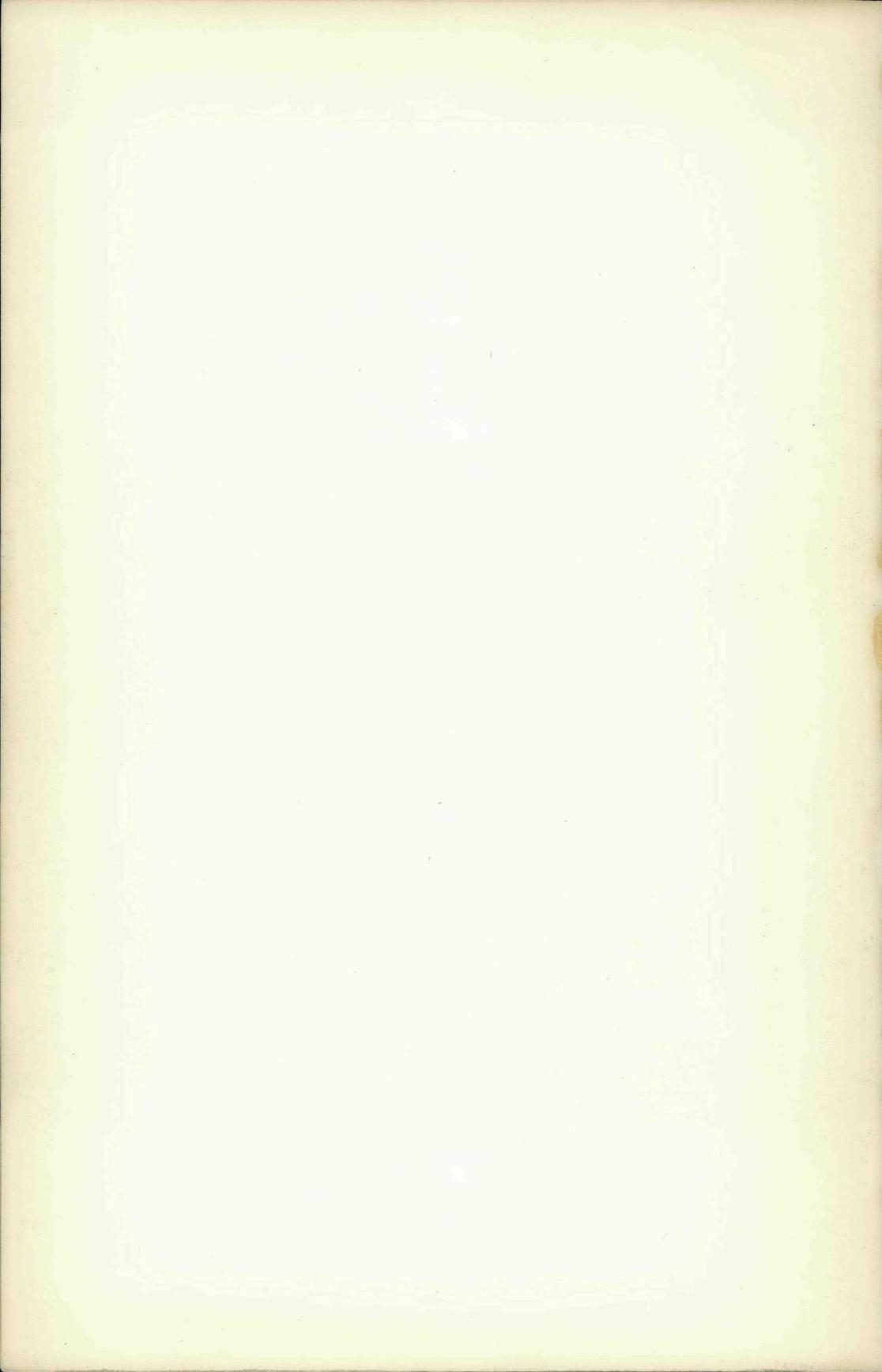


OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY



40th REPORT



DR GIBSON 1

FOURTIETH ANNUAL REPORT

ISSN—0317—0691

of the

**OKANAGAN
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY**

Founded Sept. 4, 1925

•

COVER DESIGN

M.V. Okanagan with loaded barges leaving Kelowna enroute to Penticton as seen from Okanagan Lake Bridge. This service was terminated on May 31, 1972, bringing to an end another era—an era of 80 years in which the CPR ran boats on Lake Okanagan.

Photo Courtesy CPR Public Relations Dept.

NOTICE

of

ANNUAL MEETING

of the
Okanagan Historical Society
1977

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

SUNDAY, MAY 1st,
1977

11 a.m. — Masonic Hall
157 Orchard Ave.,
PENTICTON, B.C.

LUNCH INTERMISSION — 1 p.m.
St. Saviour's Parish Hall, 158 Orchard Ave.,

— BUSINESS —

- ☆ Presentation of Reports
- ☆ Election of Officers

The recipient of this 40th Report is entitled to register his (her) membership in the 41st Report which will be issued November 1, 1977. Please complete this form; tear, fold and mail it to the Treasurer, Okanagan Historical Society, Box 313, Vernon, B.C.

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This form then becomes useful record for the Society and its receipt before May 1, 1977 will be appreciated.

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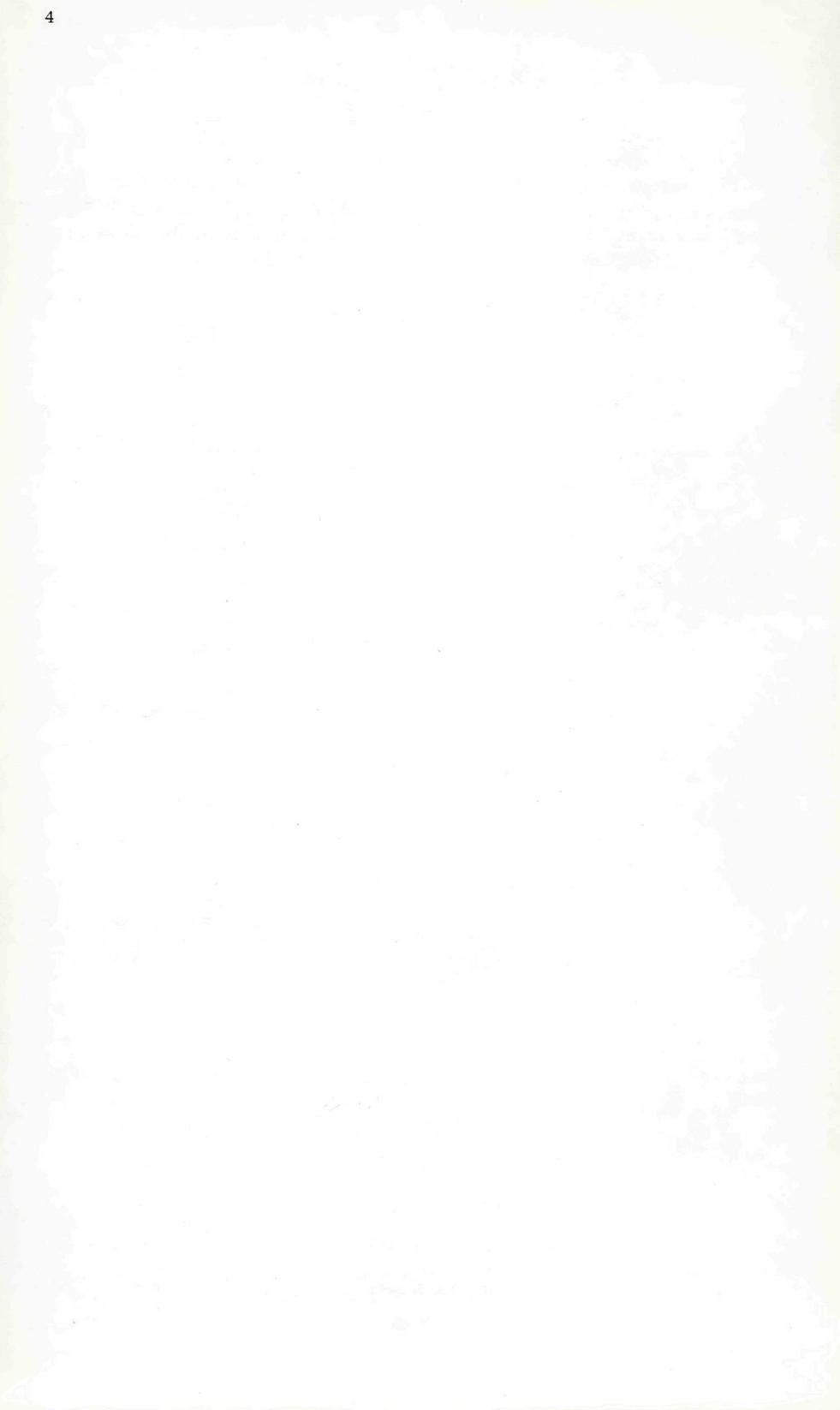
MEMBERSHIP CERTIFICATE

This certificate from the 40th Report confirms that

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EDITOR'S FORWARD

I have two apologies to make for errors in the last report (39th); two author's names were omitted. Roger Sugar's name does not appear below the title of his article "Westside Story." Archie MacDonald was not given as author of one of the prize essays "Apex Alpine," if his name had been on the typescript it would have been included.

At the annual meeting I said that this would be my last report. It's been an interesting job, but I feel I've contributed what I can to it, now it's time for a new editor. My thanks to contributors and editorial committees who have made my work possible. Lack of space compels us to keep some good things for next year, my successor will be fortunate to have them for a start.

Don't let up contributors, time passes, memories grow dim. The great historians, such as Gibbon and Macaulay, give us the sweep and drama of history but the colours with which the backdrop is painted are compounded from the daily details of life provided by publications such as ours. Unless otherwise stated all photos are to credit of the author of the article.

—J.E.F.

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EARLY DAYS IN THE KELOWNA GENERAL HOSPITAL

By Lucy Hack

Just fifty years ago I started training as a nurse in the Kelowna General Hospital, along with three other girls. One dropped out but three of us completed our course of two years in Kelowna and one year as affiliates in the Vancouver General Hospital. In those days there were several small hospitals around B.C. which gave the same chance to girls from the smaller communities to train, Port Simpson, Ladysmith, and Merritt, to mention a few.

What a different place the hospital was then from its present imposing edifice. Down a winding dirt road off Pandosy Street, through thick bushland was a two storey wooden building, entered by a flight of steps to the top floor. There were other entrances both front and back on the ground floor. Most of the medical patients were on the lower floor, as were the kitchen and dining room. The operating room and surgical wards and the maternity wing as well as some private wards were on the upper floor. There was also a chart room with a medicine cupboard, and two small offices for the Matron and the Secretary. Before I left a small elevator which could take a stretcher and one nurse was installed. It was pulled up or down by hand.

The staff consisted of Mrs. Wilmot, as matron; three graduate nurses, one of whom was night supervisor, and ten or twelve nurses in training. There were also two Chinamen in the kitchen and two in the laundry. An orderly and a general factotum who looked after the furnace, etc. completed the list. We had about forty beds. Kelowna had at that time two full-time doctors, Dr. Knox and Dr. Campbell. There was also Dr. Boyce, who was semi-retired, and Dr. Bryce, who, though dying of T.B., came in occasionally to give an anaesthetic

when he was needed. He did in fact die before I left Kelowna, and so did Dr. Campbell. Dr. Underhill came in then to start his practice and Dr. Henderson came soon afterwards.

Mrs. Wilmot had been an army nurse in the 1914-18 war, and was a firm believer in strict discipline. She was also an excellent instructor and gave us our lessons in practical nursing procedures. Dr. Knox taught Anatomy and Dr. Campbell surgical techniques. Dr. Ootmar, who later became Kelowna's first public health doctor, taught Pediatrics and Contagious Disease Control. P. B. Willits, the local druggist, gave a course in *Materia Medica*. All our classes were in the evening after we came off duty for the day.

A typical day went something like this—rising bell, 6 a.m., breakfast 6:30 a.m., on duty and night report, 7 a.m., patients breakfast 7:30 a.m. Beds, baths, cleaning wards and service rooms, 8 a.m. until whenever we were finished. These, with medicines, treatments and accompanying the doctors on their rounds, kept us busy till we served the patients lunch at 11:30 a.m. The staff was depleted during the late morning and early afternoon by the off duty time each nurse was daily allowed. We had three hours off each day and half a day a week. On Sunday we had four hours off, if possible, supper was at 5 p.m., and we went off duty for the day at 7 p.m., or as soon as our work was finished. I, personally, usually went to bed when our evening class was over, and the "lights out" bell went at 10 p.m. It was reported of one nurse that she said to her roommate "wake me up if I'm studying when you come in", meaning that if she still had her clothes on she should be woken up and made to undress and go to bed.

We wore a blue uniform with short sleeves, and a stiffly starched collar, bib, apron and cuffs, with black stockings and boots. I have never suffered from my feet as so many nurses complain they do, perhaps it was the boots? Mine came from one of my cousins, and had originally been bought for skating; I wore them the whole three years. Our pay was nothing the first three months, then \$5.00 a month for the rest of that year, and \$10.00 a month for the remaining two years. I was entirely dependent on this.

Our two kitchen Chinamen were young and dapper, and they exchanged jobs without notice whenever they got bored. We would come to breakfast to find the cook waiting on tables and helping to set up the patient trays, and "my cousin" doing the cooking. The laundry Chinamen were elderly and lived in clouds of steam in their laundry situated in the bushes behind the hospital, also surrounded, as we discovered one day to our cost, by pheasants in cages. These wise birds came into town during the hunting season, and our bushland was full of them. However, the Chinamen live trapped them and had them handy for a pheasant dinner whenever they wanted it. One day the local game warden came out and arrested all four of them, leaving us, to our horror, without help. Fortunately the patients saw the joke and didn't complain half as bitterly as we did till we got our help back.

One night when I was on duty (I can't have been very busy) I

started to think about the men's ward in which we had three men with broken legs in Thomas splints. This meant they were well and truly tied to their beds with weights on their feet. If we had a fire there was absolutely no way to get them out. So I decided I could at least test the fire equipment. I took down all the canvas hoses, unrolled them and put the nozzles out of the front door. Then I turned on the water and the hoses leaked copiously all the way along. Before I got them off again the whole place was awash. Next morning I was really in disgrace, especially with the orderly, who had to clean up everything I had not managed to mop up myself during the night.

In 1925 typhoid was still common in Kelowna, so much so, that it was considered necessary to have a Public Health doctor, with the hope that he could bring this disease under control. Dr. Ootmar, who had retired from his practice in Holland, was asked to undertake this task, and he also set up the first Kelowna laboratory in the Kelowna Hospital. Within a few years he had improved matters so much that typhoid became rare, and the last case I saw in the valley was in 1936. Typhoid cases entailed a lot of work; all their dishes had to be boiled and all their bed linen etc., soaked in disinfectant before being wrung out and sent to the laundry. As a probationer I seemed to be forever wringing out bathtubs full of linen, and I was heartily glad when winter finished off the typhoid season for the year.

When the patient's temperature was considered dangerously high we gave a cool sponge (which took half an hour) to bring it down; if properly given these would reduce the temperature by about 2 degrees F. In those days the Kelowna Hospital was dependent on a septic tank, and the large amount of disinfectant we used killed our tank. This then had to be emptied and restarted, while this was being done all bedpans had to be taken out to the back of the hospital and emptied into a pit dug in the bushes with the liberal addition of chloride of lime. The main sewage line in Kelowna only went two or three blocks up Pandosy and Bernard streets then.

We took a real interest in our patients and their illnesses as we were with them every day, from the day they were admitted till the day they went home. However, I speedily forgot their faces, even if I remembered their illnesses, and I got many surprises when I was unexpectedly greeted in the street. After all everyone looks much the same in a hospital gown.

Kelowna was a young city in 1925 and elderly people were in a minority; our patients mostly had typhoid, pneumonia, broken bones from accidents in the woods and orchards, burns, babies or minor surgery and so forth. Car accidents were very rare—roads were not too good and drivers went slowly, also their cars were of value to them. If they did meet round a corner as a rule only the car suffered. The Mission stage overturned in a ditch one day. The driver had refreshed himself too liberally in Kelowna. He and his single passenger, an elderly lady, were not hurt but both of them were soaking wet. The driver was happy as a sandboy and laughing hilariously, but the lady was furious. We dried them up a bit and sent them both home in a taxi, but not the same taxi.

Mrs. Wilmot was an excellent instructress and always stressed

the importance of the patients and their care and comfort. We were taught never to leave a room with out first looking around to make sure everything was in its place and the room was tidy. Dr. Knox took me with him on home calls two or three times, when he needed the extra help of a nurse. Later I became a Victorian Order Nurse in a scattered country district with no hospital. The depression of the thirties was just lifting and many of my patients were struggling to live with a minimum of equipment, (apple boxes for chairs, etc.). When they fell ill, or had a baby, one had to improvise, and then my training in a small country hospital stood me in good stead, as I had learned to make the best use of whatever was available. I have never regretted my time at the K.G.H.



Day staff of the Kelowna General Hospital, 1925, Mrs. Wilmot, Matron, in veil, middle of front row.



Miss Hawes, Day Graduate; Miss Buse, Staff and Mrs. Wilmot, Matron, of the Kelowna General Hospital, 1925.



RIGHT
REVEREND
A. J. DOULL

First Bishop of the
Diocese of Kootenay

1914 - 1933

By
Harriett E. A. Esselmont

Alexander John Doull, son of Alexander Keith and Mary Helen Doull, was born September 8, 1870. He was orphaned by two tragic occurrences. His father was a passenger on the steamship "City of Boston" which left Halifax for Liverpool January 28, 1870. Nothing was heard of the ship again save that a boat, which may have belonged to her, was found on the coast of Cornwall.⁶ Having given birth to her only child, Mary Helen Doull died September 14, as the result of childbirth. Thus began the life of the man who was later regarded as "one of the finest speakers in the Anglican Church of the West."¹

Two guardians were appointed for the infant, his uncle, Mr. John Doull, President of the Bank of Nova Scotia and the Rev. George Monro Grant, Minister of the Church of Scotland, St. Matthew's Church, Halifax.

Alexander John spent the first two years of his life in Halifax with relatives, under the care of an old nurse, Mrs. Meagher. He then went to live at Pictou with his grandmother Mrs. John Doull, his uncle Robert Doull and his first cousin Janie. The family belonged to the Church of Scotland,² attending Sunday services in St. Andrew's

Kirk.³ Sermons, delivered by the Rev. Andrew W. Herdman,⁴ might last for three hours and as the small boy sat, patient and attentive, the cadence of the minister's words, no doubt inspiring and compelling, must have prepared him for what was later to be his unusual ability to speak, and have influenced, in part, his decision to follow the profession of the Church.

After early schooling at Pictou Academy he was sent, at the age of ten years, to Upper Canada College, Toronto. Being very homesick he left to spend the following year with his guardian George Grant, now principal at Queen's University at Kingston, Kingston, Ontario. There he attended day school. His education from then on was in the British Isles, at Brighton, Merchiston Castle School, Edinburgh and St. Edward's School at Oxford. It was at Merchiston that he became involved in an argument over the proper form of church government and being persuaded that the right form was the episcopal he left Edinburgh for Oxford,¹⁰ having first been prepared for confirmation in the Episcopal Church of Scotland.

He attended Oriel College, Oxford, graduating with Second Class Honours in History in 1894. He became a "member" of Oriel College which allowed voting and other privileges. Cuddesdon Theological College was his choice for his clerical training after which he took up duties at Oxford House, Bethnal Green, East London under the direction of the Bishop of Stepney. It is probable that here his sympathies were first aroused for those less fortunate than himself.

On December 21, 1896, Alexander John Doull was ordained by the Bishop of Ripon and was licensed to Leeds Parish Church. He was priested by the same prelate on September 26, 1898. Following this occasion the degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon him by Oriel College, Oxford.

Many holidays had been spent in Canada and as a result of a close friendship with Rev. Henry Kittson, Rector of the Church of the Advent, Westmount, Montreal, Alexander John accepted an offer to become curate of that church and in May 1899 he left Lees Parish Church, England and took up his duties in Canada. In 1901 he was appointed Rector to succeed Mr. Kittson who had accepted the Rectorship of Christ Church, Ottawa. Already popular with the congregation the appointment gave satisfaction and it was said of him, "He is considered one of the strongest young clergymen of the Church of England."¹¹ On May 7, 1901, Rev. Alexander J. Doull was inducted into the Rectorship by Archbishop Bond.¹²

He remained at the Montreal church for ten years. In 1901 he married Margaret Gertrude Cundill, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Cundhill of Greene Avenue, Westmount, Montreal. She bore him six children, Mary Frances Gertrude, Alexander Keith, Margaret Dorothea Cundill, Harriett Evelyn Amy, John Ronald and Alex Elizabeth Isabel. On January 9, 1910, he was appointed Rector of the Parish of Christ Church and Dean of the Cathedral, Victoria, B.C.¹³

His years in Victoria were fruitful. Long recognized for his ability to organize he was also possessed of a pleasing personality which endeared him to those with whom he worked. His expression of

opinion on any matter to do with public welfare was honoured and he allied himself with organizations which were working for the betterment of social life in the city. He was an active supporter of religious education in the public schools, an advocate of equal suffrage in the Church, Vice-President of the Social Service Council of British Columbia and a member of the committee of the Men's Canadian Club of Victoria. He was deeply involved in the plans for the new Cathedral.

On November 25, 1914, he was elected to the Bishopric of the newly constituted Episcopal Diocese of Kootenay. His leaving was a source of regret to Victorians and it was observed that: "He combines strength and gentleness of character in a marked degree and unites with them broad scholarship and equally broad sympathies. In his new field of labour he will have scope for the exercise of his many admirable qualities of mind and heart."¹⁴

The consecration took place in Christ Church Cathedral, Wednesday, February 24, 1915, performed by the Most Rev. Samuel Pritchard Matheson, Primate of all Canada.

Alexander John Doull, the youngest Bishop in the Church of England in Canada, came to the Okanagan Valley, at the age of forty-four.

The Diocese of Kootenay, to which he had been appointed, comprised eighty thousand square miles taking in that portion of the province from Tete Jaune Cache to the International Border and from the 120th meridian to the Alberta boundary. The beauties of the Rocky Mountains, the Selkirk Mountains, the Columbia River, the Arrow Lakes and the Okanagan Valley were included in this, the largest diocese in Canada. To administer so large an area necessitated days, if not weeks, away from home and the designation of the See city was a matter of considerable concern. General convenience and travelling facilities had to be taken into account. Nelson, Revelstoke, Kelowna and Vernon were all mentioned as possibilities. However the Bishop was a family man and the education of his children a priority. At Vernon there were private schools, St. Michael's School for girls and the Vernon Preparatory School for boys. He chose Vernon in the Okanagan Valley as his place of residence. Nelson was shortly after selected to be the See city, where St. Saviour's Cathedral stands to this day, while the administrative office was established at Kelowna.

The Diocese was beset by financial difficulties. The capital fund stood at \$50,000 and the income therefrom, less the expense of management and charges against properties, constituted the stipend for the Bishop. Being an inadequate amount the British Columbia and Yukon Church Aid Society of England endeavoured to give an annual grant to bring the Bishop's income up to \$3600 a year. It was not until 1928 that there was an episcopal residence. During those first years "The Mount" owned by Mr. G. Alers Hankey was available for rent and to this large house and property he brought his family in May 1915.

The house was wooden, three storied and strongly constructed, with separate wings set at right angles to one another. The main wing housed the adult members of the family. The nursery wing was for

the children with their nurse. Doors both upstairs and down could be shut to entirely separate the two living areas. To be invited to the drawing room or to their father's study were rare and happy experiences for the children. But it was the garden that held innumerable delights; close-clipped lawns, flowering shrubs, perennial borders, a tennis court, a rope swing between tall firs and honeysuckle and climbing roses which alternated to cover arches down "The Garden Path." "The Wood Path" led to a treed and tangled area where small owls perched by day, hickory nuts ripened in furry husks and succulent skunk cabbage grew from out of a black and oozing bog. "The Green Path" in contrast led to the orchard and kitchen garden. Here trees yielded fruits of every variety and well-tended vegetables ensured a continuing supply for the house.

The extension of this path led into the property of Mr. Price Ellison, and now flanked with double lilacs continued its way to the house. Imposing it stood behind tall acacia trees where bees seemed to drone incessantly and the scent of the blossoms permeated the summer air. Here, surrounded by garden and orchards, farm and fields, The Honourable Price Ellison, one-time minister of lands, agriculture and finance in the British Columbia Legislature, lived with his family in comfort and usefulness. Mr. Ellison had been the official representative of the Provincial Government at the consecration and it was he who first stepped forward to greet the young ecclesiastic when he arrived to make arrangements to move his family to the valley. Under the hospitable roof of the Ellison family Alexander Doull spent his first few days in Vernon.

Years later in December of 1932, the Bishop was privileged to take the funeral service for this outstanding pioneer. In his address he spoke of Price Ellison as an exemplary citizen with a passion for giving and sharing. He was, no doubt, remembering the cut glass bowl filled with sliced peaches and heaped with whipped cream and the huge platter of cold roast beef, slightly rare and cut for serving, which found their way into the kitchen at "The Mount." And the pony Crummy lent by this kindly gentleman to his children. The Bishop's life, before his arrival in Vernon, had been largely city centred and for him these country surroundings were a source of great delight. The Bishop enjoyed the garden and its abundance but above all he enjoyed the Morellos, those small sour cherries which make such a delicious deep cherry pie. He gave a ceremonial touch to the eating of his meals and insisted upon traditional foods which accompanied high days and holidays. He did not like ham nor potato salad and the women of the Diocese soon learned what not to serve at a church supper.

The Diocese of Kootenay had an unusual history. It was brought into existence in 1900, at a time when everything within the western Anglican Church seemed to point to expansion. The Rt. Rev. John Dart, Bishop of New Westminster, was responsible for much of the primary organization in the area which had been designated as the future Diocese of Kootenay. However a set-back ensued and he adopted a waiting policy. No appointment was made to the See. Later

Bishop A. U. de Pencier, who succeeded Dart, found himself charged with the spiritual oversight of Kootenay. Though living hundreds of miles away at the coast he assumed this responsibility until 1914. During this time the clergy and laity were said to have pulled together with a zeal and unity that augered well for future progress.

There were thirty-six parishes in the Diocese in those early days but during the years of Bishop Doull's administration the number greatly increased and new churches sprang up in many communities. Consecrations were occasions for pride in accomplishment, for spiritual revival and for social gatherings. In Cope and Mitre and carrying the Pastoral Staff the Bishop knocked upon the church door to gain admission, that he might proclaim the familiar words, "Except the Lord build the house their labour is but lost that build it," and with grace and dignity might offer prayers for the hallowing of each new building.

To reach these scattered rural districts necessitated slow and arduous travel. Roads were unpaved and ungraded, deep-rutted in spring and dusty during the summer months. Having come late to driving Alexander John was never confident behind the wheel of his car. His clergy and wardens and later his eldest son Keith drove him. However he preferred, when possible, to travel by boat or train. The S.S. Okanagan and S.S. Sicamous provided pleasant transportation on Okanagan Lake. But it was the trains upon which the Bishop relied, excellent service and smooth operation reducing the strain of travel. Engineers, brakemen and conductors all came to know him and to await his greeting. The Sicamous Hotel at the junction of the main and branch lines was a frequent stop-over for him. The clear air, the shimmering Shuswap Lake, the wail of the whistle at the mile and the creaking and jolting of the cars never failed to excite him and to assure him that home was now only a few hours away.

The first years of his administration were war years. A large Central Mobilization camp was established on Mission Hill in Vernon. The first two battalions to arrive were the 54th Kootenay and the 47th Vancouver. The small town was inundated with soldiers and the residents extended hospitality wherever possible. Bishop and Mrs. Doull lent their tennis court and on summer afternoons the garden echoed to the sound of ball on racquet and the calls of the men as they played. Tea followed on the tree-shaded lawns and the children came into the garden to be part of the gathering. The Bishop had great respect for the men who had been catapulted into a world at war and who now endured the glaring heat of Okanagan summer days and the discomfort of training in the often severe winter months. The respect was no doubt mutual and the sense of disruption shared.

For the Bishop, official functions at the camp and church parades continued for the duration of the war. On December 1, 1918, following the November armistice, in All Saints Church, Vernon, he conducted services of praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God for victories on land and sea. Again on Sunday, August 3, 1919 in the same church he officiated at a service of thanksgiving for the blessings of victory and the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, June 28, 1919. The music

for the especially prepared anthem, "The Hand Of Our God Was Upon Us." was written by C. E. Falkner, of Vernon.

The heart of the valley ached for the young widows and the children left fatherless. The subsequent years were full of sorrow as war memorials were erected and the names of the fallen inscribed to serve as a reminder of the supreme sacrifice. On August 7, 1921, in the city park in Kelowna, the Bishop of the Diocese, assisted by Venerable Archdeacon Greene, Rev. E. D. Braden and Rev. R. G. Edwards, officiated at the Dedication of the War Memorial. The Honoured Dead included the names of boys who had grown to manhood since the Bishop's arrival in the Okanagan and of men who previously had given loyal support to the Anglican church.

The year 1915 marked the opening of the Kettle Valley Railway. This line allowed for quicker access from the Okanagan to the Kootenay region. The Bishop never became accustomed to the high trestles over deep gorges nor the desolate country through which the train twisted and turned. To commemorate the opening on May 31, 1915, the Municipal Council of Penticton with the Board of Trade was host at a banquet at the Incola Hotel. Reeve R. S. Conklin acted as toastmaster and also gave the address of welcome. The Honourable Price Ellison and Duncan Ross spoke for the pioneers and Edgar W. Dykes, then secretary of the Penticton Board of Trade read letters from invited guests unable to attend. Mr. John S. Heales sang "Rule Britannia." Railway officials and members of the Legislative Assembly were present. Special guests included J. M. Robinson, Naramata; G. A. Henderson, Vernon and W. G. Benson, president of the Kelowna Board of Trade. The Bishop brought home a menu which offered five courses and many choices, including plain custard with Penticton peaches.

Vernon during those years was a town of 4,000 people. The country allowed for freedom and independence and a variety of outdoor activities. The Bishop found little time to participate himself but he encouraged his children. Walking provided an opportunity for him to enjoy their company and with them he explored the beauties that lay in the surrounding hills. In the springtime wild flowers grew in profusion, the ranges purple with shooting stars, the wooded areas fragrant with the perfume of violets. Tiny buttercups and yellow bells directly followed the melting snow and in May the hillsides were covered with sunflowers. Later larkspur and lupine shared meadow lands with the pink and yellow columbine and the flowering sage gave off a faintly aromatic scent. These outings became not only a time to observe and to enquire but also a time to reason and philosophize.

"A man of pronounced convictions and ready at all times to defend or assert them,"¹⁵ Bishop Doull concerned himself with the issues of the day. In 1915 with the world at war and the outcome uncertain he saw the conflict to be between materialism and spirituality. He emphasized that the greatness of the nation was to be found in the character of the men and women who were its citizens, in the strength of their purpose and in their ability to make the great sacrifices that were demanded of them. In an article written on 'Patriotism' for the School Magazine issued by the Education Department of British Columbia, the Bishop wrote: Patriotism — intense love of one's

country — is what Canadian people are asked to foster and develop. . . To die for one's country is a grand thing; to live for one's country is a grander thing still.¹⁶

At the General Election, November 23, 1916, the British Columbia Prohibition Act was approved by the electorate to become effective on July 1, 1917. Though personally in favour of temperance as against prohibition the Bishop supported the Act as a means of alleviating the sufferings inflicted upon innocent women and children caused by excessive drinking.

On the occasion of a meeting of the Synod of the Diocese of Kootenay in Nelson, prior to the referendum, the Bishop spoke as follows: "With the outbreak of war the evils of drunkenness have been forced upon the attention of the various nationalities engaged in the conflict, with the result that strong and drastic measures have been adopted to lessen or curtail the sale or use of intoxicating beverages . . . The man who will not by his vote help to liberate his country from a bondage that continues to wreck lives, hopes, ambitions and love: such a man takes upon himself an appalling responsibility."¹⁷

Prohibition had a short life in British Columbia and the Act was replaced by a bill in 1921 which provided for the sale of alcoholic liquors under government control. His Lordship held the opinion that such control led to further abuse as evidenced by the prevalent partying in hotel bedrooms, whereas to have allowed for the sale of malt liquors and wines in hotels and restaurants would have tended to mitigate much disorder and drunkenness.

Alarmed by the vast number of immigrants to British Columbia from countries other than Anglo-Saxon, the Bishop urged that something be done to stem the tide. He implored Anglo-Canadians to unite to counteract the influence of the French-speaking sections of the population. He feared that British Columbia was becoming British in name only and that her future was in jeopardy.¹⁸

The unemployment of the depression days was also of grave concern to him and he strongly supported the resolution brought forward at the Diocesan Synod (Vernon May 26-27, 1931) which would establish movable camps as a means of relief. The camps were to undertake the provision of shelter, bed, board and clothing to all persons in distress who might apply and they in turn were to be required to work (unless physically unable) on such projects as road building and repair, land clearing and other such work of public utility.¹⁹ The Okanagan Valley itself became somewhat of an oasis. Here fruit picking provided temporary work for these nomadic men and the sun-filled days and balmy nights offered respite from the desolation of the larger centers.

Because of his wide range of interests he was in constant demand as a speaker. His persistent faith in a Christ-oriented life reflected itself in his approach to everyday matters and Mr. Lukin Johnston, staff writer and later Magazine Editor with the Vancouver Daily Province wrote of him: His religion is of an essentially practical kind. He tells the farmers there is no solution of their marketing or manuring problems except they look for Divine aid. He tells them so, often and with such sincerity — that they believe it. The other day he opened a

political convention at Vernon with a prayer — surely a somewhat unique event.²⁰ And he tells the following anecdote to illustrate the Bishop's ready wit. Not long ago Bishop Doull asked a well-known Okanagan rancher why he never came to church. "Bishop, I am one of those who can never allow a misstatement to be made in my hearing without rising to challenge it. Therefore I don't come to church!" said the rancher. "Don't let that deter you," said his lordship, "you'll be able to keep your seat all through the service in my church."²¹

Although much of the Bishop's time was required for the administration of Diocesan affairs there were also Church concerns beyond the boundaries of Kootenay which demanded his attention. The General Synods which met once in every two years and the more frequent meetings of the House of Bishops, at both a provincial and dominion level, made it necessary for him to travel the length and breadth of Canada in order that he might participate in the policy making of the entire Church of England in Canada. Twice he was privileged to represent Kootenay at the decennial Lambeth Conference. On June 25, 1930 he was pleased to find himself among those invited to attend the re-opening of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, with the compliments of the Dean and Chapter. Most gratifying to the Bishop was that fact that at the 1930 sessions he was selected to serve with seventy others on the Committee for Church Union. He afterwards saw the Lambeth Committee as having performed a great constructive work for Church unity.

Throughout his entire ministry this matter had been of utmost importance and he rejoiced when on June 10, 1925 the Canadian churches of Methodist and Congregational persuasion, together with a large number of the Presbyterian churches formed the United Church of Canada and he continued to press for a union that would include all Christian people. Speaking before a public meeting held in connection with the annual gathering of the Kamloops-Okanagan Presbytery of the United Church of Canada held in Vernon in February of 1933 the Anglican leader in delivering a stirring address pointed towards the day when "in God's good time, our ways will meet and there will be one great united church of Canada."²²

"Bishop's Garth" the episcopal residence, became the property of the Diocese in 1928. It was a source of great satisfaction to Bishop and Mrs. Doull. After a succession of rented houses it was a comfort to feel that a permanent home had been established and that a house befitting the office of Bishop had been acquired. The previous owner, Mrs. Christine Wainman, had built the house to accommodate her four sons and a retinue of servants. It adapted well to the use to which it was now put. A beautiful garden surrounded the vine-covered house and a conservatory and greenhouse supplied flowers for the house and plants for the garden. Barns and other buildings stood at close proximity and though there was no livestock the Bishop raised geese in order to ensure his favourite New Year's dinner.

He was proud of his wife and had confidence in her ability to manage the domestic affairs and to undertake the constant entertaining that was required for there were many interesting visitors to "Bishop's Garth."

Desite the apparent contentment occasioned by these new surroundings the depression years made the operation of the Diocese increasingly difficult. The Bishop felt that a younger man was required in order that good administration might continue. In 1933 an offer from England made his resignation possible.

"The Rt. Rev. A. J. Doull after 18 years' service has resigned as the Bishop of Kootenay. His resignation will take effect in June 3 and during that month Bishop Doull, accompanied by Mrs. Doull and his family, plans to leave for England where he has accepted the offices of Assistant Bishop of Sheffield, Archdeacon and Canon of Sheffield. He will also become the vicar of a small country parish, linking his quiet duties in this regard with the work involved in the other offices . . . Coming to Vernon, as the centre from which he would oversee his large diocese, in the early period of the Great War, Bishop Doull has for a decade and a half exercised a profound influence, not only upon his ecclesiastical jurisdiction, but also to a great extent upon the members of all denominations in this part of the province, and the news of his intended departure to the Old Country will be a matter of widespread regret.^{23.}"

His health prevented him from remaining in England and in 1935 he returned to the valley which he had grown to love. His faithful friend and servant Kung Ho Mow, known always as Tom, returned to the household and with Mrs. Doull cared for the Bishop until he was obliged to go to hospital. He died on February 14, 1937. Funeral services were held on February 16, in All Saints' Church, Vernon, conducted by his successor in office Rt. Rev. W. R. Adams. Rev. Canon R. A. Armstrong, editor of the Canadian Churchman paid tribute to him in the following words, "His character was that beautiful combination of strength and beauty, grace and truthy which the apostles noticed in the Saviour."^{24.}

His wife Margaret Gertrude died in Victoria, June 10, 1967. Together they are buried in the old section of the Vernon Cemetery. A granite cross marks the grave.

"No noises there but the wind in the trees and the thud of the falling cones.

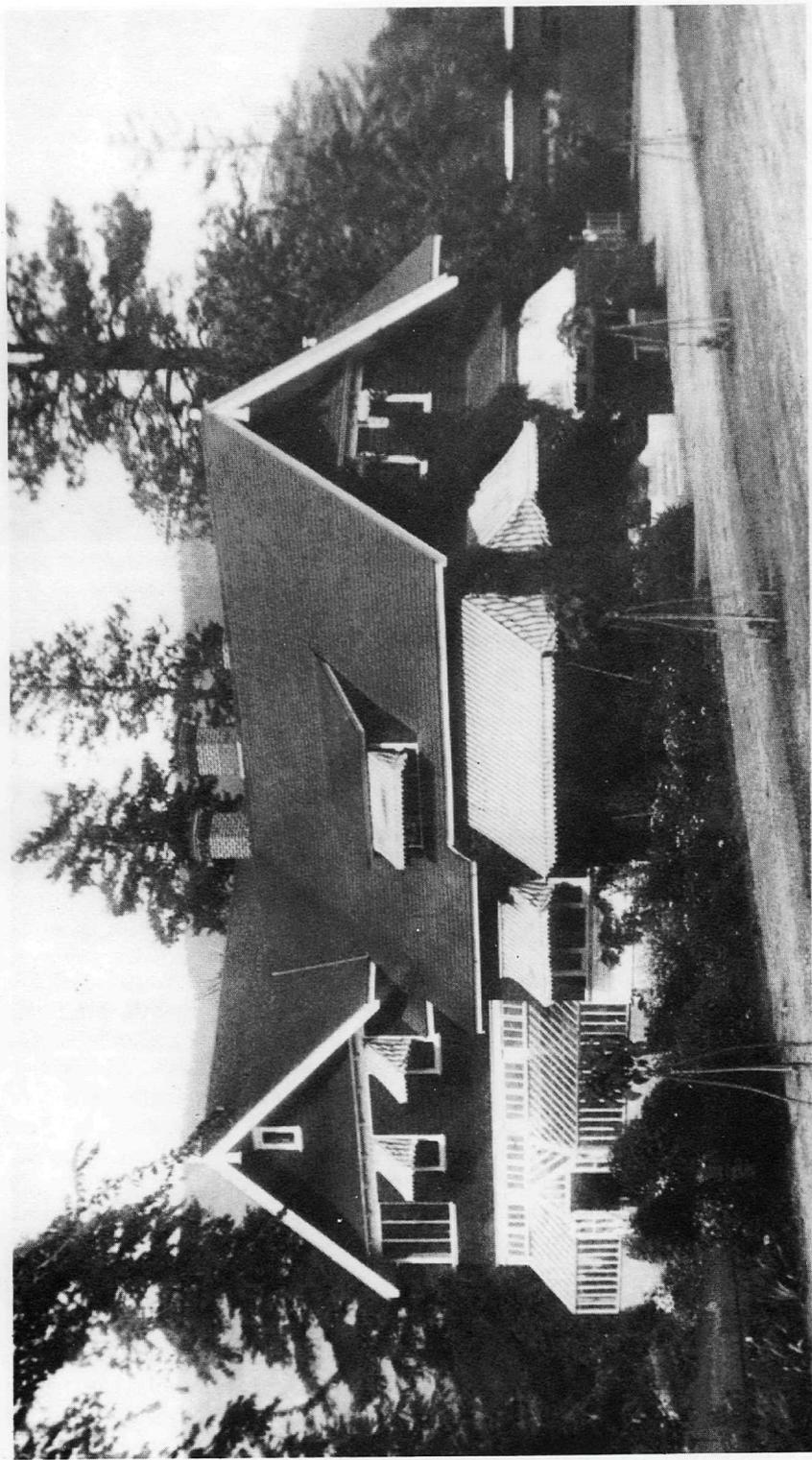
All nature plays around it. Disturb it you who dare.

