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

Thirty-Third Report

# Okanagan Historical Society

November 1, 1969

Hubert O. Rorke

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

THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT

*of the*

# OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Founded September 4, 1925

Rorke

*Cover picture: Front Street wharf, Penticton, B.C. Pre World War I.*

November 1, 1969

Mr. & Mrs. H. O. Rorke
624 Young Street
Penticton, B.C.

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*Dr. Knox's home on Pandosy St. Kelowna, B.C. Built in 1911.*

Photo by R. G. Leckie

*Dr. W. J. Knox*

Photo by Ribelin

# DR. WILLIAM JOHN KNOX 1878-1967 BELOVED DOCTOR OF THE OKANAGAN

**By David Green M. D.**

It was a very strange mixture of planning and coincidence that brought the young Dr. Knox to Kelowna in the first place, and kept him there to practice medicine for a full 60 years. The young doctor had come to do a locum tenens for Dr. Benjamin de F. Boyce. Boyce, Kelowna's first doctor, had graduated from McGill in 1892 and had come to Kelowna in 1894, after spending about two years at the mining town of Fairview just above Osoyoos. The only other doctor in the area, which probably had a total population of between one and two thousand people, was Dr. Keller. He was a retiring individual who did a very limited practice, principally among the English residents of the community. The nearest doctors to these two in Kelowna were Dr. Osborne Morris, in Vernon 35 miles to the north; and Dr. R. B. White, in Penticton, 40 miles to the south.

In 1902, Kelowna was certainly one of the most isolated frontiers of a very young province whose total population was still slightly less than one quarter of a million people. The first permanent settlers in the Kelowna area, the Oblate Fathers, had established a mission about three miles south of the present city in 1859. The present settlement had only grown large enough to require a post office 10 years prior to Knox's arrival. Kelowna was not even served by direct railway communications until 1925.

William John Knox was born of Irish-Scottish parentage on June 5th, 1878, at Fitzroy Harbor, a small village 40 miles west of Ottawa, on the Ontario side of the Ottawa River. His mother, the former Jessie Argue, had been a school teacher. His father was an ordained Methodist minister. Will was the second of the eight children born to Reverend and Mrs. Knox. It was the custom of the Methodists to rotate their ministers every three or four years. When young Will was about three, the family moved to Shawville where Reverend Knox's younger brother practiced medicine. It became understood when Will was still young, that he would eventually also enter medicine. When Will was about 10 years old, his mother's uncle returned

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Kelowna, the Okanagan, and indeed British Columbia, lost a well known and much beloved pioneer when Dr. William John Knox died on December 28, 1967. It was not given to many people to become a legend in their own lives—but "Billy" Knox did. A man who loved life and all fellow human beings, the feelings of warmth and affection were returned by countless people in all walks of life. I doubt if there were many who did not gain immeasurably from having known him.

Although his house on Pandosy St. is now being torn down to make room for yet another apartment block, his name is carried on in the Knox Clinic and in the Dr. Knox Junior Senior School.

As one of the many thousands of babies brought into the world by Dr. Knox, I will always remember him for his fantastic memory, his interest and warmth in dealing with his fellow men.

Dr. David Geen of Okanagan Mission and Rutland did a thesis on Dr. Knox, and we reprint it here in its entirety. As well as giving an excellent coverage of early practitioners in the central Okanagan, Dr. Geen has paid a warm tribute to a great man.—PRIMROSE UPTON.

from the Pacific coast. He had been employed in the fishing industry and brought back romantic tales of mountains, ships, and whales. Young Will was so impressed that he decided he too would come out to the west coast.

With his future goals so clearly in mind, Will was always a conscientious student. Upon completion of his studies at Athens High School, he did not have sufficient funds to enter medical school. After spending four months attending a Model School, he accepted a teaching position at The Jock, a small community near Richmond, Ontario. His immediate predecessor had suffered a fate apparently not too uncommon in small rural communities. He had been run out of the school by its pupils. When 18 years old Knox arrived early in 1897, there were 93 pupils on the register, with an average attendance of about 75, distributed through nine grades. After removing 12 students from the roll because they would not agree to take a full course of studies, the young teacher's authority was not further challenged. For two and a half years Knox's pupils made considerable progress, several successfully completing their provincial examinations. For his efforts young Knox was paid the grand sum of $350 per annum. Fortunately the cost of his room and board was of similar magnitude—only $80 for the entire term!

In the fall of 1899, Knox, now 21, entered Medical School at Queen's University, Kingston. At this time the Medical School, which had been established in 1854, was one of seven medical schools operating in Canada. The medical training program was basically the same as it is at present. The first two years were allotted primarily to the pre-clinical subjects of anatomy, chemistry, pathology and pharmacopeics. The final two years were devoted to the clinical problems of patient care. Since no pre-medical university training was required, the whole course took only four, rather than the present seven years. Young Bill's name frequently appeared at or near the top of the honour roll. A classmate writes: ". . . Bill could take notes faster than any of us, and he could review them at exam time just as fast—as for reading them—he alone could do that!" During his spare time, while teaching school, Bill had worked through Grey's **Anatomy Text**. He therefore had a distinct advantage over many of his classmates and led the class during his first two years. During the final two years, however, he did not fare quite as well, because, as the doctor at 87 years of age explained, "a keener interest in certain members of the fairer six prevented him from spending quite as much time with his studies."

Student pranks were just as much in vogue then as they are today. Although the faculty frowned on many of the hijinks, they encouraged one form of activity that would certainly be discouraged today. At the turn of the century it was very rare for citizens to donate their bodies to medical schools. Therefore cadavers for anatomic instruction were always in short supply. It was a student tradition that steps should be taken to rectify this situation whenever the opportunity arose. Following tradition, Knox found himself in the vicinity of a grave yard with shovel in hand one dark night. After a long and frustrating search, he and his associate were forced to give up. The following evening, after his accomplice had obtained more careful directions, Knox found that he really was too busy as he had a date for a dance—and it was too cold anyhow!

This avid desire to obtain cadavers had earned the "Meds" such a bad

reputation among the townspeople in the vicinity of the Kingston Hospital, that they were most reluctant to rent rooms to any student. Knox, because of a mutual acquaintance, was able to secure quarters from a lady on George Street, immediately adjacent to the hospital. Since Knox's rooms were much closer to student activities than any of his classmates, they were the natural headquarters for nine members of the class of '03, who referred to themselves as the "George Street Brood." Knox recalls that: . . "At the time we thought we ran the whole school, and it was many years before we discovered that perhaps we didn't!" Even so Knox was class president on several occasions and at the close of his final year was elected permanent president for the class of '03. It was not at all unusual for Knox to return home at night and find one or even two members of the "Brood" fast asleep on his bed while awaiting the arrival of the stork. Parties held at the "Brood's" adopted home were frequently rather boisterous. Consequently, Bill often found it necessary to add an extra dollar or so to his $30 a month rent or find himself out on the street.

The volume entitled **The Century Book of Facts,** served young Bill most royally during each summer recess. Through their sale he was able to raise sufficient money to carry on his schooling for the following year. His winning manner must have been as evident then as ever, for a fellow member of the "Brood" writes some 65 years later—"I do not know what his approach was to the prospective buyer, but I do know he could look genuinely sorry for anyone who had to get along without his volumes".

Upon graduating only those with financial backing could afford to take further internship training. Consequently, the new William John Knox M.D., and his two trunks (one full of medicinals—because he expected that he would be practicing in an area with no druggist) arrived in Calgary on the 10 dollar "Farmer's Special" in the summer of 1903. Dr. Knox proceeded to Vancouver, where he obtained a posting on the "Empress of China", and then over to Victoria to take his British Columbia licensing examinations. Apparently only about 11 out of 16 or so sitting were successful, and received their licenses. One of the less fortunate had previously promised to take a six-month locum tenens for Dr. Boyce in Kelowna. This young man, who had known Knox in Ontario, sought out Bill in an attempt to find a replacement. Knox was interested and when the "Empress" docked, he found that the current ship's doctor welcomed the opportunity of remaining on board until the following spring.

A few weeks later Knox arrived in Kelowna fully intending to return to his ship duties in the spring. Everything went very well for the young doctor during those first few months, a fact he attributes to the health of his patients, most of whom were young and didn't smoke. One such patient was a young chap whose wagon upset, rolling three logs over his head and hip. Knox was summoned, and the unconscious man was covered with a horse blanket and left, apparently for dead, in a barn. When the new doctor arrived, many hours later, the patient was still breathing. Further investigation found that much of the weight of the logs had been taken by a large rock, rather than the young man's skull. Over the next several months the man was slowly nursed back to health under Knox's care. Some 60 years later the man was alive and well, but still had a squint that developed soon after the accident. The base of his skull had been fractured and in the

process of healing, the nerve that supplies the lateral rectus muscle of the eye had been damaged.

In the spring Dr. Knox returned to Vancouver to board the "Empress of China". When he arrived at the Coast, he was informed that the ship had been delayed three weeks. After several days of inactivity, the young doctor was bored and missed his practice. He flipped a coin—it said to return to Kelowna! He wired his girl back in Kingston of his decision, and once again set off for the interior. This time to stay for a life time.

On his return he went into partnership with Dr. Boyce. Anecdotes, for which the beloved doctor became renowned reflect the rough and ready life and medicine sometimes seen among the early pioneers. One Sunday afternoon Dr. Knox was called to a place about 12 miles from Kelowna. He found an old fellow by the name of John McGinnis, who had been holding bottles or cards while others shot the necks or spots off. Of course there had been considerable drinking. Marshall, the grandson of Sir Samual Baker the African explorer, was one of the best shots. There were two brothers who were cattle thieves, and one or two others there. As the daylight grew dim they shot the end off McGinnis's thumb and finger and made excuses that Marshall had done wonderful shooting, but that McGinnis had wobbled a little." When Knox arrived they had the victim strapped to a chair, and on top of his whisky they had given him a teaspoon full of chlorodyne, so he was dead to the world and needed no anaesthetic. They laid him down on the bed and took turns holding the lamp while Knox trimmed off and stitched up the ends of the wounded fingers. Every person became sick and had to go out except old Marshall. Marshall held the lamp to the last, when all the rest had gone out. The wounds healed well, even though the chief disinfectant was only iodine.

Another Sunday, Knox was called to go out to a place north of Kelowna and found that a blonde lady of rather easy virtue had been playing under a tree with an old timer. "A young chap had told the old man to leave her alone, she was his girl, and if he didn't, he would shoot him. Well, he didn't leave her alone, so the young fellow shot; but he missed the older man and hit the girl in the head." When Knox got there she was lying not moving, with her eyes tight shut. Knox trimmed off the hair and found by the slant of the hole that almost surely the bullet had not entered her head, just entered between the two plates of her skull. Knox took a probe and put through the eye of the probe a piece of gauze. He stuck it in the carbolic acid bottle then drew it through the hole and brought it out of the top of her head. Everything was quiet for about half a minute, then the girl let a yell out of her, jumped up, and took to her heels across the creek and into the house. When Knox got there, he found her upstairs under the bed. He told her to come out, or he would have to do it all over again. She came out warily, Knox bound her head, and "everything healed with no trouble whatever."

Even though practicing in one of the most isolated spots in North America, Knox made an honest attempt to keep up with the advances in medicine that occurred after his initial four years of formal training. In 1895, Roentgen published his first papers on the x-ray. A short 12 years later, Dr. Knox was setting fractures with the aid of the new technique. His first "machine" was purchased at a cost of 1,000 dollars. Unfortunately, as is so often the case in medicine, the dangerous side of new discoveries only

becomes apparent because of detrimental effects on their initial users. For many years Dr. Knox has been plagued by recurring skin malignancies on his badly burned hands.

Fourteen times in all, he journeyed East to spend several weeks or occasionally several months studying in the medical centers at Boston, Rochester or in New York. The first time he was able to get away was in the fall of 1903 when Dr. F. W. Andrew, who later practiced for many years in the Summerland area, supplied. In 1915, his advanced training was recognized and he was granted his fellowship in the infant American College of Surgery.

When Knox was first in Kelowna on his locum for Dr. Boyce he was paid 75 dollars a month. When he returned in 1904, he was taken on as a partner. By 1908, Knox's reputation in the young city was firmly established. Boyce was apparently spending more and more time with his horses and non-medical affairs, and less and less time with his patients. Knox therefore, decided he would be better off on his own. He practiced solo from 1908 to 1913, when Dr. Campbell joined him. Campbell had graduated from Queen's in 1910 and he had spent three years doing post graduate work in New York. He was a stocky, robust chap and an outstanding athlete. While at Queen's he had captained his university hockey team to the Allen Cup. Knox was again on his own from 1916 until Campbell returned from the services in 1919. While overseas, Campbell was for a time in charge of a military hospital at Orpington in England and became noted for his orthopedic abilities.

In the fall of 1918, while Campbell was still in the services, the great flu epidemic reached the Kelowna area. The Chinese community, awe-struck by the disease, tended to conceal their sick. On one occasion rounds made by Dr. Knox and a constable uncovered four bodies locked away in their tiny rooms. At the height of the disease four hospitals operated in Kelowna. The General Hospital handled the regular non-flu cases, the converted High School handed the Caucasian flu victims, another building was used for the Japanese, and yet another for the Chinese members of the community. Dr. Knox practised almost single-handed throughout the whole epidemic and regards it as the most hectic time of his career. For a time volunteers drove his car, and the doctor cat-napped between calls, so that he could maintain his vigorous pace for twenty or more hours a day.

Dr. Knox's vast practice always kept him extremely busy, but he was certainly not one who believed there should be all work and no play. In his first few years in Kelowna, the young doctor played lacrosse. After ceasing to be an active participant, he maintained his interest in the game as a referee, and later as a team manager. Knox was also an ardent hunter. Autumn excursions to the Joe Riche or McCullough Valleys, some 25 miles east of Kelowna, came to be an annual tradition. R. E. McKechnie, a surgeon from Vancouver, made at least one visit to Kelowna each fall. He would spend the first day in the operating theatre, removing six or seven thyroid glands (Knox chose not to do this type of surgery). Then, he, Knox and several other friends would retire to the hills for a week or two of hunting and fishing. Of course the evenings were passed with whiskey in hand, playing poker. In 1904 Knox joined St. George's lodge AF and AM. He was chosen Master in 1912, and district Deputy-Grandmaster in 1937-38. When the Kelowna Rotary Club was founded in 1928, Dr. Knox was a charter member.

Some 30 years later the club presented him with a plaque, recognizing his "years of outstanding service to the community".

What was the medicine like as practised by Dr. Knox and his associates in the Okanagan Valley during the first quarter of this century? One of the most obvious features was a direct result of the difficulties in transportation. The house call was of supreme importance, since the sick could not easily be brought to the hospital or doctor's office. Although Dr. Knox purchased his first car in 1909, many of his calls for years following were made on horseback, because the few roads were impossible for several months of the year. Water travel, occasionally even by row-boat, was an important method of transportation, as Dr. Knox gave service to the tiny settlements on both sides of Okanagan Lake. Most of the deliveries took place in the home until the 1920's. Knox's first, of some 5,380 maternity cases, occurred soon after his arrival in 1903. The patient, 48 or 49 years old, was lying in a bunk in one room of a small shack. Overhead was a loft that held the beds of seven of the patient's previous children. The doctor's assistant was the married daughter of the patient. Her child was in the adjacent room, which was curtained off from the patient. Both rooms were so small that, when the young doctor bent over his patient, the other half of him was in the next room. The delivery proceeded uneventfully, but neither Knox nor his mid wife had ever washed a newborn baby, so the young doctor took charge and spent several minutes chasing child and water around a basin.

Dentists were unheard of, so dental problems fell to the lot of the doctor even though he had no training in their management. As Doctor Knox commented many years later . . "There was a book for everything and that is how I pulled my first tooth—by watching the book while I did it".

Many of the diseases that were extremely dangerous and often fatal in the early years of the twentieth century are now only of minor annoyance. At one time there were 13 infants lying unconscious in the Kelowna hospital, all suffering from infantile diarrhea. A person under 20, who developed diabetes prior to the mid 1920's, would invariably be dead in six months. 25 per cent of the Kelowna school children had large goiters prior to Dr. Knox,s introduction of iodine supplements. Each spring and fall he visited the schools with a little packet of 30 "Goiter Pills" for each child. Pernicious Anaemia was truly pernicious prior to the discovery of the palliative effects of liver. Death came slowly and was preceded by profound weakness and immobilizing neurological changes. Pneumonia was a revered and feared affliction. Prior to the antibiotics, over 25 percent of its victims did not survive. In 1927 Dr. Knox, who was then 50 years old, suffered a broken femur when his car went off the road near Vernon. He subsequently developed pneumonia. Although gravely ill for many days, his iron will and strong constitution would not give in, and finally he recovered.

The Knox-Campbell partnership, which had apparently been a fruitful pairing of two robust personalities, came abruptly to an end on December 16th, 1931, with Campbell's death, due to a heart attack at the age of 44. Several doctors came to assist Knox, who was at the time president of the British Columbia Medical Association. Dr. Kingsley Terry stayed for 18 months and then, like so many medical personnel during this period, was stricken with tuberculosis.

Doctor Stanley Henderson, who was born in Chilliwack, followed Dr. Terry. After graduating from McGill in 1926, Dr. Henderson had spent seven years in post-graduate study of womens' and childrens' diseases at Montreal, Baltimore and New York. He returned to British Columbia in 1933, with the intention of taking a position in a Vancouver hospital, but because of the depression, the money for his salary was not available. Knox, who was in Vancouver on B. C. Medical Association business, was introduced to Henderson and invited him to come to Kelowna for six months. After the six months in Kelowna, Henderson was so entranced by the Okanagan that he readily accepted Knox's invitation to join as full partner.

By the time the war was over, the demand for medical services had increased markedly in Kelowna. Three more doctors had joined the Knox-Henderson partnership by 1950: Dr. J. Hector Muir (Manitoba '44) and George Athans (McGill '48) in general practice. Dr. Knox's associates had turned full circle when one of his "own babies", Dr. K. Alan France (Queen's '54) joined the group in 1955, Dr. Dorromce Bowers (Toronto '49), an internist, joined in 1957. Facilities in the downtown offices soon were no longer adequate and in 1951 the new ultra-modern Knox Medical Clinic was opened. Unfortunately, shortly afterwards, Dr. Henderson suffered a stroke and had to retire from practice. Three more physicians, Dr. William S. Cave (McGill '51) a general surgeon, Dr. Gerald N. Stewart U.B.C. '56) a general practitioner, and Dr. John S. Bennett (London, England '53) an obstetrician and gynecologist, joined the clinic prior to Dr. Knox's retirement at the end of 1963.

In the meanwhile hospital facilities in Kelowna had developed from a small cottage hospital. Nurse Edgill, an English lass who had originally come to Canada to take care of a sick relative in the Enderby area, opened this hospital in 1906.

Kelowna was growing very rapidly during these early years, largely from the stimulus of the infant fruit industry. In 1905 Kelowna was incorporated. In 1908 the first buildings on the present hospital site (12 acres of land donated for the purpose by T. W. Sterling) were opened. They consisted principally of the present hospital annex.

Even as late as 1917, major operations were occasionally undertaken on the dining-room table in a home. One evening Dr. Knox made a call and diagnosed a ruptured ectopic pregnancy. The patient was so gravely ill that she could not be moved to hospital. Since ether was the only anesthetic agent available, no gas lamps could be used. With Dr. Boyce administering the anesthetic, and illumination provided by the headlamps of an automobile shining through the window and by members of the family holding flashlights, Dr. Knox successfully entered the abdomen and controlled the bleeding.

The young doctor's wire when he flipped the coin that brought him back to Kelowna in the spring of 1904, went to Miss Jean Dickson of Kingston, Ontario. Miss Dickson, the daughter of a revenue collector with the Ontario government, had also been a student at Queen's. Knox first noticed his future bride walking about the campus with the son of a lawyer and soon arranged an introduction. The young couple were married in Vancouver on June 1, 1905. Four children were born: Audrey in 1906, Constance in 1909, Robert in 1914, and William Jr. in 1918.

For the first few years the family lived on Bernard Avenue right next to the jail, but in 1912 they moved into the present family home on the edge of Mill Creek. Life in the Knox home naturally revolved around medicine. The family rarely had the opportunity of dining together for their evening meal. What little rest the doctor would allow himself often came only at the insistance of his wife. Mrs. Knox's kitchen was frequently used for minor surgery. Pots were always on the big stove sterilizing instruments for lancing boils or stitching cuts.

All of the four Knox children attended university. The two girls attended the University of Toronto and subsequently married doctors: Audrey, Dr. H. Boucher, at present an orthopedic surgeon in Vancouver; and Constance, Dr. H. Atwood, a practitioner in Williams Lake. The boys attended the University of British Columbia. Bob afterwards returning to Kelowna to enter the real estate and insurance business, and Bill going on to McGill and receiving his M.D. in 1943. After serving in the Canadian Army Medical Corps, Bill accepted residency appointments in Montreal and New York for post-graduate study in surgery. While in his final year of training he suddenly became ill. Within a few short weeks, at the age of 32, he died of an internal malignancy.

In January 1906 young Dr. Knox topped the polls in elections for representatives to the School Board. He remained on the School Board until 1912 and served as its secretary until appointed medical inspector of schools in 1909. In this capacity he offered a unique service, that undoubtedly improved the health of many of the children in the district, and also proved to be a very successful method building a solid family practice. Any child who required more extensive medical care and who had no private physician was invited to come down to Dr. Knox's office between 10 and 11 o'clock, Saturday mornings, for a "more private and particular examination—free of cost". Dr. Knox's concern for his pupils was not limited solely to their physical ailments. One of his former pupils recalls that "He would mysteriously segregate the boys and girls into separate rooms and then proceed to explain to each group all about the birds and bees". Initially Dr. Knox handled both the rural and the city schools, but after the Health Unit was established in 1928, he restricted his duties to the schools within the city. Each year, for a total of 53 years, Dr. Knox presented the school board with a report on the conditions of the schools and health of the school population. His service to the school district was formally recognized in 1961 with the opening of the Dr. Knox Junior-Senior High School. Over the entrance to the school is a mural—The artist commented at the unveiling " . . each scene is part of his life, that life undoubtedly part of the history of Kelowna".

Although consistently refusing pleas, even from McKenzie King, that he should run for Parliament or the Legislature, Dr. Knox always retained an active interest in politics. He headed Kelowna city, provincial and federal riding associations, and for 11 years, from 1936 to 1947, was president of the British Columbia Liberal Party association. Dr. Knox never allowed politics to interfere with his professional life, as a long time friend and former mayor, somewhat jokingly commented ". . despite his political activities his friends forgave him!" Dr. Knox was Liberal party president in 1941, when political exigencies of the war and a minority government brought about a Liberal-Conservative coalition. His Irish wit and renowned abilities as a

peacemaker were evident in the party convention in 1947. Coalition was becoming less popular with Liberals, and there was an attempt to put a time limit of two years on the continuance of the partnership. There was quite a bit of support for the motion, but Chairman Knox killed it with the comment "That time limit just won't work. If you ever gave your wife notice that in two years you were going to divorce her, you would be in for a hell of a time!" The delegates laughed and only one lone vote was recorded for the resolution.

Medical politics also attracted Dr. Knox's keen interest. He was instrumental in the forming of the first interior medical association; and in 1922, Knox was given the honour of being elected as its first president. In 1932 Dr. Knox served as president of the B.C. Medical Association. In 1935 he was one of the Canadian representatives to a combined Canadian and American Medical Association convention at Atlantic City.

Nineteen hundred and forty-six marked the first of many official acknowledgement of Dr. Knox's "distinguished community service". The above citation was made by Lord Alexander, the Governor General of Canada in 1948, when he presented Dr. Knox with the Order of the British Empire that King George had awarded two years earlier. His Alma Mater, Queen's, expressed similar sentiments in 1951 when they awarded him the degree of Doctor of Laws. In 1953, he was chosen the Good Citizen for Kelowna and district. The city again paid tribute to "their doctor" in 1961 when he was made a Freeman of the City. Probably the most appropriate acknowledgement came November 12th, 1963, just 60 years and three days after Knox had disembarked from the S. S. Aberdeen to the high board sidewalks of the tiny hamlet of Kelowna. On this date citizens of the city and district, which now numbered almost 30,000 held a Testimonial banquet in honour of their beloved Dr. Knox. Attending were many of the representatives of families in which Knox had delivered members for three generations-grandmother mother and daughter. Tributes were made by several of the doctor's longtime acquaintances including an old timer who had been a poker mate of the young Knox when they both resided in the old Lakeview Hotel in 1903; a School Board Representative whose family had lived adjacent to the Knoxs'; and a pioneer city druggist and former Mayor of Kelowna who had been filling Knox's illegible prescriptions since 1905. There was even a letter from one of Knox's first patients, the same chap who nearly 60 years earlier had been nursed back to health by the young M. D., after his skull had been crushed by a load of logs.

And thus this venerable M.D. became a legend in his own time. The thousands who had been his patients over the years were invariably heartened by his jovial, bluff nature. He had been more than just a doctor to them, or perhaps more correctly, he had been a true family physician, concerned with their lives in love, work and play, as well as with their sicknesses. This capacity to show interest and affection for others, which was even recognized by his classmates at Queen's, seemed to stem from an innate interest in people as people. This interest coupled with an amazing memory for intimate details of family lives, and a personality which allowed him to enjoy positions of leadership, proved to be an invaluable combination for a young doctor in a growing community. These attributes at times made for more than stiff competition for younger associates, who set up their

practices along side of his. Yet, upon his retirement, all members of the medical community joined in the following tribute:

"The Kelowna Medical Society has been honoured for many years by your wise and active participation. The good fellowship to be found in its company undoubtedly had its prime source in your gregarious personality. The high ideals which it pursues almost certainly originated in your sound principles. You have been a jewel in the diadem of Kelowna Medical Society for more than 60 years.

When you came to Kelowna in 1903 you challenged yourself to prove that a young man with industry, courage and integrity could carve a lofty reputation for himself not only in his own small medical community but also in the medical fraternity of his Province and his country. The tributes which we have read from district dignatories show how successfully you met your challenge. More important to us however is the fact that through the years you have mightily refuted the old adage that a prophet is without honour in his own land. Those of us who have had the privilege of seeing you at close hand in your own bailiwick facing the every day and every night trials of a hectic medical practice, have also developed a never ending admiration and respect for you."

A) Newspapers:

1. **Kelowna Courier;** January 1940.
   "In our Spotlight—Dr. William John Knox"
2. **Kelowna Daily Courier;** November 13, 1963.
3. **Kelowna Daily Courier;**
   Dec. 19, 1964, Jan. 16, 1965, Mar. 27, 1965.
4. **Vancouver Daily Province;** December 22, 1931.
5. **Vancouver Sun;** March 31, 1961.

B) Tape Recordings:

1. Browne, Mrs. J.;—Interview with Dr. Knox in 1958 for the program "Old Timers" on C.K.O.V.
2. Herbert, William;—Interview with Dr. Knox for the program "Assignment" for C.B.C., October 9, 1963.

C) Publications:

**Canadian Doctor**—March 1962-p. 29
"Custom Tailored Clinic Building"

D) Personal Communication:

1. Boucher, Mrs. H. E.; 6025 Angus Drive, Vancouver, B.C.
2. Bowers, D., M. D.; 1605 Glenmore Street, Kelowna, B.C.
3. Bull, Capt. C. R.; Okanagan Mission, Kelowna, B.C.
4. Clarke, A.D., M.D.; South Okanagan Health Unit, Kelowna, B.C.
5. Grigg, Miss W'; 2212 Pandosy Street, Kelowna, B.C.
6. Hamilton, J. J.; Secretary-Treasurer, Queen's Alumni Association, Kingston, Ontario.
7. Haug, Mrs. E.; 1746 Water Street, Kelowna, B.C.
8. Kearney, Mrs. W.; (nee Knox), 1855 Pandosy Street, Kelowna, B.C.
9. Knox, W. J., M. D.; 1885 Pandosy Street, Kelowna, B.C.
10. Pannell, W. L., M. D.; Queen's '03; 144 Harrison Street, East Orange, N. J.
11. Underhill, A. S., M. D.; 1635 Abbott Street, Kelowna, B.C.

# THE REASON

**By Marguerite E. Hodgson**

My parents and I stood in front of our house on the shore of Okanagan Lake and watched an old Indian couple approach in their dug-out canoe. Their paddles cut the sparkling water, sure and clean, even as their ancestors had done generations ago.

The early morning sun outlined the old lady hunched over in the canoe as the old man ground it ashore. Her soft brown eyes glowed a silent greeting as she followed her man out of the boat. The Indian grunted as he heaved the canoe, with my father's help, onto the beach. Then he straightened, proud as a chief, his face lined and brown like old leather.

My parents wise in the ways of Indians, waited silently for their first soft-spoken greeting, 'How 're yu?' They were our old friends. They stepped forward and solemnly shook hands with all three of us, then presented father with a huge fresh-caught fish. After admiring this gift, my parents led the way into the house. The Indians carefully seated themselves-their faces inscrutable. The immobile lines in these ancient faces showed the patience and struggles of their race and masked the inner knowledge that was their heritage.

The old lady motioned to me and reaching into her beaded buckskin bag presented me with the daintiest pair of moccasins! A slow smile crossed her withered face at my childish joy as I slipped them on and danced around admiring the colorful beaded embroidery. Her eyes showed her pleasure in our praise and thanks. Very little was said except a few soft-grunted replies to my parents' questions about their well-being since they had last met. Mother prepared lunch which they accepted politely. Tea was the highlight of the meal. There was brief conversation about a probable good summer, a late fall and a long cold winter.

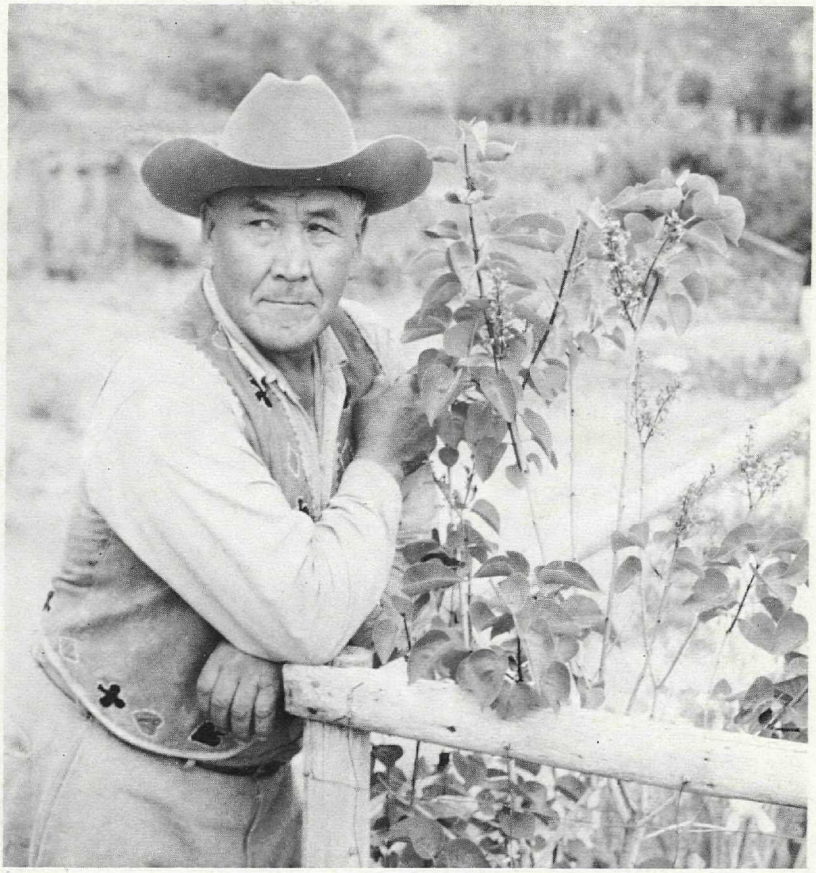
Then knowing their ways, mother and I set about our household tasks, mindful of their watching and occasional soft murmurings in their own language. The scent of smoked buckskin had spread throughout our little house. It was a haunting scent that can never be forgotten-even as I can never forget that old couple.

We knew that there was something they wanted us to do that day, but only when they were ready to tell us. The sun was settling at the west end of the Lake when our friends, conversing softly to one another, began to stir as though to leave. Father came in from his outside work. Mother started to prepare supper. The old Indian stood up, with his woman beside him and very carefully made the solemn statement for which they had come. 'Please would you order some blankets for us from the Big Book?'

At last we had learned the reason for their visit! Mother sat down and opened the big mail order catalogue.

*On left, young Jack Alec, later Chief of the Penticton Indian Band.*

Courtesy Mrs. Pierre Louis



*Chief Jack Alec of the Penticton Indian Band.*

Photo by Eric D. Sismey

## CHIEF JACK ALEC

**By Eric D. Sismey**

Chief Jack Alec of the Penticton Band died on Wednesday, September 3, in the Penticton Hospital. Chief Jack was born on the local reserve and had spent most of his life there. He attended school at Kamloops.

Chief Alec was well thought of in Penticton. He was ready at all times to co-operate with city leaders. The 68 year old leader guided the band for the last 17 years. During recent years Alec worked closely with Reverend Ron. Blackquiere, the band's priest and councillor. As a result of their efforts the Indian village is served with electricity, telephone, piped water and City fire protection. And a salmon barbeque, now a yearly event, attracts thousands of guests.

Chief Jack Alec and Mayor Stuart represented Penticton at ceremonies welcoming Canada's newest submarine, the HMCS Okanagan, when she was commissioned at Halifax.

*Lillian Armstrong with drum (puh-meen) accompanying her daughter Jeanette (Lacht-lacht-te-ge, Music-of-flowing-water) singing the wicked owl (Ska-loo-la).* Photo by Eric D. Sismey

## INTEGRATION

**By Jeanette Armstrong**

Beneath the pressure
Of ever increasing white
Still a few cling
Now bleak and naked.
Soon, soon among
The white they fall
And mingle
Gone
Gone forever
Golden red leaves

# PIERRE LOUIS, OKANAGAN CHIEF

**By Mrs. Ben Louis and D. A. Ross**

A gentle outstanding Canadian, former Chief Pierre Louis, died on March 11, 1968, in his 86th year. He was born near Oliver B. C. shortly after his parents had left Colville Washington. His mother had been born in what is now Polson Park of Vernon.

Pierre enjoyed a happy youth in the Okanagan, mostly near Oliver and in the Vernon area. His daughter-in-law Mrs. Ben Louis recorded the following: "He was about 15 years old when his father died. He worked after that for five dollars a month feeding cattle, pigs, milking cows and gardening. He attended Mission Reserve School, and a day school at Oroville, and later, classes in the tiny log school at the Head-of-the-lake under Father LeJeune."

He met Catherine of the South Okanagan, and married her June 9, 1905. They made their home at the Number one Reserve".

Pierre Louis was a cowhand for the Coldstream Ranch before the first World War. In the year 1917 he worked on the Westside Road near Nahun with horses, pick and shovel. In 1922 he helped build the school at Six Mile Creek. He was pole cutter and rancher, and took part in rodeos. He did most of the veterinary work on his own animals."

Pierre Louis was Chief of Okanagan Indian Reserve Number 1, and of Number 2 (Westbank), also of Duck Lake at Winfield, for 29 years. He was responsible for bringing irrigation to the Head-of-the-Lake in the year of 1934 and did the same for the Hedley and Oliver reserves. Pierre Louis and the late George Gottfriedson rode and worked with the construction horses. He also was responsible for the Hydro development around the Head-of-the-Lake. He had the waterrights recorded for Pinaus Lake, Shannon Lake (Westbank), and the Oliver Reserve."

In 1936 he received a special medal from King George V, for outstanding services to his people. He was awarded another medal in 1953 from Elizabeth 11 at which time he and his wife were presented to the Queen. He received a Canada Centennial medalion in 1967."

A bust of Pierre Louis, sculpted by Miss M. Sychuis, was ceremoniously given to the City of Vernon Museum and Archives in 1960."

In later life his hobbies were lacing and braiding leather, and telling his grandchildren Indian Legends."

Surviving are: his wife Catherine, ~~four~~ Five sons, six daughters, 73 grandchildren and 71 great grandchildren."

Pierre Louis was descended from the blood line of Indian Chiefs of the Okanagans and had accumulated a vast knowledge of Indian tales and of Indian ways in the early days. Unfortunately only fragments of this knowledge, passed on by the old chief, were briefly recorded for the files of the Vernon Museum and Archives.

# THE PROBABLE ORIGIN OF "THE RAILWAY"

**By C. C. Kelley**

"The Mission is connected with Kamloops by a good wagon road, which, however, does not follow the shore of Okanagan Lake, but a parallel valley lying a few miles east of it, occupied by smaller lakes. The first or southern lake (almost a mile in length), is called Duck Lake. The second, generally known as Long Lake, is 13½ miles in total length, but is almost completely divided four miles from its southern end by a very narrow transverse strip (of low land) known as "the Railway". This is supported in the centre by a little rock mass. The southern portion of Long Lake is separately distinguished as Primewash Lake on Trutch's map."*

It is evident that the land area between Long (Kalamalka) and Wood lakes exists because of two comparatively low ridges of bedrock separated in part on the Long Lake side by bays. When a south-moving glacier cleared out to bedrock the valley bottom now occupied by Long Lake, it had to climb over these rock ridges on its way south. In doing so a large amount of fine material, dredged from the Long Lake bottom area, and carried on the sole of the glacier, was dropped just south of the north ends of the rock ridges. This took the shape of two drumlin-like masses, the larger being the eastern one, now largely in orchards.

At a late stage of deglaciation the depressions of Long and Wood lakes were probably ice-filled to an elevation 200 feet or more above the present lake surfaces. This ice was ponded, and on the bottoms of these temporary lakes there was deposition of varved clay, which was also stratified. These bottom deposits on underlying ice preserved the ice during the time of maximum erosion, before vegetation became established. Thus in effect, the lake basins were like large kettles. As the ice in the lake bottoms melted, the clay settled and the present lake basins were formed. About half of the land area between the two lakes is surfaced by remnant masses of this stratified clay.

When the lakes achieved their present elevations, the drainage from Wood into Long Lake was probably on the east side of the larger drumlin-shaped mass. This channel is still swamped, partly as a result of being pinched at the north end by the fan of Oyama Creek. There could have been some damming by beavers in this channel, if willows, cottonwood and aspen were abundant nearby. The lakes are now kept in balance by a channel cut between them when the C. N. R. was built around 1925.

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***Preliminary Report on the Physical and Geological Features of the Southern Portion of the Interior of British Columbia, G. M. Dawson, Geological Survey of Canada, Report of Progress, 1877-78. (See O.H.S. 6:90-93).**

# JOSEPH B. WEEKS OF OKANAGAN LAKE (1877-1969)

**By Eric D. Sismey**

The passing of Captain Joseph B. Weeks on February 23, 1969, closed the book on sternwheel steamboating on Okanagan Lake.

Joe Weeks, born on October 1, 1877, was 15 when his father tiring of the drapery trade, sold their possessions in 1893, in Shrewsbury, England, sailed from Liverpool on the Allan liner S. S. Parisian, to settle on 14 acres of land now inside Vernon city limits. For the first year or two young Joe did odd jobs, among them helping his father build their home from logs cut on their land. In 1895, or 1896, Joe was never quite sure, he, with two companions, undertook development work on mineral claims in the hills behind Camp Hewett—it is Peachland now.

Soon after leaving Okanagan Landing aboard the 55 foot S. S. Fairview, a wood-burning sternwheeler, the Canadian Pacific sternwheel S. S. Aberdeen, her white paint glistening, swept by, her whistle sounding a scornful toot. There and then Joe Weeks decided that he would apply for a job on this beautiful ship as soon as his obligations were fulfilled.

When Joseph B. Weeks crossed the gangplank of the S. S. Aberdeen on October 7, 1897, decked out in new overalls and carrying a bedroll, little did he dream that he would follow steamboating for the rest of his working life and that before many years had passed he would captain sternwheelers. When retirement came he would have logged around two million miles.

In no time Joe Weeks learned that deckhanding was just another name for hard work and long hours. Loading wood was a rough job—10 cords for each round trip. In 1897, mail, passengers, and freight were carried not only to booming settlements along the Lake, but for trans-shipment to the rich mining camps of the Boundary. Settlers effects came by rail in carload lots; farm machinery and merchandise were often piled on the deck above, and sometimes loose grain was shovelled in the spaces between. Often deckhand Joe walked the guards to get from one end of the ship to the other.

While his shipmates fooled spare time away Joe studied ship lore, cargo stowage and the elements of navigation, encouraged by his skipper, Captain George Ludlow Estabrooks.

Early in 1899, Joe Weeks passed examinations in Victoria where he was granted a Mate's certificate covering operation of steamships on all rivers and lakes in Canada, except the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River.

Soon after receiving his ticket Joe Weeks was transferred in October 1899 to Slocan Lake as mate of the S. S. Slocan. In 1899 the Silvery Slocan of promotors was nearing its peak of mineral productivity. Rich galenas from mines at Sandon, New Denver, Silverton and Enterprise were being shipped to Trail. Joe remembers sacks of silver concentrates, no larger than 49 pound sacks of flour, but as much as a man could lift, each worth more than his month's pay. And it was almost a daily task to supervise and tally the loading of concentrates worth a king's ransom.

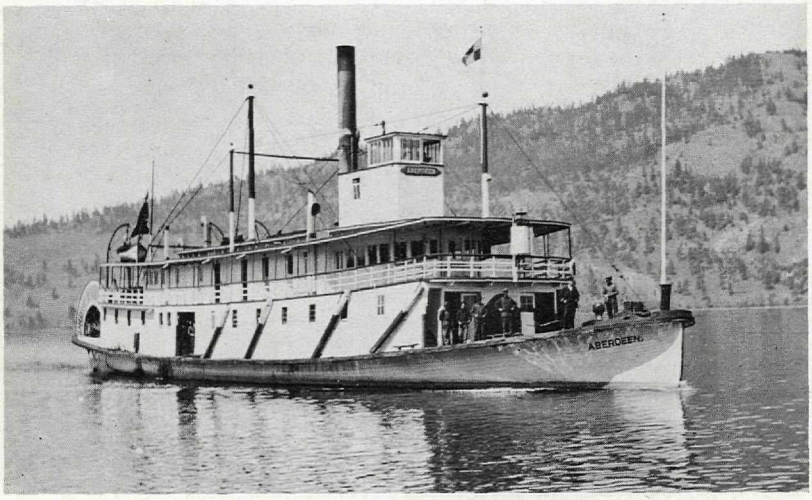
In 1902, Joe Weeks served for a short time as mate on the passenger sternwheel, S. S. Moyie, on Kootenay Lake, before returning to the Okanagan where he was posted mate on the S. S. Aberdeen.

He found the Okanagan undergoing great change: the 30,000 acre Tom Ellis cattle ranch stretched from Penticton to the International border; the large mixed farms at Kelowna and Vernon were being subdivided into smaller holdings; townsites were being staked, and orchards planted; and J. M. Robinson was developing Peachland, Summerland and Naramata.

In 1904, Joe Weeks was examined for a Master's Certificate at Arrowhead. Soon after receiving his "ticket" Captain Joseph B. Weeks was given command of the S. S. York. The S. S. York, built in Toronto for the Canadian Pacific, was 88 feet long with a 16 foot beam and a draft of less than five feet. Her twin screws operating in a tunnel allowed her to go almost anywhere as long as she did not drag along the bottom. She was of unusual design being built in sections that could be taken apart without disturbing engines and boiler. She was a general purpose ship, doing everything from towing log booms, pushing barges, breaking winter ice, general freight service, carrying picnic parties on special charter and relieving the Aberdeen when she was laid up for overhaul.

Captain Weeks as skipper of the York saw every phase of lake service. While breaking ice was a cold miserable job, picnic parties of men and women in summer finery laden with baskets of goodies were always a delight. Not long ago Captain Weeks met one of his former picnic passengers. "Do you remember a picnic party to Peachland many years ago" she asked. "Yes,! dear lady, he replied. And I remember your cherry pie too!".

The year 1907 Captain Weeks was promoted to skipper his first love, the S. S. Aberdeen. Ten years before he had boarded her dressed in overalls: Now, 10 years later, he crossed the gang plank as captain with gold braid on




*S.S. Aberdeen, Captain Week's ship.*

Vernon Museum and Archives

*Captain Joe donned his old uniform at my request. December, 1964.*
Photo by Eric D. Sismey

the sleeves of his jacket and around the peak of his cap. For the next five years Captain Weeks commanded the S. S. Aberdeen until, racked by 20 years of hard work, she was retired in 1913 and Captain Weeks was transferred to car barge service on Okanagan Lake. At one time or another, he was captain on the tugs Castlegar, Kelowna and Naramata and sometimes the York.

"I shall never forget Christmas Day, 1915", Captain Weeks remarked when I called on him Christmas morning a few years ago. "The York left Okanagan Landing about 10 o'clock in the morning with a carload of high strength dynamite for the Giant powder agent in Penticton. There was a fresh breeze blowing when we sailed, but by the time we reached Squally Point the wind had freshened to a full gale. Rounding the point exposed to the full sweep of the 15 mile reach from Penticton we met waves six feet high. Even on 'slow bell' we made heavy weather until one wave, larger than most, swept over our bow 'green' and . . . stove in the forward door of the main deckhouse." "It was not very comfortable," Captain Weeks chuckled,

"to feel boxes of high test dynamite sloshing about our feet."

In 1922, Captain Joseph B. Weeks was promoted to command the 200 foot, 17 knot, S. S. Sicamous, the last word in sternwheel ships. She was elegant and luxurious from her stem to the 24 foot paddle at her stern.

By the early 1930s passenger traffic had declined to such a degree that this service was discontinued on January 5, 1935, and the Sicamous was relegated to freighting during the soft fruit season. When this did not prove economical the erstwhile Queen of Okanagan Lake was retired, and berthed at Okanagan Landing until purchased by the City of Penticton as a beach attraction.

After the Sicamous was withdrawn from service Captain Weeks returned to pilot the tugboat Naramata pushing car-laden barges between Penticton and way points north until he retired on October 1, 1942, after 45 years on inland waters.

At his home in Penticton where Captain Joe lived since 1926 he was never far from reminders of his old life. His living room was decorated with pictures of the ships he had commanded; a model of the S. S. Aberdeen, tables, reading lamps and a clock, centred in a 12 inch model ship's wheel which he had fashioned from wood taken from the top deck of the Sicamous. A large silver cup refreshed his memory of a regatta at Naramata, on June 23, 1910, when he and his crew from the S. S. Aberdeen defeated crews from the S. S. Okanagan and S. S. York in a lifeboat race. The contest was not without amusing incident. Confusion in handling the "falls" on one of the other ships dropped one end of one of the lifeboats, ducking the crew in the lake.

Joseph B. Weeks looked back with great satisfaction to the part he had played in changing the Okanagan Valley from sage brush barrens into the fruit basket of Canada and he enjoyed talking about it. "It is refreshing, he declared one day, to see so much that I recognize and remember—brought to lakeside points by my old ship S. S. Aberdeen." "I like to go around the benches when the orchards are cloaked in blossom, and again when branches bend with their load of sun-blushed fruit, knowing that many of these trees had grown from the bundles of nursery stock that I once checked ashore. While I was mate of the Aberdeen, it was my duty to tally the first fruits from young Okanagan orchards billed to outside markets. And 35 years later, on my last trip north, to have captained the S. S. Naramata, pushing a barge from Penticton to Kelowna laden with 'reefer' cars of red-cheeked Okanagan apples. Then, too, are memories of the men I knew and respected; my first skipper, Captain Estabrooks, whose sterling qualities and friendly disposition are cherished by all who had the good fortune to have known him. "My passengers, Tom Ellis, Frank Ritchter, Charles Lambly, Father Cornelier, Dick Cawston, Reverend Irwin (Father Pat) and many others whose experiences reached back into the 1860s. They were pathfinders, every one."

Ninety-two year old Captain Joe, was much more than a steamship captain to his large circle of friends. He enjoyed visitors, he enjoyed conversation and if you played cribbage with him you were certain to meet defeat.

The Okanagan Historical Society was dear to his heart. He was its

second president taking office after Leonard Norris and piloted the Society through the difficult period 1941-1948. Captain Weeks contributed to the annual reports of the Society beginning in 1930. He served the Penticton branch as president, treasurer and for many years as a director. Joseph B. Weeks was elected Honorary President of the Society in 1963 and was awarded life membership that same year. More recently when the weight of years began to tell he insisted that the meetings of the Penticton executive be held in his house. On January 30, when we left his home at the close of an executive meeting little did we dream we were shaking the hand of our dear friend for the last time.

On April 17, Captain S. Podnoroff and his crew stood in silence along the stern rail of the diesel tug Okanagan as she sailed past Squally Point while Jack Petley, local Assistant Superintendent, scattered Captain Joe's ashes on the bosom of the Lake he knew and loved so well. That was the way Captain Joseph B. Weeks wanted it.

# 32 STEAMBOAT WHARVES ON OKANAGAN LAKE

**By J. D. Whitham**

List compiled by J. D. Whitham, assisted by Capt. J. B. Weeks who ran C.P.R. Boats on Okanagan Lake from 1897 to Oct. 1st, 1942 when he retired on pension.

EAST SHORE

Okanagan Landing
Carr's Landing
Rainbow
Okanagan Centre
McKinley's
A. B. Knox's
Kelowna
Priest's
Okanagan Mission
Mitchell's (Crichton)
Paradise Ranch (Pine Creek)
Naramata

SOUTH END OF LAKE

Penticton *

WEST SHORE

Trout Cr. (Gartrell's)
Summerland (Barclay's)
Greata Ranch (Camp Helena)
Camp Hewitt
Peachland (Lambly's)
Trepanier
Gellatly's
Westbank (Hall's)
Bear Creek
Wilson's Landing (Stuckey's)
Reid's
Caesar's
Nahun
O'Neil's
Fintry (Short's Point)
Bruce's
Ewing's (Morden's)
Killiney
Whiteman's Cr.

*Penticton Wharf—Pre-World War I on cover of this report.

*Enderby, B.C. in 1902.*
Courtesy City of Enderby

# ENDERBY AND DISTRICT: FROM WILDERNESS TO 1914

**By Beryl Wamboldt**

Geologists tell us that the Glaciation which ended about 10,000 years ago probably covered the Okanagan Valley completely. It is thought that a layer of ice, 7,000 feet deep, chiselled out our north-south valleys to smoothed out troughs. As the ice-sheet melted, rivers and streams were left, and these waters, much larger than our water courses of today, helped to clear the valleys of the glacial debris as they washed their way to the sea.

It is thought by those who make a study of such things, that the chain of Okanagan lakes, and Sugar and Mabel lakes are the result of glacial action. As the ice melted, large ice-lobes remained and melting ice-water cut channels to bypass the ice-lobes. As the ice lobes melted lower and lower, channels were followed until it became the terrain we know today, with its terraces or benches. In some places ice-lobes formed giant deep depressions into valley bottoms that became filled with water as the ice melted away, leaving us the rivers and lakes for which the Okanagan is famous.

Enderby is at the North end of the Okanagan Trench which reaches its maximum width of eight miles near Armstrong.

It is believed by geologists that during the end of the last glacial period water from the Shuswap River flowed southward but when the main valley bottom became blocked by sediments, carried by Fortune Creek, drainage diverted northwards. The accumulation of black soils and clay loam made the District of Enderby a good agricultural area.

British Columbia, with its giant virgin forests and dense underbrush must have seemed formidable to the first explorers but there were river valleys and lighter-treed areas and the large inland plateaus—150 miles of dry, high country between the Rocky Mountains and the Coast Range. Here lay acres of open grass land, and land lightly treed with deciduous trees, interspersed with a chain of lakes, rivers and streams. This then was our area before the white man came from his European home. As the Europeans came to North America and traversed the land from sea to sea, they found the native Indian well established throughout the length and breadth of the land; not all spoke the same tongue.

Dr. Diamond Jenness, an authority on Indian languages claims 11 languages and 40 dialects existed among the natives in Canada during the days of the fur-traders and explorers. Of these 11, six were used in British Columbia alone. The two largest linguistic groups dwelling in British Columbia are the Denes and the Salish; within both are many dialects. The Salish, residing between the Alberta-British Columbia border and south of Knight and Bute Inlet on the Coast speak in a dialect remotely resembling the Algonquin tongue.

The Salish group is divided into two major groups the Coast Salish and the Interior Salish and each became composed of several smaller divisions. The Shuswaps of the Eastern Interior, the Lillooet of the Lillooet area, the Thompsons, and our own Okanagan, extending from just north of the U. S. border, between the Columbia and the Fraser Rivers. Although fish was the

primary food of the Interior Salish, too, once the lakes and streams froze over, they, of necessity had to turn to hunting game for both food and clothing. While the Coast Salish could depend on the sea for a permanent food supply and thus could establish permanent homes for shelter, the Interior Salish were forced by Nature to become more nomadic and although settlements were established in the Interior, the search for food often caused them to set up quarters, often subterranean, wherever the cold of winter found them.

How long the settlement of Indians has been at Enderby is unknown, but A. L. Fortune recorded that when he and his two companions camped on the banks of the Shuswap River in June, 1866 they saw no sign of habitation until the third day. Then they were visited by a group living nearby. Although it is thought likely they were the first whites this band of Indians had seen, they were very friendly toward the three men.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Joe were both born on the Enderby Indian lands over 80 years ago, around the time the town was being surveyed by the Government, approximately 1884. How long before that their parents had lived there is undetermined. Chief Hulla, a Grandfather of Adrian Alexander is remembered by pioneer residents as the Chief of quite a large band of Indians near Enderby in the early 1890s. Alex Jones and his brother Fred, were born near Enderby in 1890 and 1898 respectively.

It was June 14th, 1866, that Alexander Leslie Fortune, with John Malcolm and Thomas Dunn paddled a canoe up the Spallumcheen River and camped on the bank where Mr. Fortune later developed beautiful "Riverside Farm."

The Spallumcheen River, now known as the "Shuswap" winds its way through Enderby, Grindrod and Mara, flowing into Mara Lake on its way to lose itself in Shuswap Lake and eventually the Pacific Ocean. There are two interpretations of the Indian word Spallumcheen, one is that it means a meeting of the waters, and near Armstrong we have the geographical division point where the waters divide; the other interpretation is "a flat rim or edge." Either could fit the locale nicely as the Spallumcheen Valley stretches out in a wide flat valley, rolling up in ledges to the west.

