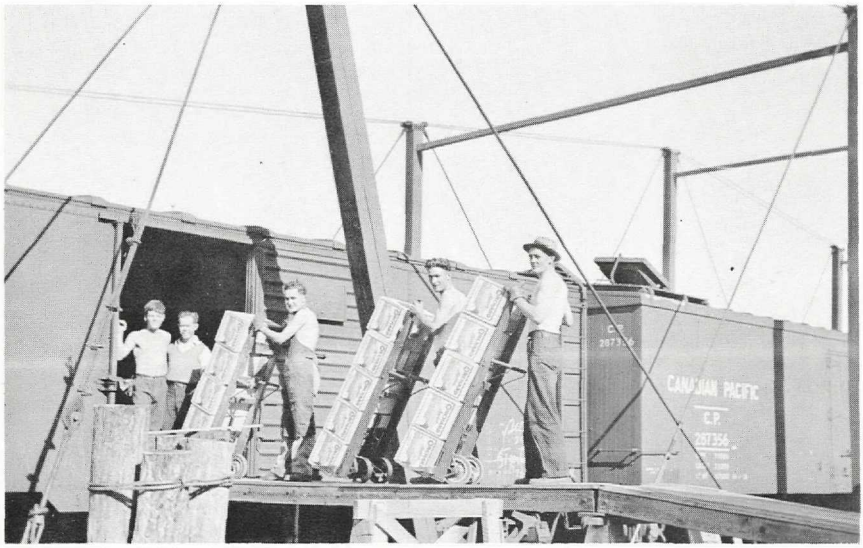
But Fintry is only a shadow now, of its former splendid self. The orchards are mostly gone, so is the curling rink, blacksmith shop, power house, Old Bunkhouses, ice house and both boat houses. The Round Barn horse barn and hay barn still exist, but have fallen into disrepair.

The C.P.R. wharf is mostly gone and the adjacent packinghouse has been turned into a pleasant beverage room. The inside walls are lined with relics of the horse and buggy era, including Dun-Waters' trim old cutter and a small coach.

Fintry Estate is now the last large piece of lake-front property on Okanagan Lake north of Kelowna. Its spectacular suspension bridges, which span a deep chasm; its series of little known waterfalls; (the last of which has a vertical drop of 130'), its many hiking trails and bridle paths; its multitude of old barns and log houses stretching from Okanagan Lake to the green meadows of Fintry High Farm (4 miles west), all contribute to the recreational potential of this place.

If, as the experts predict, the population of the Okanagan valley is to double in the next 12 - 15 years, then action should be taken immediately by the provincial government to ensure that such places as this will always be freely available to us and our children.

What an imcomparable recreational park complex this historically interesting estate could be!



Loading apples at C.P.R. wharf, Fintry. L - R. Henry Brayfield (a Fairbridge boy), Stan Taylor - packinghouse foreman, Ewen Gray - Angus Gray's son, Art Harrop, Elmer Clarke.

SOURCES

Interviews with the following persons:

Mr. Angus Gray - General Manager of Fintry 1924 - 1948; in May, June and August, 1974.
Mrs. J.C. Dun-Waters; May 1974.
Mr. and Mrs. Art Harrop; May 1974.
Mr. and Mrs. Wilf Potter; during 1973, 1974.
Mr. Art Bailey, present General Manager of Fintry; during 1973, 1974.
Mr. and Mrs. Rod Stuart, June, 1974.
Mr. T. Carney; May 1974.
Dr. H. Alexander; July 1974.
Canadian Homes and Gardens; May 1931.

Dead files of the Vernon News.
Miss C. Stuart's 1924 diary.

THE MAZAMA STORY

By: Rex Chapman

Chapman family at Mazama. Photo copy Eric Sismey.

The story of Mazama, like that of many small communities, centres round one family. When John Spencer Chapman, L.L. B., Freeman of the City of London and not long from his law practice, homesteaded thirty miles northwest of Summerland on Trout Creek, it might have looked to some as a passport to failure in establishing himself and his family in a new and rugged land.

In 1913, he recorded a pre-emption of 160 acres of land at the point where Trout Creek crossed the old pack trail known locally as the Hope Trail. This trail from Peachland, through Glen Robinson to Thirsk, thence west, past Osprey Lake down the Five Mile valley to Princeton was used in early days as a shortcut between Princeton and Okanagan Mission, and the fording place of Trout Creek was known as Princeton Crossing.

In 1913, the Kettle Valley Railroad grade had been completed west to Osprey Lake and steel was to be laid late that fall. A tote road by which four horse teams hauled freight to serve the construction camps was built. Competing with the Railway track for a foothold in some stretches of the Trout Creek Canyon it was the only access till work trains moved through in 1914 to be followed by a regular service the next year.

The Chapman family comprising, beside Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, their daughter and three sons, of whom the writer is the second, and Miss Maclure, a companion of Mrs. Chapman's, moved in late in the fall by wagon from Peachland via Garnet Valley Dam, past the Monro farm in Meadow Valley, thence from Faulder, up over the Bald Range. Crossing and re-crossing Trout Creek ten times on bridges that were soon to disappear along with most of the road through the canyon, brought them at last to the log cabin and tent which were to see them through the first winter till others were thrown together.

Looking back one can realize the immensity of the problems of adjusting to a complete reversal from the way of life to which my parents had been accustomed. My father, after getting his degree at the University of London, developed a prosperous law practice in the city. In 1909 he suffered a severe breakdown in health and with the loss of health went the loss of money. The desire for an outdoor life in new surroundings led to the decision to emigrate.

He came over that year and the rest of the family crossed the Atlantic in the White Star "Laurentic" the following May to join him on a farm in Washington. Two years passed before moving north to Peachland in the Okanagan.

My mother, an only child brought up in a sheltered home, knew all the important things about running a well appointed home — with five or six servants. But between managing a cook and learning to cook — with only the barest essentials — lay a wide gulf. A great courage plus

her devotion to her family imbued her ninety pound body with an incredible strength and endurance. Though seriously ill for several years in middle life she lived to the age of ninety-one — sixty-two years after marrying my father, who passed away three years before her death. They spent their last few years in Summerland.

I never knew my father to be ill while on the ranch though in 1918 an injured ankle became infected. My younger brother and I carried him after two days of delirium to the train stop and got him to Penticton just in time. After two months in hospital he was able to return home but was quite lame for the rest of his life. He was blessed with an unquenchable optimism which carried him over many a rough spot.

Iza, the oldest of the family married in 1915 and followed her husband to England in the War.

Harry enlisted at Vernon and after being not-too-seriously wounded in France, transfered to the Royal Naval Air Service, returning home in 1919. He remained at the ranch till the early thirties when he moved to Vancouver Island where he died in 1965.

The youngest son, Donald, stayed with the ranch till the finish then moved to Summerland. He died in 1954 as he would have chosen — in the hills, with his boots on.

The Chapman ranch at Mazama. Photo copy Eric Sismey.

One other member of the group was Miss Maclure who came to us as governess in 1902 and after we left England found she wanted to rejoin "her family". Her mother instincts were transfered to the kittens, puppies and young calves.

A sawmill was already established a mile east of the homestead managed by Fred Demuth for the Inland Development Company, primarily for cutting ties and bridge timbers for construction westward. The crew, though mostly itinerant, had a number of families. These with a few homesteaders near Osprey Lake along with the railway section crews furnished enough names to persuade the Postal Department to authorize a post office at the Chapman home. It was then named Princeton Crossing and my mother was installed as postmistress at a salary of ten dollars a month.

My father became mail courier, by contract, for five dollars a week. This called for one trip weekly to Summerland to exchange outgoing for incoming mail bags. Many of these trips coincided with wagon trips for supplies. Sometimes a ride hitched by speeder or occasional work train served the purpose but for the most part the job was done by saddle horse.

Since my older brother Harry was old enough to work out and my younger brother Don too small to lift the mail bags, I was elected to make the weekly ride, in on Friday and home on Saturday. I seem to recall doing this most of one summer and I shall always remember the warmth of hospitality of those I passed along the way.

Of course, the built in expenses - stabling of one or two horses at English's or Hookhams Livery Stables, meals and bed - encroached heavily on the five dollars but the existence of The

Post Office brought other rewards. It not only gave us a regular mail service without which the isolation would have been severe, but also brought in the neighbours for their mail. Thus the Chapman home, far yet from being a ranch, became the nucleus that was to become Mazama. Lest the two names cause further confusion, it should be explained that the name Princeton Crossing brought about some confusion with nearby Princeton and the Department asked that a new name be submitted forthwith.

My father had warm memories of a stay with friends at Mazama in the State of Washington, a little settlement near the head of the Methow river. So the name "Mazama" chosen more for euphony than for any significance - Spanish for Mountain Sheep - was authorized as the new name of the young post office. Incidentally during the life of the two Mazamas exactly three pieces of mail were delivered to the wrong one.

When a railway was built through a new territory it was always followed, and sometimes anticipated, by a spate of homestead recordings few of which were, except in a token way, to conform with the requirements of the law, or were ever improved to any extent. Some indeed were taken up by land hungry would-be farmers but many townsmen took advantage of the "Something for nothing" angle and of these a few held on to cash in on the sale of the timber and occasionally the land itself before abandonment. From Kirton west and over the divide and down the Five Mile Creek valley, the bottom had a nearly continuous string of surveyed lots and most of these were taken up. It is interesting to note the roupings of pre-emptions recorded by people from different areas.

Near Kirton were two half section lots taken up by the Innis brothers of Keremeos. Then two or three representing Naramata. Next, Pete Williams, Jack Buchan and two Shurstons from Keremeos with E.N. Rowley of Summerland who added the Buchan place to his own, did considerable clearing and farmed it for a few years. In the vicinity of Thirsk there was an invasion from Kelowna. Some of the names I recall are Barnes, Benson, Leader, Johnson, Collett, Chic, Hinkson, Weddel and Sulivan. Then Peachland got a look in with Laidlaw, Chapman, Fleming, Tillbrook, Cutbill, Lee and Ramsay.

From Link Lake west the pattern changed. A residue from railroad construction, the odd camp cook, tie-maker, and rock-worker together with a sprinkling of retired (?) prospectors filled in the gaps between genuinely farm-oriented homesteaders. This varied assortment as distinct from the speculative homesteaders, did indeed make their homes there and either eked out a living on their places or returned to them when not working out.

This account would be remiss if it did not give due credit to the Kettle Valley Railway. It not only furnished the life line for the area midway between the Okanagan towns and Princeton, bridging a gap of sixty miles, but also supported logging operations, tiemaking and cutting of firewood. Working on the section gangs brought in many a pay cheque to the settlers. The high elevation with its cool nights and heavy dew gave a special flavour and texture to the hardy root vegetables and Mazama turnips became another export with a useful cash return.

When regular service of passenger trains with express coaches started, the mail was carried by train with two exchanges a week. Though the Company was reluctant to gazette Mazama on their time table it being only two miles east of Osprey Lake, it became an authorized stop for westbound trains on Wednesday and Saturday nights for the mail. A further concession of great convenience to us was in agreeing to stop the eastbound morning train by "flagging" on those two days.

The train crews were all our friends whom we came to know well, especially those who rose from the original work trains to command the passenger trains. They rarely failed to "bend" the rules if asked on a non-stop night to slow down at Mazama. Occasionally if a "stuffy" conductor would refuse on the grounds that it was breaking rules, a sympathetic trainman would pull the cord while the conductor kept out of sight. In those far off days the railway was not the dehumanized, computerized machine it is today but a thing of steam and steel brought to life by men proud of their jobs and their skills in their performance. Among the agents, maintenance men and train crews are many friends not to be forgotten.

The Chapman ranch grew slowly through the years. Further pre-empting and the purchase of homesteads in the Hatheume Lake area produced a source of wild hay for winter feed and the purchase of the Rowley place near Kirton tied in the operation with the Trout Creek rangeland. Eventually a herd of five hundred cattle bore the S reverse C brand and round-up in the fall often found animals as far removed as Summerland in the southeast and Minnie Lake in the Nicola country.