For I think in such a lowly place, I think God must be there.^{25.}"

FOOTNOTES

As the original paper has been revised and abridged to meet the requirements of the Okanagan Historical Report, the footnotes are here numbered as they appear and not in numerical sequence.

6. Provincial Archives, Nova Scotia; 1. The Daily Colonist, Victoria, May 19, 1911; 2. Census for Pictou, Nova Scotia 1871; 3. Public Archives of Nova Scotia; 4. Churches of Nova Scotia, Vol. 1, P. 156; 10. Public Archives of Nova Scotia; 11. The Gazette, Montreal, April 12, 1901; 12. The Gazette, Montreal, May 8, 1901; 13. The Daily Colonist, Victoria, January 19, 1910 (Appointment confirmed); 14. The Daily Colonist, Victoria, December 11, 1914; 15. Canadian Churchman, January 27, 1910; 19. The Vancouver Daily Province, Vancouver, May 29, 1931; 20. Mr. Lukin Johnston, Vancouver Daily Province staff writer 1919-1923, Magazine Editor 1924-1928 (source unverifiable); 21. Ibid.; 22. Vernon News, Vernon, February 15, 1933; 23. Vernon News, Vernon, January 19, 1933; 24. Rev. Canon R. A. Armstrong Canadian Churchman, February 25, 1937; 25. Harriett (Bay Doull) Esselmont, Is God There? Verse 3, last 3 lines poem written at the age of 15 years.



"Bishop's Garth", Coldstream District, Vernon, B.C.



Fort Vancouver (restored), replica of the bastion at the northwest corner.

Eric D. Sismey, 1975

FORT VANCOUVER, U.S.A.

By Eric D. Sismey

It is difficult for British Columbians to realize that our City of Vancouver is, by comparison, a Johnny-come-lately. On March 19, 1975 — Founder's Day — Fort Vancouver on the Columbia River in the State of Washington was 150 years old.

Founded by the Hudson's Bay Company during the winter 1824-25 as a trading post and supply depot, Fort Vancouver was, for the next twenty years, the most important settlement in the Pacific Northwest, outranking San Francisco and Sitka, the Russian outpost in Alaska.

From her warehouses, stocked by the Cape Horn route with all manner of goods from Great Britain, supplies went to interior forts, Fort Spokane, Fort Colville and many others and for the HBC fur brigades which ranged as far distant as present Utah and California.

Company ships, sail and steam, supplied the forts to the shores of Russian Alaska and the Columbia River was the route to Fort Okanogan at the confluence of the Okanogan with the Columbia. From Fort Okanogan supplies were moved by pack-train or by water through our Okanogan to Kamloops and from there northward to HBC forts scattered through New Caledonia.

Fort Vancouver was the collecting point for the furs of the entire northwest and from there they were shipped to England. Here, too, the first industrial works in the northwest were built.

Lumber, salted salmon and the products of Fort Vancouver's mills, drying sheds, farms, dairies and shops supplied not only the needs of the fur trade but were carried in brisk commerce to ports as distant as the Hawaiian Islands, San Francisco and Alaska.

Fort Vancouver farm lands extended both ways from the stockade. An orchard was planted and one of the original apple trees still survives. It was in blossom when we were there in April 1975.

A subsidiary, Puget Sound Agricultural Company at Fort Nisqually pastured large flocks and herds along the Cowlitz Valley.

Much of the culture of Oregon territory revolved around Fort Vancouver. Here the first school in the northwest was established, the first circulating library, the first theatre and several of the earliest churches.

It was not without reason that early visitors often called Fort Vancouver the New York of the Pacific.

At the height of her prosperity, from about 1840 to 1846, the fort (proper) measured 732 feet by 325 feet. It was surrounded by a stockade of upright logs with a bastion mounting several canon at the northwest corner. These were never fired in anger.

Within the stockade were 22 major buildings, large storehouses, an Indian trade shop and other lesser structures. Among them four impressive residences, one for the Factor, the others for company officers. There was a jail too.

Lesser employees at Fort Vancouver, the artisans, tradesmen, boatmen and labourers lived mainly outside the stockade in what was known as the village.

As American missionaries and settlers began to pour into Oregon territory British owned Fort Vancouver was, of necessity, their immediate goal. Here were the only adequate supplies — food, seed and farm implements in the northwest. In spite of the very generous treatment by the company, many of the new settlers repudiated their just debts and furthermore began to occupy Hudson's Bay Co. lands and it is generally known that without company assistance many would have starved.

In 1846 after the treaty between Great Britain and the United States fixed the 49th parallel as the southern boundary of Canada, Fort Vancouver was in American territory and when the influence of the company waned settlers began to take over Hudson's Bay lands around the fort. In order to protect itself the company welcomed the establishment of a United States army camp.

Shortly thereafter a military reservation was created around the old fur trading post. The last chief factor at Fort Vancouver handed over the keys of the fort to the army quartermaster in 1860. Six years later it was reported that all traces of the old stockade had been burned (Note: probably by misguided American patriots).

On July 9, 1954 Fort Vancouver National Historic Site was created to be administered by the National Park Service, Department of the Interior.

In 1966 the Park Service began reconstructing the north stockade, a portion of the east stockade and the north gate. Today the stockade is complete together with the bastion at the northwest corner. Inside the stockade all the former buildings have been located from information received from the Hudson's Bay Company and plaques placed to identify them. A replica of the original bakeshop is complete with its

two brick ovens and the usual bakeshop accessories. Other buildings will be erected from time to time.

Fort Vancouver historic site is in the City of Vancouver, Washington. It is reached by turning from Interstate Highway No. 5 at Mill Plain Boulevard near the approach to the Columbia River bridge.

The visiting centre, near the stockade on East Evergreen Boulevard, houses exhibits of the early history of the old fort. Nearby are several large historic dwellings formerly occupied by U.S. Army personnel. One, 1106 East Evergreen Boulevard, a log building, now covered with siding, was built in 1849. It is the Ulysses Grant Museum. Grant distinguished himself during the American Civil War. He served as President of the United States from 1869 to 1877. But of particular interest to British Columbians was his association with the building, now a museum. He was Quartermaster of old Fort Vancouver in 1852-1853.

Bibliography and references: O.H.S. 32nd Report, Fort Okanogan pp 93-96; O.H.S. 34th Report, Fort Okanogan Memorial Cemetery, page 173; O.H.S. 36th Report, Fort Vancouver, Apple Tree Story, pp 170-173; B.C. — 1778-1846 by Akriggs. Much about Fort Vancouver and incidents leading to the end. A worthwhile book.

*See Page 147 for more pictures of Fort Vancouver.

VICTORIAN ORDER OF NURSES

By L. W. V. Hack

While Lord Aberdeen was Governor-General of Canada in the late 1800's Lady Aberdeen was instrumental in founding the Victorian Order of Nurses, basing their activities on the work of the Queen's Nurses in the country districts of England. With the tremendous distances between settlements, and the lack of medical assistance for many people in the sparsely settled prairies and west, she saw the need for such a service in a new country. The V.O.N. was to be based in Ottawa, and was mainly supported by voluntary contributions, though a small fee was expected from those who were able to pay, for example, \$10.00 for a maternity case. This included prenatal care and instruction, attendance at the case, if the mother decided to have her baby at home, daily care of mother and baby for about ten days afterwards, and a monthly visit until the baby was a year old. For other nursing visits 25 or 50 cents was the usual charge. But no one was ever refused any attention because of an inability to pay. All purely teaching or Public Health visits were always free. The Victorian Order Nurse was to give nursing care to patients in their own homes, and most important, she was to teach those in the home how to carry out the doctor's instructions, in care and treatments. She was expected to oversee the health of her district in general; this included water supplies and sewage disposal. She was to work in the homes and the schools, to hold well-baby and immunization clinics, and always she was to teach.

I joined the Victorian Order in 1936, and was sent to Oliver. My district was from Okanagan Falls to the United States boundary, and

included the Inkameep Indian Reserve. I was supplied with a car and gas and my salary was \$120.00 a month which had risen to \$145 by the time I resigned seven years later. Besides home nursing my duties included health supervision in all the schools in the area, and immunization and well-baby clinics, for both the white and Indian population. The district had five schools—two rooms each at Okanagan Falls, Testalinda, and Osoyoos: six rooms at Oliver, of which two were High School, and one room school on the Indian Reserve.

Oliver was still a young district with few old people. It was started after the first World War as a soldier settlement in 1921 when the irrigation ditch was put in and land sold in about 10 acre lots to returned soldiers.* The first Victorian Order Nurse arrived in 1928, she was Miss A. Twiddy, afterwards well-known as the school nurse in Penticton for many years.

Besides the schools, each of which I visited at least once a week, I soon found I had many home confinements to attend. These averaged about fifty a year. There was one doctor in the area, and, as Canada has no Midwifery service, he was always called on an obstetrical case, but it frequently happened that either he or I could not be found, and then we managed alone with help probably from the father or a neighbour. Some women went up to the Penticton Hospital, and from Osoyoos some went across the line to a small cottage hospital in Oroville, but the majority preferred to stay at home, roads and cars not being as good as they are now-a-days.

During my seven years there was only one case of puerperal fever, a case neither Dr. Ball nor I had seen before her confinement. Somehow the grapevine, which I usually found most reliable, hadn't worked in her case, and I never saw the woman until the day after the birth. She eventually recovered after a prolonged stay in the Penticton Hospital. There was also one maternal death, again of a woman who had had no prenatal care. It was routine to see that cases where complications were suspected should be sent to hospital. In general mothers and babies did well with none of the nervous stress of a hospital to upset them. Even the fathers survived, did well, and were often most useful.

My day usually began about 8:30 a.m. at the Oliver School, the largest in the district, in order to see any child referred to me by their parent or teacher. Then I visited any home care patients I had on the books. This was followed by a check-up of school absentees, if any had been away for more than a few days. In the afternoons I visited the out-lying schools and districts according to a strict schedule, so that teachers and parents knew when to expect me. Monday was for Osoyoos, Tuesday was baby clinic in Oliver, Wednesday I went to Okanagan Falls, Thursday to the Reserve, and Friday to Testalinda. On Saturday there were the necessary nursing visits, and I tried to catch up on the bookkeeping. Saturday afternoon and Sunday were free, except that I was always on call and was not supposed to leave the district. I was allowed one weekend off a month if I could find anyone to take emergency calls. The Indian Reserve was one place where it was difficult to find me.

I was never sure where I would find the Indians either. Being basically a nomadic people they moved around from place to place, and most families had two or three houses which they inhabited from time to time. The medicines supplied by the Indian Department were kept in a small dugout behind the school. After unlocking the trap door one descended a short ladder to get whatever was needed off the shelves, most often it was malt and cod-liver oil for the children, and the ointment used to treat trachoma. Frequently I saw several black widow spiders, but each of us minded our own business. The Reserve was also a place for rattlesnakes, and I remember teasing one woman who was bitten saying that I thought Indians and rattlesnakes had learned to live together in peace with each other. By the time I saw her she was obviously in no danger, but her leg was still swollen and sore. I always found the Indians friendly and co-operative but I think it took two or three years before they were entirely sure of me.

Communicable disease control was one of my jobs, and, shortly after I went to Oliver there was a case of typhoid in Osoyoos. This boy had been hunting, and said he drank out of every stream he crossed, so it was impossible to determine where he had picked up the germ. He was nursed at home by his mother, and, due to her care and attention, no one else in the house got the disease. He recovered. We also had three cases of smallpox in Osoyoos, which caused quite a scare and resulted in large and well-attended vaccination clinics throughout the district. All three recovered, though one woman told me twenty years later that she still had bad backaches at times. A backache is one of the distinguishing features of smallpox. There was the usual measles, chickenpox, etc. to track down and prevent their spread where possible, but, thank goodness, I never had a case of diphtheria, I had seen too much of it in Vancouver. Immunization was keeping it under control. There were also occasional cases of venereal disease.

Gold mines, the Dividend at Osoyoos, and the Morning Star above Fairview at Oliver, were still being worked and my visits included the miners and their families. There were several cases of silicosis amongst the miners, practically all of these died, some quite young.

The local doctor and I got along well together, and each reported to the other on our various cases. I was quite impressed that he should even ask me to visit his own wife when she was expecting her first baby. He particularly liked all his own prenatal cases visited, as then he knew that the prospective mother and home would be as well prepared as possible before he was called to the case. I also liked these visits as they enabled me to understand the home, and to make sure that every thing was as well prepared as possible beforehand. The depression was still in evidence, and many of the new settlers came into the valley with almost no resources—a stove, a table, a bed, a mattress on the floor for the children and a few old appleboxes to sit on was often about all they had, so one learned to make the best of whatever was available. The doctor and

I each carried large flashlights as a coaloil lamp was usually the only illumination. I remember one case where the lamp ran out of oil just as the baby decided to appear. The father was still out looking for the doctor, and the helpful neighbour got so excited she proceeded to faint, rather to my annoyance. However all went well, the baby, the father, and the doctor all arriving practically simultaneously.

On another occasion I was called to the Indian Reserve, where an Indian had been thrown from his horse. It was well after midnight in winter, and I was told I would find him in a small log-cabin some way off the road. After turning through a farm yard and driving down a faint track across a snowy field I thankfully saw a feeble light in the distance. He had almost scalped himself on a rock when he fell, and was covered in blood; also he had a broken arm and was severely in shock. I cleaned up and bandaged his head, and tied his arm onto a splint, and then gave instructions that he was to be kept warm and given all the hot sweetened tea he could drink, and said I'd come back in the morning. A couple of days later I took him up to the Indian's doctor in Penticton, and he eventually recovered, without even getting pneumonia, which he had had badly a few years previously.

Few people had phones in those days, but neighbours were good at taking messages. One night an elderly batchelor from Okanagan Falls came to fetch me for a maternity case. He got stuck in the snow, and I arrived too late to be of much use; however everyone was much amused by the story as his name was Henry Ford. With no phone I occasionally got messages that were less than necessary, as when I was asked to go down to Osoyoos right away; a young mother just back from hospital with her first baby thought there was something wrong with it. When I got there I found her much upset as she thought the baby had ingrowing toenails. On another occasion I was told a burned child had gone to sleep. When I arrived I found the child unconscious, and it died shortly after reaching hospital. In extremes such as these perhaps a visit makes no difference, but there were many times when it could be helpful. One never knew what to expect, but all calls were answered. There was no night phone as the exchange shut down at 10 p.m. and did not re-open till the next morning, consequently when the nurse or doctor was needed at night someone had to turn out and fetch them.

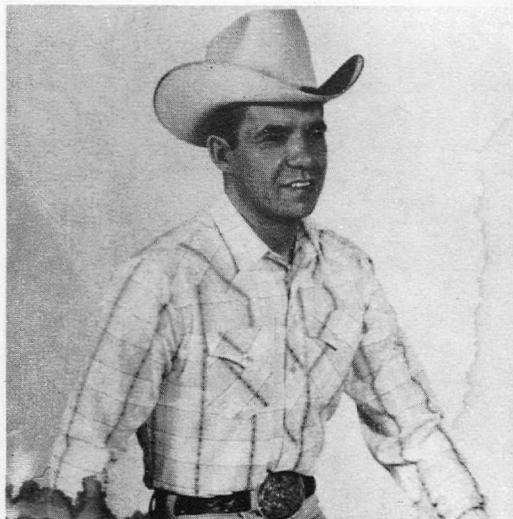
With phones few and far between it was usual to pay a home visit to any child who was absent from school for two or three days, or with unexplained frequency. One of the advantages of this was that, once in the home, it was easy to inquire about all members of the family, and often problems which were being over-looked, either through ignorance or lack of money, could be dealt with. There was no medical plan then, and the poor did not visit a doctor except in cases of real necessity, by which time a small problem had sometimes become much more serious.

The tradition of helping one's neighbour was still strong in country districts. Also I found the local Elks most helpful in cases of need, supplying hampers at Christmas and sacks of potatoes

or transportation at other times. When no other transportation was available I occasionally took patients into the Penticton Hospital myself, though my local Victorian Order Board did not altogether approve of my running what they referred to as a "taxi service". There was no taxi then, and the local undertaker, who could sometimes be pressed into using his car as an ambulance, made his living working in the packing-house, funerals being few and far between. This undertaker was also a member of the local B.P.O.E. and, in an unguarded moment, as he was a friendly, cheerful soul, they put him on the sick visiting committee. He did not stay long, as he himself said he "never saw a lot of sick people get out of bed and back to work faster.

The local Board of the Victorian Order of Nurses was always a great help to the nurse, in particular the President, Mr. Louis Deighton. Without his persistence we would never have obtained the \$50.00 a month grant the Provincial Board of Health finally allowed us for work in the schools. For the first ten years that the V.O.N. was in Oliver all the school work was done free. The nurse's salary and car expenses were paid for by the \$50.00 a month grant from the Dept. of Indian Affairs and the small amount collected by the nurse as fees, and voluntary contributions collected from those interested in the work both locally and in Ottawa.

*See vol. 39 pp62. vol. 19 pp42.



Kenny McLean

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KENNY McLEAN

By Jacqueline Howe

A well-deserved honour was given to one of the Okanagan's best known athletes this spring in the recognition of Kenny McLean's achievement in the sport, rodeo.

A brief summary of Kenny's career was given in the B.C. Hall of Fame magazine in 1973. "Born in Penticton in 1939; won the Canadian All-Round Rodeo Championship a record breaking four times in 1967 and 68, 1969 and 1972 the World Bronc Riding Championship. The U.S. National Final Bronc Riding Kenny has won an unprecedented three times; 1964, 1968 and 1971, a feat yet to be surpassed.

One of the rarest awards is the Bill Lindeman Trophy, Kenny is the only Canadian to have won this and one of the two, to whom it has been given, so high are the qualifications needed. No one in Canada has achieved as much as he has."

Kenny's width of shoulders, depth of chest, narrow hips belie his height of 5'10", his slow walk, quiet speech and unassuming manners show his vocation has strengthened and changed his physical appearance since he started his career in Keremeos, a thin, short youngster of sixteen. The broadness of his upper torso and arms demonstrate his lightning reflexes and strength when seconds count inexorably in each event. He is a good looking man, displaying his proud ancestry when he talks and smiles.

He is a descendant of the McLean's of Duarte Castle on the Isle of Mull. His grandfather, Roderick William McLean, was Officer-In-Charge for the Hudsons' Bay Company at Keremeos. He built their store there in 1859 which served the Boundary country; later, when in his fifties, he married the sixteen-year-old daughter of Chief Francois of the Okanagan Indians.

This tribe extended from north of Vernon to Coleville in the States. Mr. Mclean pre-empted 375 acres of woodland on the east side of Okanagan Falls. All this was logged off, farm buildings erected and here the family raised horses and Herefords to the present day. One of his family recalls that the "grass was as high as a horse's belly."

Kenny is an unassuming man; when I congratulated him early last spring on his latest award, he smiled and said, "Haven't got it yet!"

By the age of twenty-two, Rodeo had become his entire life. Kenny's superb conditioning and timing has so far kept him from serious injury. In 1967 he married and he and Joyce have a son, Kenneth Guy, at the roomy ranch house on eight acres near Vernon. Here one big room is given over to his many trophies.

Now a new career is opening up; he has started Rodeo Schools in Interior centres for aspiring champions. This indicates the planning and foresight which has characterized his life. There will be no broken-down drunken cow-poke finishing his life on a "two-bit" circuit for him. Canada has recognized his reputation, skills and services to Rodeo on April 7, 1976 at Government House in Ottawa. There he stood proudly to receive the Honour of Canada Medal from the hands of the Governor-General, Jules Leger.



LUMBY'S FIRST MAGISTRATE

HUGH CHARLES CATT
(1887-1960)

By Rosemary Deuling

Ronnie, Elda,
Charlie (Grandson), Hugh Catt.

The pioneer and long time residents of Lumby remember Hugh Charles Catt as a man who dedicated his life to justice during the 54 years he lived here.

Hugh Charles and his twin brother, George Clifford, were born February 12, 1887 in Spetisford, Dorset, England: the fourth and fifth of nine children of George Henry Catt. George was inspired by a popular song of the day to call his twin sons "Peter" and "Joe", nicknames that stayed with them all their lives. The family descended from Thomas Catt, 1595, of Buxted, Sussex, many of whose descendants entered naval or army service. There were three children by his first marriage, the twins were the first children from his second marriage.

At the age of 15, Pete (no one ever called him Hugh) qualified as a midshipman in the Royal Navy Reserve after completing his education at Stubbington, a naval preparatory school, and aboard HMS Worcester, a training ship on the Thames. For two years he served in sailing vessels and for two more in steamships. This career ended in 1906 when he and his father came to Canada to see for themselves if all the rave notices sent by Pete's brother Jim were indeed true. Jim had arrived in Eastern Canada the previous year and immediately fell in love with it. George, a well-to-do man, and his sons were able to take a leisurely trip to the west. They toured Northern Alberta by pack horse and while in Edmonton, someone told them about the Okanagan. They arrived in Vernon via CPR and planned to stay only a few days before moving on to the west coast. However, one day while his father and brother were fishing at Kelowna, Pete was approached on the verandah of the old Okanagan Hotel by Isaac Deschamps and offered a job as a slasher. He accepted the offer in spite of his complete ignorance of just what the job entailed. The next day he went to work in the bush while Jim and Mr. Catt travelled on

to Victoria. Nothing except two trips home to visit his family, could induce Pete to leave Canada in general and Lumby in particular.

While working in the bush in the Lavington district, he had the opportunity to scout the district. When his father returned from the coast in the fall, Pete was deeply interested in a ranch for sale in Lumby. His father promptly bought the partially developed ranch from Tom Norris, who had purchased it from the pre-empter Quinn Falkner. Mr. Catt hired contractors to build the largest and grandest house in Lumby—27 rooms, for the family who came from England in the spring of 1907. The family stayed only a year, finding the country too primitive. George Catt stayed at the ranch for a few more years. They left behind them many of their furnishings and possessions, among them a collection of swords and pieces of armour still owned by their sons and grandsons. The house was rented to various people and eventually was demolished in 1940.

While George and Jim Catt stayed in Lumby to work on the ranch, hiring Chinese laborers to clear the land, Pete took himself off to Alberta to take a job as cow puncher for two years. In 1910 that career ended when he was badly kicked by a horse and was unable to do any heavy work for some time. He returned to Lumby and took the position of teacher at the one-room schoolhouse. He taught there for two and a half years and one of his pupils was Elda Le Blanc, daughter of a pioneer family, Joseph and Elmire LeBlanc, who had come from St. Anicet, Quebec, in 1889. Their courtship consisted of skating and sleigh rides during winter, and hiking and picnics in summer. One favorite form of entertainment was the "spur-of-the-moment" party, where a couple would decide to have a party. They would get some food together and start off on a round of the homes of other young people, getting them out of bed if necessary. Each contributed something to eat or drink, and at one home, they spent the night singing, dancing and playing games. The party ended when it was time to go home and milk the cows.

Pete and Elda were married April 14th, 1914 by Father Doheny in Sacred Heart Church, situated at that time near the present cemetery. They moved into a house built for the Catts in 1912 and rented to Dr. Nash until Pete and his bride moved in. Peter was in the real estate business at that time with Tom Norris. Early in 1915 he sold his share to Bardolph and joined the 2nd Canadian Mounted Rifles.

Meanwhile his father returned to England, having rented the ranch to Scotty Smith and his two sons. When the Smith boys joined the army, their father was unable to carry on alone; so Pete was released from the service for farm work. He and Elda moved into the farm house built by Quinn Falkner in 1916, buying from his father on a lease-to-purchase agreement. There was still a great deal of work to be completed on the land before Pete could realize his dream of owning a herd of registered Shorthorn cattle. In 1920 he started his herd with the purchase of two cows from Kamloops and three from Calgary. Eventually this built up to a herd of 42 cows. He also bought six pure bred Percheron brood mares as foundation stock for horses to be used in ranching operations and to be sold, broken to harness,

to logging contractors for \$400 a team. They also raised a flock of 50 sheep, some pigs, chickens, geese, turkeys and ducks. Bears and coyotes were bothersome, killing two or three calves and many lambs every year until the area became more settled and the predators moved to higher country.

There was the usual large garden which was Elda's domain. Aside from feeding the chickens and occasionally helping with lighter farm chores, her days were spent mainly in keeping house and caring for the children. Late summer and early fall were the busy times with canning fruit, vegetables and meat. Pete cured meat in his smokehouse and salted down fish and meat for winter use.

The family started with the arrival in the Vernon hospital of Ena on June 22, 1916 followed by Henry, Joy, Nicki and Ronnie, the youngest, born on May 8, 1930.

The old house soon proved too small. Gradually they added on to it until they finally had a large house with four bedrooms, kitchen, dining room, sitting room, office and a large verandah. A pump in the kitchen supplied water. Electricity came in 1928, when running water was put into the house; also a bathroom and the first refrigerator in Lumby.

In his younger days, Pete was a pretty fair athlete. He was captain of the HMS Worcester football team; won a gold medal for gymnastics at naval prep school, and cups for racing. For many years he was captain of the Lumby Soccer team which he and his brother Jim organized.

Hugh Charles Catt was appointed Justice of the Peace on February 11, 1917 and magistrate on December 31, 1929. On May 18, 1937, he was appointed judge of the juvenile court for the North Okanagan and had extended jurisdiction allowing him to try criminal cases. If it was at all possible, he ordered probation rather than jail sentences for convicted juveniles.

During the early days, Pete held court at his farm. Once when the accused party was in a hurry, the man was brought to him while he was mowing hay. Magistrate Catt held court without leaving the seat of the mower. His first motor vehicle case was in 1925. The fine was \$2.50 with court costs of \$1.50. The next year there was a lengthy case over a man's dog accused of running at large and killing sheep. The owner was instructed to pay damages of \$21.50. Not having the money, the man asked the magistrate to lend him the amount. Peter did, but the debt was never repaid. Another case involved a sewing-machine salesman accused of selling without a permit. To enable him to pay his fine, Pete bought a sewing machine. "I really didn't need two machines," mused Elda in later years.

Many other activities occupied him. He was first president of the Community Club; a charter member of the Lumby Board of Trade; a life member of the P.T.A. and secretary of the School Board for several years. He was chairman of the group which originated the Lumby Boy Scout troop and president of the Lumby Fall Fair. As a member, and at one time, secretary of the B.C. Shorthorn Breeders' Association, he was several times a B.C. delegate to the Canadian

Shorthorn Breeders' Federation. His cattle were regular entries at district fairs and took their share of prizes at Armstrong and Kamloops shows.

If this was not enough to keep Pete busy, he started a sawmill on his ranch. Son Henry helped with the cattle while Ronnie assisted with the mill. Pete, Elda and Ronnie moved into a house in Lumby in 1949 and Mr. Catt retired from active ranching and milling ten years later.

As the original 640 acre ranch abutted the growing village and the demand for housing increased, George Catt began to sub-divide the northern sections of his land. Lots were sold along Shuswap Avenue, Park Avenue, Glencaird, Maple and Vernon Streets. He donated lots on Park Avenue to the Anglican and Roman Catholic churches in 1922. Bell Pole Co. at first rented land from the Catts and later bought, as did the Merritt-Diamond Mill. The remaining 550-acre ranch is run by son Henry and grandson Jim.

Hugh Charles Catt passed away in Jubilee Hospital on November 1, 1960.

TOM CLARKE—PIONEER SURVEYOR OF RAILROADS AND HIGHWAYS

A Reminiscence Recorded By A. Waterman

Editor's Foreword: Tom Clarke's recollections are mostly about other parts of B.C. than the Okanagan. They are included in this report because of the vivid picture which is given of the tremendous amount of construction activity going on in B.C. between 1908 and the mid '50's.

— PART 1—

Tom Clarke, British Columbia Professional Engineer—Civil, was born in Bothwell, Ontario, on June 21, 1888, and like a number of young men of his era, began work in a bank. He enjoyed neither the work nor the location and after his application for a transfer to the west had been refused he quit and reached Vancouver via the prairies by Christmas, 1908.

After various unsatisfying clerical jobs Tom left the Coast in August, 1909, for the prairie harvest fields where he learned that the back-breaking work often stretched from dawn to dusk. As groaning tables of well-cooked food had yet to become a prairie tradition, he considered himself lucky if he got enough to eat. Accustomed to his parents' comfortable home in Bothwell he had boundless admiration tinged with pity for the women who struggled bravely under conditions of primitive housing, a shortage of fuel and limited supplies of food and water. He remembers the swarms of flies some of which were exterminated by chasing them around the kitchen ceiling with a flaming torch of newspaper and sweeping up the singed remains.

Harvesters' pay was \$2 a day with board so Tom was not exactly stakely at the end of the harvest. He searched Edmonton for a job without success and was considering a bleak future over a solitary pre-dinner drink in a bar when he overheard two men discussing plans for a Canadian Northern Railroad survey. With nothing to lose he asked if there was work and Garnet Hughes, chief of the survey party, hired him as rear chainman at \$30 a month with board. Tom was too green to know that he occupied the lowest rung on the survey ladder; nor did he know that he had the right to ask for an advance to outfit himself. Instead he borrowed \$25 from a banking friend. Experience proved this inadequate. He recalled that moccasins were a dollar a pair and that little was left of his third pair by spring. On the trail he observed that when the snow was soft the French-Canadian axeman's oil-tanned moccasins kept his feet dry. Tom's were wet.

Each man added to his outfit a few meagre luxuries such as tobacco to smoke or chew. One far-sighted member of the party spent a day wandering around Edmonton hotels collecting magazines. His objective was not a selection of reading matter for the trail but a supply of toilet paper.

The party consisted of the chief, a transit man, a level man, a topographer (a draughtsman was dispensed with and the chief and transit man did what draughting was required), two chainmen, a rod man, three axe-men, a cook, a bull-cook and two packers. They left Edmonton October 12, 1909, with wagons which were exchanged for pack-horses at the end of the Grand Trunk Pacific tote road. Tom's last bath before spring was taken sitting on the shore ice of the Athabasca River.

As the snow fell and feed grew scarce Tom remembers with distaste having to drag the hungry animals away from shrubs on which they tried to browse. The last camp with the pack-horses was made after dark; it was a miserable camp lacking tent poles, adequate wood and water. There was no horse feed. Next morning the pack train with a light load of non-perishable supplies and Tom as rear sacker* went ahead a few miles and spent the night in the snow warmed by wet saddle blankets. In the morning the supplies were piled in a cache and the wretched pack train returned to camp.

The following day the two packers took the horses back some miles to a valley where the snowfall was light enough for them to exist until spring. They rode two saddle horses back to Donald McDonald's ranch near Lac Ste. Anne.

It took three days for the French-Canadian axe-man to make hand sleighs using only axe and auger on birch wood. As the party dragged the sleighs through the heavy snow even the chief of the party, Garnet Hughes, and transit man, Sam Workman, took turns on the tow ropes.

Daylight was growing short and the only light in camp was from candles. Butter had been finished quite early on the trail. The canned milk gave out shortly before Christmas. However there was no lack of dried onions, potatoes, salt pork and beans, bacon and dried fruit. Tom allowed that the cook made good bread.

Lunch on the survey line always consisted of the bacon left from

breakfast blanketed between slices of frozen bread which were thawed individually on the lunch fires. The man who went ahead and made the fire had the tea boiling and the loose snow on the lee-side of the fire brushed away so that moccasins did not get wet. Dessert was excellent: bread well-smearred with bacon grease and sugar toasted at the lunch fire.

The only protest on the trail came on the first Sunday when hauling the hand sleighs. The transit man who was the direct contact between the chief and the "Indians" hollered: "All out!" The rod man and the two chain-men being young and innocent turned out but the axe-man protested loudly: "No"! The chief stated that on the trail the party travelled seven days a week. "Hell, no," retorted the axe-men, "not when hauling hand sleighs." And sleighs were not hauled on Sundays.

After arriving at the Yellowhead Pass, the summit of the Rocky Mountains, about the middle of December, the party started the preliminary survey to the west on the headwaters of the Fraser, in order to tie their survey to that of another party from the west which would work up from the Albreda Summit. The camp consisted of four tents: three for sleeping and one cook tent which also served as the dining tent and the cook's quarters. Assisting the cook was the bull-cook. Apart from washing dishes and kitchen chores, he kept the cook supplied with wood as well as the three sleeping tents. After starting the cook-stove fire in the morning he started fires in the sleeping tents—a much appreciated luxury.

On the railroad survey the surveyors run a preliminary line first and locate off that line. Heaven protect the careless transit man who reads and books a wrong angle or the chain-man who drops the odd 100 feet either of which leads to an error in the plotting and in the projections for location where angles are translated into curves.

After Garnet Hughes' preliminary survey had joined the party from the west in charge of Mr. Hannington, the Hughes' party returned to the summit where supplies had arrived by sleigh from McDonald's ranch. This was the first horse-drawn conveyance to reach the summit. Supported by ample supplies Hughes' party started back locating to Jasper Lake.

Completing their section of the Yellowhead Pass survey the party left the west end of the line in March, 1910. At that season the best travelling time was between 4 and 11 a.m. while the crust on the thawing snow was hard. After camp was made Garnet Hughes conceived the idea of sending one or two men ahead to break trail with snowshoes and return in time for supper. There was a marked lack of enthusiasm for this chore because each time a snow-shoe was lifted the snow had to be knocked off with a stick. By this time they had run out of babiche (thongs of rawhide or gut) and were repairing their snowshoes with odds and ends of string, cloth or leather.

Sam Workman and Tom were hauling the same hand-made sleigh they had hauled in but under the steady cutting of the snow crust the front runners broke.

In a few days the party met the pack train. The horses had been rounded up in the valley where they had wintered and driven to the

summit to bring the survey party out. Oats were packed as there was no grass in March. These unfortunate horses, weak after a winter's rustling, were barely strong enough to pack. When it came to crossing thawing rivers they had a terrible struggle because the shore ice remained strong forming a shelf onto which the horses in their weakened condition could not always clamber. The footing was uncertain for the packers and it was only with desperate efforts that they saved the pack train by hoisting the weak and terrified horses onto the ice.

After a few more days they reached the end of the tote road where wagons waited to take them to the end of the Grand Trunk Pacific steel at Wolf Creek. There was a hold-up at Wolf Creek until the bridge was constructed. The journey was continued by box car and completed in some style in an old passenger car to Edmonton. Late spring found Tom at Canadian Northern headquarters in Winnipeg.

The work fascinated him so much, hardships notwithstanding, that he followed railroad and highway location for the next 50 years. He was re-hired in Winnipeg by Garnet Hughes, who had been appointed by the Canadian Northern as District Engineer, for work on Vancouver Island. Later in the spring of 1910 a survey party was assembled in Victoria and sent by the C.P.R.'s S.S. Tees to Port Renfrew, where the first survey work for the Canadian Northern Pacific on Vancouver Island was to start.

Sailing through the Straits of Juan de Fuca, enroute to Port Renfrew, the Indians who took passage on the S.S. Tees usually wished to disembark where no dock existed. Their canoes would be on deck with their motley possessions, wives, children and dogs. To oblige these passengers two slings were placed under the canoe loaded with family possessions and the crane would hoist all over the side and lower it to the ocean.

After a few weeks' work at Port Renfrew word reached Tom's party that other routes to Port Alberni and the northern part of the Island were to be surveyed. They were moved by the company's gas boat to the north end of Saanich Inlet and from there surveyed a line along the cliffs on the west side of the Inlet. Surveys continued on the southern end of the Island during the winter and the more northern and heavy snow areas in the summer.

In the spring they left the south end of the Island and started a survey of the rugged cliffs down the Alberni Canal to Franklin River.

Port Alberni was the natural centre to which men gravitated from the camps in the area. When Tom headed in for provisions he met engineers and survey crews from the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway from Great Central Lake who were surveying a branch line into Port Alberni. The "Tees" brought supplies from Victoria and by tacit agreement, as soon as her whistle was heard, tools were downed and shops closed as everyone gathered at the Somas Hotel to hear the news and greet newcomers.

Fortunately for him, Tom was in town during an unusually heavy snowfall. In camp it brought down the tent on the sleeping topographer who shared it with Tom. Powerless to move, the unfortunate

man had to be dug out. It was a couple of days before weather conditions permitted a return to camp with fresh supplies.

In the summer Tom's party was moved to Cowichan Lake to locate the route from the head of the lake over a low summit and down the Nitinat to its confluence with the Little Nitinat. Part of the time surveying was done where wagons could be used for transportation: on lakes it was usually done by rowboat. Fortunately on Cowichan Lake a Scot, named Gillespie, had an old wood-burning steam boat capable of carrying 16 or 18 men with their equipment. The wood-burner consumed such quantities of fuel that Gillespie frequently put his passengers ashore to gather thick fir bark to fire the boiler. Fir bark can be pried off dead trees with ease and, with the aid of a pole, can be reached up to a fair height, but the man wielding the pole must be fast on his feet to dodge hunks of falling bark weighing 50 or 60 lbs.

After they reached the head of the lake it was back-packing. Two men were employed continuously in this arduous task to keep the supplies up with the men. If the supplies lagged too far behind, everyone had to turn to and back-pack. Generally the line crew only packed on moving day and maybe the following day. No one turned to this duty with a glad shout.

Later in the summer of 1911 the survey party to which Tom was attached started the preliminary line from Cowichan Lake across the summit to the Nitinat River. When the heavy rains started Tom was sent over the trail up the Little Nitinat and down Franklin River to where the pack-horses which had been supplying them for the summer, were corralled. The head packer, Bill LeLievre, said that as he had another party to look after he could not go. Tom decided that his party would have to move out by boat, so he borrowed Bill's canoe to paddle to Port Alberni. He found the canoe heavy and cumbersome so when the wind rose he rigged a sail using his shirt — much to the astonishment of sport fishermen.

In the morning the service launch started down the Canal, out into Barclay Sound and headed for the entrance to Nitinat Lake. For safety this had to be approached at slack tides. They chugged up the Lake and anchored at its head. Before dropping off to sleep on deck Tom was amazed by the phosphorescent trails of the multitude of salmon which had started their mysterious journey to spawn in the fresh water creeks where they had hatched.

Having worked his way through the various grades as topographer, leveller and transitman, from 1911 onwards Tom was instrument man on construction. About Christmas he got fed up with being wet and quit. He considered taking a course in mathematics but spring found him back on construction at the head of Cowichan Lake. During the summer he was transferred as instrument man to the party at Skutz Falls where the survey party had a semi-permanent camp on Indian Reserve land.