Records in the Provincial Archives tell us that, the first day, the men spent fighting a small fire they had started as a smudge to keep off the mosquitoes, and it had gotten away. It is thought, by Mr. Fortune the fire may havbe been the reason Indians living in the same area did not visit their campfire until the third day.

During the autumn of 1866 the first trees were cut down to clear the land and on May 6th, 1867, the first sod was turned by Mr. Fortune when he began his spring ploughing. The closest white neighbors were the Vernon brothers, Forbes George, and Charles, and C. F. Houghton, who had come to the mines at Cherry Creek and remained to pre-empt land at the present-day city of Vernon.

During 1876 Robert Lambly pre-empted what is today the site of the city of Enderby, after walking into the Valley over the Dewdney Trail from Hope. The following year his brother, Thomas, sold his book store in New Westminster and joined him.

Thomas Lambly was soon appointed Assistant Commissioner of Lands and Works for the Okanagan Polling Division. The year of 1878 the Lambly

Brothers built a large freight shed on the river bank: part of the building was made into an office for Thomas. Robert Lambly wrote in the 6th (1935) Okanagan Historical Society Report, that the lumber for the freight shed was brought from Kamloops by boat, but the shingles were made nearby.

Upon the completion of the Cariboo Road in 1860, a roadway extended from Cache Creek to Savona Ferry, where an Italian named Savona operated the ferry at the west end of Kamloops Lake. Here for many years a steamboat began its run from Savona to Fort Kamloops. Later this was extended up the Thompson River to Shuswap Lake and to Sicamous, then called Perry's Landing. From there boats travelled up Shuswap River to Steamboat Landing, as the Indians called it, or Lambly's landing. A wagon road was built from Lambly's Landing, later to connect with the Kamloops Wagon Road at the O'Keefe Ranch.

On February 15, 1881, David Lloyd Jones, William Postill and Robert Lambly completed the first frame house in Enderby for the Robert Lambly family. The Lambly home is thought to have been about where the Dew Drop Inn is situated today, and the barn about where the Bank of Montreal stands. A livery stable operated here prior to the erection of the first Bank of Montreal building. By 1884 Thomas Lambly had been appointed Chief License Inspector for Yale and his former position had been taken over by Walter Dewdney. The Government Agency was situated in Enderby first and moved to Vernon later.

On the 14th of February, 1885, 14 acres, known as lot 149 of the Government Reserve at Enderby was subdivided and the lots offered for sale at auction by Mr. Walter Dewdney. This followed surveys by Government crews, who had named the newly surveyed site Belvidere. At the auction all the lots but one were purchased by Robert and Thomas Lambly; it was purchased by their brother-in-law, Alfred Postill. There were 20 lots in all; each was seven tenths of an acre and sold for $70.

In 1885, following completion of the C.P.R. main line, construction of a wagon road was begun along the east side of Mara Lake from Sicamous to Enderby. That same year a store was built near the river bank on Lot 4, by H. F. Keefer, a sub-contractor during the building of the C.P.R. The store was sold to Oliver Harvey and W. B. Bailey. This building later was the Polson Mercanfile Store, the Enderby Grower's Exchange, E. H. Coulter, and finally Jim Boot's, when it unfortunately burned to the ground in 1966. This was the second Harvey store, the first being over by the mill yard.

A large grist mill known as the Columbia Flouring Mills was built in 1887 by G. R. Lawes and G. H. Rashdale at Enderby. It was built in two sections, five stories high. An "ad" in the first Vernon News advertised "Premier" and "3 Star" brands, with the slogan "The Pioneer Rolling Mill of the Province." This mill was re-organized in 1903, still called the Columbia Flouring Mills, under F. V. Moffat. The building now owned by Noca Dairy was the Moffat home. According to the late Fred Barnes, this mill had the distinction of shipping the first Canadian flour to the Orient. Forty sacks, marked "J3, Kobi, Japan" were shipped on January 28th, 1904. This flour mill finally ceased operation on May 31, 1923.

The Enderby Ladies Literary Society met regularly and read popular essays and poems aloud. At one of the meetings the ladies heard the poem by Jean Ingelow "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire" telling the story of

the brides of the little town of Enderby. Mrs. F. Lawes suggested "Why not call our town Enderby?" On the 1st day of November, 1887 the Enderby Post Office became official with Oliver Harvey as Postmaster, and it remained in the Harvey family until taken over by Enderby-born Pat Farmer on the 16th of July 1947.

The first issue of the "Vernon News" published in May 1891 carried a column of Enderby news. Contractors Patterson and Larkin and Co. were busy building a 280 foot wooden bridge across the river at Enderby and the town was preparing for the arrival of the first train on the new Valley line from Sicamous. This momentous occasion took place at 4 P.M. on May 23rd, 1891. The locomotive chugged into Enderby, greeted by a loud whistle of welcome from the engine of the Columbia Flouring Mills and loud cheers from the citizens, gathered along the newly laid tracks. A loud blast from the train whistle answered a tumultuous welcome. Several ladies from Sicamous Junction had ventured to make the journey by the first train all the way to Enderby and they were entertained royally by Webb Wright, proprietor of the Enderby Hotel.

On the following day, Queen Victoria's birthday, the town celebrated with sports and races. Enderby Baseball Team was beaten badly by Vernon but Enderby evened it by taking the "Tug of War" captained by T. W. Fletcher.

The baseball line-up may bring back memories for Enderby pioneers:

| | |
|---|---|
| Watson—pitcher | Bailey—3rd base |
| Gardner—1st base | G. A. Smith—field |
| Smith—2nd base | Box—1. field and catcher |
| Bell—1. field | Knight—catcher and c. field |
| McBain—shortstop | |

The Ball scheduled for that evening had to be cancelled due to the intense heat.

I would be remiss not to mention the steamer "Red Star" that had plied the river under Captain Cummings for the Columbia Flouring Mills. Many of our earliest citizens came up the river by this boat. Mrs. Edgar Emeny told me that a part of the Emeny farm just north of Enderby is still known as "the Scow" where the wood was taken after being cut for the Red Star and where she pulled in to take on the cord wood fuel. Later when the boat no longer plied the River, the Railroad, with its wood-burning engines ran through the Emeny's farm, and that family contracted to supply cord wood for the railway also.

Some of the business enterprises of Enderby in 1891 were: H. W. Knight and Co. operating a Pork Packing Establishment; Rashdale and Costerton, Real Estate; McArthur, Stevenson and McArthur, General Merchants; Wright and Lawrence Livery Stable, accommodation and stageline to boats and trains; Oliver Harvey, General Merchant; Columbia Flouring Mills with Sam Gibbs, Manager; F. B. Jacques, Jeweller; and Miss M. Fraser dressmaker for the Enderby ladies.

During May 1891 a site was selected for the Church of England and building was commenced in June. The Rev. J. M. Turner held the first protestant service in the North Okanagan at the Fortune home in 1874; attending were Moses Lumby, Herman Witcher and Mr. Matheson.

In 1891 Mrs. Hassard, and her son William, purchased the Harland

place. Mrs. Hassard was the mother of Frank and grandmother of the members of the Frank Hassard family of 17 children, who also are now married, and have grand children throughout the Okanagan Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Fortune, (Mrs. Fortune joined her husband in 1871), had lived near Enderby for 20 years when on June 11th, 1891, the townspeople gave them a touching farewell as they boarded the train for Sicamous Junction to transfer to the Transcontinental for their first well-earned holiday.

Nicholles and Renouff, of Victoria, appointed C. F. Costerton the agent for their line of farm implements and hardware, which he kept in his warehouse at Enderby, in 1893. S. Bowell was a contractor and Noah Kenny, who had been sent out by an Ontario firm to build the flour mill, had remained to make his home in Enderby and do carpentry work.

In the Spring of 1893 William Hutchison, who had established a blacksmith shop in Enderby at an earlier date, enlarged his shop and built a rustic covered square front on the building. It was located where the Government Liquor store is today and the Hutchison home was opposite the shop where Lundaman's Hardware now stands. The same spring Webb Wright greatly enlarged his hotel along Cliff Street on the corner now the site of the Provincial Forestry building. The new hotel was completely refurnished, containing, sample rooms for the travelling salesmen to display their goods, as well as clean comfortable rooms for the travelling public. Mr. Webb Wright is remembered as a large, sturdily built man and Mrs. Webb for her abilities in nursing the sick people of the district. She was not a professional nurse but was endowed with the spirit of a good woman and was a kind neighbor to all who needed nursing.

The summer of 1893 saw the completion and dedication of Enderby's first Methodist Church by Rev. Betts of Kamloops. The Rev. J. E. Rosoman had brought his family from England to join a son who had been living at Mara. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Stroulger and family. The Stroulgers took a ranch just north of the Appleby and Eaves farm at that time. The Mara Post Office was also established during 1893 with S. Appleby the postmaster until 1896 when it was taken over by Mrs. Mary Rosoman. Mara residents began appealing to the Provincial Government in 1893 for a bridge across the River.

In Enderby July 1st was celebrated by holding a Community Basket Picnic at the Fortune Ranch.

The photographer, Chas. W. Holiday was visiting friends in and around Enderby.

Fifty acres of land were being cleared for the Lambly Brothers by Messrs. Fenton and Logan, who had contracted to do the work. They used, for the first time in Enderby, a new-fangled machine called a stumping machine that not only took out stumps, but dislodged whole trees.

Enderby's Gun Club had a large membership and the Racing track situated in the vicinity of Malpass—today, had been successful in bringing some very good racing stock to Enderby.

In 1894 Frank Hassard became the area's Road Foreman and some of the names on the 1894 Provincial Electoral list were: Bacon, R. Bailey, G. Bell, J. Bell, Alexander Campbell, John M. Campbell, T. W. Fletcher, H. Greyell, O. Harvey, W. Hutchison, Edwin Jones, Wm. Jones, Noah Kenny,

R. Lambly, Geo. Lawes, Wm. Long, Duncan McCallum, D. M. McIntyre, N. McLeod, and G. Taylor. And for Deep Creek it listed Alexander Grant, Robert Gibb, and Henry Hill.

The Bell Trading Company operated a store in Enderby where Reimer's large store is today. W. J. "Billy" Woods arrived to work in the meat department for Bell's in 1895; later he became a partner with George Bell and Robert Peel. Eventually he became the sole owner, selling out to William Duncan, who had worked in the Wood's store for many years, and to his brother, Gordon Duncan. Mr. Woods passed away, in his 91st year in June, 1966 in Enderby survived by his wife. He had married Miss Alice Johnson of Enderby in 1905; they celebrated their Diamond Wedding Anniversary in 1965 at their home in Enderby.

The late Mr. "Dick" Blackburn, used to recall the time when no logging was done around Enderby. It was in 1895 when Smith and McLeod opened a sawmill that Enderby became a logging town.

Pioneers mention that the first school house was a little log building by the River but the one most frequently recalled was built near the Gordon Garner home of today, with Mr. Bannerman as the teacher.

While the town was expanding and developing at the turn of the century, England was involved with the South African War. How much this War meant to the residents of the little settlement of Enderby, far away from both England and the battlefields of South Africa, can be pictured through an item in the "Vernon News" dated June 7, 1900. When word was received over the C.P.R. wires of the surrender of Pretoria, Enderby celebrated this glorious event. The British flag was run up and flown high from the flag pole of the Enderby Hotel. F. Appleton rounded up business men and housewives and by 6 P.M. a picnic supper had been prepared at the Fair Grounds. A. L. Fortune, Justice of the Peace, thereby the local representative of Queen Victoria, was driven to the grounds and tendered a 21 gun salute, followed by the singing of "God Save The Queen." Mr. Fortune delivered an inspiring address, suitable for the occasion. Following supper, races and sports were held until the shades of night fell over the loyal little settlement.

During the races a piano had been moved into the Hall and the townsfolk re-assembled there. With Mrs. Crane at the key-board, solos by Mrs. Alden (mother of Hudson), Mrs. Graham Rosoman, Mrs. Bell, George Heggie, H. C. Alden, Howard Lawes, L. Long and Percy Rosoman were enjoyed. Finally after three rousing cheers for Queen Victoria, three cheers for Lord Roberts, and three lusty cheers for "Tommy Atkins", the evening was turned over to dancing and singing until 3 a.m.

In 1900 J. C. Bentley, M.D. began his practise in Enderby. Prior to that Dr. Offerhaus of Lansdowne had served the entire area.

On May 18th, 1904, Volume 1, No. 1 of Enderby's first newspaper "The Edenograph" was published by H. W. Walker. Baird Brothers had established a brickyard in Enderby during the 1890's, and in the spring of 1904, A. M. Baird bought out his brother's interest. H. Byrnes and Charlie Strickland had cleared a large tract of land and were busily engaged setting out orchards. Two good wagon roads led North and South from Enderby, one to Vernon, and a 23 mile road to Salmon Arm to the C.P.R. main railway line. New stores were being built in the townsite and land in

the area sold well at $3 to $10 per acre, unimproved, and $40 to $100 improved. The Okanagan Lumber Company Ltd. employed 50 men at their mill which turned out a daily capacity of 75,000 feet; the latest band saws and three boilers for their steam engines were used. Ten million feet and a year's supply of logs was the boast of Manager F. H. Hale. J. L. Ruttan's and Robert Mowatt's "Rothesay Lumber Company on a corner of the pioneer Tom Gray land at Mara. was cutting another 20,000 feet of lumber per day. The Enderby Coal Mines were located in Logan and Weir's Gulches.

During the Spring and Summer of 1904, 25 houses were built in Enderby. Some of these were: four houses built by Ira C. Jones, J. Gaylord, F. H. Hale, J. Greyell, J. Johnson, A. Baird, J. W. Evans, and Charles Strickland; two cottages and a business block by W. Hancock; R. P. Bradley's hardware store; Hutchison's business block, and a large barn for S. Teece.

Enderby's population had reached 500. Names in the news columns were: Baird, R. Blackburn, Bailey, J. F. Dale, A. Dale Jr., Wm. Folkard, Handcock, G. R. Williamson, and F. Lawes and S. Teece.

The business section contained the following: Henry Harvey, General Merchant; Enderby Furniture, owned by James E. English; J. C. Metcalfe, General Merchant; R. P. Bradley, Hardware; Wm. Handcock, Harness maker and Saddler; Enderby Brick Co., owned by A. M. Baird; Wm. Hutchison, Blacksmith; Enderby Hotel (Rate $1. and $2. per day) owned by Webb Wright; E. A. Chappel, Painting and papering; Enderby Meat, owned by George Sharpe (father of Vernon's Mrs. Vera McCulloch); Ira C. Jones, builder; Miss Garnet, Home Baking; Enderby Trading Co., Columbia Flouring Mills, J. E. Orchard, Decorator; E. T. Smith, Drayman; Okanagan Lbr. Co.; Magnet Pharmacy; Frank Pyman, Jeweller. The "Edenograph" carried ads for nearly all the businesses in town.

The Loyal Orange Lodge No. 446 with Rev. A. E. Roberts, Worshipful Master and H. J. Blurton, Secretary, met the first Saturday night of each month.

Activity on Cliff Street was interesting to watch as the Bell Block, owned by George Bell, began the preliminaries to erection.

The farms around were producing well. Wheat sold for 60c per bushel; oats were $20-25 per ton; potatoes sold at $10 per ton; apples were $1. a box; swine sold at 5½c per lb. on foot; and labor was $30. per month. Crops were so good during the growing season of 1904 that the Enderby Branch of the Farmer's Exchange was organized August 10, 1904 with directors Thos. Grey, W. Owens, C. W. Little, George E. Little, V. Redman, L. B. Massey, Frank Richie, John Moser and J. Eaves.

Enderby in May 1904 wanted a bank and a campaign was carried on by the editor of the newspaper as well as petitions around the town and area. The controversial issue of church union had just been introduced to the community and the subject of Enderby becoming a City was also capable of starting a heated argument at a moment's notice. Arguments pro and con, with numerous meetings had taken place all winter but despite antagonism the biggest and most controversial issue of the day became a reality on March 1, 1905 when Enderby was incorporated as a City with George Bell as the first Mayor.

Graham Rosoman was appointed City Clerk.

*George and James Bell. George was Enderby's first mayor.*
Vernon Museum and Archives

Probably one of the most vigorous opponents of incorporation at the time was Fred Barnes, who had come from Kamloops in 1896 and remained to build and manage the first mill for Smith and McLeod. Once incorporation became a fact Mr. Barnes served as an alderman in 1906, as Police Commissioner in 1918 and Mayor from 1919-21. Sir Richard McBride appointed him as Justice of the Peace which office he held for 50 years. The playground on the Highway south of Enderby was built on property donated to the City for this purpose by Mr. Barnes many years ago. Following its establishment as an Enderby Lions Club project it was officially named Barnes

Playground in his honour. Mr. Barnes was made a Freeman of the City in 1954 at the age of 96. He died in his hundredth year.

Close on the heels of the City's incorporation the Bank of Montreal opened its doors in April, 1905. Although the original building was torn down to make way for a modern bank a few years ago, the Bank of Montreal is still Enderby's only Bank.(although other banks operated here for a time). Mr. A. E. Taylor was the first manager. Many fine bankers have managed the Enderby Branch throughout the year; possibly the one who stayed longest and was manager during the difficult days of the depression, was A. B. Greig.

The Masonic Lodge was organized in January 1905 with Worshipful Master R. McQuarrie, W. Fred Barnes, J. W. W. H. Kenny and Treasurer. Graham Rosoman. In May of 1905 the Independent Order of Oddfellows was established: Noble Grand G. W. Allan, V. Grand G. A. Paul, Secretary E. Wheeler, and Treasurer J. C. Metcalfe.

Early in 1905 the Farmer's Exchange was re-organized with directors: George Heggie (president), W. Monk, F. H. Hassard, J. Cook and W. Anderson.

Enderby was booming! The subject of water for the new City became the burning question in the spring of 1906 and both Smith and Brash creeks were considered and inspected; Brash Creek was finally chosen, but not unanimously. Water was turned into the Enderby mains in January 1907 at a cost of approximately $20,000. Brash Creek is still Enderby's main source of water supply. Mrs. Fortune laid the corner stone for the new Presbyterian Church in May 1906 and presented the new St. Andrew's Church with the 500 pound bell that hangs in the steeple. For many years it has been heard calling its members to worship. As a bride on the farm over the hill from town I always liked to hear the church bell ringing at the close of day.

Pauline Johnson, the noted Indian Poetess visited Enderby and recited her many poems. Premier McBride was tendered a Banquet at the new King Edward Hotel. Dr. Verner a graduate of London and Dublin hospitals, purchased Dr. Bentley's practise. He came from Toronto after 20 years practise there.

Basil Gardom became Enderby's first policeman at $15 per month. In later years he was a Director of the Independent Milk Producer's Association of Vancouver.

The City Hall report for 1906 read:

Salaries:

Clerks $149.95 Police 92.50

Teachers 625.95 (Public School)

Principal 70.

Miss Beattie 55. Con. Gardom 15

Chuck, 8. (Janitor at school)

$186.91 in bank at end of first year.

The Independent Order of Foresters organized in Enderby in 1906 with Wm. Hancock, Dr. Verner, Geo. McCormack, J. A. Morrison, A. E. Taylor, W. Fraser, A. Shields, F. V. Moffatt, Orator J. McMahon, J. Bogert, W. F. Gibson, W. Monk, and was organized by R. W. Timmins.

Samuel Teece, who then owned the land from the back Salmon Arm

Road to the Railway track and up to the present Jack Armstrong farm and the house that is the present Archer home, began a dairy business in Enderby. Housewives paid 6 cents a quart for fresh milk from the Teece farm daily.

In 1906 the Fortune Ranch was sold to Gracie and Wylie of Scotland. The Fortunes built a large home just south of Enderby on the back Armstrong Road where they lived until Mr. Fortune's death in 1915. A road was built to the Bogert and Coltart farms two miles west of town. Both were pioneer farms. Abram Gunter took the land now known as the Wamboldt farm following his work as a bridge builder on the C.P.R. construction in the 1880's. In 1904 his stepson Richard Coltart and his wife had moved to Enderby from Vancouver to take over the farm from the ailing Mr. Gunter, who died in 1915. Mr. Coltart served as both mayor and alderman in Enderby during the years and was a losing candidate in a Provincial Election, running on the Conservative ticket against Dr. McDonald, Liberal, and Price Ellison an Independent Conservative. Dr. McDonald, his opponent, but good friend, was the winner. As Mr. Coltart's health failed Percy Wamboldt was hired to look after the farm work with Mrs. Coltart and to tend the Ayrshire herd which Mr. Coltart had established before 1910. Mr. Coltart died April 10, 1939 and Mrs. Coltart in January 14, 1961. The Bogert farm is owned by Gus Karras today. Only a grandson of the pioneer Bogert family, Johnny Bogert of Ashton Creek, remains in the area. The Coltart Farm was purchased by Percy Wamboldt, who married Mrs. Coltart's niece (the writer of this history).

The Mill was sold to the Roger's Lumber Company of Minneapolis in 1906. Talks were being held to have a road built to Mabel Lake.

Early in 1907 a City Foreman was appointed, I believe it was Robert "Bob" Bailey, who at this early date served as Enderby's policeman and water works custodian. Later Tom Kneale became City Foreman and at his death Peter Litzenberger, present City Foreman was appointed. Graham Rosoman was appointed Police Magistrate in 1907.

Plans were in progress during the autumn of 1908 to build a Hospital (now the Enderby Rest Home Apartments). Dr. H. W. Keith had purchased Dr. Verner's practise the year before and had moved his wife and baby daughter to Enderby. His second daughter, Jean, now Mrs. J. R. Kidston of Vernon, who was born in Enderby, describes their home in the 1966 Okanagan Historical Society Report" a rambling old fashioned house, sitting in grounds that ran a full city block, with stabling for horses, chicken runs, large fruit, vegetable and flower gardens, all of which he (Dr. Keith) looked after in his free time. The surgery and the waiting room were part of the house." A great number of the middle-aged residents of Enderby were more than likely ushered into this world by Dr. Keith who remained in Enderby until his death in 1933. He was followed by Dr. Munro, Dr. Coltart, Dr. Haugen and then Dr. J. H. Kope who has now spent more years doctoring in Enderby than the respected beloved Dr. Keith. The house remained on corner until Dr. Kope built his first office where McLeod Agencies are today. The old "Doctor's" house was remodeled as a butcher shop for Gordon Garner and Norman Danforth, then expanded by Frank Fuller to the Sanitary Meat Market, then as Jack Bolens "Sanitary Food Market." Now it

*Andy Glen's threshing rig on the R. J. Coltart farm near Enderby in the early 1900s.* Courtesy B. Wamboldt

is Haywood's Bazaar." The southern corner has been occupied by George Rand.

The farmers living on both sides of Shuswap River wanted a bridge at Grindrod and in 1908, Messrs G. S. Salt, Handcock, Enemy and Waddel (former owner of the Ernie Skyrme farm) met with Price Ellison, M.P. to further their cause. That same month of December, the Enderby Board of Trade was organized with George Lawes, Chairman and Graham Rosoman, Secretary.

The new Baptist Church was dedicated in February 1909 and in March, Samuel Polson purchased the property, building and stock of Harvey and Dobson changing the name to the Polson Mercantile Co. Ltd. His son-in-law, Sidney Spears, formerly employed by W. R. Megaw, of Vernon, became the Manager of the new store.

The Carlin Estate of 1,400 acres on the West side of Shuswap River at Grindrod was surveyed by Surveyor Williams in April, 1909, for the establishment of a new townsite. It was to be laid out between the railway track and the River at a point where a government bridge was to be built. West of the railway track 10 acre blocks were to be sold to bona fide settlers, sales to be handled by H. W. Harvey.

The month of May, 1909 will long be remembered by pioneer residents as the time of the Great Fire. It turned out to be a "blue Monday" for a great many people. Slashing had been taking place on the Fenton Farm, about three miles North of Enderby, and it is thought a spark from a C.P.R. locomotive set fire to one of the slash piles. A. H. Duncan, (father of W. E. Duncan who then lived along the east bank of the River, near the present Vic Polson farm) noticed a heavy pall of smoke while shopping in Enderby and decided he should get back home as soon as possible. When he arrived he found the fire had run through the J. Emeny farm, burned the barn and fences and jumped the river to burn the Duncans out entirely.

The fire swept down both sides of the River, leaving desolation but fortunately no loss of life. A. D. Stroulger's brand new barn, filled with hay and the lumber for their new house and Dan McManus's building were demolished but his house was saved. W. Monk, the Mack brothers, E. B. Hoffman, C. S. Handcock and R. Waddell lost heavily but managed to save their buildings. J. Knapp's seven cows stamped into the bush and were burned to death, and everything Mr. Knapp owned but the clothes he wore, his team of horses and an old black cat were lost. J. Dickie, Jack Rothwell and the Peacock family lost everything. J. Lambert had obligingly stored the belongings of Gerald Neve in his stable until Mr. Neve was ready to move into his new home, only to have the fire burn the Lambert stable and with it the Neve belongings.

The fire raced on toward Mara, taking out three bridges and leaping the river again to take with it Jim Bell's hayshed and out-buildings and everything at George and Charles Littles, A. Robertson's, and E' Bennet's. The Rothesay Lbr. Co. went up in smoke and at the Tom Grey farm a little drama unfolded when Mrs. Grey put two of her small children, a girl and boy in a buggy with bread and butter and told their older sister Ethel (now Mrs. Ethel Doerflinger of Grindrod) to take them away out into a field that the fire seemed to have passed by and to stay there until she came to get them. This was about five o'clock at night and each farm had had the fire descend upon it so rapidly no one could help a neighbor. Each family had to fight its own battle with the blaze. The Gray's had a bucket brigade going and Mrs. Gray felt the children would be safest in the open field. She was right, the house was saved but some of the buildings in the yard were lost. It was not until the next morning that the mother was able to bring her children safely home, neither knowing through the long, horrifying night what was happening to the other.

On the other bank of the river C.P.R. section hands managed to save the Mara Bridge but the Rosoman home and Post Office were burned out. Mrs. Rosoman was carried to the River's edge and placed in a boat and covered with dampened blankets thus saving her life. Before reaching the Cadden place (now Bill Makella's), where it seemed to just peter out, the fire had burned out Sam Patula entirely, Blurton's barn and Witala's hayshed.

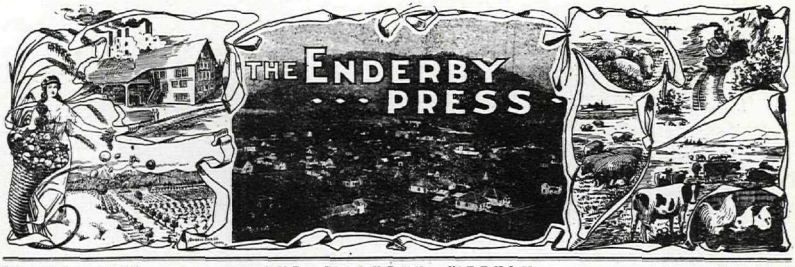
No news of the terrible fire reached Enderby until the next day as the burned out settlers began to arrive in town for supplies. People cleared land constantly in those early days and the smoke of slash fires was a familiar sight and the fire had travelled so quickly before a brisk breeze that communication was nil. Everyone was occupied on his own premises.

As usual there were miracles: firstly no human lives were lost and secondly, Mrs. Zettergreen, with her young family was alone that day directly in the path of the fire but just before it reached the home the fire veered and passed them by.

Very little insurance was carried but as usual these early settlers took their terrible setback stoutheartedly and rebuilding was soon under way.

Enderby was now the centre of quite a populated area. 174 acres in North Enderby had been purchased by a Mr. Donaldson, McQuarrie's Glengarrick Dairy operated a few miles south of the city. The new impressive City Hall had been completed and opened and the Bell Block was being built on the main street.

Graham Rosoman




Enderby, B. C., May 20, 1909 AND WALKER'S WEEKLY Vol. 2; No. 12; Whole No. 64

# A GALA DAY PROMISED

May 24th promises to be a very interesting day at Enderby. At no time in the eighteen years that Enderby has been celebrating Victoria Day were efforts more earnestly made to make the celebration a success. A. E. Taylor and Robt. Peel at their own expense, went to Revelstoke last week and quickly arranged the matter of special train, baseball and lacrosse. Revelstoke will send its crack baseball and lacrosse teams, and with them will come one of the biggest crowds that Revelstoke has ever sent into the Okanagan.

Armstrong will send her infantry band, lacrosse team and hose-reel team; and with them will come her public-spirited citizens. Salmon Arm will send her foot ball team and her lovers of sport. Vernon was to have sent her football team, but Enderby was not able to employ the Vernon band in addition to the Armstrong and Enderby bands and so Vernon's footballers withdrew. But this isn't the genuine Vernon spirit, and, inspite of the puny pickled pique, Vernonites of the broader spirit promise to fill the cars for Enderby, just as Enderby fills the cars for Vernon.

The program of sports will crowd the day full. On Cliff street, before the big events are called, the children's races will be held. This will give the boys and girls a chance to win spending money for the day. They will enter the races while fresh and strong, not late in the day, tired and worn.

After the children's races will come the firemen's wet test. For this contest the prizes will be $50 and $25.

Following the wet test, which will be held on Cliff street, the march will be made to the recreation grounds. Here many improvements have been made to add to the convenience and comfort of spectators and players. There will be no more crowding into the field, and no more danger from foul balls. The grand stand is substantially roofed and otherwise improved. The refreshment booths are situated within the curling rink, where ample accommodation will be provided for the crowds which are expected.

Here Revelstoke's best baseball team will play Enderby, and the Revelstoke lacrosse boys will contest the field with Armstrong. Here the Salmon Arm footballers will wallop the bigskin with Enderby. These contests promise to be the swiftest ever pulled off on the Enderby grounds. The field was never in better shape.

The Armstrong Infantry band and the Enderby City band will provide the music on the grounds and there is every assurance that there will be an abundance of the best.

In addition to the regular program of sport, our horsemen promise to put on four hours of horse-racing for the edification of any interested in the sport.

Word comes from Revelstoke, Armstrong and Salmon Arm that these places will send the biggest crowds they ever turned out to Enderby.

The Eckardts, Swiss Bell Ringers, will appear in K. P. Hall as the closing event of the 24th of May celebration. The Enderby City Band will play them here, and at the close of the performance a dance will be given. The Eckardts are well spoken of by the provincial press. "It is one of the best musical aggregations that ever held the boards at the Auditorium," says the Cranbrook Herald.

### IMPORTANT

All committees especially, and anyone else interested in making the Celebration a huge success, will please attend the final meeting to be held in the City Office THIS (Thursday) EVENING at 8 o'clock. A. FULTON, Pres.

The Vernon Amateur Operatic Society will play "The New Boy," a musical comedy in three acts, at Vernon, May 26 and 27.


# WALKER'S WEEKLY

Published every Thursday at Enderby, the Gate-Way of the famous Okanagan, Land of the Big Canadian Red Apple and the California of Canada.

Entered in the Post Office at Enderby, B. C., as second-class matter.

"In order to be poor in the Okanagan, you have to waste an awful lot of Time and Money."

H. M. WALKER

Advertising rates on application. Subscription, one year, $2; six months, $1

A blue pencil mark here indicates that your subscription is past due, and the editor would like to retain your name on the roll of honor.

Address all communications to— THE WALKER PRESS, Enderby, B. C.

*Pa says: "After all, it really makes very little difference"*


## FROM ONE MAN'S POINT OF VIEW

"IT is encouraging to find that the business community of Vancouver is awakening to the fact that the basis of this city's prosperity lies in the development of the agricultural potentialities of the province." Thus writes "Bruce" in the Saturday Sunset. And then he proceeds to elucidate. British Columbia imports $7,000,000 worth of farm produce annually, in spite of the fact that we have the most productive lands in the world; the most equable climate in North America, and can offer attractions to the farmer and settler such as few places in the world can command. And yet, with all of these advantages, settlement and farm development has proceeded at a snail's pace. We import butter from Ontario and New Zealand; eggs from Ontario and Alberta; bacon from Chicago and Alberta; flour from the prairies; beef from the prairies, and even hay. It is pointed out that the facilities and encouragement offered by the government in respect to settlement on the land are not one whit better than they were 37 years ago.

In this connection "Bruce" refers to the absurd policy of holding in a state of idle wastefulness so much land in the name of Indian reserves. "Steps should be taken," says he, "to throw open for settlement all the Indian reserves not in actual use by the Indians. It is a notorious fact that Indian reserves occupy large tracts of the most valuable lands in British Columbia and that the Indians have under their control anywhere from five to ten times as much land as they use or need. The writer has seen dozens of Indian reserve where not one-tenth of the land was utilized and where in many cases the lands were totally abandoned. He has seen gardens and orchards surrounding deserted cabins fallen into decay, overgrown with forest trees, where no Indian has set foot for years, and where all other available lands had been taken up by whites, and were under cultivation. Our present Indian policy does nothing for the Indians and holds back the wheels of progress."

If "Bruce" will come to the Okanagan we will show him a tract of 3,000 acres of the best land out of doors, upon which seven Indians loaf and get a living. We will show him another tract of 6,000 acres held by less than 200 Indians, and not more than 200 acres under cultivation or utilized in any way. We will show him an Indian settlement of something less than 200, where there is no school, no industry—nothing to teach the younger generation anything but sloth, slop, slovenliness and slivers. It is a crying shame that the government persists in this policy of darkness and sloth. To say that the Indian can't or won't elevate himself, simply shows our ignorance of Poor Lo. The Indian will learn if given the chance. But the policy of our government encourages indolence and sets a premium on idleness and filth. The only civilizing influences set about the Indians are venereal diseases and the church. By disease the tribe is robbed of its virility, and the church—is used more as a place where the cinch is tightened than as a place where souls are enlightened.

Speaking of the Enderby Indians and reserve, we are confident that if the government would open to the whiteman and sell for the Indians 5,000 acres of the 6,000 reserved, and with the proceeds establish a fund to assist and educate the tribe, the Indians would do as other tribes have done, and get more out of themselves, more out of life, more out of their land—they would become of some use to the community. And the country would be developed instead of being wet-blanketed by reserves.

# IN AND ABOUT ENDERBY

The brick masons are finishing the walls of the Bell block this week.

Fred H. Barnes is serving on the grand jury this week, leaving Tuesday morning.

Friends of Ald. Forbes are glad to see him on the street again, after two or three weeks' sickness.

Mr. A. R. Rogers and Mr. Geo. H. Prince, owners of the A. R. Rogers Lumber Co., paid Enderby a visit this week.

H. H. Magwood, of Regina, has joined the Polson Mercantile Co. as bookkeeper. Mr. Magwood is a young man, and comes highly recommended.

Jas. Johnstone is putting the finishing touches on the handsome residence erected for Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stevens, next to the manager's home.

J. C. English returned from Kelowna last Thursday, having disposed of the boot and shoe business he and Geo. R. Sharpe purchased from the creditors two months ago.

Ira C. Jones writes from 204 7th ave., West Mt. Pleasant, that he is building a home at the number given; business is brisk, weather fine, and all are happy in their new surroundings.

Frank Prince has had erected in the shade of the cedars and pines on the high ground back of the residence of Fred. Stevens, a modern bungalow, with open sleeping apartments, etc., the whole presenting a very attractive appearance.

He's better now, but it was an awfully close call for him. The editor was presented with twenty thousand dollars yesterday. The shock was so great that he forgot to take down the presentation, but from this distance the words have a honey aspect even yet.

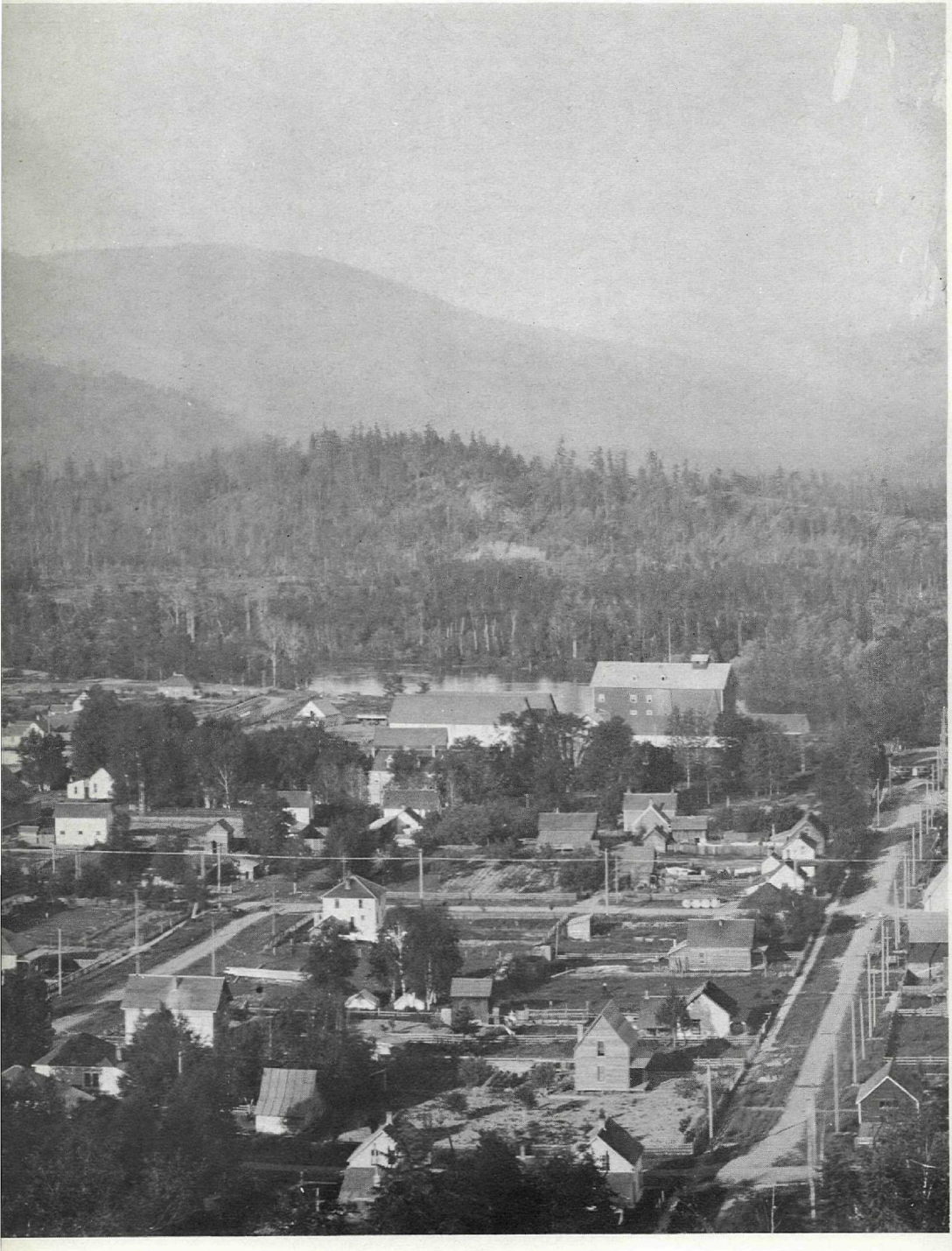
Little Eddie Sparrow fell from his horse on Sunday afternoon, and was brought to his home in a comatose condition. Dr. Keith was called, and on Monday Dr. VanKleek was summoned from Armstrong in consultation. The lad remained in a semi-conscious condition until Tuesday, when he showed signs of rallying and is now rapidly recovering.

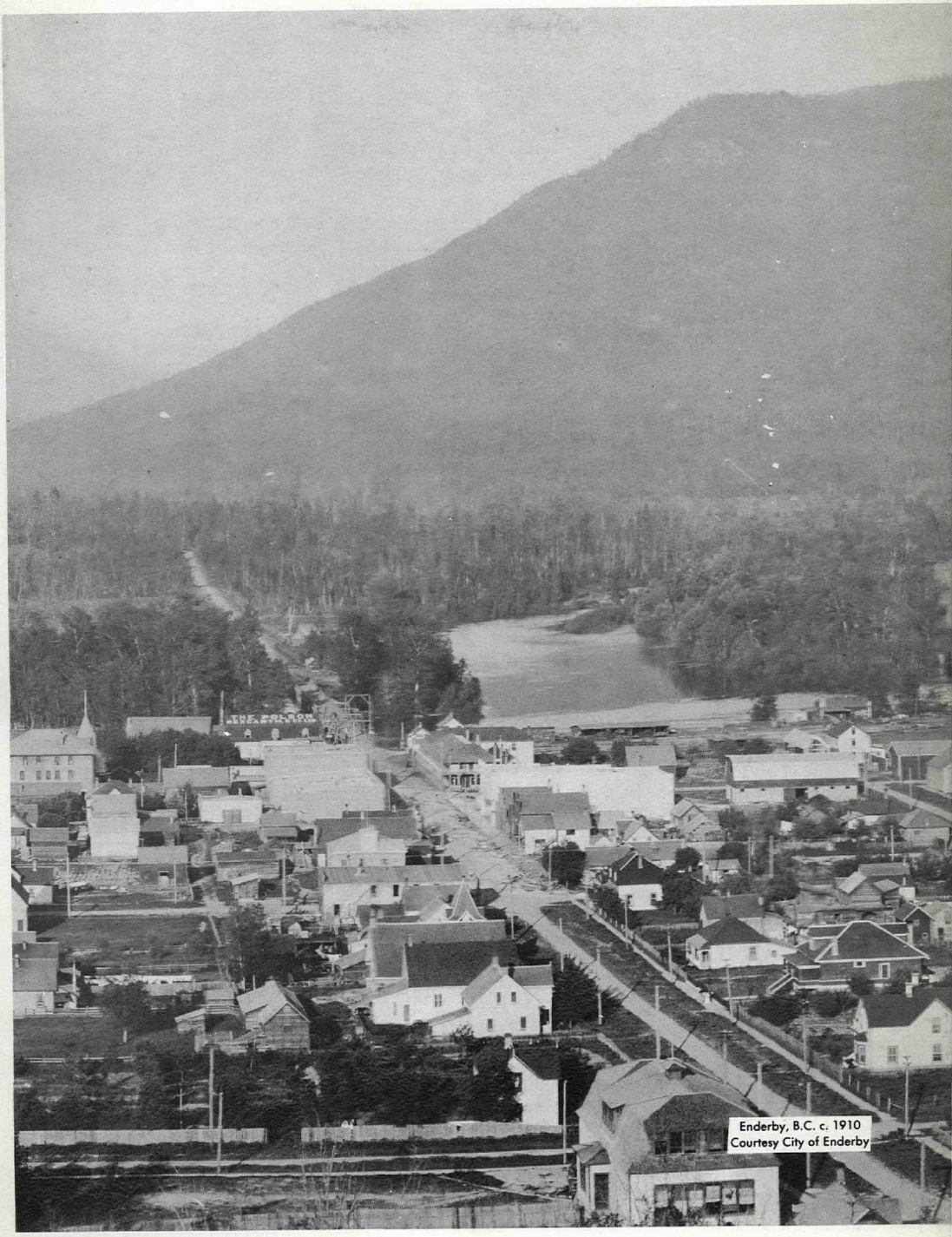
The deal on the W. Allan place whereby the property is transferred to the Attenborough Bros., was closed this week. The price named is $5,500. Eighteen years ago Mr. Allan began the clearing of this 80-acre property. He has not spent his full time upon it, but it has always been "home," and extensive improvements have been made upon it. There are three Attenborough brothers and they will soon be joined by their mother.

At the home of Miss Gibbs, last Friday evening, the members of St. George's church and Glee Club, gave a presentation to Mrs. Geo. R. Lawes, in the form of a handsome mahogany chime clock. There were 25 members present. Rev. J. Leech-Porter made the presentation address; eulogizing the recipient in the highest terms for her uniform patience, tact and ability, and her unceasing loyalty as organist of the church. It is the wish of the members to publicly express their appreciation of the favors shown by Mr. Dake in procuring for them at first cost the handsome clock and for other courtesies in connection therewith.

*Vol. 2, No. 12, May 20, 1909.*

Courtesy Miss Rosoman





Enderby, B.C. c. 1910
Courtesy City of Enderby

A tract of land belonging to H. A. Baxter, six miles east of Enderby was divided and sold; 80 acres to Paul Stainer, 40 acres to Frank Ornst and 40 acres to Frank Shanky during May of 1910. A mail stage through Ashton Creek and on to Mabel Lake was opened by Mike Hupel in September of the same year.

The proposals of the Hospital Auxiliary Committee to build had met the public's favour. When the hospital was under way, petitions were going the rounds to construct a rink.

Enderby boasted a very good band that attended all sports days at home and in neighboring towns and cities. To add further pleasure to life in Enderby the bandsmen had built a little bandstand near the C.P.R. station complete with lights where they played on nice summer evenings. The townsfolk strolled along Cliff St., shopping or window shopping as they enjoyed the music of their band in concert.

In November of 1910 Fulton's Hardware opened its doors on Cliff Street ready for the Christmas trade. Later known as McMahon's Hardware it was operated by Ernie McMahon and then as Farr's Hardware. Today it is Central Hardware. Scott's Shoe business was operated in Enderby by Lil Sutherland's father. Lil and Jim Sutherland today have operated the Enderby Bakery for over 25 years; Mr. J. R. Harvey had had a bakeshop there previously. J. R. Linton had opened a Pole and Tie Mill south of Enderby with H. H. Worthington managing the office maintained in town.

During the Spring of 1911 the new townsite of Grindrod began to be settled when a family named Crowes bought Lot 26. Hoffman's from Winnipeg settled on lot 56 and Crandlemires and George Wells followed a year later. The Monks, Weirs, Waddels and Handcocks lived on the other side of the river and had come much earlier. The Peacocks, Rothwells, Neves, Dickie and Knapp farms were settled also prior to the townsite settlement. Lots in the Barnes addition of Enderby had gone on sale.

In May 1911 a school was built in Ashton Creek. Ashton Creek had been named after the pioneer Ashton family who farmed in the area. The father, Charles came first to Lansdowne from his home in Elstead, Surrey, England in 1866, moving to a farm five miles East of Enderby in 1887. Ten children were born to the family. Mr. Ashton died in 1921 but many of his heirs live in the North Okanagan today. The Cookes, the Brashs and the Bawtrees are all pioneer families of the same area.

The Sawyer Brothers built the Enderby Opera House during the summer of 1911 and opened it in October. Later this became known as the K. P. Hall and today is occupied by Bill Lutz' "Enderby Electric."

Word came from Ohio that Paddy Murphy's race horse "Earl J" had won the record Pacing race in Cleveland, Ohio. By the end of 1911 Enderby's population had reached 871 and plans were to build a large, new school on three acres of Flewelling Property west of the railroad tracks at the Forbes home, owned by Samuel Polson.

That year L. A. "Lockie" Lantz opened a barber shop in Enderby and the Dill brothers, Art and Ed. bought out the Evans Grocery business renaming it Dill Bros. Grocery. At Ed's death Art carried on under the name of A. W. Dill until a few years ago when ill health forced him to retire. He died in 1964. This building is now the Enderby Second Hand Clothing store

***Hotel letterheads*** Vernon Museum and Archives

and the Enderby Pool Room stands on the lot beside it, formerly a part of the Dill property.

Land was beginning to change hands. The McQuarrie Dairy sold out and the Waddell farm at Grindrod sold to Skyrme brothers in August of 1912. The Government opened up lands to the public at Mabel Lake which soon made Mabel Lake a popular place to camp during summer vacation.

During January of 1914 five blocks of land owned by S. Polson and known as the Linton place, three miles south of Enderby were sold in five and ten acre pieces. These were mainly bought up by Norwegian families and became known as Stepney Siding.

The name Stepney has a place in the story of Enderby and area. A large holding called Stepney Ranch lay between Enderby and Armstrong, owned by Sir Arthur Stepney. Sir Arthur had represented the Burroughs of Llanelly and Carmanthen as a Liberal candidate from 1876 to 1878. He

retired in 1892 after serving in the Foreign Office for 20 years. His wife, the former Honourable Margaret Warren shared the county seats of "The Dell" Llanelly; "Woodend", South Ascot, Berkshire, with him. During these years he had invested in land in the Okanagan.

Sir Arthur Stepney advertised for a young man to manage his 1600 acre Ranch near Enderby, B.C. Canada, in British newspapers and from among the applicants he chose George Heggie born in Antrim, Ireland September 27, 1870 of Scottish parents. Mr. Heggie arrived in Enderby in 1895 and took up his duties on the Stepney Ranch. Men like Dick Blackburn, the Skyrme brothers and Arthur Tompkinson found work with Mr. Heggie on the Stepney Ranch and he took an active part in the early events in the growing little city of Enderby. In September of 1910 Sir Arthur Stepney died and 1,300 acres of the Ranch were taken over by a syndicate of English financiers.

Enderby's first Rural Mail Route No. 1 began in 1913 and on January 1st, 1914 a beautiful brick school was opened and the Board of School Trustees named it Fortune School to honor the pioneer A. L. Fortune.

That summer Enderby suffered a severe lightning storm and before it ended, the Roman Catholic Church on the Indfian Reserve had been struck by a lightening bolt and burned to the ground. The present church was built and dedicated by the pioneer missionary Father Le Jeune. It stands today at the Corner of Highway 97 and the Canyon Road.

Deep Creek had its first settlers around 1889, according to the pioneer Naylor family. A Mr. Pickering took a homestead there and the late Mr. Naylor spent the winter in the Pickering cabin. In 1891 Mr. Pickering moved his family to his land in Deep Creek and in 1894 a road was built through the Deep Creek area from Hulcar northward and became partially settled. While R. Davison is the only one of the original settlers left, many of the families once located in Deep Creek are well known throughout the Okanagan today: Hill, Gardom, Best, Gibbs, Truesdale, Hayhurst, McIntyre, Piper, Ross, W. Fortune, G. Salt, T. Sharpe, Garbutt and Stroulger.

In 1911 a small building on the Davison farm was used for a school and later a school was built on a part of the Ginn farm. Historians seem to agree that Deep Creek's first settler was a West Indian negro named "Prosper", who was living there when the first settlers came in 1889.

In 1914 England became engaged in the First World War and the men of Enderby were being mustered to arms under the aegis of Major Henniker. The Cenotaph in the grounds of the City Hall is a grim memorial to the manhood of Enderby answering the call of the Motherland in need. Some returned to take up life once more in the area—many gave their lives.

It would be impossible to tell a complete story of Enderby and District, so many people have lived in the community, some for a short while and others for many years. While I have tried to tell the story of the "beginning" of Enderby there will be omissions and although I may have omitted names and events please bear with me, for each person who has lived in or around Enderby has contributed to its history. It would be impossible to recall everyone.

# WILLIAM THOMAS JOHN BULMAN (1913-1969)

**By Primrose Upton**

When Bill Bulman passed away on Monday, July 21st, 1969, he left behind him a long record of hard work, both as a successful rancher, and for the many organizations to which he belonged.

In 1907, his father had bought the Cloverdale Ranch from George Whelan at Ellison, and here Bill was born in 1913. Following schooling at Ellison and Vernon, he went to University at Pullman, Washington, but left to manage the Ranch on the death of his father in 1933. He married Joan McCall of Kelowna, and they had two children, Donald and Karen. Cloverdale Ranch has a history of being a well run place with fruit, grain, grapes, vegetables and cattle being raised. Bill however, brought it to its most stable and productive state, raising hay, and cattle and bringing the pastures to their peak of production. In 1955 he was named Grassman of the Year for the Kamloops, Nicola and Okanagan areas. He was President of the North Okanagan Beef Growers' Association and of the B.C. Beef Cattle Growers' Association. He was a director of the B.C. Vegetable Board, and was given a five year leadership award by the Canadian Council of 4-H Clubs.

*W. T. J. Bulman*

One of the warmest tributes has come from the 4-H Club where he was a Beef Club Leader for eight years. "He was very well liked and respected—the kind of leader so hard to find these days. He was always willing to help with all 4-H activities, and the first to congratulate those who did well in their projects. Arranging of Awards Night must have taken weeks, but he did this cheerfully and thoroughly. Mr. Bulman explained that the emphasis today in 4-H is on the child, whereas the emphasis used to be on the project. Now the project is rather a means to an end. It will be hard to find any one to take his place—he will be sadly missed by so many."

The Okanagan Historical Society will miss him too. He has been a tower of strength as co-chairman of the Father Pandosy Restoration Committee. Along with Joe Marty and Stan Duggan, he has spent many hours tracking down old farm machinery, and other things which could add to the authenticity of the Pandosy Mission. He was on the Executive of the Kelowna Branch, and was always a most willing worker with any project.

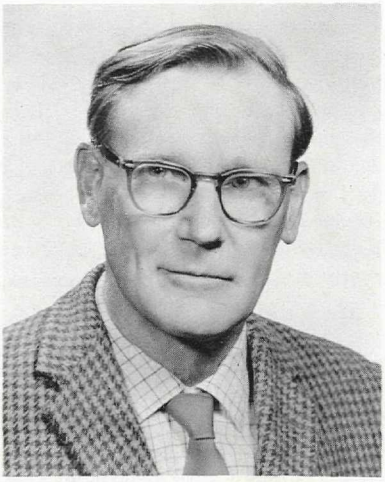
After Mr. and Mrs. Bulman sold their ranch and moved to Okanagan Mission in 1962, he continued his work with 4-H, Beef Cattle Growers' Association, Historical Society, and helped with projects and clubs in Okanagan Mission and Kelowna. He was active with Scouting, with the Kelowna Kinsmen Club of which he was a Charter member, charter President of the K-40 Club. He was President of the Kelowna Rotary Club, and one of the prime movers and workers for the Rotary Beach. He was a member of the Kelowna Chamber of Commerce, and one of the original members on the convention and visitors Committee. He was also manager of the Farm Labor Board in Kelowna in 1968.

Indeed a valued member of the Community, he will be much missed by all of us who were privileged to know him.

# NIGEL ROBERT CATHCART POOLEY

**By Primrose Upton**

The Okanagan Historical Society suffered a great loss in the death of Nigel Pooley on November 13, 1968 at the age of 56 years. His father, W. R. Pooley, had been active in the development of the Kelowna Land and Orchard Company, and the South Kelowna Land and Orchard Company, and had one of the earliest orchards in East Kelowna.



*N. R. C. Pooley*

Nigel Pooley at the time of his death, was President of Fruit Growers Mutual. He was among the first Board of Governors of this organization in 1955. He was born in East Kelowna and attended school there and in Kelowna. He served overseas in North Africa, Italy and other European fields of War from 1940-1945. He served on many committees—School Trustee, Scoutmaster, Little Theatre, Kelowna Club, and was a most valued member both of the Kelowna Branch and the parent body of the Okanagan Historical Society.