In 1928 the old ranch house, which was in reality a loosely connected jumble of log cabins, gave way to a twelve room frame house. The post office continued to occupy a locked cupboard during inactive periods and the dining table for mailsorting. My mother continued as postmistress for a span of nearly thirty five years. The salary remained the same, but in recognition of long service she received a button from a grateful government department.

In those far-off days before T.V., before radio and, one might say, before roads, reading was the principal means of recreation. A box of books from the travelling library service at Victoria,

exchangeable every three months or so, became a permanent feature at the ranch and those who came for their mail would also have a choice from a hundred books. An accommodating librarian would on request include works on specific subjects or in foreign languages. One sometimes wondered if a book, selected on the sole criterion of language always satisfied the literary hunger of the reader!

Travellers, often government men of some variety, frequently stopped over as did others who found the midway spot between towns a convenient place to break their journey, providing a welcome exchange of views and news. And of course during the between-wars depression there were hoboes by the dozen. Never was a hungry one turned away without something to eat.

Except for the mail keys, which my mother kept safely under her pillow, there was no lock or key on the place or on any of the outlying ranches which were unoccupied for long periods. In my recollection nothing was ever stolen till better roads brought more cars from farther away. Then some losses occurred suggesting some sort of inverse ratio between diminishing honesty and increasing distances.

Somewhere along the line my father was appointed Justice of the Peace, filling a long felt need in the area for someone with the power to administer oaths. With a solitary exception this was the only duty he, as J.P., performed but it saved many from expensive trips to town. This one occasion resulted from a neighborhood quarrel culminating in information being laid of an infraction of a regulation under the Game Act. With my father presiding at the bench, Max Ewart, Game Warden prosecuting and incidentally bringing the complainant and defendant to the trial, Court was held. Over cups of tea the case was heard, verdict rendered and sentence passed. Fine of Ten Dollars — Suspended.

Up till the end of the Second World War, game was plentiful though moose had not reached as far south till the early forties. Deer, which had been slaughtered heavily for meat during railway construction built up to immense numbers. Grouse were plentiful and fish, left to their own devices, maintained their balance. Whether they were more or less numerous in the lakes then or now I cannot say, but they were certainly less sophisticated than their distrustful descendants of today. The trapping of fur bearers, in spite of widely fluctuating prices provided a welcome addition to many a meagre income.

The settlers, to put it diplomatically, were wont to interpret the game regulations according to their lights, or one might say, liberally. On one point all agreed. Always mince out of season venison when the game warden stopped for dinner. It saved him embarrassment.

Earlier mention was made of the disappearance of the tote road through the Trout Creek Canyon. To service the railway construction camp the tote road was continued west in 1914 to connect Osprey Lake with Princeton and this road till 1933 was the only road access to Mazama. In that year a volunteer crew from Peachland built a token road over a short gap between the Glen and Thirsk. A reluctant Government was persuaded to accept and improve it. Rough and hazardous as it was it did provide an alternate route to that via Princeton. Almost invariably if one drove to town one way, the other route would be chosen to return on the theory that it might be better but could not be worse. It was improved somewhat when better access was needed for the construction of the concrete horizontal-arch-type storage dam near Thirsk.

In 1944 consequent on an undertaking to build two bridges across Trout Creek near Kirton and a respectable cash donation to the department, the Public Works sent in a bulldozer and gouged out a pilot road over the Bald Range, thereby giving Mazama a direct road to Summerland. In later years long distance log hauling resulted in all these roads being greatly improved.

While the beginnings of Mazama has been easy to depict, its end is harder to define. The removal of the remaining Chapmans to live in Summerland, closure of the Post Office, cessation of the Mazama mailstop, a diminished rail service all pointed to the end. By this time no pre-War-two residents remained and improved roads gave ready access to the towns.

Soon after its sale the old ranch house was burned to the ground leaving only the granite fireplace and chimney a gaunt and lonely sentinel.

Then, it too, fell.

THE DICK PARKINSON STORY

By:
Martha Prytula

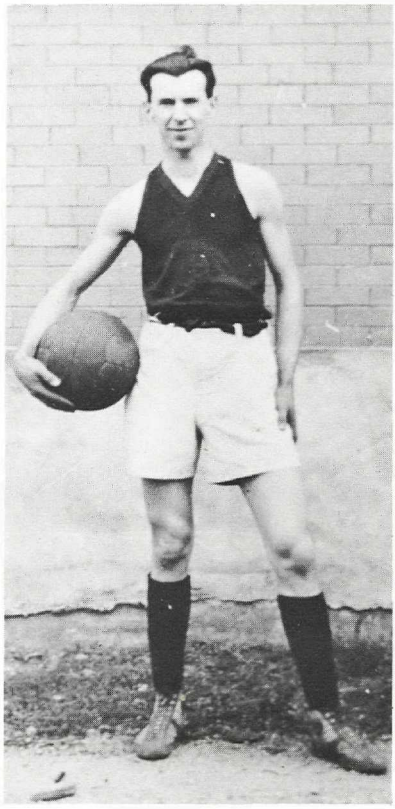
The portrait is framed in an old-fashioned cameo setting. Two little fair-haired boys - about five and six years of age, decked out in crisp, white sailor suits with the traditional dark-colored collar and cuffs. A jaunty bow in front and white shoes and socks complete the nautical look. Each boy is clutching a small rolled-up Union Jack flag. The expression on their handsome little faces is quite noncommittal - neither smiling, neither sombre. As though they really don't know what to make of the whole affair.

This portrait was taken more than sixty-five years ago. And the two little boys were all dressed up to go to their first Kelowna Regatta.

Reminiscing over this portrait recently, the older of the two boys said "All I can remember about our first Regatta is that my brother and I were darned embarrassed to be dressed up in those sissy sailor suits when we knew most of our friends would be tearing around having fun."

Had that little boy been able to gaze into a crystal ball those many years ago he might have seen what that sailor suit would lead him to. A lifetime passion for the Kelowna Regatta; an inner fire that would make him, above all other people, a living symbol of this now internationally acclaimed water show. Maybe that little white sailor suit triggered the inspiration that led the grown man to promote the attire that is now the official symbol of the Kelowna Regatta - the white commodore's hat.

For the older boy in this portrait is none other than Richard Francis Parkinson, better known as Dick, also known as Mr. Jaycee, Mr. Alderman, Mr. Mayor, Mr. Okanagan and finally Mr. Everything. But the title which is dearest to him is the title that owes its beginnings to a little white sailor suit - the title of Mr. Regatta.



Dick Parkinson, Captain of the Kelowna Hornets Basketball Team, about 1920.

Dick Parkinson was born on July 2, 1901 in the old rip-roaring mining town of Fairview, B.C. on a slope above what is now Oliver, B.C. His father, Richard H. Parkinson, was a civil engineer who had come to Vancouver from England in the year 1893. His job was to survey mining properties, make surveys for the government and lay out townsites. He married Irene Haynes, a daughter of colourful Judge J.C. Haynes, who was Justice of the Peace, collector of customs at the U.S. - Canadian border as well as being in charge of Indian Affairs. Judge Haynes also owned a large ranch at Osoyoos.

Mr. and Mrs. R.H. Parkinson had three children: Richard (Dick), John (Jack) and a daughter Irene who was called 'Honey' throughout her lifetime.

Of his early childhood in Fairview Dick recalls the hustle and bustle of the mining town. He vaguely remembers seeing some characters whom he now refers to as desperadoes. One event does stand out in his mind; "I was very, very young but I'll never forget it. There was a concert and dance in the Fairview Community Hall and people from miles around, including Princeton, Okanagan Falls and Penticton, came. They all brought along their kids as this was in the days before baby-sitters. During the dance someone came in shouting that the Golden Gate Hotel was on fire. So everyone ran out to see what was happening. In those days everybody travelled by horseback, wagon, or democrat. The horses were all in the livery stables which were also on fire. Even now I can still see the men desperately shoving and pulling the panicky horses out of the stables only to have many of them turn around and run right back into the burning building. I'll never forget seeing those animals running around with their manes on fire."

Late in the year 1906 the Parkinson family moved to Kelowna as the mining boom had subsided and employment in this field had petered out. The following business card appeared in the Kelowna Courier more or less continuously for some years: "Richard H. Parkinson - A.M. Can. Soc. C.E., B.C.L.S., etc., Surveys, Sub-divisions, Irrigation Projects, Reports and Estimates. P.O. Box 137."

The Parkinson's first home in Kelowna was situated in the area of town in which the present Hochelega Apartments stand. As a young boy Dick remembers the area around Pandosy Street bridge as being under water with wooden sidewalks built up over the water. He also remembers the huge yards each home had in those days - a playground in themselves ... "but the mosquitoes were just terrible."

As youngsters, Dick and his sister and brother attended a succession of private schools in Kelowna. "Most of the people who settled in Kelowna at that time were English and they were determined to keep the tradition of the British system of private schools alive. The Venerable Archbishop Greene had a private school in the back of his home, then there was Miss Bachelor's, Miss Plumfield's as well as Mrs. Whitehead's", all of which Dick and his brother attended. Then they spent about three years attending the Chesterfield School on South Pandosy Street.

Because of the emphasis on sports in those schools and also due to their father's interest in games such as cricket, rugby-football, soccer and polo the boys grew up very sports-minded. "My father always encouraged us to play all sports in season."

In 1912 Dick joined the Kelowna Boy Scout Troops - the first scout patrol formed in Kelowna. There were only seven boys in the patrol: two DuMoulin boys, two Groves boys, Holland Burne as well as the two Parkinson boys. They were all friends and neighbors. Mr. DuMoulin was the organizer. Their patrol room was built in the back of one of the large lots (which in those days extended right back to Willow Avenue). It consisted of a wooden frame with a canvas top. Dick threw himself into scouting with all the dedication that was to be the hallmark of all his future undertakings. He earned almost every badge it was possible for him to earn and finally wound up as a King's Scout and an assistant Scout Master (in 1920).

During this time in his life, an event occurred which drastically changed the carefree way of living enjoyed by the Parkinson children. Shortly after the terrible guns of the First World War rumbled their ominous news around the world, their father enlisted. He went overseas with the 2nd Canadian Mounted Rifles. In those days the Canadian Government treated the families of the servicemen extremely well. The Parkinson family was allotted a sum from the Canadian Patriotic fund, received a separation allowance and a part of the father's monthly pay. Then their father made what turned out to be a drastic mistake, at least as far as the family was concerned. Soon after arriving in England he transferred to the English Imperial Army, thus cutting off the family from their source of living. "We had to quit all the pomp and glory of private schools and games and go to work."

But the worst news was still to come. The family received word that their father had been wounded in France. After over a year's convalescence and very little money coming to the family their father wrote that he was almost certain to get a good paying job managing a large estate in southern England. He told them all to apply for passports and be prepared to move to England. "Naturally, that really upset us all as there was no indication as to when we should go and whether we should quit the jobs (such as they were) that the three of us managed to get. As it turned out it was most fortunate that we 'stayed put' in Kelowna as the job my father mentioned didn't materialize."

Dick Sr. died in England in the early 1940's. His brother Gerald, an Anglican minister in England, wrote to Irene Parkinson in a letter dated Dec. 12, 1948: "I think he, like a good many others, got too fond of England and for years was scheming and working to make his fortune. However, now he is gone and we must let bygones be bygones and pray that God will be merciful to all according to his promise ... Meanwhile I should like you to know how very sorry I am you have had to endure such a long separation from him and hope that it has not caused you too much financial strain. I thank God that you have such good children left you ... "

In speaking of those trying times, one of those children, Dick Junior, sums up his feelings in one wistful statement, "I never really had a father since 1914."

By the time the Great War was over the Parkinson children all had jobs. Honey went to work in a cafe, Jack got a job with the Union Oil Co. of British Columbia and Dick drove a truck for the Kelowna Creamery. Their mother opened up the doors of their home to boarders.