In the fall the water was very low on the Cowichan River so great numbers of salmon, unable to leap the falls, swam in frustration in the pool below. Always interested in a change of diet Tom craved salmon. He tried fitting his shirt on a forked stick but the fish easily

evaded this makeshift net. He then enlisted the aid of the resident engineer and together they took up an old carpet from the floor of their tent. This was hung from a pole close to and in front of the falls while the other end was looped up by ropes to trees or bushes. When the fish attempted to jump the falls and failed they fell back into this trap. With this magic carpet operating successfully they had more than enough to eat so a smoke-house was constructed to smoke the surplus for winter consumption.

While in the bar at the Lakeside Hotel he fell into conversation with the assistant game warden who mentioned that he had heard rumours of illegal netting and smoking of salmon on the Reserve. Tom wasted no time in returning to camp where the smoke-house was promptly dismantled and the salmon cached safely away from the camp.

In contrast to conditions in engineering camps those in railroad construction camps run by contractors were horrible. Poor food was served by unskilled cooks on enamel-ware worn to black iron. Accommodation for sleeping was in tents known as "muzzle-loaders". These were large tents with a narrow passage between two continuous sleeping shelves stacked in two layers to right and left. Food was served in the cooking-dining tent on two long tables on each side of the tent. Tom remembered a camp where the stables were higher than the cooking-dining tent and the stable drains ran under each dining table.

1912 was the last year in which B.C. land could be staked for purchase, subject always to the Foot Board Measure (timber) regulations. Through an advertisement in the Gazette Tom heard of a very good area but was too late in following this up. Nevertheless, seized with a fever to own land, he quit Skutz Falls.

He made arrangements with an eccentric acquaintance in Victoria to share this venture as a partner and went to Alberni where he bought an Indian canoe for a dollar a foot. He caught the "Tees" on her trip north and joined his partner, Archie, who had boarded in Victoria.

They landed at Nootka. On the beach Indians were hacking out canoes, some still clad in blankets, and a few bricks remained from the fort built by the Spanish in 1789. The island had already been staked, largely by professional homesteaders who were not too careful about the areas they staked at between \$2 and \$5 per acre: their interest lay in proving up their pre-emptions and selling. A far different proposition from homesteading on the open prairie where acreage had to be broken and a livable cabin built.

Tom and Archie did not always agree on the areas to search, nevertheless they proceeded up the Gold River to find only a single section that met the qualifications for land that could be purchased and this was not big enough to have a survey made and complete the transaction with any prospect of realizing a profit.

While waiting for a job to show up, Tom and a friend, Henry Schupe, camped on Sproat Lake. Henry Schupe later got the job as engineer for a reconnaissance survey for the Esquimalt and Nanaimo

Railway north of Campbell River. Tom went as his assistant. The survey was made on foot and by canoe—a lovely 16-foot close-ribbed Chestnut, made light and strong in Fredericton, N.B.

After working up the Salmon River on an abandoned logging trail and climbing mountains to get the lie of the land, Tom and his chief followed the coast south to Elk Bay, the last safe landing north of Seymour Narrows. After a week spent looking over the country to the west and south Schupe decided on a reconnaissance of the Salmon and White Rivers area. He would walk to Campbell River and pick up a packer after taking a look at that area. Tom was to wait at Elk Bay until picked up by a CPR boat on the Vancouver/Prince Rupert/Skagway run.

Surprisingly soon Tom heard the blasts of the boat's whistle and paddled out. Assisted by the crew he boarded through a low cargo door. He donned the slippers which in those days were supplied to protect canvas-covered decks from caulked boots and went to see the Captain. A second unscheduled stop was not to the Captain's liking but he was courteous and agreed to heave to at the mouth of the Salmon.

Tom stocked up with supplies at the store and paddled up the Salmon to a cabin a short way above the White. Until Schupe arrived he spent his time exploring the area up the mountains and down the valleys taking hourly barometric readings to be checked against the chief's readings. Altitude taken by aneroid barometers is not very accurate but taken several times and averaged it was close enough for them to survey a railroad grade at a reasonable cost. With a second packer they moved up the White River until they reached a low pass to the Davie River. The chief took one packer and went upstream. Tom took the other and plunged down the valley of the Davie through shoulder high salal and the odd devil's club until he could see where the valleys of the Adam River and the Davie joined.

The easiest way to get to the Adam for further reconnaissance was to turn back down the White and Salmon to Johnstone Strait. A hand-logger took them in his boat to the mouth of the Adam.

Following the same routine with barometric readings they surveyed the Adam to a swampy summit and a stream which led into the Nimpkish River. By this time both packers had quit. However, as supplies were low the trip back to the mouth of the Adam was easy.

Once again they stocked up at a coastal store and hired a boat to take them to Beaver Cove where they varied their diet by catching delectable crabs. They camped on the Nimpkish with the intention of carrying their reconnaissance to its source but snow began to fall. Unequipped for winter they returned to Victoria to make up their reports.

Railroad construction had slowed down during the early years of World War I but there were still jobs available and Tom thought long and hard before he decided to enlist. He held strong views on the immorality and futility of war but he wanted the Allies to win and was not one to "let George do it". He compromised by enlisting in the Ambulance Corps in Vancouver.

An English friend, Tildsley, who had enlisted in the Siege Artillery in Victoria, managed to transfer to the Ambulance Corps. Thus on arrival in England they found themselves in the same field hospital shuffling bedpans for war casualties: Tildsley on day duty and Tom on nights. Appalled by their duties they spent their free time working out ways to get a transfer. Fortunately for them the Medical Corps was senior to the infantry so it was not too difficult to work a transfer to the artillery (senior to the Medical Corps) at Shornecliffe. They pulled this off just in time as the hospital unit shipped out to Cyprus within a week.

Tom fought his war dutifully but he had neither enthusiasm nor aptitude for soldiering. He claims that he marched out of step throughout the conflict because he embarked at Vancouver on his left foot for training at Esquimalt. His record does not substantiate this. No civilian at that time could imagine nor comprehend the suffering and agony of war: perhaps in a subconscious effort to preserve their sanity survivors recall the ridiculous or quasi-humorous incidents.

As bombardier Tom was in charge of the wagon lines when his battery was at rest. Also in his charge were three or four prisoners who told him one night that they knew where some champagne could be found and proposed that if he would turn them loose for a few hours they would return with some champagne. Sure enough in the morning they staggered back slightly drunk and laden with bottles of champagne.

He was ordered to take his detail of three or four men to clean up the wagon lines: a never-ending chore with artillery horses. As he rounded up the detail they observed that the quartermaster sergeant, not known for his sobriety, was drunk. As usual, Tom and his detail were broke. The temptation was too strong; they relieved the sergeant of his boots and traded them to a Belgian farmer for eggs.

In 1917 after two years of continuous action Tom applied for a commission. His application was accepted.

But before Tom could take up his cadet training he was laid low with an infection which sent him to England on a stretcher. He returned to Canada in March, 1919.

In Vancouver he was again hospitalized before being discharged as medically unfit. By late spring he had itchy feet so he went to look at the Peace River. Settlers were allowed to take up a quarter-section as a homestead and, in addition, veterans were given the option of taking up an extra quarter-section.

He travelled by Canadian Northern to Edmonton and Spirit River. Rather than continue to Grand Prairie which was the end of steel at that time, Tom walked the 60 miles from Spirit River to Pouce Coupe. En route he overtook an Englishman, Jim Matthews, who was also seeking a homestead. They stuck together and located about half a mile apart.

Jim had been a skinner on the Grand Trunk, so he got a team of horses and hauled the logs for their cabins.

At the end of summer he returned to Vancouver and enrolled in the Soldiers' Settlement Land scheme. It was stipulated that those appli-

cants who were not farmers must spend some time working on a farm in order to qualify for benefits. Tom headed for Winfield where his Uncle Bill had a hay field. He sold the hay on condition that it was "fed on the meadow". Here Tom enjoyed a couple of months of leisurely work and here, for the first time, he fell under the spell of the Okanagan.

During the winter he met Elspeth Honeyman who had been educated at All Hollow's Girls' School at Yale.* Unfortunately her parents frowned on Tom's suit and when he sought advice from Mr. Honeyman on the prospect of rearing pigs in the Lower Fraser Valley, he was told that homesteading in the Peace River was infinitely more rewarding.

After Christmas the University of B.C. offered a course in agriculture. In the spring, after completing this course, Tom returned to his homestead in the Peace River.

In the fall of 1920 he returned to Vancouver. Faced with the choice of supporting a wife or a homestead Tom unhesitatingly chose Elspeth. Unable to win her parents' approval the young couple met one day at the Great Northern Station in New Westminster and were married in the Presbyterian Manse. They lived in Burnaby and New Westminster, later moving to one of the Trapp houses in Ioco.

Tom started work for the Provincial Highways Department under Eric Todd, Assistant District Engineer for the lower mainland.

In the spring of 1922 there was heavy flooding in the Coquitlam area and as a result Tom worked on a survey of the Coquitlam River from the B.C. Electric dam to the CPR main line bridge at Coquitlam which had been completely washed out. In the same year a son, Bill, was born.

The Revelstoke highway bridge was started and Tom worked as assistant engineer at \$125 a month till its completion in 1924. He then undertook the job of locating a highway from Box Lake near Nakusp to Rosebery on Slokan Lake. The CPR branch line operating in the Slokan Valley eased transportation problems.

At Summit Lake, where a lumber mill had burned down, houses remained standing. When Elspeth went to join Tom, he approached an American with an interest in the timber limits who had continued to live in one of the houses. The American indicated a house which, in his opinion, might harbour fewer bedbugs than others told the Clarkes that they were welcome to move in.

In order to keep up with the survey, they moved on to Hunter's Camp where a teamster and his team had quit. The teamster stated that his house had running water and the Clarkes could have it for the price of the windows: \$10. The running water came in a flume from the creek around the house and under the front steps.

When they moved on to Rosebery they enjoyed both running water and continuous electric light because Mr. Hunter, who looked after the electric plant, allowed no one to turn off lights as he believed this would unbalance the generator.

By 1925 Tom was resident engineer on the re-construction of the Cariboo Road through the Fraser Canyon from Yale to Saddle Rock.

The Highway was built by station work: there was not a machine on the job and the work, done by gangs of European immigrants, was steady, including Sundays. The engineering standard was to have 16 feet of road in the clear (where there had to be protection to prevent people from going into the river). The maximum grade was 8 percent and the maximum curvature 40 degrees. (Now anything over 4 percent requires a third lane and a road bed of 24 feet.) One of the problems of making estimates was that the width of the road might be increased when tenders were called.

When Tom took over, the final location had not been completed but the contractors were on the ground letting station work in place on the residency. To connect these odd bits of station work the location had to be definitely settled and the line cross-sectioned. This took time while other work was neglected. As early contracts and station work were completed the final quantities had to be worked out. All this should have been done before the final location was made. In retrospect Tom considered this madness, particularly as during his residency he was without an office. In order to keep up he worked evenings and often on Sundays.

A daughter, Calista, born in May 1925, was a few weeks old when they moved to Yale. When Bill developed a fever and a rash it was arranged that the CPR doctor should stop off to examine him on his first trip. Within 24 hours the doctor swung off the still-moving Trans-Continental and dashed in to see Bill. Without hesitation he announced, "Measles", and, as he dashed back to catch the train he yelled: "Keep him warm and his bowels open!"

Elsbeth used to take Calista, who was breast-fed, out in the baby-carriage with Bill toddling beside her. One day as they passed a group of prospectors idling on the porch of the general store one old man teased Bill by saying that he was going to steal Calista. Bill stood his ground and asked the old man, "Have you got breasts to feed her?" "Of course not," retorted the old man. "Then you can't have Calista!" That probably took a bit of living down.

The District Engineer, McMillan, under whom Tom and an engineer named Lindsay Swan worked, always supported his assistants when arguments arose with contractors. These occurred pretty frequently. He was, however, a man of some eccentricities amongst which was an antipathy to fresh air and a fondness for warmth. While he was in the office no window was opened so Tom and Lindsay welcomed his trips of inspection to the end of his residency about six miles upstream on the east side of the Fraser.

The original Alexandra suspension bridge, a spectacular project of Joseph Trutch's, had been carried out so soundly that the stone pier bases built in 1863 were still in fair condition. Faced with stone to resemble the original bases they were again used. The individual wires for the bridge cables were taken in from Yale on pack horses. Each cable consisted of 1264 wires bunched together on the site. They were then covered by canvas and painted. A two-foot section of this cable was cut by Harley Hatfield* and Russell Palmer* for the National Machinery Company Limited who wished to use it for adver-

tising. When it had served this purpose it was presented to the Provincial Museum.

During construction the men crossed the Fraser in a bucket suspended from a cable. Propulsion was by means of a hand rope anchored at each end. At either end it was a steep uphill pull to land.

After a month or so at Jackass Mountain, Tom was offered the position of Assistant District Engineer on a district that started at Port Essington and ended at Telkwa on the Bulkley River. As there was no road beyond Terrace and no through road between Kitwanga and Terrace the work was mostly on local roads. He was happy to accept this because it meant a permanent home for his family and when future moves came they would be to settled communities. But it did not work out.

Before the federal government under Sir Robert Borden took over and amalgamated the Grand Trunk Pacific and Canadian Northern they paralleled each other from Edmonton to Red Pass Junction. After they were taken over the government made one line, the Canadian National, from Edmonton to Red Pass Junction sometimes on Canadian Northern tracks and sometimes on the Grand Trunk. The Canadian National was the main road and as such it was maintained. From Red Pass to Prince Rupert it was virtually a branch line which was not kept up properly. At Smithers the engineers told Tom that they got the bridges that had been discarded when the lines were amalgamated and were asked to fit them into the canyons and river crossings on the Canadian National.

Tom made a reconnaissance by boat down the Skeena from Kitwanga to Usk to determine on which side of the river the prospective road should be and a rough estimate of the cost. The head boatman, Holy City Tomlinson, was the grandson of a lay preacher, William Duncan, who, as a missionary in the early days had established a mission at Metlakatla on the Coast. Later he had a disagreement with the church authorities and, as a result, had established an independent mission in Alaska. The only indication of Holy City Tomlinson's calling was the celluloid collar he wore. His wife had been a Salvation Army lass whose work had been in the Whitechapel district of London which was then notorious for its violence. Nevertheless this woman had answered calls for her services as a midwife where police would not venture alone. She had adapted well to West Coast life.

Before Tom resigned in the spring of 1927 and returned to Vancouver he had formed two opinions: that on construction, horses should be replaced by machinery and that work should be divorced from politics.

When the Lytton-Spences Bridge section of the Cariboo highway came up he accepted the job as resident engineer in charge of the construction of the road from Nicomen Creek to Spences Bridge. When Elspeth and the children joined him they lived in tents at Drynoch. Water was piped from a spring to the camp and to Tom's tent: for the camp some enterprising soul constructed a shower fed from the spring by a three-quarter inch pipe. This was not wholly satisfactory because the pipe was exposed. The first man to use it leaped out swearing that he had been scalded; those who followed him cursed the chill.

In the summer the area abounding in rattlesnakes and cactus was sizzling hot; not an ideal environment for young children. In winter the bitter winds whistled and chilled monotonously.

From Drynoch they moved to Nicomen Creek in the spring and continued work. The family lived in a cabin which had been built during the first construction of the CPR. This was confirmed in a letter-book which contained a copy of the inventory taken by Mr. Daley, superintendent for Mr. Onderdunk, CPR contractor from Port Moody to the Rockies. These letter-books were stiff-covered books containing tissue-thin sheets. When a record of a letter was required a water-proof sheet was placed under the tissue; the tissue was then moistened and the written letter placed face down on it. The book was placed in a press and enough pressure applied for an impression of ink to appear on the tissue. Thus a permanent copy remained in the letter-book.

Because of heavy wheat shipments to Vancouver, train traffic increased in the fall of 1928, making it difficult to construct a long concrete wall needed between the highway and railway before reaching Nicomen Creek. The concrete was mixed on a flat car that carried the gravel, sand and cement. An attempt was made by the telegraph operators to advise the construction crew when trains were scheduled but usually they ran ahead or behind schedule so work continued until the train stopped half a mile from the flat car and steadily blew its whistle until the track cleared. This took some time as the concrete-mixing outfit had to go to Nicomen Creek section house for the nearest siding. Meantime anyone within hearing distance was deafened.

During the winter he did various jobs; among them he located a new bridge at Ashcroft and took the foundation borings at Spences Bridge. He recalled that in late winter in Ashcroft tumble-weed and 4-gallon coal oil tins blew from one end of the village to the other and when night fell and the wind changed, they blew back.

In the spring of 1929 the family moved to Summerland where Tom was in charge of the location and construction of the high road between Summerland and Deep Creek. The first wagon road to Peachland had been a high road and a small section of the rockwork is still visible two miles from Deep Creek, a few yards south of the view point. The next road, which followed every contour of the lakeshore and was frequently blocked by landslides, was far from satisfactory.

Before the Summerland-Deep Creek road was completed Tom was assigned to the Hope-Princeton road. The parting words of the Chief Engineer, Pat Phillips, were: "When you go to the Hope-Princeton job you will get the men with the big grocery bills. Do the best you can and make it long but narrow!" The Depression had set in and the progress of this road was closely linked with elections: it forged ahead when there was money to fulfill election promises and halted when the money ran out. Nevertheless, during all the time Tom worked on it, he was only once approached with a proposition to influence his vote.

Owing to delay in their departure they reached their tents (wooden floors and three-foot side-walls), which appeared to perch on the very edge of the awesome Similkameen Canyon about midnight. Across

the dark void the lights of Copper Mountain mine flickered. The night was decidedly cool and it was half an hour before their air-tight heater would emit heat instead of smoke. Even Tinker, the dog, spent days beside the road gazing longingly back towards Summerland and the cozy house at Crescent Beach.

Tom was in charge of the work at Friday Creek, Copper Creek, the Falls and Ungula Camps. The work started at Whipsaw Creek repairing the road built previously. He had little equipment and it was not of the best, but he had an excellent mechanic whose inventive genius kept the old machinery going. He counted himself lucky too to have Bert Thomas** as superintendent to assign men to jobs. He was an old-time Highways Department man whose knowledge of each man's background enabled him to match the man to the right job. Men who were less than enthusiastic about work were put where they would not interfere with those who would do a fair day's work. Whether it was called rough justice or political expediency, no one was fired.

In late fall, in order that the children could attend school without transportation difficulties, the Clarke's moved into a house in Princeton. When school closed in the spring of 1931 they were again in a tent on the Similkameen a mile or so beyond construction. It seemed to them that they were continually having to move from one job to another. As fall rolled around the prospect of returning to Princeton for the winter was gloomy. The Depression bred a dreariness of spirit in many: those who had jobs clung to them while those without tried to husband their meagre resources. The basic necessities, apart from what could be grown in a garden or hunted in the hills, were available in the general stores. Tribute has seldom been paid to the general store-keepers who, with few exceptions, extended credit until wholesalers cut off their own credit.

In the circumstances the Clarkes chose to build a cabin on Copper Creek rather than return to town dwelling. Here for two and a half years Bill and Calista continued their schooling by correspondence and were taught by Elspeth. Later the cook's young daughter, Eileen Bacon, joined the Clarke children for lessons. Elspeth, who did all her own work including laundry, bread-baking and the preparation of venison in varied ways so that her family did not tire of it, was writing, and her poems were being published in the "New York Times". Living simply in the Copper Creek cabin and savouring an uncluttered life, the family were without doubt less affected by the Depression than town dwellers. For Tom there was personal contentment: it was the longest time that he had stayed in one place since he left home. As a family, they counted it one of their happiest periods.

In the fall of 1931 the camp accommodation at Friday, Sunday and Copper Creeks as well as at the Falls and Ungula camps was increased and filled with men on relief. Prior to this there had been standard pay. On relief the men received 25 cents a day. In addition they were supplied with food, clothing, shaving material and the solace of Kelowna Pride tobacco. The cooks were the only employees on full pay. Flunkeys and bull-cooks received the standard 25 cents a

day. Foremen detailed gangs to cut wood in the bush and carry out other camp duties. Tom continued his instructions to build a narrow road on or near the located line to be used as an access road when contracts were let.

In this situation men who were unaccustomed to the backwoods and isolation suffered from loneliness, boredom and melancholy. They had abundant spare time but the means of recreation were limited, especially in winter and the Depression fostered few imaginative impulses. Without organization, supervision was always difficult and the only remedy for anti-social behaviour was eviction from the camp which was almost impossible. The situation bred discontent and an American agitator fanned the discontent into a strike for more money which was to result in the closing of the camps.

Still in charge, Tom recommended that several policemen be sent to organize the evacuation judging that by a show of force trouble could be prevented rather than provoked.

The move was carried out good-humouredly and Copper Creek was evacuated without incident. The men were taken to Princeton where the agitator absconded with what money he had collected in dues.

In 1932 Vancouver found itself no longer able to pay its proportionate share of the direct relief so the camps were re-filled with men from the city who came in by train to Princeton and by truck to camp. Regardless of the arrival hour the cooks would have hot coffee and sandwiches ready. It was not long before those hungry men found it necessary to put a "V" in the back of their trousers.

Tom completed the map and other details of his work; the last two weeks without pay, as the provincial allocation of funds was exhausted, and on November 11, 1933, he too, joined the unemployed. With his children he happily turned to building a ski jump. They enjoyed ski trips through the woods and in the evenings found time to read and talk.

—End of Part 1 —

"Sacker": Head packer's helper in loading and unloading packs. Rode at rear of pack train watching for stragglers, slipping packs, etc.

*OHS Report No. 24, p. 101

*Both of whom worked on the construction of the new bridge.

**OHS Report No. 38 P. 93



Log School House — Grindrod, 1910-1914.

GRINDROD SCHOOLS 1900 - 1976

By Kathy Halksworth

Beginning this report on Grindrod Schools, I am going to start at the time when Grindrod children attended school in North Enderby. I attended my first community Christmas Tree concert there in 1906. Grindrod district, as it is known today, was then part of the large district of North Enderby. The North Enderby School was situated about a mile south of the present Grindrod bridge, on property beside what is now known as the Glen Stickland farm. Incidentally, in early years, the farm was owned by Hezekiah Elliot and his son Abe. The Elliots owned a team of oxen, and many a happy ride was taken on a sloop drawn by them. Hezekiah took us for quite a long ride one day and then we were told to get off and walk back to school! After the Elliots left, the farm was bought by Jim Wynne.

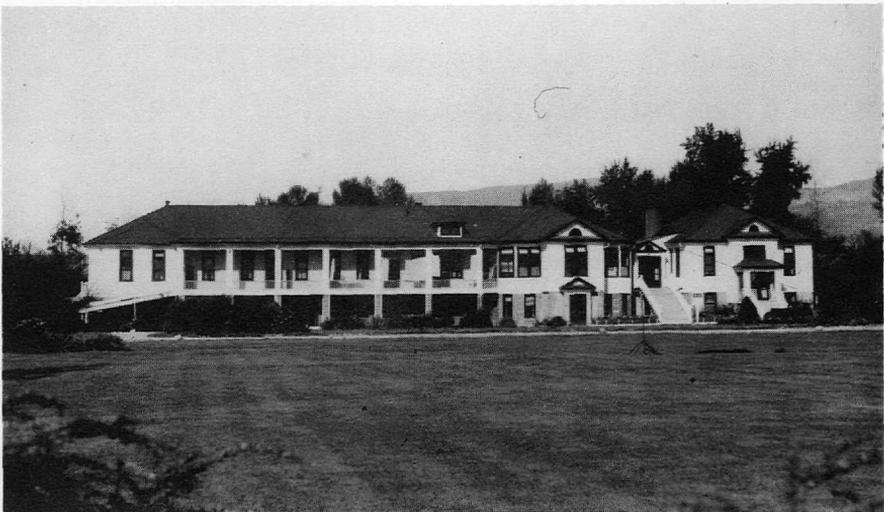
About 1910, Grindrod district was formed and named after a C.P.R. telegraph agent from Kamloops. There was need for a school more central in location for the district so a one room log school was built by volunteer labour on Grindrod townsite. This building served as a social centre and school until 1914. While it would be impossible to list all the wonderful teachers employed over the years, it seems fitting to mention the two who taught in the little log school house—Joe Grey, who came from England, was the first, and Nellie Crandlemire, a newcomer from New Brunswick, was the next. Some of the pupils I remember from those early years as well as my sister and brother, Nellie and Bill Monk, and our cousins, Susan, Blanche, and Helen Monk, were Flo Folkard, Susy McManus, Leonard Stroulger, Tillie Logan, Emily Peacock, Ralph and Eddy Hornell, David Weir, Gerald Handcock, Bob Baird, Ruby Neve, Sandy Weir, three Kilty Bros. and the Sparrow Bros.

In 1914, a two-storey frame school was built and the little log school became a meeting house and periodically a teacherage. The big new school had a large classroom on the upper floor, with furnace and storage area at ground level. In the early 1920's, two large classrooms were added to the south side of the building to accommodate a quickly increasing school population. This school served the district until it was destroyed by fire in 1942.

Once again, the little log school was pressed into service as a classroom while a third school was being built. School population had declined during the 1930's, so this school was planned with only two classrooms, both on the upper floor. Furnace and storage space again occupied the ground floor, while indoor washrooms with running water were a fine, modern addition to the facilities in this war-time building.

Throughout the 1940's and 1950's, this school was adequate, but increasing population and changing school district boundaries caused overcrowding in the 1960's. During 1968-69 a portable classroom was used for the primary classes. In the fall of 1969, a second school was opened in the Grindrod School Complex. This was a very modern construction, a quonset hut style, one of the first of its kind in B.C. As well as classrooms, offices and a library, this school has a large activity room which is used for community events as well as for school activities.

Once again, in 1976, overcrowding has become a problem. Portable classrooms will be added in September to accommodate nearly 300 students who will attend Grindrod School next term. What changes have taken place since that day in 1910 when the school bell rang to call about a dozen students into our first class in the little log school house.



Kelowna General Hospital, about 1930

KELOWNA GENERAL HOSPITAL—1905-1975

Donald M. Black, M.D., D.P.H.

There was a time when Kelowna did not have a hospital and Dr. B. deF. Boyce, who started practice in Kelowna in 1894, used to tell of a case he had in those days. A young man had come down with a severe case of typhoid fever and when the family in England were notified they cabled back urging Dr. Boyce to give the very best of care without sparing expense. Dr. Boyce said he had the young man accommodated in a room in the hotel and secured a capable woman to render twenty-four hour nursing care. The approved method of treating typhoid at that time involved hydrotherapy but Kelowna did not have a piped water supply and there were no bathtubs. A tub was shipped in from Vancouver and it was filled with water carried in buckets. After several anxious weeks Dr. Boyce was able to cable "OUT OF DANGER. CONVALESCENT." A cable came back "MANY THANKS. CABLE YOUR FEE." Dr. Boyce thought for some time. He had worked very hard on the case, had incurred expenses and the family was wealthy so he cabled "ONE THOUSAND EVEN." And a cable came back through the bank authorizing the payment of a thousand guineas! The case had turned out satisfactorily for both patient and doctor!

There is quite good evidence that the doctor's memory was slightly at fault and that the patient was actually treated in Kelowna's early cottage hospital on Bernard Avenue which was operated by Mrs. P. R. Brown with a capacity of two patients. Nurse Lou Edgell was also credited with starting the cottage hospital and it is probable that the two women worked together. The lady who came from Vancouver to do the nursing was Miss Minnie Milne a cousin of Mrs. P. B. Willits.

1. 1905-1940

A very complete history of the hospital over this period was published in the Kelowna Courier on May 23, 1940.

The City of Kelowna was incorporated on May 4, 1905 and at that time the need for a hospital was keenly felt. A group of prominent citizens met on August 15th of that year and started a campaign to raise \$5,000 with which to build a hospital. The Kelowna Hospital Society was incorporated on July 12th, 1906 and a twelve acre site lying between Strathcona and Rose Avenues extending from Pandosy Street to the lakeshore was donated. One report is that the land was given by Mr. T. W. Stirling while another states that it was donated by the Kelowna Land and Orchard Company. This may not be much of a conflict as Mr. Stirling was President of the K.L.O. Company. The portion of the site lying between Abbott Street and the lake was deeded to the City in 1950 to become Strathcona Park. Mr. Stirling was given credit for being the sparkplug behind the effort to build the first hospital. Tenders for the new building were called and the Directors of the Hospital Society were disappointed when the lowest tender came in at \$9,575 which was considered beyond their resources. The plans were revised to leave much of the lower floor unfinished and a revised tender for \$6,775 was obtained. The first hospital was opened on April 2, 1908.

The first hospital provided 19 beds, 6 each in public wards for men and women, 4 in semi-private rooms and 3 in private rooms. Rates were set at \$1.50 in the public wards, \$2.00 in semi-private and \$2.50 in a private ward and this scale continued until 1920 when the rates were raised to \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$4.00. Finances were not easy and the first provincial grant of \$3,000 received in March, 1911, was very welcome. The first hospital had no facilities for maternity cases but in 1912 with a provincial grant of \$5,000, supplemented by \$700 from the City, plans were made for the erection of a maternity ward on the north side of the original building and this addition, built at a cost of \$11,000, was opened in 1914. The First World War brought financial difficulties and the hospital operated at a loss for several years. Closure was threatened in 1915 but the nursing staff accepted a reduction in salaries and city merchants extended credit to tide over the emergency. Financial difficulties recurred in 1928 and the hospital operated under annual deficits for six years from 1928 to 1933. The income from fees and from provincial and civic grants was supplemented by financial donations from citizens and by assistance from the Ladies' Aide as well as by generous donations of fruit, vegetables and eggs.

A Nurses' Training School was started in 1921 by Mrs. M. E. Wilmot, who was Matron from 1920 until her retirement in 1944. At first the nurses took the final year of their course at one of the Vancouver hospitals under an affiliation arrangement, later the full course was given in Kelowna. There were forty-nine graduates in the fifteen years the training school operated before being phased out in 1936. They were very fine nurses. A Nurses' Residence was opened in 1924 in the building which still stands on Strathcona Avenue.

The first X-ray machine was installed in 1919 at a cost of nearly \$3,000 and was modernized and improved in 1925. Dr. Knox made extensive use of the X-ray but the dangers of exposure to the operator were not then fully realized. The regrettable result was that he sustained severe X-ray burns to his hands which caused a troublesome dermatitis and recurrent malignancies in later years.

By 1923 the 29 beds were severely taxed to meet the demands and the City provided \$18,000 for extensive renovations and upgrading of the facilities.

In 1928 with a provincial grant of \$40,000 and a civic grant of \$15,000 a large addition was added to the southern side of the original building and the bed capacity was increased to 60. This wing, which continued in use until 1966, was referred to as The Annex after 1940. During this period of reconstruction the patients were evacuated and housed in Cadder House and in the Lovell residence at the corner of Abbott Street and Beach Avenue. Cadder House (now the Oak Lodge Rest Home) was also used as a nurses' residence for two years before the new Nurses' Residence was built in 1924.

In 1926 Dr. G. A. Ootmar, who came from the Netherlands, joined the staff as Director of the Laboratory and head of the new Kelowna Health Unit and continued to hold these positions until his death in 1939. Mr. Fred Smith was engaged as the laboratory technician in 1929 and continued until 1944. Mr. Smith was badly crippled by

arthritis and did most of his work standing in a walker but he was always cheerful and was of great assistance to the medical staff. The laboratory was housed in the western half of a frame building, which had been erected in 1929 behind the main building to house isolation wards, it continued in this building until the Rose Avenue wing was opened in 1952.

The extension of 1928 completed the original hospital which was a long low building facing Pandosy Street, with a spacious lawn separating it from that thoroughfare. The lower floor was built on a slab at ground level. Two outside flights of steps led to the second floor and there were several entrances at ground level. Two elevators operated by hand power gave access to the second floor wards. One pulled on a rope in the corner of the elevator and it was gradually raised through a system of pulleys. The descent was more rapid and the operator had to stand ready to pull on another rope which activated the brake.

In 1935 a local hospital insurance plan was inaugurated. It was set up and administered by Mr. A. H. Povah. For the payment of \$1.00 a month an individual or a family was insured for hospital treatment of up to three months and received rebates on charges for X-rays and other special services. It was very widely accepted by the community and kept the hospital solvent through the latter years of the Depression, through the Second World War and continued in operation until the inauguration of the first provincial hospital insurance scheme in 1949.

By 1938 it was realized that the hospital building was overcrowded, constituted a considerable fire hazard and had out-lived its usefulness. Plans were undertaken to replace it with an adequate modern building. The Board of Directors established a building fund which raised \$25,000, the City approved debentures for \$65,000 and the provincial government provided \$50,000. With \$140,000 on hand construction of a concrete fireproof building was started in 1939 and it was officially opened on May 26, 1940. This was the three-storey building which faces on Pandosy Street with a smaller wing extending to the rear in the centre. It was built on the lawn in front of the older building so that there was little interruption in patient care. The ground floor accommodated the administrative offices, the X-ray and the kitchen. The second floor included medical and maternity wards with the maternity case room in the rear wing. The top floor was mainly surgical with a major and a minor operating room in the rear wing. A serious mistake was made in the design of the operating rooms which were equipped with exhaust fans, but no source of fresh air. In consequence air from the hospital corridors carrying infected dust from the wards was sucked in. This resulted in a high incidence of infections in surgical incisions and the use of the exhaust fans had to be discontinued making the operating rooms a warm place in which to work in the summer. The wards in the southern section of the old hospital were continued in use, connected to the main building by a covered walkway and were henceforth referred to as The Annex. This raised the bed capacity to 101 (82 beds, 6 cots, and 13 bassinets) and

gave vastly improved conditions for the patients and the staff. The remainder of the old building was used to house the Health Unit Office, provide living accommodation for some nurses and for storage. In the 1940 building, as had been the practice in all preceding buildings, donations for the furnishings of the wards and certain other rooms were received from individuals, clubs, organizations and churches. The donations were acknowledged by a brass plate on the door of the room and emphasized the fact that the hospital was a community organization.

II. 1940-1952

At the opening of the new building in May, 1940, the medical staff consisted of Dr. Boyce who had largely retired from practice, Dr. W. J. Knox who had practised in Kelowna since 1903, Dr. A. Stanley Underhill who had come to Kelowna in 1926, Dr. J. Stanley Henderson who had joined Dr. Knox in 1933, Dr. L. A. C. Panton who was a specialist in E.E.N.T., Dr. Walter F. Anderson who had joined Dr. Underhill in 1938 and Dr. J. M. Hershey, who had been appointed head of the Health Unit and the Laboratory following the death of Dr. Ootmar in 1939. Dr. Reba Willits had practised in association with Dr. Boyce from 1934 to 1939 but had left to do postgraduate study and Dr. D. M. Black opened a practice in August, 1940. In those days each doctor in general practice was a real generalist and did all his own surgery, except that visiting surgeons were brought in for some special operations such as thyroidectomies and prostatectomies. Anaesthetics were administered by the general practitioners and were started with chloroform and ether and carried on with ether. There was no gas anaesthetic machine but spinal anaesthesia was used in suitable cases. The staff was none too large for the work to be done but further reductions were in store. Dr. Underhill left in 1941 to serve with the RCAF for the duration of the war. Dr. Knox was off duty for several months when he had to undergo heavy surgery and he was barely back when Dr. Black suffered a recurrence of pulmonary tuberculosis in June, 1943, and had to go to Tranquille Sanatorium for a period. Dr. J. A. Urquhart took over Dr. Black's practice in the fall of 1943 and Dr. Gordon McL. Wilson moved to Kelowna early in 1944. After the close of the war there was a rapid increase in the medical staff which had increased to 16 by 1948 and to 25 by 1956.

After the opening of the new building in 1940 the hospital found its facilities quite adequate for a few years. In 1942 the Hospital Board, because of financial and staffing difficulties, seriously considered closing down the Annex or alternatively moving the maternity department to the Annex and housing all other patients in the main building but these suggestions were not carried out. Following the close of the war there was a rapid increase in the population of Kelowna and beds were again in short supply.

In 1944 Mrs. Wilmot retired from the position of Matron after serving for 24 years. Miss Wealthy Grigg took over as acting matron for a year until Miss Edith I. Stocker was appointed Hospital Superintendent in July, 1945. Miss Grigg had entered the local Training School in 1924 and was associated with the hospital for 40 years until her retirement in 1964. She served as student nurse, nursing supervisor, X-

ray technician, scrub nurse and operating room supervisor. She was always ready to step in to meet any emergency even to stoking the furnace when the engineer failed to turn up. The hospital would have been a very different place without Wealthy. She declined to accept a permanent appointment as Superintendent of Nurses but served as Operating Room Supervisor after Miss Stocker's appointment. 1945 was also marked by the death of Dr. Boyce who had practised in Kelowna for 51 years and also by the death of Mr. Fred Smith, the first laboratory technician.

In 1947 the Kelowna General Hospital was the first hospital in the interior of B.C. to receive provisional Accreditation and in 1954 full Accreditation was granted. In 1947 the hospital secured its first radiologist in the person of Dr. Wm. Carr but he stayed only a short time and a more permanent appointment was made in 1949 when Dr. J. B. Hynes came to do the radiological work in both Kelowna and Vernon. The first qualified radiographer had been appointed in 1948 in the person of Mr. A. E. Cliffe who is still on staff as the senior radiological technician. Blood from the Red Cross Transfusion Service first became available in Kelowna in 1947.

In 1948 the children's ward located on the lower floor of the Annex was enlarged by an addition giving another ten beds. In this year the ward rates were raised from \$4.50 to \$6.00 a day.

On January 1st, 1949, Provincial Hospital Insurance came into force and made considerable changes in administration procedures with greatly increased paper work. Operating costs were now the responsibility of the B.C. Hospital Insurance Service (BCHIS) but there was much uncertainty as to the regulations and the setting of rates so that the Hospital Society ran up some heavy deficits in the first few years. Part of these deficits were later covered by additional grants from BCHIS but the Hospital Board had to draw on reserve funds which they had counted on to help pay for the next addition which was already in the planning stage. An architect had been engaged and he had drawn up plans in close cooperation with the Building Committee but when these plans were submitted to Victoria repeated changes were demanded by the government architects and progress was very slow. A schedule for the financing of new hospital buildings had been set up under which the local community was to contribute a third, the province a third and the federal government would provide \$1,000 per bed. A loan from the province would provide the balance of the building funds but there was no provision for equipment and furnishings. Building costs were rising rapidly and the Board was anxious to get construction started but they had little idea as to how much the planned building would cost. So, in October 1949, tenders were called without full assurance of the availability of funds and the lowest tender came in from the Dominion Construction Company for \$603,625. This tender was approved by Victoria and the City of Kelowna presented a bylaw in December to raise \$215,000, and it was approved by a large majority. Sod was broken on March 15, 1950. Prices on items of equipment were rising rapidly and the Board authorized the immediate purchase of about \$45,000 worth of

equipment for the X-ray, laundry and kitchen for future delivery. This advance purchasing resulted in considerable savings.

Construction of the new wing, the Rose Avenue wing, which ran in an east west direction across the southern end of the first concrete building proceeded satisfactorily. The new heating plant was brought into service in 1951. In April of 1952 the new operating rooms and the kitchen were occupied and the X-ray moved in in May. The official opening took place on June 25th, 1952, and the whole building was in use by July. The operating suite included two major and one minor operating rooms and was located in the east end of the second floor while the X-ray department was in the corresponding area of the ground floor and provided space for the installation of four machines. The Laboratory finally moved in from the old wooden building to occupy space on the ground floor of the west wing. A small emergency operating room for outpatients was provided on the ground floor and soon became a very busy place. Extensive renovations were then carried out in the 1940 wing involving, among other things, the moving of the maternity wards from the second to the top floor with two case rooms and a labor room in the space previously occupied by the operating rooms. The Annex was again retained with the children's ward on the ground floor. The upper floor was closed for a time but left furnished and it was not long until it had to be returned to service. The bed capacity of the hospital was raised to 181 including bassinets but only 157 beds were in active use at first.

III. 1952-1975

By 1955 the hospital was operating at 86% bed capacity and there were frequent periods of acute bed shortages. The number of physicians on the attending staff had risen to 23. The nursing staff consisted of 2 supervisors, 55 graduate nurses and 22 nurses' aides. The average hospital stay which had been held at about 10 days had risen to 13.2 days. It was recognized that much of the overcrowding was due to the number of elderly long-stay patients and the Board felt that an urgent priority was the provision of a less expensive type of accommodation for elderly patients but an equally pressing priority was the construction of a new building to provide acute beds to replace the beds in the Annex, which had become inefficient, inconvenient and constituted a high fire hazard. It was to be a good many years before these priorities were to be accomplished.