In 1945 he married Mary Carnegie in London, England. They have three children Ian, Adair and Christine. A sister Mrs. Frank Hayward lives on Salt Spring Island, and a brother, Tony, lives in Vancouver.

Nigel had a fund of stories, which he would recount in his light-hearted amusing way—possibly he has recorded some of these, and we will hope to print them in a future Report. He loved the countryside, his home and his orchard, and was always ready for a new adventure.

# LOUIS CASORSO (1886-1969)

**By Margaret Greening**

My uncle, Louis Casorso, was born on September 25th, 1886, at Okanagan Mission, in the log house his father, John Casorso, had built after taking up a pre-emption in 1884, a building still standing, east of Mission Creek on Casorso road. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Casorso, who had immigrated to Canada in the early eighties from Alessandria, Italy.

*Louis Casorso*

In 1908 he married Catherine Dapavo in the Catholic Church at Okanagan Mission: the church, at that time, was located across the road and a little to the north of the Pandosy Mission. After his marriage he lived in a cabin on the Pioneer Ranch, later moving to South Benvoulin for several years, before returning to the ranch, where he resided in the large Casorso house (built in 1909) until his death.

Uncle Louis was in partnership with six of his brothers on the family ranch—Pioneer Ranch—for a number of years. In 1911 the family opened a butcher shop (Casorso Brothers Meat Market Ltd.) in Kelowna situated on Water Street just north of the Bank of Montreal. When the Casorso Block—now part of Fumerton's Store—was built in 1913 the meat market was moved there. Uncle Louis assisted in butchering for the shop for some years as well as being in charge of custom buying cattle and hogs. As stock buyer, he travelled from the Border in the south, to Kamloops in the north. He continued in this capacity until 1940, at which time he decided to devote his full time to farming, but still maintained an interest in the stores, in Kamloops, Vernon and Penticton and the original store in Kelowna. He was one of the pioneers in the hog raising industry in the Okanagan Valley.

Louis Casorso passed away on August 2, 1969. He was laid to rest beside his parents in the family plot at the Catholic Cemetery in Okanagan Mission. He was predeceased by his wife in 1950, also by three brothers: Joseph in 1960; Charles in 1960; and my father, Anthony in 1967. Surviving children are Mrs. R. (Mary) Bertoia in Rossland; John in Vernon; and August (who still farms part of the original Casorso property) in Okanagan Mission. There are 14 grandchildren and 12 great grandchildren. Four brothers also survive. Peter, Felix and Leo in Kelowna and August in Vancouver. Uncle Louis had a deep affection for children: his generosity and interest in these little ones will long be remembered.

# HARVEY BOONE — PIONEER

**By J. A. Boone**

Our early settlers have spanned an enormous transition from the pioneering era to our modern times. Some have achieved great local fame, others have lived their lives relatively unnoticed. In carrying out their daily lives they contributed much to the development of our Valley. Harvey Boone was one such person.

*Harvey Boone*

He was born in Hartline, Washington, on June 23, 1892. His father was a millwright and depended for work on the opening up of mining operations. Thus, Harvey was four years old when the family crossed the border at Osoyoos on their way to Midway in the Kettle Valley where a number of mines were beginning operation. On page 38 the 22nd Report of the Society their entry to Canada is recorded in an article by Mrs. K. Lacey.

Quite in keeping with the fate of many mining ventures in those days, the mine at Midway was short-lived. The family was then beckoned to Fairview in the Okanagan in 1902. Harvey has recorded his early recollections of Fairview in an article on the Stemwinder mine in the 32nd Report of the Society. Following closure of the Stemwinder mine in 1904, the Boones took up a 320 acre pre-emption of bench land south of Fairview where they constructed a house and lived for 15 years. The land did not really support a living, and work had to be sought elsewhere. One spring Harvey and his father, with the help of another man, contracted to extend the Fairview road from the summit down to Cawston. This project yielded a total of $6. a day for the Boones: $4. for Mr. Boone and his team, and $2. for son Harvey. Money was not plentiful, but there always seemed to be some work to be obtained including periods of cow-punching or haying for Val Haines. A period of fire-fighting on Anarchist Mountain and a fire lookout job on Mount Kobau in 1914 has been related in an article in the 28th Report of the Society.

Harvey was well into early manhood when the nearby town site of Oliver was being planned. Driven by an appetite for hard work and carrying with him carpentry skills he had learned from his father he managed to obtain a number of construction jobs in the Oliver and Osoyoos areas during their early years. The building of the irrigation canal was a source of work for newcomers and oldtimers alike and he worked on the trestle construction south of Oliver. Many of Oliver's first business buildings including Tuck's Cafe which is still operating, were constructed by him. Other buildings which were later replaced by more up-to-date structures included the first Bank of Commerce where Jack Smith was manager. That building was later torn

down by Harvey and the first part of the present building was erected. Several buildings of his construction were to follow including the Griffin Block, the Oliver Lumber Yard and the Riopel Hotel. In 1930, he built the Oliver Overwaitea Store whose first manager was Milton Garward. In the same year he built the first Osoyoos Packing House and the following year provided it with an addition. Although school classes had been held in Osoyoos since 1916, Harvey built the first school house in 1932 and added a second room in 1934. He supervised the building of the Osoyoos Community Hall about the same time.

An enterprise long forgotten by most people is the Dividend mine west of Osoyoos, but in the hopeful days of its establishment by J. O. Howells it provided work for many people and Harvey was in charge of construction of its buildings.

Harvey bought a freshly planted orchard in the spring of 1924 in the Testalinda district south of Oliver and interplanted it with tomatoes and cantaloupe. About the same time as the land began to yield an income, the early building boom of the neighbouring communities began to diminish and he abandoned the building trade. When the orchard finally came into full bearing it was there that Harvey and Elsie Boone built their permanent home where Harvey spent the rest of his days.

Being an orchardist and recognizing the importance of pollination, Harvey developed a hobby of keeping bees. He never tired of observing the orderliness of a bee-hive and marvelling at the industry of its occupants. Although he had received little formal education of any kind, and certainly none in bee culture, he developed considerable knowledge of bees and skill in their handling. This won him a Bee Master's Certificate awarded by the British Columbia Department of Agriculture, and he was taken on the staff of the Apiary branch. His wisdom was much respected among those close to him in the bee business.

During his lifetime he demonstrated willingness in the area of public service. In the early days he worked with other volunteers to build Oliver's Community Hall as well as the first school at Testalinda. He faithfully served on the executive of both fruit grower's and honey producer's organizations and for a period of time was a Commissioner for the Village of Oliver.

It is noteworthy that among his friends numbered many young people who admired his forthrightness and candid way of expressing himself. They felt privileged that he had been part of their life and experienced a deep sense of loss when he passed away in his sleep, February 2, 1969.

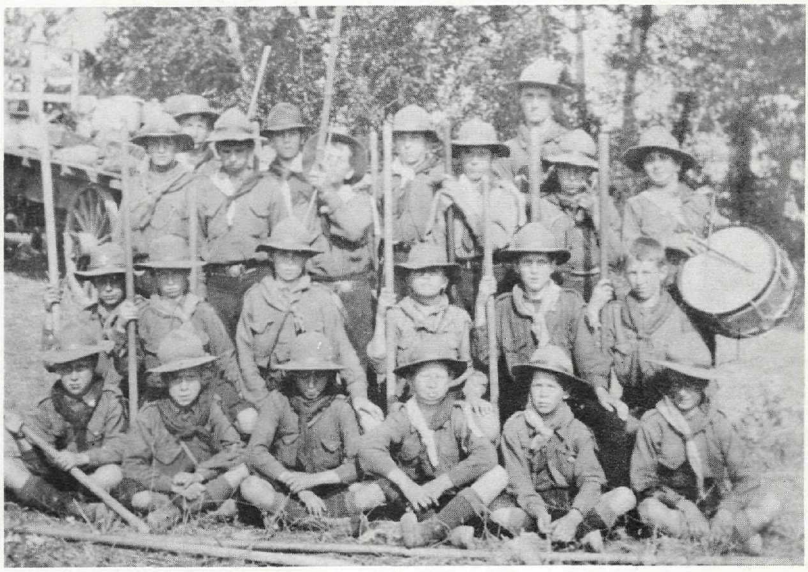
# THE FIRST TWENTY YEARS OF SCOUTING IN VERNON

**By Judge C. W. Morrow, Scoutmaster**

Scouting in Vernon was organized in the Fall of 1913, by two gentlemen: Mr. Geoffrey Kearne had the backing of All Saints' Anglican Church, where he had been in charge of a boys' club, and decided to switch to the scout program, which had been launched in England in 1908 under General Baden-Powell, later Lord Baden-Powell; at approvimately the same time, Mr. Guy Bagnall, later to become one of Vernon's "Good Citizens", was in charge of a boys' club at the Methodist Church, and also decided to switch to the scout program. He met with some resistance, as there were some who thought it was a military gesture, but he overcame the opposition. So it was, that the two troops were formed, and chartered in the Summer of 1914. A camp was organized for the 34 scouts in the two troops; supplies and equipment were hauled to Okanagan Lake through the kindness of a Mrs. W. Haldane; her son later attended the Mackie Preparatory School, and is now practicing law in Victoria. In the first Troop, the Rector of All Saints' assisted in the planning of the camp, and his son, Reginald Comyn Ching was one of the patrol leaders; other members of the first troop were Robert Foote, James Moore, Arthur Fryer and William Jessett, Brother of Tom Jessett, later to become an Assistant Scoutmaster, and still later Canon Jessett of Spokane; still others mentioned in the records were Samuel Moore, Alan Robey, Horace Foote, Stanley Pateman and James Peters, later killed in the First War, after winning the D.C.M. and his brother Johnny Peters. The records of the Second Troop list the following boys as members, although there were others: Barton Harris, Charles Woods, Wilfred Woods, Eddie Foster, Lloyd Glover, Douglas Glover, Russell Neil, Sid Briard, Herbie Glover, Peggy Hunter, Earl Taylor and Harold Briard.

Mr. Bagnall was able to attend the camp at Okanagan Lake, in the vicinity of Adventure Bay; on the Sunday the camp attended service in the Church at Okanagan Landing, and the boys made their way back to camp after dark, with the assistance of chinese lanterns attached to their staves, like so many glow-worms. A visitors' day was arranged, and a sham battle was held the final day, firecrackers being used as ammunition; several rattle snakes were killed, and for this reason a rattle snake patrol was formed, hat bands being made from the skins of snakes killed by the scouts. World War one broke while the scouts were in camp, and shortly after, both troops found themselves without Scoutmasters, as both had joined up.

The second troop discontinued meetings, but the first troop carried on with the assistance of the new Rector of All Saints', Reverend Mr. Laycock. In 1916 the first troop also discontinued its meetings, but they were resumed in February 1918. Many new names appeared on the roll at this time, including Nicholas Carew, Jack Morse, Aylesford Shatford, and Fred Smith. Mr. Kenneth Burnyeat, Superintendent of the Sunday School came to the meetings for a short time, and following this Tom Jessett and James Moore, with the assistance of Maurice Meredith, who had recently moved from



*Scouts at the 1914 camp on Okanagan Lake, with Scoutmaster G. Kearn.*
Photo by G. P. Bagnall

*The Scout Hall Vernon, 1926.*

Vancouver, also Charles Woods and Finlay Ramsay, later to become a physician in Seattle. Later in the year other recruits were taken on the strength, including Richard Cooper, William Ruhmann, Frank Smith, and Harold Cochrane.

In August 1919, Charles White, the manual training teacher agreed to act as Scoutmaster. A bicycle hike was organized to Okanagan Lake; apart from those already mentioned, others who took the hike were Douglas Gillespie, Hector Richmond, Ronald Robey and Arthur Lang; they were drenched with a sudden downpour and stayed overnight; a posse came out in search, but did not disturb them when the scouts were found asleep, but wet.

C. W. Morrow arrived in Vernon in May 1920 and took over as Scoutmaster. The troop had a football team, but no wins were recorded. Mr. White retired as Assistant Scoutmaster along with Henry Crowley. The first Court of Honour was held in the Ranchers' Club, on the site of the City Hall area. An attempt was made to hold a camp, without success; Douglas Gillespie was promoted to Troop Leader and William Ruhman to Patrol Leader. The Kelowna troop, which had been organized earlier, invited two of the Vernon scouts to attend their camp; those chosen were Norbert Ball, now a Physician at Oliver, and Aylesford Shatford, now of Kelowna; they gave a good account of themselves, especially on sports' day.

The first major project considered by the troop was an ice cream and soft drink booth on the occasion of the rodeo staged by the Vernon Amateur Athletic Association in August 1920; the project did not proceed, but the scouts were given a donation of $100 in lieu. Following the rodeo, Aylesford Shatford collected 840 empty bottles, at 10 cents a dozen and turned this over to the troop as well.

In the Fall of 1920, as an experiment the troop was organized along military lines, with Tom Jessett acting as Adjutant; weekly orders were issued and published in the Vernon News. At Christmas a banquet was held, which became an annual event; at this first banquet Mr. White was presented with a "Thanks" badge as a small token of gratitude from the troop; at this time troop strength stood at 30; among the newcomers were Gerald Little, Neil Ball, Larry Lang, Jack Watson, Arthur Lefroy; Gerald Little was killed in a hunting accident in 1932.

In the Spring of 1921 the local regiment under Colonel Johnston, invited the scouts to attend divine service with the regiment; Coldstream Scouts from Mackie School also attended. Church service became an annual event.

During the Easter week-end of 1921 a camp was held in the BX area, 29 of the 30 scouts being in attendance; each scout brought and cooked his own food; this occupied most of the time in camp. Two new scouts attending were Vere McDowall, now deceased and Robert Cooper. Results in tests were good; some of those who were successful were Harold Cochrane, Welby Ryan, Dudly Johnston, Frank Smith, William Ruhmann, Hector Richmond and Val. Lewis, sister of Mrs. Earl Cullen, who did such good work with the scout plays for many years.

Having had a taste of camp, the troop decided to have a Summer camp. Funds were raised by a concert, and one of the stars was Julian Robarge. A location had to be found and with this in mind, the Scoutmaster and Assistant, hiked to Okanagan Lake and hired a rowboat from William

Peters; various spots were examined but eventually Otter Bay was decided on. It was owned by the late Price Ellison, Esq., former Minister of Agriculture for many years: this area later became known as Ellison Park, when taken over by the Government of B.C. Transportation of supplies and equipment were handled by Captain Lang of Okanagan Landing who had a launch and scow. A heavy storm was encountered, but apart from delay there was no inconvenience. Bell tents had been borrowed from the militia but meals had to be taken in the open, and as the weather was bad, this really made things tough for the cooks. This was the first occasion when the Reverend and Honourable T. R. Heneage, later to become Lord Heneage attended the camp; he continued to do so until 1945, when ill health forced him to remain in Vancouver. There was no road to the camp in those far off days so the scouts marched in. The week's camp proved to be an exciting event in the history of the troop; swimming was excellent, as were the many games and sports events. A large number of visitors were able to attend by launch on visitors' day.

Following the camp, a jetty was built with the assistance of Captain Barrington of Okanagan Landing, and this was used to good advantage for many years. In the fall of 1921 the troop lost three of its senior members,—Tom Jessett secured a teaching position in Honolulu; Albert Prior moved to Winfield and Stanley Pateman moved to Armstrong. The latter two have since passed away. Welby Ryan suffered a severe injury to his hand.

Vernon's first May Day was held in 1921; the scouts paraded and acted as Guard of Honour to the Queen, Helen Cochrane, daughter of Mr. Arthur Cochrane, M.L.A., and President of the Association in 1926. He died very suddenly on the eve of the opening of the Scout Hall.

In the Spring of 1922 the troop staged a play, "A Street Boy's Honour" which was a great financial success; new names appearing in the roll included Ernest Rendell, Blandford Marley, Gordon Mutrie, Kenneth Moffatt, Arthur Emerson, Noel Gillespie, Philip Wainman and Percy Nelson. The camp was again held at Otter Bay, where it was held for many years to come. A dining marquee had been borrowed which proved a great convenience; 50 were in camp; Ernest Rendell and Gerald Bate took the honours on sports' day. By Fall, troop strength had increased to 65, and was run in two sections, as the Parish Hall was too small to accommodate so many; an attempt was made to buy or lease the Otter Bay area, without success.

1923 was a banner year for the troop in many ways; a Mr. Mitchell arrived from Timmins, Ontario, and associated himself with the troops; he was a great athlete, and did excellent work with the scouts, whom he termed his "acrobatic archies". William Meek arrived from Vancouver as a Patrol Leader. In May the troop visited Kelowna on the occasion of their Spring concert. A Spring play "A Country Boy Scout" raised funds for the camp. During the Summer, the Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire staged a huge pageant, and one of the scenes, "The taking of Quebec" staged by the scouts, proved a popular number. Several hundred took part in the large affair. Just prior to camp there were a number of promotions, including Hector Richmond, Stanley Patemen and Douglas, Gillespie, all to be Assistant Scoutmasters; William Ruhmann to be Troop Leader; Herbert

Thorburn to be Patrol Leader. The Summer camp lasted a full two weeks, and 55 attended. This was the first year a radio was in a camp, a crystal set owned by Gerald Bate. New names in the troop included Vernon Clippingdale, Charlie and Fred Little, William Fulton, William Greenaway, George Carter, George Pothcecary, Gussie Palmer, and George Dungate. During the camp Commissioner Ross Sutherland of Victoria, and Scoutmaster Allen of Naramata inspected the troop in connection with its entry for the Lieutenant-Governor Challenge Shield. In October the troop received word that it had won this coveted honour. At this time there were 72 in the troop, an all time high. The presentation took place in October; later in the Fall, the local Association came into being with Mr. C. B. Lefroy the first President. At the close of the year, an editorial appeared in the Vernon News:—

> "The Vernon Scouts" Vernon has always been proud of its Boy Scouts but Vernonites will be even more proud of this well organized troop for the lads have won the highest honour that can come from provincial authorities. The Lieutenant-Governor's Challenge Shield has been awarded to the Vernon Troop following the inspection held during camp.
>
> The lads have always given a good account of themselves wherever they have appeared . . . . . .
>
> The Boy Scouts develop citizens of whom any country might well be proud. Scouts are taught to be manly, to live upright, honest lives, and at all times to be loyal to their country. It is an order that has done exceptional work throughout the Empire, and in this work Vernon has done its part, as is shown this week by the high award that has been made to the Vernon troop. Congratulations."

A large and sumptuous Christmas Banquet was held at year end.

Truly 1923 was a banner year for Vernon scouting.

Early in 1924 Charlie White, the Troop Leader moved to Kelowna and his place was filled by Ronald Robey; Arthur Lang and George Dungate were promoted to Patrol Leader and Second. Newcomers included Calder Goodenough, Frank Oliver, Monte Nesbitt, Tierney O'Keefe. Assistant Scoutmaster Douglas Gillespie left for University; later a party was held in the Agricultural Hall in the Court House with patronesses Mrs. W. J. McDowall, Mrs. Hamilton Lang, Mrs. Earl Cullen, Mrs. C. M. Rendell, and Mrs. C. White. For a spring play, the troop chose "Professor Pepp", under the direction of Mrs. Cullen, the first of many she directed. The scouts took the girls' parts and made a great success of the production. The usual Spring Church parade was held, this time in conjunction with the Girl Guides, and the turnout was good.

Victor Bulwer joined just before the Summer camp. The freight problem was solved by C. P. R. who took the baggage and advance guard in at the rate of 24 cents per 100 pounds. The newly formed Troop at Oyama decided to join forces with the local troop at this camp, and 14 attended under Scoutmaster Vernon Ellison, son of the owner of the area. Mr. Ellison loaned the property to the scouts for a period of 25 years without charge, and

for this he received the "Thanks" badge at a ceremony held in 1932. The camp was large, some 55 being in attendance, with Assistant Scoutmasters Ernest Rendell and Gerald Bate attending in that capacity. Mr. Bate is now in the U.S.A. and Mr. Rendell met a premature death. The year 1924 was the year the troop was able to acquire its own tents and camping equipment, and this was used for many years. Among those in attendance from Oyama, apart from the Scoutmaster were Chris and Kenneth Dobson, Larry and Eldred Evans, George Pothecary, Pat and Norman Bowsher, Ken Wynne and Elmer Crawford. A car from Oyama piloted by Mr. Crawford successfully made the trip over the hills right down to the lakeshore, although it suffered a bent axle in the process. This pioneer effort paved the way for the fine highway that connects Ellison Park with Vernon to-day. During the camp the troop staged a burlesque on the American Revolution, written by Fred Little, and Ronald Robey; the Boston Tea Party was a bit too realistic as two of the boys were thrown into the Lake.

The 1925 Spring play was called "A Bunch of Fun" which was a financial success. The I.O.D.E. Chrysler Chapter, which had taken over the sponsorship of the Troop donated $150 towards new uniforms. During camp, Mr. H. C. Dalziel of Cameron's Point attended in the evenings and took many of the scouts for a trip in his launch. Mr. E. K. Peters of Vernon did the same. On one occasion Mrs. R. Peters brought in the supper for the scouts, blanc manage and jellied meat, both greatly appreciated. Mr. Knight-Harris of Armstrong who was substituting for the Vernon News editor made a trip to camp, and was impressed with what he saw; he wrote a lengthy editorial on the need of a scout hall. It is significant that a scout hall materialized the following year. The Parish Hall committee had requested the scouts to find another meeting place, and for a brief period the Armoury was used. Another item of interest in this year was the transfer of the Navy League boat to the Scouts; Mr. Hugh Heggie, the former magistrate officiated at the changeover at Kalamalka Lake. So it came about that Sea Scouts were started. This rounded out the scout organization, there now being, cubs, scouts, rovers and sea scouts. From the Armoury the troop moved to the Skinner packing house, now occupied by A. Fleming Ltd.

Early in 1926 the troop again changed its meeting place, this time to the Alhambra Hall (later the Empire Hall at the West end of Barnard Avenue, presently an apartment block with stores below. The local Association came to the conclusion that it would be necessary to try and build a hall for the various groups, and under the Chairmanship of Charles White, a contract was let to Mr. William Morley. At the outset the hall was intended solely for scout and kindred groups but the plan was extended to take in other organizations. Certain funds had already been collected for a gymnasium; the trustees were persuaded to turn the funds over to the Association which undertook to raise a similar amount by the sale of baby bonds, and also undertook a lottery of a new chevrolet the cost of which was only $851. The I.O.D.E. promised to put on a concert; the City Council donated the property just North of the Bus depot, but it was discovered that the creek running under the lots could not be by-passed, and other lots were donated, where the Scout Hall now stands. The entire community was behind the project and it was formally opened in November 1926, and fully paid for

as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Sale of baby bonds | $2000. |
| Chevrolet raffle | 850. |
| Furnace donation | 500. |
| I.O.D.E. donation | 1200. |
| High School Gym fund | 2000. |
| 1st War Gym Fund | 850. |
| Elks and Rotary club donations | 600. |
| | $8000. |

The Association never took title to the lots, and the City, in a generous mood, never assessed the Association with the value of the improvements; in addition the City donated water, light and other services. The hall was operated as intended, for the whole community and all operating profits were plowed back into the building. In addition the Association staged various events to assist in adding many needed improvements, for example, the balconies, the opera seats, the benches, the supper room and kitchen equipment. The Vernon Old Scouts completed the White room in memory of the president Charles White, and the scouts and guides donated the stained glass window and sign. Improvements over the years would total many thousands. Both the Scout Association and the City of Vernon have a large equity in the building; thanks are due to the latter for its continued interest and co-operation over the years 1926 to 1969. The opening ceremonies were fully reported in The Vernon News in November 1926, and part of the report is included in this history, "Vernon's new hall for the use of all the boys and girls of the town—the Scout hall was opened in due form last Thursday. Shortly after 3, the people began to assemble outside, and at 3:30, with the band leading, the parade swung around the Kalamalka Hotel; it was worth seeing, guides, brownies, cubs, scouts and school children; there was a salute in front of the hall, and Mayor Stewart then unlocked the door, and all entered as the band played the Maple Leaf Forever; the hall was filled to capacity with 1000 outside; Bishop Doull gave the invocation and dedicated the building to the use of all organizations working for the good of the young; the key was presented to the President Mr. White, who made a short speech of acceptance. Then Mr. Hamilton Lang addressed the audience, and spoke feelingly on the passing of Arthur Cochrane, M.L.A. the Honorary President, and thanked the many groups for the help in raising the necessary funds to erect the hall. In the evening a dance was held in honour of the opening, which was attended by 400."

While the Association was fully occupied with plans for the construction of the Scout Hall, the troop went ahead with its usual training program, and in preparation for camp, staged an ambitious play "Dandy Dick". It was well done and some 800 saw the two performances; a Vancouver paper published a picture of the young actors. A reception was held at Gateby in honour of the director, Mrs. Cullen. In June the troop journeyed to Kelowna to hear Sir Alfred Pickford, the Overseas Commissioner, and Mr. John Stiles, the Dominion Commissioner; 232 scouts and guides attended the church parade.

The Summer Camp advance guard went to Otter Bay under Assistant Scoutmaster Ronald Robey. During the Fall, the Woodmen of the World

staged a dance in aid of the Scouts; so ended 1926, another outstanding year for scouting in the Vernon area.

The 1927 Spring play was "The Arrival of Kitty"; scouts again took both male and female parts. Prior to camp there were a number of promotions, William Fulton, Wilfred Martyn, Calder Goodenough and Herbert Phillips. St. Michael's School held a rally day early in June, and invited the patrol leaders; they enjoyed themselves very much, especially at Tea. A movie was sponsored by the troop, "The Regular Scout" which netted a good sum for camp. The camp lasted 10 days; Oyama again sent a patrol, this time under Scoutmaster Sidney Land. As 1927 marked the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation, the committee in charge was most anxious to have the scouts come up from Otter Bay on July 1st. A large launch was chartered in Kelowna, and the Rotary Club provided the transportation from Okanagan Landing to Vernon; celebrations included a service at the Cenotaph, sports in the afternoon, and a display of fireworks in the evening. The return journey was a bit hazardous as the skipper got lost, missed Otter Bay and took the Scouts to Carr's Landing; by the time the boys got to Otter Bay it was 1 a.m., and one of the scouts walked off the pier into the Lake. New names appearing on the strength at this time included Clarence Fulton, George Roberts, George Carter, Wilfred Carter, Huntlley Campbell and Rex Owen.

Early in 1928 Barrie Earle, David Kinlock, Donald Crawshaw, Bernard Drage and Reid Clarke were taken on the strength. The Spring play was "Cinderella O'Reilly" and this time the guides took the girls' parts. The camp was restricted to Second Class scouts or better, as an experiment and was run by William Fulton, George Carter and Hugh Clarke. In the Fall the troop arranged the first convention of the Patrol Leaders of the Okanagan; the chairman was Patrol Leader Clifford Pickrem and the Secretary, Arthur Lee; Robert Grant was in charge of the finance and Victor Bulwer and Calder Goodenough looked after the luncheon arrangements. Among new scouts taken on in the Fall were Stanley Northcott, Albert Prior, Norman Hyland and Ted Coombes; Charlie Bristow and Colin Lefroy received promotions, and William Greenaway was made an Assistant Scoutmaster.

Early in the Spring of 1929 the troop was asked to nominate a scout to attend the International Jamboree in England; the choice fell between Robert Grant and William Greenaway; the former was chosen in view of the fact that Greenaway had been born in England.

In April new recruits were Harold Viel, Errol Dent, John Lishman and Alex Pontin; Cammie LeBlond was promoted to Patrol Leader; the camp was held at Otter Bay.

In September Robert Grant returned from the Jamboree and was met at the station by the Mayor, the President of the Association, and all members of the troop. The Women's Institute put on a luncheon in the Scout Hall. The troop later attended a ceremony in Polson Park, when a plaque was unveiled in honour of the late Mr. Polson, a former Mayor, who had donated the park to the City in perpetuity. The troop had now grown to such an extent that it became necessary to divide it into two sections; William Greenaway was put in charge of Section "A" and William Fulton in charge of Section "B". The troop did not stage a play but Mrs. Cullen chose an adult cast for "The Key Note"—a mystery play that drew great praise from The

Vernon News. Peggy Homer Dixon took the lead, and was later killed in a motor car accident. The new set-up in the troop made many promotions possible, among them being: Robert Grant to be Troop Leader; Saxon Peters, Clarence Fulton, Colin Lefroy and George Whiten to be Patrol Leaders; John Tarry, Harry Roberts, David Kinlock and Donald Crawshaw to be seconds. Robert Grant gave a detailed report on his trip to the Jamboree. Sir Robert Baden-Powell had been honoured many times during the Jamboree, including the degree of LL. D., from the University of Liverpool; scouts throughout the world contributed five cents, the English scouts a penny, which resulted in the gift of a Rolls-Royce and trailer, plus a cheque for 2750 pounds; the American Scouts sent $10,000 to further the work of scouting. The Canadian Scouts at the Jamboree presented an Indian head dress, over 150 years old.

In 1930 there was no Spring play; in lieu the troop staged a large raffle. The camp was run by William Fulton, who acted as Scoutmaster, with the assistance of Hugh Clarke and George Carter. Commissioner E. C. Weddell of Kelowna with Scoutmaster James Laidlaw visited the camp for the first time. The annual Patrol Leaders convention was again held in Vernon.

In 1931, two Chinese youths joined the troop, David and Andrew Lim; their Father was an Anglican Minister. In the Spring the troop joined forces with the old Scouts Association to stage a dance, which took the form of a cabaret.

This was the first and only occasion when a bar was in operation, with the permission of the Liquor Board, but the dance was attended by adults only. In another effort the troop joined forces with the local Association in sponsoring the U.B.C. Spring play. A final project was an additional cabaret staged with the assistance of the I.O.D.E and the old Scouts, to help finance the expenses incurred in the White Room. A group of Scouts from Wenatchee visited the camp and invited the troop to send a delegation to the International Camp-O-Ral to be held in September. The invitation was accepted and 15 scouts journeyed to Oroville; other Cities in the district were also represented. The affair took the form of an outdoor scout show in conjunction with the Fall Fair. There were 6 major competitions of which Vernon won three outright and tied for a fourth. Many courtesies were extended the Canadians by the Commissioner R. E. Crompton and his assistant Donnie Van Doren both of Wenatchee; they proved capable executives and wonderful hosts. Two of the Vernon Scouts, Saxon Peters and Victor Bulwer got crecit for saving a jockey Indian while in camp; he had been drinking and walked into the river. The trip acted as an incentive for the balance of the year, and quite a number of recruits came into the troop.

The year 1932 proved to be an eventful one for the troop. No Spring play was undertaken but instead the troop went in with a Miss Pratten of Kamloops, along with the Guides, when she staged her annual talent show, after the pupils had a season learning various dances. The troop also sponsored the annual U.B.C. production. George Carter took charge of the camp, assisted by Rev. Mr. Heneage. After the camp the troop embarked on its biggest project—a large international camp at Otter Bay, with the highlight being a scout circus in Polson Park at Vernon, on the concluding day of the camp. A large advertising campaign was undertaken, and camp opened with 90 in attendance. The camp staff from Wenatchee was in camp,

under Commissioner R. E. Crompton, assisted by Donnie Van Doren, Pablo Hayward, Arthur Hannes and Arnold Eliot. District Commissioner E. C. Weddell was also present; Rev. Heneage was in camp, as was the Scoutmaster and the regular assistants. A guest arrived from the Bellingham Council, in the person of Mr. Cleo Bullard.

During the camp a number of scouts journeyed to Vernon to attend the meeting of the Rotary Club, and put on an interesting program of songs and music. The Rotarians provided the transportation to bring the scouts to the park on the final day. The Vernon News headlined the circus write-up as follows, "Large crowd thrilled by wonderful display given at Boy Scout Circus." For the first time the crowd saw a varied and colorful program exemplifying practically every aspect of the scout work. From the official opening by Rt. Rev. A. J. Doull, Bishop of Kootenay, followed by the march past and flag raising ceremony there was not a moment when the spectators were not fascinated by the detailed pageant being enacted before them. Mayor Prowse addressed the gathering, and there was a reply by Wilbur Elder of Wenatchee. The Scoutmaster later received the Distinguished Service Medal for many years of scouting. Price Ellison was presented with an award for his kindness to the scouts over the years, by Commissioner W. Solway of Vancouver. In the evening a dance was held in the Scout Hall; gross receipts for the day were $1100, by far the largest one day effort ever undertaken by the local troop. As might be expected the circus brought in a large number of recruits, and it became necessary to organize a second troop; once more the Anglican Church acted as sponsors and meetings were held in the Parish Hall, Noel Gillespie was named Scoutmaster and Saxon Peters Assistant, who became Scoutmaster when Noel left the district. New patrol leaders in the first troop were Archie White, John Lishman, Harry Watson and Tom Townrow. The Earl of Bessborough, Governor-General visited the district in the late Summer and inspected the Scouts. At Christmas time a toy shop was operated for the needy children of the district.

And so ended 1932 another banner year in scouting for Vernon.

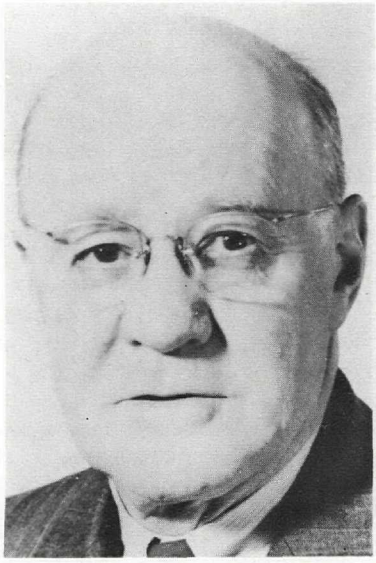
In 1933 Joe Peters was put in charge of instruction for the fireman badge. A hike was arranged to BX Falls. Once again the troop sponsored the U.B.C. Spring play. The Rovers headed by Mr. Percy Allen and Mr. A. P. DuFeu provided several instructors for the troop. The Summer camp was a joint affair for the two troops. Motion pictures were taken for the first time, and it is believed they are still with William MacDonald and Donnie Cameron who took them.

Following the camp arrangements were made for still another troop in Vernon, and over the intervening years the association has grown beyond anything thought possible back in 1913. The story of scouting for the years 1913 to 1933 indicates some 700 scouts have had the benefit of the scout training; a later article will cover the succeeding years.

# FREDERICK THOMAS MARRIAGE, 1890-1969

**By Gladys E. Herbert**

The passing of Frederick Thomas Marriage on June 23, 1969, marked the close of a lifetime devoted to the cause of education and of music. For some 30 years, he served Kelowna as teacher, principal and musician, and endeared himself to children and parents alike, through his deep concern for the well-being of those who came under his care. As one of his contemporary teachers remarked, "People swore by him, never at him."



*F. T. Marriage*

Born February 23, 1890, in Streatham, he spent his early years at school in Croydon. (Both Streatham and Croydon are now a part of the City of London, England.) At the age of 12, he won a Scholarship which took him to Emmanuel School near Wandsworth Common, close to Croydon Junction. This school was founded about 1394, though its actual functioning was established around the year 1500. It was organized for gentlemen's sons who were expecting to enter the Indian Civil Service. This was a residential grammar school, but young Fred was a day scholar, and achieved what was then known as a Form III standing. His musical education ran concurrently with his classroom training, and before he left England in 1913, he had attained the degree of A.T.C.L. (Associate Trinity College of London), in Theory, Harmony and Counterpoint. His practical achievements at the piano and organ were largely self-taught.

School teachers at this time learned their "trade" by apprenticeship, and Fred was apprenticed under the London County Council at the age of 15 years. When he had qualified as a teacher, he went to Barnet, where he was House Master in a Reform School for Boys which had been endowed by a Colonel from the Crimean War. The Head Master was a clergyman of the Church of England, and vicar of the local parish. In addition to the regular school curriculum, there was provision for certain vocational training; such as, a carpenter's shop, a dairy farm, a shoe-making or cobbler's shop. Fred was a class-room teacher in this school for two years, from 1911 to 1913. Doubtless this experience laid the foundation for his concern for underprivileged children everywhere, for as a classroom teacher in Kelowna, he made it his business to visit the home of each child, so that he could better

understand their moods and attitudes.

At the age of 23 years, Mr. Marriage came to Canada, and taught for one year in a country school at Deadwood, just outside of Greenwood, British Columbia. The next two years were spent teaching Public School at Arrowhead, B.C. From there, he went to South Vancouver, where he taught for eight years, the last appointment being at The Charles Dickens Elementary School at 18th Avenue and Glen Drive, under Principal John Dunbar. During this eight-year period, he had two church-organ appointments; the first, at the original St. James Anglican Church—a "High" Church at the corner of Cordova and Gore Streets; and the second, at St. Mary's Anglican Church in South Vancouver. It is a matter of interest that the rector of St. Mary's, at this time, was The Rev. James McDougall, brother-in-law of Mrs. Hazel McDougall, well-known and beloved Kelowna teacher and elecutionist.

Because the coast climate did not agree with Mr. Marriage, he went to Rock Creek, where he taught for one year in a one-room school. The following year, 1926, he came to Kelowna where he taught at Central Elementary School. The Junior High School was built in 1929, and in September of that year, Mr. Marriage assumed the duties of Principal for one year, due to the protracted illness of the appointed Principal, C. J. Frederickson.

From 1930 to 1936, Mr. Marriage continued to teach in the Junior High School, with Latin and Music being specialty subjects, in addition to Social Studies and other subjects as the need arose. Perhaps his greatest love was his School Choirs, of which he trained a great many for Christmas Concerts and various other entertainments, including the Annual Musical Festivals. When Mr. Marriage entered a Festival competition with his pupils, they **ALWAYS** captured the 'top' award.

Then another re-organization took place and Mr. Marriage became Principal of the Elementary Schools in Kelowna; i.e., Central, Glenn Avenue and DeHart Schools. This position he held from September 1936 until June 1945. From 1945 until his retirement in 1955, three more schools came under his jurisdiction; i.e., Raymer, Graham Street, and Martin Avenue. Mr. Claude Bissell became his successor, to be followed in 1960 by J. E. (Ev) Greenaway. By this time the duties of Principal of Kelowna's Elementary Schools were divided, and some of the outlying schools had their own principals.

During his early years in Kelowna, Mr. Marriage was organist of St Andrew's Church at Okanagan Mission. As he never drove a car, some of his parishioners would drive him to and from church. When he left, he was presented with a silver tray, suitably engraved. The next organ appointment was at St. Michaels and All Angels Anglican Church, Kelowna, where he presided for 10 years. Latterly, he shared these duties with Mrs. Emily Pritchard, L. R. A. M. and A. R. C.. M. In 1961, ill health forced him to resign from this responsibility, and Mrs. Fred Verkerk became his successor. For a period of 19 years, Mr. Marriage spent each Saturday evening at the home of a valued friend and accomplished violinist, Mr. "Billy" Murray. A daughter, Isabel Murray, completed the trio, and together they would make music for the sheer joy of self-expression. Though Mr. Marriage always said that music was his hobby, he was an accomplished artist, in every sense of the

word, and his audience sensed this from the striking of the first chord. His every stance was that of a master.

In December 1914, Mr. Fred Marriage married Miss Caroline Ellen Osborn, in Greenwood, B.C. They had been acquainted in England, where Miss Osborn's father was curator at Kew Gardens. The couple were reunited in Nelson, B.C. and went from there to Greenwood. Mrs. Marriage pre-deceased him in April 1967.

The esteem in which Mr. Marriage was held in Kelowna is indicated by the fact that he held five Honorary Life Memberships in this City. He was District Deputy Grand Master and Life Member of the Masonic Order; Honorary Member of The Gyro Club; Honorary Member of The Rotary Club; Honorary Member of the B. C. Teachers' Federation; and Life Member of The Okanagan Historical Society. He was Editor of the Annual Report of The Okanagan Historical Society for three years—1958, 1959 and 1960. He was a member of the Editorial Staff for some years preceding this.

He will long be remembered in Kelowna as "a dedicated dominie". He is survived by one son, Robert, in Penticton, and one sister Mabel, in Lancing, Sussex.

# HARVEST HOME

**By Janet Anderson**

The last apple is off the trees,
The pickers have drawn their pay,
The trucks are loaded and on their way,
Come in, old man, let's call it a day.

Forget the jobs that are still to do:
The disking, the winter hay,
The props scattered hither and yon.
Forget them! Stop! Come in, and stay!

The trees you planted and pruned and sprayed,
Thinned and watered, they've done their best.
They stand triumphant, lightened, free.
Like you, they're through, they have earned a rest.

The Indian summer is cool and calm;
Sunbeams squander their gold all day.
We'll sit at ease on the porch and dream
Of the past and the games we used to play.

The whole season you've laboured long;
The lads who helped are gone away;
You're tired now, and the crops are in;
Come in, old man, and call it a day.

# WHEN COMMERCE WENT AHORSEBACK

**By H. R. Hatfield**

This piece is really just a sneaky way of asking for the help of all those from Kamloops to Osoyoos who believe they know the actual location of any part of the Fur Brigade Trail; the trail which carried the commerce of the Interior from 1826 to 1847. I will try to keep sifting and assembling the knowledge and ideas if others will continue to help with the supply. To acknowledge by name those who help is already a hopeless task; there are too many. I write as a collector of other people's knowledge rather than as an author. To any who are offended at the callous lack of acknowledgement, my apologies.

Many of us who do not, should try to make our contribution to the pages of the Okanagan Historical Society Reports. Many of the contributions contain inaccuracies which are regrettable in an historical publication, but a lot of the best articles would never have been written if the authors had waited until they had the time to check all the facts as thoroughly as they wished to do. Many good stories have never been written because the potential authors never found that time.

To say that one should take the bull by the horns would perhaps be an unfortunate simile but in any case I am hereby making my attempt to plunge into print in hopes that other and more able new contributors will follow.

Some later, more complete article, should perhaps go over the well-known story of how the Scots-Canadian David Stuart, then working for Astor's Pacific Fur Company, came up the Okanagan in 1811 after David Thompson of the North West Company failed to lure him past the River's mouth; how Stuart went as far as Kamloops and how he and Larocque of the N.W.C. both established posts at Kamloops in 1812. Each year from here on saw whitemen travelling through the Valley but the busy days of the Okanagan Trail started with the ruling by the Council of the Northern Department of the Hudson's Bay Company, at the behest of Governor Simpson, that the outfits of 1826 and subsequent years for New Caledonia would go by ship to the mouth of the Columbia thence by water to Fort Okanagan, by horse to Alexandria and again by water to Fort St. James. And so starting in 1826 and up to and including 1847, the year after the Oregon Boundary Settlement, the great Fur Brigades and smaller supply parties and the express messengers of The Honourable Company passed this way regularly on their lawful occasions between the Columbia, Thompson's River and New Caledonia.

Previous to 1826, the Pacific Fur Company 1811 to 1813, the North West Company 1813 to 1821, and after the amalgamation of 1821 the Hudson's Bay Company, had used the route quite extensively off and on. The entry of 18th October 1814 in Harmon's Journal at Fort St. James notes the arrival of the first goods to pass this way to New Caledonia. "This afternoon I was agreeably surprised at the arrival of Joseph La Roque and ten common men in two Canoes, laden with Goods from the mouth of the Columbia River (Fort

George formerly Astoria) which place they left the latter end of August last."

After 1847 the flow of outward bound furs and inward bound goods through the Okanagan continued on a reduced basis for several years with the direction of travel through the Valley reversed. The Colvile*Brigade with the returns from what is now northern Idaho and Montana and northeastern Washington came up the Valley to join the Thompson's River and New Caledonia Brigades at Kamloops for the westward crossing of the mountains and came down later in the summer on their inward trip with goods. As the **Campement des Femmes** to Fort Hope route became established the Colvile people took the more direct route via the Similkameen either joining the other two brigades at **Campement des Femmes** (Tulameen) or going alone over to Hope. Until 1860 at least the Okanagan Trail continued to be used by the H.B.C. for messengers and for the transfer of personnel and small lots of supplies. The Indians, who undoubtedly pioneered much of it hundreds of years before, continued to use it. Many placer miners of the late 1850's and early 1960's followed it to where fortune beckoned. But it was widened here and detoured there to better accommodate herds of cattle and wagons, and finally much of it paved to carry the rushing frantic automobile. Never again did it see the long strings of pack horses jostling for place with the dust rising in clouds and the **engagés** swearing in French.

Due to the inconveniences of freighting through foreign territory and even more to the dangers occasioned by the Indian war, which broke out almost immediately on the Country south of the 49th parallel becoming exclusively American territory, it was necessary for the H.B.C. to find a new route to the Coast.

In 1848 and for the westward journey of 1849 the brigades went via Nicola Lake, the Coldwater River, over the mountains to the Anderson River and crossed the Fraser at the Indian village of Kequeloose near Spuzzum and thence via the Douglas Portage to Yale. This was a terrible route and the return trip of 1849 was made over one previously explored by A. C. Anderson and by Henry Peers from Hope via Peers Creek, Sowaqua Creek, Podunk Creek and the Tulameen River to the hunting trail of the Indian Blackeye which was followed to Tulameen and then to Nicola Lake and Kamloops. This, the second famous horse brigade trail in our part of the Province, was used until the building of the Dewdney Trail and the Cariboo Road in the early 1860's.

The old maps are the best working base from which to try to trace the old trails. However they are only roughly to scale and show little detail which we can positively recognize today. Thompson no doubt established the longitude and latitude of the mouth of the Okanagan and John Stuart, Second in Command in Fraser's party, the position of Lytton. Anderson or someone may have established that of Kamloops but generally the earlier maps were sketched from compass readings and an estimation of distances. It took a long time, well into this century, for all the main features of the country to be fully interpreted and set down on paper. The officers of the early fur trade travelled as a matter of course from Montreal or Hudson Bay to the Pacific. They were not greatly concerned with the small features that a trail up the west side of Okanagan Lake might pass; besides they would travel "en

*Andrew Colvile—Governor Hudson's Bay Company 1852-1856.

brigade" or have a local guide. And yet to torture a poor local trying to follow their tracks a century and a quarter later they would put on the maps such things as "the Lone Tree" and "Monte à Plombes' Garden", both I fear long since departed.

The posts and main rivers and lakes were usually given English names after the officers of the companies or kept their Indian names. These names were of importance in Montreal, Fort William, York Factory and Victoria, even in London. The local features and campsites were given French names by the Canadiens and Metis to whom purely local things were of importance. Their French was not always of the kind found in dictionaries and they used idioms of the fur trade.

The tracking down of the names and their origins would have been a delight to Sherlock Holmes. For instance after some reading one realizes that a **Parc** in fur trade parlance was an enclosed place in which horses were "parked" overnight. Hence Park Rill in the White Lake area got its name not because it runs through open parklike country but because somewhere on its course was an overnight campsite with an enclosed pasture. I wonder just where? Again to a fur trader a marron was an untrained or wild horse. Marron Valley was "Wild Horse" Valley. Wild horses were still being caught there 60 years ago.

To further confuse things the names of lesser streams seem to have a

*Harley Hatfield on the lower road of the Fur Brigade Trail at the north end of the Game Farm on Kaleden Flats, June, 1969.*

Photo by Eric D. Sismey

habit of not only changing but of jumping from one stream to another. Our Testalinda Creek below Oliver was Tea River. Our Trout Creek was **Rivière à la Truite** but our present day Deep Creek at Peachland was **Riviere de a Trépannier** and our Trepanier Creek was **Rivière de Jacques.** Bear Creek from the first was **Rivière de l'Ours** but is now changed on our maps to Lambly Creek. Ferris Creek, now so named, near Falkland was originally **Riviere de Mons.** Faries after Hugh N. Faries a well known trader with the N.W. and H.B. companies and who, in company with Jules Quesnel, in 1807 brought to Simon Fraser two canoe loads of much needed supplies from east of the Mountains. While Fraser went to the mouth of the River and back Faries and two men occupied Fort George. On the point of working up a good grouch on this change of name I discovered that even in his lifetime his name was sometimes spelled Ferris.

There are many venerable trails through the Valley all too easy to confuse with the Fur Brigade Trail. And indeed a number of them were doubtless used after 1847, and perhaps before, by H.B.C. travellers. After all the Brigades stopped coming this way about a 120 years ago. After that the route was changed in places because of forest fires, fences, to better serve new uses and because someone found, or thought they had, a better way to go. The oldtimer's story that the old trail went this way or that way is usually true but the "old trail" familiar to him or to his father may or may not have been the Fur Brigade Trail of 1826-1847.

In most places the Okanagan Brigade Trail is hopelessly lost under highways, orchards, houses, fields and back country roads. The very fact that it was well located was assurance that later most of it would be covered by roads. Even where it may still be visible there is often such a maze of old cattle trails that it is difficult or impossible to pin point the original Trail. In many places, perhaps most, the Brigade Trail itself would not be a single pathway. In all but a few stretches, as in a narrow defile or a made set of switchbacks on a hill, or where the trail was cut into a steep sidehill, the passage of several hundred horses would naturally make more than one pathway. Beside the packed animals, travelling loose, and the horses ridden by the men and often some accompanying Indians there would be a number of spare horses and probably some colts charging hither and yon along the flanks.

Being forearmed, with all these excuses for not being sure of the way, let us now set out upon the road and follow as best we may the Okanagan Fur Brigade Trail from the Canadian border to Kamloops. The maps we will use include a Map of a Portion of the Colony of British Columbia, Compiled from Various Sources, Including Original Notes from Personal Explorations Between the Years 1832 and 1851, by Alexander Caulfield Anderson, 23 May 1867; a Sketch of Thompson's River District 1827 by Archibald McDonald; Thompson River District, from a Map in the Possession of H. E. Governor Douglas, C.B., made in 1835 by S. Black, Esq., H.B. Company's Service. The positions of New Westminster, Douglas & Hope are those determined by the Royal Engineers. Lithographed under the direction of Cap't Parsons, R.E., July 1861, by order of Col. R. C. Moody, R.E.; These three were made by Officers of the Hudson's Bay Company whose work included the command of Brigades passing through our Valley. We will also use the sketches made by the famous botanist David Douglas when he came up this way with a Hudson

Bay cattle party in April of 1833; a Map of British Columbia compiled under the direction of Surveyor General the Honourable J. W. Trutch in 1871; a map of a Portion of the Southern Interior of British Columbia, Embodying the Explorations . . .made in 1877 by G. M. Dawson and in 1882-4 by Amos Bowman; the Shuswap Sheet by G. M. Dawson assisted by James McEvoy, 1898; and the modern maps covering the area.

Between the confluence of the Similkameen and Okanagan rivers and the foot of Osoyoos Lake, where Oroville is now, we cross from the east bank of the Okanagan to the west bank. Then we follow the flats west of Osoyoos Lake passing the vicinity of the present customs houses on the 49th Parallel and also that of the Historic Monument marking the location of the first customs house on our side of the border. It could well be that the Trail goes across what is now the Osoyoos graveyard and possibly twice a year the pioneers of our day who sleep there may exchange a word or two with the passing ghosts of old brigades. Certainly the men of 1900 would have more in common with those of 1830 than the men of 1970 with those of 1900. There undoubtedly was an Indian trail up the east side of the Lake and this may well have become the principal trail but the early maps, including those made by the fur traders themselves, all show the Fur Brigade Trail on the west side.

When we come down from the sage bush flats to the northwest corner of Osoyoos Lake there is a good place to let the horses drink, and a campsite. The ground is firm and dry as the sage grows almost to the water's edge and the shore is sand. The trail then continues north along the dry open area with the rocky hillside on the left and the swampy bush and meadow land on the right. We go between the hillside and the pond now known as Deadman's Lake and presently cross Tea River, now called Testalinda Creek. One is curious to know how it came to be called Tea River and how of all the streams between Osoyoos and Kamloops it, almost alone, came to be named in English. It was still called Tea River, on the maps at least, in 1884.

Having crossed Tea River I am already lost. All we can do is go by the legendary route gradually bearing to the left up to and across the alluvial fan where later, for some 30 years from about 1890, was the mining, ranching and administration settlement of Fairview. Thence we follow the road to the south end of Myer's Flat where we are once more on pretty safe ground.

A. C. Anderson shows three locations of interest between Tea River and a point north of White Lake where the trail divided into the Upper Road and the Lower Road. The first was **Monte à Plomb's** or **Moule à Plomb's** Garden to the left of the trail. In 1855 the Thompson's River journal mentions an Indian named Mul a Plon showing up there with his two sons. Could this have been the gardener and just where was the garden? It must have been one of the first gardens in these parts. The next was **Côte de Sable,** sand hill or shale slide, and lastly before the junction the **Parc** which must have been an overnight campsite. Anderson's map shows the **Parc** as about 30 miles north of the Border. He seems to have been around five miles long on his distances about here but in any case it would be about two days travel from the Forks of the Okanagan, Oroville. It appears that the annual brigades camped in the vicinity of the Forks where large numbers of Indians would be waiting to do some trading and to collect a little tribute of tobacco.

And now we come to the division or junction of the Upper and Lower

Roads. Again the paper is stained with tears of frustration because I don't know where we are. A year ago I could have guided you over the Trail with great aplomb but mistakenly started some factual research and am finding out how little we really know about its location. Once more falling back on the legendary or traditional we will go via Twin Lakes across to and then along Highway 3 for a short distance and then bear left into Marron Valley. Safely ensconced again in a good substantial valley we will follow it, generally as today's road does, to the crossing of **Rivière aux Serpens,** our Shatford Creek. It would seem to me now that it is possible, (please note the use of words), that to follow the Trail we should have continued along the general course of the present White Lake Road to within several miles of its junction with Highway 97 and then angled left, coming out on the bench above the lower end of Marron Lake and joining the route we have followed as it enters Marron Valley.

We cross **Rivière aux Serpens** about where the Green Mountain Road crosses it now and nearby find a comfortable place to camp at the lower end of Farleigh Lake. It is likely that the party David Douglas was with camped here in 1833.

From here we enter the Beaver Creek, Shingle Creek to us, valley high up on the west side, then keep along about level and cross the Creek at or very near the present road crossing. More or less continuing to follow the route of the road we cross **Rivière à la Truite** and bear right, down present day Prairie Valley, coming out on Nicda's Prairie, the present Summerland. We cross Aeneas Creek north of the Summerland business district where the Creek swings to the east, and about here is a short cross-connecting trail to the Lower Road. We continue on up the east side of our present Garnett Valley and stop for the night at **Campement du Pretre,** the Priest's Camp, on the east shore of Garnett Lake. This I think is still a spot favoured of fishers, hunters and picnickers; not to suggest that travelling with a brigade in say 1830 was any picnic.