Dick was only 15 when he started working at the Creamery. "My day usually started at 5 a.m. when I would drive out as far as Winfield dropping off the empty cream cans. Then I would turn around at Wood Lake and begin picking up the full cans. When I got back to the Creamery I had to test the butterfat and pasteurize the cream. Then a lady employee and I would churn it into butter and wrap it by hand. Some days, after we were finished doing all this, the manager would come around and say 'Dick, we need some chocolate, orange and vanilla ice-cream.' By

this time it was five o'clock in the afternoon but I'd get busy and make that damn ice-cream!"

One experience during his work at the creamery is one he relishes talking about now - but it almost lost him his job then. "One snowy winter's night I loaded up the creamery van with blankets and I, along with five of my friends, started out for Vernon to see a hockey game. The snow was falling heavily and no other vehicles were on the road. It was so bad we couldn't even see where the centre of the road was. At the old Rock Bluff (about six miles beyond Oyama) we saw car headlights coming our way. We took it easy as did the other car. We barely passed one another. Then we both stopped. To my utter horror the other car carried the Kelowna Creamery directors returning from a meeting in Vernon! Two days later the directors had a meeting at which I had to appear. Three of them were all for firing me. The other three: Mike Hereron, Sam Elliot and W.R. Powley were for giving me a break. They pointed out to the others that, after all, they were young once and probably did some stupid things too. So I got off with a real tough tongue lashing."

After six or seven years with the creamery, Dick went to work for George Rowcliffe Ltd., an independent fruit shipping house. It was the days before central selling and Dick describes it as a bit of a 'cut-throat business.' "We started a system of getting, through CP Express, the names of food retailers in many prairie towns. Then we sat up till all hours of the night putting together packages of fruit and vegetables and just sending them out with an invoice attached. Once in awhile the odd shipment would be turned down but most of them were accepted and paid for."

In the following years Dick went to the prairies and opened up fruit houses in Calgary, Saskatoon and Regina. "We would ship a carload of fruit to these houses and they in turn would sell the fruit to the retailers."

His fruit-peddling career on the prairies also extended to selling bulk apples from freight cars. "We'd hire a cattle-type of railroad car and build about three huge bins at each end with an open space in the middle of the car. Then I would go out to the prairies and scout all the larger towns (the ones that had the most elevators). Then I'd tell the elevator agent that we'd be having a carload of apples in on a certain day and would he pelase pass the news to the farmers as they came to the elevator. I'd then go and see the chief operator at the telephone office and ask her if she would mind getting a hold of the 'chattiest' person on each party line to pass on the news that there'd be a carload of apples on the tracks at a certain date. This system worked marvelously well at the cost of a box of chocolates for the head operator! It was just amazing the way those people would come in with all sorts of containers to take their apples home in - from tubs to sacks to piano boxes. I'd Just get a broad shovel and dump the apples in their containers and then weigh them. They'd pay me and go off as happy as can be."

This happy state of affairs lasted for a good number of years until the retail merchants complained because they were losing business. One day, without warning, the RCMP padlocked the freight car. The whole problem was finally resolved by getting the owner of one of the larger stores to work with him on a percentage basis using his counter check books for recording sales.

During the seasons of the year when he wasn't away "pushing" B.C. apples on the prairies, Dick was very involved in the sports circles of the city of Kelowna, especially during the Twenties and Thirties. Because of his height he was a natural for basketball. From an April, 1927 edition of the Kelowna Courier we have this sports item: "Kelowna Hornets won the provincial Senior B title, defeating Nanaimo 31-30 in a thrilling finish. With the score tied 30-30, Dick Parkinson sank a free shot to put Kelowna one point ahead."

And from the same paper, dated August 10, 1934: "When one thinks of Kelowna and sports one must think of Dick Parkinson. He is the centre of all sports lines and that does not mean just in Kelowna but in the entire valley. He has his fingers in every sports pie. He is a master at organization. He has an untiring source of energy and a pleasant word for and about everybody. Outside of the Regatta, which is Dick's pride and joy, his affections have a great tendency to lean towards basketball ... He is the secretary of the basketball association. He is considered the head man ... Parkinson is the coach of the Kelowna team ... Baseball demands a certain amount of interest at present and there are seven teams competing in the local league. Here again Dick does his stuff most proficiently ..."

Dick also managed several Kelowna basketball teams for twelve years, coached a girls team and became president of the B.C. Interior Basketball Association and was a member of the executive of the provincial organization. He held the presidency of the Interior Lacrosse team and was also the president of the Kelowna Baseball club.

And somehow he still found time to serve for six years as a member of the Kelowna Volunteer Fire Brigade.

Dick's involvement in sports eventually led to involvement in civic affairs. In 1936 he started the Kelowna Junior Board of Trade and was its first president and the only one to serve in this capacity for two years. "I started it as a protest because I thought the older businessmen in town at the time weren't doing anything. One of our early projects at the time was house numbering and making maps of city streets. We encouraged sports and constantly nagged the council for more playing fields and more parks."

The Junior Board of Trade was also very active along with other groups and individuals, in promoting the illfated Naramata Road. "Every weekend and holiday in spring and in fall a bunch of us would get together and head out to work on the road. Our equipment was mostly pick and shovel and the odd bulldozer. We'd pack our lunches and spend a whole day there. We got the road as far as a spot just short of Rocky Point. It was a fruitless effort. Our aim was to shame the government into doing something but it didn't work." Those who turned out for work parties a number of times were awarded a 'Shovel Sheckel' about the size of the long forgotten 25c shin plaster!

To read about the extent of Dick's involvement in organizations and civic affairs in his lifetime is enough to boggle the mind.

At the age of 38 Dick was elected alderman for his first term on Dec. 14, 1939. A feature column in the Kelowna Courier entitled IN THE SPOTLIGHT turned its beams on the new 'baby' member of the council. Besides listing all the afore-mentioned activities, the Spotlight went on to say: "He was chairman of the housing committee during the provincial Liberal convention held here in 1938, a position upon which depended the reputation of Kelowna as a convention city. He performed the same task for the Gyros for their convention about three years ago. He is a member of the Parks Board and a past president of the B.C. Chamber of Commerce. The Kelowna Division of the War Activities fund for this district was made under his guiding hand. In the fall he delights in hunting the elusive pheasant and duck and in the summer can be persuaded to go fishing anytime, providing he is not called to about six meetings. From this accounting one would imagine he never works at his official job, but he is manager of Crown Fruit Co. - fruit packers and shippers ..."

And from all these accounts one would wonder when he found the time for his most abiding interest - for his pride and joy - the Kelowna Regatta. But he did.

To Be Continued.

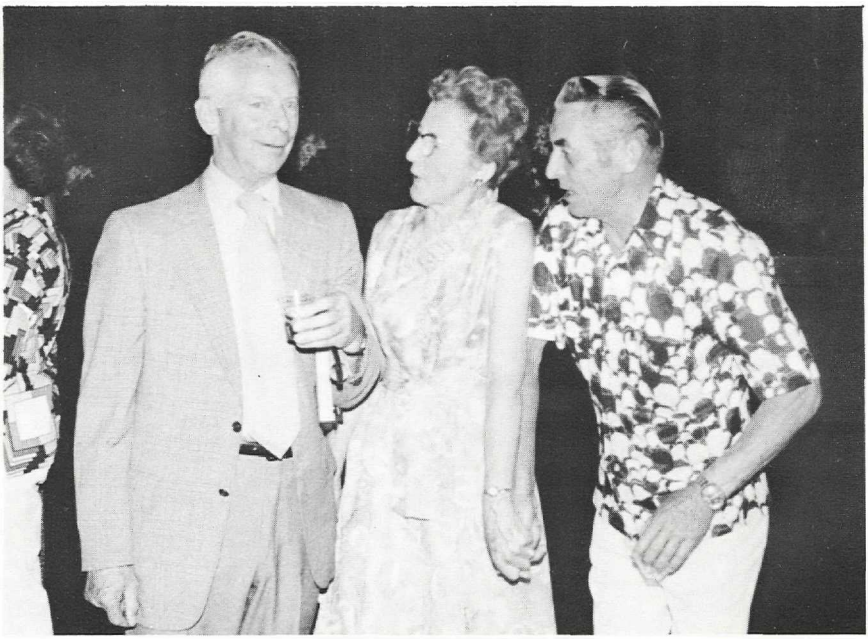


Photo taken on the occasion of Dr. W.H. White's retirement at the Penticton Peach Bowl, July 24, 1974.

Figures L. to R.: Dr. (Bill) W.H. White, Past President Penticton Branch, Mollie Broderick, Secretary Penticton Branch. Doug H. Gawne, Treasurer Penticton Branch. Eric Sismey photo.

OBITUARIES

WILLIAM LIDDICOAT

A pioneer of the Hedley district, who worked in the Nickel Plate mine in 1909 and enlisted in the 7th Battalion of the B.C. Regiment in August, 1914, died in April 1974.

He is survived by his wife, Frances and five children. One of his daughters is Mrs. Frances Peck, mayor of Keremeos.

FRANK McCULLOCH

Frank George (Red) McCulloch, whose father was the C.P.R. Superintendant who built the Kettle Valley railway, died in July 1974, in Westbank at the age of 69. Surviving are his wife Mary, a son Andrew, a daughter Dr. Ruth Lowther and a sister, Mrs. Fraser (Ruth) Macorquodale.

MR. AND MRS. DANIEL P. O'CONNELL

Mr. and Mrs. D.P. O'Connell, died in January 1974, in the Penticton Regional Hospital; Mrs. O'Connell on January 6th and Mr. O'Connell on January 23rd. Mrs. O'Connell was the former Edna Beatty. Dan was the elementary school principal, later supervising principal for many years until his retirement in June, 1961. He was born in Wellington, B.C. in 1895 and came to Penticton in 1924. He served in the First World War and was wounded. In 1952 he was named Penticton's "Good Citizen." The O'Connell Elementary School was named in his honour.

He did a great deal to promote sports within the elementary school system and was always active in sports outside of school.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Connell are survived by two daughters, Mrs. John (Maureen) Nodwell and Mrs. Larry (Claire) Lowe; two sons, Kevin and Larry.

ROY CLIFFORD PICKERING

Roy Clifford Pickering, 70, died May 13, 1974. Born in Paris, Ontario, October 16, 1903, he came to Penticton with his parents in 1914.

He worked as a packing plant foreman and manager in the fruit industry for many years.

Later he was associated with a real estate firm until his retirement in 1970.

Surviving are his wife Ruby, four sisters and one brother.

EDITH LAMBERT SHARP

A well-known writer of children's books and articles died in Surrey in July, 1974. Miss Sharp, born in Manitoba, came to Penticton as a child where she lived until the late '60's.

Her most noted work was "Nkwala of the Salish" published in 1957. This book won her the Little Brown Award for the best manuscript for children's books. In 1958 she won the Governor General's Award for children's books. World-wide achievement was gained in 1960 with the winning of the Hans Christian Anderson Award.

"Nkwala" was preceded by the publication of several articles and stories. In Penticton, an elementary school was named for her youthful hero Nkwala as well as a nearby mountain. Her book was translated into several languages. The Department of Education in B.C. uses her book as a text which has proven fascinating reading for young people as well as giving a true picture of the native peoples of the southern interior. She is survived by her father, Charles L. Sharp and brothers Paul, Dick and David.

MRS. J.G. SWALES
MRS. GEORGE ROBERTSON SR.

Two pioneer sisters, Mrs. Vera Gladys Swales aged 76, and Mrs. Kathleen May Robertson, aged 78, both of Kaleden, died instantly in a car crash on November 23, 1973.

Mrs. Swales, nee Vera King, moved to Kaleden in 1910 with her father, the late Edwin King, and her brother F.W. King. They lived in a tent while Mr. King and his son built a house and Vera looked after the homemaking. The rest of the family, including Kathleen, came from England where both sisters were born.

Vera worked in packing houses in Kaleden and Penticton in the 1920's and won packing championships.

Vera and John Swales were married on April 20, 1921, the first couple to be wed in the Baptist Church in Kaleden.

She was a member of the Okanagan Historical Society, the Rebekah Lodge and the I.O.D.E. in Penticton.