Some changes in administration had taken place. Mr. C. F. Lavery who had been appointed Secretary-treasurer of the Board in 1949 assumed the title of Administrator in 1952 and Miss Stocker's designation was changed from Hospital Superintendent to Director of Nursing. On Miss Stocker's retirement in 1957 Miss C. C. Sinclair was appointed Director of Nursing and in 1967 she was made Assistant Administrator in which position she still serves. In 1960 the Accreditation of the hospital was denied after inspection, on the grounds that there were serious deficiencies of plant and service space, but full Accreditation was restored in 1961. In 1961 Dr. D. F. Morrow was appointed as the first Pathologist. Though BCHIS was responsible for supplying the operating expenses of the hospital there was still

plenty of scope for local support in the supplying of equipment and special facilities and donations of \$7,729 were acknowledged in 1959 and \$14,000 in 1960.

In 1962 a Rehabilitation Unit with 8 beds was set up and a physiotherapist employed. In that year Still Waters Private Hospital was opened in Kelowna and provided alternative accommodation for some of the long stay patients. A Psychiatric Ward containing 7 beds was set aside at the end of 1962 and in 1963 Occupational Therapy was established. In 1963 the hospital made its facilities available for the ward training of students from the course in Practical Nursing at the Okanagan Vocational School and in 1964 the Junior Hospital Auxiliary began the organized Volunteer Services directed by Mrs. L. N. Leathley, which have done so much to make the time of patients in the hospital pass more pleasantly. In 1964 the hospital was approved for the training of X-ray Technicians and in 1965 approval was given for the training of Externes who were final year medical students who came to gain practical experience through the summer months. In 1965 the Dental Division of the Attending Medical Staff was set up embracing the dentists of Kelowna and District. All these developments were evidence of the growth of the hospital as a community and regional facility for first class medical care.

In 1963 a Hospital Improvement District was set up embracing the City of Kelowna, the Municipality of Peachland and the unorganized territory of School District No. 23 (Central Okanagan). This broadened the financial base of the hospital which had previously been dependent on the City of Kelowna, through a survey in 1957 had shown that only 32% of the patients came from within its boundaries and 68% from outside. In 1967 the Improvement District was superseded by the Central Okanagan Regional Hospital District but this was chiefly a change in nomenclature.

In June of 1963 the Board was finally authorized to start work on sketch plans for a new building. There had been great delay because the government had not released the findings on an investigation into the number of beds required in the Central Okanagan and BCHIS would not give approval for additional construction until this figure was available. Authorization was given to plan for a total of 225 beds including 120 in the existing concrete buildings, which from this time were designated Block A, and 100 beds plus expanded service facilities in a new building to be called Block B. In 1964 the cost was estimated at \$5,932,000 of which the Hospital District would have to raise \$2,558,535. A referendum for this amount was passed.

In 1965 authorization was obtained for the erection of an Extended Care building of 70 beds. With this addition along with some expansion of the plans for Block B and the increase in construction costs the estimates had risen to \$10,143,795 and the Hospital District passed another referendum for an additional \$2,033,971. A contract was let on August 17th, 1967, to Janin Western Contractors Ltd. The hospital was faced with the problem of providing 46 beds to replace those still in use in the Annex which had to be demolished before new construction could start. A temporary building was put up to house the administration offices, the children's ward was moved to the ground

floor where the administration had previously been, beds in maternity were cut back, beds were put up in the sun porches and most of the private wards were converted to two-bed wards. The stores which had been housed in the northern part of the Annex were moved to temporary buildings on the southwest corner of the grounds and 8 psychiatric beds were set up in the former Nurses' Home. Through these measures, though there was much overcrowding, the bed capacity was maintained at 168.

The contractors lost no time in getting started and on August 29, 1967, demolition of the Annex was carried out. It was a sad occasion for some when the bulldozer charged into the old building which, in spite of all its deficiencies and its rope elevator, had served faithfully for 38 years. The central part of the old building which had been the original 1908 hospital had been torn down some years previously, leaving the northern and southern sections standing separately.

The corner stone for the new Block B was laid on October 21, 1967, and the official opening took place on February 8, 1970. It consisted of a four-storey building facing Strathcona Avenue with the design capable of sustaining two additional storeys and provision for X-ray, operating rooms, maternity case rooms, kitchen, laundry, power house and stores in further structures to the rear. It will not be described in detail here. It was originally planned that the fourth floor be left unfinished but a supplemental contract for the completion of wards in one half of that floor was let in 1970 and the second half of this floor was completed for additional Extended Care beds in 1975.

In the meantime a contract for the erection of a 70-bed Extended Care building was let in June, 1969, in the amount of \$929,825 and it was opened on December 2, 1970. This is a single storey structure capable of carrying a second storey and is designated Block C. Block A had been closed down for renovation so that the capacity of the hospital at the beginning of 1971 was 281 with 191 acute beds, 20 bassinets and 70 extended care beds. An interesting problem cropped up during the preparation of the site for Block C. Water, apparently from an artesian spring, kept welling up on the Strathcona Avenue side of the site and formed quite a pond which was sometimes referred to as Lavery's Lake. It took many months and several different attempts before this flow could be controlled.

While this building program was going on other developments occurred. In 1967 an Intensive Care Unit of 6 beds was opened and in this year the laboratory was accredited for the training of technicians. In 1968 some beds were set aside for day care surgery where patients could be admitted for minor surgery and be discharged in two or three hours when they had recovered from the anaesthetic. Departments of Encephalography and Nuclear Medicine were opened in 1970.

In 1970 plans for the renovation of Block A were complete and were submitted to Victoria which approved them but only authorized the expenditure of a sum which was \$400,000 less than the architect's estimate for the work. The Regional Hospital District was unwilling to assume this additional cost and the plans had to be cut back which resulted in additional delay. Also in 1970 BCHIS ordered all hospitals

in B.C. to reduce operating costs to compensate for a 30% increase in wages which had been negotiated by the Hospital Employees Union. Though the cost of hospitalization was now the responsibility of the BCHIS there was still a need for local help and the assistance extended by the auxiliaries, service clubs and individuals made possible the financing of special equipment and facilities which lay beyond the basic needs provided by the provincial agency.

As throughout its history financing continued to be one of the large problems faced by the hospital.

The early 1970s saw a further rapid increase in the population of the hospital district and there was also a rapid increase in the number of physicians on the attending staff. Many of the new doctors were specialists and this made it possible for many patients to receive treatment in Kelowna instead of travelling to a larger centre, but it also greatly increased the demands on the hospital for beds and for special facilities to support the work of the specialists. With Block A still standing empty, the pressure on beds was very heavy and a fifth bed was placed in some of the four bed wards.

The renovation of Block A at a cost of \$1,373,860 was commenced on September 14, 1971. Construction was delayed by a three months strike in 1972 and the building was formally reopened on March 31, 1973. Block A, also referred to as the Activation Wing, provided more space for the laboratory in a new one-storey building, increased space for physiotherapy and occupational therapy, 22 beds for rehabilitation, 23 psychiatric beds, 30 beds in self care wards, 8 beds for day care surgery and rooms for respiratory medicine and the Orthotist (brace maker) both of which services were inaugurated in 1973.

In 1972 Mr. C. F. Lavery retired as Administrator after 23 years of service and was succeeded by Mr. C. R. Elliott. An Angiographic service was opened in the X-ray department. In this year the Board purchased seven lots between Strathcona and Royal Avenues to provide additional parking space and further parking and a heliport were provided to the west of Block C.

In 1973 a Home Care Nursing Service, organized in co-operation with the South Okanagan Health Unit permitted the earlier discharge of patients from acute beds.

During the construction of Block B a very extensive conveyor system had been installed on a more or less experimental basis at the urging of the provincial government. It gave a great deal of trouble in operation and in 1973 the horizontal components were dismantled though the vertical components serving the operating rooms and the case rooms were retained.

In 1974 a Diabetic Day Care Centre was organized and a Coronary Exercise Group was started. The hospital was approved for training of Residents in Family Practice who came for two month periods.

This year was marked by a five-day illegal strike by members of the Hospital Employees' Union. Patients who could be sent home were discharged but all departments were kept operating by the supervisory staff, nursing staff, medical staff and volunteers.

1975 saw the Kelowna General Hospital operating as a very efficient regional medical centre with excellent buildings and equip-

ment. It had 255 acute beds and 109 extended care beds for a total of 364. There were 94 physicians and 17 dentists on the attending medical staff plus 7 non-resident members on the consulting staff. The scope of the services rendered is indicated by the number of specialists who represented the specialties of Radiology, Pathology, Internal Medicine, Cardiology, Neurology, Respirology, Allergies, Psychiatry, Dermatology, Obstetrics and Gynaecology, Pediatrics, General Surgery, Orthopedic Surgery, Neuro-Surgery, Vascular Surgery, Urology, Otolaryngology, Ophthalmology, Physical Medicine and Anaesthesia.

Lack of beds was, as so frequently in the past, again a serious problem. Expansion of facilities never seemed to be sufficient to meet the rapidly increasing needs. In a step towards further expansion the Hospital Board has purchased a site at the corner of Guisachan Road and Ethel Street and is preparing plans for the erection of a 100-bed Extended Care Hospital. When this building is complete the 38 extended care beds on the fourth floor will be converted to acute beds.

THE HOSPITAL BOARD

No history of the Kelowna General Hospital would be complete without mention of the men and women who have served on the Board of Directors of the Kelowna and District Hospital Society guiding its development and trying to solve its many problems over the past seventy years. Service on the Board is voluntary and unpaid but the Directors have each year given many hours of service and effort especially when building programs were under development. In recent years negotiations with the unions have been time consuming. It would be pleasant to record the names of all who have served on the Board, and many have given many years of consecutive service, but consideration of space will permit only the recording of the names of the Chairmen. These have been:

1907, P. Dumoulin; 1908-09, T. W. Stirling; 1910, W. C. Cameron; 1911, F. M. Buckland; 1912-13, D. W. Sutherland; 1914, H. J. Hewetson; 1915-16, P. B. Willits; 1917-18, D. Leckie; 1919-20, P. DuMoulin; 1921, A. A. Ballard; 1922, W. Haug; 1923-24, A. G. McCosh; 1925, H. J. Hewetson; 1926-29, E. M. Carruthers; 1930, J. W. N. Sheppard; 1931, K. K. Gordon; 1932-33, J. H. Broad; 1934, Mrs. W. J. MacDowell; 1935-47, D. K. Gordon; 1948, W. J. Logie; 1949-54, W. E. Adams; 1955-59, J. I. Monteith; 1959, R. P. Walrod; 1960-61 D. Crookes; 1962-63, B.C. Weddell; 1964-69, V. Haddad; 1970-74, H. B. Simpson; 1975, D. A. Chapman.

Mrs. W. J. MacDowell was the first lady to be elected to the Board. She was elected in 1932, served as Chairman in 1934 and continued on the board until 1945. Since 1932 there has always been a lady member on the board.

The Board and the whole of Kelowna were greatly saddened when Mr. Dave Chapman was lost in the crash of his private plane while returning from Vancouver in bad weather in October, 1975, and the Hospital felt the loss of its Chairman all the more keenly since his trip was concerned with job evaluation relating to hospital employees. His

term as Chairman was finished out by the Vice-chairman, L. N. Leathley.

The Board has been well served by its Secretary-treasurers and Administrators most of whom held the post for a considerable number of years. The first paid secretary was appointed in 1917 and those holding the post have been:

1917-27, G. R. Binger; 1927-37, W. B. Hughes-Games; 1937-42, P. E. Russell; 1943-48, J. F. Hampson; 1949-52, C. F. Lavery (Sec.-treas.); 1952-72, C. F. Lavery (Administrator); 1972, C. R. Elliott.

THE HOSPITAL AUXILIARIES

The Hospital Auxiliaries have played a large part in the history of the hospital. The Kelowna Hospital Ladies' Aide was organized in 1907, changed its name to the Women's Auxiliary in 1930 and disbanded in 1970. A full report of its work was compiled for 34th Okanagan Historical Report (1970) by Miss Nancy Gale. A Girls' Hospital Auxiliary was formed in 1929, later became the Junior Hospital Auxiliary and when the Women's Auxiliary disbanded in 1970 it took over full responsibilities under the name of the Kelowna Hospital Auxiliary to distinguish it from the Winfield Hospital Auxiliary first organized in 1962 and the Rutland Hospital Auxiliary founded in 1963. The hospital would have been hard-pressed to carry on without the assistance which came from the auxiliaries. Until the later 1940s the Women's Auxiliary took responsibility for purchasing all the hospital linens and for keeping them in repair through voluntary work parties, all the auxiliaries raised funds through a great variety of activities and these funds were used to furnish wards, to purchase special items of equipment and, sometimes, to make a cash donation to the hospital board to help meet a current deficit. In 1948 a shop was started on a cart positioned in the hospital lobby and in 1964 the organized Volunteer Services were established. The volunteers in their cherry red smocks are a prominent feature of the hospital and do much to render helpful services to patients and visitors, nor should we omit to mention the services given on the wards by young girls who come in after school to serve as Candy-Strippers. The Winfield and Rutland Auxiliaries have raised extensive funds through the operation of thrift shops in their communities.

References: Geo. C. Rose—The Kelowna Courier, May 23, 1940; Minutes of the Annual Meetings, Kelowna and District Hospital Society, 1940-1974; Miss Wealthy Grigg—"Pioneer Canadian Nurse" (Mrs. M. E. Wilmot) Okanagan Historical Reports, 30th Report (1966); Dr. David Geen—"Dr. W. J. Knox, Beloved Doctor of the Okanagan" Okanagan Historical Reports, 33rd Report (1969); Miss Nancy Gale—"The Story of the Wms Hospital Auxiliary, Kelowna Hospital"; Okanagan Hospital Reports, 34th Report (1970); Dr. Reba Schoenfeld—"Dr. B. F. Boyce", Okanagan Historical Reports, 37th Report (1973); I would also acknowledge assistance given to me by Dr. Reba Schoenfeld, Dr. W. F. Anderson, Miss C. C. Sinclair, Mrs. Christina Leathley and others.



Warren House, Falkland

FALKLAND, B.C.

By Eric D. Sismey

Falkland is a cosy little village some 30 miles west of Vernon; its Main Street is Highway 97. Urban Vernon, its hustle and bustle; industry and orchards have been left behind.

At Falkland the pace is slower, a number of retired people live there. Many of the houses stand amid trees surrounded by lush hay meadows. Many look as though they have always been there and are part of the landscape; some have been there almost that long.

Slahalkan was the original name of the district, an Indian word meaning 'Meeting place of the four winds.' From 1812 to 1846 the Hudson's Bay Fur Brigade trail followed along the Salmon River Valley on its way to Kamloops. And in 1971, a cavalcade of Okanagan riders travelled the same path.

Settlement appears to have begun in 1884 when Mr. and Mrs. Harry Currey purchased land from Colonel Spinks of Kamloops. The twin brothers, Stanley and Leslie Pearse were the first settlers on the townsite.

In 1893, Colonel Falkland Edgeworth Warren appeared on the scene at a preemption one of his sons had staked and in the colonel's honor the settlement was named Falkland.

The Warrens had a long association with British military history. Dawson Warren served in the Continental Wars in 1801 and Captain Falkland Warren made his mark during the Indian Mutiny. When Great Britain occupied the Island of Cyprus in 1878. Falkland Warren, a colonel now, was appointed chief military secretary to

the governor, a post he held for ten years and there a daughter, Florence, was born in 1879.

Colonel Warren retired from the British Army in 1891 to London, but soon finding it too confining, journeyed to British Columbia with his wife and family in 1892. Their first home was a small log cabin on the banks of a creek, now Warren Creek. A small frame house was quickly built to accommodate them until a large sturdy log house was finished. That was more than eighty years ago.

In May this year Christine and I knowing something of the Warren house visited Falkland. We found the house sitting back almost half a mile from the highway and between it and the house a large hay meadow. The log house, chinked with white plaster, is shaded by a large willow, planted, no doubt, by Colonel Warren. The house is surrounded by farm buildings, a small paddock where milk cows graze and all about are chickens of many sorts and colors wandering unrestrained.

After making our intentions known, Mrs. Don Hardy ushered us inside where with old style hospitality we were breakfasted. Mrs. Hardy poached big brown farm eggs, toast of home baked bread spread with home churned butter. Cream for our coffee was so thick it barely poured from the jug. In the kitchen a wood burning cook stove stood beside its modern counterpart and in the large living room a heating stove stood beside the fireplace. The view from the windows over the wide meadow to the distant hills was magnificent. I was fascinated by the house, by the large peeled fir log beams supporting the ceiling and the upper floor and by the four-inch wide edge-grained flooring. The whole house, modernized and updated, stands proudly; it will do so for another eighty years and long after houses built yesterday will have tumbled down.

After taking our leave and thanking Mr. and Mrs. Hardy we crossed the meadow to the fenced Warren private cemetery shaded by large trees, poplar and birch. It is close to the spot where the first log cabin stood. Inside we found the graves of Colonel Falkland Edgeworth Warren, beside him his wife Annie Matilda, marble slabs identified them. Nearby were the graves of a son, William A. and his wife Victoria Louise. Both graves are tastefully marked. Near one corner a sunken bronze plaque marks the place where the ashes of Florence Baker Warren Waterman Wilson are buried.

Mrs. Wilson, born on the Island of Cypress in 1879 died at Osoyoos in 1971.

She was Victor Wilson's mother. Victor was president of the Okanagan Historical Society for the past several years.



This photo was taken at Ashcroft in 1885. Alex Macdonell is driving and Steve Tingley is beside him on the box. Tingley bought Barnards Express at Ashcroft in 1886 and Alex bought the B.X. Ranch at Vernon in 1900.

ALEXANDER MACDONELL

Pioneer Stage Driver and Rancher — 1862-1925

Recollections of son, Duncan Leslie Macdonell

Alexander Macdonell was born in Alexandria, Glengarry County, Ontario, July 1862. His parents had left Invergarry, in Glengarry County, Inverness, Scotland, in 1860, where his father, Duncan Macdonell had been Chief Forester of the Glengarry Estates. These Estates had been taken over from the Macdonell's of Glengarry by the Crown after the 1745 Rebellion.

Alex' older brother, John Macdonell, was a young boy of thirteen when the family migrated to Canada and settled in Glengarry, Ontario. Incidentally, the family were all able to speak Gaelic, as did many of the settlers at that time.

When Alex was sixteen, both his parents died, and in 1879, his brother, John, and he decided to come west and proceeded to Chicago by rail and into Oregon Territory by horseback, and up through the Fur Brigade Trail to Kamloops. John went into the Cariboo for some time where he became interested in mining and prospecting, but never struck it rich. Finally, he pre-empted land in Lumby area in 1885, and developed a farm there. He passed on in 1905, leaving a widow and three children who returned to Alexandria, Ontario.

Alex got a job as a cowpuncher with Greaves Douglas Lake Ranch and was there at Chaperon Lake when the McLean Brothers and Alex Hare went on the rampage and shot the Sheriff, Johnny Ussher, and a shepherder, in the Stump Lake area between Kamloops and Nicola.

When word got around that the McLeans were holed up in a cabin near Douglas Lake, Alex, who described himself as a very nervous young cowboy was sent to the village of Nicola, about twelve miles away, in the dark of night, in December, to get a posse' together to besiege the McLeans and Hare. Reinforcements also came from Kamloops and all the neighboring ranches. After a few days, the McLeans and Hare surrendered and were taken to New Westminster, and finally hanged, after a year or so. Father used to tell us this story around the fireplace on the anniversary of the seige December 9-10.

In the summer of 1880, Alex took part in a beef drive from the Nicola, over the Dewdney Trail to Hope, where the cattle were made to swim across the Fraser at the Big Bend to get them on the New Westminster side of the River, and so on to market. The type of beef cattle we have today would never be able to travel on foot as did the old stock. At the time, there was five feet of snow at the top of Allison Pass. Incidentally, the cowboys, as well as the cattle, swam the river at the bend where the current carried them across. This writer can remember his father pointing out this spot, from the train window, in 1912, when we made our first trip to the Vancouver Exhibition.

Leaving Douglas Lake, Alex got a job as stage driver with the B.X. Company and drove from Yale to Soda Creek, where the passengers and mail were put on a paddle wheeler—a B.X. boat to Quesnel, and on stage to Barkerville. Steve Tingley was foreman of B.C. Express Company in those days and senior driver.

In the fall of 1881, J. B. Leighton of Savona, who worked for the B.X. Company in various capacities for years, and operated the ferry at Savona, bid on the mail contract from Cache Creek to Okanagan Mission and got the franchise away from the B.X. Company. Previously, the B.X. Company delivered mail, once a month, by pony express to O'Keefe, Okanagan, P.O. Mail to Okanagan Mission had been delivered from the south over the Dewdney Trail from Hope by Fred Brent who operated the grist mill at Okanagan Mission, and whose family now live at Shingle Creek out of Penticton.

In 1881, September, Leighton hired Alex to take the first stage coach from Cache Creek to "Priests' Valley" P.O. Luc Girouard was then the newly appointed Post Master. My father continued on this stage run weekly, in summer and bi-monthly in winter, until 1885, when Leighton sold the north half of the run to Schubert of Landsdowne. The C.P.R. was now operating and mail was not routed through San Francisco to Victoria, to Yale, to Cache Creek etc.

Love of the Okanagan induced my father to homestead 160 acres at Blue Springs, seven miles east of Lumby, in the shade of the Camel's Hump Mountain. There, he proceeded to clear land and build a home in the year 1886.

Lumby was largely settled by French families from St. Anicete, Quebec. They were very good pioneer neighbors, and building bees were common, so that within a year, or so, good progress was made establishing a farm and a small dairy herd of milking shorthorn cows. Butter was made on the ranch and sold to the Coldstream Ranch, and the Hudson's Bay Company in Vernon.

In 1888, my father went by stage to Sicamous, then C.P.R. train to his old home in Alexandria, leaving Chinese help in charge of the ranch and stock. After a whirlwind courtship, he married Mary Agnes MacKinnon, and returned to Blue Springs. There a family of four girls, and two boys were born. The two eldest girls attended St. Ann's Convent, Kamloops as there was no school closer than Lumby.

In 1897, When Fairview mines and others were operating in South Okanagan, Alex got a contract to move some mining machinery from Penticton to the mines. He took a four horse outfit down the lake on the Aberdeen stern-wheeler which delivered the machinery to Penticton. At that time Penticton had only one or two hotels and livery barns. Those were the days when G. A. Henderson, the Vernon banker, used to deliver the money for the mine pay-roll on horseback without any escort.

The Blue Springs Ranch was sold to a remittance man by the name of Dixon in December 1899 for \$10,000.

Alex Macdonell purchased the B.X. Ranch from Frank Barnard, his former employer, taking possession April 1st, 1900. It was a going concern, consisting of 13,500 acres of land, about 1,000 acres under cultivation, 320 acres irrigated from B.X. Creek, 300 horses, 125 cattle, sheep, hogs and all machinery. Also there were two bearing orchards, 25 acres, and 17 acres of "fifty-seven" varieties of fruit. Purchase price, \$36,000. The fruit was packed on the ranch and shipped to prairie points.

Shortly after purchase of the B.X. Ranch, a threshing outfit was purchased, a horse-drawn steam engine, and separator. After the ranch threshing, custom work was done in Coldstream Valley and the Commonage, and the engine then set up in a sawmill on the B.X. where lumber was sawn for the large addition and renovation of the main ranch house.

Arthur Young, son of an old-time pioneer at Landsdowne, also an ex-B.X. stage driver, was the steam engineer on this wood-burning engine. Price Ellison bought the outfit from father in 1908 after 320 B.X. acres of grainland had been sub-divided and sold. This land lay between Black Rock and city limits of Vernon.

The main ranch house had a large dining hall off the kitchen to seat about 35 or more, as a lot of men were employed in harvest and haying. Their sleeping quarters were located above a large carriage house and work shop. The main house was enlarged and modernized in 1901 and 1902.

There was also a large bungalow type house which was used by the Barnard family as a summer holiday place where they would spend a month or two each year. Barnards occupied it in the summer of 1900 and 1901.

In 1902, G. A. Henderson and family, Manager of the Bank of Montreal, spent the summer in the bungalow while the bank residence was being built on Pleasant Valley Road. This house was used as a men's bunk-house until 1918. In 1919 it was modernized and moved to its present location.

Another four bedroom two storey house and a barn and shed stood

on the twenty-five acre "Brookside" orchard. These buildings were about two miles from the main ranch buildings.

Apart from the packing house, granary, machine and cattle sheds, poultry and pig houses, there was a large ice house where several hundred tons of ice, cut on Swan Lake, was stored in sawdust for summer use. A walk-in cooler was in the ice house for meat.

Originally, the B.X. Ranch had been established by Barnard's father in 1862 to supply stage and freight horses for the Cariboo Road. There were four stallions of various breeds and about one hundred brood mares. The foals were all halter broken when weaned, and spent their first winter in the main barn, so they were quiet and at three years, they could be half-broken to harness and sold to the B.X. Company every spring for stage and freight work. The original stock of four hundred head were driven up from Oregon. An additional four hundred head came from California and Mexico in 1868.

Steve Tingley, Alex' former boss, in Ashcroft, had bought Barnard's Express in 1886 and by 1900 his two sons had established the Vancouver Transfer Company, and they, also, came to the B.X. for replacement dray and tallyho type horses.

Another old timer, Greaves, of Douglas Lake, Alex' first employer, used to come into the Okanagan every spring to purchase feeder cattle for his ranges as he had much more grass than hayland. He would buy all the surplus stock from Okanagan Mission to Grand Prairie.* The stock would then be driven to Greenhow Corrals at the north end of Swan lake, tallied and paid for, and then driven to Grande Prairie where Greaves' cowboys would take over. Greaves sold out to his partner, Mr. Ward, in 1910, who enlarged and operated for years, until selling out to Frank Ross and Colonel Spencer, the ranch now belongs to C. W. Woodward.

In 1905 father's hearing started to deteriorate. He and mother went east to the Mayo-clinic, Rochester, and to a specialist in Montreal. Also, as devout Catholics, to Lourdes in Quebec to pray for a cure, but within a year, he became totally deaf. He learned to lip-read and converse by hand alphabet, but always carried a pad and pencil.

About this time, or just prior, the writer recalls what might have been a tragedy. Father had bought a thoroughbred stallion in Detroit in 1902. The stallion was in a pasture with a mare for company, when, father, riding a gelding, went through the pasture to supervise some work in adjoining fields. Before he could get to the gate at the end of the pasture, the stallion pursued him, seizing him with his teeth, and tearing the flesh and clothing from his arm. Fortunately, my father was a powerful man of over six feet and two hundred and twenty pounds, and managed to beat off the stallion's attack.

In May 1906, the barns and corrals were burned to the ground. The fire was started by a six year old, playing with matches, whose parents worked on the ranch. As the spring work was finished, there were few horses in the barns. However, one thoroughbred horse, and all saddlery and harness were lost. New barns were built, but not as large as the old ones. Operations had been cut back as the boom had

*Grand Prairie is now Westwold.

arrived in Vernon—the Grey Canal was well on its way and much of the B.X. Ranch was sub-divided and sold, mostly for fruit growing.

Part of this land sale comprised range land at Lavington, and Six Mile Creek which were early ranges for the horses with south slope and good bunch grass. In 1908, the twenty-five acre orchard "Brookside" was sold to S. Polson from Winnipeg, who later donated Polson Park to the City of Vernon.

Father was very well known as a horseman and horse-lover who always drove and rode superior horses, and was one of the charter members of Vernon Jockey Club, shares in which I still hold. His love of horses is demonstrated by a story told by an old friend, Louis Le Bourdais, one-time telegrapher in Vernon, later Quesnel. LeBourdais was reporting the Okanagan Hotel fire, in 1909, to father, in which eleven people died. "That's too bad" said father. Also said LeBourdais, five horses burned in the hotel barn. To this, father said "Good God, that's awful".

In those days the B.X. coach would appear each Sunday, in the summer, after church, for a picnic at Kalamalka or Okanagan Lake. Once a month, Church service would be held at St. Ann's Church, O'Keefe Ranch. The whole Macdonell family would attend, later dining with the O'Keefe family. In return, the O'Keefe family would dine at the B.X. after Church service, in Vernon. This meant quite an extra load on the Chinese cooks of those days.

When the Catholic church was built on Mara Ave., in 1909, father was able to give a substantial donation, and during the following years, I can remember his paying the taxes on several occasions. There is a marble plaque in the Church in memory of Okanagan pioneers whose names are inscribed, regardless of religion. Both John Macdonell and Alex Macdonell appear there, along with old-timers from Okanagan Mission to Lumby.

In the first few years on the B.X. after 1902, although there was always a Chinese cook, Mother usually had a "Mothers' helper" who might be a niece, or daughter of friends or relatives in Glengarry County. They came out west, and were, invariably treated as one of the family, and courted by local young men in Vernon, so the turnover of "mothers' helper" was rapid.

Included among the charming young ladies were the Mother of the President of the Okanagan Historical Society, Harold Cochrane. She was Margaret Dunn of Larkin. Others who come to mind were Helen Christian who became Mrs. Arthur Cochrane. Catherine McGillis, who became Mrs. Dick Neil. Mary McDonald, a niece, became Mrs. J. Martin. Eva Christian, became Mrs. Frank Cochrane.

The second O'Keefe family had the same problem, having to send east for replacements frequently. Also, in the summer, a few men from Glengarry would come out for haying and the harvest, and the sound of bagpipes could be heard most evenings, either a Cameron, McDonald or Chisholm piper.

In 1904, my younger brother, Rod, was born.

Father's loss of hearing was, naturally, very difficult for him and the family, but I do not think it changed his personality to any extent. He was still able to lay on strict discipline with his sons, using his

bridle reins, when necessary, but I do not think the punishment was overdone.

The three eldest girls had been attending St. Ann's Academy at this period, and Loretto Abbey in Toronto. The eldest had finished school by 1911 and was home.

The great tragedy of my father's life happened on New Year's morning, 1912, at about 5 a.m. when fire destroyed the family home and my mother lost her life in the fire. There were two house guests, and all the family were at home except one daughter who was at Loretto Abbey.

It was one of the longest winters in the Valley. Snow from November 7th, 1911, with three feet on the level. It was twelve below at New Year, and we fed cattle until the end of April 1912.

Fire was discovered by mother who awakened the family, then, apparently, tried to discover the cause of the smoke on the third floor of the house. In the confusion, father, my brother and I wakened the ranch hands, and we ran out the ranch fire hose, there being a full sized hydrant on the City main which ran through the farm yard. Due to the extreme cold, it was found the hydrant was frozen and no water could be delivered except by garden hose.

Consequently, much time had been lost, and, at the time, no one missed mother. However, my eldest sister, who was in the house, realized mother had gone to the third floor, and tried to find her, only to be overcome by smoke and burns. Fortunately, my sister was rescued by the ranch foreman, Jim McAllister.

Nothing was saved from the house except the piano, the safe, and part of the drawing room furniture, as there was no way to fight the fire.

The old Barnard Bungalow was then used as the family residence for the next six months, or so, while a new house was built on the same site, and still stands as the main house on the Ranch.

Father took my older brother, Laurence, and me to the first Calgary Stampede in 1912. One of his old time stage-driver friends, John Hamilton, had established himself as the big livery stable man in Calgary in the '90s, so they had a lot of nostalgic talks about the old days.

The next winter, 1913, father took a holiday in California with my two eldest sisters, now out of school, and visited a good old friend, Emil LaForest, who had driven stage in the Cariboo for the B.X. Company, and had gone to San Francisco in the late '80s. There, he was manager of Wells-Fargo Express Company who were running the same type of business. They had always kept up a spasmodic correspondence. I can remember a picture which my father had of LaForest with four horse team, taken near Lac La Hache in the fall of '85.

Another good friend was visited, Henry Walker, who laid out most of the orchards on the Coldstream subdivision between 1907-10 when all the area near Kalamalka Lake was settled. He had bought a large vineyard and orchard in Sonoma County, near San Francisco.

W. B. V. Bailey, of the Pioneer General Store in Ashcroft, retired to

Vernon in 1912 with his family and in the summer of 1914, he and his two sons invited father on a motor trip back through the Cariboo to Quesnel where he renewed acquaintance with many old time ranchers and road house operators. It was a different sort of trip than previously with horses, but the roads had not been much improved over the years.

In 1915 quite a number of cavalry and artillery horses from the B.X. were sold to the army, as the stages had been replaced by motor cars.

Due to the scarcity of farm labor during the war, father was kept busy at home as both my brother and I were in the Service. In spite of his loss of hearing, in 1918 father bought a Buick car and learned to drive without difficulty, despite the class of roads. However, he preferred horses and cutter, and often would say "Whoa" if the car had to be stopped in a hurry.

In 1920 father and I took a trip in the Buick to Kamloops, Nicola, Merritt, Princeton, Keremeos, Penticton and back to Vernon, renewing acquaintance with old timers along the way. He pointed out the spot where McLean Brothers had killed the Sheriff Ussher and the sheep herder, James Kelly, in cold blood for having bawled out the McLeans for leaving his cabin in a mess.

Joe Guichon was running the store and hotel at Quilchena near the foot of Nicola Lake. The Guichon Ranch, at that time, was running 12,000 head of cattle, Douglas Lake Ranch about 16,000 head.

Shortly after our trip through Nicola, in September, 1920, there was an oldtimers' reunion at the Kelowna Fall Fair and a B.X. stage coach was shipped from Ashcroft for transporting the pioneers in the parade. As Alex' was the original stage driver to Okanagan Mission from 1881-1885, he was invited to drive the stage. This he did with four B.X. horses. Among his passengers were his old friends Price Ellison and Dave Lloyd-Jones.

Father had turned over the management of the B.X. Ranch to my older brother and me in the fall of 1919, and in 1923, I leased the Haigh Ranch, between Lavington and Lumby which contained 2300 acres range which father had sold off the B.X. around 1906. He was considering repurchasing the whole 3300 acres when my brother and I were overseas. He left a standing offer on it for a year or more, but it was sold to Haigh, an Englishman in 1919 when I was still overseas.

In September, 1924, the B.X. horse barn was again destroyed by fire, blamed on spontaneous combustion in the hay loft. Again, all harness, saddlery and three horses were destroyed. We were attending the Lumby Fair at the time, where father was showing a team of Standard Bred drivers.

Alex Macdonell was in failing health from then on, and in March 1925, he passed on, in the Vernon Jubilee Hospital, after a short period. Those who came to his largely attended funeral will remember, always, the tribute paid by Father Carrol, the horse drawn hearse, followed by his favorite saddle horse, Patsy B.X. — Boots reversed.

Four married daughters, and three sons, one married, were left to mourn his loss. Also many grandchildren.



Podunk Davis, on left, and Mike Gaynor coming off Whipsaw Bridge from a search for Miss Warburton lost on Hope Trail, August, 1926.

NURSE WarBURTON

By D. M. Waterman

Mary Warburton was a nurse whose name became known all over the province in 1926 because of her nearly fatal attempt to walk from Hope to Princeton.

She pursued her profession in Vancouver during the winter months, but as soon as weather permitted, she would take to the "Great Outdoors" (to use her favourite expression).

Packing her meagre necessities in a knap-sack, her destination would be the Okanagan Valley to pick fruit, and it was there I first met her in 1923 at an orchard in the Coldstream district.

She and two companions were determined to hike back to Vancouver over the Hope-Princeton (Dewdney) Trail, at the end of the picking season. This they talked of at great length.

The season was over, and I was at home in Princeton when the trio arrived, snow would be in the mountains at this time, and I was very dubious of their chances of crossing the trail, ill-equipped as they were for such an adventure. In an attempt to discourage them, they were persuaded to discuss this proposed trip with experienced old-timers, of whom my father was one.

They were not, however, completely deterred, and left for Brookmere via Coalmont, Tulameen and the Otter Valley. From there they took the train through the Coquihalla Pass to Ruby Creek, continuing on foot to Vancouver.

The following year Miss Warburton arrived in Princeton by the Kettle Valley Railway, and then continued on foot to Osoyoos, deviating from the highway at Keremeos to follow what was then the old Richter Pass trail. She had been told of rattlesnakes in this area, and

someone had "put her on" with the tale of the snakes refusing to cross over a 'hair rope'. So each night she meticulously encircled her ground level bed with one of these, and as no rattlers disturbed her rest, she was convinced of the correctness of the theory. Who knows? Perhaps it is right . . . ?

In 1926, this determined woman, still with her mind set on conquering the Dewdney Trail from Hope to Princeton, set out from Hope.

After ten days, her sister in Vancouver became alarmed when she received no word of her arrival in Princeton. The police were alerted, and as she had been seen in Hope, a posse of searchers was formed there, and another at the Princeton end of the trail.

Over two weeks passed with no sign of the missing nurse, and all hopes faded. Suddenly the word spread that she had been found, and was recuperating in the Princeton Hospital.

I went to visit her, and to my surprise found that apart from being very thin and tired, she was in good health and good spirits. Her usual good humour was evident, and she gave a vivid account of her adventures. These consisted of losing her way by taking what could have been the long unused Sky-Line Trail, kept well-beaten by animals at it's start, but petering out after a few miles, from disuse, she had then realized she was lost, and kept alive by eating berries (for which she competed with bears!). She also kept to the creek beds, in order that she would have water at all times, and that she would come to a settlement.

The most dramatic moment in this adventure came when "I suddenly saw a white-haired figure approaching me through the trees . . . my first thought was that it was the Angel Gabriel . . ."

The "Angel Gabriel" was none other than "Podunk" Davis, an impressive and venerable looking trapper and guide, who had continued the search for Miss Warburton on his own after all hope seems to have been abandoned.

"Podunk" Davis, for his persistence and ultimate success, was awarded the Royal Humane Society Medal. A brother of Miss Warburton's in England sent him an engraved silver match case, with this inscription "This may prove useful to someone . . . sometime," perpetuating a thought of Podunk's when he placed matches in a can in a trappers cabin, near where Nurse Warburton was found, and which had been used to save her life.

A year or more after this adventure, Nurse Warburton arrived at our door in Princeton once more, triumphantly announcing that she had at last conquered the Hope-Princeton Trail. She had left, telling no-one of her plans, not wanting to put the government or residents to any further trouble . . .

It is a fitting finale to Miss Warburton's story that she vanished with scarcely a trace on the Squamish-Indian River Trail in October 1931.

The last trace was a shoe of the type she always wore, left in the crotch of a tree, at a creek crossing of the trail.

This was the last trace of adventurer Nurse Mary Warburton, who died as she lived . . . in "The Great Outdoors."

SALUTE TO THE PACIFIC COAST MILITIA RANGERS

Part II

FOREWARD

Although this is mostly an outline of the history of the 87th Company (Summerland) "Pacific Coast Militia Rangers", it has been written primarily to exemplify all those other companies of the Corps.

* * *

In a previous article, the general organization, the objectives and the purpose for the raising and the recruiting of a "British Columbia Defence Force" was briefly outlined. This body subsequently being given the title of the "Pacific Coast Militia Rangers."

The P.C.M.R. was a composite force, for the Corps comprised many companies, which varied in numbers, all of whom were constituents of the whole. Like all military units, it had its chain of command. Without a knowledgeable and efficient staff to formulate plans, to co-ordinate, and to give impetus and general direction to the companies throughout the Province, it would have been impossible to have welded the Rangers into the first class, aggressive, striking force which it eventually became. However, "Command" realized that the true worth and the strength of the Corps was vested in the initiative and the ability of the individual company commander and his officers, to assess and make quick decisions. Throughout the life of the Corps the staff fostered and encouraged in every way the self-sufficiency of the officers and other ranks of the companies.

Early Days

An excellent example of this self-sufficiency, and regimental spirit, which was typical of all the individual Ranger units, was the 87th Summerland Company. In the nineteen forties, and for a number of years following, Summerland was much smaller than it is today. However, when the call went out for volunteers for the newly formed "Defence Corps" the response from the community exceeded all expectations.