From **Campement du Pretre** the trail bore genfly right to come out on the brow overlooking Okanagan Lake and went down the steep hillside, much as the road does now, to join the Lower Road just south of **Riviere de Trépannier,** presently called Peachland Creek on the maps and by us natives Deep Creek. Later the American Joel Palmer apparently took some wagons down this hill during his trading excursions in these parts in 1858 and 1859. He let them down the hill by lines snubbed with a turn or two around any sturdy convenient tree.

If our party had been a small one and it were winter, or if there were no senior officer along on business bent and we had friends or sweethearts in the Indian village at Penticton, we would almost surely have taken the Lower Road. It must have followed the route of the present White Lake Road to its junction with Highway 97 then that of the Highway to the south end of the "Kaleden Flats". It would cross the flats near the base of the hills on the west and then climb to enter the defile which starts at the extreme north end of the present Game Farm and through which the telephone line runs. Emerging from the defile it followed a gradually descending bench and then went down to about the level of the highway before the present one; which could be called road 3. From here I have no guess as yet as to whether it dropped to the level of **Lac du Chien** about where road 2 did or kept up on the

approximate level of roads 1 and 3 and then went down to the flats and the Village.

The Village of Penticton sat astride "Shingle" Creek as it does today but Anderson used the name **Rivière aux Serpens,** while on Black's map it is Beaver River, and the "Shatford" Creek branch Snake River. On the Dawson map of 1884 it is Beaver Creek. Mrs. Louise Gabriel tells me that the English equivalent of the Indian name for Shingle Creek is Poplar and for Shatford Creek is Salmon. The mix-up in names and disregard for old names seems to have started a long while ago.

From Penticton the Lower Road trail followed the west side benches, crossed **Rivière à la Truite,** went along to the east of Giant's Head, across Prairie Creek, now Aeneas Creek, and so along the route of Highway 97 until it was joined by the Upper Road, as we have noted, near the mouth of **R. de Trépannier,** our present Peachland or Deep Creek.

It is most likely that **Rivière de Trépannier** was named for a man Francois Trépanier (or Trépannier) who was employed as a guide west of the Mountains. After fording his river, no trouble to us as we are with an ingoing brigade in the late summer, we get above the low rock cliffs south of Peachland and go along to the flat at the mouth of **Rivière de Jacques.** In the winter of 1812-13 Alexander Ross of the Pacific Fur Company went from Fort Okanogan to Fort Cumcloups (alias Thompson's River or Kamloops) to visit his boss David Stuart. On the way back with his man Jacques he took a different route, hoping, I think, it would be a short cut, perhaps the old Indian road from Nicola Lake which came out on **R. de Jacques** near its mouth. As many others have discovered before and since, they found a shortcut can be rather long and they got lost. One morning Jacques was having trouble starting a fire in the deep snow. Ross suggested that a little powder might help. Jacques, the impetuous Frenchman or maybe just with cold stiff fingers, poured on the whole horn full and was quite badly scorched in the ensuing explosion. He lost his whiskers but gained the naming of the stream on whose headwaters they were camped. Only in time the whiskers grew back and some person or persons unknown all but removed his name from the stream and took that of Trepanier from the next one south to replace it. One branch of what we call Trépanier Creek is Jack Creek on our modern map. Jim Creek would have been better as the translation of Jacques is James not John.

Crossing **Rivière de Jacques** we go up the north side a bit then switch back up to the present Trepanier bench and crossing it skirt the hill and go through the valley, where the little lakes are, about as the highway does. Then we cross **Rivière Creuse** (Deep Creek), our Powers Creek. We probably camp near the Indian village by present day Westbank, perhaps not far from the Monument which now commemorates the Trail.

If we haven't stayed up too late with our Indian friends smoking, speechmaking and feasting on boiled dog we will get away in reasonable time in the morning. For a big horse brigade this means about nine o'clock. For an officer of the Company travelling light or a small party on exploration a "reasonable" time could be as early as 3:30 A.M. with a stop for breakfast, say about seven. Once under way the brigades of course kept going. You can't stop a hundred or two hundred horses for lunch. Usually camp was made after say five to seven hours of travel and the horses

unloaded and put out to graze, in a **parc** if there was one but in any case under the care of the horseguards. Near a village or Indian camp a wiley Chief Trader or Chief Factor would entrust the horses to the care of the local Chief, knowing that the Chief would not dishonour himself by allowing anyone to lift a horse left in his care; whereas otherwise in spite of the guards horses could disappear in the night and leave not a trace behind.

From the vicinity of the Westbank Monument it seems that we should keep to the west of the Highway, perhaps where the highway was 25 years ago. In any case McDonald's River, now McDougall Creek, is soon crossed. What warring of the clans was involved in this change? Now we turn to the right quite sharply and reach the lakeshore at **Anse de Sable** (Sandy Bay)' by the old ferry landing, a good place to let all the horses have a drink so long as our men keep a sharp eye out to see that none of them lie down in the water and get their packs wet. If this should happen everything has to be taken out, thoroughly dried and carefully repacked. These goods came from London around Cape Horn and more than half have yet to go some hundreds of miles. They were probably requisitioned two years before and it would take two or three years to replace anything lost. The Chief Factor or Chief Traders in command of the Brigade is responsible for the goods in his charge and it has been known that those lost through the laxity of his supervision have been changed to his personal account.

We go along above the rock cliffs south of **Rivière a l'Ours** where it is understood the Trail is visible to this day and then cross the stream itself, still known generally as Bear Creek but officially as Lambly Creek after the pioneer family of that name. From **R. a l'Ours** we follow the benches close above the Lake and toward the end of the day's travel come to **Mauvais Rocher**, another of the few places where the Trail can still be seen.

Some 60 years after the last brigade passed the "Bad Rock" a number of young men took up preemptions on the high bench land to the west and came down to the dock at Nahun to get their mail and supplies left there by the sternwheelers.* Also sometime after the brigade days another trail much higher on the mountain was used, undoubtedly by H.B.C. people as well as others because about 1910 it was known as the Hudson's Bay Trail. However it seems certain that the brigades used the lower older trail.

**Mauvais Rocher** was a stretch of narrow trail perhaps 200 yards long on a shelf along the face of a broken cliff and winding between huge boulders lodged on the shelf. Cattlemen later knew the place as the Golden Gate. It may well be that the original Okanagans had a similar name for it in their language because here they would hide in the crevices and behind the boulders with arrows on taut bow-strings and suddenly appearing at the appropriate time would relieve smaller parties of white travellers of their horses and other possessions. The tourist trade was of some importance in the Valley from the very early days.

Our large party having passed here with all the goods intact we will proceed for a few miles and again camp. The camping spots we are using are not the only well known ones on the Trail, or even perhaps the most used ones. It is difficult to pick them out on the Okanagan Trail where there are places at least reasonably suitable every few miles. I expect that much would depend on the luck of the day where camp was made in the afternoon,

*See O.H.S. Report 31, "West Side Settlement"

and certainly annual brigades, small supply parties, horse and cattle drovers, casual messengers, the Annual Express bound for Hudson Bay, and touring Chief Factors would all travel at different speeds and so camp in different places.

Quite early the next day we cross **Rivière a la Biche** (Dog River), to us Shorts Creek, and possibly a hunter with the brigade will be fortunate enough to get a mountain sheep so that we can get a change from dried salmon or dried horse meat. This was not, you understand, dried salmon and vegetables or dried salmon and bread. It was dried salmon. The allowance was three fish per man per day. The annual requirement for the Thompson's River District was in excess of 20,000 fish. By the 1830's some dried corn and peas and some grease was sometimes taken along and the men would get the odd meal of these. Farms were being developed on the Columbia and at Kamloops and such luxuries as flour and potatoes and even butter were at times available to the men at the posts. In the earlier days it was customary where possible to give out some flour and tea at Christmas. On the 4th of March 1831 Jean Baptiste Bouche, Jnr., made his mark on a document engaging him to the service of the Honourable Company for a period of three years as an Interpreter in New Caledonia. Beside his salary of £17 per annum, Jean, due to his rank as an Interpreter, was also to get, according to a notation on the outside of the contract, 15 pounds of flour and 10 pounds of sugar per annum. By the time Jean died in the Service, some 35 years later, he undoubtedly would have more than this to add variety to his rations even in hard bitten New Caledonia but you can be sure that in the 1830's if he was among those sent out with the New Caledonia Brigade that he did not risk any of his 15 lbs. of flour or 10 lbs. of sugar on the road. One can imagine that the horse which carried the coming year's supply of such delicacies for the Gentlemen and petty officers came under vigilant supervision.

After all this talk on the way and a long day's travel of some 20 miles we reach the north end of Great Okanagan Lake and encamp near the Indian village. During the day we have crossed **R. a la Biche, R. aux Pacquets** (to us Whiteman Creek) and Equesis River.

In the morning we cannot linger long to trade and gossip in the village as there is another long day ahead of us; almost 20 miles to go to camp, probably somewhere about present day Falkland, perhaps by **R. de Mons. Faries.** We set off up the valley along the present Highway 97 and go to the left of Round Lake and to the right or east of Spallumcheen Lake. From the old maps it would appear that we cross the stream known then and now as Salmon River a bit downstream from the present highway crossing and then follow its left or north side somewhat as the highway does.

The next morning we cross **Rivière au Bouleau** (Birch River), now Bolean Creek, and are soon crossing **Grande Prairie** at the western end of which Salmon River and an Indian trail debouch from a valley on our left. We however continue on to Monte Lake and possibly being a large and heavily loaded brigade we will camp in that vicinity. Certainly, I believe, we spend the next night at **Campement du Poulain** (camp of the Colt) in the range country short of Monte Creek. The raising of horses for the brigades was a very important part of the business of Fort Kamloops and here was no doubt an area where the brood mares were kept and perhaps the colts broken in. In the early 1850's Chief Trader Paul Fraser replying to an

enquiry from Eden Colvile at Norway House wrote that the brood mares were in good condition and that soon Kamloops should be able to supply all the horses that were needed. That there were certain difficulties connected with the raising of horses is shown by the following extracts from the Thompson's River Journal. 2 March, 1852—"Same weather. Mathew commenced making pack saddles. Bourke with Defonce making dishes for milk. McNeill chopping wood and Hugh McLeod with Allen carting with the bulls. Shaw attending to the cattle and McDougall and York to the horses and the latter report that a year colt is missing and cannot be found. As there are a number of starving Indians along the River I am of opinion they must have eat him." 20 Sept. 1854—"Two colts eaten by the wolves during the night." 2 April, 1859—"Killed four old mares as provisions for men, horned cattle getting scarce." In earlier days there were no horned cattle.

From **Campement du Poulain,** or perhaps the camp of the night before, a messenger was sent ahead to the Fort to tell of the imminent arrival of the brigade, and perhaps to ask that some fresh horses or food be sent to meet us. From there word would be sent on to Alexandria and as opportunity offers over the next few weeks letters will be on their way to Fort Vancouver, Fort Garry, York Factory and Montreal telling of the safe arrival of the brigade; sometimes they had also to tell of the loss of life and property on the way but not often on the Okanagan Trail.

In the morning we leave Monté Creek near its mouth and follow the South Branch of Thompson's River. **Monté** was "the place of mounting" where the people sometimes left canoes to mount horses or left weary horses to mount fresh ones. Coming to **Rivière Sanpoil** (without furs), our Campbell Creek, we stop an hour while the men spruce up for the arrival at Kamloops. This night camp is made where the City of Kamloops now stands. The next day all the goods in their **parflêches** are ferried across to the Fort and the New Caledonia horses swum across. Fort Kamloops from 1812 to 1841 was where the Indian Reserve now is. In 1842 it was moved across the North Thompson and in 1863 to the present site of the City, or what was its site two years ago. The City now includes also the site of the 1842-1863 fort in former North Kamloops.

The Thompson's River outfit for the year is now sorted, checked and put away in the storehouses. The New Caledonia people will rest a day or two letting their horses rest and feed, and themselves enjoying some fresh meat and checking and repairing horse **agrès.** The traditional and preferred method of travel in the fur trader's world was by water. Horse gear or harness was **"agrès"**, ship's rigging. Even long stretches of trail away from a waterway were "**Portages**", as the Douglas Portage running back of the mountains between Yale and Spuzzum, Blackeye's Portage across the big bend of the Tulameen. The New Caledonia Brigade will replace some of their weaker horses from the Thompson's River band. Perhaps they will have to break in some strong young marrons although this would be more practical on the outgoing trip when the loads were bales of fur. The breaking in seems to have consisted in loading them up and one wild day of trying to keep them under control. The next day off they went.

The earliest route north from Kamloops went up the North Thompson and crossed at **La Praverse** beyond **Barrière** and thence over to the Cariboo. Our friends however after farewells to the Thompson's River people for

another year will go along the north shore of Kamloops Lake, up Carabine Creek, across **Rivière du Defunct,** our Deadman's Creek, and by Loon Lake, **Lac Vert, Lac la Hache** and William's Lake to Alexandria; where they leave their horses and embark on the even more strenuous water journey to Fort St. James on Stuart Lake.

We may well have lost our way a few times between Tea River, and Fort Kamloops and have probably camped in the wrong place. Where you know, or think, that I have strayed please let me know at 687 Vancouver Ave., Penticton.

The post journals are disappointing in that they do not, in those I have seen, cover much detail of the routes or travels of the brigades. They do however give us some insight into the lives of the hardy people, both officers and men who made these trips and into some of their problems affecting life at home in the forts and on the trail. 'A few excerpts from Thompson's River follow. Unfortunately I have not as yet found any journals of the time when the Okanagan Trail was in full use. These are from the 1850's, mostly in Paul Fraser's time at Kamloops. Things were somewhat easier than they had been 20 years before but living was still not luxurious. Paul, who incidentally was not a close relative of the famous Simon, was killed in 1855 by a falling tree on the **Campement des Femmes** to Hope trail and was buried there at **Campement du Chevreuil.**

23 March 1851, "Marrian and Gaspard arrived from New Caledonia with the Express."

2 April 1851, "Arrived the 5 men appointed to this place. The cause for their detention was that they lost themselves."

21 May 1851, "Stamped 67 of the horses brought from Okanagan."

3 June 1851, "A number of Indians arrived going up the South Branch to dig roots."

9 June 1851, "Arrived Mr. McLean with the New Caledonia Brigade, 9 days from Alexandria."

10 June 1851, "Got 2 oxen shot as customary for the New Caledonia Brigade."

19 Sept. 1851, "Four men making a park for the purpose of stamping cattle."

20 Feb. 1852, "Murdock McLeod who went to see the cow (it had been reported shot) found her wounded by arrows, done by Toppis for no cause assigned—he has not been seen today."

22 March 1852, "Marrian and 2 retiring servants arrived with the New Caledonia Express—there are five men on the way who are to proceed to Colvile on their way to Canada."

22 May 1859, "Mr. Shuttleworth arrived from Colvile and now enters the H. B. Service."

And to go back to the 9th October 1854, "Despatched Pacquette and 2 Indians to meet the York Factory Express at **Dalles des Morts** on the Columbia River." They would go by Seymour Arm of Shuswap Lake and across the mountains.

2 Nov. 1854, "Pacquette returned from **Dalles des Morts** without having seen the Express boats—he gives for his reason starvation and deep snow. He is a worthless fellow." Trifles were not supposed to hold up men of the fur trade.

# LAKE VIEW HOTEL, FIRST IN KELOWNA

**By Arthur W. Gray**

In 1892, as soon as the new townsite of Kelowna had been laid out by Bernard Lequime, a block of land on Abbott Street, between Bernard Avenue and Lawrence, facing what later became the City Park, was purchased by Archie McDonald. A contract for the construction of a three storey hotel was let to Crowell and Holland, of Vernon, and soon the hotel, which Archie called the "Lake View", because of the —at that time—uninterrupted view of the Lake, and of the west side mountains, was completed. A three story building (the third floor was lighted by windows sticking out of the roof), the structure was Kelowna's pride and joy for many years. There was a wing on the north end of the building, in which the diningroom was located. Later south wing was added, in which the bar was located, the extension taking the building to the corner of Abbott and Lawrence. There was a verandah along the front, where guests could sit and admire the view.

Across the street was a large area of undeveloped land belonging to the Lequimes. It was partially covered by trees, and had a nice beach. With the consent of the owners, Kelowna folks used part of it for a ball-field and at a later date the community-minded Archie McDonald built a bandstand on it for the use of the town band. The opening of the new hotel was celebrated with a dance on Saturday August 26, 1892, with many coming from points up and down the Lake to join with Kelowna residents in the celebration. In those days when the right to sell liquor was easily obtained, there were many small stopping places up and down the Valley. Between Vernon and Kelowna there were at least half a dozen, where travellers could stop and rest their horse—and have one or more "for the road." Under these circumstance it is not surprising that a trip to Vernon and back took as long as old timers said it did! McDonald operated the Lake View for 10 years, after which he sold out to a Mrs. E. J. Newsome of Vernon.

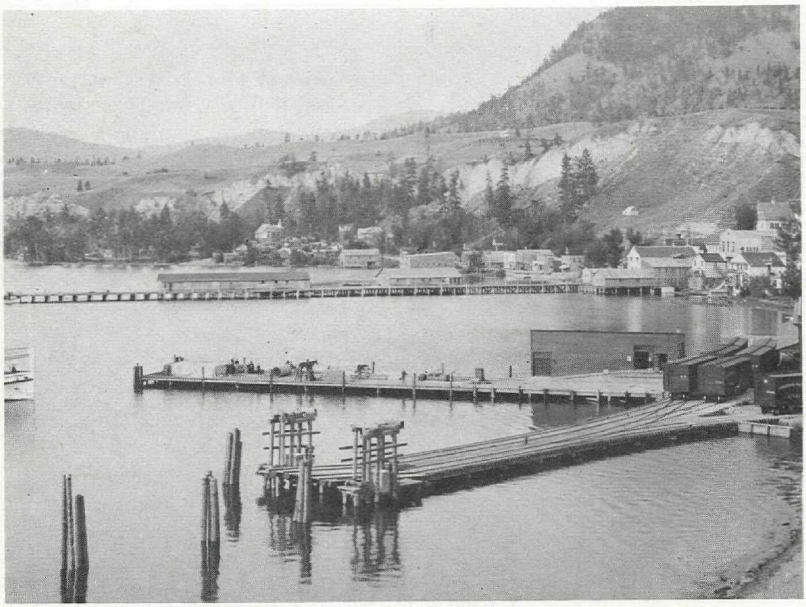
Mrs. Newsome leased the hotel two years later to James M. Bowes, who came from Silverton, a mining town in the Slocan where the boom had collapsed. Jim Bowes proved an even more popular host than McDonald, and became an active member of a number of local organizations, particularly sports, and I remember him as the manager of the Kelowna baseball team for many years. As Kelowna grew, new hotels were built. There was the "Palace", a three storey wooden structure, built in 1905 for J. W. Milligan. It was featured by a high verandah along the front and the west side, with a balcony above. Now it is the modernised and expanded "Royal Anne". Down through the years, as long as Jim Bowes was running the "Lake View", it continued to be Kelowna's best hotel, and known to the travelling public as "the" place to stay when coming to Kelowna. The Lake View was also the favourite place for banquets and fraternal gatherings. In 1928, almost a quarter of a century after he first became lessee of the "Lake View", Jim Bowes left Kelowna to take over the Montebello Hotel at Salmon Arm. The move came as a shock to his many friends, after his long association with Kelowna's best known hostelry. The occasion was not allowed to pass without suitable recognition, however. A Courier of August 28, that year, gives the details, of which the following is a condensed version.

*Lakeview Hotel on Abbott St. before addition of south wing. Foreground is now part of Kelowna City Park. Jim Bowes lessee 1904 to 1928.*

"Ostensibly assembled for quite a different purpose, some 50 citizens of Kelowna and district, the majority of them old timers, sprang a real surprise upon James Bowes, retiring lessee of the Lake View Hotel on Friday night. They made him the guest of honor at a banquet arranged largely by Messrs. F. R. E. DeHart and J. B. Knowles. When all were seated at the table, Mr. DeHart and Mayor D. W. Sutherland sallied forth and "arrested" Mr. Bowes in his office, and brought him 'under guard' to a chair kept vacant, next to the chairman. As the guest of honor entered he was greeted with the singing of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow", vigorous rounds of cheering, and a "tiger." The dessert stage being reached, Mr. DeHart explained the reason for the gathering, to do honor to Mr. and Mrs. Bowes. In the town's early days he had been the mainstay of sports of all kinds, lacrosse, hockey, baseball, football, trap-shooting, curling, horse-racing, the Fall Fair: all had received generous support. After a song by George McKenzie the chairman invited stories on "Jim" Bowes, and they came fast and furious. Mayor Sutherland, in a happily phrased little speech, said that the history of the Lake View Hotel was largely that of two men, Archie McDonald and Jim Bowes. As a token of esteem from old timers he had much pleasure in initiating their friends into the "Order of the Bell," an institution which had been in existence in Kelowna for many years, but whose insignia, a horse or cow-bell, mounted in silver and bearing the initials of the original founders, had been conferred upon only a limited

number. He presented the bell to Mr. Bowes with the hope that they in Kelowna would hear the sound of it frequently. Mr. Bowes, said, in reply, that he was "completely flabbergasted", and deprecated all the kind things said about him. The Mayor then presented Mrs. Bowes with a handsome leather suitcase, and Mr. Bowes with a luminous travelling clock. All joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne". It might be mentioned that on the silver bands of the cowbell which formed the insignia of the "Order of the Bell", was engraved with the wish "That you will never be found 40 miles from home without a bell on." This was a favorite saying of one of the founders, the late R. N. Dundas.

The old Lake View Hotel gradually fell into a decline. The name was changed to the "Mayfair", and eventually it was torn down. The site of the old hotel was a parking lot for a time, but now it is once more being put to its original use, and a new modern motel stands on the site of the Lake View, opposite the City Park. No motel, however, could ever take the place that the old Lake View Hotel occupied in the community life of Kelowna in its early days.



*Wharf at Summerland before World War I.*

Vernon Museum and Archives

# MAGGIE SMITH OF KELOWNA 1875-1959

**By Bert Johnston**

There has never been a town anywhere, even a small one, without one or more citizens who deviate from the normal and accepted patterns of behaviour. Some of these unique souls have been gently labeled "eccentric", while others achieve more distinction, of a sort, by being placed in the category of "town character".

Undoubtedly one of the latter was Margaret Currie, "Maggie" Smith of Kelowna, proud possessor of a scintillating vocabulary of profanity a volatile temper and a propensity for alcoholic beverages. There are those of us who can still recall the rough edge of Maggie's tongue,—and it was a very rough one indeed!

Maggie was born in Aldershot, England, in 1875 and came to Kelowna in 1911 with her husband "Freddie" Smith. It has been reported, probably reliably, that both were loaded onto the ship via a large wheelbarrow, normal locomotion having been completely suspended by a series of lengthy farewell parties. After Freddie passed on some years later, Maggie did a bit of work as a cook, but achieved her greatest fame as a window washer in the business district. There, perched on her ladder, she could survey street and sidewalk, exchange pleasantries with all and sundry,—and woe betide anyone who failed to answer her greeting, polite or otherwise! She knew everyone and everyone knew her, and one of her many subterfuges will be well remembered by merchants and others who were in business on Bernard Avenue during Maggie's day. This one was known as the "Birthday Handout". Maggie would enter shop or office, fix a steely eye on the proprietor, announce that it was her birthday and what was he going to do about it? This manoeuvre was repeated several times during the year, which testifies to the success of the operation! Not wishing to be blasted for being an unsocial, unfeeling wretch, the "captive" invariably paid up.

One of the things a great many people were not aware of however was her faithful and frequent journeys to place flowers on Freddie's grave in the Kelowna cemetary. Through fair weather and foul, she trudged the considerable distance, on foot, right up to her eightieth year! She died on May 21st 1959 at the age of 84 and was taken on her last journey over the winding road to be beside her Freddie in the burial ground.

A "character" yes, undoubtedly so,—and there's many a tale could be told that we haven't! But be that as it may, here lived and died a hard working, honest soul, to whom cleanliness ranked considerably ahead of any other virtue, who in an odd sort of way, added something to the community and has thus earned a place in the annals of local history.

# FIRST OKANAGAN SCHOOL — STILL FUNCTIONING

**By Arthur W. Gray**

William Smithson of Okanagan Mission Valley made the first move toward obtaining a public school for the Okanagan. Back in 1784 he donated an acre of land to the government as a school site, and later the government purchased a log cabin from him for use as the first school building. A school district was formed that embraced what is now the city of Kelowna, Okanagan Mission, Mission Creek and Benvoulin districts.

The school actually served a much larger area, for some pupils came to the school from other parts of the Valley and boarded with local residents during the school term. While the District was formed in 1874, getting a teacher was not easy, and it was the following year before the school actually opened. Today the school still exists, on the same site, but serving a more limited area.

Frank Buckland gave a fairly complete report on the first Okanagan School in the 1953 Report of the Okanagan Historical Society, and told of the difficulties in obtaining a teacher. Some time was to elapse before one was available to come to this backwoods settlement.

In June 1875, nearly a year after the school district had been gazetted, it was reported that a teacher from California was coming to take charge. In due course a Nova Scotian, Angus McKenzie, who hailed originally from Pictou County, walked into the district carrying his blankets and school books. He held a first class certificate issued by the State of Kansas, which, it seems, entitled him to a temporary certificate to teach in British Columbia. It was not until December 1875 that he was officially engaged—at a salary of 60 dollars per month! However, in addition he was to be supplied free with meat, milk, butter, eggs and firewood, a substantial help toward his budget.

First trustees were William Smithson, Frederick Brent and Joseph Christien, (sometimes spelled Christian) the latter being secretary-treasurer. Needless to say the school was a prime topic of conversation in the Valley and most of the pioneers visited the school, amongst them the priests from the Mission, the Postill brothers and Miss Lucy Postill (later Mrs. Robert Lambly). In Frank Buckland's account he tells of McKenzie overcoming the shyness of some of the backwoods children, some far from home in a strange situation, by treating them to a slice of bread and syrup to gain their confidence. McKenzie, we are told, was a big man, standing well over six feet, and he wore whiskers somewhat after the fashion of Abraham Lincoln, the American president who had been assasinated only 10 years previously. McKenzie was also said to have a cast in one eye. He was gentle and kindly as a rule, but not to be trifled with if his temper was roused! He was a man of many parts, for sometimes when the congregation gathered at the schoolhouse for the Sunday service, and the minister was unable to attend, McKenzie would take the service himself very acceptably.

The Superintendent of Education in his 1877 report stated: "The school

*Mrs. W. D. Walker at 90 years (nee Dorothea M. Thomson). From 1898 to 1902 she taught at Okanagan School.* Courtesy Primrose Upton

in the Okanagan District was visited on the 21st of May, when all the children on the register, 21, were in attendance. The results achieved since the opening of the school have been remarkably successful and satisfactory in all respects. It is difficult to speak too highly of the work accomplished. Children who, 18 months ago, were utterly ignorant of the simplest rudiments, and unable to speak a word of English, had advanced so rapidly as to be able to read fluently and clearly the fourth reader. The examination in grammar, geography and arithmetic was eminently creditable to teacher and pupils, and must have still further increased the confidence and esteem which the parents entertained for their conscientious and hard working teacher."

I am sure any modern teacher would be happy to receive such a complete endorsement from a school inspector, let alone the Superintendent of Education.

Angus McKenzie taught school there until 1878. In October 1878 Miss N. Coughlan was engaged as teacher. She was a sister of Mrs. Thomas Greenhow, whose husband was one of three pioneers who settled together at the Head-of-the-lake in 1867, the others being Cornelius O'Keefe and Thomas Wood. Miss Coughlan taught until the summer of 1882.

From July to October the school was closed for lack of a teacher, due in part to the reduction of the salary offered to 50 dollars per month. R. S. Hanna became the next teacher—at 60 dollars per month—, and like McKenzie, walked into the Valley carrying a large valise. This was possibly his fault for he missed the stage at Yale,and had to walk. It was a long time between stages in those days, and thumbing a ride on the Cariboo Trail through the Fraser, or over the Hope Trail was hardly feasible.

In 1885, he left for Priest Valley school, to succeed Miss Sophie Johnson, who had resigned to marry school trustee Price Ellison. The next teacher was Thomas Leduc, who in turn was followed by Fred J. Watson, who taught at the Okanagan school for a number of years. A younger brother, Harvey, taught at Black Mountain and later at Okanagan Mission. In 1881 Trustee Smithson was taken seriously ill with a permanent malady, and was replaced on the board by Alphonse Lefevre. He had come to the Okanagan in 1878 from Fort Hope and had acquired the homestead of John B. Moore, trapper and miner. He later bought the Boucherie Ranch north of the Frederick Brent farm on Mill Creek. He had married Susan Walker, daughter of a sawmill owner at Fort Hope, who had as her school teacher there Susan Louisa Moore, later known as Mrs. John Fall Allison, a resident at "Sunnyside", now Westbank. Allison Pass is named after her husband.

The Lefevres raised a family of 10 which helped to keep the school operating! Two of the youngest, a daughter Leontine and a son John were still attending school in 1909, at Black Mountain, the latter sharing one of the old style double desks with me. The daughter of old John Moore, who became Mrs. Johnny Haynes, and Mrs. Lefevre, were lifelong friends. Mrs. Haynes lived to be the oldest surviving pupil of the Okanagan school, passing away at the age of 90. Though bedridden and blind, she continued to reside in her small house near the school until her death in August 1968.

One of the early teachers at Okanagan School was Mrs. W. D. Walker, who resides at Okanagan Mission. Then Miss Dorothea Thomson, she taught

in the old log school at the turn of the century. She had come with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gifford Thomson, from the Shetland Islands, Scotland, in May 1892. Previous to teaching at Okanagan School Miss Thomson had been the first teacher at what is now the Ellison district. This school district was formed in 1894 and was called the Okanagan Mission School District. It was the fourth school district in the Okanagan, the second being Priest's Valley (Vernon) and the third Kelowna (1892). Pupils in the Ellison school were first taught in an upstairs room in the home of Joseph Christien, the same man who had been secretary of the Okanagan school, then a trustee of the new district. Miss Thomson taught at the Okanagan School from 1899 to 1902, then at Ellison until 1904, at which time she married W. D. Walker. In spite of advancing years Mrs. Walker is still active. A daughter, Mrs. Primrose Upton, is well-known throughout the Valley for her interest in the work of the Okanagan and the Kelowna Historical societies.

Continuing with the history of the Okanagan School we learn that in 1906 the log school was torn down and a new one-room frame school was built. The logs from the old school were bought by a local farmer, Andy Patterson who used them to build a barn, a rather inglorious ending for the historic structure.

In 1931 the school was doubled in size by the addition of a second classroom on the front, and it became a two division school with an additional teacher.

Prior to these happenings, in July 1929 to be exact, a change of name took place. The "Council of Public Instruction" decreed that the name of the school be changed "to conform with present day situation, and avoid confusion." The school was henceforth to be known as the "Benvoulin" school. As a matter of fact the district had been known as Benvoulin since the days of the residence there of Lord and Lady Aberdeen in the early 1890's. The proud name of "Okanagan School" had been honestly acquired as being the first school in the Valley. The Kelowna Courier commented in a July 1929 issue: "While the new name is more appropriate to the locality, there is naturally some regret at the passing of a name that has been a landmark for over 50 years."

In 1966 an interesting ceremony took place at the Benvoulin-nee Okanagan school. It was one of British Columbia's two "centennial" years, and on May 24 a Douglas-fir seedling, donated by the B.C. Forest Service, was planted with due ceremony on the school grounds. Present for the occasion were 14 former teachers and pupils of the early days. Anthony Casorso, the oldest pupil, of record still extant, planted the tree. A wooden plaque was placed on the front of the school inscribed: "Benvoulin School. On this site the first public school was erected in 1874."

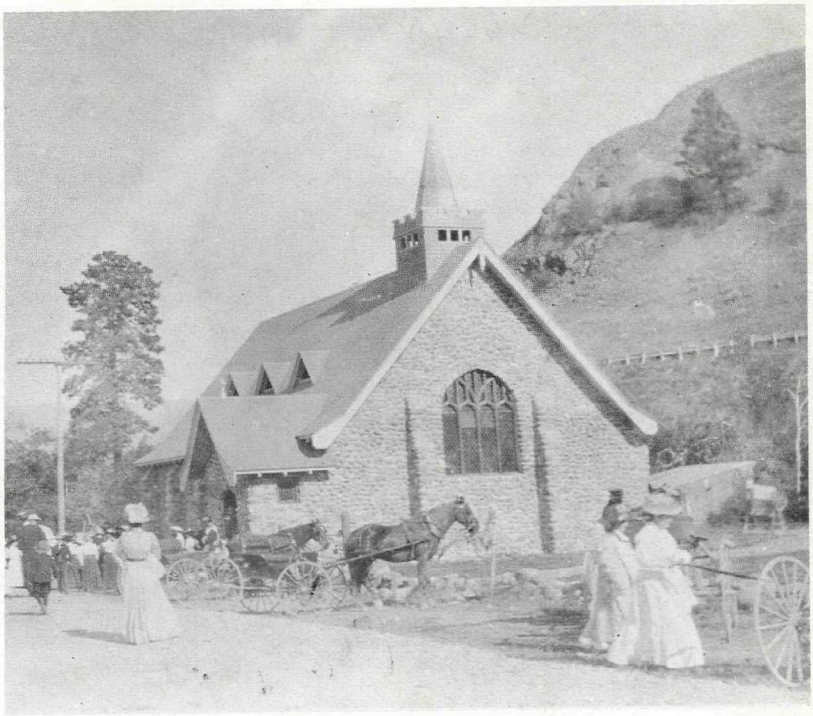
The newspaper story failed to grasp the real significance, simply referring to the school as "the oldest in School District 23!" A tea, served by the PTA followed, at which Mrs. W. D. Walker, the pioneer teacher, cut the decorated cake baked for the occasion. J. H. Hayes, chairman of the Kelowna Centennial Committee, was guest speaker. Early pupils of the school in attendance were Mrs. Leon Gillard, Mrs. Bennett Greening, Mrs. W. D. Quigley, Mrs. William Spear, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Tutt, Joseph Berard, Fred Day Sr., Stan Burtch, Archie Hardy, and Rev. E. S. Fleming, 1974 is the centennial of the formation of the school district, and 1975 of the

opening of the Okanagan's first public school. The historic dates should not pass unobserved, and a permanent memorial to commemorate the occasion should certainly be constructed at that time.

## OKANAGAN SCHOOL-LIST OF TEACHERS

1875-78 Angus McKenzie; 1878-82 Miss M. Coughlan; 1882-85 R. S. Hanna; 1885-90 Thos. Leduc; 1890-97 Fred J. Watson; 1897-98 Miss I. E. Birnie; 1898-02 Miss D. M. Thomson; 1902-3 Miss M. M. Clement; 1903 Alex Smith; 1904 Miss L. Leighton; 1904-5 Miss H. B. Milne; 1905-6 Miss C. J. McDonald; 1906-9 Miss K. M. Cockrell; 1909-12 John Kincaid; 1912-13 Miss M. I. Biggar; 1913-17 Miss A. H. Hunter; 1917-18 Miss B. M. Ruffell; 1919-20 Miss A. E. Ballantyne; 1920-21 Miss L. Johnson; 1921-23 Miss L. Owen; 1923-26 Miss M. E. Topliss; 1927-28 Miss M. A. Svenson; 1928-29 Miss E. M. Fisher; 1929-32 Miss M. N. Schroeder.

In 1929 the name of the school changed to "Benvoulin", and in 1931 a room and second teacher were added. Second teacher was Miss M. L. Moor 1931-32; 1933-35 Miss E. Gleeve and Miss M. W. Laing; 1936-42 Miss M. W. Lang and Miss M. E. Peterman; 1942-46 Mrs. N. Marty and Miss E. E. Price 1942-45 and Miss Jean Girling 1945-46; 1946-49 J. E. Smith and Miss Barbara Stirlin 1946-47; and Miss Joan Richardson 1948-49; 1949-50 Samuel Dumka and Miss Wilma Richardson; 1950-51 Donald E. Matheson and Pearl D. Slater; 1951-56 Roy M. Greening and Eva Marie Stephenson 1951-53; and Miss Sara Unger 1953-55; Miss E. P. Bradshaw 1956; 1956-58 F. Dyck and Miss E. P. Bradshaw; 1958-59 G. D. McKenzie and Mrs. Agnes Clark; 1959-60 Mrs. S. Christian and Mrs. W. Shannon; 1960-61 Mrs. A. McClure and Mrs. E. Dilman; 1961-65 Miss A. Hasehan and Miss E. Vaughan; 1965-67 Mrs. M. Hynes and Miss Vaughan; 1967-68 Mrs. D. Gartel and Mrs. E. Vaughan; 1968-69 Mrs. M. Tatlow and Miss E. Vaughan.



*St. Stephen's Anglican Church, Summerland, B.C. in 1912. St. Stephen's Diamond Jubilee was commemorated April 20 to 27, 1969.*

Courtesy Bessie Wilson (Tomlin)

# AIRCRAFT CF-AOM OF VERNON, B.C.

**By James Duddle**

In the spring and summer of 1933 CF-AOM "The City of Vernon" was only a dream, a dream of two youths, Eldon Seymour and Jim Duddle, aged 17 and 18. The dream of building a powered aircraft sprang from building and flying a glider two years previously.

Many hours were spent in poring over aircraft magazines; many designs of home-built airplanes were examined. The final decision was made when the design, by O. G. Corbin of Madison Wisconsin, for the Corbin Senior Ace was published. It was a two-place side-by-side seating airplane, of all-steel fuselage and tail assembly, combined with a sitka spruce wing structure, employing a Salmson AD9-40 h.p. power plant.

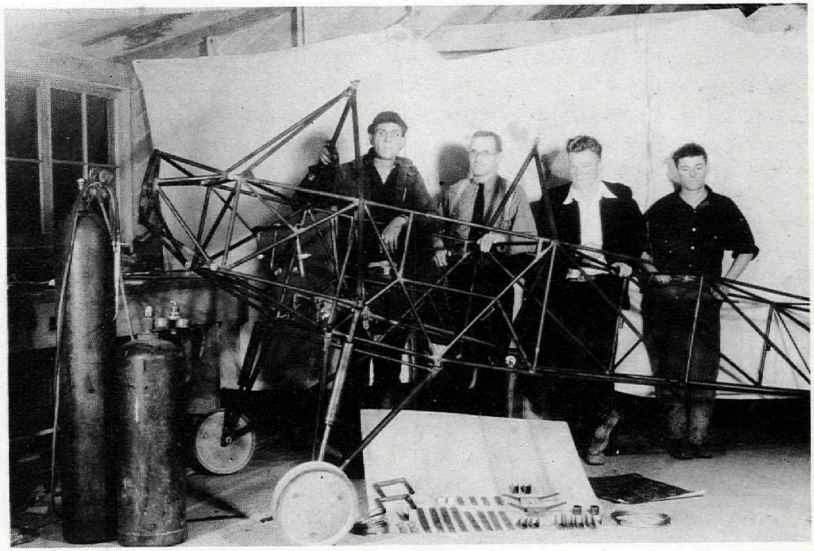
Now that they had firmly established the type of aircraft they wanted to build, the next move was to arrange the financing of the project. They took their ideas along with the drawings, to Mr. Jack Taylor, a retired bachelor who at the age of 64 had a keen interest in flying. He agreed to put up the necessary monies to finance purchase of the materials for the aircraft, with the understanding that the monies would be paid back as they became available. At this time a Mr. Ernie Buffam, a former aircraft welder also became a member of the group, forming a team of four, with the total cost of construction to be split four ways.

The first purchase was a set of large scale drawings. From these a list of materials was compiled. All the material with the exception of the sitka spruce was bought in the U.S.A. as there was little or no source of materials in Canada. The work went on all through the fall and winter of 1933 into the spring of 1934. By early spring the aircraft was all but completed. All work had been limited to evenings and week-ends. Purchase and installation of the engine still had to be done. The group had scanned all aviation publications for a Salmson engine, and decided on one from Minneapolis. It was represented as brand new and the price was right. A bank draft was forwarded and the long wait commenced. At long last after many letters the engine arrived in Vernon. What a sad day it was! The engine had been robbed of all its accessories—magnetos, carburettor, valve rocker arm assemblies and other necessary components. Every effort was made to have the seller of the engine put the matter right but to no avail. At this point Mr. Taylor became very upset and refused further financial assistance. For a while it seemed that a lot of Vernon citizens were right—that a flight would never be accomplished.

Having no manual or parts list for this engine, of French origin, it seemed hopeless. Eldon and Jim had heard that a party in Vancouver had a similar make of engine so they undertook a journey to find him. They found him co-operative and he loaned them a manual and parts list. It was learned that the Salmson Engine Co. had a subsidiary in Surrey England. In due course a manual and parts list arrived from England. During the wait Eldon and Jim had completely dismantled the 9 cylinder radial engine and had inspected every piece prior to saving sufficient money for new parts.

It was spring 1935 when the parts were ordered and their arrival was

*Take-off test flight, May 1935. CF-AOM "City of Vernon."*
Courtesy Mrs. I. Crozier



*The frame of CF-AOM, and the builders, left to right: Ernie Buffam, Jack Taylor, Jim Duddle, and Eldon Seymour.*
Courtesy Mrs. I. Crozier

eagerly awaited. At last they arrived by way of the Panama Canal. Eldon and Jim set out to instal the parts and for 48 hours worked around the clock. Installation of the engine was completed very early in the morning: all it needed was oil and gasoline to determine how well the work had been done. As Eldon and Jim had daytime jobs this had to wait until noon hour. Gas and oil had been delivered to the Vernon airport in the meantime. At noon the tanks were filled and it was time to start the engine by swinging the propeller. It was a great thrill when the motor fired on the first pull, and settled down to a nice smooth purr. It was the climax of all they had worked for in the past months. CF-AOM was alive and eager to test her wings.

During the final weeks of construction Eldon and Jim had not lost sight of the need for a test pilot, and as there was no one in Vernon area, they contacted Lowell Dunsmore, a former instructor at the Vernon field. He was then flying in Drumheller, Alberta. Things were slack and he agreed to come to Vernon with his wife Peggy a member of the Langstaff family.

Lowell arrived on the morning of June 1, 1935. As the weather was unsuitable he waited til evening to do the test. It was his intention to taxi the plane at various speeds to get the feel of it but it was not necessary. He simply taxied onto the field and opened the throttle. The take-off was smooth and the climb rapid.

Some adjustments of a minor nature were made and Lowell began to take up passengers, many of whom were noted citizens of Vernon. Lowell stayed for two weeks, and Eldon and Jim had an opportunity to fly with the dual controls and became quite familiar with control of the plane. It was only natural that after Lowell's departure that they could not resist the temptation to take her up for a flip: they made several unauthorized flights, one over three hours at an altitude of 11,000 feet. Soon the Department of Transport said "No more flying without a license."

It had become a must that one of the builders secure a pilot's license, but money being very scarce, this was no easy task. In the fall of 1935 a Ford Trimotor visited Vernon on a barnstorming tour, and one of the crew Len Waagen, a qualified pilot, was looking for anyway to increase his flying hours during the stay of the Trimotor.

The possibility was discussed that Len would come over from Edmonton the following spring, and that Eldon or Jim would fly with him in the plane to Edmonton to take a course on a commercial trainer and qualify for a pilot's license. Len kindly offered to let the person who went stay at his home.

And so it was that Len Waagen and Jim Duddle took off from Vernon enroute to Edmonton via the southern Route Grand Forks-Cranbrook-Fernie-Calgary-Edmonton on May 9, 1936. It would be a real test of pilot and plane as the route was over the Rockies, a formidable territory in those days, with no navigation aids, or proper weather reports. The only weather reports available were those obtained at the railway depot from the telegrapher who would contact the agent at the next destination. He would go outside to look at the sky and wire back his observations. The flight to Edmonton was made in easy stages, and other than a few weather delays, was accomplished with only one minor mechanical delay at Cranbrook.

Immediately on arrival in Edmonton Jim enrolled as a member of the

| ENGINE No. | JOURNEY | CREW AND PASSENGERS | TIME IN AIR | | | REPAIRS TO AIRCRAFT OR REMARKS | PILOT'S COUNTERSIGNATURE |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| DATE | FROM PREVIOUS LINE TO | NAMES | Up | Down | Hrs. Min. | | ACKNOWLEDGING AIRCRAFT TOTAL AIRCRAFT TIME AND TOTAL AUTHORIZED WEIGHT NOT EXCEEDED |
| | | Brought forward | | | 152.25 | | |
| June 9/37 | Vernon | J. Duddle | | | 10 | Solo. | J. Duddle |
| 9 | " | J. Duddle for Duddle | | | 20 | rest tapped cheated magneto + oil screens | J. Duddle |
| 9 | " | J. Duddle & poss. Cd | | | 20 | test wheels. | J. Duddle |
| 20 | " | J. Duddle | | | 10 | Solo | J. Duddle |
| 20 | " | J. Duddle & Seymour | | | 50 | low level + [illegible] | J. Duddle |
| 21 | " | J. Duddle & Duddle | | | 30 | clouds @ 3000 ft | J. Duddle |
| 27 | " | J. Duddle | | | 10 | solo. | J. Duddle |
| 27. | Vernon Penticton Vernon | J. Duddle | | | 2.00 | changed oil | J. Duddle |
| 27. | Vernon. | J. Duddle | | | .10 | Solo. | J. Duddle |
| 27. | Vernon | J. Duddle & Seymour. | | | .30 | | J. Duddle |
| 27. | Vernon | J. Duddle & Pattison | | | .10 | | J. Duddle |
| July 1 | Vernon | J. Duddle. | | | .15 | Solo. | J. Duddle |
| 6 | Vernon | J. Duddle | | | .30 | Solo 5000 ft air smooth | J. Duddle |
| 5 | Vernon | J. Duddle & Seymour | | | .30 | replaced tailplane + repaired fuselage | J. Duddle |
| 9 | Vernon | J. Duddle | | | .10 | Solo | J. Duddle |
| 9 | Vernon | J. Duddle & Duddle | | | .10 | | J. Duddle |
| 10 | Vernon | J. Duddle & Colyer | | | .25 | | J. Duddle |
| 11 | Vernon | J. Duddle & Cpl. Tory | | | .15 | | J. Duddle |
| 11 | Vernon | J. Duddle & Duddle | | | .25 | alt 9000 ft air smooth | J. Duddle |
| 12 | Vernon | J. Duddle | | | .15 | Solo practice landing | J. Duddle |
| 12 | Vernon | J. Duddle & Lewis | | | .15 | flight to test barometer | J. Duddle |
| 21 | Vernon to Penticton | J. Duddle | | | 1.10 | landed on golf course air very rough | J. Duddle |
| 22 | Penticton to Vernon | J. Duddle & passenger | | | 1.10 | air smooth | J. Duddle |
| | | Carry forward | | | 152.45 | | |

## AIRCRAFT

1. Nationality British 2. Registration marks CF-AOM

3. Certificate of Airworthiness No. – dated – 193

4. Certificate of Registration No. 1581 dated June 21st 193 5

5. Category of aircraft* Private 6. Station Vernon, B.C.

7. Owner John Taylor, James Duddle and Eldon Seymour, 8. Address Vernon, B.C. 9. Nationality British

## DESCRIPTION OF THE AIRCRAFT

10. Builder J. Duddle & E.T. Buffum & E.P. Seymour 11. Type of aircraft Corbin Jr. Ace 12. Series No.

13. Span 34' 2" 14. Length 27' 15. Height 6' 6" 16. Lifting surface

17. Approximate weight empty lbs. 18. Weight laden lbs. 19 Carrying capacity† lbs.

20. Maximum total weight authorized lbs. 21. Compulsory crew Pilot only 22. Number of seats for (a) Crew (b) Passengers

23. Fuel 24. Capacity of petrol tanks gals. 25. Oil gals. 26. Flying hours with full power close to ground ( pts. per H.P. hour)

27. Marks and types of engines Salmson A.D.9 28. Normal revolutions 29. Total horse-power 40

30. Propellers 2 Blade Tractor 31. Apparatus for landing by land and sea Land

32. Licence for wireless issued (date) 33. Type 34. Type of wireless apparatus

Registered but not passed as airworthy.

Done at Ottawa this 22nd day of June, 193 5

A. T. Cowley F/Lt.
for Controller of Civil Aviation

*Private, State or Commercial
†Deduction made of weight of fuel, crew and aircraft instruments lbs.

Pages from Log courtesy Mrs. L Crozier

Northern Alberta Flying Club where he took instruction to obtain a pilot's license. This was accomplished by June 9, 1935. On June 10 Jim took off to fly the "City of Vernon" home. The same route was followed on the return trip. Some strong headwinds were encountered, otherwise all went well and Vernon was reached on the 12th of June. The plane had flown the Rockies—no doubt the first time for a totally home-built airplane. Probably this record has not been duplicated since.

On October 9, 1936 Jim and Eldon took the "City of Vernon" to Vancouver thus completing flights over all the mountain ranges from the Prairies to the Pacific.

The "City of Vernon" was flown during the period from 1935 to the end of 1941, and became familiar to thousands of people in Alberta and British Columbia. It was engaged in various air searches, photography missions, forest cruises, and once came home with two Christmas trees strapped to the struts.

At the end of 1941 all private flying ceased, for the Army Camp at Vernon expanded onto the airport site, and it was necessary to find new quarters. It was difficult to find storage for an airplane, even when dismantled, so in the ensuing years it was moved from here to there until an offer from Spokane was made to buy it. It was sold for a very small sum in the 1950's.*

Make—Corbin Senior Ace
Designer O. G. Corbin, Madison, Wisconsin
Canadian Registration—CF-AOM

Wing structure Sitka Spruce fabric covered
Wing span 34'
Chord 60"
Airfoil Clark Y 15
Fuselage Steel tubing fabric covered
Tail Assembly Steel tubing fabric covered
Seating 2 place side by side
Weight empty 550 lbs.
Weight loaded 1000 lbs.
Top speed 85 MPH
Cruising speed 70 MPH
Landing speed 30 MPH
Maximum ceiling 15,000 ft.

Engine Specifications

Make—Salmson AO9-40 Maximum break HP 54
Type—9 cylinder, radial, air cooled.
Maker—Salmson Aero Engines Billancourt, France
Weight—148 lbs.—oil system, pressurized, dry sump.

*We now understand that the aircraft is in possession of two engineers from the Boeing Co. of Seattle and is being reconstructed as an antique aircraft.—H. E. Seymour.

# WITH THE FOREST SERVICE

**By J. V. McAllister**

On the last day of June 1919, I made a routine trip to Aberdeen Lake district to check on fire hazards as I was a patrolman in the Forest Service. I stayed overnight then headed for Lumby. There I found the Chief Forester in a great state of excitement due to smoke rolling down from Harris Creek plateau. I got on the phone to the Silver Star lookout but could get nothing definite as the countryside was covered in smoke. I said that if I could get another horse, I would go back to the Lake that night. I asked the Forester to have the road foreman send six men to the end of Aberdeen road with provisions and cooking utensils. I put up my horse at the livery stable, and asked Tommy Christiansen if he had a horse for hire. He had a Ginger Roan outlaw mare, well-known around Lumby. It turned out to be a dark night, and Ginger did not want to go to Aberdeen Lake and would not stay on the trail. Arriving at a cabin I unsaddled, and put hobbles on the mare's front legs. She raised such a commotion that Fred Hunter and Bill Smith, who was staying with him, wakened and came out to see what was going on.

We could see no sign of the fire from the Lake so Fred suggested that we get breakfast and then go east to higher ground. We hiked several miles without success, then returned to the cabin.

As we were eating lunch I was surprised to see Paul Johnson, the trapper, and his wife come riding out of the brush. Paul had spotted a fire near his cabin and was on his way to report it.

The Johnson's came in for lunch. Paul's little fox terrier made a sudden dash across the kitchen; we seized all the food and dishes and rushed outside. The dog had seen one of Fred's tame skunks come up through a hole in the floor, and the skunk did what skunks usually do!

No fire-fighters had arrived so I headed out to look for them. I found six men with shovels waiting at the road with provisions but no cooking utensils. The men and I stayed at the cabin that night and started for the fire early in the morning. I knew of a nice spring near the trail so we stopped there for lunch. John Daily, a black-bearded Irishman, undertook to cook. He told the men to wash their shovels in the creek and grease them with bacon fat. He opened a sack of flour, then mixed up dough on top of the flour. Soon a fire was going, and each man held his shovel for John to put some dough on. In this way the batter was cooked over the fire.

Back at the Lake, with Paul and Fred guarding the fire, I headed once again for Lumby and sent a team for the men. Ginger didn't do badly at all except for one break when she bucked straight down a high bank at the Jones Creek crossing, tearing my shirt to ribbons.

# MRS. C. G. BENNETT'S STORY (1891-1969)

**By Eric D. Sismey**

When Mrs. C. G. Bennett—Vera to her many friends—died in Penticton on February 28, 1969, the Penticton branch of the Okanagan Historical Society lost one of her stalwarts. Vera had served as secretary; was on the local executive for a number of years and had contributed to the annual reports of the Society.

Vera Bennett's memories were so intimately connected to early facets of Provincial history that her parents must be introduced. Her father, blond, six foot two, Gus Erickson, left home in Sweden in the late 1870s for the New World. Soon after landing in the United States he travelled west finding work with survey and construction crews pushing the Northern Pacific Railroad through Montana. Early in 1885, learning the Canadian Pacific was laying steel through the Rockies to the sea Erickson rode horseback from Billings, Montana, to Calgary where he was given a construction foreman's job at Field, B. C. And he was there when the first Canadian Pacific transcontinental train steamed down the Pacific slope in November 1885.

In 1887, Erickson was promoted to roadmaster with supervision over the track from Golden B.C. to the prairies.

While on a holiday in Medicine Hat Gus Erickson met Florence Dobbin, a young Irish girl who was visiting her brother. Florence, the daughter of a British army officer, was born in Mussoori, an army post in the Hill Country of India. After a short courtship Florence became Mrs. Erickson in 1890.