Mrs. Swales is survived by two sons, J.E. (Ted) Swales of Penticton, District Horticulturist and Leonard Swales, Kaleden. She was predeceased by her husband in July, 1973.

Mrs. Robertson, the former Kathleen King, married George Robertson, about sixty years ago. He operated a trucking business before he died in 1967.

Mrs. Robertson was active in community organizations, including the Woman's Auxiliary to the Community Hall at Kaleden, and the I.O.D.E. in Penticton.

She is survived by three sons, George and John of Kaleden, and James, Prince George.

MRS. ADDIE BYERS

Daughter of S.C. Smith, she came to Vernon aged seven years on the first train of the Shuswap and Okanagan Railway. Married to William Herbert Byers in 1908; they homesteaded east of Lumby. A life member of the I.O.D.E., she died on November 19, 1973, survived by a son Ted of Vernon and a brother, C.C. Smith.

MRS. KATHLEEN GRAY

A life-long resident of Vernon, Kathleen Gray, nee Balcombe, was a member of a pioneer family in the district. She died December 18, 1973. She is survived by her daughter, Doreen Guy, one son, Allan Proctor and three brothers, Arthur, Norman and Ron Balcombe.

JOHN ALEXANDER ILLINGTON

Died August 25, 1973 in his 81st year. Born in England in 1882, he came to Canada at 18 and homesteaded in the Peace River. Joined the army in 1914 and was commissioned from the ranks, later joined the R.C.M.P. He was deputy sheriff, magistrate, coroner and juvenile court judge. He is survived by his wife, Alma and a daughter, Mrs. Muriel Nichols.

MRS. BLANCHE STEWART

Born in England in 1876, she was married to John B. Stewart in 1900, came to B.C. in 1912 and settled near Armstrong. A trained telegrapher, she joined the Dominion Government Telegraphs at Vernon in 1913, when her husband became ill. She retired in 1941 after serving as office manager for 28 years. A member of All Saints Church and of the Vernon Business and Professional Women's Club, she is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Blanch Smith, Mrs. Howard Jeal and a son, John B. Stewart.

DOLPHE BROWNE

Born in Ireland, he died February 3, 1974 in Vancouver, aged 81. He was president of Dolphe Browne Ltd., fruit packers and of Inland Ice and Cold Storage in Vernon. A past president of the Chamber of Commerce and ardent Rotarian, he is survived by his brother William Browne of Kelowna.

MRS. FRED J. CULL

Died April 4, 1974, aged 93 years. Born at Stratford-on-Avon, she was a nursing sister and served in military hospitals during the South African war. She and her husband had a dairy farm on Pleasant Valley road, Vernon and lived there for 28 years. She is survived by a son Ron and two daughters, Mrs. Evelyn Nye and Mrs. Mildred Sowerby.

MISS MARGARET BING

Died on December 3, 1973, as a result of a car accident. Born in Edmonton, Alta., September 29, 1913, Miss Bing moved to Enderby in 1956, where she became well known as a music teacher and made a valuable contribution to the young people of the community. Survived by her mother, Mrs. M. Bing, one sister, Mrs. Rose Critchlow and three brothers, Charles, Richard and George Bing.

MAJOR MICHAEL McGUIRE

Died November 16, 1973 in his 84th year. He was born in England and came to Vernon in 1911. He went overseas with the 2nd Canadian Mounted Rifles in 1915; wounded in 1916, he returned with the rank of major. He worked with the Soldier Settlement Board, managed orchards and a packinghouse. He was also manager of Independant Fruit Shippers and of Federated Shippers, he was president of the Canadian Horticultural Council. In 1940 he joined the B.C. Dragoons. At the end of the 1939-45 war he was in command of various camps for disabled persons in Europe. He was married to Effie Kidston of Coldstream in 1915, she survives him as does his daughter Mrs. J.E. (Janet) Jones.

MRS. STEPHEN TEMPLE

Died December 17th, 1973. She was an active member of the musical community in Vernon since the 1920's. Conducted junior and senior choirs of the Methodist Church and was choir leader at Vernon United Church. An inspirational singing teacher, charter member of Vernon Branch, B.C. Music Teachers' Association and director of Vernon Operatic Society. She was survived by her husband (see following notice) and one brother.

STEPHEN HENRY TEMPLE

Died March 15, 1974, he was born in Yorkshire and came to Vernon in 1909. Enlisted in the Canadian army in 1914, was gassed and wounded in 1916. He worked with the Soldier Settlement Board in Vernon, the Federated Shippers, was a fruit inspector and later engaged in real estate business. He was active in the North Okanagan Community Concerts Association and tenor soloist with Trinity United Church choir. Survived by one neice and two nephews.

WILLIAM JOHN SHIELDS

Born near Lindsay, Ont. in 1884, he died August 28, 1973. He came to Lumby in 1907 as manager for the Megaw general store. He remained in the grocery business, as manager and later owner, until retirement. In 1910 he was married to Birdie Waffle of Coboconk, Ont. who survives him.

JOHN G. SWALES

A link with pioneer days in Kaleden was broken with the death July 7, 1973 of J.G. Swales.

He was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1888 and emigrated to Nelson in 1911. He came to Penticton in 1919 where he worked at the British Columbia Growers' packing house.

Mr. Swales married Vera King of Kaleden April 20, 1921. He was in charge of the Kaleden Irrigation District from 1921 until 1945, from then until his death he assisted with the operation of a family-owned service station in Kaleden.

Mr. Swales was survived by his wife, two sons, Ted of Penticton and Leonard of Kaleden.

JOHN (JACK) GALBRAITH

Passed away on April 13, 1974 Mr. John (Jack) Galbraith who had lived here since 1913. He was in the plumbing and heating business, selling it to Ernie Winter in 1947. He was an Alderman, an organizing member of the Kelowna Gyro Club. He was 85.

MISS NANCY GALE

Miss Nancy Gale died on January 17th, 1974 following a lengthy illness. She taught in the High School in Kelowna for many years. She was the first woman president of the Canadian Club here, active in Little Theatre, and wrote a booklet on the work of the Kelowna General Hospital Women's Auxiliary.

WILLIAM EDWARD RAYMER

William Edward Raymer, 72, died in June, 1974. He was the son of Kelowna's first Mayor.

MRS. EDITH CATHERINE DROUGHT

Mrs. Edith Catherine Drought died on May 30, 1974, aged 89. In 1904, she and her husband moved to the Okanagan first to Peachland, and then to Westbank.

ALPHONSE OVILA MARTY

Alphonse Ovila Marty, aged 68, had lived in Kelowna since 1906, working for Crawford and Simpson Sawmills, and as a cabinet maker.

MRS. FLORENCE WHITHAM

Mrs. Florence Whitham, aged 69 years, died in May, 1974. Along with her late husband, Donald Whitham, she shared a keen interest in the Okanagan Historical Society.

RICHARD STIRLING

Richard Stirling, aged 77 years, passed away on April 15th, 1974. He was an ardent worker for the Canadian Red Cross Society, and for the Conservative Party.

CHESTER OWEN

Chester Owen, aged 83 years died on April 23, 1974. He came to Canada in 1920, and was in the men's furnishing business until he reitred in 1960. He was a life member of the Kelowna Golf and Country Club, and held the club championship for nine years in a row. He was a member of the Gyro Club and of the Kelowna Board of Trade.

MRS. ETHEL JEAN THORNELOE

Mrs. Ethel Jean Thorneloe, aged 90, died on March 5, 1974. She came to Kelowna in 1910 and was active with St. Mary's Church, East Kelowna.

LT. COL. JAMES DUNLOP GEMMILL

Lt. Col. James Dunlop Gemmill died on Jan. 2, 1974, aged 88. Born in Ottawa in 1885, he pursued a military career. On his return to Canada following W.W. 1 he settled in Winnipeg and worked in the head office of the Hudson's Bay Company there. He moved to Kelowna in 1950 where he was active with St. Michael and All Angels Church, the Lawn Bowling Club and the Red Cross Society.

MRS. CLARA GUIDI

Mrs. Clara Guidi died on March 29, 1974, aged 64 years. She was a member for many years of the Okanagan Historical Society.

MRS. ISABEL SAUCIER

Mrs. Isabel Saucier died on March 29th, 1974 at the age of 64. A daughter of the pioneer Haynes family, her husband Daniel was also a member of a pioneer Okanagan family.

GEORGE WILBER SUTHERLAND

George Wilber Sutherland died on March 16, 1974 at the age of 73. A son of D.W. Sutherland, Kelowna's first school teacher, he was born and eduuated in Kelowna. He opened a garage in the 300 block on Lawrence, and when his father died, took over the furniture and funeral parlour business on Pandosy St. He retired in 1956. He gave Sutherland Park to the Lions Club. An ardent sportsman, he belonged to the Gun Club and loved hunting and fishing. He was Secretary of the Legion Band for many years. He was a Mason, served as an Alderman for the City of Kelowna, and was politically interested in the Liberal party.

MRS. PEARL DAIN

Mrs. Pearl Dain was born in Kelowna in 1891, the daughter of H.W. Raymer, Kelowna's first Mayor.

RUTH MACE EAST

A resident of Vernon for the past 55 years, Ruth Mace East, 94, died on September 20, 1973. She was predeceased by her husband in 1960. She is survived by three sons, John, Charles and Bill, all of the Vernon area and three daughters: Mrs. Winifred Phillips of Vernon; Mrs. Alice Evans of Campbell River; Ruth East of Gibsons; Nine grandchildren; 21 great-grandchildren.

W.W. (Teeny) RYAN

Mr. W.W. (Teeny) Ryan, aged 66 years, a life-long resident of Vernon, passed away December 1, 1973. He is survived by his wife, Annie; one son Welby, of Vernon; one daughter Mrs. Sandy Forrington of Vancouver; three grandsons; one brother, Herb of Willits, California; two sisters, Mrs. Doris Coley of Vernon and Mrs. Nettie Polley of Okanagan Landing.

ROSALIND HODGSON

A former resident of the Vernon area for many years, Rosalind Hodgson passed away at Carlisle, Cumberland, England, on October 23, 1973. She is survived by her husband, Eldred Hodgson, a former Fruit Inspector in Vernon. They resided on Okanagan Lake below Dellcliff for many years before taking up residence beside the Country Club on Lake Kalamalka.

AGNES MOFFATT

Mrs. Agnes Moffatt passed away in Vernon on August 25, 1973 at the age of 96 years. She had been a resident of Vernon for the past 40 years. She is survived by a grandson, Ken Moffatt, of Pierrefones, Quebec, and many friends in the Vernon area.

JOHN (JOCK) REID

Mr. John (Jock) Reid, aged 89 years, passed away in Vernon November 18, 1973. He was a carpenter by trade, and had lived here for 64 years. He is survived by one daughter, Mrs. (Kay) Ashton of Surrey; two sons, Jack of Vernon and Mike of Kamloops; five grandchildren.

GERTRUDE PEARSON

Mrs. Gertrude Pearson passed away in Vernon on March 19, 1974, at the age of 88 years. She had been a resident of Vernon for 46 years. She is survived by one son, Frank and one daughter, Stella Balcombe, both of Vernon; five grandchildren; one sister and one brother in England. Mrs. Pearson was a long-time member of Trinity United Church Choir and took an active part in the life of her church.

ARTHUR ELLIS LEFROY

A life-long resident of Vernon, Arthur Ellis Lefroy, died on May 14, 1974, at the age of 66 years. He was retired Postmaster of Vernon, having succeeded his Father, C.B. Lefroy, to that position, upon his retirement. He is survived by his wife, Jean, 2 sons, Major Donald Lefroy, Saint John, Quebec; Sergeant Colin Lefroy, RCMP, Regina; 1 daughter (Gaile) Mrs. Ed. Hameluck, North Vancouver, 7 grandchildren and 4 brothers.

BEN SAUDER

With the passing of Ben Sauder, March 8, 1974, at the age of 85 years, another old time resident died in the Vernon Jubilee Hospital.

Mr. Sauder was a carpenter by trade and he worked upon many buildings in the city of Vernon. His spare hours were occupied with the art of in-lay work and produced many beautiful specimens of his handiwork.