As one would expect, veterans of World War I were in the van. And younger men too, mostly under age for active service and the Reserve Forces, came forward to offer their services whole-heartedly. At its peak, the 87th Summerland Company had 110 Officers and other ranks registered and active. This was all the more praiseworthy in view of the fact that most of the men of military age were already serving overseas and in the Reserve Forces. It was natural and appropriate that the command of the 87th should go to Capt. S. A. MacDonald. For "S.A." as he was familiarly known, outwardly of stern mien, was a man of sterling worth, much respected and esteemed throughout the community. The commanding officer was ably supported by the following officers. The names as recorded, being those on the strength at the "Official Stand Down" in October of 1945.

OFFICERS

Officer Commanding: Captain S. A. MacDonald

Adjutant, Lieutenant S. P. Thomas

Detachment Commanders

Lieutenant W. G. Snow, Lieutenant R. H. J. Richards,
Lieutenant A. K. Macleod.

Company Sergeant Major, D. L. Sanborn.

Company Quartermaster Sergeant, W. Atkinson,

Staff Sergeant, T. Lott.

Also recorded as officers are the following—Jenkinson, Fitzpatrick, Feltham, Wilson, Higgin, Brown, Towgood and Charles.

The Magic Word — Improvisation

Reference has already been made to the fact that in the early days there was little in the way of modern equipment. Yet, reports emanating from "Rangers Headquarters" from time to time, recorded excellent progress. The secret was, of course, the magic word improvisation. Talking to former members of the 87th, C. R. Adams, T. Lott and H. R. McLarty, it was easy enough to understand. Harold McLarty, who was in signals during World War I, laughingly described his ritual of recruiting for the signals section. "Regardless of whom they were" he said, "the men had to have a sense of rhythm. For, as you will know, this was essential in teaching morse." And Harold hastened to add "there were other qualifications too. Perhaps the most important of which was, in army parlance, that they be good scroungers. As it turned out ALL of my signallers were. For I recall, that lots of our wire was of the kind used for baling. This was scrounged from the packing houses. We must have put up hundreds of miles of wire, much of it in almost inaccessible places."

A Tribute to Neighbours and Friends

"There is one thing I would like you to mention when you are writing of the Pacific Coast Militia Rangers" said Harold McLarty," and I have always wanted this recorded. There never, never, was any question as to the loyalty of our Japanese friends and neighbours, here in Summerland. Like us, at that time, as now, all of us were good, honest friends, with no differences between any of us. They, of course, knew this. However it is right that it be reiterated." The writer is glad and proud to do this just as Harold McLarty has requested.

The Veterans Re-enter the Ranks

The 87th were fortunate, as were most if not all of the companies throughout British Columbia, in that the force was stiffened by many officers and other ranks, who had seen active service overseas. A number of these had fought in battles such as Vimy, the

Somme, Passchendaele and the like. And in the process had learned by bitter experience, the lessons of battlecraft. Of course there had been a dramatic change in weaponry, and the mode of waging war in the intervening years 1918-1939. Nevertheless, there were some things that remained constant. And they could be, and were, taught to another generation by the veterans. Actually, a fair number of these ex-servicemen were still skilled in such subjects as musketry, signalling, both morse and flag, and the basics of training.

Co-operation with the Civil Authorities

The co-operation of many organizations was sought by the Rangers and it was willingly and unreservedly given. Provincial departments, such as Forestry and Police, game clubs, service clubs and Canadian Legion Branches and the like, realized the importance of close co-operation with the Rangers. Command and the Companies were always in touch with the key men throughout the province should anything untoward occur.

The Staff at Command, and the Companies at the local level attained a high state of efficiency and preparedness. All of which came about by sheer hard work, of long hours, by vigorous, intensive and sustained training, and above all, a boundless enthusiasm. This was maintained to the end.

It was an historic occasion, when the pre Stand Down Dinner was held at the Legion Hall, Summerland, on October 12, 1945, this marked the end of three and a half years of close association and comradeship.

Within the hall itself, brightly lit for this celebration, there was an air of gaiety and joyousness. Suddenly the babble of many voices, of laughter and shouted greetings were hushed as Capt. George Baldwin of Pacific Coast Militia Rangers Headquarters rose from his seat at the table. In his opening remarks he said that it was his pleasure, on behalf of the men of the Company, and in appreciation of the time, energy and work of Capt. S. A. MacDonald, to present to him a tangible expression of the mens' regard. This took the form of a desk set, in grey marble, with a black pen and having a gold mounting a gold engraved plate inscribed—"Presented to Capt. S. A. MacDonald from the Personnel of 87 Co. P.C.M.R." for their token of regard and remembrance.

Addressing the company as a whole, Capt. Baldwin thanked all the officers and men of the 87th. All of them, he said had worked hard but it had been well worth it. Capt. Baldwin said the reports issued from Summerland were excellent. "Your signallers must have been good scroungers, for they were given nothing, yet had the best equipment in the province. The work they accomplished was a credit to them". The P.C.M.R. throughout the province formed a "first line of defence" against what had been grave dangers.

Tribute to his Men

Capt. MacDonald said he was glad to add his tribute to both leaders and men. It was impossible to name them all. However, he

cited T. Lott, who, in the words of the Company Commander, "did the dirty work." He spoke of W. Snow, who was detachment commander and who knew the hills in the region, as most men knew the way to town. Others mentioned were J. E. Jenkinson, H. Richards, H. Thornthwaite, A. K. Macleod and of course the good old Sergeant Major Dewey Sanborn. Quartermaster Sergeant Bill Atkinson was praised, and also Dr. H. R. McLarty. The latter being given full marks for organizing the signallers. He echoed the words of Capt. Baldwin by saying that it was the best signal set in the whole province. Doney Wilson was praised for his instruction in First Aid work and Sergeant Feltham given credit for teaching the men map reading.

Lieut. S. Thomas was in charge of ceremonies and arrangements.

This story of the Rangers as told, would be incomplete were no mention made of the District P.C.M.R. "Official Stand Down". This was held in Kelowna. Close to 700 of the Rangers attended and there were representatives from Revelstoke, Chase, Kamloops, Salmon Arm, Vernon, Westbank, Kelowna, Peachland, Summerland, Penticton, Kaleden, Oliver and Osoyoos. They were reviewed by Major General F. F. Worthington, C.B. M.C. M.M., who was the General Officer in Command of Pacific Command.

In his address to the Rangers, the Major-General said—Quote—"When I took over Pacific Command, I had hardly heard of the Rangers. I made it my business, by personal contact, to find out what the P.C.M.R. were. I found you masters of woodcraft and scouting. You have your own communication system, which was of a very mysterious character and of your own fabrication, the like of which no man has seen before—but it worked.

I found you had rendered valuable assistance to the army, by acting as guides, to the R.C.A.F. in searching for lost fliers and downed planes, and also that you had assisted the Royal Canadian Navy.

Since I have taken command, no tactical scheme that has been evolved for the defence of British Columbia has been arranged without the inclusion of the Rangers."

"The Rangers are well known throughout British Columbia," said the General, "and in years to come you will no doubt become a legend".

"I have under my command, many good men, but none better than you." End of quote.

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Photo. by
Robson

87 Company P.C.M.R., Summerland.



North Okanagan Co-operative Creamery, Vernon — August, 1942.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF NOCA DAIRY 1925-1975

By Beryl Wamboldt

Let us turn back the pages of time to the year 1925 and follow NOCA's progress through the earlier years. Back in 1925, the Okanagan looked a lot different than it does today. Today's beautiful highways now taken for granted were still dirt and gravel roads. People just didn't travel like they do today.

A herd of fifteen to twenty cows was considered a large herd and nearly every farm, large or small, had one or more cows on it. Homemade butter was sold in town. It was obvious, as more land was cleared for production, that a means to sell the dairy products must be found.

A creamery, the "North Okanagan Creamery Association" (from which the name NOCA derived) near Armstrong, had run into difficulties and an open meeting was called on June 30th, 1925, to decide which proposal to accept for future marketing:

(a) a proposal from W. J. Park of the Fraser Valley Milk Producers Association to amalgamate the Salmon Arm Creamery and the North Okanagan Creamery Association plus \$18,000 cash (to be added to another \$18,000 held by NOCA) to be raised by 7% bonds and the Fraser Valley Milk Producers Association would undertake management at cost.

(b) J. W. Skelly of P. Burns and Co. stated his company would buy the building and equipment outright and rent it back to the farmers for a nominal sum and provide a sales outlet for NOCA butter (only butter was produced during those early years) charging 1c per pound for financing and management or to form a co-operative scheme with the Okanagan dairymen.

After much discussion, a vote was taken as to which proposal to accept, resulting in a 62-22 vote in favor of accepting P. Burns proposals. A second vote was held to decide which proposal of Burns to accept, resulting in a closer 43-35 vote to sell outright to P. Burns and Co.

Directors of NOCA selected as of July 1st, 1925 were selected to act as an Advisory Council. These men were: C. J. Patten, Armstrong, President; R. J. Coltart, Enderby, Vice-Pres.; R. A. Copeland, Lumby; W. S. Cooke, Armstrong; Thomas Gray, Mara and Major P. J. Locke, Lavington.

On July 1st, 1925, NOCA went into operation at the Armstrong Creamery with 385 shippers and produced 338,301 pounds of butter to December 31st, 1925.

T. Everard Clarke, Sales Manager for P. Burns at Lethbridge, Alta., took over the management of the new Association. Shares to finance the new Association sold at 50c each.

By the first Annual Meeting, March, 1927, a net profit of \$1,845.43 was shown. Three buttermakers, Walter Patten, Hugh Atherton and Alfred Anderson had manufactured 450,000 pounds of butter. There were 576 shippers between Revelstoke and Kelowna.

Fire Destroys NOCA Creamery

Saturday, September 3, 1927, a fire destroyed the NOCA Creamery at Armstrong. By Monday morning DeLaval Company and Mr. Clarke had rushed a churn to Vernon and a pasteurizer from Burns in Kamloops and cream was churned as usual on Monday.

It was following this fire the Directors decided not to rebuild at Armstrong and at the 1928 Annual Meeting, when the majority agreed that a more efficient operation could be maintained in Vernon. This caused a rift that, unfortunately, has never wholly been forgotten. It has been said that the decision of many Armstrong shippers to build their own Creamery in Armstrong stemmed from this meeting.

The feeling came to a head in 1929 at the Annual Meeting when Everard Clarke found himself fired, surprisingly. This was regrettable, because eighteen months later he was asked to return when NOCA faced bankruptcy.

By the time Mr. Clarke returned, the Okanagan was feeling the depression that became the famous "dirty Thirties" and NOCA was winning butter championships, not only here in British Columbia but in Eastern Canada as well and buttermakers Walter Patten, Ernie Skelly and Bill Cameron made NOCA butter famous.

NOCA had problems to contend with, too, first New Zealand butter which led to the New Zealand Pact being scrapped, also the dumping of surplus Prairie butter into B.C. Then in 1939 World War Two became a reality, lasting until 1945.

In 1936 butterfat was 30c per lb. to the farmer. Ice was cut on nearby rivers and lakes and stored with sawdust in farm icehouses to use for keeping the cream cold in summer weather. Not many farms had electricity and cream was picked up or delivered to the dairy twice a week. Nels Griffiths and John McPherson were NOCA's

longtime cream truck drivers, well known to all early NOCA cream shippers.

By 1936 the Association had been able to accumulate sufficient funds to buy a third interest in the Vernon and Enderby creameries. At this time it was decided to start a long-range policy of purchasing the physical assets which had been rented from P. Burns and Co. and take out \$10,000, one-third interest and an option to purchase the balance of the buildings at Enderby and Vernon for \$20,000. This was a crucial point in the growth of NOCA. In 1936 conditions were far from buoyant, ten year options were rare, and Burns not particularly interested in selling their interest in the Okanagan. Mr. Clarke and the Directors were able to take a hard line of negotiation to obtain an irrevocable option: had they not been able to do this at that particular time, it would have cost the Association a much higher price later on.

Also in 1936 Canadian dairymen began a long and, ultimately, a losing battle against imported vegetable and animal fats. This culminated in the sale of margarine in Canada.

In April, 1941 the "Revolving Share" plan came into being at NOCA and this is still used today.

NOCA started the new year of 1944 by purchasing the Perfection Products, known as the Royal Dairy, in Vernon from the Graham family. Thus NOCA entered the fluid milk business and began delivering bottled milk to Vernon homes; Jack Fuhr driving the first NOCA milk delivery truck. At this time the "Rezazurin test" for milk came into effect.

By 1945 NOCA had 1256 shipper-shareholders and three dairy plants. In 1947 on May 6th, Ivan Wright and G. Larsen signed an agreement on behalf of Salmon Arm Creamery and S. E. Halksworth and J. R. Freeze for NOCA amalgamating the two dairies. Following this amalgamation the Registrar of Companies granted the new name of "Shuswap Okanagan Dairy Industries Co-operative Association" or S.O.D.I.C.A. for short but somehow NOCA seems to be the name that people remember the best.

During 1947 S.O.D.I.C.A. sales exceeded One Million Dollars for the first time and in November, 1947 NOCA bought its first refrigeration truck, second hand.

NOCA celebrated 25 years in 1950, holding a giant picnic on July 27th, at the Armstrong Park. President Sam Halksworth noted that few of the original founders were still living but they had been able to see their co-operative on the way to success, their dream coming true and their faith rewarded. He paid tribute to the NOCA staff and to Mrs. E. S. Craster, the only lady to serve on a NOCA Board of Directors.

In 1951 the first milking parlour in the B.C. Interior began operation at the Ernie Skyrme farm in Grindrod.

By now most of the Okanagan farms had electricity and were modernized; herds were becoming larger and more productive under artificial insemination and Dairy Herd Improvement programs. Irrigation increased hay and silage production, better highways brought more people into the Okanagan. Both population and sales continued to grow.

NOCA Branches Out

When Kelowna farmers requested NOCA to build a dairy plant there the result was a new plant in Kelowna which commenced operation on Jan. 21st, 1952.

On Feb. 8th, 1955, NOCA became established in Kamloops, with the pioneer Comazetto family and in Penticton in 1957 when NOCA bought out the Royal Dairy there.

The Vernon Plant had been enlarged three times and finally on August 30th, 1967, the Hon. Ralph Loffmark cut the ribbon to open today's modern NOCA Dairy plant in Vernon.

The history of NOCA over the past 50 years cannot be fully described without a tribute to the management. Continuity of personnel has been most vital to the success of the producer-owned co-operative. After policies are established by elected directors, the management must display aggressiveness and imagination to carry out these policies.

From 1925, when T. Everarde Clarke took on the responsibility of the new Association, until his retirement in 1971 (with the exception of the previously mentioned eighteen months) Mr. Clarke managed the affairs of the increasingly successful Association. Mr. Clarke built up, from a small original staff, a management team of men who performed responsible jobs, teaching them from the ground up. Many of them spent a major part of their working careers into building NOCA into what is now the second largest dairy in British Columbia.

Still contributing after more than forty years of service are W. C. Cameron and Larry Antilla. Senior management with over 25 years service or more includes; Ian R. MacKenzie, Sales Dept.; George Borstel, Salmon Arm Plant and Wally Hilna, Vernon Plant.

Over the years individuals who played important roles in the management of NOCA included R. H. Cull (retired Manager following Mr. Clarke; C. Hendrickson and Bob Batten.

The history of NOCA is filled with many others who both in the plant and on the farms that produced for NOCA gave unselfishly of their time to assist in the building of NOCA Dairy.



Nels Griffiths, NOCA's first cream truck driver.

A MIRACLE AT CHRISTMAS

December 22nd, 1950

By Dorothy (Butler) Furness

"Do you really believe a plane trip would be safer than riding in a carefully guided bus on the snow packed Hope-Princeton Highway, travelling through a veritable winter wonderland?" Sceptically, I asked those of us who sat around our table at Craigmyle, our boarding house, as we were discussing our Christmas holiday plans. "Why, there is not a single doubt in our minds," they all agreed, "think of the time you will save." That alone should determine my decision. Home to my family in Summerland for Christmas!

Still, I was not thoroughly convinced, as I had always enjoyed the bus ride — big lacey snowflakes swirling, down and around, sometimes leaving no trace of the road or bridges except for the slender red guide poles stuck along the perilous edges: the tree branches, loaded down with freshly fallen snow, gracefully transformed the everchanging scene into unbelievable beauty. Comically the blobs of snow on the crossbars of the telephone poles became caricatures of animals or of people that you could actually recognize. There was always the apprehension as to how we would reach the next spooky, slippery corner as we edged our way through the Pass, peering into an abyss, dark as crows' wings. Yet there was always the consolation that at least we were on land.

And at Christmas time, the very air was permeated with excitement: piles of gaily wrapped gifts in enormous bundles piled on the overhead racks, time schedules out of balance so that it became customary to sing carols, and always, out of the depths, someone would produce a guitar which would enhance our songfest. The bus driver would become our guide, confidante, songleader and friend. And there were those long unhurried stops for hot chocolate and a welcome snack at an unexpected little hideaway in the highway where a favorite chalet would be cozily waiting for us. Could I give this up, without a twinge of regret if, this one time I chose the modern, practical time-saving accepted mode of travel?

Well, I would compromise — just this once. I would take the midnight boat from Victoria to Vancouver and then try this venture, the airplane. Everyone around the table nodded: this seemed to be the sensible decision. At least they had succeeded in winning me over half-way, and seemed to feel quite convinced I would never want to travel any other way henceforth.

The early morning daylight had overtones of a dull grey appearance, combined with gusty winds, drizzling rain and turbulent waves as we approached the dock in Vancouver. There was no time lost in disembarking and collecting luggage. "Taxi, taxi," I called frantically. A Yellow Cab squealed to a sudden stop, and breathlessly I clambered in with a hasty explanation, and we were off to catch the Airport Limousine and oh, would I be glad to be safe in the air — at least there would be no stormy sea with which to contend. We made a screech-

ing, sudden stop at the Depot, only to find the Airport Limousine had already departed. I was transferred to another car and the driver said in all probability we would overtake the Limousine and I could then proceed in time to board my scheduled flight at 8:15 a.m. Was Fate telling me, "Beware, you've missed this bus for a reason. No such thought entered my mind until later — much later.

We arrived at the Airport. This new exciting experience on an airplane filled me with a feeling of ecstasy. The engines revved up and slowly the two motor DC3 lifted us with a swift motion into the air. We ascended, the clouds were big, soft, billowy — and the birds winging below us, gave an ethereal feeling of leaving this earth altogether. Unknown to us, the crew was making a decision. We could not gain altitude enough to clear the mountains, as the wheels of the plane would not retract. We were informed that we would be returning to the Airport for minor adjustments. The plane was repaired and we again took off from the Sea Island base. Heading over the mountains again, there was an icing problem. A thump, banging noise and we knew we were in for trouble with ice falling off in big chunks. This latter thought was given support as the pilot announced "We will return to Vancouver for further adjustments. No cause for alarm."

Fate again spoke, and several passengers heeded its warning, and when we had safely landed, they rushed into the office for refunds. But the 15 remaining passengers were ready to chance a "third time is lucky" attitude. Up in the clouds again, everything seemed so uncomplicated and the pilot made a routine radio message to Princeton Airport as we passed overhead at 1:30 p.m. We were at an altitude of 11,000 feet, and soon we were going to descend, for the warning light at the head of the aisle flicked on, warning passengers to douse their cigarettes and fasten the safety belts for the pending landing. Captain Moore came back in the passenger's compartment to reassure us, "We'll have you down in Penticton in 10 minutes."

We seemed to be in a shroud of mist; the day was still dull and grey, and the clouds had settled lower and lower. Time did not exist, or if it did, it didn't matter. Why was everything so quiet! I whispered to my seatmate, "Do you hear that scratching noise"? She nodded, but I felt she was not too concerned. Maybe I was just over-anxious. But as we descended now we could clearly see the tree tops being snipped off by the impact of our plane ploughing through the forest — like a giant lawnmower. The trees were below us, above us, beside us — as we made the desperate struggle to recover altitude. The engines roared and the propellers lashed at the air as we tried again and again to reach out into the sky. Tree after tree fell as we ploughed on, making a swathing pathway through the forest, the branches slapping against the belly of the aircraft as if trying to pull us closer to earth. Suddenly upwards swung the big plane and we appeared to be climbing to avoid crashing into the mountain directly in front of us. Only the Hand of Fate could save us now as we tumbled around inside the fuselage, and caught fleeting glimpses of the landscape twisting below us. Where was the line between the sky and the mountains —

between life and death itself . . . we were as a crumb of bread, a grain of sand, a fleeting moment. The feeling was not of fear but of unbelieving peace. Instinctively someone called, "Oh God."

Every particle of the plane was struggling, straining, pushing. There seemed a chance we would break out into flight again. A fleeting glance revealed we were heading towards a giant pine tree, branches stretched menacingly upward — as if pointing to a highway in the sky. A thunderous crash followed as a wing slashed through the trunk and the tree, sheared and splintered, toppled sickeningly towards us, brushing the wings as it came to rest on the snow.

Our plane lay twisted, crumpled and torn, like a giant bird shot down in flight. Silence enveloped us until the stewardess' voice broke the quietness. "Is everyone all right?", she asked as she picked herself up from the aisle. Except for some bruises and black eyes, no one appeared badly injured. Escape was our main concern but the door had stuck shut. Someone grabbed an emergency hatchet off the wall and was about to chop our way out. "Stop!", shouted an experienced traveller, "Damnation, don't panic now," as he twisted a handle and the door swung open.

Miraculously our compartment was intact, however when a concerned passenger looked through the door of the bulkhead, which still separated the passenger from the crew compartment, he saw a tangled heap of wreckage: the speed of the plane completely caved in the front section where the pilot and co-pilot had fought the controls. The engine was completely spun around and facing the opposite direction by the jolt of the impact. In the crushed compartment the pilot was dead and the co-pilot badly injured. For some reason no one will ever know they had been flying 3,000 feet below the approved altitude. What a drama must have been enacted in that compartment as they valiantly struggled to gain control, but had decided to sacrifice themselves by taking a chance that the tree would somehow stop us, if they could catch the wing on the tree.

There was no time to lose, the swirling of the gas in the tanks was like the sound of a mighty waterfall, and there was the chance of the plane bursting into flames. "Run for your life" came the command, and like robots, we followed. The snow was waist deep and we struggled. I vaguely remember a gnarled branch caught at my dress and I pulled free in a desperate attempt to follow the others to the lee of a grey rock space about 200 feet distant. Meanwhile smoke was whispering from the wreckage of one engine. A fire extinguisher quickly doused it, as someone flew into action.

A voice from the midst of us called, "I'm a nurse and I am going back to try to help the unconscious co-pilot. They packed snow on the wounds of the injured man in a valiant effort to slow the bleeding. Later he was moved into the hull of the craft, suffering from shock and injuries.

We discovered, in our place of hiding, that had the plane gone a few yards further, it would have dropped into a deep ravine that cut down the jagged rocky cliff. We were to learn many tricks in the art of survival.

With the help of the hatchet, slabs of tree trunks were hacked off and in the clearing in the snow, a small fire was coaxed along, and pungent black smoke began twisting towards the sky. For some crazy reason, we spread some blankets, obtained from the plane, on the snow near the fire. We sat down and half disappeared out of sight as we sank deep into the snow. One person, I recall, had an umbrella and only the top was left to mark her descent. It was the first time anyone had dared to laugh.

It was late afternoon and there were things to be done, and to be done quickly, before the darkness settled in. Among the passengers was an elderly man and his wife. If anyone should panic or suffer from shock, I thought surely these two will be the hardest hit. How wrong this proved. They became the patron and matron of our group. "What makes you so brave?", I gasped. "Well, we have had a good life and we have faith." was the calm reply.

We gradually became braver and ventured to take another look at the plane. The two engines, the instruments, the plexiglass and the dural metal of the hull were mixed inextricably together. Pieces were scattered for a few hundred feet. The left tailplane was lost — gone. The leading edges of the wings were nicked by the jackpine whose trunk had been sliced through, and a bough was caught right in the shattered landing light.

How had we ever survived! But it was time to begin to seriously think about keeping ourselves warm and alive.

The stewardess was busy looking at the emergency instructions when I arrived in the plane for a rest. Three bonfires, built in the shape of a triangle, were a signal of distress, and she was making plans for the survivors to go quickly, before darkness settled in upon us from every corner of the forest, and prepare this signal. Branches were ripped off the fir trees and the word "DOC" was formed on a clearing so perchance, if a plane sighted us, this would warn him of our necessity for medical help.

Meanwhile at this time we were to learn that no supply of drugs had been allowed, due to regulations, to be carried on the plane for emergencies and the co-pilot was lying in a sleeping bag on the floor of the plane. What was to be done for him? As this was the festive season, naturally a few bottles of Christmas cheer had been tucked in some suitcases and so he was given a sip to see if this could be of any help to him.

The plane with co-pilot, the bonfire and signal fires were our chief centres of concern. The signal fires were not to be set ablaze until, or if, we heard a plane or some means of rescue. Darkness had settled in and my fur coat was becoming a burden to wear as it had become sopping wet and I looked like a giant muskrat, soaked to the skin. Sleep? No-one was concerned with sleep. We were becoming a close-knit family, and soon suitcases were being opened and out came beautifully home-knitted warm socks, Grandpa's slippers, Grandma's shawl, wooly mitts.

Meanwhile our patron and matron had obtained a tin coffee can and were busily packing it with snow and melting it over the now

blazing fire. Coffee was intermittently scooped in, and we gladly gulped cinders and bits of coffee grounds mixed in with our coffee. To keep this can filled with snow was a job that took constant attention. "Don't eat the snow," we were cautioned — much as we were tempted. The snow, unmelted, can lower the internal body temperature to 91 degrees and at 80 degrees, the body ceases to function.

At this point hunger didn't pose a problem and we kept going for a sip of the bonfire brew and carefully replacing a handful or two of snow in the heated can. The elderly couple kept awake all night serving all who came near, and of them, I thought, "There are those who wait for things to happen, and those who make things happen."

Back to the plane to huddle in a seat and try to gather a short nap. In the utter silence we had hallucinations — we could hear a pinpoint of sound — was it the distant hum of a search plane? "Listen, oh, listen." We must not lose contact with reality and we must dash out to those waiting signal fires."

One of the passengers had skis in his cargo and in the stillness of the night, he remarked he couldn't just sit and wait, he would set out and maybe find a landmark — a shack, a light, a stream — anything! It was just an excuse — a shot in the dark, for by this time we started at last to realize we were really lost. Our guesses as to location were anywhere from the Coast Range to the Rockies . . . we had lost count of time and space.

Might as well trek through the snow to the bonfire. What were the people doing now? The co-pilot was in discomfort and the nurse had thought if only a catheter could be devised — curses to the lack of pain killing drugs! Some oxygen tubing had been torn from the guts of the plane and each person in the circle around the fire was pulling and trying to stretch the air pipe into a tiny tube by using the campfire heat as a source of softening the tube and making it useful as a catheter.

Around the blazing fire, with only the sound of crackling wood, we were beginning to imagine all sorts of sounds and noises and they became very real to us. A long, wailing "yeeehoooooooo" echoed from a nearby hillside. Dear God, what was it — Sasquatch, a unknown mountain giant — a ghost? We silently waited only to hear an answering cry from another hillside, and realized sadly "it was just a coyote." It had sounded so Human.

The skier, what about him? Had those answering calls meant an omen for him? Slosh, slosh, a new sound in the night and our skier friend had returned with the news that he had thought he had sighted a railway track, but he didn't want to stray too far away in the night, and he sadly reported he really hadn't accomplished anything of note.

The night wore on and we had the very real feeling that we were being watched. A chill went up our spines as we turned to see many bright, beady eyes reflecting from the campfire, staring at our encampment. Those coyotes must have been hungrily waiting and watching for hours.

We were getting colder as the night wore on — mainly our legs and feet were freezing cold. So necessity proved to be the mother of

invention! We needed to concoct some makeshift footwear. Ah! What about the small pillows that served as headrests. We could place our feet in them, but what about those cold nylon clad legs? Next to be torn from our plane were the window curtains which we wrapped around our legs, but the material just would not stay in place. So the oxygen tubing was again going to be forced into use and it was roughly yanked off the walls and we wrapped this around the curtains and the pillows and now we could shuffle around in comparative warmth and comfort.

It was going to be a long, cold night and we became reconciled to the fact. Unconsciously we wondered how many nights we would be staring up into the vast sky, waiting and praying. How long does it take one to starve — "Oh, longer than you think," whispered a voice through the dark. Unguarded, the thought had been spoken. Why, at such a time do you remember all the happy times, the other times of trial hadn't existed. Our families must be frantic — you know we were almost killed today. Well, we can't hang on to the past and throw away the future — right?

"A plane," someone yelled, "another plane!! Light those fires." We floundered through the snow, breathlessly standing by the beacon fire, each carrying a burning branch. The plane came closer and we pleaded, "Look, here is the signal." We've been waiting and waiting. See us, please, please see us!" But it turned sharply away into the darkness and our hopes dimmed. But we kept yelling, "We are here, we are here." Back to the plane, back to the campfire. Back and forth, always on the alert for a sound of any sort, but mostly for the purr of an engine high in the sky. How many times our minds played tricks on us. But, even though it was hard to distinguish fantasy from reality, there really was a distinct sound. We ran to the signal fires, all readied again for the torch. The fires were lit, we were shouting, the search plane came closer, veered off, came closer again, as we brandished the flaming boughs. Our prayers were answered — and the noise of the motors were deafening in the stillness. Our first contact with the outside world took form when the plane swooped down again and again with the landing lights blinking. We cheered until we were hoarse and wildly embraced each other. The little light faded away in the misty sky and the night closed in around us again. The fires looked brighter and friendlier and our spirits were high.

Ever so slowly the first grey light of a winter's dawn crept dimly into the pale sky and the drizzle of a misty rain kept us busy seeking dry wood for the fire. On one of the pathways I met a man who had our only hatchet and he was intent on cleaning his fingernails with the point of the axe. Said he had a hangup about clean fingernails. Such a funny, insignificant thing to do, I don't know why it would make any impression on me.

Our suitcases had tumbled out and were spilled around the site of the plane. I went to open mine and it was encased in solid, transparent ice. No way to break into that one. Evidently a suitcase had fallen apart and someone had picked up a red polka dotted night-gown and placed it over a small fir tree, and it stood out like a little

sentinel guarding us. Maybe we wanted to think of it as a guardian angel.

But, unknown to us, there were many angels of mercy busy. The Summerland Hospital had set up a complete unit for possible casualties and were in readiness in case any victims might be moved in there in a hurry.

Major Victor Wilson, in command of C Squadron, B.C. Dragoons, who lives at Paradise Ranch, north of Naramata, was taken up in the plane in the morning's first light to locate the exact place where the wreck had been spotted during the night. Once he had the location firmly fixed, the plane then landed at Penticton, a rescue ground party was formed with Major Wilson in the lead. These men pushed themselves to the limit. Another party had started in before this one, but they became lost in the difficult terrain to the north and had to return to base. Almost 50 volunteers of two rescue parties — relatives, friends, volunteers — including my two brothers, Bob and Alan Butler.

When the aircraft was first reported missing, CPA believed the pilot had set down either in Alberta or on one of the numerous emergency landing strips. We were to learn we were on a mountain towering above Chute Lake, 20 miles northeast of Penticton. The search plane flew level with the wreck to establish its altitude at 4,000 ft. — about 1,000 ft. below Mount Okanagan Peak.

A ground party including CPA search directors and RCMP officers left Penticton shortly after the report of the fire was flashed to the airport. They rode a CPR locomotive along the shores of Lake Okanagan, crossed Chute Lake in a boat and head up the mountainside in deep snow. However, major Wilson, who knew the rough bushland intimately, started at a point on the Naramata road only four miles from the wreck. An appeal was broadcast over Penticton Radio Station CKOK for horsemen to join the Wilson party to help break through three foot snowdrifts and help bring out the injured. It was heavy, near heart-breaking work for the first men who cut that trail. The snow was too wet for snowshoes, the ground too uneven and steep for skis. Snow lay 3 to 4 feet deep. The woods of this district 20 miles north of Penticton are not rocky, but they roll steeply in folds up to the 5,000 ft. tops of the mountains. The trees are jackpine, with pine grass underfoot in summer and deep snow in winter.

Meanwhile back at the plane crash site, much activity was prevalent. The three paratroopers who drifted down into the forest from an RCAF Dakota sat and considered their fortunes. Theirs had been hazardous jumps. The first jumper had tucked a walkie talkie in the left pocket of his jump suit just before he left the plane. It overbalanced him as he left the doorway and when the chute opened he was upside down which is something every jumper tries to avoid! He felt every bone jar. He landed in a tree and after a minute let himself to the ground.

No one in our group knew how to send Morse Code, a transmitter had been dropped from the plane and we found the balloons (later we found they were aerals which were to be lofted up). In our excitement and ignorance we all decided these balloons were to be

'markers' for a helicopter to land. So a place was cleared and the balloons dutifully placed at four corners of the square opening.

The first parachutist to leap into the air caused a terrific excitement and as he drifted down from the distance we predicted "they must be sending down a turkey for Christmas dinner." We almost began to look for the next one to contain plum pudding and all the trimmings. Our thoughts ran rampant as parachutes drifted down. The red one carried medical supplies, and some carried food, and they scattered to land in different spots on the mountainside.

Next came another paratrooper and his chute opened slowly. The shroud lines were twisted. He reached over his head and pushed the risers (heavy cords that run up from the shoulders) as wide apart as he could. The chute straightened and he landed easily in the swampy stream that meandered near the wreck. The jumpmaster had no one to slap his leg in the aircraft to tell him when to jump and he landed 500 yards distant. He too landed in a tree. A branch caught him painfully in the side. He thinks he may have been unconscious for moments, and he was wakened by the tree shaking as someone from our group had the every-ready hatchet hacking away at the base of the tree. We were so very grateful to these men.

These men jumped in the nick of time. Wisps of mist were drifting over the mountain. Half an hour later great heavy clouds hung low and white, covering the sleeping hills and mountains like a downy comforter. Later there was no more flying over the scene. The parachute jumping doctor from Edmonton could not be flown to the scene. The little walkie talkies had no plane overhead to contact and the RCAF men could not contact the outside world by radio. It was as if we were a thousand miles from nowhere. The medical kits were not found, however the jumpers did have morphine and plasma for the injured pilot.

The airmen and ground party men had rigged two parachutes over near a fire which had been set on the side of a rock face. This shelter, they called, "the kitchen." Food was being carefully parcelled out from the supply parachutes. They hadn't found it all and they didn't know whether or not a storm would maroon us in the bush for days.

I distinctly thought this is self survival at its best as we sat around the fire in a circle and welcomed our first meal which was heated canned stew, each of us dipping our fingers into the can and taking only our fair share. Canned pineapple was the big item on the course.

We decided to take turns zipping ourselves into mummy-like sleeping bags and stood upright in the plane to experience welcome warmth. The plasma had been received and was being given to the co-pilot. It was my turn to stand watch, my outstretched arm holding the bottle at the right angle under instructions. I felt at last here was my chance to do something to help. At this very moment, Major Wilson and his party entered the plane and he quietly asked, "Is Dorothy Butler alive?" Why, that was my name — why couldn't I answer for myself, but I couldn't utter a sound. Someone replied, "Yes, all the passengers are alive and uninjured. "Good," he replied, "I promised her mother and father who have been waiting and praying with the other families all these hours that I would personally find out

at the first opportunity. If only I had some way of letting them all know. That word "DOC" had such an ominous meaning for those 'outside' waiting. "Thanks, Vic," seemed to be all that escaped my lips. I doubt if he ever heard the words. He was the one person I knew. His ability as a mountaineer and his stamina and courage were lauded by all. There were so many others, who courageously struggled in to rescue us, that I doubt if we could single out one above another, and also "Those who waited, also served."

In the big aluminum colored hull of the plane the stewardess and nurse stayed with the patient. They had scarcely left him a minute since the crash 30 hours before. Dr. Stapleton who had hiked in with the rescue party kept constant vigil. Meanwhile water was constantly being heated in empty K-ration tins. When the water was hot, they shouted, "bottle," and a man detached himself from the group near the plane and brought a hot water bag to be filled. This then went in to be packed beside the co-pilot.

A little while later the weary Doctor came over and said, "It's all over." The stewardess cried a little as the bodies of her two fellow workers were lashed onto sleds for their final journey home.

Small groups were being formed to start the journey out to civilization. Worldly possessions meant nothing at a time like this. Those oil paintings I had so painstakingly labored over during the winter hours, in order to shower a surprise on my family — probably were a jumbled mess and unrecognizable. The suitcases — well, who really cares about suitcases encased in ice!

With heavy woollen socks pulled over our shoes, we began to shuffle out in the darkness. There was no feeling of fear as we edged our way along the top borderline of the canyon. The beams from a strong flashlight pierced the dark depths below, and we could hear a stream gushing far, far away. The patron and matron of our group found the going rugged, and the rescue team decided they needed help, though far be it for them to ask for extra consideration. However, two boughs were chopped from a nearby tree, and the branches stripped off. They were slung over the shoulder of two rescuers and these two brave elderly passengers gratefully placed their arms over the boughs and were thus supported and their chances of slipping off the cliff was lessened. Along the trail, for it could be called that now with the snow packed down, I embraced my two brothers as I walked right into their arms as we rounded a corner.

We proceeded on our way, wending ever nearer the creek and we were practically gasping, "Water, water." We were ready to fall into the stream in order to gulp some water. But gallantly one of the rescue team dipped his grey fedora hat into the stream and filled it with water. The brim became a spout and we seemed to drink unceasingly from the container.

There were several miles yet to be covered and we must push on into the darkness and trust that the rescuers instinctively knew the way out to safety. What was that light yonder through the woods — oh, it was a bonfire, for we could now see smoke rising. Closer, and there were a group gathered around it, drinking coffee. We broke into a trot to sip a drink, and the thought raced through my mind, "This

must be the Big Rock Candy Mountain." For a long gnarled pine bough was encircled with a dozen or so doughnuts — heavenly morsels. We each plucked one off, stopped for hot drink, and a chat. This scene was to be re-enacted several times along the darkened trail, as moments ticked off. The time drew close to four hours before we reached the road where waiting jeeps were to whisk us along the treacherous, winding and slippery way to Penticton.

The passengers who had so miraculously survived, paid tribute to the two crewmen, the pilot and co-pilot, who had so valiantly, we felt, paid the price of our survival with their lives. They had gone to their reward. While we, the living, went on to be greeted by our families and friends. The Angel of Death had not tarried and the Spirit of Christmas was already with us as our journey ended and we gratefully returned home to be welcomed back from a Miracle at Christmas.



Armstrong — 1920

Photo Courtesy Jessie Ann Gamble

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES OF ARMSTRONG 1910 - 1920

By Peggy Adair Landon

My first glimpse of Armstrong was as a small child being hoisted to the high seat of a C.P.R. freight caboose on its way south from Sicamous on the branch line. It was late at night so the smattering of twinkling lights wasn't very impressive, especially as we had just come from Toronto. My father had left us in Ontario while he travelled farther and farther west in search of health. When he found it in Armstrong, B.C. in 1910, mother, my sister, brother and I travelled via C.P. colonist car in 1911 to be with him. By some misadventure which I don't remember, we missed the regular passenger

train but Dad met us in Sicamous and had arranged (just how is another mystery) for us to complete our long journey by caboose. Of course, we kids were wild with excitement.

My father, Alex Adair, had been fortunate enough to find a merchant tailor (his trade) already established in Armstrong, and for the first year he and Mr. Paul carried on in partnership but when Mr. Paul left, Dad took over and until he retired in 1944, Alex Adair, Merchant Tailor, looked after the needs of the community in that line on the present site of Dodd's Furniture. In winter, my sister and I wore tailor-made dresses protected by a clean pinafore to school, but in the spring a seamstress came to stay with us while we were outfitted for summer, or Mrs. Stokes who lived on Wood Avenue, made our clothes.

There were good times and bad. Sometimes cash was rather scarce. You can imagine our delight when Mr. Sawyer, who owned a confectionery, decided to pay for his new suit in trade. Every Saturday night, even after the debt was paid in full, Dad brought home some candy. As we were safely in bed, it was saved for the next day, which gave a new dimension to Sunday, a rather austere day in the Presbyterian circles of that era.