When the Ericksons stepped from the train at Field after a short honeymoon Gus was met by the telegraph operator who handed him a telegram telling of trouble down the line and giving instructions for him to report there immediately. With a jerk of his thumb roadmaster Erickson pointed out their home—two box cars on a side track—to his young bride, then with a kiss and a wave of his hand he boarded the train again and that was the last Mrs. Erickson saw of her husband for nearly two weeks.

When Erickson reached home again he was astonished at the changes made to the box-car domicile. There were bright curtains on the small windows, scatter rugs on the floors, cupboards and shelves made from boxes and crates. It was homelike and cosy.

At the time of Florence Erickson's first confinement a message tapped out by the telegraph operator brought Dr. Brett from Banff riding the cab of a special locomotive and on August 22, 1891, daughter, Maud Vera, Louise, was ushered into the world.

In 1892, the Ericksons moved from their car-box home to a new well-built log house. It was a little farther from the main line track but still close enough for puffing locomotives to rattle the windows and for Vera to watch the trains. In this new house a second daughter, Florence (Babs) was born.

Vera remembered numerous incidents of early life at Field—a life too interesting to be forgotten. Sometimes guests would be snowbound at the nearby C.P.R. hotel for several days and then Mrs. Erickson might be asked

*Mrs. C. G. Bennett in 1965.* Eric D. Sismey

to bake bread or pies or cookies for the stormbound guests.

Mrs. Erickson, like most Old Country girls, enjoyed walking. From the time the ground was bare in early summer until early snows covered it again she roamed the hills to enjoy forest and mountains and wildlife. In winter there was nowhere to walk except along the track through the snow gorges ploughed by the rotaries. But before starting, her roadmaster husband taught her to get clearance from the dispatcher so that she would never be caught by a train. "Always remember that trains go faster than you and Vera can run".

Vera remembers clearly the day her father was carried to the house on a door. A falling rock in one of the tunnels had nearly scalped him. From a distance Vera remembered the hustle-bustle as Dr. Brett sewed up the gash, and she never forgot the smell of iodoform.

Mrs. Bennett cherished her memories of Field for they were exciting days: the passenger trains; people going to and from the hotel; the echoed thunder of locomotives laboring up the hill and the warning whistles—"I am coming"—bouncing from cliff to cliff; waiting helper engines, blowers roaring and with thin plumes of steam from the safetys; coal smoke and cinders; the smell of steam and hot oil; and perhaps of her father standing with hands deep in pockets chatting to an engineer.

When the Ericksons were transferred to Cranbrook in 1898 Gus had served 13 years at Field, two as construction foreman, and 11 as roadmaster on the toughest section of railroad in North America. Four miles east of Field (elevation 4,172 feet) at Cathedral, B.C., the grade changed from 1.8

per cent to 2.2 per cent to the summit at Stephen. This has been described as: "The Big Hill—14 miles of twisting, looping pull up 1260 feet from Field to Divide at Stephen".

Soon after the move to Cranbrook in 1898 Vera attended All Hallows School at Yale, B.C. (OHS, 24th report, pp101-104) for two years and until her father was transferred again this time to Schreiber on the shores of Lake Superior as main line superintendent between Chapleau and Port Arthur. While at Schreiber Vera attended Ladies College at Ottawa until the family was moved back to Cranbrook where her father had been appointed superintendent of the Crow's Nest line from Medicine Hat to Sirdar at the head of Kootenay Lake. If you will take a look at your road map you will find a station "Erickson" close to Creston, B.C.

While the family lived at Cranbrook again Vera attended schools in Vancouver and Calgary and with schooldays done Miss Erickson spent a year in England visiting an aunt in Tunbridge Wells. Soon after returning to Canada she married C. G. Bennett, Accountant of the Bank of Commerce in Cranbrook, in 1913.

Vera Bennett had many happy memories of the years spent in Cranbrook. There were picnic and fishing parties to Jacksmith Lake; trips to Fort Steele, to the worked out placer diggings and the ghost town at Wildhorse Creek, expeditions every spring to watch the log drive on the Skookumchuck and to see the salmon beds at the head of Columbia Lake where salmon in their teeming thousands ended their spawning journey from the sea.

She remembered the real estate boom in the Columbia Valley which brought retired army and naval officers from the Old Country lured by fanciful tales of money to be made raising chickens and growing fruit. They came to build large houses, bringing their china, silver and furnishings. The first war saved them from financial ruin; they were recalled into the Service; they never came back.

Mrs. Bennett also remembered the friendship between Ericksons, Bennetts and Captain F. P. Armstrong, builder in 1886 of the first steamship on the Upper River, the Duchess. He was also at the wheel of the Nowitka, the last ship to churn the waters of the upper Columbia in 1920. It was always a delightful trip on the River on a bright summer day with Captain Armstrong at the wheel. He was such a gracious host that he made you feel you were his guest on a fairyland excursion rather than a passenger.

In 1924, Mr. Bennett was transferred to manage the Bank of Commerce in the rapidly growing town of Creston. Here they occupied a new prefab house, which in Vera Bennett's words "Every board was green and the wind whistled through cracks not provided by the architect".

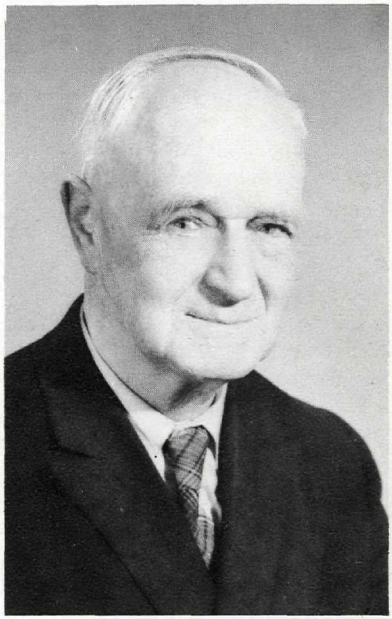
From Creston the Bennetts were transferred to Fernie in 1925 and from there to Vancouver in 1931 where he was bank inspector. In 1935 the Bennetts moved again, this time to manage the Penticton branch.

In Penticton the Bennetts lived in a house surrounded by fruit trees, high on a bench above town where south-facing windows offered a magnificent view over part of the city and the length of Skaha Lake. After Mr. Bennett died in 1952 Mrs. Bennett continued to live in her orchard home until the management of a large house and garden became too great a burden.

# REVEREND JOHN CHRISTIE GOODFELLOW (1890-1968)

**By Eric M. Goodfellow**

Reverend John Christie Goodfellow D. D. died in his sleep in Princeton on October 24, 1968: service was held in St. Paul's United Church where he had ministered for more than 30 years.



*Rev. J. C. Goodfellow*

A man of independent mind, though linked with the church for most of his life, he had a varied career . . . . sailing before the mast, serving at Gallipoli, spreading the gospel to, and studying the culture of Coast Indians. He was, however, best known as an historian, specializing in the history of the United Church in British 'Columbia, for which service he was awarded an honorary Doctorate of Divinity in 1950.

He was secretary of the B.C. Synod (Presbyterian) Historical Committee from 1923 to 1925, and the B.C. Conference (United) Historical Committee from 1925 to 1950, and its convener from 1946 to 1950.

He was council member of the B.C. Historical Association, its president 1941-2, and a frequent contributor to its Quarterly magazine. A life member of the Okanagan Historical Society, he held various offices, among them editor of its Annual Report 1954-56, to which he was a prominent contributor.

He was prominent in the work of the Orange Lodge and held high office. He was a charter member of Princeton Branch Canadian Legion, and sometimes its chaplain. He was active in local community work, such as the Board of Trade and Ski Club, helping to organize the first tournament in 1929.

In 1924 he visited B.C. Coast Indian settlements, preparing a brochure on totem poles for the Vancouver Museum.

For many years he conducted parties over the historic Hope-Princeton trail, original access to the Southern Interior, built in 1860.

In the 20's, normal transport failing, he chartered a plane to keep an appointment at an obscure mission on upper Vancouver Island . . . . believed to be the first "sky pilot".

Then came adventure, a voyage to South Africa, round the Horn, by sailing ship.

On return to Vancouver in 1913 he enrolled at Westminster Hall. His studies were interrupted by service in World War I, as a private in the 62nd Battalion, medical corps and field ambulance, campaigning in England, Macedonia, Italy, France, Belgium and Germany. He married Miss Isabelle Marshall of Liverpool, England in 1917. After the war he completed his studies at Westminster Hall, was licensed to preach 26th September, 1921 and ordained 16th March, 1923.

He was Presbyterian minister at Port Moody and loco 1923-1925, then assistant minister at First United Church, Victoria, until 1927, when he accepted a call to Princeton, arriving 29th June.

Princeton, a rugged frontier town, had had 19 ministers in the 27 years of the church's organization. Here beloved 'Father Pat' thrashed blaspheming miners, bound their wounds and prayed for forgiveness. Here in 1911-12 stormed Rev. J. Richmond Craig who went back to preach prohibition to his native Scotland in 1919. Rev. Goodfellow's predecessor was the celebrated Dr. H. E. D. Ashford.

The first regular Presbyterian services were conducted in 1900 by Rev. Fowlie from Nicola, but as early as 1891 Rev. A. R. Sharp, a missionary, preached to the sparse settlers of the lower Similkameen at the McCurdy home.

An ancestor of Dr. Goodfellow has peculiar claim to fame. James Chalmers, a Dundee bookseller, is said to be the true originator of the idea of the adhesive postage stamp, usually credited to Sir Rowland Hill.

In 1954 Dr. Goodfellow was awarded the Princeton Board of Trade Good Citizen award.

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Editor's note . . . The Reverend Goodfellow began life in Broughty Ferry, Scotland, 14 May, 1890. He came to Canada in 1908 as a student missionary. After one year on the Saskatchewan field, went to British Columbia, then to South Africa.

# THE THOMAS STORY

**By Alfred Thomas**

When my wife and I attended the Field Day sponsored by the Okanagan Historical Society at Granite Creek on June 15, it occurred to me that if gold had not been discovered along Granite Creek in 1885, my family name "Thomas" might well have been spread across Australia instead of the Upper Similkameen.

It happened this way: John Fall Allison and his wife Susan homesteaded a few hundred yards downstream from the present Princeton in 1885. My mother was a daughter from the ensuing large Allison family of eleven. The Allisons ran a trading post in their large two-storied log home which soon became the recognised stopping-place for travellers on the Dewdney trail. In 1884 other settlers came, among them the Coles, Homeses and Kirklands.

The Allisons were never lonely for the family was large enough to amuse itself. Besides there was always work to do. Occasionally, however, older children rode from 8 to 10 miles to visit a neighbour.

Always the store was busy and interesting. Indians brought buckskin moccasins, gloves and furs to trade. Miners, Chinese and white, exchanged gold dust for supplies. Letters were left at the Allison store for the first passing travellers to take to Hope. And pack-trains provided excitement and brought the news.

When John Chance discovered placer gold along Granite Creek on July 5, 1885 everything suddenly changed. John Allison, representing the government, kept busy recording placer mining claims and trading supplies for gold. But when stores and saloons were built at Granite City Allison went into the butcher business to keep the booming camp in meat.

As the fame of Granite Creek spread around the world a young man, Charles E. Thomas of Gloucester England, heard about it. He was in Australia at the time but by 1887 or 1888, he was working for Tregillis and Malone partners in a Granite City store and saloon. About 1890 he was in charge of A. E. House's store at Nicola Lake and while he was there his brothers, Ernest, William and Bert came from Gloucester to join him.

In 1893, Charles Thomas opened his store in a log cabin where the Dewdney trail bridge crossed over the Tulameen into what is now Princeton. Soon brother Will joined him to construct a large two-storied building which was operated many years as Thomas Brother's store at Princeton. When high water washed the Allison home away in 1895 Charles Thomas took over the post office. He also bought the supplies and other goods saved from the flood.

The first Thomas store was supplied by Indian pack trains from Spence's Bridge where a road of sorts connected the Canadian Pacific Railway to Granite Creek. It was not until after the turn of the century that the road was extended to Princeton.

Granite City began to fade in the mid 1890s when the "placers" became exhausted. Then large mining companies moved in with a dredge and hydraulic monitors to recover what was left. Mr. Hugh Hunter, the Gold Commissioner was transferred to Princeton where he was appointed

Government Agent in the early 1900s.

Other mining ventures along the Similkameen brought temporary boosts to Princeton but it was not until 1902 that hard-rock mining at Hedley brought prosperity to the Upper Similkameen. At the same time a wagon road was built through to Penticton and William Welby of Penticton began to run his stage.

My mother, Caroline Allison, was married to William Thomas in the Ellis Church—St. Saviour's— in Penticton in 1902. I was born in 1903. Grace Allison was married to Bert Thomas the same year.

Mother has often talked about the old days. She told of rides from Princeton to Granite City to visit Mrs. F. P. Cook and Mrs. Hunter, wife of the gold commissioner. Sometimes she rode even farther through Otter Flat—it's Tulameen now—to the Thynne Lake Ranch where she stayed for a day or two with Mrs. Jack Thynne.

Now this brings me back nearly to where I started, to the Granite Creek Field Day last June and to the Thomas clan. Had it not been for Granite Creek gold and two of John Allison's girls, the Thomas name may well have been scattered across Australia instead of around Princeton.

# NOTES ON THE OKANAGANS

**By Hester E. White**

**Hast-haia-halt** (greetings) this morning! We find the Okanagans, 2000 of them, camped beneath the pines on the flat near **Sa-ha-nit-que** (meaning falls), now Okanagan Falls. They are ready with willow baskets and drying racks to catch and dry the beautiful blue-green **Ste-ween** (small salmon), and for immediate use, the **Stutz-a-wain** (salmon fry) from the stream. Great preparation and forethought have preceded this June **See-ah-tan** (fishing).

It is **ah-tan** the serviceberry moon. The berries have been picked dried and stored, in sacks, made from strands of the silver willow bark, and these put into larger receptacles of cottonwood bark. This was women's work to whom fell the task of making the transient camp life comfortable. Gathering wood was a continual chore as fires smoldered always while in camp. Fire was mady by rubbing a stick along a groove in dry wood. Matting, the summer covering for their teepees was made from the tules or round rushes, sewn together with silver willow threads, which they got at **Sooyoos**. These mats were reinforced with slender willow rods. Teepees were of different sizes: one set of poles was used for a small family; two sets for a large one; and three sets for the council or dance teepee.

Small bone needles were difficult to make, the most prized being those from the small bone in a swan's leg. Sinews, horsehair and willow strands for thread, were coloured with natural dyes.

Baskets for berries and roots, and baskets and wooden pots **(no-no-luaks)** for cooking all had to be carefully made. Hemp, grass, willow, birch

and cottonwood bark filled the need. Cooking with heated stones placed in pots or baskets, containing the food was the usual method. A bread (**Sku-leep**) made by soaking the moss found hanging from fir, pine, and tamarack trees as shaped into cakes and baked on flat heated stones laid on the grass.

Meat and fish were prepared and dried, then stored in caches for winter use. These caches were made by removing stones from the required size holes. To keep mice out it was lined with dried pine needles. Meats or fish were placed in separate caches covered with pine needles with stones on top.

Summer garb for the men was a buckskin breech-cloth and a small skull cap or band around the head. Women's summer garb was a grass or slashed buckskin skirt, and around the head a buckskin band holding a small bone to scratch an itchy spot. The Okanagans had beautiful jet black hair and would travel for miles to Spotted and White lakes, to wash their hair in the alkaline waters.

To **Stem-tee-ma,** the grandmother, was left the authority to impart knowledge and self-discipline to the youth, and to tell the stories and legends, relating to the lives and customs of the Indian people. Story-telling was known as **Chip-chap-tiquik.** It told of the animal people and of legendary times. One of the women in a band would be noted as a story teller and went from camp to camp to tell them. Many stores centered around **Sin-ka-lip** (coyote) revealing his cunning and guile. He was accused of piling stones at the foot of Skaha Lake, and also in Similkameen River, thereby preventing the salmon from getting upstream into the lake.

The legend of **Stuan-aw-wkin,** the hair-covered giant who lived in caves at **Tul-a-meen** was told. His size, though he had never been seen, was imagined by enormous tracks found near the food caches and molested fish traps. The monster's odour "as of burned hair" created panic among hunters and berry pickers, and tales of his doings sent children scurrying under bed coverings. Stories of the **In-cha-mas-akilu-ak** (little cave men) living in the mountains to the west of Okanagan Lake, were also told.

**Na-ha-ha-itque** (snake in the water), now given the meaningless name of Ogopogo, has according to legend existed in Okanagan Lake for many, many, moons: because of his presence Indians would not bathe in the Lake or paddle a canoe or dugout on it (without making a peace-offering).

The adolescent boy or girl was subjected to severe training often being sent off into the hills or mountains alone for days and nights to live on berries and roots and to bathe in the cold water by which means they gained courage and improved their physique.

# WHY NOT LEARN OKANAGAN?

**By Donald Watkins***

With bilingualism and biculturalism so much in the forefront today, the Okanagan Indians are showing us white folk the way to do things: they practice the two-isms much more than most of us do. For years educators have stressed the importance of learning a second language. So why not learn Okanagan? If some of us could speak Okanagan we would be taking a major step towards improving communications with our Indians, at the same time opening up a whole new world of myths, ceremony, and celebration. Surely this would be much more meaningful than studying languages spoken thousands of miles away. And to the cynic who believes that an Indian language is nothing more than a collection of grunts and snorts, I say: if a language is that easy, why can't you speak it already?

English has a written alphabet of 21 consonants, like b. c. d. etc., and five vowels: a, e, i, o, u. To write Okanagan meaningfully we would require some 24 consonants and three main vowels: a, e, and o. Besides these main vowels Okanagan also has some automatic vowels, among them i and u. The first appears in the word for "I am," **kin**. So **kin** Bill means "I am Bill." **Ku-** means "You are" or "are you?"; so **kuswet** means "Who are you?". **Kuch kech** literally means "You are come", and is commonly used as a greeting when a person is visited by a friend. The visitor replies: **kinch kech,** literally "I am come here", but really meaning something more like "it's nice to see you again".

In Penticton the main vowel e is pronounced like the e in "see", whereas in Vernon it sounds more like the e in "they". So the word **koswet** "Who are we?" has a slightly different pronunciation depending whether you are in Vernon or Penticton. The mark over the letter e tells you to emphasize that part of the word. Incidentally, the s is pronounced about halfway between s and sh. The letter a represents an "ah" sound, and comes in

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Mr. Watkins is working towards his Ph.D. degree in linguistics and has chosen for his thesis, the Okanagan language, which has received little attention.

During the summers of 1966 and 1967 he worked with an Interior Salish band at Vernon, in 1968, he worked on the Reserve at Penticton. He is happy with the co-operation received both at Vernon and Penticton where informants have done their best to help his project. He has documented a vocabulary of about 2000 words and is engaged in mastering the complicated grammar which includes the syntax (study of arrangements of words in a sentence) and the morphology (study of arrangements of the meaningful elements within a word).

He has completely mastered the delicate nuances of unfamiliar Okanagan sounds; he can write instantly in linguistic characters the utterances of his informants and when associating with older Indians fluent in their native tongue can not only understand them but can make himself understood.—ERIC D. SISMEY.

the expression **way shlaxt,** "Hello friend!" If you are Scottish, you'll have no trouble with that x-sound: it comes at the end of "loch" as in Loch Lomond. To say "How are things?", you say **tanchawt**, and to answer "fine!" you say **tehast**. Sounds easy so far?

The consonants are a little tougher. Take the so-called glottal stop. We write it with a question mark even though it has nothing to do with questions, ?. In English we can signify yes by saying "aha", and change it to no by using two glottal stops, "?a?a". The glottal stop is a stopping and releasing of air deep in the throat. In Okanagan the glottal stop is very common. So, in saying **spo?os,** "heart" or "mind", we briefly stop the airstream between the two o's. Now we can say, **stem aspo?os** "What's on your mind?". The answer could be, **lotstem** "Nothing". When the glottal stop comes after sounds like m, n, l, r, w, and y, we simply cut the sounds short by cutting off the air flow. This usually happens at the end of a word. So perhaps **stem,** "what", should be written **stem?.** This glottal stop can be very important, since it makes all the difference between words like **snamotn** "chair" and **snam?otn** "stool".

Okanagan has sounds that correspond to English sounds that we represent with p, t, tl, ch, and k. Now in English we could pronounce p in various ways. Take a word like "top". We could say it without releasing our lips at the end, or we could release our lips slightly. Maybe we could even speak emphatically by giving the p an extra spurt of air at the end, to distinguish it from, say, "tot". Now Okanagan has two kinds of p's: the one that has the extra spurt at the end, written p', and the kind that resembles the ordinary English p. The spurted p' comes in a word like **shlep,** "wood, lumber". It is possible to change the meaning of a word by changing the kind of p you use. For example, **kinpexam** means "I'm hunting", but **kinp'exam** means "I'm branding". How's that for unusualness? And what's more the same applies to the other four consonants mentioned above: you can change the meaning of a word by using t', tl', ch', and k'. So now practice with **tek'ast** "That's bad!".

A hard nut to crack for the English speaker is to make a difference between the Okanagan sounds written with k and q. K is easy, it's like English, but q is a k-sound made at the back of the mouth. You have to slide your tongue much farther back than for any English sound. Don't give up if you fail the first attempt; it's not easy for us. When you become expert at it, then try making a spurted q', and when you are successful you can really say you've accomplished something. Again q and q' can change meanings: **qway** means "blue" or "green", but **q'way** means "black". When you can separate those two it may be time for a rest; nobody learned to pronounce a new language in one day! But now when the warm weather comes you'll be able to say, **qwa?ach,** "It's getting warmer".

We have now described all but three of the important sounds of Okanagan. To describe the last three we have to go away from English to make comparisons. At this point things would be much easier if we could enroll the help of a Welshman, a Frenchman, and an Arab. It's quite remarkable that such widely divergent languages have sounds that resemble Okanagan sounds. Little wonder that the early explorers and missionaries had so much trouble with our local language!

Start with the Welsh sound. Llewellyn, Llanelly, and Llandudno are all

Welsh names starting with a "voiceless l", written ll. The sound is made with the tongue in the usual l position. But instead of using the voice to produce the sound, we just blow air over and around the sides of the tongue. This is how a person who lisps pronounces the letter s. This sound occurs in **estallam** "my boat" and **kinellin** "I'm eating".

Maurice Chevalier with his Parisian accent could help us with the R-sound that many Frenchmen make on the back of their tongue when they say "PaRee" for Paris. Okanagans have this sound too; but it does not seem to occur with any great frequency. If you can make that kind of R you can then say **chiRep**, "tree", or **muRmen** "pin" or "fastener". But since French Canadians don't usually make this kind of R, they won't be much help to us here.

The strangest sound of all is kept until last. It's one that occurs in Arabic: linguists call it a pharyngeal consonant. This one again is made right at the back of the mouth. To produce it you start by saying "ah" and then tighten the muscles at the back of the mouth to make a strangled kind of "a". Do not tighten the muscles too much, otherwise you stop the flow of air. The exact nature of this sound is still being argued over by linguists. If you have trouble with it don't worry too much; it is often difficult to hear it even in the speech of native Indians. We write this sound as A and keep it separate from the other a-sound already described.

Those are the sounds of Okanagan as it is spoken in our valley. No-one has ever yet presented a complete description of them. Some of the people who have tried were Dr. William Tolmie of the Hudson's Bay Company (c. 1877), George Gibbs (1877), Franz Boas, the great American anthropologist (1890), Father Jean-Marie Le Jeune, and Charles Hill Tout (1911). The language presents a real challenge even to the person who knows other languages. And of course an understanding of the sounds of a language is only the first step in learning how to produce complete sentences.

But to learn anything worthwhile takes effort. And if you think the task at hand is too formidable, just remember that our native children still learn Okanagan at their mother's knee.

*Okanagan Language Workshop on the Penticton Reserve. Left to right: Simon Lezard, Judy George, George Lezard, Sandy Lezard, and Donald Watkins.*

Photo by Eric D. Sismey

## PRACTICE WORD LIST

| | |
|---|---|
| animal | **st'amAalt** |
| black bear | **skimxest** |
| bee, wasp | **sqo?ll** |
| bird | **skakaka?** |
| buffalo | **qweysp** |
| cat | **pos** |
| kitten | **popa?s** |
| bullfrog | **smenap** |
| dog | **kikwap** |
| duck | **xwatxut** |
| golden eagle | **melqanops** |
| hen | **lepol** |
| mole | **po?lawx** |
| mosquito | **salaqs** |
| otter | **litko?** |
| pig | **nichichaqs** |
| puppy | **staq'am** |
| owl | **snena?** |
| red salmon | **sch'owen?** |
| spider | **topl?** |
| trout | **hoho?mena?** |
| whooper | **s?etwan?** |

# MEMOIRS OF THE EARLY 1900's

**By Reuben Randall**

This narrative is not intended to be in the nature of an adventure, but a simple story relating the experience of a young lad coming from England to Canada to see the country, and perhaps to better his working and living conditions. My experiences could apply to many young men coming to Canada in the days when conditions were vastly different from what they are today.

Before proceeding with my story, I would like to make it known that I had a brother, seven years my senior, in Canada. He had gained much experience in this country, working at all kinds of jobs, from Quebec to British Columbia: apple picking in Montreal, farming in Ontario, ranching in Alberta, surveying on the Crow's Nest Pass Railway, and fruit-ranching in the Okanagan for several years before going to New Zealand in 1909.

When I left England in October 1899 to join my brother in Wapella, Saskatchewan, I was in my early teens. I crossed the ocean on board the Allan Liner S. S. Numidian. The passage from Liverpool to Montreal was uneventful, but interesting especially going up the St. Lawrence River to Montreal. The train journey from Montreal to Wapella was a great experience: the vast expanse of land, mile after mile, day after day, was an eye-opener. My brother was at the depot to meet me, accompanied by a friend, Mr. Joseph Epton, and we proceeded to my brother's homestead, a few miles out of Wapella.

My brother and I batched part of the winter of 1899-1900 the latter half of which we lived north of Wapella with a family composed of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, their sons Tom, Ernest and Percy and their daughter, Ada. We worked for our board until early spring at the same time making plans and preparations for going west. We made a little wedge tent and assembled such things as we thought would be required for the trip. In the first instance we planned to drive a pony and cart. However, Billy, while a splendid saddle horse, had his own ideas about pulling a cart loaded with a man and a boy, plus suit cases, pots and pans and tent poles. He would trot along very nicely when in the mood. When not in the mood nothing would shift him, so we decided to sell the cart, put our various things on the pony's back, and walked. This method of travel did not work out well. While the prairies were nice at that time of the year—late April—with lots of ducks to shoot, we found the going slow and disheartening. Distances were deceiving. A day of walking seemed to get us nowhere. To add to our troubles, we got sore feet, so my brother decided to sell the pony at Wolsley. I was not present at the transaction but I believe a man operating a hardware store bought it for $30. We next sent our suitcases, along with shotgun, rifle, blankets, tent etc., via C.P.R. to Okanagan Landing. It was our intention to travel as light as possible, which left us with little more than we were wearing. We intended, mainly, to beat our way to the Okanagan Valley. Finances from the sale of the pony and cart helped us considerably on our way.

We were plodding along the railway ties west of Wolsley when we encountered a farmer ploughing somewhere in the vicinity of Indian Head. He wanted us to work for him, but we were headed for the west. He strongly

advised us not to beat our way on the trains,—"the Redcoats will have you for sure". This put a scare into us and we paid our fare to one station west of Regina, headquarters of the Mounties. We met some nice freight train crews, and on occasion were permitted to ride in a box car and sometimes in the caboose for the distance of a division, for a couple of dollars. We rode on various parts of freight trains, both inside and outside, but never underneath on the rods.

Nothing unusual happened, but there were many interesting incidents and the scenery was wonderful. The foothills of Alberta stand out in my memory: lovely bright days; meadow larks whistling their spring song; curlews soaring overhead sounding their shrill notes; and wild tulips in abundance everywhere.

We headed west via the Crow's Nest Pass route. My brother had worked with the engineers on the survey and construction of the Crow's Nest Pass Railway with camp headquarters at Elk River Crossing during 1897-98. His immediate boss engineer was a Mr. Brunell, whom we hoped to contact at Fort McLeod or Lethbridge. We had no luck in locating him however, and so had to abandon any hope of assistance in procuring work on the continuation of the railroad, which had come to a dead stop at Midway, B.C.

The days seemed to pass fairly well but the nights were a problem as they were cold, and we had no blankets. As evening approached we would be on the lookout for shelter such as a prospector's cabin. I remember one old prospector who invited us to stay in his cabin for the night near Eholt, which was quite a town at that time. He gave us a good feed of beans. The mining towns throughout the Kootenays at that time were lively. Some are now classed as "Ghost towns".

Many a time we would build a fire for warmth, and sleep in the open. We arranged to sleep one at a time, the other staying awake to keep the fire going, but this did not work well. Usually both fell asleep, waking up half frozen and the fire out. Nevertheless, we advanced slowly but surely through the mining towns.

At Kootenay Landing we came to the end of the railway track. We found out that box cars on the track laden with coal were consigned to Nelson by tug-boat and barge so we clambered into one of the box cars and settled down as comfortably as lumps of coal would permit. We had been in there a short time when the little end door was slid back. We were scared it was the brakey come to put us out! However, to our surprise a little negro stuck his head in, surprised to find us there. He also clambered in. After a while our car was moved onto the barge or scow and we were on our way to Nelson. It was practically an all day trip, and we arrived at Nelson at dusk, all of one colour,-black. We found a restaurant quite close to the track where, on the advice of our companion, we bought "two bits" worth of sandwiches, which we split three ways. We then found a dry, empty box car and put up for the night. Our companion wanted us to stay at Nelson and go to work at one of the mines nearby: brother Albert was to hammer and I to turn steel. This did not appeal to us, and in any event we were headed for the Okanagan Valley.

We hit out in the morning for Robson, a long tiring hike, arriving just before dark. Crossing on the ferry the next morning I thought the ferry captain was very good not to charge us fare, not knowing it was a free crossing. We proceeded to Grand Forks and Eholt. Our finances were

running low. I went into the bunkhouse at one mine near the track at Eholt and sold my watch to a miner at one of the card tables for $4. This was to carry us to Okanagan Mission. Having passed through the Kootenays we came to Midway, where the railroad ended. Here we struck a piece of good luck. There were two freight teams on the siding loaded with small bags of fine, crushed mineral, to be transferred by rail for refining and smelting. The teamsters offered us a ride to Camp McKinney Mine if we would dump all the bags of ore into the railroad box car. We willingly undertook this job, and even though the bags were extremely heavy found it interesting to see the yellow mineral trickle down the heap. It looked like real gold: perhaps it was.

One other nice incident happened at Midway. A boy, perhaps 12 years of age engaged us in conversation and invited us home for a cup of coffee and some johnny cake. I had no notion what johnny cake was like but it sounded good and we were glad to accompany this fine boy and meet his mother who made us welcome. We were glad of the refreshments after the strenuous work of dumping the sacks of ore.

We proceeded to meet the freight teams, and were soon on our way to Camp McKinney. We spent part of two days and one night with these teamsters. They fed us well.

After leaving Camp McKinney we struck off down the hill, still heading for the Okanagan Valley. After a while we came out into an open spot, from which we could see a sizeable town in the distance, which proved to be Fairview. Proceeding down the hill we came to open country and a valley of sagebrush and bunchgrass about where the town of Oliver now stands. After trudging along the trail for several miles we met a man driving a team and a hayrack waggon. Passing the time of day with him we asked him how far it was to the Okanagan Valley. He said "You are in it now".

We had little idea what the Okanagan Valley would be like, but it certainly did not come up to our expectations. We continued north through Okanagan Falls and along Dog Lake. There had been few farms or settlers of any kind until we reached Penticton. We bought 25 cents worth of sandwiches at the Penticton Hotel, and made a few enquiries regarding the road to Kelowna, the next town on our line of travel. It was getting late so we scouted around for a place of shelter to stretch out for the night. We found a nice-looking log building, which happened to be a storage for ice. It was open at the top so that we climbed the logs and gained entrance that way, and as I remember spent a fairly comfortable night in the thick sawdust. Although the S. S. Aberdeen was making round trips between Penticton and Okanagan Landing, we did not, for very good reasons, investigate passage on the sternwheeler but elected to walk the trail over the hills to Okanagan Mission. This trip was uneventful except for the herds of cattle encountered which were curious and sometimes annoying, as they continually circled trying to keep us in sight. We learned later that these more or less half-wild cattle roaming the southern end of the Valley were the herds of Mr. Tom Ellis who controlled thousands of acres of range land.

On leaving the trail we came into open country, the approach to Okanagan Mission. At a small ranch and orchard we met a Mr. Healey or Wealey. He invited us for supper and gave us lodging for the night. We met a young boy by the name of Riddell who was holidaying at the ranch. This lad

later became a prominent lawyer in Kelowna. After supper we all went down to the lake for a swim. The following morning we lit out for Kelowna. When passing the hotel at Okanagan Mission we saw a man standing on the hotel steps. His name was Ernie. We asked if he knew of any work to be had in that area. He replied "John Conroy is looking for some men for haying", so we headed for Conroy's ranch a few miles north of Kelowna. Mr. Conroy hired us for the haying season. Martin Conroy, the eldest son and I had quite a bit of fun together after work hours. Martin was about nine years of age. We had chores to do before working in the fields, night and morning. I looked after the pigs; my brother looked after the cows and did the milking.

One day, going down to the creek to bathe I spotted a little sucking pig in a deep pool floating tail up. I fished him out and to the best of my ability commenced revival action. To my pleased surprise, after a few minutes of working his front legs open and closed he began to show signs of life. I then took him back to the house and wrapped him in blankets. So far as I know the little pig fully recovered and lived to make bacon.

I found haying and stooking grain was heavy work and much too hard for me. Pitching hay in the blazing hot sun nearly killed me. I stuck it out however, but I was not sorry when the job was finished. I found much of interest though, and gained a certain amount of farm experience such as learning to plough.

Mr. Conroy had some very nice horses. I still remember the names of some of them; Fly, Dolly and Dick. He had a nice dog called Sport. A few incidents stand out in my memory while at this ranch. One is that my brother made the round trip, for a repair part for the binder, by saddle horse to Vernon and back in one day. The horse, Dolly, a rough saddle horse, was equipped with a wide Mexican saddle. This trip was a feat of endurance under such conditions. Another incident, an unfortunate one for Mr. Conroy, was the loss of his false teeth which he had obtained only a short time before from Mr. Corrigan, dentist of Vernon. The teeth were very uncomfortable, as new teeth generally are, so Mr. Conroy usually took them out and laid them on the table when half way through his meal. Unfortunately, one day when he was ploughing, he took them out and carefully wrapped them in his handkerchief. Later he pulled out his handkerchief to blow his nose,—and, that was the last of the teeth.

One other incident was my first meeting with a skunk. We were haying on Mr. Conroy's upper farm near the Mike Heron farm. I was asked to take Mr. Conroy's cultivator horse to water at the creek at noon. I got on the horse's back and struck out for the creek. As we were going through the brush a small black and white animal came out and trotted along the trail in front of the horse. The horse nearly stepped on it. Mister skunk decided upon self-protection and shook his tail. I then learned what a skunk looked and smelt like! I was well out of the direct spray, but the poor horse caught the full blast on his forelegs. My boss was driving the horse all afternoon cultivating potatoes, and every time Sport, the dog, came near him he chased the poor dog away, thinking it had been next to the skunk. I kept mum, but had many a snicker to myself.

I also learned not to stook rye when wearing a woolen shirt.

Before leaving the Kelowna part of my story I would like to mention, with the greatest respect, the name of a fine old gentleman Mr. O'Reilly,

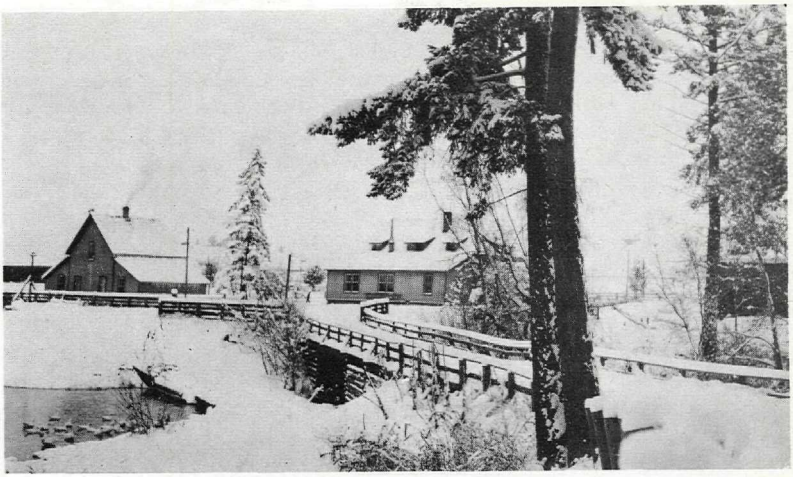
Mrs. Conroy's father, a splendid, understanding Irishman.

Bringing our stay in the Kelowna-Ellison area to an end we contacted the Kelowna-Vernon stage, then driven by the celebrated John Scott. Mr. Scott had a wonderful assortment of yarns; the scenery was lovely, and the journey to Vernon was enjoyable. We encountered a rattlesnake in the road at Rattlesnake Point and Albert promptly dispatched it. Mr. Scott's headquarters in Vernon in the summer of 1900, was at the Vernon House or Hotel. We stayed there a few days and were very comfortable and the meals were first-class. Our stop in Vernon was short as we were anxious to get to work and make a stake for the winter.

We set out for the Greenhow Ranch. After walking what seemed a long way we spotted smoke rising from what we figured to be the thrashing outfit where we hoped to get work. It looked to be miles away. Anyway we thought it would be too far for us to go and return to Vernon that same day, so we returned to Vernon. We decided to try our luck the next morning at the Coldstream Ranch which was under the management of Mr. Crawley Ricardo: Mr. H. T. Hodges was book keeper. What a beautiful ranch it was! The field or ranch work was more or less divided into three sections, farm and stock, orchards, and hops. The foremen were: Ranch—Bob Stewart; Orchards—Frank Rayburn; Hops—William Robbins. Albert and I had a fancy for orchard work, and accordingly went in search of Mr. Rayburn. We found him in the upper orchard with a gang of about eight Japanese picking Transcendent Crabapples. My brother asked Frank if we could get work in the orchard with him. He sized us up and thought he could use us. On making enquiries as to how long the job would last he replied "Until the snow flies if you fill the bill; if you don't fill the bill it won't last very long." We arranged to start work the next day, walked back to town, gathered our belongings, and headed out to the ranch again, commencing work the next morning. I found the orchard work interesting, and the time passed quickly until the work ended on the last day of October.

We made many friends on the ranch, one being Richard Hatfield (commonly known by the ranch hands as "Sir Richard"). Mr. Hatfield talked us into going to Salmon River Valley for the winter. He knew of a deserted pre-emption with a log cabin, which could be procured. The cabin was on the river bank and water was easily available. We fixed up the cabin a bit and moved in. Our post office was Glenemma named after Glen and Emma Sweet who were operating it.

My brother rode to Kamloops and applied for pre-emption of the bush ranch, taking two days for the round trip. I had a saddle horse of a kind which I bought from Billy Pratt for $6. I used the pony as a pack horse when required. We hunted quite a lot, getting seven deer, a lynx and a number of coyotes. The winter was nice and our neighbours were good, and time passed quickly. I well recall the names of some of our nearby neighbours: Jabez Kneller, Harry MacLeod, Mr. and Mrs. Charley Swebb at Swebb's bridge, Mr. McKenzie, Dicky Hatfield, the Bird family, the Fergusons, Morgans and others. These were mostly quite some distance apart but we used to meet at the little log Community Hall and have nice gatherings. Our nearest neighbours were the Knellers and we visited them quite often. They were kind and invited us to many a dinner. I remember in particular the delicious preserved citron Mrs. Kneller made.



*Coldstream Ranch, 1904. Extreme left is implement shed, bunks upstairs, next is bunkhouse, then a combined cook and bunkhouse. Extreme right is wood shed.*

Courtesy R. Randall

*Coldstream Ranch football team, after playing at Lumby on 1st July, c. 1903. R. Randall centre of middle row. Top row left to right: Fred Miles, Jim Grisdale, Andy Smith.*

Courtesy R. Randall

As spring approached we made preparations to return to the Coldstream Ranch. When we left in the Fall Mr. Rayburn asked us to come back about the first of April. Accordingly we rolled up our blankets and other belongings and put everything on the pony's back, and hit out for the Coldstream Ranch on foot, the way we had left the previous fall. We commenced work again in the orchards with Mr. Rayburn.

I stayed on the Coldstream Ranch almost 12 years. These were profitable years for me and I gained knowledge and experience in the science of fruit-growing, nursery work and fruit ranching in general. I met and associated with hundreds of men from all parts with varied experiences, which, they were always ready to relate.

Ranch help in the early days was not of a very steady type, and it was a common practice for a man to work a few days and then suddenly ask for his time (wages), and move on. There were a few steady hands, "key men" who stayed on the year round for a period of years. I remember most of those who were on the ranch in 1900: Bill Richards the blacksmith, Andy Smith the carpenter, Fred Godwin hop foreman; Tim Boies, fruit packer; Colin Corbett, cow man; and Walter Long, pig man. From the spring of 1901 I became one of the steady hands. I cannot speak too highly of my old friend and boss Frank Rayburn. He insisted that I learn and do all the various jobs by the methods in practice for fruit culture,—ploughing, discing with a three horse team, single-horse cultivating, spraying, picking, thinning, pruning and so on. I grew up with the trees. The fruit trees were only a few years old, perhaps seven or eight. Northern Spys had not commenced to bear at all, and the lower orchard contained a 20 acre solid block of this variety. I helped harvest hundreds of tons of Northern Spys during my stay on the Ranch.

Most other kinds were commencing to bear in limited quantity; the fruit hauling was completely done by a single horse (old Major) and waggon.

In addition to apples other kinds of fruits were produced: pears, strawberries, sweet and sour cherries, prunes and plums. Various fruit products were shipped almost entirely to the Oscar Browne Company, Edmonton. Spraying was not of vital importance which may be judged by the fact that I did it entirely alone during the first few years on the ranch. The principal kinds of apples were Northern Spy, Kings, Mann, Pewakee, Golden Russet, Greening, Wealthy, Yellow Transparent, Duchess and Gravenstein. Few of these varieties are commercially grown today.

Excepting Northern Spy most varieties were planted in rows of three, trees 30 by 30 feet apart. Plums, prunes, pears and cherries were planted closer, and consisted of an assortment of varieties. It was quite a problem to pack apples in standard boxes in rows and tiers and attain the right height to make a snug pack. This difficulty was overcome to a great extent by packing tiers of large size and tiers of small size in the same box. Packing problems were overcome however in a few years when the packing experts, the Sampson boys, and others from south of the line introduced the orange system, off-set pack, for apples. Packing schools were organized throughout the Valley in a short time.

I have many pleasant memories of my early days in the Okanagan Valley, especially as it was in the good old days,—the Early 1900's.

# AUTOBIOGRAPHY* (1900-1910)

**By Grace Worth**

Our love of the land, and its scarcity in England, plus the attractive Canadian Pacific Railway propaganda, lured my husband and I to Canada. Previous to our marriage my husband's brother Jack had been living in British Columbia for eight years. In the autumn of 1900 he returned to Devon to marry his sweetheart Flo Edwards of Shaugh Bridge Farm. Jack persuaded Harry to try his luck in the Okanagan, and the only persuasion I needed was an invitation from my boy-friend to "come too".

Early in March 1901 I left London, where I had been teaching school, and stayed with my sister in Devon until Harry and I were married on March 27th at Cornwood Parish church. It was a wedding with little display as we were both orphans with financial limitations.

We took our tickets for Vernon, B.C., from an agent in Plymouth. We wanted to sail on the Parisian which was the first boat to reach Montreal that year, after the ice break-up, and this was her maiden voyage. But she was booked up long before she sailed, and we had to be satisfied with an old boat. A one-way ticket from Plymouth to Vernon cost us 87 dollars.

We left Liverpool on the 26th of April 1901 on the Corinthian, Allen Line, travelling grade B. It was called second-class. We were at liberty to go down into the steerage, but not to go above our deck. The first class passengers were free to descend to us, but I didn't notice any mingling. We used to go to the end of our deck and gaze down on the steerage in pity, which of course is akin to love. The steerage supplied their own blankets, and helped themselves to a big pot of stew or whatever it was. We could not see any sleeping arrangements. But in a few years after we came to Canada, the Montreal Witness exposed the conditions given by the Allen Line to steerage passengers, accusing them of treating steerage passengers worse than cattle. For this exposure the Allen Line sued the Witness and lost, because the accusations were true. After that conditions improved very much, and eventually steerage was done away with.

When we arrived at Montreal, after 11 days at sea, bells were ringing continuously and we wondered why there were so many church services in one evening. These were railway engine bells, a strange experience for us. I think we stayed in the Windsor, a big affair near the departure station. Compared to our farm-house in Devon, everything seemed sumptuous, but Mrs. Jack Worth had little respect for it.

On boarding the train at Montreal we met many of the steerage passengers. After much discussion we decided it would be cheaper to take our food with us. This we did and purchased hot water on the train to make our beverage. Just so did class B and class C become good companions and fellow travellers. But to class A we remained untouchable to the end.

After leaving the boat the Canadian Pacific Railway became responsible for our journey overland, and to them the Bs and Cs were all small potatoes.

There was no audience to sing to, and there were no officers to flirt

*Abridged by the editor.

*"The man and woman from Trinity Valley." Mr. and Mrs. Harry Worth, ca. 1910.*

with. But viewing the everchanging landscapes, and studying the varieties of the human element, was like watching the world go by, and left little opportunity for looking backward.

We slept on metal contrivances that swung down on chains above our seats. Conditions on the boat for us were luxurious compared to C.P.R. facilities.

The geographical world flew by so quickly that it was impossible for my mind to register many things that drew my attention at the moment. The stone walls of Eastern farms have remained, and the nimble gophers and groundhogs of the prairies. We walked the wooden sidewalk of the main and muddy street of Winnipeg. This sidewalk was on one side of the street only. The other side was sparsely built upon. There were some trees near the station at Medicine Hat, and many Indians wrapped in brightly coloured blankets.

At Calgary, two young brothers called Lloyd, whose mother had introduced them before we left Liverpool, said good-bye to us and left the train to travel north. I have often wondered if they settled near what is now the town of Lloydminister. In-as-much as there was an attempt to colonize here with British immigrants this town has an interesting history. So many Canadians overlook the importance of registering historical facts as they arise. The struggle for existence in those days, left little time for culture of this kind, and in later years we vainly wish we could turn back the clock.

Travel was very slow through the Rockies, and like a snake in fear of haste, with its head nearly touching its tail, we descended in trepidation. Although the mountains were very beautiful it was impossible—for me at least—to enjoy them in full, in what seemed precarious circumstances.

We soon arrived at Sicamous, where we left the mainline to travel

south to Vernon, via "The Molasses Ltd." As the train south ran only thrice weekly, we had to stay in Sicamous overnight. Here is where we got our first real shock of the cost of living in B.C. There were two hotels, the C.P.R. where prices were prohibitive, and another a little way down the branch line, the Lake View I think. Here there was only one bedroom available. It contained two double beds. So perforce we all slept in one room. Both Flo and I voiced objections, but felt there was safety in numbers. My regard for etiquette suffered more severe shocks later.

It was at Sicamous that Flo and I noticed people who apparently had a disease of the jaws, for they were continually moving them, just like a cow chewing her cud. The cud-chewers seemed to increase in numbers as we travelled south. So in Vernon we asked brother John for an explanation. He was much amused, and said it was just a habit they enjoyed, like scratching your back when you take off your undershirt,—a couple of freedoms for which we stand on guard.

On arrival in Vernon we stayed at the Coldstream Hotel, opposite the station, which was called the "dee-po." This hotel was managed by Mr. Muller.

In 1901 the Kalamalka Hotel was patronized by the upper ten. Lord Aberdeen who was Governor General of Canada from 1893 to 1898, was then the owner of the Coldstream Ranch, and had occasionally resided there. A story told by the old-timers was that the Hon. Majoribanks—pronounced Marshbanks—Lady Aberdeen's brother, rode his horse into the hotel when he wished to get a drink. This spectacular behaviour could have been a display of horsemanship, as the approach to the hotel was a short flight of broad shallow steps. Then again, throwing the limelight on ability, is apt to keep inability in the shade, for it is said his riding excelled his management of the ranch.

The day of our arrival in Vernon was a lucky day, or so we thought at the time, but as I look back I wonder. Being unable to see into the future, and very green in regard to the ways of our new world, we drifted along like straws on the stream of life.

Harry's brother John who had lived in B.C. for eight years, had previously pre-empted 160 acres on the upper Arrow Lake. But he caught the gold fever, and neglected the land, to prospect in the surrounding mountains, in order to get rich quickly.

It so happened that Paul Jackman and his sister Minnie were at the Coldstream Hotel the day we arrived. They had come from Cherry Creek with a team and wagon to get provender, etc. Their father kept the Post Office at Cherry Creek, and carried the mail to Lumby weekly. John's shack was 15 miles beyond their home, and they were glad to convey us and our chattels through the mountains to the north fork of the Kettle River.

Sensing breakers ahead, John did his best to persuade Flo and me to remain in Vernon. There were several small empty houses on land south of what is now the National Hotel. Our husbands wanted to rent one of these and leave us there, while they sallied forth to fortune. But we had neither wintered them, nor summered them. Our love exceeded even that of Ruth for Naomi. So we entreated them not to leave us, saying, "Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgeth I will lodge." But while Ruth's determination and trust led to eternal honour and glory, through a wealthy

male in the offing, our determination led to a washout.

So we went shopping and were introduced to W. R. Megaw the mayor. He kept an important supply store where we bought groceries and hardware. But at that time he did not stock some of the things we required. We went to Shatford's drapery store to search for white sheets. Taking white sheets to our mining shacks was about as sensible as sweeping a chimney in white satin.

Canadian Arithmetic baffled Flo, and her trust in salesmen was weak. So it fell to me to change dollars into L.S.D. every time we bought anything. The Shatford sheeting was $3.75 a yard. When I told Flo that was about 15 shillings she was shocked. She said "My heavens! We could get that in Plymouth for one and eleven pence ha'penny." And although the extraction was painful, we would have gone without a shirt to sleep in sheets, and we had never heard of any sheets but white ones.

A few years later Mr. Megaw extended his store and merchandise. I remember being served by his assistant Harry Stevens who was a good conservative and later became the Hon. H. H. Stevens.

Before leaving Vernon we stocked up with pots, pans, groceries, and white sheets. We left Vernon in the morning of a lovely day in May. The Coldstream ranch orchard at that time was more extensive than to-day, and for miles the roadside was a beautiful picture of bursting apple bloom. Not far from the ranch house was a walnut tree. Later all the old trees were taken out and much of the land used for market gardens, and smaller mixed farms. Early in the century before the land was sub-divided, the Coldstream apple orchard was considered the largest in the world.

Our locomotion was slow and the characteristics of the country side could be enjoyed, and friendships made as one journeyed. One did not travel far but every mile was marked on the memory.

Our first stop was at a creek about seven miles from Vernon. The horses were unhitched and taken down to drink. There was a narrow wooden bridge there which is now built out of concrete. There was no Lavington. Farther along the road there was a wind-mill.

We were welcomed at the Ram's Horn Hotel, Lumby, by Louis and Mrs. Morand. Mr. Morand did the entertaining, Mrs. Morand worked hard, and behind the facade, she was the dependable backbone of the business. Mr. Morand was postmaster and owned a small store which was skimpily stocked. The hotel booze department seemed to be well supplied with liquor, and customers and proprietor were also well stocked. Bedrooms were clean and comfortable, and we got all we could eat for a quarter.

The town consisted of the Hotel, the small Presbyterian church, a log shack occupied by young Mr. McPherson the minister, who could speak the "Hieland" dialect, Mr. Synder the Lumby school teacher, and Mr. Maine the Blue-Springs school teacher. They batched in co-operation.

There was one good dwelling house. It was pink and occupied by members of the Besette family. There were a few other dwelling places and the one room school was on the other side of the creek, where the office of the lumber mill stands at present.

We slept at the Ram's Horn Hotel that night, and the following morning after collecting the mail we left for Mr. Jackman's home at Cherry Creek. We rested the horses at noon, at the bachelor home of Al. Stansfield,

who kindly invited us to lunch. We had bacon and eggs, flapjacks with butter and apricot jam in a cardboard container which was an innovation to me. Everything tasted delicious.

After lunch we wended our way to Cherry Creek, and I clearly remember a carved loon over the door of Charlie Ringle's shack.

Our unheralded appearance at the Jackman home was a great surprise for the family, which was a large one. But they gave us a hearty welcome, and through improvisation and sacrifice on their part, accommodated us for the night.

The next morning we left our trunks there and started on our last lap. We rode 10 miles to Monashee in the wagon. The pack horses were tied behind for our trip through the mountains, and Mr. Jackman Sr. was our chief guide.

Mr. Jackman came from Luxemburg and was quite a good-looking old gentleman with gray whiskers. As he led us through the wilderness I felt that the Israelites surpassed us in numbers only. He often corrected me saying "Mrs. Wert, my name is not Jackman, it is Yaukmon. And I would retaliate with "Mr. Jackman, my name is not Wert, it is Worth." Although Mr. Jackman left few wordly goods for his descendants, he left what is more valuable,—physical and mental ability, plus other desirable features, which are apparent unto the third and fourth generation.

Along the steep winding wagon track there were outcrops of coal, which our guide said were not mature enough for mining.

Before we said good-bye at the Jackman home, Minnie invited us to return in a few days, to go with them to the sports at Lumby, on the 24th of May. When I asked why Lumby was having a holiday on that day, they were surprized that I, coming from England, did not know that it was Queen Victoria's birthday. Although I appreciated their kindness, I did not think it was worth walking 15 miles to keep anyone's birthday. Since then I have walked 15 miles several times to attend a political meeting. The lane depends on the love.

The most difficult part of the journey lay ahead. The team and wagon were left at the Monashee. Our provender and blankets were loaded on to the cayuses. The men and pack horses went ahead on the trail. Flo and I walked behind in our long flapping skirts and picture hats, suitable for Piccadilly Circus. The trail was very narrow, with steep cliffs on one side and deep ravines on the other, which were filled with water from melting snows. They looked like dark bottomless lakes. Snow and mud on the trail, which often slanted, made it difficult and dangerous. We watched the progress in trepidation. One cayuse with its awkward load slipped and slid down the bank, while we held our breath in fear. But Paul Jackman's horsemanship aided by fallen logs and debris saved the situation, and got him safely back on the trail.