He was a member of the Golden Age Club upon his retirement and used his many skills in the remodelling of the Club house.

He was a resident of Restholm at the time of his passing and is survived by his wife and many friends in the Vernon area.

MRS. BERTHA ANDREWS

One of Vernon's Centenarians, Mrs. Bertha Ellen Andrews died in Vernon at the age of 101 years on Nov. 10, 1973. Mrs. Andrews was the surviving member among a family of seven girls and one boy. Born in Torquay, Devonshire, England in 1872, she was married in 1906 to Sam Andrews. Together, the couple pioneered in the Cherryville district until 1909. They were the first white people in Cherryville.

She enjoyed talking about the "old days" when Vernon was a one-street town and the fire brigade consisted of four men. They moved here to retire in 1948. She was predeceased by Mr. Andrews in 1956 and by one son in 1972. She is survived by two granddaughters, Muriel of Vernon and Sylvia in Lumby.

CLARA MARGUERITE CRAWSHAW

The daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Samuel French, a pioneer farming family of the Vernon area, Clara Marguerite Crawshaw, 85, died in Victoria on Oct. 1, 1973, the last remaining of eight children.

After her husband's death in 1932 she lived in Vernon until 1940 after which she moved to the coast and subsequently to Victoria.

Mrs. Crawshaw is survived by one son, Donald of Edmonton; three daughters, Marion Banks of Victoria; Dorothy Jubb of London, England; and Enid McLaughlin of Montreal, P.Q.; 3 grandchildren and 1 greatgrandchild.

MR. GILBERT TASSIE

B.C. Land surveyor, Mr. Gilbert C. Tassie, passed away at his residence on the Coldstream on September 20, 1973 at the age of 90 years. He had resided in Vernon for the past 48 years and was predeceased by his wife, Adolphine in 1970. He is survived by 2 sons, William J. of Victoria and Peter of Vernon.

THOMAS EDWARD WARNER

A life-long resident of Lumby and Vernon, Thomas Edward Warner, 76, died on January 9, 1974. He is survived by his wife, Merle; one son, Leonard of Vernon; four sisters and two brothers. He was born and raised in the Mabel Lake area, where his parents were pioneer settlers in the district.

MRS. JOSEPHINE JOHNSTON

A pioneer and long-time resident of Vernon, Mrs. Josephine Johnston, died on April 10, 1974 at the age of 94 years. She was predeceased by her husband, Isaac Johnston, pioneer lumber man in the Vernon area in the early part of the century. She is survived by one son, Colin, of Chilliwack, 2 daughters, Mrs. Merle Warner and Mrs. Vivian Spence of Vernon and 14 grandchildren.

NICHOLAS JOHN CAREW

A life-long resident of Vernon, Mr. Nicholas John Carew, passed away at his residence on March 26, 1974 at the age of 69 years.

Nick was a well-known athlete in his younger years and was a member of Vernon Hockey and Lacrosse Teams. He was the youngest son of Mr. & Mrs. A.C. Carew, early pioneers of Vernon. His father was Mayor of Vernon from 1903 to 1905.

Nick belonged to the Senator's Club of the Kinsmen and was an active member of the Vernon Golf Club. He is survived by his loving wife, Violet (Mike) one son, Darrell, of Vancouver, one daughter, Mrs. Shirley LePage of Abbotsford, three grandchildren, one sister, Mrs. Dorothy Cunningham of San Francisco, several nieces and nephews.

LAMBROSE (LEN) NICKOLAUS TSINTILOS

Passed away in the Vernon Jubilee Hospital on July 18, 1974, Mr. (Len) Lambrose Nickolaus Tsintilos aged 82 years. Mr. Tsintilos came to Victoria from his homeland in Greece in 1912. He was married there in 1923 coming to Vernon in 1929. Mr. & Mrs. Tsintilos celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on July 15, 1973 and were honored by many friends and relatives. He was associated with the National Cafe in Vernon for many years prior to his retirement. He is survived by his loving wife (Sylvia) Spiridoulla, many nieces and nephews in Canada, U.S.A. and Greece.

MARGARET TURNER ORMSBY

Mrs. Margaret Turner Ormsby died at her residence on the Coldstream on Sept. 8, 1973 at the age of 87 years. She had been a resident of Vernon for 55 years and was predeceased by her husband, George Ormsby, in 1967. She is survived by two daughters, Dr. Margaret Ormsby of Vernon and Vancouver, and Mrs. J.A. Marcellus of Mission City; one son, Dr. Hugh Ormsby of Toronto; two sisters, Mrs. Anna Pogson of San Francisco and Miss Rina MacArthur of Vancouver.

JOAN MARGARET WENTWORTH CLARK

Joan Margaret Wentworth Clark, beloved wife of William J.H. Clark, died in Victoria, B.C. January 9, 1974. She was the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. C.W. Husband, long time residents of Vernon. Besides her husband and parents, she is survived by two sons, Peter and Andrew; one brother and four sisters.

MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL MEETING OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Held in the Capri Motor Hotel, Kelowna, B.C.
May 5, 1974

President Victor Wilson welcomed members of the Okanagan Historical Society (50 registered) to the 49th Annual General Meeting and announced that Room 205 was available for the use of members.

Following the reading of the Notice of Meeting a minute's silence was observed to honour those who had died since the last AGM. In particular the President recalled the devoted service of Harold Cochrane of Vernon, Joe Marty of Kelowna and Reg Atkinson of Penticton.

Minutes of the AGM of May 13, 1973* — Motion for adoption as circulated by Bob Iverson, seconded by Dick Gale. Carried.

Correspondence* — Some routine enquiries to which replies will be sent by the Executive Council.

President's Report* — Victor Wilson. In calling for the reports the President asked that, if acceptable, one motion be made for their adoption as a whole.

Editor's Report — Retiring Eric Sismey considered that the 37th was the best Report that he had edited. It was the result of a big effort on his part with a lot of help from other members who contributed articles and information which were useful. He admitted that he had retired with a certain amount of reluctance. He enjoyed what he was doing but the time came, as it does to everybody, when he found that he could not do all that he had hoped. And perhaps retirement was just as well as he found, owing to failing health, that he was not as able today as he was three months ago.

He closed his report by saying: "For the help which I received from everybody I want to thank everybody. I want to thank everybody for the material produced. I want to thank the officers and the printers at Vernon who helped put out our Report. And even if I have to say it, I believe that we did a pretty good job." The meeting heartily applauded Mr. Sismey.

The new Editor, Mr. J.E. Fry, was unable to be present as he was out of town.

Secretary's Report* — Angie Waterman.

Treasurer's Report* — In the absence of John Shephard, Dick Gale read this report and distributed a copy to each Branch President. Motion for adoption by Peter Bird and seconded by Dick Gale. Carried.

Branch Reports*

Vernon — Read by Mrs. H. Gorman on behalf of President Ken V. Ellison (1973-74) who could not be present. Mrs. Gorman cordially invited members to the 1975 AGM to celebrate the 50th Anniversary, to be held on May 4, 1975, in the Village Green Inn, Vernon.

Kelowna — Mrs. T.B. Upton, President 1973 and 1974.

Penticton — President Hugh Cleland, 1973.

Oliver-Osoyoos — President (1974 Hank Lewis could not be present. Past President (1973) Bob Iverson made the Report.

Difficulties in re-organizing the Similkameen Branch were mentioned and it was noted that Penticton had made efforts to assist. It was suggested that the Lawrences of Hedley who live half-way between Keremeos and Princeton might be helpful.

Father Pandosy Mission Restoration Committee Report and Financial Statement* — Chairman G. Douglas (Paddy) Cameron; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Frances Hereron. Members: Mrs. T.B. Upton, J.V.H. Wilson, Mrs. J.C. Surtees, Jack Bedford, Len Piddocke, Bill Whitehead, Frank Pells and Ken Sieben.

Essay Chairman* — Mrs. G.P. Broderick. Appended to Mollie's report was a list of essay contest winners from 1958 to 1974. Essays and their titles are missing for the years 1958-59-60 although the winner for 1958 is known - Sandra Ball. Information to complete the list would be welcome.

Historic Trails* — Mr. H.R. Hatfield. Owing to the delayed arrival of Harley Hatfield the President told the Meeting that the Society was seeking cooperation from the CBC-TV in order to get a camera-man to shoot film on one of the 1974 trips on the HBC Fur Brigade Trail. He said that his talk and film on this trail had received an enthusiastic reception by the Sierra Club at the Vancouver Planetarium. Pressure is being kept up on the Minister for Conservation and Recreation to enlarge Manning Park to protect the 5 unique historic trails by making the area a wilderness park. Meanwhile timber interests are lobbying the Government. Everyone is asked to do all they can to further this cause. Letters to the Minister DO bring results.

Father Pat Books* — Mr. R. Gale reported that 17 books had been sold. Balance on hand is 666.

Moved by Sam Manery and seconded by Mrs. W.R. Dewdney that the above reports be accepted. Carried.

Unfinished Business* — Moved by Mr. Hugh Cleland and seconded by Mr. E. Aldredge that a filing cabinet, kindly donated by Mollie Broderick for the purpose of storing the Society's records, photographs and tapes, be installed in the strong room of the Vernon Museum. Carried. Mr. G.H. Melvin, Director of the Vernon Museum and Archives, agreed to the above arrangement and the President agreed to be responsible for transportation of the cabinet.

Moved by Mr. Melvin and seconded by Mr. Aldredge that the records stored in the Vernon Museum and Archives are not to be removed without the consent of three senior officers of the OHS. Carried.

Annual Field Day — After some discussion Dr. H. Campbell-Brown suggested that the Annual Field Day be held at Okanagan Landing where the old Commonage School is used as a museum and a park exists on land bought from the CPR. Permission to hold the AFD will be sought and a date set.

Petty Cash Fund For Secretary — Moved by Mrs. G.P. Broderick and seconded by Mr. Bird that arrangements for a petty cash fund be set up to facilitate the work of the secretary. Carried.

— Tea Break —

Annual Report — After considerable discussion about the quality, quantity and cost of the Annual Report, Mr. Aldredge Moved and Mr. Sismey seconded that the quantity be kept at 1200 and the present quality be maintained. Carried. Mr. Sismey suggested that with the cost of living, salaries and pensions rising the price of the AR should be increased to $4.50.

Membership Tickets — Discussion followed on whether membership tickets are necessary. It was suggested that in the list of members at the back of the Report, the address of the member be restricted to the name of the town of residence. This to simplify listing and reduce cost.

Membership List — Perennial complaints about the non-listing of members' names in the membership list were aired. Explanations were given of the several loop-holes through which these names slip. A suggestion was put forward that a tear sheet be included in the Report which the purchasing member could complete and forward to the Treasurer. The last date on which names could be accpeted for inclusion in the Report would be indicated on the tear sheet.

Back Numbers — Moved by Mollie Broderick and seconded by Ivan Phillips that all back numbers be priced at $3.50. Carried.

Honorary Patrons — (By-law 37). Some discussion as to whether Honorary Patrons be asked whether they wished to make some contribution to the Society. Moved by Peter Bird and seconded by Primrose Upton that the meeting endorse the action of the President and Editor in deleting the names of the Honorary Patrons from the 37th Annual Report. Carried.

Election Of Officers And Members Of The Executive Council

Mr. Gale presented a slate of officers on which he had spent considerable time and effort.