Another Sunday treat when the weather was fine was a long walk with Dad into the country up the nearer mountains and roads, exploring our beautiful surroundings in every direction. I usually kept fairly close to Dad, demanding a drink every mile or so, my brother came a yard or two behind and my sister Florence was almost out of sight bending carefully over some strange insect or gathering the lovely wild flowers along the wayside.

Armstrong in those early days was a thriving small town which boasted two fine hotels, a theatre, two grocery stores, two butcher shops, two drug stores, a confectionery, a bakery, a tailor shop, two livery stables, a dry goods, a gents' furnishings, a pool hall, five or six churches, a harness shop, a blacksmith shop and various other emporiums. As now, it was the centre of a rich agricultural area and lucky was the boy or girl who had good friends or relations which meant frequent visits to a farm. No one was very rich, neither was there much evidence of poverty and certainly there was no social assistance.

The people had the warm friendliness of early days everywhere, generous and ready to lend a helping hand where it was needed, and we soon grew to love the mountains and beautiful scenery of our new home in the North Okanagan.

At first mother wished she could poke a hole through the hills to relieve that shut-in feeling common to easterners but was assured that if she did, it would be to see more mountains. She also sang the praises of Niagara's fruit as compared to the Okanagan varieties, but I think it was mostly to provoke an argument. She soon realized that the rest of the family was rapidly becoming ardent western fans. One of my early complaints was that I wasn't a native daughter like so many of my friends.

The fall term had already started when we reported at the brick school on the corner of Railway Avenue and Bridge Street. I was

enrolled in the first primary (grade one) thus evading demotion, but Florence and Douglas were both put back a "reader" much to the chagrin of my aunt who considered Ontario schools much superior to anything B.C. might have to offer. She was slightly mollified when they were both put on after a long period of testing. In Miss Paton's class I met and formed lasting friendships. One little boy went home that first day and reported there was a new girl at school called Margaret Bethere.

Mr. Rankin, later a casualty of World War 1, was the principal at that time and we were all fortunate enough to have excellent teachers at both the elementary and high school levels. The latter was also a fine brick building which was only torn down a few years ago to afford more lawn space for the park. Our school days were happy times even though trouble at school meant even more severe punishment at home. In that day and age the teacher was always right. Holidays with invitations to stay in the country at the Mathesons (he was the first Reeve of the Municipality of Spallumcheen) and his daughter, Sara, who was Florences' first teacher), or at Miles McDonald's where my brother was always welcome, were times of joy.

We had no swimming pool but there was a pond near Davis Creek close to the Creamery. My sister and I unfortunately were denied this pleasure as the boys who frequented it felt no need for bathing trunks.

One of my greatest pleasures was driving around on a two wheeled cart with Evelyn Murray delivering the meat from the butcher shop Saturday mornings. We took turns delivering and driving Dolly, the horse, and many a cookie or piece of cake came our way.

Skating at the rink was our favorite winter pastime and there was usually a full crowd every evening. If the winter was cold without too much snow, Otter Lake was also the scene of outdoor skating at its best. Sleigh riding was another popular winter sport and we kept the hill on Right Avenue and the long steep grade of South Okanagan Street extremely icy.

An account of this period in Armstrong should include the long train trestle across from the old public school, long since filled in and forgotten. For that thrill of danger, dear to most children, there was nothing to be compared with hearing the train whistle in the distance when you were half-way over this forbidden place. What a hair-raising scramble to get to safety at the other end!

It was with Evelyn Murray, whom I met the first day in school, that I share most of my early memories.

It was a wonderful experience for me to be welcomed as one more in that large family. Mrs. Murray must have been the busiest woman in Armstrong but she found time to be a true friend to every person who came to her door. Her countless acts of kindness to anyone in need (and those who weren't) made her loved for miles around—the only times one ever saw her angry were if a case of ill treatment of an animal came to her attention.

When the smell of fresh buns was in the air, I used to get Evelyn

to ask her mother if I could stay for supper. Of course she always said "yes", and off I raced to tell mother Mrs. Murray was very anxious for me to stay for supper.

Transportation was a matter of train or horses, and what an event it was when Dad hired a team and democrat from a livery stable and took us on a picnic to Salmon River. I remember Evelyn and I going to Vernon with one of the older Murray girls and her boy friend in a cutter behind their high stepping pacer. Fred was very generous to his younger sister and many a time I tagged along. Train service was very good in those days. You could go to Vernon in the morning and come back in the afternoon. Later when the C.N.R. branch line was built, we had four trains a day, two each way. In the winter during hockey playoffs, there sometimes were special trains so the fans could enjoy those exciting games up and down the valley. There were very few automobiles at this time, but those who owned one were very generous. if one timed it properly, Mr. T. K. Smith was always good for a ride to town and his brother, George, sometimes took us riding on Sunday afternoons.

At first we had what was called a Cottage Hospital situated in the large red house at the end of Patterson Avenue where Miss Richardson was matron. It was later moved to the house now occupied by W. A. Smith on Right Avenue and Miss Davies and her two sisters ran it. When the first real hospital was built, it was then moved to its present location. Two early matrons were Miss Davies and Miss Amy Hayhurst (now Winkler) who is well remembered as a wonderful nurse and friend to all. Dr. Van Kleek was the only doctor and although it was sometimes rather hard to locate him, he was a well-loved visitor if there was sickness in the home. I remember carrying home a cake I had baked in the domestic science class and nothing would do but he must have the first piece. He downed it with many compliments and it wasn't until later I discovered I had used baking soda instead of icing sugar for the frosting!

When we first came to Armstrong, Messrs. Daykin and Jackson ran a successful flour mill, but the lumber yard and mill owned and run by T. K. and Billy Smith, the Creamery, and several busy packing houses were the chief job opportunities. The rich bottom land which was in the hands of those wonderful Chinese gardeners provided thousands of crates of the world renowned Armstrong celery as well as cabbages, lettuce and other vegetables. Together with the small fruits such as strawberries, raspberries, black currants, cherries, etc. from the orchards around. These were all shipped from the Armstrong station, making ours one of the busiest express offices in British Columbia. Those halcyon days faded when changing times and dwindling markets made this industry no longer economically sound. Most of the Chinese died or moved away, but anyone who was privileged to see that black loam with its symmetrical rows of celery heads or shining onions will never forget Armstrong in the late spring and summer.

An account of this era would not be complete without mention of the churches—the beautiful little Anglican church brought in earlier days from Landsdowne, the Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist,

and Catholic churches were all well filled every Sunday. Staunch Presbyterians, we found a well established church awaiting us. The Rev. Peter Henderson had just arrived with his bride and to our astonishment, she recognized my brother Douglas as a member of her Sunday school class in Toronto.

Like many small towns, Armstrong was the victim of several severe fires. An early one at the mill gave us some anxious moments and when the Okanagan Hotel went up in flames a good many businesses on Railway Avenue went with it. Most of the block between the Armstrong Hotel and the corner which included the Opera House also burned. This was a sad blow as the school board, on the last day of school in June, used to treat the whole school to a picture show. There were other exciting nights when the frantic ringing of the church bells would waken the town to a blaze that lit up the whole area.

In a mood of nostalgia one is apt to forget the inconvenience of having few cars, very primitive radio, no television, no buses, no airways, none of the many now essential household labour-savers, no ready made clothing without recourse to Eaton's or Simpsons, when you might easily recognize your beloved new dress on some other little girl who probably looked nicer in it. We were lucky enough to have electric power and many a Sunday afternoon was spent skirting the Armstrong Power House where Davis Creek was harnessed to provide it, or to stand entranced watching the the water boil into Devil's Pot above the intake, or climb the ladder on the rock fence leading to the dam above. I would never really want to go back to this period, but I am glad indeed, it was then that I grew up in Armstrong, British Columbia.



Penticton Magistrate's Office, corner Van Horn and Guernsey. Built before 1910 still standing 1976.

Eric Sismey Photo, 1970

FINDLAY MUNRO

A Tribute

By Eric D. Sismey—January 19, 1976

My friend, Findlay Munro, was buried yesterday at Summerland. Born at Culrain in the Scottish Highlands, he, like so many lads, was conditioned towards far away lands; soon after reaching 17 he sailed for Australia.

Australia had no appeal and while recuperating from typhoid Findlay read glowing accounts of Prince Rupert, B.C. becoming a seaport metropolis. Landing in Vancouver in 1903 he journeyed to Summerland.

Like most young men he worked where work was found; Summerland Irrigation system; clearing brush and grading along Main Street, Penticton; Bullock-Webster sawmill on Carmi Road and the Kaleden Irrigation project.

Meanwhile, and between jobs, Findlay looked for land only to find land around Summerland was already taken. Then going further afield he pre-empted in what is now Meadow Valley twelve miles west of Summerland. He drained a small lake on his property and the excellent soil grew almost anything planted; alfalfa, wheat, oats and the best of meadow hay.

On February 16, 1910 Findlay Munro married Violet Nelson in the little church on Giant's Head Road, built by the Barclays in 1898; it burned a few years later.

Overseas, through the first war with the Canadian Artillery, Findlay saw action at Vimy, Amiens, Passchendaele and other major engagements.

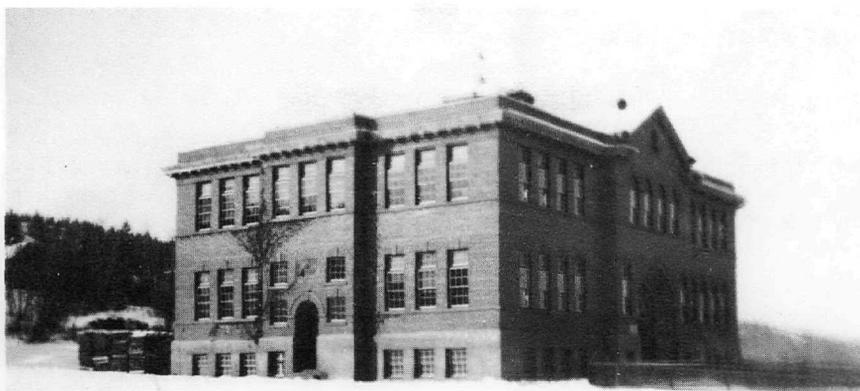
After the war he continued to develop and expand his rich acres. Seeking additional irrigation water he built the first storage dam at Dark Lake and later, after finding a lake high in the jack pine covered hills he built a dam at the outlet of the lake which bears his name—Munro Lake; and which even now is accessible only by Jeep.

In 1951 the ranch, Lakelands, was sold and the Munros retired to Penticton where they enjoyed their house on Fairford Road; their books; colorful garden and the small cherry.

Always interested in civic affairs Findlay wrote "Early Day Summerland" published in the 35th (1967) report of the Okanagan Historical Society (qv). In it he urged that pioneer developer J. M. Robinson receive Provincial recognition. His wish was realized when a plaque was dedicated in his honour in 1972. (O.H.S. report) qv.

On February 24, 1975 Findlay and Violet celebrated their 65th wedding anniversary surrounded by family and long time friends. After the three tiered cake was cut Findlay and Violet were toasted with champagne.

The Munros were blessed with two boys and three girls, nine grandchildren and five great grandchildren to enjoy, to indulge and to spoil.



Fortune School, 1930. showing cordwood pile at rear.

A. L. FORTUNE SCHOOL, ENDERBY, B.C.

By Ruby E. Lidstone

The tragic fire on May 8, 1975 gutted Fortune School in Enderby, leaving it in ruins, and thus ending a sixty-two year era from 1913 to 1975.

At approximately 4:30 p.m. on May 8, 1975, fire broke out in the chemical storage room by the Science lab in the A. L. Fortune School.

Enderby Volunteer Fire Department answered the call immediately and were aided later by fire trucks and crews from Salmon Arm, Vernon and Armstrong-Spallumcheen. Pumper trucks were also brought in to fight the blazing inferno.

Shortly after 9 p.m. the fire was at its height and through the roar of the flames could be heard minor explosions and crashing timbers, windows blowing out flames falling to the ground.

Crews remained on the spot throughout the night, but when the historic dome crashed through the top story, they realized that nothing could save the school.

Damages and loss were estimated at more than \$1 million and 340 Junior Secondary students were left without classrooms.

Many of the students played a big role in helping to save whatever equipment, books and supplies that they could from areas still considered safe.

Nowhere could you hear any expressions of joy over the enforced holiday. Rather it was an atmosphere of sadness and grief as they watched the building that had housed many of their parents and grandparents being consumed by flames.

The historic landmark had been reduced to a memory in the hearts and minds of so many.

It was one of the most emotion-provoking fires ever witnessed. As soon as people knew where the fire was, great crowds gathered, with ex-students especially, coming from all parts of the North Okana-

gan. People of all ages from small children to aging grandparents stood silently watching, while tears coursed down their cheeks. Over and over one could hear the remark, "The best years of my life were spent in that building". It is fitting therefore that we should know the history of this remarkable school.

When the Enderby School at the top of Cliff Street proved too small to accommodate all the students, the hall of the Methodist Church on Cliff Street was rented for the sum of fifteen dollars per month and used for a year and a half as a temporary classroom. This was the year 1912.

It soon became apparent to everyone that a new school was a necessity, so the local paper "Enderby Press and Walker's Weekly" carried an advertisement on April 30, 1912 calling for tenders for the new school. In June of the same year, Mr. A. Fulton of the School Board was allotted the sum of \$75 and sent as a one man delegate to Victoria to speak on behalf of the trustees and outline plans for the new building. The old Account Book dating back to 1910 reveals the following statement.

1912 BUILDING ACCOUNT

| | |
|------------------------------------|------------|
| G. R. Sharpe —Part Site | \$2,200.00 |
| J. H. Carefoot —Part Site | \$2,000.00 |
| J. L. Ruttan —Balance Site | \$2,000.00 |
| —Surveying | 23.00 |
| TOTAL | \$6,223.00 |
| December 20, 1912 Architect's fees | \$1,000.00 |

Trustees during the year 1913 were Messrs. Taylor (chairman) Pyman and Fultown with Sutcliffe as School Board Secretary.

They were naturally concerned with the boundaries and settled that all children within a three mile radius would attend Fortune School, and those beyond the radius would attend the nearest rural school

Teachers during 1913 were:

High School—Miss C. G. Campbell, B.A.

Elementary—Mr. T. H. Calder, M.A., Miss M. V. Beattie, Miss Helen Rae, Miss Pearl Murray and Miss Agnes Smith.

Mr. T. H. Calder was given a grant of \$25 by the Board towards a school library.

Plans went ahead, the site was cleared and work started on the structure that was to become the "pride and joy" of the local citizenry. What faith in the future those pioneer residents must have had to build such a permanent structure at a cost of \$60,000.

During the Christmas holidays of the year 1913, the students, 201 in all, moved from the frame building at the top of Cliff Street, and from the temporary quarters in the Methodist Hall to the New Fortune School, named after the first white settler in the district, Alexander Leslie Fortune.

The school was officially opened on December 27, by Honourable Dr. Young, the Provincial Minister of Education. Pictures of the

school at that time were the architect's drawings which featured a flag pole rising from the dome. This gave way in reality to a weather-vane.

"Extract from the Enderby Press and Walker's Weekly, Thursday, January 8, 1914"

PUBLIC OF ENDERBY ENTERTAINED BY TRUSTEE BOARD IN NEW SCHOOL

When Mayor J. L. Ruttan put in a tender on the new Enderby Public School, and was finally awarded the contract by the Board of School Trustees, it was a very fortunate thing for Enderby and district. It was to save the building to the workmen of Enderby that Mr. Ruttan tendered on the job. He wanted to see the city of Enderby get full value for the money spent on the building, and he wished to have the work done so far as possible by Enderby workmen.

There was some criticism offered at the time by those who did not take the pains to learn the conditions prevailing, but Mr. Ruttan proceeded quietly with the work under the able foremanship of Mr. H. E. Blanchard, and as the work proceeded, the criticism changed to commendation. The material put into the new building was in all ways the best to be had. This was apparent from the start, and became more noticeable as the building reached the finishing stages.

The building was finally completed, and on New Year's Day, was thrown open to the public for inspection, by the Board of School Trustees. Mr. Ruttan was not present to receive the congratulations of the Public of Enderby, he having left a week or two previous for his business holdings at Fort Fraser. But the members of the School Board were present, assisted by their wives who served tea in the reception hallway to the visitors, and they were heartily congratulated on the excellence of the structure and its finished completeness. The members of the Board, in going into details before letting the contract, took the trouble to go through many of the recently erected school buildings in the Province, and learned from other Boards wherein improvements could be made, and all these improvements have been put into the erection of Fortune School. Hence, it is safe to say, Enderby has as complete and modern school house as there is in the West, even to electric lights in all rooms. It is a structure that is a credit to the district, and to the Board of School Trustees, and the contractor and to each and all who had anything to do in the erection and finishing of it. The work of finishing, even to the minutest detail, has been carefully looked after, and every flaw and weakness avoided.

One of the most interested visitors on New Year's Day was Mr. A. L. Fortune in whose honour the school was named, accompanied by his esteemed wife. Mr. Fortune is now 86 years of age, and he can look back nearly half a century to the days when he was the first white settler to locate at Enderby.

There is a striking feature about the erection of the Fortune School that is quite out of the ordinary—it is a building costing in the neighbourhood of \$58,000 and there wasn't a bill for "extras" rendered with the final bill as per contract. Indeed, had the city been able to sell the \$24,000 debentures on the school at par, the School

Board's estimate would not have been exceeded, in fact had the Board not purchased the Carefoot property subsequent to making their estimate on the erection of the building and the beautifying of the grounds, they would today be able to pay off the entire cost of building and still have a few hundred dollars to spend on the grounds.

It is well to add, however that the contractor Ruttan put into the finishing of the rooms many "extras" for which he made no charge. In all the rooms are built-in book shelves for the children's books, placed there by the contractor. The use of Keen cement in all the halls and rooms was also done at a cost of \$300, which was not called for in the specifications. Indeed, where Mr. Ruttan could have skimped in the finishing of the material, he expanded and gave nothing but the best, and where he found it possible to improve on the specifications, he did so at this own expense. The total cost of the contract work on the building was \$50,201.

Architect Bell states that in all his experience in building, he never saw a building of this magnitude erected with as few extras charged.

Of local brick, the building had eight classrooms and three acres of area grounds.

On entering the building, large swing doors are encountered guarding the broad stairway leading to the first floor hallway, off which, the principal's room and four classrooms open. Each classroom is provided with large cloak rooms for the boys and the girls. The classrooms and hallway are all heated and ventilated by the most perfect system of heating and ventilating now known in the science of school building.

From the first floor, stairways lead to the basement, where separate play rooms lunch rooms, and all the accessories for the comfort and cleanliness of the children, are provided; the girls quarters being at the south end of the building and the boys quarters at the north, being separated by the furnace and boiler rooms.

The lavatories and washrooms provided here are ample for the full capacity of the school, which will not be reached for the next year or two.

From the first floor, wide stairways lead to the second floor hallway off which open four more classrooms and the assembly hall. The finishing and lighting of these rooms could not be better and the accoustic properties of the assembly hall are perfect.

When the school convenes in the morning all the school children are marched to the assembly hall and there the Lord's Prayer is repeated and any message given by the principal to the school is delivered, after which the pupils march to their respective classrooms. In the assembly hall will be held all the school exercises, where seating accommodation could readily be provided for several hundred people.

Connected with each classroom are private rooms for the teachers, each provided with every modern convenience.

The atmosphere of the whole building is one of uprightness and refinement and its very nature is such as should instill into the children ideals and ambitions for the best in human nature.

In every classroom and in the hallways are fire alarms which ring automatically in every part of the building when the alarm is sounded.

In each of the hallways are also placed fountain drinking places from which the pupils can quench their thirst without the use of drinking cups.

(End of extract from Enderby Press)

The heating system in the new school was by hot water registers from a boiler fired by wood. Consequently great piles of cordwood (over 100 cords) were piled at the rear of the school. These afforded the children, especially the younger ones, fascinating play areas and many ingenious games were devised.

Cordwood was used until the late 1940's when a coal stoker was installed. Carrying in the wood and coal and firing the boilers was but part of the work for the one janitor, who did all the cleaning of the school and caring for the grounds. No eight hour shifts then! In 1967, natural gas was installed which made the work much easier.

It was wonderful to have so much room but for many years, the four classrooms on the main floor housed the elementary grades while one room only, upstairs, was used for the High School.

The auditorium was used only for Christmas concerts and an occasional lecture by some distinguished personage. Wo betide the unfortunate individual who dared to enter its sacred precincts at any other time!

Gradually over the years, it served not only as an auditorium, but as a badly needed gymnasium until in 1961-62 it was partitioned to make a classroom and a library.

In 1945 the Cameron Report brought about a re-organization of school districts. Armstrong, Enderby, Spallumcheen and rural districts combined to form District #21. School buses brought rural students to the larger centers, greatly increasing enrolments. These continued to increase and all available space was being utilized so it was time to think of a new school. Consequently on November 24, 1954 the new M. V. Beattie Elementary School was officially opened. It was built adjacent to Fortune School which now housed only students of junior and secondary grades. The new school had six classrooms and a large gymnasium which would serve both schools.

In 1958-59, the principal and vice-principal were treated to new offices in September, with a main office built above the stairs of the front office. Below the offices storage space and book cupboards were built. The front entrance was closed off and students used north and south doors—quite a change from the side front entrance that had served for so many years. 1965 saw the use for the first time of an inter-com system in Fortune School. A Nurse's Room or "Sick-Bay", a Staff Room and a Council Room were provided and furnished as preparations went ahead for the official opening of the new wing on April 8, 1965.

Built at a cost of \$153,000 of red brick and tile on the interior, although very modern in design it blended in with the original building and complimented the attractiveness of both.

This wing housed the general office and four private offices. Adjoining the main office were the new Industrial Art shops, while up-

stairs provided labs for Home Economics, Science and Physics and ample storage space.

In conjunction with the official opening a re-union of 1913 students was held, with tea served at the afternoon ceremonies and a School Board hosted banquet in the evening.

In the 1960's amalgamation of Enderby and Salmon Arm and district schools into Shuswap District 89 took place and in 1966 the last grade 12 graduation ceremonies were held in Enderby. In September of 1966, the grades 11 and 12 students were bused to Salmon Arm.

Up to that time, through all the years, Fortune School was considered a complete secondary school. Naturally the senior students dominated all phases of school activity. They were the leaders; they were the organizers; they were the upholders of the school name. Then the school status was changed to a Junior Secondary School. Now what would happen to school spirits? Would junior secondary students be able to run an efficient students council? Would the staff be facing a continuous battle with rebellious spirits?

No one need have worried—these questions were answered to the credit of the student body. Everything was carried out successfully. School teams received enthusiastic support for their sportsmanship and abilities, and more important, students upheld the traditions of a good academic record—a wonderful way to celebrate Canada's Centennial year.

During these years more and more people continued to move into the town and district to make their homes and the populations of Fortune and M.V. Beattie Schools were so large that one gymnasium for the two schools was no longer feasible so plans were made to add a smaller gymnasium to Fortune School. Of cement block construction the building featured an upstairs gymnasium and a basement cafeteria and a bandroom, completed in 1970. Ironically, this was the only part of the school not seriously damaged by the fire.

In 1973 staff and students decided to hold a 60-year re-union or Diamond Jubilee on December 20th and once again many of the original 1913 students, some quite elderly now, were present, along with those of the intervening years. The celebrations featured afternoon and evening assemblies and the opening of the Enderby and District museum in one of the basement rooms. Just to walk the old hallways and congregate in various classrooms to make comparisons, and to meet old friends and teachers, made everyone happy though student entertainment was prepared for them. Prior to this event the students had requested the Department of Education to include the initials and change the school name to A. L. Fortune Junior Secondary School, in honour of Mr. Fortune, and many tributes were paid to his memory.

1974 and 1975 saw over-crowding in all the classrooms and every available inch of space being utilized including the basement rooms so it became necessary to plan for another school. Parents, for some years had been petitioning to have the grade 11's and 12's returned to Enderby, so the Board secured a site and began to make plans. The tragic fire in May made these plans an absolute necessity and it is

hoped that a new Junior Secondary School will be ready by the spring of 1977.

Guiding the staff and students, in secondary administrative positions all through the years were the following principals:

Miss C. G. Campbell, D. J. Welsh, A. J. Mather, Miss C. L. Thompson, W. M. Keatley, Mrs. N. M. Steeves, Miss E. I. Wilton, Miss M. E. Mahaffy, L. A. Matheson, D. MacKenzie, R. I. Kellie, J. A. Thomas, L. Ignatieff, R. D. Cleland, R. E. Plater, C. F. Sanderson, R. J. Paille, W. Nesbitt, T. Apted, L. Gamble.

Elementary principal in the same building was Miss M. V. Beattie from 1913 to 1945.

Ending 1975, Baird Brothers took the contract of a mammoth clean up job and a Vernon contractor is renovating the original building to a one-storey structure housing four classrooms, a large library and the original offices. When the Industrial Arts wing is no longer being used, it will be converted into four classrooms, thus making the building into an eight classroom elementary school with grade 7's being senior grades.

Visitors viewing the reconstruction of the 1913 Fortune School never cease to be amazed at the marvellous materials and workmanship—3-foot solid brick wall partitions and 16-foot ceilings. In spite of tons of water and all the heat during the fire, in most instances, the original plaster walls remain without a crack in them—a credit to the planness and builders of those early days.

The students have requested the School Board to use some of the original bricks for one wall in the new Junior Secondary School, hoping the good memories of the many hundreds of their predecessors will carry on in the new building.



A. L. Fortune School Fire, May 8, 1975.

A BRITISH SPORTSMAN CAME TO ASHNOLA FOR A TROPHY HUNT IN 1887

By Verna B. Cawston

FOREWORD:

Any British Columbian who has read *A Sportsman's Eden*, by Sir Clive Oldnall Long Phillipps-Wolley, F.R.C.S., will recall with delight his picturesque and detailed accounts of big-game hunting in the Hope and Similkameen Mountains. It was advertised as "A Season's Shooting in Upper Canada, British Columbia and Vancouver," and is a collection of letters written in 1887, to friends "back home" in England. The phraseology, character and content illuminate an era now over and done with. Its old-world flavour, customs and naivete (from a British Columbian's point of view) make it a book to be read with curiosity, interest and not a little astonishment.

Sir Clive moved with his family to Victoria in 1896 and was honoured with knighthood in 1915, chiefly for his services in the Navy League. He died in 1918, at the age of sixty-four. He once served as Sanitary Inspector in the Kootenays, had purchased the newspaper, *Nelson Miner*, and was editor of the *Vancouver (weekly) Province* for four issues.

He was also a poet, author and big-game hunter of international repute. His many books include such subjects as *Sport in the Crimea*, *Trottings of a Tenderfoot*, *Savage Svanetia* and, of course, our *Sportsman's Eden*.

Unfortunately, few surnames are given in full and we are left to conjecture as to the identity of Mr. W., Mr. E. and "the jovial Mr. C." The latter, we know from family chronicles to be R. L. Cawston (1849-1923). It would be most fortunate if our readers could provide further identification. Hence the (?) after quoted initials. Explanations are also in parenthesis.

Letters I, II and III are written by Sir Clive's wife, Jenny, (Jane) while in Montreal, Saratoga and Victoria, respectively. She concludes . . . "and my husband is off to the Rockies or the Cascades or somewhere, where people don't wear collars, where people don't need dollars and, above all, where there are no hotels."

Letter IV is head, "Princetown (sic) Sept., 1887. Re: "the Ashnola country" our author says, ". . . I had come about 6,000 miles to try a country of which I had heard four years ago, and on arrival was told that two parties of Americans were already 'in' . . . that at least one party of Englishmen were making their way to my happy hunting-grounds . . . and the greater part of H.M. Navy intended to follow shortly. Surely there is no one to whom you feel less fraternally inclined than to a 'brother' sportsman who happens to be going to shoot at the very spot you had marked for yourself, and at the very moment at which you meant to visit it." He was to lament many more times over our seeming lack of hunting etiquette and to long for "the soli-

tude which the ring of no other man's rifle should break." He signs his letters "C.O.W."

He had arrived at John Fall Allison's ranch after four days riding, hunting and camping, en route from Hope. To quote: "I was the only passenger who alighted at Hope . . . a wooden shed and platform stand alone . . . The only being in sight was a Siwash postman, who shouldered my luggage, pocketed my fifty-cent piece, and anon paddled me across the Frazer (sic) to the town."

There he located the storekeeper and magistrate, Mr. Wardle, who outfitted him and procured a guide and cook . . . "A tall, gaunt white man of many summers, named S. (Shuttleworth) and his half-breed son (Charlie)." They took along three horses for packing, three to ride, two tents, two axes, two frying-pans, a teapot and groceries for one month, totalled at \$21.23 (21 staples).

His party set out the next morning, September 25, and he returned to Hope on October 21. In that brief interval he had killed one grizzly ("kheelounah") (sic) (2nd day) and, later, in the Ashnola had bagged a half-dozen or more, each, of stags, rams, goats and grouse — and missed two black bear ("skymaquist") (sic).

Sir Clive describes the scenery and incidents in great detail. From the latter, these may have significance for local historians. The first night was spent at 14-Mile House, where "the solitary, white host charged only 25 shillings per head." There they met two arrivals from the interior, "an Englishman and an old trapper named Chance (of Granite Creek fame?), who had learnt the country as a gold-miner and guide."

Letter V, written from "Allison's Ranche" (sic), continues, "We came upon a primitive log-hut labelled, 'The Similkameen Hotel'. It's owner had, the previous winter, killed 94 deer, of which he said, 'I eat some little and feed my hogs on the rest.'" On the fourth day they "heard a distant roaring far up the glens." Said S., "That's E.'s(?) cattle, squire; we shall have to clear off the track and keep quiet." E. was a bearded man in shirtsleeves, who refused to take their grizzly skin on to Hope.

In the evening they arrived at Allison's, "the potato ranche." Sir Clive was much impressed . . . "the river is forded and we are at Allison's, a large single house, fenced about with rough snake-fences, and surrounded by three or four little log-cabins, in which Chinamen or Indians dwell . . . miles of this fencing enclosing thousands of acres of grazing land, the pioneer's principal wealth." Part of the house was used for a store, "in which the boys or their mother will serve you or the Indians with sugar, blankets, etc." Edie (sic) was roofing a log hut to be used for a school-house. C.P.W. was amazed at the amount of work accomplished by even the youngest of the boys (Edward), ". . . plenty of work to do in summer for all of them; and in winter there are deer to be shot . . . and while away the long evenings with story-telling . . . the mother collecting the wild, fair legends of the Indians." Young "Edie" displayed his latest stag rack, "which spanned 2 feet, 4½ inches, and numbered twenty-six good points!"

After a day's rest and repacking, the party set out for the Ashnola

valley, but without a guide. Someone did suggest "a certain Tintinamous Whisht, of whom old S. had a very poor opinion."

It was very different from the Hope topography. Here, Sir Clive's recollections seem memorable by implication . . . "long stretches of arid steppe-like land . . . land-turtles, porcupines, grouse and a peculiarly thorny species of cactus."

Letter VI gives a choice — "Cactus Camp" or "Camp of the Winds." S. had finally located a guide for them, by name of "Toma", which soon lapsed into "Tommy" . . . "Anything less like Fenimore Cooper's dignified savage I have never seen . . . a merry little fellow in his blue canvas shirt, penny straw hat, and gray Yankee trousers frayed into a fringe around the ankles of his moccasins . . . Unfortunately for me, his noble relative, 'Ashnola John', had told him that the Englishman was in straits, and that he could charge accordingly."

The usual problems inherent to a big-game hunt were soon compounded. Animosity between the gun-bearer (Toma) and the cook (Charlie) had to be coped with at once. Quoth Sir Clive, "If you would have success . . . make this rule of the chase: keep your hunter for hunting only, and let your other men fully understand that he is not the "odd man" to do everyone's bidding."

By moccasin telegraph came the word that Tintinamous Whisht was bringing a party (that of Admiral Sir Culme Seymour) into their territory, and Sir Clive goes to bat for a code of rules . . . "as binding amongst Englishmen and gentlemen as the rules which govern the same class in India . . . no man would dream of intruding on the valley occupied by another without obtaining permission from the first party . . . If, when 'Devil take the hindmost' it operates injuriously to all!"

Rain and snow flurries caused misses at sheep. . . "at about 300 yards . . . a band of mule deer went galloping after our mutton chops . . . That night the wind cut through flannel waistcoat and chamois vest, through four-point blankets and odds and ends as if they had been muslin." Toma, obscurely, became offended and refused a pannikin of whiskey and hot tea, saying that "he didn't care to eat after meals."

Letter VII from "Bighorn Camp" (a new spot) continues in the same tone of melancholy: Twice his rifle missed fire at groups of mule deer, again at two splendid bighorn. Switching to "a common Winchester," he wounded a ram, which got completely away, then two black bears crossed their path and were missed by the first offending rifle. "Toma" spoke English for the first and only time I ever heard him, 'Gun no good; haiyu no good!'; from that time I used the Winchester exclusively."

But the worst was to come. Their Sunday quiet and rest for man and beast were disturbed at noon by rifle shots. To their dismay, they discerned horses and camp-smoke on the bench below them . . . "S, lighting his twenty-seventh pipe that day, got on his cayouse and went down to spy out the land and the intruders."

Letters VIII and IX report yet another 'invasion': The newcomers turned out to be H.(?) and W.(?), two Scotsmen who, coming in from

another direction, had unknowingly trespassed. "They, with a courtesy beyond praise, offered to clear out at once . . . in the end, we tossed as to whether they should dine with me or I with them and agreed to draw for choice of beats, day by day."

". . . And so we sang our songs, smoked our pipes, and pledged one another in libations of whiskey and tea, while the men indulged in the luxuries of 'packers' jam (i.e. brown sugar and bacon-fat), ribs roasted in the embers, and cigarettes of chopped 'pigtail' and newspaper . . . The arrangement worked out admirably and we shot to our hearts' content."

That is, until the following Sunday. This time "it was the advent of another Englishman, the forerunner of a part of the Admiral's party, under the leadership of a Canadian gentleman named C." C. was R. L. Cawston, who often visited Sir Clive at Esquimalt. (See OHS Reports.) As to hunters' protocol, "Mr. C. had other views . . . invited us for an after-dinner pipe. He was a jolly good fellow and the naval whiskey was excellent; but as for making room for anybody on earth, our new friend declared it might be all right in the old country, but it would not do here.

"Thinking at least he would, if we told him, avoid our beat, I suggested the top ground for us. 'Ah! That's just where we are going,' and C.'s face simply rippled with laughter. If anyone ever enjoyed 'pulling a man's leg,' C. enjoyed that luxury on the first night we met. There appeared to be no precedents . . . and no one could quarrel with a man so full of innocent mirth, and absolutely unconscious of the enormity of his offense."

C. proposed that they make their drive together, after sending the Indians out to round up the sheep. Sir Clive doubts his own survival . . . "I candidly confess that the idea of all these riflemen together, round the topmost crag, with a frightened ram dodging from one to the other, is to my mind suggestive of more risk to the hunters than to the ram."

Letter IX, from the same camp, wipes out such forebodings. On the following day, Admiral S. arrived. He and his gunners went left; Sir Clive and C. went to the right. Stags, rams, and a "fine old ewe were taken, as the rattle of rifles was echoing among these mountain sanctuaries . . . That night there was much rejoicing in camp; trifling disagreements were forgotten. It was conceded that C.'s plan had the merit of success . . . however angry one might feel with him when he crossed you on the hillside, it was impossible to resist his cheery good-fellowship when the day was over. Still, my next letter will not be from Bighorn Camp."

And it was not. Letter X is penned from "The Dead Forest" and XI from "The Sheep-trimmed Downs." It was again a threesome of old S., Toma and C.P.W. Here he conceded that drive stalking is not worth considering. The rams might be anywhere on those inaccessible crags. Toma grew more reluctant to walk instead of ride, packs of wolves stampeded their horses. (He mentions these persistent wolves on several occasions.) One night it snowed heavily . . . their moccasins were shredded and Sir Clive dreaded travelling on the slippery, frost-

covered grass. They killed six deer, he termed 'mowitz', and three rams — losing two. All in all, they brought out five trophy heads to put with those left in their main camp.

And now back to the "Potato Ranche," from which Letter XII is written on October 19. Sir Clive has just been assured that the surrounding hills are full of "bearded billies and their dams." A dissertation follows on "two beasts in North America, who dwell in such wild solitudes and are so weirdly monstrous, that they seem to be the last relics of an earlier creation. Two of Nature's firstborn, made in the days when the gray world was young, ere yet she had leisure to smoothe down their outlines."

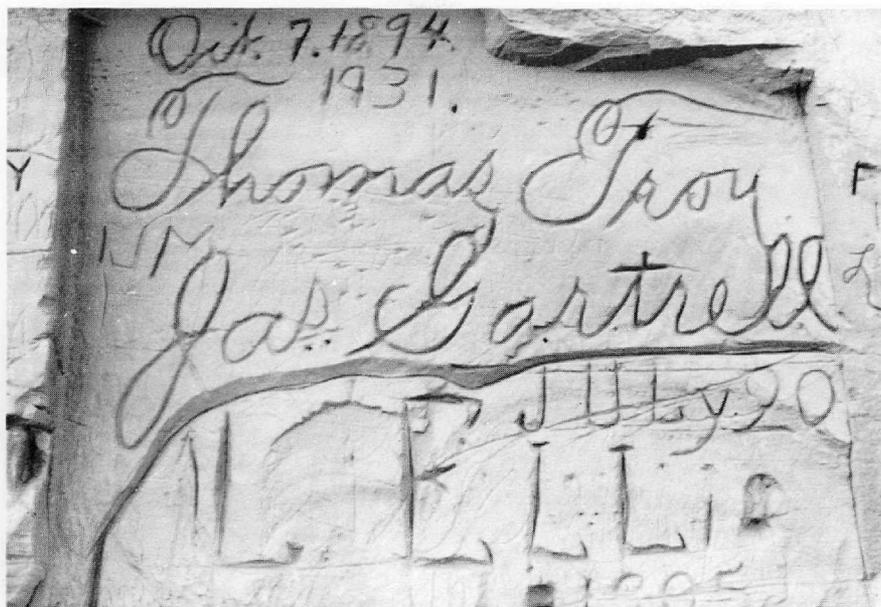
He refers, of course, to the moose, which he hunted later, and to "that quaint white beast between a poodle and a buffalo — the Rocky Mountain goat." Toma assured him that goats had been unknown to the local Indians until four years ago, and that they had killed one or two out of curiosity, not for eating. After a day of horrendous effort, they lost two and took out two. As they skinned the last and largest, dead though it was — it bleated. Toma, terrified of such an omen, decided to quit the party at once and go home.

Letter XIII, from Hope, B.C. (probably October 22):

There was to be no more hunting on this B.C. trip for our author, although he "tried exceedingly hard to secure a guide to the haunts of those grizzlies who were reputed to dwell on the summit." The best men appeared to be away hunting or trapping, a coincidence which Sir Clive suspected might be due to the recent deaths from grizzly mauling. The victims were Indians, one from Hope and one near Penticton.

He and his two helpers set out on the return journey to Hope on the day after the goat hunt. They camped on the summit that night, then reluctantly leaving S. to bring on the pack animals, Sir Clive set out on a brisk ride to Hope. He caught a red Skagit trout for his supper and left the remains of his now useless rod by the burnside. He reached Hope long after dark, after being lost for hours in a driving rain. Very vividly he describes this last misadventure, which could only have been survived by a good horse and a good woodsman. He concludes, "We gained the shelter of town that night and I shall manage to catch the steamer in the morning."

The balance of his book, Letters XIV to XX, plus a postscript, are devoted to life and times in Victoria, choice comments on our pioneer living, a few Indian legends from Mrs. Allison's "Incowmasket," Canadian Game Laws and Wages For Labourers, and advice to British would-be immigrants. All in all, his book is a lively word-picture of Canadian habitat and fauna.



Clay Cliff on Sandy Caldwell Cliff by Enid Maynard, September 1966.