Just before dark we emerged onto an open tract of land and reached the river bank. There was a log shack near the river where we halted for consultation. In order to reach our destination it was necessary to cross the river on a log. The river was a rushing, roaring flood, and the water touched the bottom of the log in the dark. So perforce we all had to sleep the night in the shack. We made tea and ate. We were all very tired so went to bed and

slept the sleep of the righteous. The five men threw blankets on the floor, while Flo and I enjoyed the luxury of the bunk.

The next morning we rose at daylight to get ready for the one more river we had to cross into the land of our dreams.

There was an old stove in the shack, so we had bacon, flapjacks, syrup and tea, and packed up again for the crossing. Although daylight favoured us, the water had risen during the night and now covered the log. The cayuses struggled through the water which almost covered them, and the men walked over the log to demonstrate how easy it was. Mr. Jackman was a wonderful Moses including the whiskers, but he had no brother Aaron, and if we wanted to continue our honeymoon we had to walk on that log. I had always boasted sex equality, and here was a terrible test in which I failed. My pride was humbled by deep waters.

Saying "Heaven help us," but preferring the visible means of support, we held on to our husbands' coat tails. Afraid to look either up or down, we centered on their backs, and proceeded inch by inch, and foot by foot. With a few Ohs! and screams we reached the other side with nothing worse than wet feet.

Following the river for a mile or more we came to John's humble home. There was a low bed on one side, and an old stove on the other, but no room to swing a cat. Flo looked for a moment in consternation, said, "Oh John!", sat on the bed and burst into tears. John said, "I begged you not to come," while I sang, "Oh why did I leave my little back room in Blooms-ber-ree," and tried to persuade Flo that everything would come out all right.

When I asked John where Harry and I could go to carry on the honeymoon, he said "You go along the trail to Fred Williamson's shack, and if he isn't home you stay there." I've never met Fred Williamson, but wherever he is I want to thank him for not being home in May 1901. The shack was roomy,—most all room. There was a bunk with cedar branches in one corner, and a hole in the roof for a chimney in the opposite corner. The fire-place was the floor and the floor was the ground. But with a rustic table, two apple boxes and white sheets it looked homey. No curtains were needed for there were no windows. But with the chimney hole and the open spaces between the logs, fresh air and light were provided, and windows were superfluous.

My first duty was to bake bread. This was new to me, but I borrowed John's Dutch oven and followed directions on the yeast box. I lit a fire outside, put the moulded dough in the oven and oven in the ashes, and watched until the time was up, but when I took it out it was like a lump of lead. That was the first fly in the ointment of the honeymoon. Harry said I didn't have enough fire and I said I did. I bet he couldn't do any better, and allowed him to try just to prove my words. So when the next loaf was ready, he sat by the fire to replenish and watch the time. But all the big man laboured to deliver was—a cinder. John baked the next loaf and showed me how to do it. Since then I have often questioned the wisdom of learning.

One day Flo discovered she had lost a bracelet, and thought she had left it in the shack at the river crossing. So we decided to walk back there in the evening. Harry and I walked ahead, leaving Flo and John—who carried an old-fashioned gun—a considerable distance behind. Before we rounded a sharp bend in the trail, caused by a high bank on our left, we heard a noise of

snapping twigs, and suddenly as we turned the corner we came face to face with a big shaggy animal. Very innocently I said, "Is that a Dartmoor pony?" but almost immediately recognized it was a very big bear. My screams re-echoed between the hills. This caused the bear to turn tail and run. Hearing my screams, John rushed up with his antiquated gun and fired. At the same time the bear stumbled and we thought he had injured him. Despite our pleadings he reloaded, "That's the biggest Grizzly I've ever seen, his hide is worth 30 dollars," forgetting that if the bear turned on us our hides wouldn't be worth 30 cents. It took so long to reload again that the bear was too far away to hit. At the crossing, the waters had abated, so we bravely walked the log and found the bracelet. But our homeward journey in the dark was not exactly enjoyable.

John took mountain fever, and as Harry could not proceed with the mining without his help, we decided to investigate our surroundings.

In a shack across the river lived Al Marsh, with a crop of patriarchal whiskers. He was an industrious neighbour who, all alone, in his search for gold had dug a tunnel hundreds of feet long under the mountain.

One day I wore my Curdurory bloomers and we hiked up the mountain side with John's gun for protection. We saw a rather clumsy animal on a stump, and decided it was a small bear, so to save us from destruction Harry shot it. Then we proceeded to a small lake further up. Here we saw a big bird on the water, making a blood-curdling noise. It dove and popped up occasionally to make "music", so of course as we had a gun it was a god-given target for practice. Although it was a hard target for a marksman, the green Englishman killed it with the first shot. We could not reach it so like conquering heroes returned to tell John of our wonderful progress. We asked the names of the "wild" animals we had slaughtered. He said "You have killed a loon and a porcupine, they are both protected, so keep your mouths shut or the gamewarden will get you." This was discouraging, so Harry being a farmer said "I think I'll go down to that big Coldstream Ranch and try to get a job." To which John replied, "If you go down there with those breeches and leggings on, the foreman will know you're a bloody Englishman and think you're no good for work." Deeper discouragement!

But when the butter, potatoes and jam gave out, I told Harry I was tired of bacon and beans, and that if he wouldn't go I would walk out alone. Another fly!

The next day we rolled our blankets, packed a lunch, said good-bye, and walked to Jackman's—15 miles. I wore buttoned boots; with high heels, and after walking a few miles, walking became a torture. When I took them off I suffered from tender feet.

Eventually we reached the Jackman home which seemed like a palace. We enjoyed raw cariboo meat which had been cured by the Indians, and feasted on Mrs. Jackman's home cooking. We rested a few days and then went forth to find land from which to carve a farm. From then on there were more flies than ointment, so it was good-bye honeymoon.

While staying at Cherry Creek for a few days we visited a Chinese settlement close to the Jackman place. They were placer mining, and Duck who wore a pig-tail gave us "hookie liney to catchie fishie." We caught trout in the mining ditch, and Duck invited us in to lunch. He cooked our trout and steamed stale bread which made it taste like new. In a conspicuous place on

the wall was a gorgeous picture of Queen Victoria, and his praise and admiration put me to shame.

We visited Jack Merritt whose birthplace in Cornwall was only a few miles from our home in Devon. His shack was at the junction of two creeks, and he took us into a tunnel he had dug under the hill. We fished near the shack, and everytime I caught a fish I screamed for someone to come and take it off the hook. Jack Merritt had a pre-emption of good farming land, not far from the post office, but in Creighton Valley, through which there was no road. The Thomases lived near there. One day Mrs. Thomas took us fishing at Eight Mile Creek. She caught a lot of fish but we caught none.

Before going to Cherry Creek the Jackman's had pre-empted good farming land and built a house in Trinity Valley. Their claims had not been jumped but the places were neglected. Knowing we preferred farming, Mr. Jackman persuaded us to go with him to see his place in Trinity Valley, where there was "timothy up to the horses guts". We went, we saw, and he conquered. So we went back to the Vernon Court House which was then at the west end of town. We paid Mr. Jackman for releasing his claim, and took over the pre-emption.

Although it was not a big sum, it gave Mr. Jackman freedom to indulge. This indulgence caused much concern during and after our return to Cherry Creek, where our trunks had been left.

We left Vernon in the morning and had lunch at the hotel in Lumby. It was a hot day and when we were ready to hitch up the team for Cherry Creek, Mr. Jackman was incapable, so he asked Harry to drive. Although Harry had only driven teams tandem style, necessity forced acceptance. Mr. Jackman sat in the front seat of the democrat with Harry. I sat behind.

When we arrived at the Jackman home, Mrs. Jackman and Minnie were preparing supper, and Paul and his brother returned from working on the road soon after.

Next day with our trunks, some blankets, a mattress, and a few cooking utensils, packed in the Jackman wagon, we set for our log house in Trinity Valley, picking up a sack of flour and some groceries in Lumby. Mr. Jackman gave us an old Brandon cook stove. The ashes fell from the fireplace into the oven, but I used it for five years.

It was late in the evening of June, 1901 when we arrived at our "home". It rained tremendously that day, but for six weeks following not a drop fell.

Paul Jackman's team needed a rest so he stayed overnight. But where was he to sleep? There was just one mattress and no hay in the barn for a bed. We threw the mattress on the kitchen floor, and in our day attire all three of us stretched out on the mattress. We were constantly disturbed by "bushtails". We had set traps for them, and had to get up and re-set them continually. By morning we had caught 32. Although later on we pulled down the stairs, and split the cedar lining into the logs, the "perfume" of the rats remains to this day.

We bought a sorrel horse called Mike from Mr. Jackman, and a two-wheeled cart and harness in Vernon. This enabled us to shop in Vernon, which was 32 miles away. One day we left home in the morning, fed the horse and lunched at Lumby. There was a ditch of running water by the side of the road at the Coldstream Ranch. Harry thought Mike would like a drink. It

was too much trouble to take him out of the cart, so where the bank of the ditch sloped gradually, he led him down. In turning round the cart upset and Mike lay down in the shafts. Harry fearing someone would come alone and see the green Englishman's catastrophe, wouldn't stop to unbuckle all the necessary buckles, so he cut one strap with his pocket knife.

When Teddy Bates, the livery man at the Victoria Hotel unharnessed Mike, he asked Harry what happened. Harry told him it was done by bushtails. Teddy Bates said, "That's the smoothest bite I ever saw a bushtail rat make." By the time we had done our business in Vernon it was too late to start home. So we stayed two nights at the hotel. This meant three days away from home.

We bought a revolver at Megaw's. This I carried in the cart when I drove alone, so that I could shoot wild animals if attacked. There were 12 miles of forest trail without a dwelling, and although I had had no experience in handling firearms, the revolver gave me much courage. We learned later that it was illegal to carry a revolver without a special 50 dollar licence. And how near that revolver came to making me a widow. Harry had gone to Lumby, and said he would not be able to get back that night. There were no neighbours so perforce I had to stay alone. My fear was of Indians as I had not then realized that they were the most moral people in the country. So I worked far into the night. Then I sat at the table near the closed door and tried to read, with the revolver fully loaded at my right hand. Sleep was out of the question. About one o'clock a.m. I heard a noise outside as of someone approaching, so I cocked the revolver and sat in readiness. Then a horse neighed and a saddle creaked, so I bravely called out "Who's there?" And oh! the relief when Harry answered "It's only me."

Losing a husband through natural causes is unfortunate, to shoot him unintentionally is more so, but when he carries no insurance it's nothing short of a calamity.

The next time we went to Vernon we bought Prince, and from that day until his death Prince was one of my best friends. He was a lovely dark bay horse, sired by a famous trotting stallion—Ben Morral. He was born near Kelowna and brought into Vernon that day with many other horses. Major "Somebody" an agent for the Federal Government was supposed to be in Vernon to buy horses for the Boer War. The Major did not appear, and the owner of Prince was reluctant to take the horse back to Kelowna. He asked 75 dollars for Prince, and it would have been a most unnatural thing for a Devonshire farmer to buy an animal without attempting to lower the price. So we eventually paid 72 dollars and 50 cents. Louis Morand of Lumby owned a half-brother of Prince. They were both wonderful trotters and Mr. Morand often tried to buy our horse to team with his own. But from the first day I drove Prince he became a member of our family, and money couldn't buy him. He was most sagacious and if anything went wrong with the cart or harness, instead of running away, as many young horses would, he would stop dead in his tracks until it was fixed. The only thing he refused to do for me was pass a Chinaman with an open umbrella near the Coldstream Ranch. He came to a standstill several hundred yards back and refused to move. I had to shout and ask the Chinaman to close his umbrella, before we could proceed. But when automobiles appeared on the roads he seemed not to notice them.

In the summer of 1902 I drove from Lumby to Vernon with Rose and Blanch Quesnel. About eight miles from Vernon we met the first car owned in the North Okanagan. It belonged to, and was driven by Judge Spinks. But Mr. Ricardo, manager of the Coldstream Ranch rode beside him as his assistant. Long before they reached us Judge Spinks stopped and signalled for us to stop. Then Mr. Ricardo got out and led our horse by. He needn't have bothered. We met them again on the road home, and Prince didn't deign to notice them. With the advent of the motor car many people had trouble with their horses on the roads.

One of our earliest purchases for our "farm" were two little black pigs which we bought from Johnny Genier, the Lumby mail carrier. While waiting for Mr. Genier to catch the pigs and put them in a gunny sack, I made friends with his two little daughters Malvina and Elizabeth, in the farm yard. Malvina carried on the conversation, as "Lizzie" who is now Mrs. Rod Chisholm, was not old enough for formal talk.

Harry put the sack containing the pigs in the bottom of the cart at the back. The sides of the cart were very low. We arrived at Lumby,—about a mile and a half,—with no pigs. So we drove back to look for them. We met Mr. Charles Christien, Senior, who was a neighbour of Mr. Genier's. He had picked up the sack of pigs in the road, and we were lucky that he was an honest man.

Flo and John had remained at Kettle River that summer. They left there in September and came to our place with their blankets, packed on John's two cayuses. They stayed with us over winter. We did not have luxurious quarters, and often when we woke in the morning, the tops of our blankets would be decorated with a wide hem of frozen breath. Despite much discomfort none of us caught a cold.

That fall Fred Levasseur from Lumby came to Trinity Valley to make cedar shakes. He got Harry to help him and in that way Harry learnt a trade, which helped us tremendously in our struggle for existence. We had much good cedar on the place, and for many years shakes were our chief means of sustenance.

We bought our first cow that year from Mr. Clephas Quesnel at Lumby, and through that Mrs. Quesnel became one of my dearest friends until her death. Although she was only about 14 years older than I, she took the place of a mother to me. Mr. Quesnel delivered the cow—Susy—to our place. We drove some distance ahead of him in our horse and cart. He had Susy's calf in the back of his democrat and Susy tied behind.

When we got to McKay Creek about three miles from home, a large tree had fallen across the road, and it was impossible to drive around it. Harry had learned by this time that in travelling on that trail it was necessary to carry an axe. So he started in to chop and had done a considerable amount of chopping on the upper side of the trunk when Mr. Quesnel caught up to us. With a wide grin Mr. Quesnel took the axe from Harry and explained to him that he was chopping in the wrong place. If I remember rightly Mr. Quesnel stood on top of the tree and chopped from the sides. There was no saw, and after a long wait on my part, and much hard work by the men we were eventually enabled to drive through. About a mile further along there was another tree across the trail, but by driving up the hillside we were able to get around it. There was also another one quite near

home which we drove around.

We drove to Lumby many times that summer, and although Harry carried an axe, he never chopped out a tree which he could circumnavigate. But we went to the Court House in Vernon and asked Leonard Norris if he could send someone up to clear our road. The civil servants at the Court House were of course, very Civil, and behind our backs undoubtedly much amused.

That fall Flo and John arrived at our place, the first thing John said was "Why the hell don't you clear out the trees across the road?" Harry had recently acquired a cross-cut saw so they went out the next day and cleared away the trees. Although Harry had had much experience on farms in England, there, the landlord was responsible for all repair work, and the District Council for the roads. And we thought British Columbia was British.

Mr. Quesnel rented the Besette Estate, and grew many acres of timothy hay. This was baled and shipped out by rail from Vernon. In September of 1901 we visited at the ranch. The Chinaman cook had become offended and left without notice. Help was hard to get and Mrs. Quesnel was forced to cook for a big crew of balers.

She asked me if I could stay and give her a hand. As Flo was at our place and able to care for Harry and John, I was pleased to do this. I was exceptionally green in regard to the cooking. But I could wash dishes, sweep floors and scrub them, and wait table. And Mrs. Quesnel taught me how to make yeast, bake bread, prepare vegetables and make a layer cake.

The Quesnels had just bought a new piano, and I was able to teach the girls five-finger exercises, and get a little fun for myself with my favorite tunes. One day I was playing a tune and Mr. Quesnel said "I can sing that in French." So I asked him to sing it and teach me the words. This he was very pleased to do and I learnt parrot-wise. The next day in the kitchen, I sang it to Mrs. Quesnel to display my knowledge of French. I had not proceeded far when she said "Oh don't let anyone hear you singing that, it is terrible." Today I have forgotten all the words but the bad ones.

*The Worth's home and barns.*

I stayed with Mrs. Quesnel until after Christmas, and played the organ in the school for the children's songs at the Christmas concert. Mr. Snyder was the teacher, and I remember a few of the elder girls,—Alice Deschamps, Eva and Clara Christien, Rose Quesnel, Ella Ingles. I hope those whose names I have forgotten will forgive me. They sang "Soldiers of the Queen" with much gusto. Some of their friends were still fighting in South Africa for "England's glory". We were young and "What they killed each other for we could not well make out."

Grandma Hardie from Auchterarder—Mr. Richard's mother-in-law was in the audience. She carried on a most animated conversation with Mr. McPherson the Presbyterian minister in Gaelic. It was the strangest speech I had ever heard.

I returned home early in January and did not leave our place until spring opened the road. The snow was deep and getting out to Lumby in winter was the most difficult undertaking. The only other person in the Valley was Mr. V. L. E. Miller. He lived about four miles from us nearer Lumby. The man who worked for him and stayed with him at that time, was a young Englishman named Fred Lindsay.

In those days the Government never used a snow plough on our roads. And we didn't know what a snow plough was. Mr. Miller had a big well fed team. Compared to the majority he was a very wealthy man. He drove to Vernon once a month, to arrange his financial affairs and get supplies. In this way the road was slightly impressed from his place. The journey from our place to Lumby in winter was a cruel strain on the horses. So we did not go out unless absolutely necessary. And when Harry did go I preferred to stay at home, as I hated to see the poor horses struggling through the deep snow. During the early years, before there were enough teams to help keep the winter road open, several of our horses died, because this extra strain hastened their death.

In the summer of our first year, before Flo and John came to us, we were alone on the place. We bought a side-saddle and Harry and I would roam the hill-side on horseback, penetrating the forest wherever possible. These rides we enjoyed but they didn't bring in any income. After the first summer there was no chance for me to use a side-saddle, I had too many other things to do.

There was a piece of land not far from the house, which had been cleared by the Jackmans. Harry cut this grass with a scythe. He also cut a considerable amount of grass growing between the stumps of the cedar trees which had been used by Mr. Jackman for building purposes. In that way we gathered enough hay to fill the loft of the barn, and a rough shed behind the barn. We took the seat of the cart out and hauled it in the cart.

A big cottonwood tree had fallen across part of the cleared land. After consultation we thought we should burn the tree and prepare the land for the following spring. Then I went in to scrub the kitchen floor and try to get rid of the rat odour. But I soon heard a crackling noise and smelt smoke. I rushed out to see the flames running along the dry grass, and it was not too long before much of the valley to the north of the barn was on fire. We pumped all the pails and utensils we had full of water and carried them to the barn. We could do nothing but try and save our hay and barn. We soon saw the barn would be safe except for sparks from a distance. So we spent the night on the

top of the hay in the shed. We sat there for hours and enjoyed the spectacle. When the flames ran up a tall tree and threw up a magnificent display of sparks, I said to Harry "It's as good as the fireworks were at Crystal Palace." But we didn't leave our hay until daylight came. By that time the fire was too far off to bother about. Only the fact that there had been a fire there not long before we went there and left much charred space, and that rain came soon, saved the valuable timber farther north. Many years after, the Enderby people told us how they had seen the fire and worried about it. But they never knew the culprits.

One warm afternoon in September an Indian visited us. He said he and some of his people had come up an old pack trail from Enderby but it was difficult to get through. "It was jump, jump, most of the way." His name was Jim Nicholas. He was very pleasant, and asked if we would lend him our saddle. They were going to Mabel Lake Mountain to the east of our place to pick huckleberries. We shivered in our shoes for fear, and we wouldn't have dared refuse him if we wanted to. We were glad when he left and never expected to see our saddle again. But after a few days he returned our saddle, with a leg of venison and many smiles. After that we always welcomed them, and I used to trade butter for gloves and huckleberries in baskets made of birch bark.

In the late fall of 1915 when Harry junior was two and a half years old, the wife of Louis the Indian chief came with a little pair of moccasins she had made for "Your baby," saying that he was the prettiest baby she had ever seen. He was just a happy common-variety baby, and in some ways spoilt by the rest of the family. It was perhaps because he was very fair, and perhaps because they were always invited in, and the children became friendly.

Flo was never happy in this country. She had never before left her farm in Devon. That winter she received word that her father had died, and she grieved. The circumstances of her life here were very different to what she had been accustomed, with many discomforts. So they decided to go back to England as soon as spring came.

At that time we had sufficient funds left to pay our way back to Devon, but our control over 320 acres of wilderness, plus our imaginations, which peered into the future and anticipated its possibilities, anchored us to British Columbia. The home people didn't expect us back before five years. That was our promise. But it was not long before the bank balance became depleted, and we have since realized that we sailed on a river of no return.

Flo spent barely a year in this country and after she went I missed her sorely. She was an experienced worker in the home, and I was green by comparison. I disliked housework and longed to be outdoors, especially with the animals.

We expected our first baby in the autumn, and realized that for the event it would be necessary to be nearer a settled community. We also realized that such circumstances demanded an income. So we approached Mr. and Mrs. Quesnel for their advice. They needed help on the ranch, so Mr. Quesnel hired Harry for the summer. And I got bed and board for doing what I was able around the house. Also provision was made for our horse and cow on the ranch.

I had a brown cashmere maternity gown made for me at Shatford's. It cost me 25 dollars which was a lot of money when compared with English

prices. Such comparisons rose in my mind for a long time. I paid for the dress and was most thankful that I filed the receipt, for later in the year the bill was sent in again for payment. Someone in the firm was careless in the accounting.

One day in the summer I drove Prince in the cart to Vernon to make arrangements for my sojourn in the Vernon Hospital. The hospital then was low down in the south-west of town. Miss Henderson, the manageress had a very pleasant personality. She wore a black silk dress with skirts to the floor a la mode. She showed me the maternity wards, and I said I expected to come at the end of September. The charge was to be a dollar a day for everything, and I was to pay the doctor. There were only two doctors,—Morris and Williams—and as Dr. Morris had been recommended to me, I asked her to inform him.

Through colossal ignorance of the requirements of the human body, even in normal circumstances, I spent a most miserable time during the summer.

On Saturday evening the 20th of September 1902 we retired early at the ranch house, intending to drive to the Vernon Hospital on the Sunday morning. But we had not been in bed long, when I woke Harry and asked him to go downstairs to Mrs. Quesnel's room and ask her to come up. She immediately sent to Lumby for help, then removed her girls from their downstairs bedroom and put me in their room. Mrs. Deschamps who had had much experience as a midwife, and her daughter Mrs. Tommy Christein came over as soon as possible. They thought that the baby would soon be born and that a doctor would not be necessary. But after several hours of tribulation, they changed their minds and sent for Dr. Williams. There was no phone, and the fastest means of travel was on horseback. Ernie Pratt who was working for Mr. Quesnel, had a swift pony and he kindly rode to Vernon for the doctor. At 8:30 o'clock the next morning, when about 20 men were having breakfast in the dining room close by, my baby introduced himself. But the noise he made was as nothing to the noise his mother made before he arrived. Dr. Williams who came in his buggy was too late for delivery, but his further ministrations were essential. He enjoyed shooting a good bag of grouse in Mr. Quesnel's meadow. He came again the following Sunday and got more grouse. His fee was a dollar a mile. We did not receive the bill until the following spring, when I drove to Vernon and paid it at his house. It was a beautiful place. His wife made me a cup of chocolate and he picked me a bunch of roses. The house is now known as the Gateway.

Not many years after this Dr. Williams acquired a motor-cycle which of course was a wonderful innovation for a doctor's out-of-town patients. But Dr. Williams who was a clever surgeon, was not so well acquainted with the make-up of a motor-cycle, as with the make-up of a man. He was called with great urgency to the McDonald home at the top of Blue Springs Hill. He made it to the bottom of the hill in short time, but here his "horse" refused to climb. Dr. Williams in angry determination to impose his will on his new "hobby" spent enough time in expletive persuasion to walk up the hill 10 times over. Eventually his wheel of intelligence swung back to balance, and he walked up.

We named the baby Vernon Harvey, Vernon after the city and Harvey after my brother. But Mrs. Quesnel's little daughters, who could justly claim

a share in his existence, refused to call a baby after a city. They called him Harvey and won their way. But for three years his mother called him Baby.

When he was two weeks old we moved back to our house in Trinity Valley. Susy the cow was dry so we left her at Quesnels for the winter. I was supposed to supply sustenance for the baby.

Mr. Morand sold his store in Lumby to Mr. Woods from eastern Canada. Mr. Woods was willing to take shakes in exchange for groceries, etc. Harry got a young Englishman called Tom Cookson, to help him make shakes, and the future seemed full of promise.

That was a terrifying, grinding winter for me, for the baby cried most of the time and kept me awake at night. Despite the teaching that woman was made for the glory of man, there was no glory for Harry or Tom that winter. The baby was always in arms in more ways than one and Tom Cookson the bachelor was the best "mother" of the three. There was bread to bake, meals to get, and ceaseless washing to be done by rubbing a corrugated board. Breakfast at seven, the baby to bathe, and lunch at twelve, for the shake factory must go on. There was neither peace nor rest within the home. Outside the white "feathers" kept peacefully falling and piling. Yet often on a moonlight night the call of the coyotes or the howling of a wolf would reverberate across the space.

During the year 1903 I stayed on in our place in Trinity Valley. Early in the year Tom Cookson left us to seek work elsehwere, and I regret that we lost trace of him. He was so considerate in our home, and the baby loved him. Consequently, kind thoughts of him have periodically arisen in my mind all down the years.

After he had gone, Harry and I and the baby carried on. The big cedars for shake making were really quite close to the house, but we had to walk over a half a mile to get to them. So we took our lunch, and I acted as spring-pole. That meant that in sawing down the big trees, I took one handle of the cross-cut saw, and without expending much energy, lightly guided or controlled my end of it, while Harry undertook the strenuous exercise. The baby would sit on a blanket and watch us with interest. When the cut was nearly through Harry would shout "Timber" and I would grab the baby and rush away in the opposite direction to which the tree would fall, and Harry would finish the job.

As the might monarch of the forest fell with resounding crash, both baby and I would scream with delight. I would leave early, carry the baby home, feed the chickens, and the pig, and prepare supper.

There was wild pasture almost everywhere, so we put bells on Susy and the red cow and they were allowed to wander where they would. Sometimes they would wander far, but after supper while I cleaned up and put the baby to bed, Harry would fetch and milk the cows. When our tasks were done there was no time for culture, so we called it a day. Sleep would overcome us, sleep too deep for dreams. We had to wake early to milk and feed the animals before breakfast, in order to get all the daylight possible for the shake business. Harry would saw the timber in shake lengths in the bush, and haul them home on a stoneboat with the team, to the back of the house. Here he split them into shakes with a frow, and pressed them into bundles and bound them.

When he had a load of shakes ready he would haul them to Mr. Wood's

store in Lumby and bring back groceries, sacks of grain for the team. Occasionally baby and I would go with him. I always got a sore throat during these visits to Lumby. The women there used to think I was the greatest talker on Earth. They overlooked the fact that for months on end, I had no woman to talk to, and that my husband had no time to even listen.

Sometimes in winter when the snow was deep, Harry would start out with a load and reach Lumby with two bundles, having dumped them by instalments on the road side. It was a cruel journey for our horses and a great expense for us.

Early in 1904 Mr. and Mrs. Quesnel wished to visit their old home at Three Rivers—Quebec. They had five children. The eldest one, Rose, was then at the convent school in Kamloops. Armand the boy and Rhea the youngest went with their parents to Quebec. Mrs. Quesnel's father—we called him Grampa Christien—and two little girls, Blanche age ten and Leonie age seven stayed at the ranch. Mr. Quesnel asked Harry and me to stay on the ranch that winter. Harry was to attend to the necessary work outside the house, and I was to be responsible for the housework. For decision on any question with which we were not familiar, we sought Grampa's advice, as he made his home there and understood. I accepted this job with pleasure, it was a change for me in many ways, and I felt I could accomplish what was needed. The children and I were very good friends.

As I look back on my 63 years in Canada I realize that I have experienced some heart-rending circumstances, but that winter was the saddest of them all. For Mrs. Quesnel the grief was almost unbearable. We lost through death one of the most lovable and beautiful little girls of that community.

The first damper on my enthusiasm was caused by the baby, who was toddling around and investigating everything he could get in contact with. I carelessly left a large saucepan of hot soup on the cupboard floor. I shut the door but did not fasten it properly. He not only poked his nose into the cupboard, but also put his foot in the soup. And because his silly mother neglected to give his foot the attention it should have received, it became infected and did not heal for many months,—until after we returned home in the spring.

That winter sore throats were very prevalent in the Lumby vicinity. Blanche, Leonie, the baby and myself all had sore throats, but Blanche seemed to suffer more than the rest of us. I thought a doctor should examine her. Because of cold weather, taking her to Vernon seemed unwise. She wanted me to send for Dr. Morris as she didn't like Dr. Williams. So we consulted Grampa and he thought that Williams was the best doctor to get.

Williams came. He first examined Blanche and said "She's got diphtheria, I'll give her an injection of antitoxin." He then looked at Leonie's throat and mine, saying our throats looked bad, but didn't suggest injections. Then he took the baby in his arms and said "Open your mouth." The baby closed it firmly. He then scolded him so much that the baby started to cry, and in crying he opened his mouth sufficiently for the doctor to insert a teaspoon, and press down the tongue. Then he called me to see the baby's throat and said "Look he's got it too." But he never suggested an injection for the baby, and for this I have been thankful all my life.

Mrs. Charlie Christien, and Mrs. Deschamps—great aunts of the

children were there during this examination. We had put Blanche to bed and Dr. Williams went into the bedroom to attend her. He left his bag with requirements, poisons etc. open on a chair in the kitchen. We were all very busy, and when the doctor went to his bag, the baby was trying to open a bottle of poison. He pulled it roughly away and scolded the baby severely. Mrs. Christien said to Mrs. Deschamps—in French—"It's not his fault, he had no business to leave it there." They were very surprised when he answered them in English, saying "I know it's my fault".

He gave Blanche the anti-toxin and told us he would send up the Health Officer to quarantine us, and return to see Blanche in a few days. The aunties went to their homes and their families, and it looked as though I was to be left alone to struggle with the nursing and the work. But Mrs. Ingles called to see how I was getting along, and said "If no one comes to help you I will stay, and help with the nursing, as it is impossible for you to do it alone." Mrs. Ingles Snr. was one of the finest humanitarians the Lumby community ever knew. She never refused her services to poor people in need, and loving memory of her will remain with me to the end.

Dr. Morris was the Health Officer. He came and examined our throats and put us under quarantine without comment. But how did he examine the baby? He cuddled him in his arms. Then he took out his watch and asked him if he could hear the tick-tick. The baby smiled and thought the watch was wonderful. Then the doctor said "Now I want you to do something for me, I want you to open your mouth very wide." The mouth was immediately opened as wide as possible and the Dr. got what he wanted with smiles all around.

Mrs. Ingles' cheerful manner and help relieved us all, and Blanche improved very much.

When Dr. Williams came the second time, he was so pleased with Blanche's improvement that he said "I'll give her another injection."

She got worse from that moment and in about two days she died.

No one in the Lumby district except Blanche, died that year, and as far as I know, no one there had died of that idease since. We were quarantined for several weeks. We gargled, rubbed, and wrapped our throats, and they got better in a few days. But had not Mrs. Ingles undertaken to nurse Blanche, no one knows what might have happened to the rest of us. I have puzzled over the circumstances all down the years. But after having read an article in a medical journal a few years ago, saying the toxins of this nature, in order to be effective, had to be fresh, and that often in distant places stocks were not replenished. I have decided that the first injection was stale, but that the second one was very much alive.

When the Quesnels came back from Quebec we were able to return home, but it was a sad summer for all concerned. Our main occupation was shake-making but during the summer Harry cut grass with a scythe between the stumps and any open place he could find. In this way we got enough to feed our team and two cows.

That year Mr. Ross the Dominion surveyor and his men surveyed the 20 miles each side of the C.P.R. main line. In doingthis they had to cross over the top of the mountain west of our place. Mr. Ross employed Harry to fetch their needs from Lumby in his wagon and pack it on the horses as far as possible up the mountain side. From there the men had to pack it to the top

on their backs. We of course were very glad to earn the money. Mr. Ross told me that in all his surveying through Canada, he had seen some fine views, but none to compare with what he could see from the top of that mountain. In recent years the Ganzeveld Bros. have made quite a decent logging road there, which approaches the Ross point of view, and it is now possible to travel to Armstrong over this mountain.

My next memory of this impressive year concerns wolves.

One evening in the spring, we had worked as long as daylight allowed. Then while I did the necessary jobs in the house, and prepared supper, Harry took the 30-30 and accompanied by Puppy the collie and Jack the black spaniel, he went to fetch Susy the cow. Susy was our main source of sustenance and this day she had wandered far. He found her at the extreme end of the place about a mile from home. It was twilight and as he plodded home on the trail, he saw many gray forms sneaking through the surrounding bush. Susy seemed alarmed, and the dogs kept close to heel. In the gloaming, Harry thought they were large coyotes, yet he had never seen so many nor so bold. Though they instilled fear it was too dark to shoot, and he was glad when they reached home safely.

The next morning Harry called me out to listen to continual bloodcurdling howls, which reverberated through the valley. He said "That's wolves! They're tearing something to pieces. It could be Susy; I'll go and see." I could not go because of the baby, so I begged him not to go. I even wrestled with him but he tore away. I knew that the cow came first. He went off with the dogs and the gun as bold and boastful as the British Navy when it kept "our foes at bay." I was left lamenting. "Neighbouring hind and cot was none, my contact was with God alone." Yet I loved him still and despite God my heart sank within me. I paced the floor in distress, often going outside to listen. The howling became spasmodic and distant, and the peaceful intervals comforted me. But every moment seemed a minute, and the minutes an eternity. Then going outside again I heard a renewed outburst, and felt he was really in the jaws of death. I could stand the suspense no longer. Reason was beyond me. And I've never forgiven myself for the irresponsible error I committed as a mother. I loaded the revolver, taking extra cartridges, kissing the baby saying "Mama get Daddy, baby be good". He smiled and waved bye bye as I stepped over the baby barricade at the door.

I wept as I ran a quarter of a mile, then beheld the conquering heroes coming. The man dragged a gray wolf and a black wolf, over which they all gloated, although the collie was drenched with blood from a neck wound.

Not long after they left the house the dogs scented and gave chase. Harry followed them until they were lost to sight. Arriving on a high-ridge, he saw the pack of wolves on the opposite hill-side. He counted nine black ones and there were more than twice as many gray ones. While he was watching they quietly concentrated in one spot with tails wagging for a kill. Then he heard the dogs cry in fear. He fired the 30-30 into their midst and they scattered. The dogs seized their chance and ran back to their master, who sheltered behind a big tree. But a black wolf chased the black dog, and a gray wolf chased the collie. When they got within range he shot the black wolf, but the gray wolf chased the collie around the tree many times and nine bullets went into him before he dropped. Only one bullet remained and Harry

cleared out in haste.

The next day Harry found the remains of a big buck deer in a windfall near the house, where they had cornered and devoured him.

No one visited our house for weeks and my baby could have died of starvation and a broken heart. My message to young mothers in similar circumstances is stay with your baby whatever betides.

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During our first year in the valley Harry and I used to ride the trails together, but after the baby came there was neither time nor opportunity, so I sold my side-saddle to Ella Ingles.

In September 1905 we expected another baby and I decided that this time I would get to Vernon early in the month. In order that I should be near the neighbours that summer, Harry got a job with Mr. Warwick in his saw-mill at Lumby. We lived in a house close to the saw-mill where there was also a barn for Prince. Thanks to Prince and the cart I was able to contact many good friends in the district and enjoyed their company that summer. The only discouragement was a bad tooth, which Dr. Williams would not allow me to have drawn.

Harry promised to take me to Vernon Hospital on Sunday, September the second. He would not go any other day of the week, because he had to work. But again there was no time to get to Vernon. So in the middle of the night of September the first Harry got Fred Levasseur to fetch Mrs. Ingles who lived at Mr. Bonneau's farm about two miles away. Through bathing and exercise recommended to me by Mrs. Ingles, my second baby was born on September the second without much trouble, and a doctor was not necessary. After her mother went home Ella, who was 17, stayed with me for a few days and then I was able to manage alone. But the tooth still caused much trouble. So when the baby was four weeks old I made arrangements with Mrs. Quesnel to care for him, and taking Harvey with me I drove to Vernon to get it pulled.

The rain poured down that day, and my friends tried to persuade me not to go. But being from Devonshire rain held no terror compared to a tooth ache. As I drove through Lumby, Mr. Pooler who was working on Napoleon Besette's house called out "Where the Hell do you think you're going?" Prince being in good fettle didn't take long to get to the Victoria Hotel, where Teddy Bates attended to him. Then Harvey and I went to see Dr. K. C. McDonald who had not been living in Vernon long. I thought of my tooth-drawing experience in England and dreaded the ordeal. There was no one there to hold me down, and I wondered how he would manage me. He first injected something and that was a new experience. When he started to pull I was ready to struggle, but to my surprise the tooth was out before I had a chance to resist. Here at least was one thing which gave me a chance to cackle of the superiority of Canada when I wrote home to England.

We went back to the Victoria Hotel at once, to hurry back to the baby in Lumby. And I remember that Mr. Tronson who owned the Victoria Hotel was in the sitting room with his wife and two daughters. He very proudly introduced them to me. And I was pleased that he was proud. From that day Mr. Tronson has been sacred to my memory. Some part of me was wounded when Tronson Street in Vernon got a new name.

In the early fall of 1905 we moved back to Trinity Valley, and while the weather was favourable we burned stumps and rubbish in an endeavor to extend our clearing. When winter came Harry carried on with the shakes. I did not mind being alone all day. My two babies and my housework, which was far from proficient, kept me busy.

Mr. Miller, who was a bachelor, nearly four miles away, was our only neighbor. The Derbys and Richards were 12 miles from us, and I was glad there were no "Joneses" to keep up with. We had "No knocker on the door, no carpet on the floor, yet ours was a happy little home." Neither was there a beer parlour with a billiard table down the street. Our abstinence and any advance we gained thereby, should not be credited to our strength of character. In reality it was, that circumstances had planted us far from temptation.

We were especially lucky in that Mr. Miller was a voracious reader, and a wealthy man with an extensive library. He passed on to us more magazines than we could read. He often got a box of books from England through the Times Book Club, and many of those books he gave me, because he knew I liked to read.

Our greatest obstacle at that time was the 12 miles of road or trail before we reached the main road that ran out to Lumby. In summer the stumps in the middle of the trail tended to knock out the bottom of the cart, and was rough on the liver. In winter the deep snow was a great strain for the horses, thus making our journeys expensive.

We did not stay put on our place very long. Although we worked to clear a bit of land whenever we had the opportunity, there was not enough land cleared to make a living for many years. And as Harry could always get a job of some kind in the Lumby district, we moved out whenever the weather was favourable. It took more than shakes to feed the family. Relatives in England helped out by sending clothes. They would send new clothes for the little ones. My sister-in-law's clothes fitted me fairly well, and I became an expert "Second Hand Rose".

But it was impossible to deceive the Lumby ladies, for the first question would be "Did you get that at Eaton's?" Their inquiring minds in this respect would shock me, but I realized that they sought my friendship and was not discouraged. It was a wonderful way of life for knocking off the rough edges of conceit.

In the spring of 1906 we moved into a log shack on the Witmer place about 2 miles north of Lumby. Mr. Witmer built onto it a large room of lumber which was very useful in the summer time. He built it with green lumber, and consequently it was not long before it became a pleasant airy cage. It had two drawbacks—it was dusty on windy days, and Kenneth the baby loving to investigate where possible, would push small articles between the floor boards, and squint through to see if they landed safely underneath. Yet the building was too close to the ground for me to retrieve them. In this way my decent cutlery disappeared, and some spoons which were wedding presents, and I could replace them with only very inferior stuff.

The Pinsents who were from Devon lived in a shack a little to the east of us. The Witmers were near to the north, and the Richards and Derbys were about a mile west. They were all kind neighbours and my brain is crowded with pleasant memories of the time I spent in that shack. Mrs.

Richards and Mrs. Pinsent, neither of whom could drive, wanted to shop for a day in Vernon, and the Witmers wanted some sacks of grain and flour from Vernon. The Witmers had a spare team and democrat, but Mrs. Witmer couldn't leave home. None of the men would think of wasting a days work to drive a few women to town. The women thought they were doomed to disappointment, when Mrs. Richards had the bright idea of asking Mrs. Worth to drive them. She said that Mrs. Witmer would look after the surplus youngsters, and that her daughter Janet would fetch my baby in his carriage and take him to her place while I was away. There were no babysitters in those days, and necessities of this nature were attained through co-operation.

I knew that old Dan was a dependable horse which the Witmer children drove to school. Fanny the other horse was a light bay and I knew nothing of her. Neither had I driven a team of horses to town in a four-wheel vehicle. Never-the-less I was most anxious to oblige and gain prowess in the attempt.

It was a lovely day during school-holiday time, and we started out after an early breakfast. It was not long before I discovered that Fanny was a mean female, who was trying her best to make the male uncomfortable. It was a good job for all of us that old Dan was tough and dependable, and disregarded her female side-swipes. We reached the Victoria Hotel safely and Teddy Bates took over the team.

Sometime in the afternoon when the shopping was over, I got the team and drove around to collect the goods. My passengers were seated and we had a load on, when I found myself facing west outside Megaw's store, which is now known as Bagnall Block. Twice I tried to turn around to the right on Barnard Avenue, but the right hind wheel would go under the body and it would tip, and Fanny would bite Dan, while we seemed to balance on the edge of a precipice. We all got excited and I said "My Heavens I can't turn around." Mrs. Richards who was from Auchterarder and generally broke out in her native dialect at such moments said "Dinna turn around my dear! Dinna turn round and nobody will know that you canna, just drive around the block." So with renewed confidence in my horsemanship that is what I did. Going home Fanny behaved quite decently, for two reasons—she had a load to pull and she was homeward bound.

Mrs. Richards was quite ill on the return journey, and we had to stop for her to leave her lunch on the wayside. That was bad enough but what worried her most was that she couldn't acknowledge Mr. Ricardo when we met him. Mrs. Richards was an old friend of Lady Aberdeen's and through her was well known to Mr. Ricardo. He was driving with his bride, who had recently arrived from the Old Country. When he passed us he called out "How do you do Mrs. Richards?" I acknowledged the greeting but couldn't say "Very well thank you."

Mrs. Richards was a worthy citizen and well respected in the neighbourhood. She was a staunch member of the Presbyterian Church. This is what the protestant church at Lumby was in those days. The Rev. Mr. Vans was the minister and occasionally I would play the organ for their Sunday service. And once when I was staying with the Quesnels before Christmas, I went with Father Roy to the Catholic Church near the junction of the Creighton Valley road to help with the Christmas carols. Having been

brought up to accept without question the rites and ceremonies as presented by the Church of England, the differences in performances tended to make me think for myself. Naturally I was drawn towards neutrality. My friends of either fraction sensed this, and I would often hear members of one faction holding forth on the "crazy" ideas of the other. Yet in a crisis when the test of true Christianity came, they were immediately good neighbours and stood up to the test in a magnificent manner.

To-day Lumby is a village with a commissioner, etc. with numerous religious denominations, yet fundamentally the people are similar in their attitudes when trouble strikes.

But I will get back to the personality of Mrs. Richards. Only once did she scold me for deceiving her. It was that same year in the month of September. Most of the time the babies and I were alone in the shack, and a roast of meat was too much for us to handle.

Refrigerators were unheard of and ice was out of the question. Tom Norris had given Harry a very nice sizeable roast of bear meat. I took it up to Mrs. Witmer. She had never tasted bear meat but was quite willing to try it. She invited the babies and me to supper.

The roast was in the oven and supper well on the way, when Mrs. Richards with a friend who had recently arrived from Scotland, called to visit for awhile. Mrs. Witmer consulted me privately. She wishes to invite them for supper, but was in doubt, because of the kind of roast in the oven. I said "Why not? It has a delicious taste".

So they stayed to supper and enjoyed it, Mrs. Richards taking a second helping of meat. She told us afterwards that she said to her friend as they drove home, "What was that meat we had for supper? It wasna beef and it wasna pork, but it tasted very good." But the children must have let the "bear" out of the bag, for the next time we met she scolded me severely for not telling her. I pleaded guilty and accepted my punishment as a just desert. However, it did not diminish our friendship in the least.

I lived in the Witmer shack from the spring of 1906 to the fall of 1907 and many memories crowd my mind.

In June of 1906 Howard Derby who lived across the road from Mrs. Richards, married Isabelle Smith who had recently arrived from Scotland. Harry and I and the babies drove in the cart to the reception at Mr. Derby's house in the evening. I saved all the cream I could for the occasion and upset it with my feet in the cart, never-the-less we had a most enjoyable evening, and I got much satisfaction for my ego by singing the songs I learned in England. Mr. M. V. Allen who managed the Lumby store for Mr. Megaw was there with his wife, and Mrs. and Mr. Ingles were there. The following spring while Mrs. Derby was visiting her mother in Vernon, their house burned down. The loss of course impeded progress for a long time. But undaunted they carried on.

That winter we went to a party at Mrs. Ingles house in Creighton Valley. Mr. Putman, a neighbour, brought his gramophone,—the first I had ever seen. Songs by Uncle Josh amused me immensely. That was the beginning of the end of self-entertainment.

Not all of my memories of my stay in the shack are pleasant. It was an extremely cold winter. The thermometer dropped to 50 below. We had a cooking stove and a heater in the shack, and much of my time was taken in

keeping the fires going. I got little sleep at night, because I was afraid of fire. Also the bawling of Mr. Ellison's cattle was heart-rending. In a field adjoining the Witmer place, Mr. Ellison had a big herd of cattle. There was a shack of hay in one corner, which was fenced off. The creek was frozen over very thickly. There was a man left in charge who neglected his job and spent most of his time in the Lumby Hotel more than two miles away. Neither was there a shed to shelter the cattle. Some of the cows were calving, and both calves and cows froze to the ground. One day the cattle stampeded and broke down the fence to get to the haystack. Many of them were trampled to death. Someone eventually informed Mr. Ellison, and he got a trustworthy man to take over. This man was Deefie Cook who was very deaf and partly of Indian blood. He had fine characteristics, and later because he had a trapline through our Valley, he often visited us and became a friend of the family. But the conversations on my part were of necessity concise, as I had to write everything. But Mr. Cook on the other hand was well able and eager to talk on many interesting local questions with which he was well acquainted.

After he arrived on the scene the cattle were well attended to, yet some of the cows were so weak they died in calving. A few of the calves were taken by the neighbours and nourished, but many died, and Mr. Ellison's loss financially that winter must have been considerable.

The following summer a skunk took up residence in Mrs. Witmer's cellar. This made life difficult for them, as they were afraid to fetch necessities which were kept there, although the skunk was quite well behaved. They tried to entice him out but he was too well pleased with his lodgings. So Mrs. Witmer sent the girls down to ask me to bring my gun and shoot the skunk. Here was a splendid chance to exhibit my skill and I responded with alacrity. I had a gun of German make which Mr. Miller had given to Harry. It could be used as a revolver is used, or it could be extended for longer distance. I had good results with it shooting hawks which attacked my chickens.

No skill was required to shoot this animal as he was cornered. In reality I hated to hurt or kill any animal, and am ashamed of the deed to this day. There were no flashlights and our difficulty was to get him in the light of the cellar door. When that was accomplished the end came quickly. But all that summer the Witmers wished they had let him live, for the air was thick with effluvia.

That winter Harry went into partnership with Pete Bessette. They bought an engine and boiler from a man who was hauling logs with a tug boat to a saw-mill on Long Lake. The boat was named the Violet after the daughter of the owner. This engine is now in the Vernon Museum. It was originally in the Mary Victoria Greenhow, and was the first steam engine on Okanagan Lake.

One day that winter Pete Bessette drove the team and sleighs to Trinity Valley to haul out a load of shakes. The trail was unbroken, and the snow so deep it took two days. Mr. Bessett slept at our house overnight. After he had finished supper and attended to his team at the stable, he spent his long evening reading an Argosy magazine, by the light of an oil lamp on the kitchen table. There were no blinds or curtains over the windows. Speaking of it afterwards he said he heard slight noises outside the house, but was so interested in his reading that he didn't bother to investigate.

When he went outside the next morning, the snow around the house was well-trodden down by what must have been a pack of wolves.

The kitchen window was low down, and the snow on the windowsill was well marked with the imprints of wolf paws. They had been watching him through the window!

About a year previously to this a man had come to our place selling young apple trees. He explained to me that they were a "Rooshian" variety and would do well in a cold climate, so I ordered a half dozen. When they came we planted them inside the picket fence which surrounded the house. They grew well and I was proud of them.

Not long after that Harry brought home a small axe for Harvey. He probably remembered his own ignorance in handling an axe, and determined that his son, being a Canadian, should be skilled in this accomplishment. In this idea his son became most co-operative, to such an extent that one could wonder whether he aimed to become an executioner. The first experiment was on the apple trees. I was just late enough on the scene to see the last one fall. There was no chance to tell a lie, and whether he had that noble quality of George Washington I shall never know.

Fetching and milking the cows, feeding the pigs and chickens, baking bread, washing clothes, and piling up what we could for fall fires on the land, kept the boys and I busy in a very healthy way. Any leisure time was spent in reading to the boys. Their favourite literature was the jokes in the Family Herald, and the stories of Thornton W. Burgess. Also Harvey got scant information on the three R's.

When we first went to Trinity Valley there was a well at the back of the house, with a wooden pipe and pump. Over this was built a small shelter about 10 feet square. The sides and roof were covered with shakes, and there was a real broad shelf inside. Everything was made of cedar and with this the well was cribbed. This had all been done by the Jackmans. Old Mr. Jackman, who was born in Luxemburg was a most ingenious gentleman. He seemed to have every quality necessary for the creation of a progressive Canada, in those days.

We neither of us knew that in freezing weather, the handle of the pump should be left up in order to drain the water out. Consequently the pipe froze and burst the first winter we were there. Instead of putting in another pump, Harry pulled the water up with a rope attached to a coal-oil can. My muscles had not developed sufficiently for me to pull the water up, but life went on as usual with Harry supplying the water. This method continued for several years and I used the pump house to put dairy utensils on, and everytime I went to this bench I had to walk near the edge of the well.

One day I had rendered lard and was carrying a pot of very hot lard to put on the bench, when my left leg went down in the well, and I stuck there like a crooked fork with the screams. Luckily Harry was near and extricated me, but not before the hot lard had seeped through my winter skirts and scalded me.

Despite incompatibility we valued each other immensely, but no insurance was carried, so his immediate thought was how to prevent such a catastrophe in the future. As he was making shakes at the back of the house, he just threw the knotty parts of the cedar shakes in the well until it was full. Hence no more water from the well.

At that time the boys were quite small and it was beyond Harry's imagination to dig another well. So we fetched it from the creek using the cattle trail which was easiest but farthest, being nearly an eighth of a mile. However as Harry was a busy man, and woman was made for the glory of man, it fell to Grace to carry most of the water from the creek in two coal-oil cans.

As soon as Harvey was old enough to consider things he said "Why do we carry water from the creek? There's a spring over there, and if we dig a hole and put a barrel in we can get water close by." So Daddy got a barrel in Lumby, and Harvey who was only just big enough to handle the barrel finished the job and we got good water from that source for many years.

Occasionally our two cows would steal off in the night and march out to Mr. Quesnel's ranch. It fell to me to get them home, and in this the boys were very useful. It was an exciting change from the common round and we enjoyed it. We tied one cow to the cart and one followed. Our chief difficulty was the Derby Hill road, which at that time went over the range. If there were no cattle near, our progress was good, but sometimes complications arose. I remember when Susy rushed across the range to seek new company in the distance. Harvey ran to head her off but I didn't think he could manage it alone, so I left Kenneth holding the lines with orders not to pull them but to let Prince guide himself. Then I started to run too. But my skirt deterred me so I took it off. Luckily I had worn my old country corduroy cycling bloomers underneath, so if anyone saw me these would cushion the shock. In those days corduroy bloomers on an adult female were shocking enough. When we got Susy headed in the right direction, I turned my attention to the cart. It was in a most precarious position with one wheel up on the bank. So I shouted "whoa" and ran again. It was surely a great relief when we entered the forest trail to continue slowly unhampered.

In the spring of 1908 settlers began to come to our Valley, and we had many neighbours though none was very near. Some of them stayed and made permanent homes, some of them were subject to wandering fever, always searching for the end of the rainbow. Many were greenhorns who pre-empted unsuitable land. Canada's trial and error method both of lands and humans has been the cause of much unnecessary waste, disappointment and suffering. There was no education, preparation or plan to help people make a living in a new land. Dividends for railway companies, and real estate sharks took precedence.

The new settlers were of different nationalities but a good percentage were English. Memories of them, and incidents in connection with them, come crowding in, so that I have to do a lot of reckoning to put them in sequence. The influx of new comers demanded more roads, and improvements to the old road, where the stumps in the middle battered the bottom of the cart, and shook the liver.

We had a conservative government, and Mr. Miller was a wealthy man and a strong conservative. Mr. Price Ellison was our M.L.A.

Mr. Miller thought we should have a road foreman for Trinity Valley and knowing that Harry Worth was a conscientious workman, he recommended him. No one was more surprised than Harry Worth when he was informed of the fact, and of course he was glad. Whether he was sufficiently accomplished for the job was another matter. At that time neither Harry nor

I knew that it was a political job. Harry was not old enough to vote in England, and there had been only one election after our arrival. That was Federal. I had no vote, and Harry had no more idea of political questions than my hat. So before leaving for Lumby where he was going to vote, he said to me "How shall I vote?" I answered "Socialist of course." This he did, and when the votes were counted there was one socialist vote in Lumby, and many people wondered who it was. But neither Mr. Miller nor anyone else was aware of this, so Harry was appointed road foreman.