President — Mr. J.V.H. (Victor) Wilson, Naramata, B.C.
Vice-Presidents — Mr. Len Piddocke, Kelowna. Nominated from the floor: Mr. G.H. Melvin, Vernon; Mr. Hume M. Powley, Kelowna.
Secretary — Mrs. A. Waterman, Penticton.
Treasurer — Mr. John Shephard, Vernon.
Auditor — Mr. F.K. McKenzie, Vernon.
Editor — Mr. J.E. Fry, Westbank.
Editorial Cttee — Mrs. H. Gorman, Vernon; Miss D.M. Waterman, Osoyoos; Mrs. T.B. Upton, Kelowna; Mr. I. Phillips, Summerland.
Essay Chairman — Mrs. J. Howe, Penticton.
Directors — Vernon: Mr. E. Hunter, Mr. K.V. Ellison, Mrs. A.E. Berry
Kelowna: Mrs. T.B. Upton, Mr. D.S. Buckland, Mr. G.D. Cameron.
Penticton: Mrs. W.R. Dewdney, Mr. H.R. Hatfield, Mrs. G.P. Broderick.
Osoyoos: Mr. R. Iverson.
Directors at Large — Mr. Ron Robey, Vernon; Mr. W. Whitehead, Kelowna; Mr. E.D. Sismey, Naramata; Mrs. T.H. Lewis, Osoyoos.

Moved by Mr. G.D. Cameron and seconded by Mr. H. Cleland that the above slate of officers be accepted. Carried with applause.

Moved by Mr. H. Cleland and seconded by Mr. R. Gale that for the year 1974-75 there be four Directors-at-Large. Carried.

Moved by Mrs. T.B. Upton and seconded by Mr. D.S. Buckland that letters conveying appreciation for time and coverage be sent to the media. Carried.

Moved by Mr. G.H. Melvin (name of seconder lost in applause) a vote of thanks to the President and Executive for their services and to the Kelowna Branch for hosting the AGM. Carried.

The meeting adjourned after the President announced the dinner hour.

A number of members went to see the progress made at the Restoration of the Father Pandosy Mission.

OHS members gathered for a pleasant social hour of drinks before dinner.

After an excellent dinner the President introduced those at the Head Table. He then introduced the guest speaker, Dr. Bristol Foster, Director of the Provincial Museum, whose subject was: "A Biologist Takes a Look at History and the Future". He then asked Dr. Foster to assist the Essay Chairman, Mrs. G.P. Broderick, in presenting to Miss Carla Kenyon, a Grade 8 student at McNicoll Park School, Penticton, the first prize of $20.00 for her winning essay "Faulder, B.C." Carla also received the Valley Shield recording this achievement. It is held by the winner for one year. Unfortunately the runner-up and winner of the second prize, Brett Hodgins, also a Grade 8 student at McNicoll Park School, was unable to be present. Brett had chosen as his subject "The Penticton Fire Department."

Dr. Foster was both entertaining and informative nevertheless he is deeply concerned about the future of the earth and its inhabitants. He made many telling observations about reckless wastefulness in our use of energy, raw materials and space. He pointed out the inefficiency of most of our modern inventions: in contrast he gave the bicycle as an example of an efficient machine which has yet to be improved on. He referred to the population explosion and suggested that in our province where less than 1% of the land is agricultural there may be a limit to the population which can be supported. He touched on statistics which show that a Canadian uses 50 times more energy and raw materials than an East Indian. In closing he asked us to remember that our world is an ecological system.

Dr. Campbell-Brown thanked Dr. Foster. He reminded us that we, in particular, live in a very critical area. Everything that man does produces waste and when disposing of waste we use water. Our rainfall and run-off is already insufficient for our manner of life in this unique area.

*To be printed in the 38th Annual Report.

The President added his thanks to Dr. Campbell-Brown's and warmly thanked the Kelowna Branch for their hospitality and excellent arrangements.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT
OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY
May 5, 1974

During the past year, two Executive Council meetings were held in Kelowna on November 16, 1973 and March 12, 1974.

I attended two meetings of the Pandosy Restoration Committee. This group of dedicated workers under the able chairmanship of Paddy Cameron is again to be encouraged and congratulated for the excellent progress made. But in mid-September, the entire Valley was saddened by the passing of Joe Marty. Here surely was a man who loved his work. This Society is forever indebted to Joe for his outstanding work of restoration. We are proud that so much of the Pandosy project stands as a tribute to his love for his fellow men.

An excellent Field Day was arranged by the Boundary Historical Society for a closer look at the history of Grand Forks.

With Eric Sismey's superb effort, in spite of his request to be relieved of the task, the 37th Annual Report was duly published. Again our thanks, Eric, for a job well done complete with some very anxious moments.

We now welcome our new Editor, Mr. Julian Fry. His work requires the vigorous support of all Branch Editorial Boards. But surely with such a team, the Annual Report will keep this Society well out in front in the exciting business of historic documentation.

By good management and considerable luck, Randy Manuel found himself helping the CBC film crew that used portions of the Kettle Valley Railway for sequences in "The National Dream."

Clearly here was history in the making. Using his own 8mm movie camera, Randy began collecting footage which he coupled with flashbacks, sound of steam whistles, narrative and song to end up with a remarkably fine tribute to the Kettle Valley line. With a slide lecture to detail the construction from Penticton to Chute Lake , an evening of history came alive for audiences throughout the Valley.

Now to look ahead. In September 1975, the OHS will have recorded history for 50 years. Could this occasion serve as a focal point to generate further interest and participation. More and more I see Canadians looking back at pioneer life. In the brief span of this Society, the Okanagan has changed completely. In our rush to create a sprawling metropolis in this beautiful valley, perhaps we should pause and look back. In so doing, we may generate a better sense of values and then do our part to influence the chain of events.

To all historians, their friends and faithful executive workers, my sincere thanks for another worthwhile year.

History involves everyone but only you can document it. Join the team: you'll never regret it.

Sincerely,
Victor Wilson

SECRETARY'S REPORT — 1974

Pursuant to the Societies' Act the Constitution of the Okanagan Historical Society as revised May 7, 1972, was filed and registered with the Registrar of Companies, Victoria, on June 25, 1973.

In accordance with the B.C. Societies' Act the Annual Report was filed as soon as the balance sheet was audited.

The minutes of two executive meetings held in Kelowna were circulated to the Executive Council.

Correspondence has been light. The most important letters were sent to the Minister of Recreation and Conservation supporting a request for the extension of Manning Park in order to preserve historic trails.

Respectfully submitted,

A. Waterman, Secretary

AUDITOR'S REPORT

I have examined the appended statement of Receipts and Expenditures of the Okanagan Historical Society for the year ended April 30, 1974 as prepared from the accounting records of the Society.

I examined or received such supporting evidence as I considered necessary. In my opinion this statement presents fairly the results of the Society's operations for the year.

Fred K. McKenzie
Chartered Accountant
Vernon, B.C.

STATEMENTS OF RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS
For the year ended April 30, 1974

RECEIPTS:			
Memberships & Sales by:			
Armstrong	$ 98.00		
Enderby	115.00		
Kelowna	1,015.00		
Penticton	745.50		
Osoyoos-Oliver	332.50		
Vernon	1,321.92	$3,627.92	
(The above consists of Memberships 1973-74 (37); $2,762.82; 1972 (36), $515.95; older Reports, $275.00; Reprints $68.50; Prepaid for 38, $5.65).			
Father Pat book		2.00	
Interest on Osoyoos Savings Acct.		12.54	
Postage received		10.64	
Donations		121.00	
Cheque written off		3.40	$3,777.50
DISBURSEMENTS:			
Operating:			
Printing of Report 37	2,939.00		
Packing	20.45		
Postage	52.59		
Freight	5.95		
Loss on U.S. Cheques	1.04		
P.O. Box rent	8.00		
Bank charges	25.53		
Honorariums	200.00	3,252.56	
Non-Operating			
Annual meeting notices	15.61		
Essay Prizes	30.00		
Harley Hatfield	60.00		
Plaques	28.80		
Misc.	21.00	155.41	3,407.97
Excess of Receipts over Expenditures			369.53
Add - bank balance April 30, 1973			1,590.57
Balance - April 30, 1974			$1,960.10
Bank Balances			
Bank of Montreal, Vernon		954.19	
Bank of Montreal, Kelowna		388.67	
Bank of Montreal, Penticton		190.12	
Bank of Montreal, Osoyoos		427.12	$1,960.10

John L. Sheppard, Treasurer

Fred K. McKenzie, C.A.

PANDOSY COMMITTEE OHS
Statement of Receipts
and Disbursements for the year ended
Dec. 31, 1973

RECEIPTS		DISBURSEMENTS	
Bank balance Jan. 1 / 73	$1,764.75	West Kootenay	$ 55.36
Less Outstanding cheques	527.44	Baker Bldg. Movers	500.00
	$1,237.31	Knowles Const.	477.38
Cash on Hand	31.72	DMJ Construction	185.50
Donations	394.07	Repairs to Barn	54.32
Collection Box	645.85	D. Capstick re barn and shed	420.00
Sale of Brochures	223.75	Insurance - fire and liability	98.00
J.E. Marty Memorials	608.00	Andrusko - Glass re show cases	74.43
	$3,140.70	Hooper Equipment - rent jacks	27.50
		Bedford Ltd. gravel	29.00
		Orchard City Press - visitors book	22.34
		B.C. Museum Assoc. Membership	20.00
		Bank Charges	2.80
			$1.966.63
		Bank balance Dec. 31 / 73	1,168.78
		Cash on Hand do.	5.29
			$3,140.70

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Bank Balance Dec. 31 / 73	$1,168.78	Accounts payable	Nil
Cash on Hand do.	5.29	Surplus	$1,174.07
	$1,174.07		$1,174.07

SALE FATHER PAT BOOKS TO APRIL 30, 1974

Cash at beginning of period	$175.09
Sales	17.85
Bank Interest	2.62
	$195.46

Sales

11 Books at discount	$10.35
6 Books at $1.25	7.50
	$17.85

Books on hand or consignment 666

R.F. Gale

Annual Report of the Vernon Branch Okanagan Historical Society

The Vernon Branch is slowly being re-organized after the many years of leadership by the late Harold Cochrane.

During the year three local executive meetings were held to plan for the future. Two of these were with the assistance of Mr. Wilson, the Okanagan Historical Society President, who also introduced the Editor, Mr. Fry, to the branch. A new Editorial Committee is now in operation under Mrs. H. Gorman.

Our annual meeting was held on March 26, 1974 with the viewing of slides and movies by Victor Wilson and Randy Manuel on the Kettle Valley Railroad. An attendance of 75 greatly enjoyed Randy Manuel's presentation.

Plans are underway to host the O.H.S. 50th Annual Meeting in Vernon where the Society was founded in 1925 by Leonard Norris. The Village Green Inn will be the scene for the AGM on May 4, 1975.

Branch Officers for 1974-75

President: Ken V. Ellison.
Secretary-Treasurer: Mrs. H. Gorman.
Directors: Ron Robey, E.D. Hunter, Mrs. I. Garven, Mrs. K. Kinnard, L. Christensen, E. Denison, J. Henniker, Dr. Hugh Campbell-Brown, G.H. Melvin.

Editorial Committee Chairman: Mrs. H. Gorman.
Honorary Members: Mr. and Mrs. G. Bagnall, Mrs. D. Grieg, Mrs. I. Crozier, Mrs. M. DeBeck, Mrs. N. Denison.

Representatives to O.H.S.

Branch Officers: Mrs. D. Berry, Mr. E.B. Hunter, Mr. K.V. Ellison.
Director at Large: Mr. Ron Robey.
Editorial Committee: Mrs. H. Gorman.

Ken V. Ellison

PRESIDENT'S REPORT, KELOWNA BRANCH, OHS
May 5, 1974

We have had four meetings during the year. I have attended a number of the meetings of the Father Pandosy Restoration Committee, and of the parent body. A meeting of our Editorial Committee has been held with the new Editor, Mr. Julian Fry, and plans made for forthcoming articles for the 38th report.

I attended the Boundary Field Day at Grand Forks along with Mr. and Mrs. G.D. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Cameron and Mr. and Mrs. Len Piddocke.

The Kelowna Branch is host this year for the OHS Annual dinner, to be held on Sunday, May 5, 1974 at the Capri Motor Hotel. Guest speaker is Dr. Bristol Foster, Director of the Provincial Museum in Victoria. His subject is "A Biologist looks at History and the Future."

The Kelowna Branch has sold over 200 Historical Reports, and the sale of Ogopogo's Vigil continues to be good.

We have been given many valuable old photographs which I have mounted in albums. These albums are at my home - but members are most welcome to look at them.