Courtesy Dr. W. H. B. Munro

CLAY CLIFFS

A Part of our Heritage by Mary Gartrell Orr

Finding again the accompanying photograph amongst my treasures sets my mind wandering back over the years and my thoughts tumble over themselves as the pen scrambles to write down some memories to share with those who haven't been so fortunate as to have been born in Summerland and lived here most of their lives. Certainly some others will have memories too, of clay cliff experiences and impressions.

The area on which I wish to concentrate extends from Trout Creek point to present Rotary beach at Summerland. These particular cliff carvings were found back in the 1920's above the north entrance to J. M. Landry's property by some of the youngsters of the upper and lower bench area who loved to roam the hillsides, in spite of the warnings of their parents who realized the danger of slides and potholes. Among these were the Caldwelles, the Taylors, the Orrs, the Munns, the Tavenders and the Campbells. They varied their routes as they played games or went down to the lake to swim. One path was past these carvings, one was to the south near Zimmerman's Gulch, and one path was near the Caldwell property. It was called "the escape path." When their dad sent them out to hoe around the potatoes and tomatoes they could duck down to Black's wharf for a cooling swim. For those of you who don't know, Black's wharf was near the road at the north end of Trout Creek Point where the Landry acreage, now belonging to D. L. Gartrell, began. I am told the swimmers rejoiced when, after a disastrous packing-house fire, big

timbers floated down to this bay enabling them to make a huge raft which served them well for a time.

Another path was further north near where the Tavender's lived. Then there was Thornber's Gulch and Fenner's Gulch which went from the lower town of Summerland up to West Summerland past the Horseshoe Falls. Names are scattered all over this area. They remind^d one of boys now grown and people no longer living who helped to build our community from its infancy. In those days vandalism was not common and occasionally the boys carefully traced this particular lettering with their pocket knives to preserve what they realized was something of pioneer interest — the oldest and best record that had been found on the cliffs. We thank them for that.

Yes, there were troubles with the clay cliffs. Soils experts of the B.C. Dept. of Agriculture, and others have written on their origin which explains the phenomena in this location and why they can be dangerous and cause the type of things I am about to relate. About eighty years ago a heifer was lost from my Grandad's ranch—no one could find it and the search was called off, but Grandma Gartrell, with her love for animals as well as humans, wasn't satisfied to let its fate remain unknown so off she went and found it wedged in tight between two cliff walls up in the Zimmerman's Gulch. She saved its life. Another time a sheep had fallen over the bank and broken a leg. She put splints on it and it got well. Another animal story which took place many years later concerns a dog. Stan Taylor's dog "Rover" used to love to follow the boys on their expeditions or even go chasing groundhogs by himself. Once when he disappeared from sight down a hole someone went home for a rope, then attached it to Stan and lowered him down until he was able to reach his pet and they were both raised safely to the surface. Another time was more serious—Rover roved alone far into unfamiliar territory and couldn't be found. Day after day they hoped he'd find his way back. They seemed to hear a distant barking that they couldn't pinpoint then gradually it got weaker. The Taylor's had given up hope of ever seeing him again when about a month later a woebegone wee dog dragged himself to their doorstep with his toenails worn down and paws bleeding. He had returned somehow from the bowels of the earth.

One of the slides near the Experimental Farm pumphouse, almost at the entrance to what is now Sunoka Beach caused my father, Fred Gartrell, and brother Bill a great deal of inconvenience as they were at that time shipping milk from our dairy farm into Penticton. As the road was closed they had to carry the full milk cans over the slide and be met at the other side. Milk from 25 cows!

Another time in the mid 1930s I had a fright — I thought I was going blind and never going to see again the familiar cliff formation looking north and west from my childhood home at Trout Creek point. Someone suggested I use a certain drug in my eyes to make them shine for the dance I was going to the evening before. They shone alright, but the next day I couldn't see to read. I was scared to tell my parents so tried to carry on as usual—going to Sunday School and playing the piano for the hymns as was my custom. Needless to say I had to

choose ones I knew from memory that morning and let the children in my class read the bible lesson. All afternoon I stayed in my bedroom and worried, and drew a sketch of the view from my window. But it all ended happily, thank goodness!

The glories of the clay cliffs? First I think of the moonlight on them as one comes north out of Penticton. It never fails to thrill me. I love the pines and firs, pink phlox in the spring, the bunchgrass, the sagebrush especially when it blooms. There are natural arch formations and caves formed by wind erosion. The uniqueness and scenic beauty of the cliffs as they tower so impressively above the lake and below the mountain, leaves nothing to be found monotonous about them. The figure of a Pope's head on the edge of the cliff between Trout Creek point and Summerland stands out clearly. All these must fill tourists with awe. Sometimes an eagle perches on top or a crow or a Canada goose and finds it an excellent vantage point from which to survey the goings-on below.

In closing I would like to comment on the names on the photograph: From the bottom: L. Ellis, July 20, 1905, could he have been related to T. Ellis? Jas. Gartrell—my grandfather and Thomas Troy, both on October 7, 1894. These three dates are authentic but not the 1931. DOES ANYONE KNOW WHO THOMAS TROY WAS???

WITH GOLD THAT'S AT OUR FEET

By CHRISTINE SISMEY

Some wander to the sunny south
Or climb a mountain high
Then there are those who go abroad
And also some who fly

Some there are who rush ahead,
Just in a race with time.
A goodly crowd have searched for it
In bottles filled with wine.

Some think to find it in a flame
Of glory and of power.
Through bright-lit lanes of pomp and grace
A flashing short-lived hour.

And all of us we rush along,
Unheeding, indiscreet.
Searching, searching through the years,
For gold that's at our feet.

LIFE ON A BRITISH COLUMBIA FRUIT FARM 1912

By Harry V. Webb

FOREWORD

My father, the late W. V. B. Webb, came out to the Okanagan in 1909, having given up a very promising career in the British Army, and bought a 15-acre property in Summerland, on Jones' Flat. Whatever persuaded him to make such a move I shall never know, but I well remember as a small boy that I was encouraged to do my sums not only in dollars and cents, but also in pounds, shillings and pence, because it was a foregone conclusion that my parents would be retiring in a few years and returning to England with the world in their pockets.

Such was the eloquence of the promoters!

Our orchard comprised about 10 acres of fruit and 5 acres of hillside with a magnificent view on which my father built a rambling bungalow which required six stoves for warmth in the winter, and unending wheelbarrows of wood. Insulation of course was unheard of.

As a fruit grower, I believe my father was better than the average. He had an elderly horse named Dick, a democrat, a plough, spring tooth and drag harrows. We were on the end—and I mean the end—of the irrigation pipe line. Summerland in those years had the reputation of having more varieties of fruit to the acre than had ever been known, and I recall the following:

APPLES: Northern Spy, Baldwin, Snow, Wealthy, Winter Banana, Nonsuch, Wagner, Spitzbergen.

CERRIES: Lambert, Royal Anne and sour.

PEACHES: A couple of acres which had to be pulled out.

In addition there were apricots, crabapples, plums, peach plums, pears and prunes.

When the fruit was ready for picking it was hauled by Dick in the democrat at a dismally slow pace to Bob Pollock's house on the Giant's Head Road beyond the Anglican Cemetery at the rate of about 20 boxes per trip. Thence it was packed and shipped to the Prairies in competition with many others. This of course was well before the days of Central Selling and looking back, with shippers vying with one another for produce and markets, it is amazing that this great industry ever got off the ground.

In 1912 my father wrote a letter to The Times of London setting forth his impressions of this life of growing fruit. His letter is printed below as I feel that it might be of interest to others who lived through those years. (*Much of this letter is applicable today.* —Editor).

Prompted by far other motives than those of Solomon of old, the cry of the Okanagan fruit-grower of today, if articulate, would assuredly be the same as his. For the peach has proved unreliable, and it is on the apple that big hopes must now be centred. Those hopes are

bright. The further north the apple can be grown, the greater the perfection to which the fruit can be brought; and the Okanagan apple has proved beyond a doubt that its quality is inferior to none. In these days, when the eyes of so many in the Old Land are turned expectantly towards British Columbia, the intending emigrant with a small amount of capital may perhaps find some interest in an attempt to describe for him the life he may expect to lead in such a district as the Okanagan Valley. Also a glimpse of the pitfalls which await the unwary may be afforded by one who has skirted some and plumbed the depths of others.

In the first place, a word of warning. Let not the prospective fruit-grower suppose that an orchard in the Okanagan, say more than elsewhere, is a species of horticultural Tom Tiddler's ground, where gold and silver may be picked up without exertion. Fruit-growing is a business, like all others, that requires energy and application; and the profits thereof are to him who has learned to work and can afford to wait. The intending settler who does not fear these things is the man to whom I write, and to him I would try to give some idea of life on a fruit farm in the Okanagan Valley. Here he will find a climate differing in many respects from that of England.

Whilst the Okanagan is exempt from the extremes of temperature to be found in some parts of Canada, the heat in summer is sometimes considerable; and the winter cold is rather trying to one accustomed to the mild winters of the Old Country. And, indeed, a temperature of from 10 to 15 degrees below zero, as is occasionally recorded is sufficiently unpleasant even to those who have experienced it more often than they care to mention. We will assume, however, that our future orchard-owner is made of sterner stuff than to be daunted by such trifles as the vagaries of a thermometer. The probability is, indeed, that the summer will find him too busy to notice its heat, and the winter should have few terrors for a man who can cut enough wood to keep himself warm.

The Choice of an Orchard

The newcomer, then, having decided to make light of these difficulties, let us proceed to offer him a little assistance in the selection of the land on which he proposes to make his home.

The purchase of an old orchard which is already producing an income will probably be beyond his means, if he be possessed of but a moderate amount of money; and he will therefore have to decide whether to buy an orchard just beginning to bear, say, from five to six years old, or to start from the beginning, open up new land, and plant his own trees. Whilst the new arrival is still pondering these matters, he will assuredly meet a gentleman of comfortable appearance and affable address, whose chief desire it is to drive him round and "show him the lay-out." This is the real estate agent. Young man, beware of him! In the language of the country, you are his meat. He has a large variety of eligible Edens which he is more than ready to sell you, but unless you are careful you may find that the magnificent bearing orchard you have acquired is planted chiefly with peach trees and apples of the least saleable varieties; or that your

"rich, unimproved fruit land" is a rocky hillside which no man can irrigate. Perhaps I am maligning a hardworking class of business men. There are doubtless some who do not do these things, but I have never met them.

Our novice, though, we will hope, is proof against such blandishments; so let us imagine him to be that *rara avis*, one who knows what he wants and sees that he gets it. In the opinion of the present writer it will be well for him if what he wants, and gets, is a suitable piece of unplanted land where he can plant his own trees of the right varieties, live with them from the outset, and care for them personally till at their maturity he reaps his reward. This is the ideal method of fruit-growing, but it involves years of work and expenditure without return; and there are few who are willing or can afford to carry out the programme in its entirety. There are many men who begin well by planting their own trees, but who are compelled by lack of means to "work out" on their neighbour's property, or to undertake the charge of the orchards of non-resident owners. This is frequently unsatisfactory. With the best intentions, a man is inclined to undertake too much; and neglect is soon apparent either on his own orchard, or, worse still, perhaps, on that of his employer.

When the trees are young the extra work may not be too much but as the years go by and the trees increase in size, their pruning, spraying, and general care will, or should, absorb more and more of their owner's time, and the necessity of carrying on outside work becomes a severe handicap. Some fruit-growers, again, employ the years of waiting in growing vegetables or feed between the rows of trees: but in the opinion of the best judges this is a practice which necessity alone can justify. So let us assume that our beginner is independent of these considerations and free to devote his whole time to the management of his own orchard.

Hints for the Beginner

He will probably find that ten acres are about enough for him to work satisfactorily single-handed; and it is desirable that the land should be all in an unbroken block, free from stumps and stones, those enemies of cultivation, and on a suitable slope for irrigation and air-drainage. In an article of this length it is impossible to go into the questions of the nature of soil, preparation of the same, and the varieties of trees. Suffice it to say that the advice and literature of the Provincial Department of Agriculture are always at the disposal of members of farmers' institutes, to which every grower should belong. He may also obtain an analysis of a sample of soil from his orchard; but expert advice and local inquiries should enable him to decide upon the varieties best suited to his land and most valuable commercially.

Let him be content to plant not more than four of these varieties. The curse of many of the older orchards is the number of different varieties planted at the outset. To have a natural sequence of fruit ripening throughout the season may sound attractive, but the owner of a small orchard will never be able to ship large quantities of any one

variety if he has made the initial mistake of planting many different kinds of apples. Only the man who can ship in car-load lots has the chance of avoiding the middleman, who at present makes more profits than the grower. The beginner will be well advised during his first year to hire, occasionally at any rate, an experienced man to show him how things should be done. An intelligent man, however, who is not above taking advice, will soon find himself able to perform the ordinary routine work of a fruit farm with the aid of a team of horses, if he can afford them, or a single heavy horse, if his means are limited.

The first indication, perhaps, that warns the newcomer of the opening of the season is conveyed to his senses by a saviour as of ancient eggs. Clouds of yellowish vapour seem to hang over the orchards, through which the forms of men are dimly seen amongst the still bare trees.

The local paper works off its annual jest, contained in the headline "Brethren, let us Spray!" and the fruit-grower realizes that the time has come for the most unpleasant of his tasks. He compounds a vile mixture of lime and sulphur, and with a high-pressure pump applies it to the trees, until, if smell counts for anything, the novice may well suppose that no living organism can survive upon them. He should wear gloves, and don his oldest garments, for lime and sulphur mixture stinks, burns the hands, and sticks closer than a brother. On his return he will be wise to burn his clothes and obtain a shampoo, if possible. In spite of these measures he will still for some time feel inclined to follow the example of the man who killed a skunk with a club and spent the next three months in the woods hating himself.

Spring on the Fruit Farm

But time cures all things, even smells; and before one has realized that winter is passing the trees are again a glory of green, soon to be flecked with white. Now is the time for the cutworm to make his annual appearance, and the observer may notice that the young shoots, particularly on the smaller trees, are being eaten away by some unseen agency; for this is a pest that lives just below the surface of the ground by day and does his mischievous work by night. Once more the fruit-grower becomes a compounder of noxious drugs, and this time perhaps some attractive diet of Paris green may serve to rid him of his enemy.

Meanwhile cultivation should have been commenced, in order to retain in the soil as much as possible of the moisture left by the melting of the winter snow. This is a task which the beginner is apt to find wearisome. The methodical, steady plodding up and down the rows of trees behind the team and spring-tooth harrow may prove monotonous, but it is the most essential part of the grower's work, especially in this almost rainless district. At frequent intervals throughout the season this operation must be repeated, for it is found that in most soils a dust mulch of about four inches is necessary to conserve the moisture in the ground.

About the beginning of May the newly-fledged farmer will receive his initiation into the art of irrigating his land, and here some assis-

tance is desirable at first, both in drawing his furrows and in managing the water. But the sooner he learns to do these things for himself the better for his pocket. Laboriously, at first, the beginner staggers behind his plough, leaving a somewhat wobbly furrow in his wake. But what matter] He is learning to be independent, and when he can get the *maximum* of water to his trees, creating in the process the *minimum* of swamp, he will feel that his labour has not been vain. But he will find that irrigation brings its trials even to the practised hand. When water is short, in the height of summer when "flumes" are leaky, and furrows dry out in the baking sun, he will find that Job's friends and relatives, yea, his very boils (granted a suitable potsherd) were preferable to the evils which he now endures. From May to September the weekly tyranny of the water oppresses him, and when it is overpast the relief is great. The Okanagan, thanks to an efficient system of Government inspection, is as yet singularly free from the more serious fruit pests. But the grower is indeed fortunate who escapes a visitation from the green aphid before the season is far advanced.

Spraying is again in order, solutions of whale-oil soap or black tobacco being most frequently employed to save the new shoots from destruction, or from a serious check at the least. For, paradox as it may seem, the fruit-grower must be ever employed in fighting the forces of Nature whilst aiding her to perform her work.

As the summer goes on and the apples set in clusters on the fruit spurs the prudent grower takes thought with himself as to how much he will allow his young trees to bear. In a good year he is sure to find that thinning out is necessary, and this not only improves the quality of his present crop, but tends to increase the chances of a good one the following year. Not a very arduous task this, but one that takes time and care.

August brings with it the click of shears, for this is the month for summer pruning. But before this, perhaps, if time has allowed, the owner of a young orchard will have removed all superfluous growth, in order to allow the full strength of the tree to flow into those limbs which he intends to be permanent. This the beginner may well undertake himself, with a little advice and supervision.

The Close of the Year

And now the season is drawing to a close. In September the earlier winter apples are ready for picking; October sees the trees stripped finally of their burden, and the falling leaves attest the end of summer. One other task remains before winter closes in. The autumn or "fall" ploughing is now due, though some prefer to postpone it till the spring. This done, the fruit-grower may now enjoy a little well-earned rest. Later on, when his trees are dormant, the winter pruning will claim his attention, but in a young orchard this will merely involve cutting back the new shoots to ensure a stronger growth next year.

Such is the life of the fruit-grower in the summer months, and enough has probably been said to show that the orchard is no place for an idler. Possibly the reader may wish to know something of the social

side of life during the winter, when orchard work at least is at a standstill. The society into which he may expect a welcome has no counterpart in the Old Country. Here are none of those class distinctions which make or mar, according to his individual opinion, the social intercourse to which he is accustomed at home. Let him rid himself of all foolish sense of superiority, if such be his weakness, replacing it by the saving grace of humour, if he be built that way, and he will never find his neighbours lacking in that ready kindness which means so much to the wanderer in distant lands. As an Englishman who has settled in this far-off country I should like to offer this concluding hint, perhaps uncalled for, to any fellow-countryman who thinks of settling here. It is sometimes said that Canadians do not care for Englishmen and do not want them. Like most generalities, this is only partly true. Canadians do not like the Englishman who will not work: they do not want the Englishman who tells them how much better things are done at home. But the unobtrusive man who does not assume an air of superiority and kick against the customs of the country need never doubt his welcome. However verdant his greenness, if he be honestly determined to "make good," his Canadian neighbours will not grudge him a helping hand. To such a man the fruit-farmer's life will make its appeal. His own master, he will know the pride of independence, and will not shirk the price—the sweat of his brow.

NOTE: I have been unable to trace the reference to Solomon and peaches, despite research by a biblical scholar.—EDITOR.

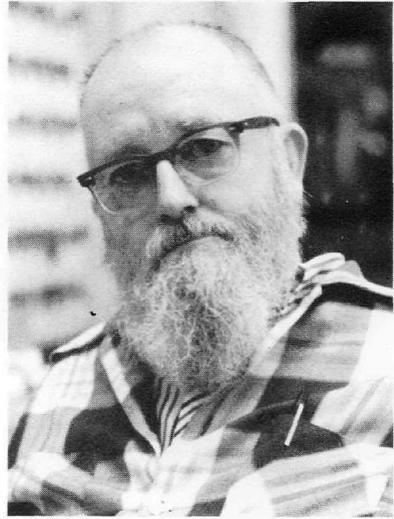


Provincial Police Jail, Penticton, behind Magistrate's office. Curtis George Miller, an early town policeman. Miller sold papers on the streets of Dawson in gold rush days.

Eric Sismey photo, 1970

J. G. HARRIS

By Eric D. Sismey



Joe Harris of Penticton is one of those men that small towns cannot afford to be without. Never one to reach for the limelight but rather one who, like the coxwain of a lifeboat, is always around when needed and one who always seems to know which way to turn.

Joe, born in Oak River, Manitoba, on July 16, 1910, landed, along with his parents, from the Kettle Valley train in 1917. His first look at a strange new land cuddled between Okanagan and Dog (Skaha) Lakes fascinated him. Here was the spot he wanted to live and that is exactly what he has done.

His parents purchased a house on Martin Street but soon moved into another on Winnipeg Street. Before long they bought an orchard on the Upper Bench Road, his home until 1935.

Joe attended the Ellis School for two years until eye trouble forced him to leave. After an absence of two years he went to a private school in Medicine Hat and after one year was back in Penticton. After his eye trouble was corrected by surgery he was given a pony and the rambles taken around the hills led into the outdoor activities which he has continued to follow to this day.

Then, while he was attending Vancouver College, his father suffered a heart attack in 1927 and this brought to an end his formal education, for now he was head of the family and when his father died in 1931 he was on his own.

Joe has always taken fruit growing seriously. He has studied every phase of the industry and has learned much.

Interested in the effort to stabilize the somewhat chaotic marketing conditions, Joe served the Penticton Fruit Growers Association for five years and was one of the directors of the Penticton Co-operative Growers for three.

During the depression of the 1930's Joe was elected Chairman of the Central Welfare Committee; an office he held for 15 years—and it is not out of place here to state that relief in those days was a far cry from what is enjoyed today.

During this time Joe joined the Junior Chamber of Commerce to become its Vice-President in 1944.

In 1942 Joe Harris was placed in charge of the Penticton Disaster Fund and for two months steered the recovery from the flood disaster of 1942.

Penticton, lying on the flood plain of three creeks, Penticton, Ellis and Shingle has had floods, particularly from Penticton Creek, from the dawn of history. Floods in 1928 and 1935 did minor damage but on May 24, 1942, after two days of heavy rain Penticton Creek went wild. Upwards of a dozen houses were damaged, some swept off their foundations and five totally destroyed were along the banks of Van Horn Street. Flood waters surged down Forestbrook Drive, Fairview (Wade) and Eckhardt Ave. to the lowlands around Moosejaw Street. At Main Street and Westminster there was water enough to float a canoe.

Restoration and repair kept Joe and his many helpers busy for the next two months. Subsequently major repairs have been made to the creek channel and the new dam on Grayback Mountain will, no doubt, eliminate any further trouble.

Joe tells one heart warming incident that occurred at the time of the flood. A Chinaman's vegetable garden, almost ready for harvest, on Douglas Street, was totally destroyed. Joe gave the man twenty dollars to buy food. Months later Joe met the man in the bank and he said, "Mr. Harris, I owe you eight dollars" and he offered the money. "What for?" Joe asked. "I did not use all the money you gave me he replied."

From 1950 to 1957 Joe Harris served on the City Council: he was Chairman of Pulic Works. And it was during this time that he put into motion the beginning of the Penticton Museum.

At that time the late R. N. Atkinson housed his private collection in the basement of his house on Okanagan Avenue. Mr. Harris, himself a collector, and a close friend of Mr. Atkinson learned that an American had offered Mr. Atkinson a handsome sum for the collection. Joe Harris was appalled by the thought the valuable collection would leave the city since there was no money to buy it. After being approached by the City Council R. N. Atkinson exchanged his priceless collection for a life-time curatorship of the Penticton Museum.

After the Atkinson collection was acquired by the city Joe Harris was appointed as Chairman of the Museum Committee, an office he still holds and when the collection was moved from the Atkinson house it was housed on the main deck of the S.S. Sicamous, beached on Lakeshore Drive until it found its permanent home in 1967 in the new Community Art Centre. And this I may say is a facet of Joe Harris's community endeavor not generally known and recognized.

While on the City Council Mr. Harris was appointed to the Hospital Board on which he served for 16 years and until the completion of the new hospital in 1972. During construction of the new complex Joe was Chairman of the Planning and Building Committee which was, in effect, a liaison between the several contractors and the City.

During his years of civic activities Joe Harris had personal interests

to look after. As a fruit grower he eventually owned 20 acres near his large house, built by Major Holden in 1928. The orchard was sold in 1957 but Joe retained the house and an orchard garden of about two acres and while he was actively fruit growing Joe Harris engaged in commercial spraying and other activities.

In 1918 the Harris', father and son, invested in the Highland Lass mine at Beaverdell; they were among the original shareholders and when the mine became the Highland Bell Joe served for a year on the Board of Directors.

Through the next twenty years Joe Harris in partnership with Anthony Biolla engaged in contracting, often sub-contracting, from Interior Contracting. Their activities extended from Hope to Grand Forks and north from the Boundary to the Kootenays. This gave Joe the opportunity for wider exploration.

In 1934 Joe spent three weeks in Yoho Park camping and climbing in the rockies. And in 1936, accompanied by Cliff Leslie they drove across Canada in a Studebaker coupe camping along the way. They returned by way of Washington, D.C. and from there through the Dakotas. The wide lands once so green and fertile were ravaged by the drought and dust storms, everything bare and nothing growing. Grasshoppers had eaten everything down to the roots and it was often necessary to drive with headlights all day. Colorado was greener and after driving through Montana and Idaho they returned to British Columbia.

In 1937 Joe Harris guided a fishing party up the Ashnola River to Cathedral Lakes, he had been part way earlier and had looked towards the snow clad peaks and decided that soon he would go all the way. At Cathedral Lakes he found Herb Clark of Keremeos there with a party and in 1939 they formed a partnership and for a number of years escorted fishing parties to the lakes and to the mountains beyond. During the years Joe was escorting fishermen to the lakes he suggested to the parks Board that the Cathedral Lakes area should be retained as a park. That was in 1942 and nothing came of it. Reason enough, perhaps, that the country was at war. Since then there has been sporadic camping but in 1966 the Okanagan-Similkameen Parks Society took the task in hand. Park status was granted in 1969 and the area enlarged again in 1975 vindicating Joe Harris' early efforts.

In 1942, Joe Harris a long time member of the Okanagan Historical Society, working with the late Mrs. R. B. White, organized the Penticton Branch of the Society and Mrs. White, daughter of pioneer Judge Haynes of Osoyoos, was the first president of the Penticton group.

In 1944 after purchasing Green Mountain ranch Joe Harris became active and interested in the Cattleman's Association. He was on the executive committee.

In 1958 Joe Harris was among those who arranged the 50th anniversary celebration of the City of Penticton. An old timer was considered one who had lived in the district since 1910; there were 275 at the banquet held in the Senator Shatford School. An anniversary book was published by the city. Reg. N. Atkinson was the author

assisted by Joe Harris. The book was reissued as a "Historical Souvenir of Penticton, B.C. 1867-1967" on the occasion of the Centenary of the Dominion of Canada. It was revised by Reg Atkinson and edited by Joe Harris.

Photography has always been one of Joe's life long interests. He has a long file of historical photographs and an extensive collection of Indian pictograph photographs.

It is not incorrect to state that Joe's interest in Indian pictographs is one of the first such interests in the province. Many were discovered by him for the first time and the location not generally broadcasted since general knowledge often leads to vandalism. His search in the Osoyoos area was aided by Anthony Walsh, former teacher at the Inkameep Indian school and by the late Chief Baptiste who not only talked about pictographs but told where others could be found. Other pictographs were discovered and photographed at Rock Creek, the Similkameen and the Kootenays. Several photos of pictographs are displayed in the Penticton Museum and all his negatives, carefully treasured, will eventually find a place in Provincial Archives.

After the death of Reg N. Atkinson in 1973, Joseph G. Harris was appointed curator of the Reg. N. Atkinson Museum and no better choice could have been made. The museum is a credit to any small city in arrangement and care. And it is also a compliment to the many citizens who have given their heirlooms and treasures to safe keeping and public display. Their donations are credited on small cards.

Of course Joe Harris' influence is felt and shown by certain arrangements. He has created living areas as they were in early days. There is a living room, an office, a kitchen and music room decorated with authentic furnishings.

Then too, the museum is of particular value to our younger people. It is there they can see the way their parents, their grand and even great grandparents lived in days when there were no automobiles, washing machines, refrigerators and no radios and no T.V.

THE PROPOSED MANNING PARK EXTENSION

By H. R. Hatfield

In December of 1972 the Okanagan Similkameen Parks Society presented a brief to the Minister of Recreation and Conservation of the Province of British Columbia asking for an extension to Manning Provincial Park. Later the Society modified its request to the extent that they felt a wilderness area without roads would be acceptable.

To date the reply has been that the area would remain under the jurisdiction of the Forest Service as a multiple use area with some co-operation with the Parks Branch in delineating and preserving historic trails, where practical.

There follows a layman's description of the country involved and the proposed boundaries, the various values of the area and the reasons why it is felt that this piece of territory should be preserved as it is for the benefit of future generations of people and of wildlife.

Streams and Mountains

The Tulameen River — To be any good the extension or wilderness preserve would have to extend at least to the mouth of Squakin Creek. This would leave say 8.5 miles of the River in the protected zone, from its source in the Punch Bowl. The next 6 miles downstream is in pretty rough country and might stay clean anyway for a long time.

The Punch Bowl — On the westerly side of Snass Mountain is some 5,500 feet above the sea. The mouth of Squakin is about 4,100 feet. There are many tributaries from both sides, the Podunk being of course the largest. Not all those from the east could be fully included because of the well established cattle range on that side. Certainly the east side of the river itself, the high country around Snass Mt., the Punch Bowl and Paradise Valley would have to be included. Paradise Valley is a low, broad, gently sloping marshy valley where doubtless the Indians of Blackeye's day dug roots and the bears still do. The river has lots of little trout.

Sowaqua Creek — (Colvile's Sa,anqua River) (Pierre River of some old maps). This beautiful stream is some 16 miles long. It empties into the Coqhalla a mile or more below Jessica. One of its sources is Ghostpass Lake, another on the slopes of Mt. Dewdney and another south of Jacobson Lake not far from Podunk Creek. Main tributaries on the westerly side are Colvile, Bushby, O'Reilly, Matthew and Ghostpass and on the easterly Montigny Creek. The lower part is already flanked by logging roads. These no doubt will eventually go up as far as Montigny Creek regardless of whether the wilderness preserve is set up or not.

The upper part, say 9 miles, remains as nature made it. The fall from the source of the north branch to Montigny Creek is about 2,500 feet. It is full of excellent small fish, trout and/or steelhead.

The valley is very impressive with high mountains and cascading streams from the snowfields. In places there is a wide interval between the actual Creek bank and the mountain base; in other places narrow

canyons. The Creek is easily waded in low water but even above Matthew it is crossed at some risk when in flood.

Podunk Creek — It is clean, clear and unpolluted. To date there is no logging, grazing, mining or road building throughout its length. In the lower part at least, trout are plentiful. The flow at the junction with the Tulameen is about equal to that of the River and in high water crossing can be difficult. To the fur traders the Podunk was a branch of the Similkameen and later the "Headwaters of the Tulameen."

Named for Podunk Davis, woodsman of the Similkameen and famous for his rescue of Nurse Warburton, the Creek is some 8 miles long and would be wholly in any worthwhile extension or wilderness area. It flows into the Tulameen River about 8 miles from the River's source in the Punch Bowl, and say about a third of a mile above the Horse Guard camp on the old Brigade Trail. It starts as an almost vertical cascade on the east slope of Mt. Davis but the main valley falls quite gently and has a wide bottom and not very high mountains to the sides. Grant Pond and Jacobson Lake drain into it and lower down Cunningham Creek and Chiam Creek are tributaries on the northern side. Other Streams — In addition to the three main streams above are some miles of the Skaist River which could and should be included, Snass Creek, and numberless small, largely unnamed, streams and mountain lakes. Some 4 miles of the Skaist are fortunately already in Manning Park.

Mountains

The Park extension or wilderness proposed includes several grand mountains. Snass has an elevation of 7,581 feet and Outram must be somewhat higher. Dewdney is over 7,300, Ford almost 7,000 and Mt. Davis almost 6,600.

The maps showing the features of the area are Chilliwack Lake, Map 92 H/SW, Third Status Edition and Princeton, Sheet 92 H/SE, Third Status Edition.

Trails

The Dewdney Trail — The original pathfinder for the Dewdney Trail was Alexander Caulfield Anderson of the Hudson's Bay Company. It became obvious that the Americans were going to get the country around the lower Columbia. In 1846 Anderson suggested that he try to find a route from the Interior to the Coast north of the 49th parallel and the suggestion was approved. From Thompson's River (Kamloops) he went to Fort Langley by horse and canoe via the Lillooet-Harrison Lake route. On the return he canoed to the mouth of the Coquihalla and then went on foot via the Nicolum, Sumallo, Skagit, Snass, and Tulameen to Campement des Femmes (Tulameen). This was the first crossing of the mountains south of the Fraser in what, in that year, became British territory.

It was an epic trip, though for various reasons its results were not harvested for some fourteen years. It is worth noting here that Highway 3 follows his track from Hope to where it crosses the Snass at the top of the rhododendron flat. And from 1860 to 1949 when the

Highway was completed all the various trails between the Similkameen and Hope did the same. In discussing the Brigade Trail we will see how, if not why, it took a different way.

In the meantime let us join Anderson in his crossing. Third of June 1846: "Set out at 3¼ a.m. and breakfasted at 6 among the rhododendrons. Set fire to the fallen timber to make a landmark and to improve horse pasture for possible future use. Set out again at 8:20 and reached summit at noon."

This was at the Punch Bowl where he estimated the snow as still ten feet deep: "Our Indian assistants turn back here . . . We have no one who knows anything of the country beyond this point. The water must guide us."

Anderson's 1846 route was somehow never rechecked by the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1859 Lieut. Palmer while travelling the Brigade Trail noted the valley of the Nicolum-Sumallo but it seems to have been 1860 before the route was explored by the Royal Engineers. In August of that year Edgar Dewdney, and Walter Moberly of C.P.R. location fame, were given a contract to build a trail to Vermillion Forks (Princeton). It was built to the head of Snass Creek that year and on to Princeton the next. Several years later Dewdney completed it to Wild Horse Creek; the first trans-provincial highway.

Here is a description of the Trail's users, from an article in the 22nd Report of the Okanagan Historical Society by Kathleen Stuart Dewdney. "It saw pack trains of horses and mules carrying in a great variety of provisions and supplies and carrying out valuable furs and gold. It was traversed by the placer-gold miners in the sixties and seventies, and by the lode miners in the late eighties and the nineties. Thousands of range cattle from the ranches of the early settlers ambled over it to western and eastern British Columbia markets, and droves of horses were driven to and fro. Distinguished personages, magistrates, lawyers, legislators and other government officials, missionaries, doctors, mail carriers and others mounted on horseback, either alone or by pack train, wended their way along the trail. Pioneers in quest of homesteads travelled over it, and today many descendants of these pioneers are worthy citizens of our province.

The "stop of interest" sign by Highway 3 at the Snass Creek crossing at the top of the rhododendron flat might lead one to believe that some substantial part of this section of the Trail is now in Manning Park. But this is not so. A look at the map shows that here the Park is only a narrow strip along the Highway. The proposed extension would include some ten miles of this historic trail.

The H.B.C. Trail — With the exception of the Kequeloos or Coldwater-Spuzzum Trail of 1848, which was used for three Brigade trips only, this Trail was the first "highway" between Coast and Interior in British territory. From 1849 to at least 1860 over it passed all supplies for the vast territory from Fort St. James to Fort Colville and the furs collected there.

Resulting from A. C. Anderson's exploration of 1846 and information given him by the Indian Blackeye, the Trail was actually located by Henry Peers in 1848-49. Peers built Fort Hope and worked mostly from that end. Helping with the location from the Campement des

Femmes (Tulameen) end was Edouard Montigny, the son of Ovide de Montigny who came to the mouth of the Columbia in the Tonquin with the Astorians in 1811.

In 1849 the combined Brigades of New Caledonia, Thompson's River and Fort Colvile returned from the coast this way, the first Brigade over the Trail. Later the same year Eden Colvile of The Honourable Company travelled it from Thompson's River (Kamloops) to Fort Hope in seven days, his men walking as there were not sufficient horses available at the moment to mount them.

In 1855 Chief Trader Paul Fraser, then in charge at Thompson's River, was killed by a falling tree at Campement du Chevreuil near the summit of the Cascades and buried there. In 1859, as the busy life of the Trail was getting near its end, a most interesting group crossed by it. Chief Trader Angus McDonald with a Hudson's Bay Company party was bound for Fort Colvile. In company was Lieut. H. S. Palmer, R.E., making an official reconnaissance of the Trail and also as far as Campement des Femmes, Judge Begbie and his staff of O'Reilly and Bushby. It was the Judge's first trip to Kamloops.

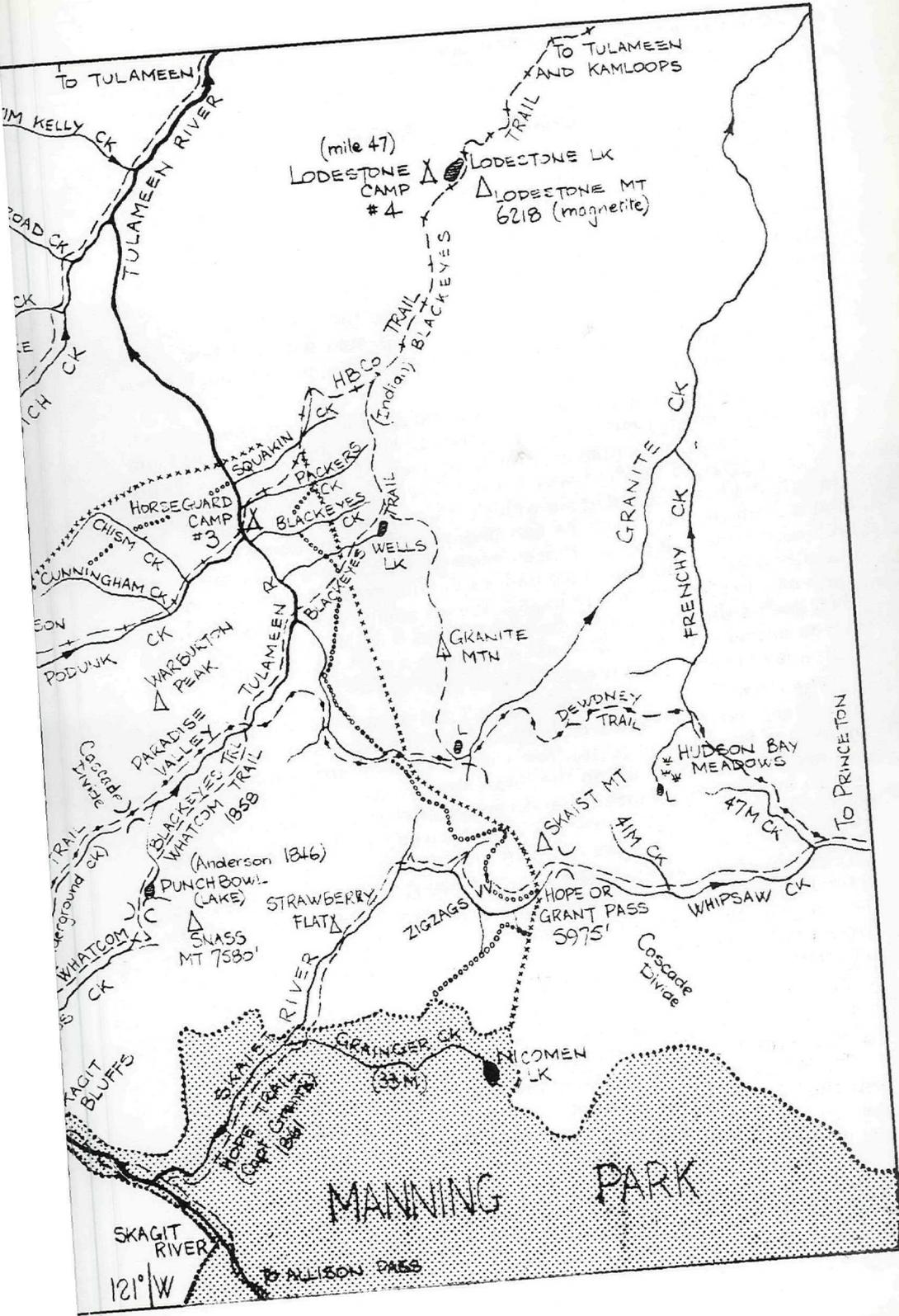
Leaving Fort Hope the Trail crossed the Coquihalla then went past Kawkawa Lake to beyond the mouth of Peers Creek. It then recrossed the Coquihalla and went up Peers Creek. The first camp out of Hope, Manson Camp, was near the end of the Peers Creek box canyon. It has been wiped out by logging but just beyond it is the start of the ten chain protective corridor now granted for the Trail and here the extension or wilderness area should start.