Although he lacked knowledge on certain aspects of road-making which one would consider essential, he had qualities which were lacking in many civil servants of that day and indeed this day. His naivete in regard to accepted political customs, resulted in honesty of purpose, which offended many. He hired without question those men who were good workers, and best able to carry out the job for which they were required, not even thinking that political affiliations had anything to do with road making. It was many years before we were aware of the fact that he was condemned by many, because he hired Liberals and foreigners. Yet on the other hand, Mr. Lang, the superintendent, told him that he got more done for the amount spent than any foreman under his jurisdiction. He also told him that he was pleased with his monthly accounts, which were balanced and needed no rectification. Although Harry accepted with pleasure the credit for this latter accomplishment, it was in reality due to his loving wife Grace. Harry was a poor accountant, and many a night I sat up into the small hours of the morning, in order to balance his accounts.

During Harry's term of office, there was one foreman who, when work was slack, would mail an anonymous letter to the authorities at the Court House, to complain about a bad piece of road in his district, and ask them to please send Mr. (himself) to repair it right away. Democracy simplified!

Previous to 1908 the Catt family came out from England. They bought the Tom Norris farm in Lumby and built a big new house on the hill-side, from which there was a good view of the Lumby district on the east and south. Two of the young women who came with them—Amy Remsberry and Ellen Curtis—married and settled in our valley. Miss Remsberry married Andrew Conn, a carpenter from U.S.A. and Miss Curtis married Bert Pritchard, who had been a bank assistant in England.

Mrs. Conn was a very accomplished woman and dearly loved by all who knew her. She did not live to be old and one reason was that she sacrificed herself for others to the extent that her health was undermined. Certainly through her good deeds she lives in the memories of all who knew her. Mrs. Pritchard who is still here is about a year younger than I, and every year we spend many happy hours together, and live again the lovely and unlovely past.

There was a reception at Mrs. Conn's house in Trinity Valley when Mrs. Pritchard was married, and I made a wedding cake for this.

The day I made the cake, with everything weighed according to Mrs. Beaton, Cecil Saunders was ill in bed at our house. He had been working on the road and got rather bad internal pains. So I treated him according to the knowledge I acquired. After I had put the cake, which was to cook for several hours in the oven, Cecil, who was feeling quite comfortable, said he wished I would get my mandolin and sing. This of course I was delighted to do, and

time went merrily on, until I smelt a terrible burning smell. I rushed out to the kitchen stove to find the cake badly burnt. I was in a worse fix than King Alfred, for I had to make another one. Luckily there was plenty of material on hand, and I was able to do this. My second was a success, for my trial and error had taught me a lesson. The next morning I ground almonds and made a paste a 'la Beaton and iced the cake, with an icing machine I had bought from Montgomery Ward's in Chicago.

That same summer Ernest Andrews married Alice Edwards who came from London, England. They were married in Vernon, and there was also a reception for them at Mrs. Conn's house in Trinity Valley, and all the settlers were there. For this occasion I made the cake from the same recipe, without a hitch, and assumed the pride of a professional.

During the early years many more settlers came into the Valley, a number of them with wives and families. Yet most of them were miles apart. The winters were long and dreary and with so much snow that trips to Lumby for social purposes were out of the question.

Such circumstances made it dull for some women folk. So they discussed this problem among themselves, and decided that they would take it in turn, and each month one of the families would give a party, everybody invited. This gave the women something to prepare for, and something to look forward to. The bachelors were all anxious to help in some way.

Amusements had to be arranged also. Old Mr. Saunders would sing his favorite song, Grandfather's Clock, and Ernest the "Campdown Races" while everyone joined in the chorus, and Bill Carpenter was wonderful with the mouth organ.

Preparation for my first party certainly helped to tone down my bumptiousness.

That spring I had hatched out a setting of Indian Runner duck eggs sent to me by a friend in Washington State. They were healthy and active, but being allowed full freedom, they interfered too much with the chickens' diet and drinking water. After a rain there was always a puddle below the kitchen window. Here they would congregate and splash until the window became opaque with mud. So I decided that three of them should be executed for the benefit of our party.

Grandma Dodds who in her young days had catered to duck-hunters in North Dakota, told me the best way to remove the feathers and down. The rest of the preparation I thought I knew. Harry killed them and I carried out Grandma's instructions. Then I withdrew the entrails, but couldn't find the crop! So I shouted to Harry who was in the other room and said "I can't find the duck's crop, do you know if ducks have crops?" He said "Of course they have! Don't you dare put those ducks on the table without taking out their crops!" But that didn't help me any, so I wrapped one of the dead ducks and carried it a quarter of a mile to Grandma's cabin. When I told her of my difficulty she certainly enjoyed the joke and said "My dear ducks don't have crops."

1909 is also a year of crowded memories. Price Ellison's men were clearing land two miles north of Lumby and the fire got away. The Richards and Witmers fled in their wagons to save their lives. The road men went to help Mrs. Richards save some of her furniture, and the first thing they did was to get the cook stove jammed in the doorway, which prevented the

removal of other things. The Witmers left nearly everything, and left a rag stuffed in a broken window pane in the kitchen. Luckily neither of the houses burnt. Although the fire swept around them. The Witmer's house was saved by Ed. Faulkner who was driving home to Trinity Valley from Lumby, and drove up to Witmer's to see if he could help. They had fled but the rag they had left in the kitchen window was burning. He pulled it out and thereby saved their home. After that there was a law-suit between the people affected and Mr. Ellison. How it was settled I do not remember.

By December that year road work for the season was over. We wanted to put a new log bridge across our creek. The old bridge was not dependable for bringing home hay from the meadow at the north end of the place. For this purpose two of the neighbors came to help us,—Will Dodds and Jesse Briddon. The Dodds family had farmed in North Dakota, and Jesse Briddon was a young Englishman who had pre-empted near us. As the Dodds lived three miles from us and had no conveyance we invited them with their two children to stay with us until the job was finished. Mrs. Dodds and I were bosom friends, our children were about the same age, and they enjoyed playing together. It was a bit of change for all of us and helped to enlighten the dreary winter days. We had grown a good crop of vegetables that summer, and on this eventual day, Mrs. Dodds was making delicious pickles from beets and horseradish.

It was on the morning of December 15th that Mr. Briddon and Harry went to the scene of operations—about an eighth of a mile from the house—to split timber for the bridge. A little after eight Mrs. Dodds looked from the window and saw Mr. Briddon approaching the house with Harry leaning heavily on him. We both ran to Mr. Briddon's assistance, and between us we got him to the house, with blood dripping in the snow all the way. He then became unconscious, and we laid him on his back on the floor in the living room. There was a small hole in his heavy mackinaw trousers through which the blood had been forced.

It was left to me to undress him from the waist down, and in the circumstances it was a difficult job. There was a tiny wound on the inside of his leg about six or seven inches down from the groin and considering the great loss of blood, we thought that his main artery had been cut. It was lucky that there had been a public phone installed in Lumby. Ed. Faulkner who lived a mile and a half in the Lumby direction was the nearest neighbour with a team. There were only two doctors in Vernon. Dr. Williams was supposed to be the best surgeon. So I asked Mr. Faulkner to phone Vernon and ask Dr. Williams to come to Trinity Valley. Mr. Faulkner got in touch with the hospital. They said Dr. Williams couldn't be found but Dr. Morris was there. When he asked Dr. Morris to go to Trinity Valley, he said that the road would be difficult for him, and it would be easier to take Harry to Lumby and he would examine him there. Mr. Faulkner said "But they think that a piece of steel from a wedge has penetrated his leg and cut his main attery." Dr. Morris answered "If that is the case he will be dead before you get back." There was not enough snow for sleighs all the way so Mr. Faulkner decided to engage Phil Morand who brought his team and democrat to our place. Meanwhile we had put a pad over the small wound and bound the leg to the best of our ability, and Harry was resting comfortably on his bed. Mr. Morand cleaned the floor of his democrat, and they lifted the mattress with

Harry on it and laid it on the democrat. I left everything in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Dodds and went with Harry. In Lumby we stopped at Mr. Morand's temperance hotel which he had recently built. Mrs. Morand told us that Dr. Morris and a nurse had been, and gone to visit Bardolph's who were then residing at the Catt house on the hill. Mrs. Morand telephoned them and they came right away. The doctor had Harry laid on the dining room table and examined the leg. He said "Well Harry you just missed the main artery. Come down to the hospital and I'll take out that piece of steel." Harry said "Do you really think I missed it Doctor, as I bled a great deal?" The doctor laughed and said "Of course you missed it." There were no X-Rays, and no blood transfusions.

Phi Morand wanted to drive the same team to Vernon, but I objected so strongly that Mr. Quesnel offered one of his teams, and we set out for Vernon. The accident happened at eight a. m. on the 15th, and we arrived at the Vernon Hospital at five thirty a.m. on the 16th.

Dr. Morris arranged to operate right away thinking it was going to be a simple affair. I waited in the waiting room underneath the operating room. There was a phone in the room. Very soon a nurse hurried in to phone. She said "Dr. Williams will you please come to the hospital immediately." It was not long before Dr. Williams came. He said "good morning" to me and at the same time opened his bag to take out a pair of forceps. I decided it was a maternity case, and that is what he intended me to think. But it was Dr. Morris who was in trouble. He must have been in terrible trouble, for he had sought advice from his greatest enemy—Dr. Williams. For this I have always admired him.

I entered the waiting room about 5:30 a.m. and after four hours of waiting Dr. Morris came in and put his hand on my shoulder in a kindly way and said "It's all right Mrs. Worth, Harry has come around, but for a long time we were very worried about him, but now he is resting comfortably and I think he will do all right. You go to the hotel and have a long sleep, and come back to-morrow to see how he is getting along." As I had had no sleep the previous night, and lots of worry, I felt tremendously relieved and followed the doctor's orders. The next morning I returned to the hospital, and Harry seemed to be having a jolly time joking with the nurses. However as he had to remain in bed for quite awhile, I decided it would be safe enough to leave him, and got permission from the Doctor to go home.

The facts of the case were revealed to us later. When Dr. Morris opened up the small hole made by the steel, he found that the artery had been severed, and the blood burst out afresh, drenching the attendants and the room. And Harry having lost so much blood previously, was in a very weakened condition. As to the method to be used the two doctors disagreed. Williams said "Bring the two ends of the artery together and join." Morris said "Tie each end and the blood will make new channels." Dr. Morris followed his own ideas, and Harry lived to his 81st year. There is a sequel which I will relate in due order.

I rode from Vernon with Johnny Genier who drove the Lumby stage three times a week. The Trinity stage went to Lumby once a week and was driven by Mr. Conn with his team Tom and Jerry. These horses were accustomed to tough times on the Trinity road, but I think their Christmas trip of 1909 was the toughest they ever experienced. Before Mr. Genier reached

Lumby that day the snow was falling fast. Mr. Conn had a heavy Christmas load and five passengers besides himself. His passengers were Bert Pritchard, Ernest Saunders, Ernest Andrews, Cecil Plum and Grace Worth. He decided that it was snowing so badly we had better stay at Lumby for the night, and leave after breakfast in the morning. More than a foot of snow fell that night, and on the Trinity road we had to break through at least 20 inches of snow. The first three miles from Lumby were partially broken by Mabel Lake settlers, and although we made slow progress we were able to drive that fast. But when we turned into Trinity everyone but the driver had to walk, and I was the driver. Another three miles of struggling up the hill, we were all hungry, and we needed a rest, especially the horses. We foraged in the load and found crackers, cheese and beer, which we enjoyed. Then we continued our weary journey. But we hadn't gone far when Mr. Pritchard was seized with internal pains. So we put him in the driver's seat, and I took my place "mushing" behind the men.

We made the next six miles at about a mile an hour, and it was dark long before we could reach a resting place. When we reached the Dodds' place we decided to stay the night. There was a stable for the horses. Mr. Conn had oats but no hay. The chimney pipe was filled with snow, and this had to be cleaned before we could start a fire.

The men were clothed to resist the elements, but I was soaking wet to the waist. I searched Mrs. Dodd's bedroom for women's wear. There was nothing for she had taken it all with her to our place. But Mr. Dodd's best trousers were there. These I donned with glee and emerged to superintend supper. For this we were really lucky. I had bought a plentiful supply of finnan haddie, and we found potatoes, onions, and bottled peaches in the cellar.

We had come to the parting of the ways, and were all, about three miles from home. The men had to trek east and I had to trek north.

After supper we sat around the kitchen stove and rested several hours. Mr. Conn who had a marvellous imagination entertained us by relating some of his exploits as a young man. For years he drove a twelve-horse team in the Yukon, and we winked as we visioned him behind Jerry and Tom.

Eventually Mr. Conn decided he would try to get the load home that night, as there was to be a Christmas party at his home the following evening and the things on the load were needed. They refused to leave me alone, so the two bachelors—Ernest Saunders and Cecil Plum—remained, and the three married men struggled home. But, the, load had to be left on the hill and fetched the next morning.

Mr. Dodds' trousers were comfortable and I slept very soundly on Mrs. Dodds' bed, while the men slept on their blankets on the floor, and kept the fire going to dry our clothes.

The next day Mr. and Mrs. Dodds with their children and mine came with our sleighs and we all rode over to Conn's for the party. As our team had to struggle through very deep snow for seven miles, we were not too early. We had foot-warmers and blankets, and sang songs and carols on the way. There was never a dull moment.

I was so tired that night that I lay on Mrs. Conn's bed to rest. Through the partition I listened to a discussion on the American civil war between old Mr. Saunders and Mr. Conn. It ended by Mr. Conn saying "Ah well! If the

Front Row: l. to r.: Hardy boy, Mrs. Beavo, Mrs. J. Hardy, Bentley Dodds, Mrs. Will Dodds with Mary, Jack Hardy, Mrs. Will Hardy, Will Hardy, Finzel boy. Back Row: l. to r.: Mrs. M. Finzel, Mike Finzel, Grandma Dodds, J. Grant, Mrs. B. Pritchard with Mary, Bert Pritchard, Cecil Plum. Service conducted by R. R. Saunders.

Courtesy J. Grant

North hadn't beat the South, the South would'a beat the North." Mr. Conn was from the South and didn't love the Negro.

As Mr. Conn was a colourful figure in the history of our valley, a more familiar introduction will be in order. Not long after Miss Remsberry arrived from England with the Catt family, in whose employ she had been for 19 years, she met Mr. Conn who was a carpenter helping to build the new house for that family at Lumby. Originally Mr. Conn had come from the southern United States. He was rather a handsome man with thick curly hair, and many incidents in the history of his life, as recorded by him, were really remarkable.

Most males know how to woo, but the older ones who have had much experience are often experts, who create the highlights and keep the low-lights under cover. Everybody loved Miss Remsberry, her kindness endeared her to all who knew her, and she accepted us all in good faith.

After she married and came to our valley, although we were six miles apart, we often walked to visit each other. At meal time Mr. Conn would amuse us by revealing incidents in his life of which she had never heard. Apart from allowing his imagination to run riot, he had a good many qualities, not the least of which was his admiration for his wife.

During the summer of 1910 roadwork was carried on whenever possible, and Harry found that if he walked fast his leg pained him. This condition was often mentioned to friends. But he did not think it serious, deciding it was the natural consequence of the operation and that in time it would return to normal.

After Harry brought out Pete Bessette's share on the engine and boiler—before mentioned, we took it to Trinity Valley and set it up by the creek not far from the house, and used it to cut shingles. We had a ready market and supplied shingles for the creamery which started in Lumby about that time. I think the roof is still in good condition.

There was no one to drive the engine so perforce I had to learn the job. Consequently my household duties were often neglected.

*(To be continued in the next report)*

# INDIAN ROAD[1]

**By D. Emery[2]**

"Indian Road" was the name given to the ancient Indian trail, marked on the Archibald McDonald map of 1827, which ran between Princeton and Peachland, following the shore lines of Link, Chain and Osprey lakes through the country drained by a creek called "Spil-Kul-a-Nilh"[3], meaning "Eagle Nest". Indians, fur-traders and miners through many years used this trail as a short-cut between the Tulameen, Similkameen and Okanagan valleys.

"Indian Road" was originally used by the Interior Indians to avoid the longer and more difficult Keremeos Creek-Yellow Lake route between the Okanagan Lake Country and the Similkameen and Tulameen valleys.

For centuries, before the white man came to the interior of British Columbia, the Indians of the Okanagan had travelled "Indian Road" to "Yak-Tulameen", where they obtained the red ochre needed for face paint. Yak-Tulameen was a popular place in southern British Columbia where the prized red ochre was found and Indians from as far away as the Kootenays came and camped at "Long Flats" to trade with the Similkameen Indians for ochre.

There were a number of Indian camps on "Indian Road". One was located where the trail crossed Jacques Creek[4] now known as Trepanier Camp. Trepanier Camp was used by the Indians as an overnight stopping place for hunting and fishing. Arrowpoints, numerous scrapers, and other artifacts including a fine soapstone pipe have been recovered from this site. The largest and most famous Indian camp on "Indian Road" was Vermillion Forks located at the forks of the Tulameen and Similkameen rivers where the present city of Princeton is now situated.

Early in 1858, John Fall Allison arrived in British Columbia from England and shortly afterwards settled in the Similkameen Valley where he became one of the first cattlemen, and later Justice of the Peace and Gold Commissioner at Princeton. In the early 1870's, Allison and an American partner named Hayes, imported a herd of well-bred Durham cattle from the United States.

Allison located his ranch, Sunnyside, on the west side of Okanagan Lake directly across from the larger ranches at the mouth of Mission Creek. He blazed, cut out and reopened "Indian Road" in 1874 so he could move his cattle from his winter feeding grounds at Sunnyside, to his summer range and the cattle markets at Princeton. Allison kept the trail open for his cattle, and by 1877 the "Indian Road" was locally known as "Allison's Trail".

After the discovery of gold on Granite Creek in 1885, the "Indian Road" was used as a pack trail for food, tools and merchandise, which were brought to Kamloops via Canadian Pacific Railway, then transported to

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[1] First prize essay, 1969 O.H. Society Contest (see p. 166).

[2] Penticton Secondary School.

[3] **"Spil-Kuk-a-Nilh",** meaning "Eagle Nest", was the Indian name given to the creek, renamed before 1820 by the fur-traders as "Trepanier". Between 1870-1880 it was "Deep Creek". Today it is officially "Peachland Creek".

[4] "Jacques Creek" was the fur-traders name for present Trepanier Creek.

Enderby by lake boat, then packed on horseback. The Granite Creek trail, as it became known, left the Hudson's Bay Company Brigade Trail west of Powers Creek just beyond Hardy's Lakes, skirted the hillside in a westerly direction, crossed Jacques Creek three miles from its mouth, then continued up Pigeon Creek to cross Deep Creek some eight miles from its mouth. From here the trail turned south until it crossed the upper reaches of Trout Creek.

During the 1885-90 period, considerable mining exploration was done in the vicinity of "Indian Road", and the country between Jacques and Deep creeks became known as Camp Hewitt. In 1893, J. M. Robinson of Manitoba, influenced by the mining excitement in British Columbia attempted, with some associates, to develop a mine up Deep Creek on "Indian Road". This mine became known as "Kathleen Mine". Its development led to the construction of the first wagon road on the west side of Okanagan Lake in that district.

This mining venture was a failure, and Robinson diverted his attentions to development of an orchard district below "Indian Road" near Okanagan Lake. "Robinson bought and surveyed the Lambly Horse Range and other properties into 10, 15, and 20 acre lots which he sold to a number of Manitoba friends. Thus Peachland came into being at the north-east end of the 'Granite Creek Trail'. By 1897, a dock for the S. S. Aberdeen and a post office were established".

From 1897 to 1930 little development took place in this area, and once again "Indian Road" became overrun with undergrowth and fell into general disrepair and disuse.

In 1931, at the summit of the depression, there was an undertaking by a volunteer labor force from Peachland and district, under the supervision of William Miller, provincincial road foreman, to widen "Indian Road" and make it passable for wheeled vehicles. The Kelowna Board of Trade grubstaked the venture with food and tools, while Westbank farmers donated loads of hay for the teams of horses on the job, and Princeton contributed money.

On May 28, 1931, two Kelowna men, J. N. Cushing, Road Superintendent for South Okanagan, and F. M. Buckland, Chairman of Roads and Transport, for the Kelowna Board of Trade, decided to travel the "Indian Road" by car. They started at Peachland and struggled over very rough terrain until they reached an old abandoned logging road which led to Osprey Lake. From Osprey Lake to Princeton the drive was much easier. This was the first wheeled vehicle to cross the high country between Peachland and Princeton, a seventy-two mile drive.

"Indian Road", originally used by Indians traveling to Yak-Tulameen, and later by miners, fur-traders, and cattleman is one of the many transportation routes which opened up the southern interior of British Columbia for settlement. Up to now "Indian Road", although used as a short-cut for centuries and a natural route between the Similkameen and Tulameen valleys and the Okanagan Lake Country, has been neglected by our generation.

# HEDLEY

**By Thomas A. Leslie**

Hedley is located in the steep and narrow canyon of the Twenty Mile Creek, where it enters the Similkameen River. In bygone days, Hedley was one of the most important towns of southern British Columbia and contained one of the largest mines in Canada. When prospectors first came, the only way to get in or out was by way of the Dewdney Trail. This was built by Moberly and Dewdney in 1860 along the Fraser River from Hope down the Similkameen River and through to the Kootenays. It was first used by the Hudson's Bay Company traders, and later by prospectors, ranchers and other travellers.

After hearing of the rich placer discoveries in the Cariboo, most of the prospectors from California made their way north in the summer and fall of 1859. Many went by sea to Victoria and then up the Fraser River, and some followed the Columbia and Okanagan rivers; passing the mouth of the Similkameen, others followed the route to Kamloops and the Cariboo Trails, prospecting as they went. Others that were in no great hurry branched up the Similkameen to the mouth of the Twenty Mile Creek where they found gravels containing metals.

In 1894, C. Allison and J. Riordan staked three claims for Hon. E. Dewdney and others. These were the first recorded claims in Camp Hedley. Mr. Coulthard also had a claim on what was known as the Kingston Mineral Claim. These four claims were recorded at Granite Creek, but were not considered worth the annual assessment work and were allowed to lapse.

In 1897 Peter Scott located the Rollo claim and after doing the necessary assessment-work, he located three more in the following year. About this same time the Mound and Copper Cleft claims were staked by two Swedes and in August of that year Wallaston and Arundel located the Horsefly, Sunnyside, Nickel Plate, Bulldog and Copperfield. Some samples from the Nickel Plate and Copperfield surface ore were taken by Wallaston and Arundel to exhibit at the Provincial Fair at New Westminster. And it was here that M. K. Rogers first saw the ore. He was traveling through the country in the interests of Marcus Daly and was so impressed by the appearance of the ore samples that he immediately started on a trip to the Nickel Plate for a closer examination of the samples. Since the samples looked too good to be true he thought that they must be salted.

However, at this time there were no roads in the country and the journey took several days by rail, stage and horseback. After a personal examination Mr. Rogers found the samples genuine and immediately sent some to a Montana Assayer. When he had read the results, he found them so encouraging that he decided to obtain the property. A bond was taken in November on the four claims, and development work started in January, 1899—the work of cutting trails, erecting buildings and packing in supplies.

In 1899 Peter Scott and others decided to name the new camp "Camp Hedley", in honour of Robert R. Hedley, the manager of Hall Mines Smelter at Nelson B.C., who had grub-staked Scott when the Rollo claim was staked.

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[1] Similkameen Secondary School (see page 166)

The name of R. R. Hedley should not be confused with Rev. J. W. Hedley who came to Hedley in 1902 as a Methodist Minister.

The first supplies for the new camp were brought in from Fairview by pack horses. Later as prospects improved, supplies were shipped from the Coast to Penticton, then hauled by wagon to Keremeos. From there they were packed by horses to the Nickel Plate by the Camp Rest Trail. In the fall of 1900 work had begun on the Keremeos-Princeton road and was completed in 1901, thus connecting Camp Hedley with shorter bases of supply routes.

In the early years of the Nickel Plate Mine, M. K. Rogers obtained a B.C. Charter for the Yale Mining Company and business was done through this company. When it was decided to build a mill, the original charter was found inadequate; as a result, a second company, the Daly Reduction Company Ltd. was formed and a charter was obtained for it in 1903.

Early in the spring of 1903, work started on the grading and building of the flume and construction of the mill. When the snow had gone from the hills, the work for clearing the right of way for the tramway was started.

The first stamps of the new mill were dropped in 1904. Making only a trial run, a battery of 10 stamps worked for nearly an hour; after the necessary adjustments all 40 stamps commenced to drop.

For the first few years of the mill's operation a considerable proportion of the value recovered was in the free gold caught on the plates. Each month two gold bricks, one from the free gold off the plates, and the other from the gold recovered in the cyanide plant, were taken out under special escort to Penticton, and from there shipped by Dominion Express to the U.S. Assay office in Seattle.

The concentrates from the 24 Frue vanners, were pulled daily and the rich gold dumped into the bin below. After a period of time allowed for drying, the concentrates were put into double sacks, heavy cotton on the inside and strong jute on the outside. The sacked, heavy concentrates were hauled to Penticton and from there were shipped to the Tacoma Smelter. The four-horse teams which hauled in supplies also hauled out the concentrates on their return trip to Penticton. The round trip usually took about a week to complete.

From 1903-1905 Hedley grew rapidly and quite a number of buildings were constructed. It was a lively, busy little town with six Hotels operating round the clock. Grace Methodist church was built in 1903 and was the first and for many years the only permanent church in the town, built mostly by volunteer labour under direction of the Rev. J. W. Hedley.

The School was held in a room at the rear of the church. Nineteen children attended sporadically throughout the year, but good work had been done. Although the first teacher resigned in 1904, she was soon replaced. The Hedley School District was created in 1904 and the Board was faced with a number of problems, the main one—to find a suitable place for its school. Plans were drawn for a school house, but the Board did not have the means to go ahead with the project. However several businessmen were consulted and they procured a lot at the foot of the mountain, on the north-west corner of the town, and built a house on it at a small cost. They moved the school children into it before the building was completed in 1907. After the big slide early in January 1939 it was torn down and some of the lumber was used to build the present school located opposite the Hedley Centennial Hall.

In 1900 the Hedley Townsite Company was formed and R. H. Parkinson made the first survey. That year D. G. Hackney built the first hotel. In 1902 the Grand Union Hotel was built and continued serving the people till fire destroyed it in 1918. The Commercial Hotel was opened in 1903. It too was destroyed by fire in August 1956, as was the Similkameen Hotel built in 1904 and burned in 1916. The New Zealand Hotel built in 1905, was destroyed by fire in 1911. The Great Northern, opened in 1906, met the same fate in January 1957.

Today, Hedley cannot boast of having six hotels, "with bars stocked with the best brands of liquor and cigars." However, a spacious staff house, formerly owned by the Kelowna Exploration Company opened for business in 1958 as the Colonial Lodge.

During 1904, water pipes were laid underground for the residents, and electric power became available. Electric lights were used for the first time in the Methodist Church. For a thriving community the next step would indicate some form of entertainment and in 1905 the Fraternity Hall was built and used by various organizations for meetings, dances, and other social activities. That year too, Ainsley Megraw was editor and manager of a newspaper, the "Hedley Gazette", but publication was suspended in 1917. It was through Megraw's efforts that a Board of Trade was organized. The Bank of British North America opened a branch in Hedley and for a short time was the only bank in the Similkameen Valley. With the opening of a bank, a newspaper, and churches, the next step was a hospital. After a long struggle the hospital was opened in 1910, with Dr. M. D. McEwen surgeon-in-chief. The hospital closed in the fall of 1930 and today it is used as a family dwelling.

F. M. Gillespie was appointed the first postmaster in 1903. He was succeeded in 1918 by R. E. Baxter; then by T. C. Knowles in 1937; M. W. Mack in 1959; and today Mrs. Anny Lyon.

The Daly Estate sold its holdings in Hedley Camp in 1909 to a New York syndicate, headed by I. L. Merrill, and a new company, the Hedley Gold Mining Company Ltd. took over the operations.

Still lacking was efficient transportation. After many proposals from other contenders, the Great Northern Railway upon acquiring a charter began grading a line from Keremeos to Brookmere. Steel was laid in the summer and fall of 1909 and late in December 1909 regular train service commenced. With the advent of the railroad, the stage coach and freight teams soon disappeared. Today the railroad has also disappeared, and is replaced by freight trucks and busses. The horse is still in demand but mainly for hunting and trail riding.

After the Daly Estate worked its holdings, the mine and plant continued operation, except during the winter of 1920 when ice on the Similkameen River caused a temporary shut-down of the hydroelectric plant. Then in 1930 the Hedley Gold Mining Company suspended operations because of the low grade of ore.

In the summer of 1932 the Hedley Gold Mining Company sold its holdings to the John W. Mercer Exploration Company which later was merged into the Kelowna Exploration Company Ltd. With price of gold on the upward swing the company continued operating till 1955. Then one day you suddenly realized that something was missing in the once-lively mining

town of Hedley. Where once the continuous roar of the mill spread over the valley there was just a deathly silence. Soon even the hulk of that mill will disappear and only the bare, peculiarly striped rocks will glisten. The people who come to Hedley wonder and ask questions, and some return to buy homes and live out the days left to them. Although there is no industry, only the few scattered farms, and cattle ranches, the children still attend school—summer and winter; the old age pensioners go out for a game of cards; and still others go fishing or hunting. The town is sleepy looking in the summer heat, and cool and crisp in winter months; but always the homes and gardens are well kept, and there are newly erected street signs. This is HEDLEY.

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# THE OLD HOTEL

**By Nancy Wiens**[1]

About one and four-fifths miles north of the village of Keremeos, one comes upon an old, dilapidated, wind-worn, poster-scarred, two-story, relic of a building—the old Central Hotel. It is often referred to as the "Old Keremeos Hotel"—which of course is not true. The so-called "Old Keremeos Hotel", was called the "Kirby Hotel" until the Salvation Army bought it, tore it down, and built their present post in Penticton out of the timbers.

The first Central Hotel was built in 1902 then totally destroyed by fire in 1904. The proprietors, Harry Tweddle and Jim Reith, immediately hired a carpenter by the name of Comkeland to build a new hotel at a different site. This construction took place in 1905 and hotel business boomed again in 1906.

Not only did Mr. Tweddle run the hotel, the post office, the livery stable, and have a partnership in Richter Hall, but also had a Stage Line running from Upper Town to Penticton. He offered free taxi service, (first with a horse and buggy, then with his first car—a Case) for passengers on the Great Northern Train from Vancouver.

At the top of the Hotel's Stationery beside a picture of the hotel was this quotation:—

"Headquarters for all Stage Routes, Livery Stables in connection. Free bus to and from all trains; special attention to Tourists and Commercial Men. Large, airy and comfortable rooms.

THE CENTRAL HOTEL
Harry Tweddle prop.
KEREMEOS CENTER, B.C. . . . . 191

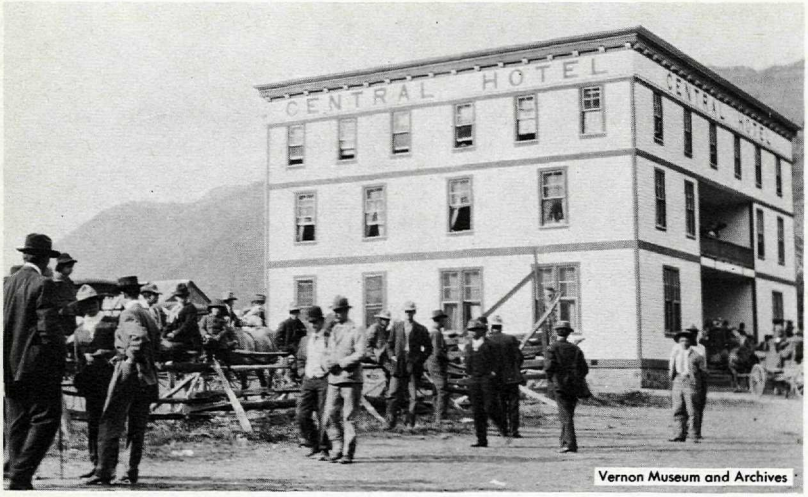
This building, modern for the early 1900s, contained: 32 rooms, a bar, a dining room, a kitchen, and a billiard room. The Central Hotel was kept running by: the barkeepers, Dave Kruger, Harry Tweddle, and Johnny Hemmel; the waitresses—Jessie Phelps and Mrs. Rogers; Mrs. Howel, who served as a chambermaid; and Mr. Howel, managing desk clerk, and part-time bar attendant; and several Chinese cooks—the most popular being Ho Chew—a small man with long black pigtails and a little black cap.

Chinese New Year was a time even the youngest member of the family looked forward to. For this was the time of the year Ho Chew threw a big party for everyone in the community. A large tripod was set out in front of the livery stable across from the hotel and a grand display of Oriental fireworks lit the clear night sky. Afterwards everyone turned toward Richter Hall for songs and gay dancing—the ladies each proudly carrying a new silk handerchief—a small personal present from their host.

Prices were quite a bit cheaper than those of today. A good hearty dinner cost 50c, with bed and breakfast $1.50—a reasonable price—considering eggs were 40c per dozen. A drink of hard, raw, whiskey at the bar was 25c (whereas a glass of beer cost only 5c); a bottle of rye was just one dollar. In the stable, managed by Joe Burnell, rates for one horse overnight was 25c, and for four teams $2.

There was quite a difference in wages: the cook received only $30 a

[1] High School student, Keremeos, B.C.



Vernon Museum and Archives

month, plus his room and board. Many cowhands received less although top hands received a little more.

Searching through the register book I found many familiar names of families still living around this vicinity: Allison, Terbasket, Prince, Smitheram, Richter, Parsons, McCurdy, Shurson, Gillanders, Manery and countless others. Some wandering cowboys were listed several times, each time with a different address. One of these was a Mr. Raincock. Some were the steady customers like Rev. A. H. Cameron, the district minister, and Dr. McEwen, the district doctor from Hedley. Then too were the jokers —scrawled in the bottom corner of a register of 1917 was "G. E. Willis, Hans Richter, etc. San Quentin, California".

Since the men seemed to dominate the first floor in the area of the bar and billiard room, a special "Ladies Parlour" on the second floor leading onto the balcony, complete with piano, was arranged for the ladies entertainment. In 1917 during World War I the hotel was closed down because liquor trade across the bar was no longer legal.

The West Kootenay Power Lines Company took over in 1919 and used the hotel as a bunkhouse for its crew.

The early 1920s found a swarm of female tomato pickers called "farmerettes" taking over. About 150 women worked the soil, planted, hoed, and picked the fruit from the plants for the Armstrong and Dominion Canneries.

After the War, the hotel completely owned by Mr. Tweddle since Reith sold out his interest in 1910, was changed into a bunkhouse for the cowhands of his large ranch.

Following Tweddle's death, the building was abandoned before it was bought by the Hedley Masonic Lodge with the intention of using it for a hall. After they bought it they decided they didn't want it so once again the "Old Central Hotel" was abandoned. Later it was sold to a gentleman from Victoria—Mr. Hass the present owner.

Alone again, the warped wooden relic is merely a page of the past.

# OBITUARIES

**Edited by Harold Cochrane and Primrose Upton**

Mona Lillian Agnes Bent

Mona Bent of Mayer Road died at her home March 21st, $969.

Miss Bent, 70, was a longtime resident of Kelowna, moving here from Winnipeg shortly after the First World War. She worked as a nurse in the Kelowna General Hospital for several years before going to work in a greenhouse where the Kelowna Secondary School offices now stand.

She later owned and operated a flower shop before moving to her small acreage on Mayer Road about two years ago.

Joseph Albert Berard

Mr. Joseph Berard of Kelowna died on November 22nd, 1968. He came to the Okanagan in 1888.

Edith Margaret Bond

Edith Margaret Bond died in her 84th year, 2nd September, 1969, after a lengthy illness.

Born in Yorkshire, England, in 1886, the former Miss Thompson immigrated to Canada and settled with her parents at Okanagan Mission in 1904 She met C. H. Bond, whom she married in 1909, taking up residence on the Rutland Bench, east of the present Rutland High School complex, where they were engaged in fruit growing and mixed farming for nearly four decades.

Bertram Chichester

A long-time Belgo district resident, active in various Kelowna and district organizations for many years, died 12 May, 1969.

Bertram Chichester, 70, who during the years was active in the Catholic Church, the Knights of Columbus, the Central Okanagan Naturalists, Club and various outdoor associations such as the fish and game club, died Monday about 10 p.m.

Mr. Chichester was an orchardist in the Belgo area until his retirement a few years ago.

Born in England, he came to the Okanagan as a child with his parents. Bertram Chichester was a second or third cousin of Sir Francis Chichester, Gypsy Moth skipper, with whom he had been in close contact during the past few years.

Henry Chaldecott Dalziel

Mr. Henry Dalziel died in Victoria on February 21, $969. He was born in Suffolk, England and had resided in Okanagan and Mill Bay, B. C. before moving to Victoria in 1959.

He served in World War One with the Strathcona Horse Regiment.

Florence May Day

Mrs. Day aged 81 years, widow of the late Norman Day an old time resident of the Kelowna district died in Vancouver February 16, 1969.

Petronella DeHart

Mrs. Petronella DeHart, 92, wife of third mayor of Kelowna F. R. E. DeHart died in Kelowna General Hospital Feb. 11, 1969.

Mrs. DeHart, came to Kelowna as a young woman with her husband in 1904, where she lived until her death.

She was born in Oshawa, Ont.

Henri R. Demontreuil

Henri DeMontreuil passed away in Kelowna on February 4th, 1969 at the age of 74 years.

Gertrude Louise Detjen

Gertrude Detjen—nee Brent—a long time resident of Okanagan Falls died in Penticton on December 3, 1968 at the age of 79. Mrs. Detjen, daughter of Frederick Brent was born near Kelowna where her pioneer father built and operated the first grist mill in southern Okanagan (The Brent Story. OHS 30th Report pp129-134).

Hazel Dickson

Hazel Dickson, wife of E. C. (Ted) Dickson, formerly of Vernon late of Oliver died on November 27, 1968.

Mrs. Dickson was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Jacques, early pioneers of this area and founders of the jewelry business bearing their name.

She was born and educated in Vernon and lived most of her adult life in this city.

In 1921 she married Edward C. Dickson, son of the late Peter Dickson, also a pioneer of Vernon.

Mabel Donaldson

Vernon lost one of its first pioneers, Miss Donaldson of Okanagan Landing in September 25, 1968 at the age of 84. She had been a resident of this district for 77 years.

Born in Sprague, Wash. in 1884, of pioneer settlers of English and Scottish origin, Miss Donaldson came with her father, the late John A. Donaldson, and other members of her family, by stage coach via Portland, Oregon, to Penticton.

There, they boarded the first steamer on Okanagan Lake, owned and operated by Capt. T. D. Shorts, for Kelowna, thence overland to Vernon, in 1890.

The family settled on a large tract of farm Crown land on Okanagan Lake, 1½ miles south of where Okanagan Landing later developed, when the CPR extended its Vernon line to the lake.

George Devereux Fitz-Gerald

Mr. George Fitz-Gerald, 67, died Monday, Feb. 17, 1969.

Mr. Fitz-Gerald was born in Grenfell, Sask. in 1901 and moved to East Kelowna in 1906, where he resided since. He attended Chesterfield School in Kelowna, then went into the fruit growing business with his father.

William James Gillespie

William Gillespie the last of the Southern Okanagan freighters died on March 29, 1969 in Chilliwack.

Willie, as he was known to his contempories and 'Tenas Man' to Tom Ellis, was born in Merlin, Ontario on June 12, 1885. Willie, first working for his father Dugald, began wheeling four and six horse rigs to the Nickel Plate mine and to the Daly Reduction concentrator at Hedley around the turn of the century. When freighting ended about 1910 the Gillespies left the Okanagan. (See Okanagan Historical Society Report No. 31, for 1967, pages 48-52).

Mrs. S. M. Gore

Mrs. S. M. Gore died on March 30, 1969 in Kelowna.

Born in England in 1880, Mrs. Gore came to Canada in 1898, settling briefly in Qu'Appelle Valley, Saskatchewan (then known as Northwest Territories), before coming to Kelowna in 1907. She married Stanley Gore, who she first met in England, in 1902. The couple established the Kelowna Steam Laundry, the city's first such business, in 1911, which the family continued to operate until 1946.

Eric Arthur Henderson

Eric Arthur Henderson passed away in Victoria, B. C. on 2nd January 1969 at the age of 71.

He was the oldest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Henderson and was born in Vernon, B. C. where his father was, for 30 years, Manager of the Bank of Montreal. Eric also spent all his working life with the same Bank and retired from the Main Branch, Victoria, a few years ago.

He served with distinction in both World Wars. He was with the 7th Battalion, C. E. F. in the First World War and waswoundedin France. In 1938 he became commanding officer of the First Battalion, Canadian Scottish, and early in the Second World War went overseas with the Regiment but after 18 months in England was considered too old for action. He returned to Victoria and enlisted in the merchant marine service as a wireless operator and served in the Pacific with various ships.

He loved to write articles about the Canadian Scottish and he wrote merry jingles and verses which were read at meetings of the Victoria and Island branch, Canadian Authors' Association.

William Gordon Holmes

William Gordon Holmes passed away on February 12, 1969 in his 85th year in Kelowna.

J. H. Horn

A man who rose from the ranks of the unemployed to city alderman; from private soldier to lieutenant-colonel; from common man to one of Kelowna's most prominent citizens died on June 9th 1969 at the age of 75.

Lt.-Col J. H. (Jack) Horn is dead, but behind him stretches a career which included two world wars, a decade of service as a city alderman, railway official and hotel operator.

Born in Tilbury, Ont., in 1893, Col. Horn moved at an early age to Orillia where he received his formal education. He graduated and was employed in the Trader's Bank when ill health forced him to move west.

For three days in Edmonton Jack Horn was broke and jobless and hungry, until he heard of a vacancy in the freight offices. He got the job and launched a railroad career that extended over many years.

At the outbreak of the First World War, Col. Horn enlisted as a private in the Loyal Edmonton Regiment then transferred to the 43rd Cameron Highlanders, where he received his first commission. He was wounded and discharged from active service with the rank of captain.

Calhoun Lee Jackson

Calhoun Lee (Dixie) Jackson, soldier of fortune, Klondike pioneer and kin of generals Robert E. Lee and Andrew Jackson, died at his Okanagan Mission home April 16, 1969. five months short of his 100th birthday.

Known to many in the Kelowna area as "Dixie", Mr. Jackson's colorful lifespan stretched almost a century back to a farm in Virginia where he was born in 1869. Raised by a Negro slave until early manhood, Mr. Jackson's adventuresome spirit soon sought out the action areas of the world, and he was believed to have been the only known survivor of the Boxer Expedition to China in 1890. He learned to speak the language fluently, and later added Spanish to his bilingual repertoire.

During the First World War, Mr. Jackson is believed to have been with the British Imperial Army, where he served as a chef.

Back on North American soil after the war, Mr. Jackson's keen curiosity for challenge and change soon swept him North to the Klondike gold rush. He got his first sight of Kelowna in 1928, where he cooked for various logging camps and later exercised his culinary talents as a tow-boat crew member. Apart from his proficiency as a chef Mr. Jackson was also adept at fortune-telling.

John Bastion Lander

J. B. (Babe) Lander 70, known across Canada as Mr. Apple Ambassador Extraordinary, died 28 November 1968 in Kelowna.

Apart from his capacity as general sales manager, he held a number of posts in Canadian Horticulture Council circles, chief of which was chairman of the apple committee.

He also received international recognition, serving as president of the International Association.

John Luthy

With the death of John Luthy, Oliver lost a long-time resident and community worker.

Mr. Luthy was born in Switzerland and came to Canada settling in Manitoba 45 years ago, and to Oliver in 1936 where he operated the Oliver Dairy. He later became a fruit grower retiring in 1966.

Thomas MacDougall

Thomas MacDougall of Westbank passed away on February 21, 1969 at the age of 67 years.

Enoch Mugford

Mr. Enoch Mugford an old time resident of the Rutland district died on August 22, 1969.

Karl Nahm

Karl Nahm, 69, a resident of Kelowna for 41 years, died in Kelowna 29 November, 1968.

Stone steps surrounded by shrubbery, a curved stone wall, a garden sundial. Many Kelowna gardens are ornamented by these things. Almost without exception they are the creation of Karl Nahm, an artisan in stone and a landscape gardener who worked in Kelowna since the 1920s. He received his professional training in his native Germany. This included several years of working under the noted German landscape architect Wiepking. He also worked and travelled extensively in Italy.

He came to Kelowna alone in 1927 and camped out his first night at Poplar Point. There was one home there then and little did he realize he would be landscaping many of the homes that would hang on the hillsides 40 years later.

John Henry Nelson

John H. Nelson of Kelowna died on December 31st, 1968, at the age of 68 years.

Walter John Oliver

Mr. Oliver, a resident of Vernon for 48 years, died on November 26, 1968.

A. Leone Patterson

Mrs. Patterson of 455 Buckland Avenue died on February 13, 1969.

Cecil Ambrose Phillips

Cecil A. Phillips aged 67 years died in Vernon on 29 September, 1969.

Herbert Porter

Mr. Herbert Porter died December 4, 1968 in Kelowna, B. C.

Mr. Porter, who was 84 was a former employee of Occidental Fruit company and a resident of East Kelowna since 1917.

He was born in Layton, England in 1884 and came out to Canada in 1913, first working on road construction between Kelowna and Wood Lake. He was joined by his wife and two sons a year later.

They then moved to East Kelowna. Mr. Porter worked for Kelowna Land and Orchard Company and later went into carpentry in the district working in the Occidental packing house in the fall.

He helped build the First East Kelowna Community Hall and St. Mary's Anglican Church besides what is now the main part of the KLO General Store.

In the 1940 he began work with Keloko Orchards, plying the carpentry trade, until his retirement two years ago.

Ruby Evelyn Noreen Raymer

Miss Ruby Evelyn Noreen Raymer, daughter of H. W. Raymer, the first mayor of Kelowna, died December 14, 1969. Her father was an early pioneer of the Valley.

Miss Raymer was born in Kelowna and received her education here. After graduating from high school, she took her normal school teachers' training in Vancouver and taught school for a short time in the Columbia Valley and in the Cariboo, before returning to Kelowna to reside with her mother at Lilliwappe, an orchard property on the west side lake front.

Mrs. Raymer died in 1952 and Miss Raymer took over management of the orchard. She always found time to cultivate her garden and grow the beautiful flowers she loved so much.

Adolph Theodor Roth

Adolph Roth, president of Roth's Dairy and three times exalted ruler of the BPOE died in Kelowna 17 June, 1969.

Born in Camrose, Alta., in 1908, Mr. Roth came to Kelowna in 1921 and married one year later.

His dairy career started as a horse and buggy delivery man and bottle washer with Cameron Dairy.

He stayed with Camerons until 1939 when he joined Kelowna Creamery. Mr. Roth was a distributor for them until 1950 when he joined NOCA Dairy.

He was with NOCA until his death, operating under the company name of Roth's Dairy.

Some of his 13 employees were with Mr. Roth for more than 20 years.

He first became an Elk in 1953 and by 1957 had become exalted ruler, an office he was to hold two more times, in 1958 and 1967.

He was district deputy grand exalted ruler in 1961 and vice-president of the B. C. Elk Association.

Elk spokesmen said that in his 16 years with the association he held almost every office possible.

Jessie Sismey

Mrs. Eric D. Sismey died on April 8, 1969 in Penticton after a lengthy-illness. Jessie Sismey was born in New Denver and came to Penticton in 1913.

Jessie Grove Tailyour

Jessie G. Tailyour, aged 86, widow of the late Mayor Kenny Campbell Tailyour M. C. died at her home in Trepanier on March 5, 1969.

Ellen Carrie Willits

Ellen Willits 85, died March 1, 1969.

Mrs. Willits, one of Kelowna's pioneers was born in Red Wing, Ont., in 1883, one of seven children. She moved to Kelowna with her family in 1893. Her father E. R. Bailey was made postmaster shortly after.

Mrs. Willits married P. B. Willits in 1905. Mr. Willits was mayor of Kelowna in 1906 and the founder of Willits-Taylor Drugs.

Mark Russell Woods

Mark Woods of Enderby died at the age of 67 March 1st, 1969.

# Reports of the Annual Meeting of the Okanagan Historical Society

## May 4th, 1969, Kelowna, B.C., and subsequent historical outing

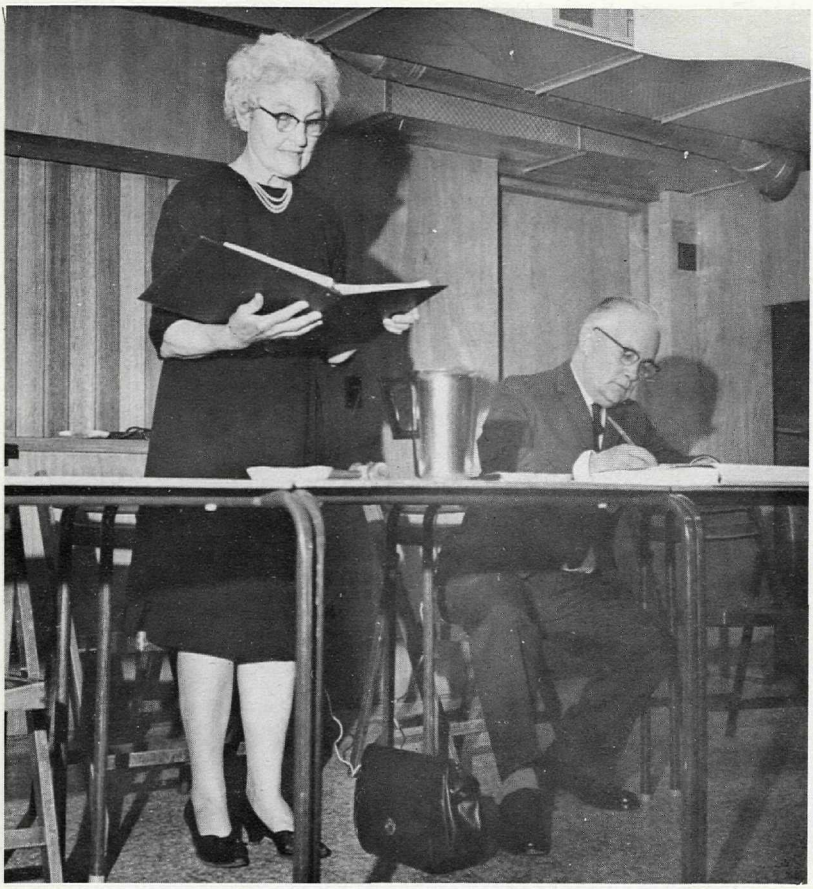
FROM THE MINUTES
PRESIDENT'S REPORT . . . . . K. S. DEWDNEY
SECRETARY'S REPORT . . . . . R. F. GALE
EDITOR'S REPORT . . . . . MAJOR H. PORTEOUS
TREASURER'S REPORT . . . . . H. COCHRANE

BRANCH REPORTS:
VERNON . . . . . H. E. COCHRANE
KELOWNA . . . . . F. G. DeHART
PENTICTON . . . . . K. S. DEWDNEY
OLIVER-OSOYOOS . . . . . MAJOR H. PORTEOUS
SIMILKAMEEN . . . . . M. WALTERS

FATHER PANDOSY COMMITTEE . . . . . W. T. J. BULMAN
M. A. GREENING
ESSAY CONTEST . . . . . G. E. HERBERT
ANNUAL BANQUET . . . . . P. UPTON
GRANITE CREEK TRIP . . . . . E. D. SISMEY
NOTICE OF ANNUAL MEETING

* * * * *

ANOTHER PAGE OF THE DEWDNEY
HISTORY . . . . . S. HENDRY



*President Mrs. W. R. Dewdney and secretary R. F. Gale, Kelowna, B.C. 4 May 1969.*

Photo by Eric D. Sismey

# FROM THE MINUTES

The Annual meeting of the Okanagan Historical Society was held in St. Joseph's Hall, Kelowna on May 4th, 1969 with about 50 people present for the business meeting.

President Mrs. W. R. Dewdney welcomed those in attendance and called for two minutes of silence for executive members of the Society who had died during the past year.

It was reported that markers will be put on the Fur Brigade Trail at several points where the trail is still clear. These markers will be cemented in, in the hope that vandalism will not occur.

J. V. H. Wilson of Naramata will head a committee consisting of Mrs. W. R. Dewdney, W. T. Bulman (since deceased) and Mrs. T. B. Upton to look into possible assistance from the B.C. Cultural Fund, to aid in various projects being undertaken by the Historical Society.

Walter Oliver, a charter member of the OHS had died recently. There are now but three of the charter members living, Guy Bagnall of Vernon, G. D. Herbert of Kelowna, and H. Galbraith of Vernon.

Life memberships in the Okanagan Historical Society were presented to Major Hugh Porteous of Oliver, and G. D. Cameron of Kelowna for the outstanding work they have done for the Society for many years.

## PRESIDENT'S REPORT

The Okanagan Historical Society has just completed another successful year. Two Executive meetings were held when considerable business was dealt with. Of major importance was the publication of the Annual Report in December 1968.

Great credit is due the Editorial Committees of the Branches who supplied articles and photographs from their districts, for without this assistance it would not be possible to publish the Annual Report. My sincere thanks are extended to the Editorial Committees for their contributions and to the Editor for compiling them.

Another historical book the Society republished and copyrighted during the past year was, "Father Pat, a Hero of the Far West", by Mrs. Jerome Mercier. This book which was first published in 1909, is the biography of the Rev. Henry Irwin, an itinerant Anglican missionary, affectionately known as "Father Pat". He travelled on horseback and on foot and ministered to every mining camp and scattered settlement across southern British Columbia from 1885 to 1901. The text of this reprinted book is the same as that written by the author, but pictures of places and people associated with Father Pat have been inserted to add interest to the story.

The Okanagan Historical Society is now in control of the Fairview Park Project. Your President received a communication from the Oliver & District Chamber of Commerce which stated that they had turned over all their interests and property to the Okanagan Historical Society.

Mrs. Gordon Herbert, Essay Secretary, again conducted the Essay Contest in her usual gracious and efficient manner. It has been her aim to get the students interested in the history of the Okanagan and Similkameen, to do original research and to record what they have learned. My sincere thanks to Mrs. Herbert.