The Kelowna Branch would like to express its deep sense of loss at the death of Joe Marty. Joe has been a tower of strength in the Father Pandosy Restoration - a dedicated and painstaking worker, to whom we all owe a great deal.

We had a very successful Annual Dinner and meeting of the Kelowna Branch on Wednesday, April 10th at St. Joseph's Hall when over 190 people sat down to a delicious turkey dinner. Guest speakers were Victor Wilson and Randy Manuel who showed slides and movies of the building of the Kettle Valley Railroad. This programme with its excellent commentary, was much enjoyed by all.

I would like to thank all the news media, who have been most co-operative; the Mosaic Book store, Kelowna Pharmacy and the Kelowna Centennial Museum who have all sold reports and tickets. Last, but certainly not least, I want to thank my executive who are always willing to take on jobs. They are a wonderful group.

Respectfully submitted,
Mrs. T.B. Upton, President

REPORT OF PENTICTON BRANCH PRESIDENT
YEAR ENDING APRIL 1974

We have had another good year with some excellent meetings which apparently were greatly enjoyed by our members. At our spring general meeting Dr. W.H. White and Dr. John Gibson entertained us with their inimitable stories and interesting accounts of the early days in this area.

The Annual Field Day was held in Grand Forks on June 10th when we were guests of the Boundary Historical Society. A full bus load went from Penticton as well as many others by automobile and a picnic lunch took place on the grounds of the historical old elementary school. A very pleasant time was had by all and we extend our thanks to the Boundary members for their hospitality.

At the fall general meeting November 2nd, we had the pleasure of seeing an interesting collection of coloured slides accompanied by a commentary especially prepared to commemorate the One Hundredth Anniversary of the founding of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, presented by Constable Wiseman.

Harley Hatfield has been indefatigable in carrying on his project of marking Historic Trails, and each trip results in new discoveries. We are very grateful to him for the work he is doing.

Our branch endorsed the recommendation of the Okanagan-Similkameen Parks Society that the boundaries of Manning Park be extended so that portions of the Brigade Trail, as well as the Dewdney, Hope, Whatcom and Ghost Pass Trails may be preserved in a park or wilderness area.

During the year our members were granted free membership in Heritage Canada and it is hoped that everyone will take an interest in this new organization which has been formed with

the purpose of conserving Canada's heritage.

The winter general meeting held February 15th, saw the largest attendance yet, when Victor Wilson and Randy Manuel made a spectacular presentation of slides and moving pictures in connection with the construction of the Kettle Valley Railway, also some shots of the steam locomotive which was brought out from the East to film scenes on the Kettle Valley in the Myra Canyon for Pierre Berton's "National Dream."

We are fortunate to have Victor Wilson in our midst — his enthusiasm for things historical radiates in all directions.

I would like to thank members of the Executive for their assistance during the year and a special thanks to the ladies who always had refreshments ready for us at the meetings.

Hugh Cleland, President, 1973

OLIVER-OSOYOOS BRANCH
May 1973 to May 1974

The Oliver-Osoyoos Branch has an active executive of 14 with three husband and wife members. The branch held one general meeting, one annual meeting and three executive meetings with good attendance at all.

Our annual Father's Day picnic was held at Camp McKinney where the weatherman threw everything at us — rain, hail and snow but a roaring campfire helped the situation. Thirty-one attended with four from Osoyoos, Oliver 15, Princeton 2, Penticton 2, Christian Lake 2, Midway 4, Kelowna 1 and Ottawa 1. Despite the weather, we enjoyed locating the old cemetery and looking over the old buildings.

Although the Branch hasn't been too active the past year, we did attend both Executive Council meetings in Kelowna, two were present at the Boundary picnic June 10th in Grand Forks just prior to the tearing down of the old school house, two attended the annual supper meeting of the Okanogan Historical Society at Okanogan, Wash., in the fall, and we have been securing arrival dates of some of the pioneers who still live in the area. We have been unable to decide on a project that is within our financial and spare time available means.

Owing to the illness of the slated guest speaker, Ed Rogers of Oliver, Carleton MacNaughton was asked to pinch hit at almost a moment's notice for the fall general meeting. He gave a most interesting and humorous talk about his parents; how they arrived and survived in the early days of Oliver, and has been asked to write it up for the Report.

A record number of people, 56, attended the annual meeting when Randy Manuel of Naramata, spoke and showed slides and a movie of the Kettle Valley Railroad. Judging from the comments afterwards, this was thoroughly enjoyed by all. For this meeting, we departed from our usual practise of paid advertising and used free radio, phone calls and posters, which seems to prove that personal contact is best.

Respectfully submitted, Hank Lewis, President

FATHER PANDOSY MISSION RESTORATION COMMITTEE

The passing of Joe Marty last year was a great loss to the restoration of the Mission. Working with Joe for the last few years I realize what a lot of work he had put into the restoration.

The caretaker we had left us last summer but we were very lucky to get Leo Bjorklund, a retired carpenter from Ocean Falls.

Leo has finished the kitchen in the Christien house also done some work on the barn and put screens in the front of the chapel and McDougal house so that people can get a better view of the inside.

We had cement blocks put under the barn and hope to get a shake roof on it soon. We have the shakes ordered. When this is finished we will be able to put more of the old implements under cover.

We have picnic tables and benches under the trees in front of the lot.

We have two new members on the committee - F. Pells and W. Whitehead. Miss F. Hereron is our Secretary-Treasurer.

I would like to remind our members and friends that, as our society is registered with the Income Tax Department, donations are deductible from Income Tax.

G.D. Cameron, Chariman

OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY
REPORT OF ESSAY CHAIRMAN
May 5, 1974

Rules for the Okanagan Historical Society Essay Contest were sent out as usual to Editorial Committee Chairmen and in some cases directly to schools in the Okanagan - Similkameen area. No response was received in 1973-74 except from McNicoll Park School, Penticton - the winner

in 1971, 72 and again this year. Students at this school have participated consistently over the past several years and credit for this interest must be given to Mrs. Irvine Moss, English teacher at this school.

It has been evident over the years that inspiration and encouragement of teachers is the spark necessary to promote student participation. Whenever a teacher was keenly interest in promoting the work of researching material and producing essays on local history results were encouraging. However, declining interest in the contest has been evident during recent years and it would appear that students either do not have the time to devote to necessary research or that local history assignments are being handled in a different way. Quite possibly it is time for change. In one Secondary school visited in Penticton there has been a great deal of research done and some excellent material presented by the method of using slides and tapes but with a minimum of written material.

The two essays we have this year, as well as those of other years have added greatly to the historical record of our area and for this I wish to commend and thank all students who participated. I would like to take this opportunity to wish all these young people continued success and enjoyment in their quest for further knowledge of our heritage and hope that they might continue to seek and write even more for the record.

I have enjoyed my term as Essay Chairman but feel that I do not have the necessary time to properly carry out the duties of this office. I also feel that someone more familiar with school programmes and student activities would be much better qualified to head this Committee. It is therefore with pleasure and confidence that I recommend to this meeting the name of Mrs. Jacqueline Howe of Penticton to succeed me. Mrs. Howe, just recently retired, the daughter of the late Dr. H. McGregor, has been teaching English in Penticton Secondary School for a number of years and I am sure she has much to contribute to this work.

I should like at this time to thank all members of the Editorial Committees for their assistance and in particular Mrs. W.R. Dewdney who has always been so helpful.

Respectfully submitted,
Mrs. G. P. Broderick, Essay Chairman

Report of Activity on and About Historic Trails 1973 and Spring of 1974

The effort to preserve the wilderness area northwest of Manning Park and including some seventy five miles of historic trails continues. Trails concerned are H.B.C. Brigade Trail, Dewdney Trail, Hope Trail, Whatcom Trail, Ghost Pass Trail. The ancient Indian hunting road known as Blackeyes Trail was followed in part by several of these. In December of 1972, the Okanagan Similkameen Parks Society put a request to the Provincial Government asking for the extension of Manning Park to save this area but to date the reaction has been negative except for the trails themselves. It is felt that lacking the original wilderness setting the trails may be a curiosity but not the experience in living history that they are now.

In March, Victor Wilson spoke and showed slides to the Sierra Club in Vancouver and was very well received. Several articles have appeared in papers and magazines and support has been given by the B.C. Historical Association and practically every outdoor organization in southwestern B.C.

During the summer of 1973, several more pieces of the Campement des Femmes to Fort Hope section of the Brigade Trail were located and marked and enough clearing done so that horses can once more travel it from Lodestone Lake to the Sowaqua River. At least two expeditions over the Trail are planned for this summer of 1974 and the Parks Branch plan some mapping and marking.

On the Okanagan Brigade Trail, there are now pieces identified and marked in Marron Valley, the valley of Shingle Creek (Beaver Creek) and the crossing of Trout Creek (Riviere a la Truite), in Garnet Valley south of Campement du Pretre, south of and across Lambly Creek (Riviere de l'Ours), at Nahun (Mauvais Rocher), and north of Fintry (Riviere a la Biche). There are more sections that could be found but as no one seems to take any interest in their preservation the effort required is probably not worth making.

Respectfully submitted,
H.R. Hatfield

OHS FIELD DAY
By: Ange Waterman

On June 9 about 90 members of the Okanagan Historical Society assembled in the Community Centre Park at Okanagan Landing for the Annual Field Day.

Members from Greenwood in the south to Vernon and Lumby in the north were intrigued and interested in the work of restoration, which has been carried out by the Okanagan Landing Community Association.

The Executive of the Vernon Branch under the chairmanship of president Ken Ellison, assisted by George Melvin, E. Hunter and secretary Mrs. H. Gorman, had arranged an interesting program. Tea and coffee were served in the Community Hall.

Victor Wilson, president of the parent body, reminded the gathering that the centre had been established on ground where the CPR had its chief operations for the valley; where the S.S. Sicamous, the S.S. Okanagan, the Aberdeen and others slid down the ways to ply the lake and serve the scattered population.

The boat-shed still standing now serves as the Community Hall where young and old use it for recreation, hobbies, classes and social gatherings. Everything from the winching drums to the decorative spindles in the "gingerbread" of the stern wheelers has been used to decorate the Community Hall. Mr. Wilson then introduced Mr. Howard Powell, whose committee has furthered and is still working on the development of this centre.

Mr. Powell pointed out many interesting features of the Centre. An old shed retrieved from use as a chicken house is largely made with square nails. The fact that it is lined with tongue and groove cedar, the material used in the staterooms of the boats, makes one think the shed may once have been a Station Master's Office. The flag pole was rescued from the Aberdeen before she was demolished.

The tables in the picnic grounds are capstans turned upside down and based in concrete. Their cores of solid mahogany are so hard that a 3/8" drill broke when drilling was tried.

There's a transport dolly used as a planter. A handsome concrete casting of a Paddlewheeler and historic totem pole marks the entrance to the Community Centre.

The pump house is a recent acquisition dating from 1895-1898. It ran on a gravity system from a water tower and on one of its foundation stones is an original bench mark by which the height of the lake was established. It is a pity that the stone has disappeared.

Much of the work was financed by an L.I.P. grant under which 90 per cent of the grant had to be spent on labor and only 10 per cent on materials. This encouraged workers to scrounge and in scrounging much interesting material was found, restored and used.

Another L.I.P. grant was used to transport the original Commonage School dating from the early 1900's from the Commonage to the Centre, literally log by log. This building was donated by the Thorlakson family from their property on the Commonage, where it was situated. It has been re-assembled on a good foundation, under a new roof and now serves as a growing museum where contributions are very welcome.

Mr. Powell paid tribute to Dr. H. Campbell-Brown who has worked enthusiastically for the centre. In particular he had wrought magic in putting together an interesting album of historical pictures from faded prints and torn negatives. Some of his prints, blown up to four by six feet make attractive decorations in the Community Hall.