The Annual Okanagan-Boundary Historical Field Day was held at Christina Lake in the Boundary on June 16, 1968, when members of the Boundary Historical Society were our genial hosts. On a perfect summer day with sunshine and wild flowers in bloom, an enjoyable time was had by all. This event was well described in the 1968 Report of the O.H.S. by Eric Sismey.

We are fortunate in having talented speakers, writers and photographers in our Society.

I attended two meetings of the Pandosy Committee of the Okanagan Historical Society. On June 30th several of us from Penticton watched the arrival at the Mission of four students from Immaculata High in Kelowna who had re-enacted the historic trek of Father Pandosy to the Mission in 1859.

Some members of the Okanagan Historical Society had the pleasure of attending the Annual meeting and dinner of the Boundary Historical Society which was held in Greenwood on October 25, 1968.

Several members of the Penticton Branch enjoyed the Annual meeting and dinner of the Kelowna Branch. Guest speaker, Victor Wilson, showed excellent slides accompanied by a vivid commentary entitled, "Do You Know The Okanagan?". He gave a year-round glimpse of the Okanagan Valley showing in colour the natural beauty of each season, also some historic scenes of pioneer days. He warned us of the damage that could result from the pollution of our lakes, rivers and streams.

I am pleased to report that a signal honour was paid Mr. Victor Wilson when the library in Kaleden was named after him. The plaque in the Kaleden school library reads: "The Victor Wilson Community Library. In appreciation of eight years devoted to our children. June 1968".

During the past year we were saddened by the deaths of several former officers of the Society including: The Rev. John Goodfellow, an Editor; Captain J. B. Weeks of Penticton, a President; Mr. Nigel Pooley of Kelowna, a Vice-President; and Mrs. C. G. Bennett of Penticton, a Secretary. They will be sadly missed by all, and sincere sympathy is extended to their families. I attended most of the funerals.

Throughout the year, the work accomplished, the activities undertaken and the friendships made, have been enjoyable and rewarding to me. I sincerely thank the Executive and members of the Society for their loyalty and co-operation.

Respectfully submitted, Kathleen S. Dewdney, President.

## SECRETARY'S REPORT

Madam President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

This report is brief, however there are a few things I would like to mention. Executive members travelled to Kelowna twice for Executive Council meetings, and although no new projects have been started, projects now underway are progressing favourably. Correspondence has not been heavy during the past year, it being mainly between branches.

The Father Pat book has been published and copyrighted. It is now on sale by the Secretary and each Branch of the Historical Society.

On June 16, 1968 members of our Society journeyed to Christina Lake

to join the Boundary Historical Society for the Annual Field Day and Picnic. The weather was excellent and we all enjoyed the outing.

On October 25, 1968 members of our Society travelled to Greenwood to attend a Testimonial Dinner hosted by the Boundary Historical Society honouring our President, Kathleen Dewdney. This was a most enjoyable affair and all members who attended were delighted with the hospitality shown us.

The past year has been most challenging and I wish to thank all the members for their friendly co-operation.

Respectfully submitted, R. F. Gale, Secretary.

## EDITOR'S REPORT

Major Hugh Porteous in reporting on the 1968 Annual Report thanked all contributors for their efforts in keeping up the long standing excellence of the Report. He said that during his time as editor it had been his policy to endeavour to have all areas covered in each issue of the Report, and commended each Branch for the efforts made in this regard. Some articles sent in were not included; not because they were unworthy but solely to allow room for as nearly as possible total coverage. They are kept on file and are available for future use. Major Porteous concluded by saying that he felt it was time he retired and asked the meeting to accept his resignation. He said in accepting the post eight years ago he considered it a challenge, and had enjoyed it all; in particular meeting old friends and making new ones. He assured the meeting that he would remain an active member of the Society.

In moving the adoption of this report Victor Wilson paid tribute to Major Porteous for the years of outstanding service given by him in maintaining the high standard of the Annual Report and that we accept his resignation with regret.

## TREASURER'S REPORT

### STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES FOR YEAR ENDING APRIL 15, 1969

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| RECEIPTS: | | |
| Sale of Memberships & Reports: | | |
| Armstrong | $ 81.00 | |
| Vernon | 971.58 | |
| Kelowna | 864.00 | |
| Penticton | 443.50 | |
| Oliver-Osoyoos (includes one Father Pat") | 152.68 | |
| Similkameen | 65.50 | |
| Interest on Savings Account, Bank of Montreal, Osoyoos | 16.60 | $2,594.86 |
| EXPENDITURES: | | |
| Essay Prizes | $ 15.00 | |
| The Vernon News-printing of 32nd Report | 2,139.47 | |
| The Vernon News-"Father Pat" Reprint | 676.60 | |
| Boyle & Co., Penticton-registration fee, Ottawa, re copyright of book "Father Pat" | 45.00 | |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Printing names on Life Member Certificates and Past President's Certificate | 3.00 | |
| Postage & Express | 79.00 | |
| Floral Tributes-Walter Oliver, Charter Member, and Rev. J. C. Goodfellow | 13.13 | |
| Bank Service Charges | 5.60 | |
| Kelowna Printing Co.-postcards | 23.05 | |
| Secretary-stamps & stationery | 15.00 | 3,014.85 |
| Excess of Expenditures over Receipts | | $ 419.99 |
| BANK BALANCES: | | |
| Total Funds on deposit April 30, 1968 | | $1,636.30 |
| Less expenditures over receipts | | |
| Net Balance | | $1,216.31 |

(Bank of Montreal,

| | |
|---|---|
| Vernon | $131.99 |
| Kelowna | 278.99 |
| Penticton | 205.34 |
| Osoyoos | 599.99 |
| | $1,216.31 |

(Mrs.) H. Cochrane, treasurer. Mrs. Cochrane thanked all who had helped throughout the year and moved the adoption of these reports.

## BRANCH REPORTS

### VERNON BRANCH

Ladies and Gentlemen: I held only one Executive meeting. I just have not had the time to put in on historical work this year. I did send out almost 200 letters to advise members that the Thirty-second Annual Report was ready and also to let them know the "Father Pat" book was on the market and well worth reading.

This Spring I took about 25 pictures of old houses in Vernon. I showed these at our Executive Meeting and got some information as to when they were built and for whom. I have more to take yet and hope to get the story on them. So many of the pioneer homes are being torn down and we would like a record of them.

I hope next year that I will have more time for historical affairs.

Respectfully submitted,
Harold Cochrane, President

### KELOWNA BRANCH

Again we held our Annual Meeting and dinner in St. Joseph's Hall, Kelowna on April 7, 1969, which was Easter Monday and I am sorry to say, proved to be an unfortunate choice of days on which to hold an affair of this kind. Our attendance was down from 157 last year to 115 this year, so we suffered financially and I regret to say, so also did the good ladies of the Catholic Women's League who had catered for 150. However, being the good sports that they are, they split the difference with us and we both came out about even.

Our guest speaker was Victor Wilson of Penticton who really took us all to task for the way we are polluting our lakes, rivers and creeks and

neglecting our history and historical sites. The topic of Mr. Wilson's lecture was, "Do You Know the Okanagan?" or "This was the Okanagan", and he showed a fine collection of coloured slides to prove his points most dramatically, as only Victor can. I am sure we all got the message.

The second printing of 'Ogopogo's Vigil' is selling well, having realized approximately $750.00 to date, and it is anticipated that sales will pick up as the tourist season advances.

Before the annual Okanagan Historical Society Report came off the press, we again sent out some 200 cards to local people who had purchased the Report previously. To date we have sold approximately 235 copies. We wish to thank the news media for their excellent co-operation. To Trenchs' Drug Store goes our special thanks. They have for many years sold memberships in the O.H.S. and tickets for our Annual Dinner.

I am sorry to report that we had only one entry in the Annual Essay Contest this year, although the same procedure was followed with regard to the distribution of rules, etc., as in other years.

Members of this Executive have done a great deal of work on the Father Pandosy Mission. The Co-chairman will be giving a report on this Committee. The re-enactment of the arrival of Father Pandosy's party at what later became Okanagan Mission, staged last June by four stout lads from Immaculata High—Len Bedford, Tim Shertal, Tom Weisbeck and Alan Cameron turned out to be a most successful happening, with over 200 people gathered on the site to watch them arrive.

I don't feel that I can end this report without mentioning the great loss this Society has felt in the passing of one of our most vital and faithful members, Mr. Nigel Pooley.

To the Executive of the Kelowna Branch of the O.H.S. go my thanks for their hearty co-operation during the past year.

Respectfully submitted
F. G. DeHart, President

PENTICTON BRANCH

The Penticton Branch enjoyed an active and successful year with a membership of 179.

Meetings included three General and seven Executive, all of which were well attended. We had representatives at all Executive Council meetings of the Parent Society, at meetings of the Pandosy Committee, of the O.H.S., and at meetings of the Penticton & District Community Arts Council.

The Annual General meeting and dinner was held in the Royal Canadian Legion Hall on March 27, 1969 with about 200 members and guests in attendance. The business session was brief to allow more time for the programme which is recorded elsewhere in this Report.

Response to the Historical Essay Contest was gratifying and prizes and certificates were presented to the winners. Thanks are extended to the teachers at McNicoll and Penticton Secondary Schools who so ably encouraged the students to write essays.

The Autumn General meeting was held in the auditorium at the Community Arts Centre on November 1, 1968 with 100 members and friends present. Guest speaker was Robert Broadland, Historic Sites Officer, Dept.

*Historians of the Penticton Branch, O.H.S. honoured on March 27, 1969: Back, from left: James Gawne, Rev. A. Miller, O. L. Estabrooks, N. L. Barlee, H. R. Hatfield, R. N. Atkinson, J. V. H. Wilson and E. D. Sismey. Front, from left: Mrs. Donald Orr, Mrs. Granville Morgan, Mrs. W. R. Dewdney, Mrs. H. C. Whitaker and Mrs. J. Gawne.*

Photo by Penticton Herald

*Award winners in the Historical Essay Contest, Penticton Branch, O.H.S., March 1969. Back, from left: Mrs. Irvine Moss, teacher at McNicoll Park School, Joan Lindeburg, Anne Douglas and Jacinta Winkelaar. Front: Andrea Dane, Sharon Daly, Susan Wigen and Coral Henders. Seated: Don Emery, top writer, and Mrs. W. R. Dewdney.*

Photo by Penticton Herald

of Recreation and Conservation, Victoria, B.C. His address, "Is Historic Interpretation Necessary?" pointed out the many ways of interpreting history and stressed that we should encourage young people to record what happens today, for tomorrow it will be history. He showed excellent slides of Fort Steele, Barkerville and historic sites in eastern Canada and the United States to illustrate his address.

The Winter General meeting was held in the auditorium at the Community Arts Centre on February 6, 1969 with a capacity audience. Programme for the evening was an excellent slide presentation with vivid commentary by Victor Wilson which portrayed the unlimited beauty of the Okanagan and some historic scenes from Vernon to the Boundary.

On behalf of the Branch the President presented Mr. Wilson with a carrying case for his projector in appreciation of his help during past years in planning projects and programmes and showing his own slides and movies.

On behalf of the Branch Victor Wilson presented Mrs. Dewdney with photographs taken by Eric Sismey. These photos recorded many happy events in her life in the Okanagan Historical Society and were to be put in the album which recorded events of her life in the Boundary.

During the past year the Editorial Committee worked diligently to collect pictures, and collect and edit articles for the Annual Report.

We again submitted a brief to the B.C. Centennial Cultural Fund Advisory Committee for a grant. In response to this application a grant was received for which we are most grateful.

Our members attended the salmon barbeque held in July on the Penticton Indian Reserve. We also attended the Spring and Autumn sales of Indian handicrafts and home baking held in the Community Hall on the Reserve.

We are helping to sell the books: "Father Pat, A Hero of the Far West"; Penticton Pioneers in Story and "Picture"; and the Annual Report of the Okanagan Historical Society.

Progress is being made with the City of Penticton in erecting a marker on the site of Penticton's first church, St. Saviour's Anglican, built by Mr. Thomas Ellis in 1892.

A new project we undertook during the past year and will continue in the future is, "Recording the Voices of Pioneers". In order to do this we bought a tape recorder which we have been using.

The past year has been enjoyable and rewarding and my sincere thanks are extended to the Executive and members of the Penticton Branch for their kindly co-operation.

Respectfully submitted, Kathleen S. Dewdney, President

OLIVER-OSOYOOS BRANCH:

Major Hugh Porteous in reporting for the Oliver-Osoyoos Branch said he was pleased to say that the Branch was now fully re-activated. Following some spade work by an ad hoc committee set up early in 1968 and through the energetic work of Mrs. Pam Field a general meeting was held early in the year which was attended by Victor Wilson who showed slides of his trip with his family to Expo. Officers were elected with Major Porteous as acting president and Mrs. Field as secretary. This meeting was held in Osoyoos. In

the Fall a general meeting was held in Oliver which was well attended by members from both the communities.

At the annual meeting in April of 1969, Mr. Don Corbishley, a long-time resident of the South Okanagan, was elected president; Ed Lacey Jr. of Osoyoos, vice-president; Mrs. Pam Field, secretary, and directors; Mrs. Hugh Porteous, Mrs. Verne Simpson, Miss Dolly Waterman, and Carleton McNaughton.

Among projects discussed which were deemed to be within the competence of the Branch were: the repair of the old Fairview jail; research into the records and possible restoration of the old Fairview cemetry; a suitable memorial to the late Mrs. Katie Lacey, and a possible summertime trek along the old McKinney Road to Rock Creek.

Respectfully submitted
Major Hugh Porteous, President

SIMILKAMEEN BRANCH:

The Similkameen Historical Society held two regular meetings and five Executive meetings during the year.

In November we held our first meeting in the Indian Hall at Lower Similkameen to encourage our first citizens. Mr. Walters showed movies of rodeos as far back as 1954 in which a number of Indians took part.

Since the winter was very cold and long we postponed some arranged meetings, one to which the Old Age Pensioners were invited.

Due to the fact that so many of our museum pieces from the Indian Reserve are being taken from the country, one way and another, we met with the Indian Agent from Penticton and were assured we would be given help in any way possible.

The tape recording of life stories of pioneers has not been too successful as most of them are reluctant to give such interviews. However, we hope to pursue this further.

In March the President and Mr. Manery were invited to attend a Keremeos Village Council meeting to discuss the possibility of obtaining a building for a museum. Several possibilities were suggested, the most suitable one at this time being the Municipal Office if and when it is vacated.

The President and Secretary were advised to write to the B. C. Minister of Finance and the Hon. Frank Richter, to inquire about financial aid from the Centennial Museums Council but were informed that there were no funds available. On March 17, 1968, Mrs. A. McLachlan, vice-president and I attended an Executive meeting of the O.H.S. in Kelowna, still in pursuit of financial assistance. At this meeting we were advised to pursue the possibilities of joining the Museums Society, hoping this would pave the way for funds for such projects as we have in mind.

We sent in a bid of $50.00 in the hope of obtaining a very old church in Merritt of historical value to us as one of our senior citizens now residing in Keremeos, Mrs. Bertha Corkle, formerly of Merritt, once played a large part in the building and use of this church. However, the Stewards of the church decided they should leave it in the community of Merritt.

Our Executive has been working very closely with the Parent Teachers Association and the school staff in creating an interest in historical essays. At the Kelowna meeting we were told that some of the best essays came from our Keremeos-Cawston students. The 1968 booklet of essays

proved to be very popular and the students plan to print another booklet this year. Requests were received for booklets from both Federal and Provincial levels, also from the Special Collection Museums department of the University of B. C.

Our membership has increased; therefore we hope to complete our restoration of the Indian Pictographs and also have the Hudson Bay Cairn erected in Cawston.

On Saturday, March 29, 1969, we held our Annual meeting in the Canadian Legion Hall. We had a large turnout of members and visitors from Princeton and Hedley. A minute of silence was observed in honour of the late Rev. Dr. Goodfellow, pioneer citizen of the Similkameen. Alfred Thomas of Princeton gave an interesting talk on the aims and philosophy of Dr. Goodfellow.

Prizes were awarded the essay contest winners as follows: First, Tom Leslie of Hedley for his essay on "Hedley"; second, Margaret Minshull of Keremeos for her essay entitled "My Pioneer Grandfather"; and third, Lorna Strong of Cawston who wrote on the "Old Similkameen School".

A delightful Indian dance and song, "The Medicine Man" was presented by the three children of Mr. & Mrs. Robert Dennis of Keremeos under the direction of Mrs. Yandle, their teacher. Refreshments were served.

Respectfully submitted
Mary Walters, President.

FATHER PANDOSY COMMITTEE REPORT:

Madam President, Ladies and Gentlemen: This report and the financial statement will only cover the eight months from May 1, 1968 to December 31, 1968. As the operation and public interest at the Mission fairly well follows the calendar year the Pandosy Committee decided to make our fiscal year the same as the calendar year. We have had five committee meetings and added another interested person, Stan Duggan, to the Committee. Mr. Duggan has been of considerable assistance. However, as I reported last year, the brunt of all the work and development at the Mission and the collection of early relics and implements has been done by co-chairman, Joe Marty. Without him we would not have progressed this far.

Through the efforts of Carl Briese and Victor Wilson the re-enacting of the Pandosy Trek of 1859 was successfully completed. Four students from the Immaculate High School at Kelowna dressed in suitable garb and with packs left at a point south of Penticton on a two-day hike via the east side of Okanagan Lake, stopping at the church on the Indian Reservation at Penticton and finishing at the Pandosy Mission on Sunday afternoon, June 30. This was well done and created public interest. It might be well to consider the usefulness of making this a yearly event.

On July 29, 1968 a sub-committee waited upon the Kelowna City Council at their regular meeting, presenting a brief on the present and future development of the Mission and then followed up with a request for financial assistance. We were well received by the Aldermen and were gratified to receive a donation of $500.00. This has been held in a separate trust account.

The interest of the general public in the Father Pandosy Mission is

most gratifying and without any advertising whatsoever we have recorded through the guest book 2,820 visitors, being almost double that of 1967. The collection box beside the guest book, unfortunately, did not follow the same trend producing only $220.00—fifty percent increase over last year. Other donations were: $100. from Father Pierre Richard General Assembly, and $45. from interested individuals.

We reported last year about our efforts to obtain assistance from the National Historic Site & Monuments Board of Canada. Unfortunately, through a change of the B. C. Director and the seeming misplacement of our supporting material sent to the Board through the B. C. Director, our request did not reach the proper channels. We are now starting over again with the new B. C. Director, James K. Nesbitt, of the Parliamentary Press Office, Victoria.

The development of the 'Ksan at Hazelton and the building of the Gitskan Indian Village with financial help from the B.C. Government and A. R. D. A. aroused our interest. However, through correspondence with R. A. Ahrens, Director of the Parks Branch, Department of Recreation and Conservation, Victoria, we were informed that we would not be eligible for aid from A. R. D. A. Aid was given through the Rural Development Leg. to assist and help to develop this backward rural area.

Mr. Marty has completed the new implement display shed. This will afford weather protection for many of our early implements. He has repaired and made operative many of the vintage implements and attached name plates showing names of donors. Also during his spare time he procured additional valuable relics for our collection. Mr. Marty is building a wishing well which, when completed will compliment the Mission and we hope will be a revenue producer. As an added attraction, Joe furnished the Father Pandosy Chapel, as nearly as we can ascertain, to its original form. The life-size model of Father Pandosy was made by Mrs. John Surtees. This was indeed an attractive and interesting display but unfortunately, it was damaged twice by vandals and the exhibit had to be partially dismantled before the end of the season.

It is imperative that we provide living quarters for a full-time caretaker as quickly as possible, and that we instal running water and proper sewage disposal facilities. This will help to protect us from vandalism and we can then display many of the valuable articles of early rural history. This will take top priority for next season. The development and restoration of the Pandosy Mission is proceeding very slowly at this point for the want of adequate funds in order to carry out the more ambitious sections of our plans. However, your Committee is not giving up; on the contrary—it is working quietly and diligently toward our goal of a unique and historical attraction.

Members of the Committee are: Joseph Marty & W. Bulman, Co-chairman; Mrs. Bennett (Margaret) Greening, Sec.-Treas.; Mrs. T. B. Upton; Mrs. W. R. Dewdney, Mr. Jack Bedford, representing the Bishop of Nelson; Mr. Paddy Cameron, Mr. Carl Briese; Stan Duggan, Fred Waterman.

Respectfully submitted
W. T. J. Bulman, Co-chairman

REPORT OF ESSAY CONTEST SECRETARY:

As in the past, the High Schools in the Okanagan Valley and the Similkameen have received a circular letter from me, outlining instructions and directives about the Essay Contest. Several copies of this circular have been sent to each Branch Secretary who, in turn, contacts the School Principals directly to enlist their interest in this project.

This year, the response has been below that in past years, there being only one essay each from Vernon and Kelowna areas. Three essays were submitted from Keremeos and three from Penticton. The Penticton trio represent a selection of the best from some 70 essays that were written there.

The judges for the final awards were: Donald Whitham, Mrs. Primrose Upton and Gladys E. Herbert. We ran into a little problem this year, in that we had awarded First Prize to a Keremeos Essay on "Hedley, B. C." This had to be disqualified because the writer was a Grade XI student, and the Rules state that only Grades VIII, IX and X are entered for competition. While this incident is to be regretted, the judges wish to respectfully request that this Essay on Hedley be printed in the 33rd (1969) Yearbook of the Okanagan Historical Society. I wish to thank Mr. Whitham for his careful research in adding to, and enriching some of the material set down in the Essays; and to Mrs. Upton for permitting her name to be used as a resource person where a teacher or student may seek advice on the selection of subject matter for these essays. Her work, along with that of Mrs. John (Sheila) Surtees, in visiting many classrooms in School District No. 23, with exhibits of fossils, animals, birds, Indians, roads, boats, etc., ought to bear much fruit in future years.

Thanks are due to G. D. Cameron who has provided the prize money for the winning contestants since I have been in office. His continuing interest and advice are always timely and are very much appreciated.

I find this work rewarding, when I see the work that some of our young students are turning in, but I wish we could arouse more interest in both teachers and students. I have promised to allow my name to stand for another year in this capacity, though I really thought I would resist the persuasive powers that seem to be exerted in this direction. The connections are very pleasant, and I am learning a great deal. A copy of the circular letter that went to School Principals is attached hereto.

First Prize Essay was by Don Emery on "Indian Road; second prize went to Donna Orge who wrote on "Twin Lakes Dude Ranch". Both essays are from Penticton.

Respectfully submitted.
Gladys E. Herbert, Essay Contestant Secretary

Adoption of this report MOVED by Mrs. Herbert, seconded by H. Cochrane. Carried.

**NEW BUSINESS:**

Moved by H. Cochrane, seconded by E. D. Sismey that a letter be written to Mr. Edgar Dewdney thanking him for his legal work in connection with copyrighting the Father Pat book. Carried.

Moved by D. Whitham, seconded by Rev. E. Fleming that the Oliver-Osoyoos Branch be authorized to make repairs to the old Goal and improve

the grounds around it. Carried.

Moved by Mrs. G. D. Herbert, seconded by H. Cochrane that the rules of the Essay Contest be revised to include Grades 11 and 12 along with Grades 8, 9 and 10. Carried.

On behalf of the O.H.S. Mrs. Dewdney congratulated Victor Wilson for the honour paid him by the people of Kaleden. A plaque has been installed in the Kaleden Elementary School Library naming it "The Victor Wilson Community Library" in appreciation of eight years devoted to our children. June 1968.

Mrs. Dewdney advised that the B. C. Historical Association Annual will be held in the Penticton Inn, Penticton, B.C. Thursday, May 22, Friday, May 23, and Saturday, May 24, 1969.

Annual Meeting-1970: The Oliver-Osoyoos Branch offered to hold the 1970 Annual Meeting in their area.

Moved by Rev. E. Fleming, seconded by Guy Bagnall that we accept their kind offer. Carried.

Moved by H. Porteous, seconded by V. Wilson that we leave it up to the Oliver-Osoyoos Branch as to whether the meeting should be held on Sunday or Monday. Carried.

Moved by H. Cochrane, seconded by E. B. Hunter that a committee be appointed to publish essays in booklet form. Carried.

Committee appointed: Mrs. G. Herbert as Chairman; E. D. Sismey, Mrs. W. R. Dewdney and Mrs. T. B. Upton.

Moved by Rev. E. Fleming, seconded by Mrs. A. E. Berry that the essay written by Tom Leslie be included in the 1969 Annual Report. Carried.

Cultural Fund: Moved by Mrs. T. B. Upton, seconded by V. Wilson that a brief be submitted by the O. H. S. applying to the B. C. Cultural Fund for financial assistance for projects in progress and for future projects. Carried.

Victor Wilson offered to head up this committee and asked Mrs. W. R. Dewdney and Mrs. T. B. Upton to serve on the committee with him.

# ANNUAL BANQUET, 1969

**By Primrose Upton**

The Annual Dinner of the OHS was held in Kelowna at St. Joseph's Hall on May 4th 1969 with about 90 people present for the delicious turkey dinner. Displayed on the walls were the excellent photographs of A. W. Gray and the interesting paintings by Oliver Jackson.

Grace was said by Rev. Everett Fleming. Following the meal President Mrs. W. R. Dewdney introduced head table guests, speaker, executive of the Society and Mayor R. F. Parkinson. Mayor Parkinson, himself son and grandson of pioneers of the Valley, welcomed the gathering on behalf of the City of Kelowna. He stated that we were extremely fortunate in having an organization whose interest and enthusiasm had recorded the history of the Valley so accurately.

Mrs. G. D. Herbert, Essay Secretary, presented the Shield and a cheque to Don Emery of Penticton Secondary School for his essay on "Indian Road." Special mention was made of the excellent essay of Tom Leslie of Keremeos.

The President thanked Mrs. Harold Cochrane for her wonderful work as Treasurer for many years. Her post still has to be filled. She also thanked Major Hugh Porteous, Editor. His post will be filled by Dr. D. A. Ross of Vernon.

The speaker, Dr. Gordon Elliott of Simon Fraser University was next introduced by the President. Dr. Elliott was born in Vancouver, educated in the Cariboo, Revelstoke and Vancouver. He went overseas with the R.C.A.F. and on his return attended the University of British Columbia. After obtaining his B. A. he took teacher training, and then his M. A. Following this he went to Harvard to begin work on his PhD, but left after two years to work for Dr. Margaret Ormsby doing research on B. C. History. He did literary research and editing for Dr. R. E. Watters, then compiling the B. C. Centennial Anthology. In the fall of 1957 he was asked to U.B.C. to teach English, stayed until 1965 when he joined the newly created English Department of Simon Fraser University.

Dr. Elliott's talk "British Columbia—Mountain Men" was most amusing and informative. He brought forth the idea that British Columbians appear differently to English, American and Canadian readers. He cleverly brought out points stressed by various authors in the early days, and authors writing about this Province right now. One author who caters to the city-bound American dreaming of far frontiers, scarcely mentions any form of civilization, or that the temperature in the northern part of the Province ever rises above zero. Another writer praises co-ops on every other page, and writes socialism into everything. He praised such writers as R. M. Patterson and R. Haig-Brown for their intelligent and philosophical books—he felt they loved this Province and presented it truthfully. The speaker felt that British Columbians are possibly a little different because of their mountain barrier—he thinks they do cherish the scenery, the fabulous natural resources, the climate, but we should struggle a little to escape the tentacles of complacency. People in B. C. are for the most part, proud of localism, friendly once they have accepted "outsiders", and full of individuality. The speaker was thanked by Victor Wilson of Naramata.

# FIELD DAY AT GRANITE CREEK, JUNE 1969

**By Eric D. Sismey**

It was Penticton's turn this year to arrange the eighth annual field day sponsored alternately by the Okanagan and Boundary Historical Societies. Ghost town Granite Creek in the Tulameen was chosen for the June 15th picnic and drive through the Tulameen and Otter valleys to Aspen Grove on Highway No. 5.

After 13 miles of up-and-down gravel road from Princeton, 56 cars and one 38 passenger bus were registered at Granite Creek check point. While heads were not tallied, about 250 enjoyed the goodies from picnic baskets in the shade of tall cottonwoods bordering the Tulameen River and Granite Creek.

Before driving through the churned up tailings, left by a gold dredge which is slowly rotting away, most cars circled the ruins of what was once Granite City. In the late 1880s and 90s it was the third largest community in British Columbia following New Westminster and Victoria. At that time, strung along its narrow streets, either muddy or dusty in season, were 13 saloons, calling themselves hotels, nine grocery stores, two jewellers, two blacksmiths, a drug store, a shoemaker and 56 cabins. Today all that remain of this once thriving community are the tumble-down ruins of half a dozen log shacks.

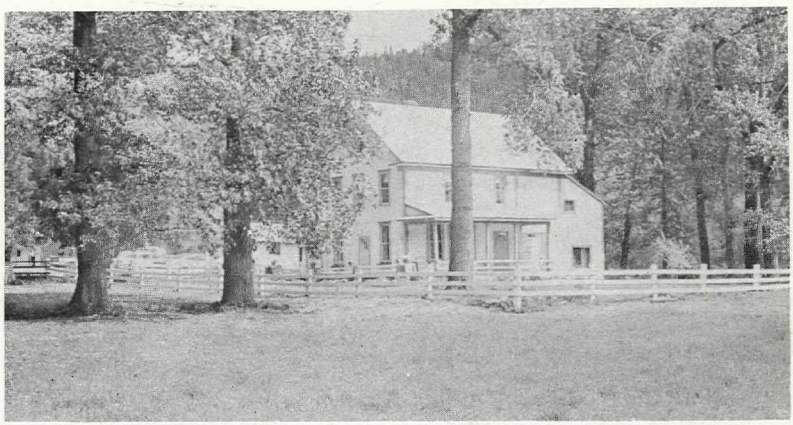
After the picnic lunch a Granite Creek pioneer was honoured by Mrs. W. R. Dewdney, President of the Okanagan Historical Society and Chairman of the Day. Spry, 94 year old, Mrs. Tom (Euphemia) Rabbitt, the Princeton 1958 Centennial Queen, was presented by Mrs. George Broderick, on behalf of the society, with a bouquet and an inscribed copy of the book "Father Pat—A Hero of the Far West" recently reissued by the Okanagan Historical Society. The book was particularly appropriate since Mrs. Rabbitt remembered Father Pat well and Mrs. Broderick who made the presentation is a family friend of many years.

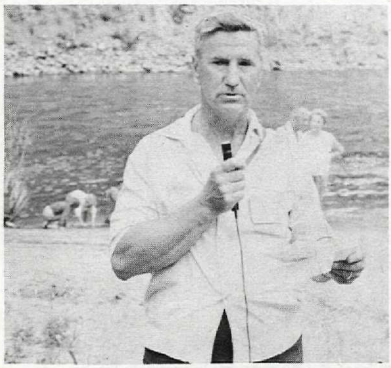
Mrs. Rabbitt was only 13 when her parents brought her from the Coast in 1888 over the Hudson's Bay Fur Brigade trail which ran from Hope to Kamloops by way of Tulameen. Mrs. Rabbitt now lives with a daughter Mrs. Len. Brewer near Tulameen.

Recognised, too, were historic leaders from Vernon, Kelowna, Oliver, Grand Forks, Greenwood, Cawston and Princeton. The Historical Society of Okanogan County, Washington, U.S.A. was represented by H. A. Sherling of Oroville and Judge Robert Murray of Okanogan, Washington.

Mrs. Dewdney introduced, guest speaker. Ed. Cook, a native son of Granite Creek. His father, F. P. Cook, was the pioneer storekeeper in Granite Creek in 1885. When the store, near the site of the present cairn, and most of the town burned on April 4, 1907, Mr. Cook rebuilt on a new site, remained in business until 1912 at which time the store was moved to Coalmont.

Ed. Cook described the discovery of gold as a lucky chance. For John Chance was the lucky man who picked the first small nugget from Granite Creek gravel. John, a member of a roving, prospecting party of cowboys was





*Granite Creek Field Day, 15 June 1969.*

*Upper:* E. Cook house on Thynne L. Ranch. *Middle left:* Mrs. G. Broderick, Sec. Penticton Branch O.H.S. and 94 year old Mrs. T. Rabbitt. *Right:* Ed Cook telling the Granite Creek story. *Bottom:* Mrs. and Mr. Thomas and President Dewdney with Mr. Thomas's painting of John Chance.

Photos by Eric D. Sismey

too lazy to do much work so he was appointed camp cook. One hot day, loafing beside the stream, dangling his feet in the cool water he noticed a sparkle in the gravel. It was a bean size nugget of gold. Looking closer he picked up another—and another, enough to fill his buckskin poke .That was July 5, 1885.

As soon as the news spread, 500 white men and as many Chinese from C.P.R. construction along the Fraser scrambled to stake 100 foot placer claims stretching from high water mark on one bank to high water mark on the opposite bank along several miles of the creek. Some claims where gold could be brushed up with the hand were very rich. In October 1885, a Chinaman found a nugget worth $85.00. In 1887 another nugget worth $900.00 was found and was exhibited, later, at the Wells Fargo bank in Victoria. It is not known how much gold was found—or rather was declared—at Granite Creek but a figure of around a million is usually accepted.

After the placers had been gleaned of their shallow wealth, large mining companys moved in to stake 300 foot claims. At creek mouth a dredge turned the flat lands upside down and along the creek hydraulic monitors washed down the high cut-banks of every rock and tree. The whole course of Granite Creek was changed; the original creek bed dried and was left as forlorn as the hollow shell of F. P. Cook's old store.

But nature is at work again to heal the ravished land. The surrounding hills once stripped bare of every growing stick are growing green again.

Mr. Cook described Granite Creek gold as being of high purity. Sometimes small bits of white quartz were attached to the golden flakes. It traded at $18.00 an ounce while Rock Creek gold only fetched $15.00. Chinese miners, Ed. Cook said, would send their Rock Creek gold to Granite City hoping for the higher price. But my father, and other gold buyers, could tell the difference at a glance.

The source of Granite Creek gold has never been found and probably never will. Some think the mother lode is somewhere in the hills; there are those who are still looking.

There is a story, Ed. Cook remarked, of two Granite Creek miners who went to heaven. After flitting around playing their harps things began to pall. One miner said to the other that he was going to start a rumour about gold in the hot place below. Soon the rumour spread and there was a rush from the miner's heaven until only these two remained. They enjoyed their little joke for some time but soon the second miner began to be uneasy; he began to pack. "Where are you going?" asked the first miner. "You know!", the other replied, "there just may be some truth in that rumour."

In the early days platinum was found along with the gold. It had no value then and was thrown aside. There is a story of a half-filled five gallon coal oil can of platinum left beside the trail but whether or not this is true is beside the point—the can has never been found.

Granite, in the late 1880s into the early 90s, was never a city for family living, Ed Cook declared. It was filled with miners looking for gold, drinking up the preceeds, living in cabins built cheek by jowl along streets so narrow that a loaded pack horse could hardly squeeze between. No electricity, no sewers, no water system and no refrigeration. Imagine, today, if you can, living under such conditions. At one time there were 2000 men and only two women, my mother and Mrs. Thomsson, wife of the other storekeeper. Oh! I

nearly forgot the girls who lived under the sign of the coloured lamp at the other end of town.

Transportation was always a problem. At first there was only a trail to Princeton. Freight came by wagon over the road from Spence's Bridge or by packhorse from Princeton. The road over which you have just come was built around the turn of the century. My father employed Nicola Indians to do our packing from Princeton; we never lost a shipment of supplies or of gold going to the outside.

This was Granite Creek in the late 1880s and early 1890s. No school, no taxes, no police force and an unfinished jail where the windows had never been installed. Its people rough, noisy and uncultured. Yet, withal, law abiding, honest to a degree and with a sense of justice and fair play which always seemed to exist on the Canadian frontier.

Among Ed's attentive listeners was Mrs. George Broderick, Secretary of the Penticton branch of the Historical Society. Among her late father's, George Batstone's possessions, one line in a tattered note book reads: "I came to Granite Creek in April of the year 1898". But that is another story.

Following Ed. Cook's fascinating talk, Chairman Dewdney introduced Donald Coombes, a Coalmont resort owner and placer miner who gave a demonstration of panning for gold. After filling his pan from the bed of the Tulameen river, discarding the gravel and washing away the sand there was left on the side of the pan a smear of "black sand" adorned with three or four large flakes of the yellow metal. Where they came from was anybody's guess. Prospectors are never questioned.

It is more than 30 miles from Coalmont, which has faded a bit since coal is no longer king, to Aspen Grove on Highway No. 5. It is more than an hour's drive over the gravel. This is as it should be since it allows time to enjoy the beauty of the Tulameen and Otter valleys. Ranches are large in this well-watered land and the solid houses, built before the cracker box era, are far apart.

The road the caravan followed is an old road. It does not stray far from the old freight road which straggled from Spence's Bridge through the Nicola to Granite Creek. Four horse stages once carried miners, speculators and the demimonde between the stops where horses were changed and passengers rested. Creaking freight wagons, some with trailers, carried to Granite City much of what the camp needed, and things it didn't, including grand pianos. And this was 20 years before there was anything but a pack trail from Granite City to Princeton.

As the road along Otter Creek rises to a summit near Aspen Grove the character of the land changes. The lush meadows, knee-deep in growing grass, becomes range land where white-face cattle grow fat on peavine and vetch. And this is snake fence country too.

There are open groves of Ponderosa Pine before the summit is reached. Unlike coast forests where trees quarrel for space these Western Yellow Pines respect each other, leaving room for sun and air between. Many more than two feet through near the butt reach more than 100 feet into the sky and many stand close to the road. I fear for these giants which many think are our most beautiful trees. There are loggers around who will cut them down and, afterwards, trees of this size and majesty will never be allowed to grow in the Otter Creek valley again.

More and more people are beginning to learn about this backroad valley. Summer cottages, usually quite well hidden from the road, are beginning to appear on the shores of lakes. Before long there will be more. To write that it is a pleasant drive between Coalmont and Aspen Grove is not enough. It represents the greater Interior plateau of British Columbia the way the first settlers saw it little more than a lifetime ago and which will not stay this way more than a lifetime longer.

After leaving Granite Creek the caravan, now reduced to the bus and 47 cars drove through the Tulameen and Otter valleys to stop at the Thynne Lake Ranch where, the present owners, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Cook had graciously invited everyone to tea.

Before going further I will digress to write something about the name "Thynne" which is also attached to a mountain, a lake and a creek in British Columbia.

"The Thynnes, an illustrious English family, began their recorded history in 1542 with William, Master of the Household of Henry VIII. It continues unbroken (Burke's Peerage) to Henry Frederick, 6th. Marquis of Bath, 13th Baron Thynne, presently living in the family mansion, Longleat, one of the really great show places in England.

"On June 28, 1859, the Reverend Lord John Thynne, D. D., Canon and Sub-Dean of Westminster Abbey married his son, the Reverend Arthur Christopher Thynne, Canon of Truro, Rector ot Kilkhampton, Cornwall, to Gwenllian Elizabeth Kendall. The ceremony was solemnized in Westminster Abbey.

John Granville, Jack to everybody far and wide, second son of Reverend Arthur Thynne, sailed from England to New York on board the White Star liner Baltic in March 1883. After many adventures in the midwestern United States and Eastern Canada which included everything from peddling brass polish to logging and riding the rods he homesteaded in Saskatchewan. Three years later the Reverend Lord Arthur Thynne visited his son's farm in Saskatchewan. He was on his way to British Columbia to examine the work of the Anglican Church. He travelled through the Nicola, Okanagan and Kootenay countries in the company of Father Pat, the Reverend Henry Irwin, who is known to have held service at Granite Creek. Before Lord Thynne returned to England in the fall he was offered the See of New Westminster, which he refused.

When the Reverend Thynne was in the Nicola he bought land which he gave to son, Jack, who sold his Saskatchewan homestead and before moving to the Nicola married Mary Elizabeth Linklater, daughter of the Hudson's Bay Company Factor at Fort Pelly, Saskatchewan in 1887.

In 1888, their only child, Mary Ethel Thynne was born on the Nicola ranch. Ethel, as she was later known from Spence's Bridge to Hedley, was the mother of Molly Broderick, Penticton Branch secretary. In 1890 the Jack Thynnes moved to Otter Valley where the land now known as the Thynne Lake Ranch was homesteaded and where the existing house was built which soon became the best known rest-house on the stage route to Granite Creek, a road which Jack Thynne was one of the leaders in petitioning the government to build and extend to Princeton.

Years later when Ethel became the wife of George Batstone, son-in-law George, became a full partner in the operation of the expanding ranch

and its facilities.

The ranch house, of course, has been modernized. Original logs have been sheeted with drop siding and the roof replaced. The wooden sink has been torn out and replaced with stainless steel and the pump beside the old sink by piped hot and cold water, and a flossy propane thing stands in the place of the old six hole wood burner.

Certain kitchen features reflect the older days. Large flour and sugar bins were quite necessary before the days of the corner store. Original wainscoting still adorns the living rooms and the Cooks have been careful to retain features of the excellent planning and gracious construction of an earlier day. This was the house where Jean Cook entertained about 200 guests to tea.

Her guests were astonished to find themselves entertained at a garden party which would have done credit to any Vancouver home. Tea and dainty cakes, home-made of course, was served on tables scattered over a spacious lawn, shaded by cottonwoods, grown huge since Jack Thynne planted them nearly 80 years before. Many guests were escorted to the upstairs room where Molly Broderick was born. It is a cheery, high-ceilinged, chintz decorated room that overlooks the long meadow.

Chairman Dewdney, at the microphone, expressed heartfelt thanks, not only for herself, but for every one in the party. Never, she exclaimed, has such gracious old time hospitality been extended to so many. Our field day, she continued, has been an outstanding success. And much of the credit, must be laid at the door of the Cooks.

When Molly Broderick accepted the microphone she told of the days when stage coaches stopped for a change of horses and for passengers to rest and enjoy hospitality extended by Granny Thynne and daughter Ethel.

She told of parties and sing-songs around the big fireplace and of the fall dance where friends came from as far as Hedley to frolic until dawn to traditional farmhouse music provided by fiddler Jack Thynne, banjo-playing George Batstone and of Ethyl's nimble fingers tripping over the ivory keys.

Molly told of guests hating to leave when the stage was ready to go. Of quests whose names adorn the history of Canada. Among them E. Pauline Johnson — Tekahionwake, a Mohawk — whose poetry and personal readings charmed crowned heads in Europe. Charles Camsell of Ottawa, geographer, geologist and mining engineer.

Another whose fame was slanted the opposite way was a soft spoken Southern gentleman, George Edwards, a favourite of the children who loved to ride his big white horse, Pat. And of the ladies too, who declared he was the best and smoothest dancer between the Nicola and Princeton. The police, however, on both sides of the line, had other ideas; they knew and looked for him as Bill Miner, the most daring and dangerous stage-coach and train robber in the history of the West.

Molly Gwenllian Broderick also expressed thanks to Jean Cook. She remarked that while many things had changed along the Otter Valley old time hospitality still prevails.

Molly stayed long after the others had driven away. She stayed to help Jean with the dishes. No doubt nostalgic memories raced through her mind. She was helping after the guests had gone just as she helped Granny Thynne and her mother when she was a little girl.

# ANOTHER PAGE OF THE DEWDNEY HISTORY

**By Svea Hendry**

Another page of the Dewdney history was written on the evening of October 25, 1968 in the McArthur Centre, Greenwood, B.C., when a testimonial dinner sponsored by the Boundary Historical Society honoured Mrs. Kathleen Stuart Dewdney of Penticton, President of the Okanagan Historical Society.

The prelude to the happy gathering saw Mrs. Dewdney accompanied by Mr. Victor Wilson, piped into Centennial Hall by Piper Bill Hannah of Penticton. Chairman of the dinner programme was Mrs. E. J. Roylance, charter member of immediate Past President of the Boundary Historical Society, who also introduced the guests at the head table and proposed the toast to the Queen. The Rev. O. C. Persing said grace.
Queen. The Rev. O. C. Persing said grace.

Over 80 guests enjoyed a smorgasbord dinner. The address of welcome was given by Mr. Randy Sandner of Cascade, a charter member and officer of the Boundary Historical Society, whose father came to this area in 1896.

Mr. Victor Wilson of Penticton, a Director of the Okanagan Historical Society and immediate Past-President of the Penticton Branch, in his toast to Mrs. Dewdney said:

"Kathleen Dewdney is History.

"Of pioneer stock she grew up in this Boundary country to marry into a family whose name had already become synonymous with action and service.

"You all know her much better than I do. But may I tell you what I have observed about this thoughtful, gracious woman.

"I first met her when she was documenting the story of the Dewdney Trail. In that work she would make reference to my mother's trip over the trail from Hope to Princeton in the summer of 1902.

"With meticulous care Mrs. Dewdney, in an interview with my mother, would insist upon the exact details of that expedition. Here, then, was a person who took her work very seriously, conscientiously, thoroughly, and pains'takingly.

"In the Spring of 1962 when installed as President of the Penticton Branch, Mrs. Dewdney was my Secretary; a position which she held until the Spring of 1967 at which time she replaced me as President of the Penticton Branch.

"What of those years? Mrs. Dewdney made them memorable. Her devotion to duty, her care for detail, her thoughtfulness, were beyond the call of duty. Our Branch enjoyed many outstanding events: Pioneer Reunion, Fairview Restoration project, Adult Education lectures, Annual Field Days, The S. S. Sicamous Reunion, The Ellis Dinner, Centennial Supper and Musicale, and the never-to-be-forgotten Last Passenger Run of the Kettle Valley Railway.

"Through these and many other highlights one person attended to

each detail. That person is embarrassed that I should even suggest that her work deserves comment. But the Members and I know that the success of each event bore the unmistakeable print of Kathleen's devotion to her job. A devotion that called for action, not just lip service.

"And still through all these stirring events Kathleen worked quietly in the "back room". As Chairman of the Editorial Committee of the Penticton Branch she collected and edited material, and wrote articles for the Society's Annual Report. Our publication,—one of Canada's most consistently outstanding Reports—bears positive proof of her research and diligence.

"This Spring the Valley Historians placed their greatest trust in her. We elected her (the first woman) President of the Okanagan Historical Society—an honour yes—but at what price? With one of this country's most active and articulate Societies to manage, Mrs. Dewdney has decisions to make, meetings to manage, that would challenge the most vigorous administrator.

"Do any of these tasks seem too big? Will anyone ever hear her complain? Are any little chores left undone? I think not! This gentle but resolute woman knows full well what must go into the Record and she's NOT to be found wanting. She is a Dewdney.

"So tonight—one of our happy and proud moments—we are allowed to pay a modest tribute to one we love dearly:

KATHLEEN STUART FERGUSON-DEWDNEY

"A pioneer woman who with her husband and family has made this land a richer place; a devoted teacher and mother whose students and children must surely rejoice, as we do, at the heritage she has given them. An accomplished Historian whose record of service stands as an inspiration to all who love the stories of yesterday.

"May we honour her, respect her proud name and dedicate ourselves to the never ending task of recording yearly the glowing events of this great country. I believe that only in this way can we attempt to repay Kathleen for the years she has given us. I herewith challenge everyone here—look well to her record—and may we do our best to serve History half as well!

"Remember Kathleen Dewdney—and work for your Historical Society—write your story—document the events of your Community—remember, the History of tomorrow comes from the people and events of today. If you do this I am sure such contributions would be the sincerest way of saying "Thank you" to our Honoured Guest.

"Indeed Kathleen Dewdney is History. Long may we enjoy your company Madam, and long may you be spared to enjoy one of your greatest loves—History."

Mr. Wilson then presented her with a lovely corsage. Her son, Mr. Edgar Dewdney, of Penticton responded to the toast.

Mayor A. R. Morrison brought greetings and tributes from the City of Greenwood and its residents as he presented Mrs. Dewdney with a beautiful brooch of chrome silicate made from a stone found near her old home in Greenwood. The brooch was made by Mr. Art Rose, President of the Greenwood Rock Club.

Mrs. Dewdney thanked Mayor Morrison and the residents of the City of Greenwood for their greetings, also for the brooch and the kind thoughts

that inspired its selection. She said it would be a memento she would wear with pride and pleasure.

On behalf of the Boundary Historical Society Mr. Randy Sandner presented Mrs. Dewdney with an album of her memoirs, suitably inscribed and containing photos, letters and signatures. In his letter, the Hon. Donald Brothers, Minister of Education, paid special tribute to Mrs. Dewdney's devoted service to education. In their letter on behalf of the Kettle Valley Teachers' Association, Mr. O. E. Rast, President, and Mrs. G. E. Mabee, Secretary, paid tribute to Mrs. Dewdney as one of the pioneer teachers in the district. Mrs. Douglas Fraser (nee Marjory McArthur of Greenwood), a schoolmate of early days, sent her greetings from her home in Revelstoke.

In replying Mrs. Dewdney spoke movingly of her years in the Boundary district and expressed her deep gratitude to the Boundary Historical Society for the album which recorded many happy events of her life in the Boundary. She said, "It will continue to keep afresh happy memories of bygone days".

One of the highlights of the evening was President Jim Glanville's presentation of a painting of the Dewdney Trail in the Boundary district by artist Mr. Robert E. Wood, now a resident of Greenwood. When Mr. Wood heard of the testimonial dinner planned for Mrs. Dewdney he kindly offered to paint the picture especially for her.

In her acknowledgement Mrs. Dewdney thanked Mr. Wood and said she felt honoured and pleased to receive such an attractive painting which depicts the Trail that bears their family name. She said the picture would remain one of their treasured possessions.

She related a bit of the history of this pioneer Trail. The building of which through an unmapped wilderness was a notable achievement by her husband's uncle, Edgar Dewdney, in 1860 from Fort Hope to Princeton and in 1865 from Princeton to Fort Steel.

She recalled her early life in the Boundary, coming to the district with her family in a four-horse stage seventy years ago (1898); attending school at Midway, Grand Forks and Vancouver; and later teaching school at Ingram Mountain. During the early years of her marriage she lived in Greenwood where her husband was the Government Agent, and where all her children were born.

Mrs. Dewdney had lived in the Boundary from the beginning of the mining and smelting operations, and throughout its prosperous years when ore worth many millions of dollars was taken from the mines. After the closing of the mines and smelters she and her family moved to Penticton.

She said she was overcome with emotion but felt honoured, also very humble, by all the honours, tributes and gifts bestowed upon her. Her sincere thanks were extended to all those who had so kindly honoured her, and made this evening so memorable.

Mr. Ray Forrester of Grand Forks gave the toast to the pioneers. The oldest one present was E. R. Shannon (he's a young 97). He told of coming to the valley in 1894 and of driving cattle over the Dewdney Trail to Rossland. Douglas McMynn of Trail, General Manager of the West Kootenay Power and Light Company, proposed a toast to Mr. Shannon.

Addresses and reminiscences of the early days were given by: Mrs.

Ray Walters, President of the Similkameen Branch, O.H.S.; Mr. Don Manly whose parents came to Grand Forks in 1893; Douglas McMynn, whose father, James, came to the district in 1892; Mrs. Clifford Rees, Mrs. Dewdney's sister, of Chase, said she taught school at Deadwood and walked each day from Greenwood. She was Miss Ethel Ferguson then and one of her pupils was Mildred McLaren, now Mrs. E. J. Roylance. Later she taught school in Greenwood; Mrs. May Lindsay recalled her arrival at Rock Creek in 1897 from Kingston, Ontario. She had resided in Rock Creek since that time until nine years ago when she moved to the Okanagan.

## SUGGESTIONS TO CONTRIBUTORS

**Manuscripts:**

Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced, with generous margins, on one side of non-transparent paper, 8½ by 11 inches. Number each page. Mail flat, the original and one carbon copy to:

The Editor,
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References to sources of information should be made by the author-date system, listed alphabetically at the end of the manuscript, for example:

Ireland, W.E. 1944. The appointment of Governor Blanshard. B.C. Historical Quarterly. 8:213-26.

Ormsby, M.A. 1958. British Columbia: a history. Vancouver. 558 p.

Old long-hand manuscripts are highly desirable and should be submitted unaltered; in addition two typed copies would be appreciated.

Finally, on foot of last page record date of writing, and name and address of author. Please submit your manuscripts early in the year!

**Illustrations:**

Photos should have glossy finish, show sharp contrasts and preferably be half or full page size. Glue a typed legend sheet to the edge of each photograph and fold it over to protect emulsion side. If illustration is to be returned to the sender such should be noted prominently beside the legend. DO NOT WRITE ON BACK OF PHOTOGRAPH.

The Editor

# NOTICE

# of Annual Meeting of the Okanagan Historical Society

## *1970*

Notice is hereby given that the Annual Meeting of the Okanagan Historical Society will be held SUNDAY 3rd.

## MONDAY, MAY 4th, 1970

### in Oliver at 2:30 p.m.

**at St. Edward's Anglican Church Hall, Fairview Road**

### BUSINESS

*Presentation of Reports*

*Election of Officers*

The Meeting will be followed by the Society's

**Annual Dinner at 6:30 p.m.**

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## ERRATA

### 31st Report OHS

Page 37, 54, 55—Photocopies by Eric D. Sismey

Page 64, para. 3, line 4,—"Theirs was the first girl to be born . . ."

Line 5—Mrs. George Forster,

Line 5 & 6—Jim (not James) married another English girl, Miss Hannah Harvey.

Page 68, line 1 & 2 of photo legend—Barclay, Barclays.

Page 123—Photo by Eric D. Sismey.

Page 127—Photo by Eric D. Sismey.

## ERRATA

### 32nd Report OHS

Page 24—By Kathleen S. Dewdney

Page 24, line 4—President, not President-elect.

Page 26, para. 4 line 3—Mr. Gordon Herbert

Page 31—list of landings is incomplete (see p. 29 33rd Report)

Page 68—Photocopy by Eric D. Sismey

Page 94—Photo by Eric D. Sismey

Page 108—Photo by Eric D. Sismey

Page 121—Primrose Upton notes: "Information in footnote is misleading. Tobacco growing started in 1894 by J. Collins & L. Holman. In 1898 the K.S.V. entered into a contract with them, put up a cigar factory and engaged as foreman Wm. Wolz of New Westminster. Building opposite to C.P.R. wharf. (From K.S.U. minutes). Brochure issued by B.N.Co. in 1912 tells a great deal about the very extensive plantings, growing and curing, and subsequent manufacturing of cigars. Factory employing 60 people. In 1913 Company went into bankruptcy (from brochure and Dr. C. W. Dickson correspondence re bankruptcy)".

Page 129—Photo by Eric D. Sismey.

Page 132—Photo by Eric D. Sismey

Page 157—Photo by Killick Photography

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