Dr. Campbell-Brown spoke of the generosity of the old-timers who had contributed so much to the Centre and he expressed gratitude for the provincial and federal grants which had helped on the good work. He recalled that before the First World War and after, the North Okanagan Regatta, which was a runner-up for the Kelowna Regatta, had contributed funds towards the acquisition of land from the CPR. Negotiations had dragged on with Marathon Realty until the community in desperation decided to buy a couple of lots near the school. When the money was spent they found they could have bought on terms with the price going up every year. However, the lots were sold at a profit which helped in the purchase price of $10,000 for the 5.6 acres comprising the Centre and Park. Credit for the successful negotiations should go to the Okanagan Landing Community Association under the chairmanship of the Immediate Past President, Alan Hill, who spearheaded the lengthy project from its inception to its present culmination.

T. Van Antwerp was going to speak about the late Major Allan Brooks whom he had known personally. Unfortunately, he could not be present. Instead, George Melvin read an interesting account of the varied life of the painter-naturalist-author-soldier and sportsman, who lived for so many years at Okanagan Landing. Arrangements had been made for the group to visit the Vernon Museum, where Allan Brook's pictures were on display in the Art Gallery.

President Victor Wilson thanked the Vernon Executive and all who had worked to make the day so pleasant and interesting. He reminded members that 1975 is the year when the society will celebrate its 50th Anniversary in Vernon, the founding centre for the Society in 1925.

ERRATA

In the 35th report (1971), and the 36th report (1972) of the Society, page 6, the first line of the list of officers in the Penticton Branch was omitted. It should read: Honorary President and Life Member, Mrs. W.R. Dewdney.

IN REPORT NO. 37 (1973) PAGE 133

Pupils in the photo of the Second Lower Similkameen School, taken about 1896, are: From left, A.H. (Gint) Cawston, Frank Manery, Beaucamp Cawston, Saul Terbasket, Tom Daly, Sam Manery, Percy Cawston, Dick Cawston, Dan McCurdy Jr., Nellie Manery, Winnie Manery.

The teacher, Donald E. McGillivray.

MEMBERSHIP LIST

As of August 31st, 1974

All addresses B.C. unless otherwise indicated.

HONORARY PATRON

Patton, Mrs. Sophie, Armstrong

HONORARY LIFE MEMBERS

Bagnall, Guy P., Vernon
Bagnall, Mrs. G.P., Vernon
Cameron, G.D., Kelowna
Cawston, A.H., Keremeos
Collett, H.C.S., Okanagan Mission
Dewdney, Mrs. W.R., Penticton
Ingersol, Mrs. H., Vernon
Manery, S.R., Cawston
Ormsby, Dr. M., Vancouver
Sismey, Eric D., Naramata
Porteous, Major Hugh, Oliver
Upton, Mrs. T.B., Okanagan Mission

INDIVIDUAL MEMBERS

Abbott, Dale, Port Coquitlam
Adams, C.R., Summerland
Aitken, M.N., Vancouver
Akrigg, Mrs. P., Vancouver
Aldredge, E.W., Penticton
Alexander, Dr. H.J., Vernon
Allen, Miss Beth, Kelowna
Allen, Herb, Kaleden
Allen, Mrs. J., Kaleden
Anderson, Mrs. J.R., Oliver
Anderson, Mrs. Mary, Calgary, Alta.
Anderson, Dr. N.D., Penticton
Anderson, Dr. W.F., Kelowna
Andrews, G.M., Vancouver
Apsey, J.E., Kelowna
Arbeider, H., Oliver
Archer, R., Enderby
Argue, Mrs. G.M., Oliver
Armstrong, J.D., Enderby
Arne, A., Vernon
Arnold, Golbert N., Winfield
Ashley, Mrs. H., Ganges
Atkinson, Miss Louise, Summerland
Atwood, Mrs. May, Summerland

Bach, Paul, Kelowna
Bailey, Elmer C., Penticton
Bailey, Dr. G.B., Lethbridge, Alta.
Bain, Donald, Osoyoos
Bain, Mrs. R., Kelowna
Baird, Mrs. M.J., Enderby
Baird, Robert, Enderby
Baker, Mrs. Sarah, Penticton
Bakke, Mrs. B., Kelowna
Balfour, Mrs. H.J., Kelowna
Balsillie, D.G., Victoria
Banner, Mrs. C.F., Vernon
Barber, Miss Beverly, Hope
Barber, Raymond G., Kelowna
Barlee, Mrs. E.D., Okanagan Mission
Barnes, Mrs. J.W., Vancouver
Barnes, Mrs. R.W., Kelowna
Baukwill, H.J., Summerland
Beames, Rev., W.S., Naramata
Beames, Mrs. W.S., Naramata
Beaven, Mrs. N.C., Vernon
Beck, R., Williams Lake
Beecroft, A., Cawston
Belli-Bivar, Mrs. Ethel, Salmon Arm
Bennett, Mrs. Jean A., Calgary
Bernau, Mrs. Hugh, Okanagan Centre
Berney, Mona, Vernon
Berry, Alfred E., Oliver
Berry, Mrs. A.E., Vernon
Berry, Eldred, Vancouver
Berry, G., Winfield
Berryman, G.F., Penticton
Billard, Mrs. Vera, Vernon
Bingley, Mrs. A., Vernon
Bingham, Mrs. E.C., Summerland
Bird, Peter, Kaleden
Bjarason, B., Summerland
Black, F. Fraser, Kelowna
Blurton, Eric, Enderby
Bolot, Mrs. R., Enderby
Boone, Mrs. E., Oliver
Boone, Dr. J.A., Vancouver
Bowering, Mrs. G.H., Penticton
Boyer, C.M., Kelowna
Brennan, T.J., Montreal, P.Q.
Bristow, Miss Bertha, Summerland
Bristow, Mrs. C.A., Vernon
Bristowe, Mrs. M., Vernon
Broderick, Mrs. George F., Okanagan Falls
Brown, Mrs. Ann, Oliver
Brown, Mrs. A.W., Armstrong
Brown, Mrs. John H., Summerland
Brummet, F.N., Kelowna
Bubar, Charles, Mara
Bubar, Mrs. P., Kelowna
Buckland, C.D., Kelowna
Buckland, D.S., Okanagan Mission
Buckland, J.H., Kelowna
Bull, Miss Mary, Okanagan Mission
Bulman, Mrs. W.J.T., Kelowna
Burr, Gerald, Princeton
Burridge, Mrs. S.W., Revelstoke
Butler, D., Penticton
Butler, Mrs. E., Burnaby
Butler, E.T., Penticton
Byers, Ted, Vernon
Byran, Elizabeth, Western Living Magazine, Vancouver

Cadden, William, Vernon
Cail, Mrs. R., Vernon
Caley, H., Richmond
Cameron, William, Kelowna
Campbell, J.F.I., Kelowna
Campbell, Miss Muriel, Kamloops
Campbell, R.G., Vancouver
Campbell-Brown, Dr. H., Vernon
Cantell, L.E., Kelowna
Carbert, Frank, Enderby
Carney, Dr. James J., Vancouver
Carney, T.J., Kelowna
Carruthers, W.R., Kelowna
Carswell, Robt., Vernon
Carter, C.J., Vernon

Carter, George, Penticton
Casey, I.E., Kaleden
Casorsa, V.R., Oliver
Cawston, Mrs. Verna B., Vancouver
Chalmers, Larry, Okanagan Mission
Chilcott, A.J., Okanagan Mission
Christensen, S.L., Vernon
Christian, Mrs. A.J., Kelowna
Christian, Vera, Penticton
Christie, J.R., Okanagan Falls
Clark, N., Penticton
Clarke, Dr. D.A., Kelowna
Clarke, J.K.M., Kelowna
Clarke, G.B., Oliver
Claxton, J.J., Burnaby
Clayton, Mrs. F., Salmon Arm
Cleland, E.H., Penticton
Cleland, Dr. J.G.P., Oregon City, Ore.
Clements, W.E., Vancouver
Clinton, Mrs. Jean, Penticton
Clough, Mrs. W.G., Naramata
Clower, Douglas, Kelowna
Cochrane, Michael, Vernon
Cochrane, Patrick, Vernon
Coell, Mrs. Doris, Victoria
Collen, Mrs. B.D., Oliver
Collen, Mrs. C.D., Oliver
Collins, Mrs. S., Vernon
Conklin, Murray, Kelowna
Conroy, Miss Agnes, Vernon
Conroy, June, Monterey, Cal.
Conroy, J. J., Kelowna
Constable, F.L., Kelowna
Corbishley, Don, Oliver
Costley, Mrs. A.M., Penticton
Coulter, E.H., Enderby
Craig, Mrs. Joan A., Kelowna
Crane, D.B., Kelowna
Crerar, Mrs. D.C., Mara
Crocker, Fred, Keremeos
Cross, Albert, Penticton
Crowther, Mrs. Monica, Kelowna
Crozier, Mrs. Ivan, Vernon
Crucetti, George, Oliver
Crump, N.R., Calgary
Currey, Mrs. N., Vernon
Cuthbert, W.A., Armstrong
Cutler, C.I., Penticton

Daem, Mrs. Mary, Revelstoke
Daniel, A., Kelowna
Davidson, E.W., Westbank
Davison, Henry, Enderby
Davy, Mrs. M., Salmon Arm
Day, Art, Westbank
Day, Mrs. D.M., Kamloops
Day, F.H., Kelowna
Dayton, F.A., Aldergrove
Dedinsky, L., Kelowna
Dedora, Eileen, Vernon
Deering, A.J., Falkland
DeHart, Mrs. Victor, Okanagan Mission
Deighton, William, Kelowna
Delacherois, Mrs. R., Penticton
Delcourt, Miss Diana, Kelowna
Dell, Mrs. Lexye, Peachland
Dell, W.R., Osoyoos
DeMara, M.P., Kelowna
DeMara, R.C., Kelowna
DeMontreuil, Mrs. H.B., Kelowna
Dendy, David, Okanagan Mission
Denison, Eric, Vernon
Denison, Mrs. N.L., Vernon
Dennis, Mrs. Theresa, Keremeos
de Pfyffer, R., Vernon
Dewdney, Edgar, Penticton
Dickson, Mrs. E.C., Oliver
Dobbin, Miss Doreen, Westbank
Dobbin, R., Westbank
Docksteader, E.S., Armstrong
Doe, Ernest, Salmon Arm
Dooley, Lyman, Westbank
Dorsey, Frank, Oliver
Doyle, Most Rev., W.E., Nelson
Drake, Mrs. A., Kelowna
Drasching, Fred, Vancouver
Drasching, Martin, Richmond
Driver, Mrs. G.W., Osoyoos
Drossos, Nick, Penticton
Drossos, Mrs. N., Penticton
Duckett, Herb, Armstrong
Duggan, J.S., Kelowna
DuMont, Paul, Osoyoos
Dungate, George, Oyama
Dunkley, Melvin, Armstrong
Dunn, Miss D., Vernon
Dunning, Mrs. W.E., Haney
Dupre, Gilles, Laval, P.Q.

East, John, Vernon
Easton, Mrs. S.G., Victoria
Edwards, Mrs. Florence
Ek, Carl, Kelowna
Elliot, Alan, Kelowna
Elliot, Mrs. A., MacKenzie
Elliot, D.F., Oyama
Elliot, Mrs. P., Vernon
Ellison, K.V., Oyama
Embrey, Mrs. W.E., Kelowna
Emery, Mrs. C.E., Oliver
Engel, Carl, Salmon Arm
Esselmont, Mrs. D., Victoria
Estabrooks, Otto, L., Penticton
Esterbrook, Mrs. R., Summerland
Evans, Mrs. J., Vernon
Evans, Mrs. R., Penticton

Farmer, J.P., Enderby
Farris, H.E., Okanagan Mission
Fearnley, Mrs. A., Westbank
Ferguson, Mrs. M., Peachland
Ferguson, Dr. Glen, Vernon
Field, Mrs. J.A., Osoyoos
Fillmore, D.C., Kelowna
Finnerty, M., Penticton
Fisher, Dr. D.V., Summerland
Fitzgerald, Mrs. G., Kelowna
Fleming, Mrs. A., Vernon
Fleming, Rev. E.S., Kelowna
Fleming, Stuart, Vernon
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