The Trail then climbs over Manson Ridge, goes through Fools Pass and on up the south westerly side of the Sowaqua Valley. It crosses Colvile, Bushby, O'Reilly and Matthew Creeks then crosses the Sowaqua and climbs to Campement du Chevreuil. This is the second camp out of Hope and the first one with grass for horses.

Over the six thousand foot Cascade summit it passes the beautiful Palmer Pond then down a long green valley to the headwaters of the Podunk. Following along the left side of this valley it reaches and crosses the Tulameen at the Horse Guard by the mouth of Packer Creek, the third camp out of Fort Hope. From here it climbs through a deep defile to emerge on the Tulameen plateau. At the lower end of the defile near the forks of Squakin Creek it enters the cattle range and here the suggested protected area would end; the Trail beyond this to be given corridor protection. The next camp was at Lodestone Lake and the next at Campement des Femmes.

After the Dewdney was built and the Brigades thankfully gave up crossing Manson Ridge there is no doubt that parts of the old Trail continued to be used by prospectors, trappers, hunters and other travellers. No doubt too Brigades and others bound for Tulameen or points beyond cut across by the Whatcom or other trails from the Dewdney to the Brigade Trail.

In Peers Creek due to logging most of the Trail is wiped out. It is also true that some miles of it in the Sowaqua may never be positively identified due to forest fires but the route is followed with reasonable ease by the use of old maps and Lieut. Palmer's description. A Parks Branch crew is this summer marking and clearing the Trail.



MANNING PARK

121° W

Both Palmer and Bushby kept journals in 1859 and here are some short quotations. Palmer mentions that Manson Ridge is dangerous before the first of June or after the first of October due to its steepness and the heavy snowfall and then goes on: "Mr. McLean of the Hudson Bay Company, who crossed in 1857 or 1858, on the 16th of October had a very disastrous trip, and lost 60 or 70 horses in the snow. Traces of their deaths are still visible, and in riding over the mountain, and more particularly on its eastern slope, my horse frequently shied at the whitened bones of some one of the poor animals, who had broken down in the sharp struggle with fatigue and hunger, and been left to perish where he lay." At Campement du Chevreuil the Lieutenant remarked on Paul Fraser's grave, "It is here that Mr. Fraser met his death by a tree falling on him when asleep, and within a few yards of the spot where we had pitched our tent; a neat pile of rough hewn logs mark his lonely grave."

Bushby's personal journal is less formal. Begbie's party were on foot. This is part of his entry for 18 September, 1859 when they went from Manson Camp to Campement du Chevreuil. "I am not a very likely subject to give in but half way I was fairly stopped for want of something to eat breakfasted at six o'clock it was now 1 o'clock and we had had a frightful days work thanks to a cup of brandy some flour cake and some raw salmon an Indian gave us we made a good meal and jogged on to the top where we had a splendid camp, the tents opposite sides of a log fire ten feet in length. We all had a fine cold spring bath, then such a dinner. Some Indian had killed 8 or 10 birds so we had a hyyou dinner such a meal — and what with a nip — some hot grog and a pipe we turned in pretty comfortable - eh."

The Hope Trail — The term "Hope Trail came to be used to denote any of the various trails which spread out through the Interior settlements and by one way or another arrived at Hope, the point of arrival or departure for them all on the Coast side. However here we will use it more specifically to mean that diversion of the Dewdney which went by the Hope Pass and down the Skaist River to rejoin the Dewdney Trail at the Snass where the Highway sign now is.

This diversion located by Captain J. M. Grant, R.E., in 1861 was open for a longer season than the "Canyon Trail" section of the Dewdney by the Snass and eventually became the usual route of the Hope Trail. The writer rode over it in 1924 and it was still the common route for pedestrian or equestrian travel.

The Park now takes in about four miles of this Trail. The proposed addition would enclose an additional say four to seven miles depending on the final boundary decided on.

The Whatcom Trail — Like many things connected with the Gold-rush this Trail may have taken on a somewhat exaggerated importance in history compared with others. However its story is different and of considerable interest.

The B.C. Historical Quarterly of October 1937 carried a letter by C. C. Gardiner written in November 1858 and describing his experiences of the "Fraser River Mines." In June of 1858 he found Whatcom, then about four weeks old, considering incorporation. "Some

thousands men were waiting there at that time in the greatest dilemma, not knowing which way to proceed to the new mines."

The Fraser was running too high. "Nevertheless, many would form in companies, buy a canoe, lay in from three to six months provisions, and start, working their way as far as possible, until the river fell. Others would assert they would wait for the trail, which was then in operation of being cut through the country, across the Cascade Mountains to Thompson River, at the expense of some Land and Town Lot speculators, who were determined to have the great depot and centre of trade, effected by the new mines on American soil."

Thus the Whatcom Trail came about. It came up the Skagit and the Snass, went by the Punch Bowl and probably went by Wells Lake following the ancient Indian road, Blackeye's Trail. As Lieut. Palmer noted in 1859 it joined the Brigade Trail a few miles south of Lodestone Lake. Perhaps two miles of the route is in the present Park following the line of the Highway. The extension could take in as much as another ten miles. There apparently was an earlier Whatcom Trail which reached the Fraser about thirty miles below Hope but it proved unsatisfactory.

The Ghost Pass Trail — Just how much use this Trail had the writer cannot say. Certainly it would seem doubtful if many travelled its full length. That some sections had a fair amount of use seems most likely.

It was located much later than the others by C. E. Devereux, C.E., in 1928 and in some places any actual construction was probably sketchy. It went up Eighteen Mile Creek from the Hope Trail and by Ghostpass Lake between Mt. Outram and Mt. Dewdney and then down the Sowaqua. For a short distance at least it followed the Brigade Trail in the Colville Creek vicinity then back to follow the Sowaqua again and to cut across to reach the Coquihalla near Jessica. It joined the Pipestem Trail beyond the Coquihalla and was planned to eventually come out on the Fraser. It was to be constructed as a "horse trail."

Some thousand feet or so is in the present Park corridor. Not counting that part which follows the Brigade Trail some seven miles would be in the extension.

Other Trails — The most ancient of all the trails with which we are here concerned was of course the Indian hunting trail which became known as Blackeye's Trail. Whether it was in use before the Indians of the district had horses some 200 years ago no one knows but it may well have been.

One end was at Campement des Femmes. The Brigade Trail used it from there to some miles southwest of Lodestone Lake, perhaps from the Horse Guard. Its other end, or fading point, was no doubt in the general vicinity of the Punch Bowl, Paradise Valley and Snass Mountain. It was in this area that the Indians dug roots and hunted the hoary marmots, the siffleur of the fur traders.

A trail down the Tulameen connects the Dewdney and the Brigade. How or when it came into being seems unknown; it is of course a natural. Perhaps it was part or a diversion of Blackeye's Trail.

Later than the Brigade or Dewdney Trails a trail was blazed, probably by prospectors, up Vuich Creek and by Jacobson Lake cross-

ing the Podunk and the Brigade Trail and by the low pass to and down the northerly source of the Sowaqua.

Flora

The area embraces a very large number of different species of trees, shrubs and flowers reaching as it does from Coast forest and alpine to Interior alpine and semi alpine. Elevations go from 2,500 feet to 7,500 feet above the sea.

Wild flower displays in several areas are truly magnificent and on most of the trails flowers are never out of sight.

Wildlife

Around the Cascade summits there are wonderful specimens of deer. Up to now only the few hunters who will go on foot or horseback get in there. There are some elk and moose, coyotes and possibly wolves.

Bears are quite plentiful and go about their business of digging roots or picking huckleberries practically undisturbed by the odd group of humans going by. The area is reputed to be the home of a few grizzlies. It must be their last refuge in south western B.C.

The hoary marmots, whose numbers seem to be diminishing in B.C. and would certainly do so here if roads go in, now live among the Cascade ridge and on the higher mountains as they did in Blackeye's day. When trapping was more popular and profitable trappers worked in the valleys of the area catching beaver, marten, lynx, etc. All these are of course still here, and the interesting but shy pika and mountain beaver.

The usual three kinds of grouse plus ptarmigan are present and black swifts and many small birds, and golden eagles, hawks and owls. Wild pigeons must at least pass through as they are seen as far east as Tulameen.

Grazing

There is no grass west of the Sowaqua and no great quantity elsewhere in the area. As has been noted, cattle ranges have been long established to the eastward of the Tulameen. It is suggested that the easterly boundary of the protected area should be so adjusted between Squakin Creek and Skaist River so that very little, if any, of the well established range would be interfered with.

If in the last several years cattle have been driven into the Paradise Valley, as is rumoured, there may be some source of conflict at this point.

Timber

The writer does not have a Forest Service report on the amount of mature timber in the area under consideration. However a few things are very obvious. The Sowaqua Valley, barring accidents, will a hundred years from now have a large crop of timber. As of now that portion of the valley covered by mature timber is a small percentage. Included is a strip of very ancient forest between the base of Manson Ridge and the huge burn which covers much of the valley. Also there

are some rather small patches around the headwaters. The country, aside from the Sowaqua, has some stands of timber but nothing of great extent which is in any way exceptional. Much of it is lodgepole pine and much of little value.

Minerals

In times past a good deal of prospecting was done in and around this piece of country. Some claims have been staked in the area from time to time. Much of it has been gone over again in recent years. No producing mine is or, to the best of the writer's knowledge, has been worked. Geological maps do not seem to show anything very encouraging actually in the proposed area.

Boundaries

There are differences in the boundaries shown on the different sketch maps made from time to time since the original brief to Government by the O.S.P.S. in December 1972. The explanation is that there is a difference in a number of places between what would be desirable to give a well rounded Park extension or wilderness area and what is essential if the wilderness is to be preserved at all.

The present Manning Park we believe is about 260 square miles. Again very roughly, the original request would take in some 150 to 160 square miles additional. The minimum essential additional area would be some 100 square miles.

The N.W. corner would have to be such that the Brigade Trail where it leaves the logged area in Peers Creek was included. To the southeast from there the line would run between Highway 3 and the height of land between the Highway and the Sowaqua and join present Manning Park boundary between Seventeen and Eighteen Mile Creeks. To the eastward the boundary would have to stay clear of the Brigade Trail, say a thousand feet. Then cross the Sowaqua below or at Montigny Creek and go eastward by Tulameen Mt. or by Montigny Creek. It should follow the height of land to the north of the Podunk hitting the Tulameen downstream of or at Squakin Creek.

The N.E. corner would have to be where the Brigade Trail hits Squakin Creek. The boundary would then go south along the edge of the established cattle range east of the Tulameen. It would have to be east of Paradise Valley and Snass Mt. taking in as much as possible of the Dewdney and Hope Trails without seriously infringing on the well established cattle range, and meeting the present Park line east of where the present line crosses Skaist River.

Present Official Plans For The Area

To our knowledge the only land use plan so far started for the area is that for the Sowaqua Valley, its heartland. This plan calls for the logging of what timber there is in the whole valley, except for a corridor along part, or hopefully all, of the Brigade Trail. Roads would be built to the sources of the stream, the kiss of death to the wilderness. And it is obvious that roads once built can neither be removed nor for any length of time successfully blocked.

The now clear Sowaqua would surely have some silt and other pollution. No matter how the roads are built or clearcut logging done this is inevitable; look over the present roads in Peers Creek and the Lower Sowaqua.

The Brigade, the Ghostpass and the Jacobson Lake cross trail, where they survive, will lose the pioneer spirit and be mere tracks along a mass of roads, better than nothing it is true but without the real impact of the wilderness or history.

As elsewhere where roads cover the bush the wildlife would be reduced to a furtive remnant of man fleeing creatures. The roads running to the heart of the area would put practically every part within a day's hunt from a vehicle. Most of it would be available to the sort of hunter who drives the roads with gun at the ready to kill any living thing.

The plant life would be changed, no longer could the botanist or the ordinary visitor see the various zone of growth just as they have existed for hundreds of years. The earth would be torn apart and left scattered with wreckage; an inevitable part of clearcut logging. The unique and wonderful strip of primeval forest would be spoiled.

Why We Believe This Area Should Be Left As It Is

Some things are so obvious to our common sense that it is not necessary to have an array of statistics to prove them. On every hand are warnings that we must wake up and sacrifice some of our material wealth to save "our world," as we assume it to be. There is no better way than to leave a bit of it alone as nature made it. Particularly when that bit is adjacent to our heaviest concentration of people and another growing concentration of people and is the only really natural bit left in a wide expanse and is available at no cost or trifling cost.

It might be suggested too that perhaps the world is not "ours" alone. It may be that our kindred of the wild have a right to some small part where they can live naturally without the harassment of roaring and whining machinery and vehicle encased gunners, or the degradation of being made into roadside bums. Perhaps also some contact with them in a truly natural environment benefits ourselves.

Or looking at wildlife and fish as only something for our own use and amusement such a natural reservoir, without the pollution and pressures that follow roads as surely as the night, the day, is of tremendous value. Without statistics or sometimes in spite of them any of us over fifty know in our hearts that most wildlife is steadily diminishing. This area can stand some limited hunting by foot or horseback. It should not devastate the wildlife and would give the ordinary hunter, as it does now, a chance to enjoy a sport otherwise reserved for those wealthy enough to fly to far places.

However of more importance is the preservation of this area, easily and cheaply accessible to so many, where the true spiritual balm of the wilderness can be received. In our times young and old can benefit greatly from it. In the future its benefits will doubtless be greater, its acquirement more and more difficult. As a bonus one can here step back into the days of the Fur Brigades when nearly all the country was a wilderness or travel with the later argonauts of the goldrush.

It is a particularly fine location for the training of youth. Here they can learn that life can be interesting without roads and gasoline and get that independence and freedom of spirit that comes with travelling on your own feet and carrying all the necessities of life on your own back. Here they can relive history and most important live as part of nature rather than apart from her.

This area left alone, except for some trail clearing and marking and some regulation of human use, could be a reference area for all sorts of scientific study. It is becoming more and more difficult to find anything in air, water or land where it has not been altered by man's activities. Here is an easy to get to study base in its natural state. Also it is good for the layman lulled by the gradual, often imperceptible, change in things to once again see natural clean water, green growth, giant trees and unawed wild animals.

The only real objection to the preservation of the area seems to be the desire to harvest its timber. If it is true that forest harvesting in B.C. is on a sustained yield basis there should be no need to reach into the last far corners to get the last few trees from them. If it is not true it would seem the part of wisdom to keep a bit in reserve somewhere. In a hundred, perhaps seventy-five or eighty, years from now when the second growth in the burn is mature the Sowaqua Valley will have many times the amount of timber now in it. To the citizens of that day should be left the decision to cut or leave.

All around the world are places where man is suffering because he used all the material resources in site, particularly timber and grass. Can anyone point out a place where he is really suffering because of setting aside land to remain as nature made it?



Again the pack horses come up from the Podunk

AARON AND ISABEL FORD

By Hector and Newton Ford

The story of James Bell of Mara in the thirty-fifth report of the Okanagan Historical Society is very interesting to us. Aaron Ford, our father, also came to the valley in 1890, and worked with Jim Bell on the A. L. Fortune farm.

Aaron Ford was born at Earlston, Scotland in 1859. In his late teens he worked as a store clerk, but came to Canada when he was twenty. He worked in Ontario, near Galt, for several years, then went to California for five years where he was in charge of a sheep ranch, on the hills outside San Jose. Then he came back to Ontario for a short time, but came west to Calgary in charge of two car loads of work horses for the construction work of the CPR. They were just starting the railway line from Calgary to Edmonton, and he plowed the first furrow for that railway grade. Before winter he came on to Field still in the employ of the railway and spent the winter there 1889-1890.

A number of the construction men took sick with some malady (Typhoid fever, I think), and the contractor sent father to look after these sick lads in the "hospital". The "hospital" was not equipped like our modern, gleaming health factories. Most likely it was a poorly lighted log bunkhouse heated with a wood stove. He was nurse, orderly, janitor and waiter.

It was early in 1890 when he came to Sicamous and then up the Spallumcheen River to Enderby on the "Red Star" steamboat, which Mr. Bell, Jr., aptly describes as a "try-weekly" service. That is when father met James Bell and worked with him at the A. L. Fortune farm; the friendship continued through their lives. If someone had stored that old Red Star boat it would be a great attraction now. Father was on the wharf at Enderby one day when the boat was starting out for Sicamous and he pretended to give a push to help it get moving, instead he was holding it, and they could not get underway until he let go! He worked at various jobs around Enderby, one of which was the construction of the first Methodist church.

Soon after his arrival in the valley, he made a deal for the half section of land on Knob Hill (four and a half miles northwest of Armstrong), where he made his home. Landsdown was his post office and source of supplies, until the business of that village was moved to Armstrong. One of his early jobs was a contract with Wm. McNair, to dig the drainage ditch from Armstrong to Otter Lake, turning this real black soil from swamp into vegetable gardens. They diverted the water of Deep Creek into Davis Creek (Fortune Creek), just north of Armstrong, thus sending Columbia water down the Fraser. They dug the ditch during the fall and winter, when the water was low.

Mother, Isabel Patterson Lee, was born in 1860 on Oakwood Farm, a few miles west of Galt, Ontario. No doubt father and mother were engaged before he went to California but mother had been very ill with fever, which left her quite weak for some years, but in April 1895, she came west. The train was delayed overnight in Calgary probably because of snowslides in the mountains. Eventually she arrived in Enderby where they were married. George Bell, brother of

Jim Bell, and also a life long friend, was best man at the wedding and he gave them a mantle clock, which regulated our school days, while we children were growing up. Mother came to a log cabin with a sod roof and they improved things as they could. They never had water on tap, nor electric lights in the house on the farm. There was no family allowance, no welfare check or unemployment insurance — and no unemployment. Mother spoke of Ontario as “back home” and she had several trips back, but she was a real westerner and never regretted coming to the valley as a pioneer. Father and mother made a home which we children all loved. They showed us interesting things in nature, read stories to us, and the family picnics to some nearby lake or creek were the highlights of our childhood.

I remember he hitched the team one evening, after his day's work, and took us a couple of miles down to the creek to show us a hummingbird's nest, with its two tiny eggs. A beautiful creation, woven into the crotch of a branch of a tree, the only one I have ever seen. When we were still quite small, before I had started school, they took us to the circus at Vernon. A big day, with a group of squirming youngsters, it took three or four hours each way, with a team of horses. I still feel the thrill of seeing the strange animals, lions, tigers, camels and the enormous elephants, which were tied by one front foot to a stake in the ground, reaching out with their great long trunks, to gently take peanuts from our hands. We regularly had Bible reading and prayer in our home and they did not send us to Sunday School and church, they took us with them.

Always on the front line, in any improvements to the district, they donated half an acre on the corner of the farm, for the Knob Hill Church. Father was a member of the church board and treasurer, as far back as we can remember and some of those early Sundays the “treasure” was mighty small. They endorsed the better type of entertainment, worked for women's franchise and against the liquor business. He was school trustee for years and at one time had a boys' club going. When Vernon organized an agricultural fair, probably the first one in the valley, he borrowed a light rig and drove to Vernon with exhibits. However he arrived a bit late and the gatekeeper was not going to let him in, but the president happened along, “Sure we'll let him in, that man has driven twenty miles this morning,” and he gathered an armful of the produce and took them in himself. I wonder who that president would be? Possibly George Heggie? From the start of the Spallumcheen Agricultural Society, father was a director all his active life, and exhibited livestock as well as fruit, grain and vegetables. He sent a sample of wheat to the Chicago World's Fair in 1893 and won first prize.

These pioneers had to be ready for all emergencies. Set broken bones, pull teeth, lance swellings, reduce fevers and act as undertaker. Father had his own leg broken once, but I don't know if he set that one himself. One day he was strolling by the river at Enderby and noticed what he thought to be a birch log floating along. Then decided it was a dead man. He pulled the corpse out, and buried it on the river bank. He probably reported the incident if he ever caught up with the

proper authorities, but as far as I know he never found out who it was. Some months after their third child was born, mother had him ready for his morning nap and set out in the baby carriage to sleep, and then she went to milk the cow. A cougar came down the path, alongside the fence, between mother and the baby. But he went away without the baby. Mother was not very big, but she had a good voice, and I imagine the cougar soon understood that he was not welcome. As father was passing a neighbor's cabin one evening, he stopped for a chat. A stranger was sitting by the stove, denned up for the night, as was the accepted custom of the times. Father noted that he sat facing the door and watched very intently every time the door opened, in fact his keen eyes took in every movement in the room. They concluded later that the stranger was the train robber, Bill Miner. It is amazing how these pioneers managed to get through so much work. They had no heavy machinery to push out stumps or pile brush. When father took over the farm there were thirty-five acres cleared and about two hundred when he retired. And there were miles of log fences and rail fences. These old snake fences were built without wire or nails, but they took a lot of rails, which were hard to split. Father had acquired considerable skill as a veterinarian and many a time he left his work, or even his bed, to help a neighbor with a sick or wounded animal.

From a worldly point of view, our parents did not amass a great fortune, but they had a host of friends, and, we think, no enemies. They gave us children a good home, and a good education and so many happy memories. With all the hard work and pioneer conditions (or probably because of these), they lived happy, useful lives, well past the allotted "three score years and ten." They moved on to a New Home some years ago, and their bodies are with others of their pioneer neighbors, in the Hulcar Cemetery, awaiting The Great Resurrection.

HOSPITALS IN ENDERBY

By Dr. J. H. Kope

A Mrs. Webb Wright and a Mrs. Campbell were the first nurses in the community long before there was any hospital here.

Miss Warwick, and later Miss Davies, both Graduate nurses, cared for patients in the house around which the present Mary Wood Manor for Senior Citizens has been developed on Evergreen Avenue. Following that, Mrs. MacPherson, a practical nurse, looked after patients in the cottage part of what later became Enderby City Hospital.

In 1910 Mr. Samuel Polson donated lots with a cottage on George Street. A Hospital Society was formed to operate this as Enderby City Hospital. Many alterations were soon made to include a bathroom, kitchen and pantry, and ultimately a surgical annex. Miss Bowes was the first matron. In 1937 a two-storey wing for patients was added to the south side of the cottage hospital and it became a 13-bed hospital instead of 9 beds. Some of the smaller rooms previously used as wards were then occupied by staff members. This building remains much in its final form, being used as a rooming house and known as Enderby Lodge.

In 1947 a committee consisting of Mr. A. H. Woodley, Mr. Howard Logan and Dr. J. H. Kope carefully inspected the City Hospital to see what could be done to improve the facilities. The conclusion of this meeting was that improvement was impractical and that a new hospital was the only answer.

The City Hospital Society re-organized itself as Enderby and District Memorial Hospital Society to become effective when the new hospital became a reality. This was achieved with Government grants and intensive solicitation for local donations so that the present facilities were first formally opened by Premier Byron Johnson on May 21st, 1952.

Laboratory and X-ray facilities were indeed minimal at first but were added to gradually. By 1967 it was obvious that renovations were in order and architectural consultants called upon. On November 23, 1968 the new additions and renovations, including air-conditioning and piped oxygen and suction at each bed, were formally opened and dedicated. After further additions for improved diagnostic and therapeutic procedures and day care facilities it was finally granted full accreditation in 1970.

ENDERBY DOCTORS

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| Dr. R. Irving Bently 1903— ? | Dr. J. H. Kope1940—1968 |
| Dr. H. W. Keith . . . 1907—1933 | Dr. J. Mabbott1964—1966 |
| Dr. Munroe 1933—1935 | Dr. H. J. Sawatzky . . .1966— |
| Dr. Helem 1935—1937 | Dr. A. E. Dixon1968— |
| Dr. R. Haugen 1937—1939 | Dr. W. R. Wendland .1968— |
| Dr. J. L. Coltart . . . 1939—1940 | Dr. H. McClure1975— |

Prizewinning Essay

THE HISTORY OF THE PENTICTON GOLF COURSE

By Archie MacDonald

Golf, an ancient game of Scotland was introduced to Penticton about sixty years ago. Since then there have been five different locations and the course has expanded greatly.

In 1917 the first course was organized and built by a group of enthusiastic volunteers. It was a nine hole course bounded by Eckhardt Avenue and Railway Street on the site of the present Memorial Arena. The unique nature of this golf course was evident when a racetrack and a fairway shared the same acreage. Indeed, several holes were located within the racing inner green. There was no clubhouse and it was the responsibility of the players to maintain the course. They hauled sand from the beach for their sand greens and tees. They used their own lawn mowers to trim the fairways and lined the holes with empty tomato cans. Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Syer made the flagsticks. Mr. Syer purchased lead from the CPR and melted it down in his furnace to form the wire, while Mrs. Syer sewed the flags from flour sacking.

A few years later a new site was chosen for the course. It was within the same vicinity but farther to the south and east, bounded by Moosejaw and Eckhardt Avenues. This course consisted of nine sand greens. On November 3, 1921 the first Penticton Evergreen Golf Tournament was held. This memorable event aroused much enthusiasm for the sport which prompted the beginning of an organized golf club in 1922.

During the first few months of operation, the Golf Club purchased a lawn mower, hazards were put in and several handicap tournaments were held. The next stage was the erection of a small clubhouse. An interesting feature was the cement tee boxes on which were placed homemade rubber tees.

For a few years the Grounds Committee debated a move to a drier area. Finally, in early 1925 they purchased Munson Flats above Skaha Lake for the location of the third Penticton Golf Links. Mr. Alex Duthie, Professional from Vancouver 'Jericho Golf Club' designed the new nine hole links and in early 1926 the move took place. This included the clubhouse which had to be transported up a narrow winding road. In order to pay for the 3,160 yard, par 37 course, the club obtained financial assistance from City Council and sold \$100 debentures at seven percent interest to several of the hundred club members. It was a sporty course, with a natural charm consisting of hills, gullies, primeval rocks and jack pines. The oiled sand greens were ninety feet in diameter and each had a different picturesque setting. The hazards were numerous and in many respects, unique. An old club was usually carried to kill snakes which were prevalent around the second hole. The club purchased a tractor and maintenance was shared by the members and the occasional hired person.

Unfortunately, the course did not live up to the expectations of the members because of the shortage of water so in 1935 the Golf Club decided to once again change the site.

A new course took shape in 1936, located fairly close to the sites of the first two courses on fifty acres of land leased from the city. The twenty-year lease covered the land between Railway Street and Kings Park, an area west of Oakville Street and a small strip of land connecting the two. In order to finance the \$8,000 project, the Munson Flats property was sold for \$2,000, a grant of money was obtained from the City and debentures were sold. There was adequate water and for the first time grass greens were built. The clubhouse from Munson Flats was moved down and lockers were added. At this time the operating cost was \$4,000 per year and the annual fees were \$25 for men, \$20 for women and \$40 a couple. Green fees varied from 50 cents to 75 cents. Management was shared by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmelzel and Mr. Ron Jamieson for a period of thirteen years. With the growing popularity of the sport it was found by 1955 that a professional golfer was needed. This need was fulfilled by Mr. Bill Carse who served the Golf Club for nine years to upgrade the course to professional standards.

Old timers will recall the termination of the first leases. Subsequently in 1961 new leases were obtained from the City and the Indian Reserve for all the land occupied by the present golf course. On May 1st, 1961 the Penticton Golf and Country Club opened their first eighteen hole golf course on land south of Eckhardt Avenue between Kings Park and the Okanagan River Channel. Four years later, after intensive work on land made available due to the straightening of the river channel, the course was shifted to the west. Six holes of the course east of Railway Street were abandoned for the new area west of the river channel, while three of the holes were incorporated into the new championship size course. Today it has the same layout of approximately 7,000 yards.

A new \$100,000 clubhouse was built in 1961-62, the old one, built in 1935 for seventy-five members, was no longer adequate for five hundred members. Money for the building was raised through selling debentures and through a mortgage. It contains adequate facilities for its members. In the last twelve years under the direction of Professional Bob Kidd, there have been many additions such as a driving range, a chipping green, numerous sandtraps and shade trees. Membership has increased to nine hundred.

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THREE THOMSON SISTERS

By H. V. Webb

The ranks of the old time residents of Okanagan Mission were seriously depleted in the Spring of 1976 with the deaths of three sisters, all of whom had lived in the area since their arrival here in 1892 with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Thomson. Dorothea M. Walker, the oldest of the family, was born at Lochend in the Shetland Islands on January 18, 1877, and following the family's arrival by boat at Okanagan Mission and their settlement on a farm property in Benvoulin, she set about the task of qualifying as a teacher. After the necessary study she had to travel to Kamloops to write for her certificate. Such a trip was of course by road, and the return journey required the services of Joe Harwood of Vernon, who drove with his team to Kamloops to bring the party home.

In September 1894 she became the first teacher in the Ellison District and taught for three years. After two years in England she returned to Ellison for a year and later taught in Benvoulin.

She was married in 1904 to W. D. Walker and they lived in the old house which still stands on Lakeshore Road opposite what is now Sherwood Road. This house was later sold to Dr. Wansbrough-Jones and the Walkers moved to the lakeshore to the property which became known as "Parson's Pleasure", so named through their close association with the late beloved Archdeacon Thomas Greene, who with his family were frequent visitors. Her garden there was widely known. Mrs. Walker was an accomplished horsewoman and earned the reputation of a daring rider, taking part in many coyote hunts and paper chases. She was also an active member of St. Andrew's Guild.

She was predeceased by her husband in 1953 and by her elder daughter Primrose Upton in 1975, the latter's death being a great loss not only to family and friends but to the Okanagan Historical Society. Mrs. Walker died on April 28, 1976 leaving her son John in Victoria and her daughter Shiela in Montreal.

Giffortina M. Mallam was the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, having been born on April 28, 1878, and was known to her relatives and close friends as Cissie. She too, was born in the Shetland Islands and was one of the family party of ten who were crammed into the little cabin of a small boat which brought them down to the Mission from Okanagan Landing in May of 1892. The family first lived on a 20 acre property in Benvoulin just north of where the West Kootenay buildings now stand. Life in those days was no picnic and every member of the family had a job to do. G. R. Thomson had taken on the mail and stage contract between Benvoulin and Vernon in 1893 with the stipulation that the trip North left on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and the return trip on the alternate days. Mrs. Mallam well remembered having to stand on a box to help harness the horses.

The year 1903 marked the arrival in Okanagan Mission of Cecil Mallam from England. In 1904 he bought the log house which still stands in the draw on the Northerly edge of the Summerhill subdivision, and on February 6, 1906, after adding a couple of rooms to

their mansion, he married Cissie Thomson. They spent their honeymoon at the Sicamous Hotel and on at least one occasion they skated to Mara and back. Not only were Mr. and Mrs. Mallam interested in skating, their names were often listed at or near the top in both tennis and badminton. In addition, he was a keen cricket, football and hockey player while she was a horseback rider of no mean ability. Both took an active interest in St. Andrew's Church.

A Sunday afternoon pastime was for one of the group to hold up a flattened teaspoon while the others took turns to shoot at it with a .22 rifle. Only one casualty was reported, Harriet, a younger sister and later Mrs. G. B. Ford, had their thumb split by a bullet. Mrs. Mallam died on June 7, 1976 leaving her daughter Amy Hay and her son Peter, both of Okanagan Mission, her husband having died in 1967.

Emilia H. Lysons, the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, also hailed from the Shetlands, having been born there on December 10, 1879. She of course was also one of the family of ten who had chosen to carve out an existence on the Benvoulin farm, and with every member pulling his or her weight with the work and chores, progress was made, due in large measure it is suspected, to the organization and persistence of Mrs. Thomson, who was loved and respected by all who knew her. Emilia, Millay to her family, chose to become a nurse and trained at St. Joseph's School of Nursing in Victoria. She was until her death, the oldest living graduate of the School. Following her training she returned to Kelowna and became nurse to the late Dr. B. F. Boyce, the area's only Doctor in an era when medical attention and its application depended entirely upon horse transportation.

In 1906 she married Hubert B. D. Lysons and after a honeymoon, also at the Sicamous Hotel, they lived for a time in a cottage on Bernard Avenue about where St. George's Lodge now stands. Later Mr. Lysons bought 40 acres of land on the corner of Ethel Street and the Guisachan Road where they built a large house known as The Cottonwoods which was a mecca for many dances and other activities, sweet pea shows, etc. Mrs. Lysons developed a very extensive garden which became a show place and the scene of wedding receptions, garden parties and teas. She and her husband were tireless workers for St. Michael and All Angels' Church in earlier days. In 1946 they moved to Okanagan Mission and built a house where the Imperial Apartments now stand. Following her husband's death on November 7, 1958, Mrs. Lysons moved to a small house on the edge of Mission Creek but had the misfortune in 1963 to break a hip and was an invalid until her death on April 3, 1976. Her elder son Robin died in Montreal in 1931 and she is survived by her son Eric in Sorrento and her daughter Joan Webb in Okanagan Mission.

This family knew all about hard work, but like so many of our early residents they made full use of their leisure hours and many stories were told of riding parties, sleigh rides, skating parties, fishing and shooting parties and so on. In those days pleasures could not be bought as they are today and families devised their own entertainment—and were the better for it. Two members of that generation remain—Jock Thomson in Okanagan Mission and his sister Beatrice Hardie in Kelowna.



Primrose Upton

Photo Credit,
Kelowna Centennial Museum

MRS. T. B. UPTON

By A. F. Painter

When Primrose Walker first saw the light of day at her parents' home, Parson's Pleasure in Okanagan Mission, she surely must have acquired that proverbial cow-bell, that brings home those who love the Valley no matter how they stray. Apart from a few years spent at Kamloops (more closely associated with the Okanagan in bygone days) and her war service with the RCAF, she lived in the Mission all her life; after her marriage in 1946 to Ted Upton her home was built next to the creek garden on the family homestead. As a daughter and granddaughter of pioneer families, she learned much of the pangs and privileges of community life from scratch; she had her share of the enviable Thomson green thumb and their generous outgiving spirit too, and she grew up steeped in the early history of the valley in a home rich with memories. Primrose had too a keen eye for beauty and perhaps the best of her paintings are those with the clear golden glow of fall colours along the lakeshore and on the hills. From 1955 on she was an active member of the Okanagan Historical Society, served on its editorial board, was a director from 1958 on, and was in her third term as president of the Kelowna branch when she died on September 14th, 1975. Along with her interest and her deep sense of community living went the endless research that produced many articles for the press and the OHS journals as well as a history of Okanagan Mission and two editions of the History of St. Andrew's Church. She was equally concerned in the community of the present and the future, always willing to do her best: when she agreed to serve on a planning committee for a unified domestic water system for Okanagan Mission Irrigation District, it proved to be an exercise in frustration and misunderstanding with precious little thanks for all her pains; it was none the less a precursor of the inevitable, not the only occasion

when she shared with others the fate of a visionary too soon in time. Still another facet of her life was her active participation in the work of the evening Guild of the Church and later the A.C.W., helping to revive the earlier Guild flower shows and to initiate new and challenging ways to meet the changing times.

For many years a small group of dedicated people had managed to preserve and store in cramped quarters near the ferry wharf much material as the nucleus of a future museum, but it was not until B.C.'s Centennial year that at long last it became a reality.

Primrose soon became its assistant curator, found the time to write many of the museum notes for the press, to be on the committee for the restoration of the Father Pandosy Mission; to explore and record with her husband the native pictographs of Okanagan and Similkameen, to gather a truly impressive collection of artifacts and to help plan exhibits showing their life style for thousands of years almost up to living memory. For those who like statistics, some 480 classes of students of School District 23, 14,391 children were in the Museum last school year 1975-76, and the numbers will grow when the new Museum opens.

So when we happen to walk by and become engulfed in a crowd of happy, boisterous young folk, faces alight with thoughts of all the strange ingenious, sometimes cumbersome and even hilarious contrivances by which the first settlers made life possible and even in a measure rewarding; then surely we know that our Museum is no fanciful extravagance but a storehouse to give us a truer understanding of life. And we can be grateful to all those like Primrose — may she rest in peace— who love their community rather than just live in it, and who use their talents as best they may to add colour and quality and true worth to our living, and strive to leave the world a little better than they found it.

Primrose was predeceased by her husband, Terence Bligh Upton on October 6, 1967, and is survived by two daughters, Patricia and Valerie.

FORTUNE FINDS SPALLUMCHEEN HOME AT FIRST GLANCE 110 YEARS AGO

By James E. Jamieson

In an early issue of "The Armstrong Advertiser" (April 20, 1911), Alexander Leslie Fortune—the first white settler in the Spallumcheen area of the North Okanagan, described his actual entry into the Okanagan Valley.

"A. L. Fortune (the writer) with John Malcom, in a canoe on the North Thompson, made the South Thompson River, paddled to Seymour City at the north end of Shuswap Lake in early May, 1866. They carried heavy packs into the Big Bend gold fields, and returned from there to resume their paddling around Shuswap Lake still hunting for gold mines. After days of unprofitable search on many of the hills and creeks around same lake, and trying many places on Salmon Arm, they finally glided in Sicamous Narrows and soon glided over the famous Mara Lake, and paddled their canoe up river till they reached the beautiful prairie which has been their happy home till now.

"The party arrived there on June 15, 1866, at the season when God has completed a finishing touch of glorious beauty to His own flower gardens. The whole was a country of parks and a charm to Skina Maxaulton. (This means the first bend in the vale). They were soon seated on the high bench of bare rocks near Lansdowne. I always look at the spot when passing. Here they rested awhile and greatly admired the panoramic view up the park-like country stretching farther than they could see, and their eyes roamed over the eight or nine miles east and west. Much of the country was timbered and a great portion ready for the plow. We ventured to prophesy, and saw with mental vision, many cabins . . . on every 160 acres we had a family of six or thirteen in a band . . . John Malcom was in dread of the Indians and threw up his interests while at Lillooett, where I met Mark Wallace (Wallis) who agreed to take his place. He came from St. Thomas, Ont. John B. Burns came with me to build a cabin, Oct. 1, 1866. After the cabin was ready for spring, we sowed a few handfuls of wheat to test the industry and eventually found it to be eminently satisfactory."

Mentioning the beginning of farming, Mr. Fortune wrote: "Mark Wallace and the writer left Lillooett fairly equipped to make a small beginning at farming. We arrived in Spallumcheen May 6, 1867. Wallace by land with a span of oxen and two pack horses; Fortune by canoe with supplies from Savona ferry. One of Wallace's oxen died by poison plant. The remaining ox did the harrowing; the pack horses worked the plough. The spring was very late and the operations were very slow, for the team was weak for want of feed, hence nothing was ripe when a severe frost on Sept. 9 ruined the whole 32 acres of crop . . . the frozen wheat ground in a coffee mill was the only bread until next year's crop was threshed."



The Ulysses Grant Museum at Fort Vancouver. Built of logs in 1849 on former Fort Vancouver lands and located 200-300 yards outside the original stockade. At the time the lands were part of a U.S. Army camp. Building is now sheathed with lumber.
Fort Vancouver quarter master, 1852-53.

Eric D. Sismey Photo

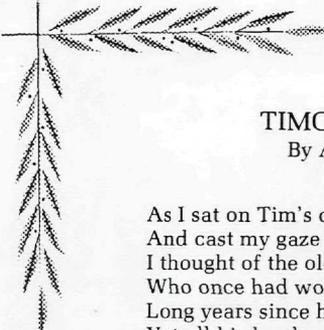


Fort Vancouver (restored), an exact reproduction of the old bake shop. Completely finished with two brick ovens and other bakeshop furnishings. This is the first building to be restored.

Eric D. Sismey Photo, 1975

TIMOTHY SULLIVAN

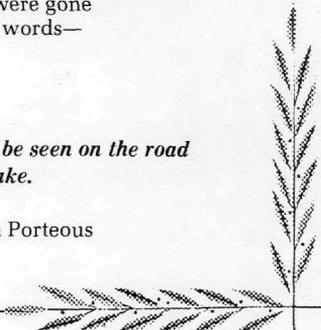
By ARTHUR MELLOR

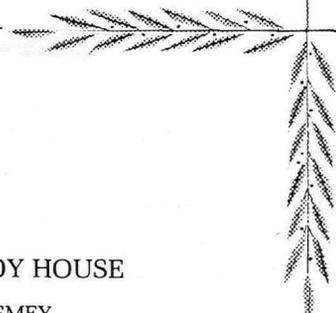


As I sat on Tim's old mine dump
And cast my gaze around,
I thought of the old prospector
Who once had worked this ground.
Long years since he passed the 'Great Divide'
Yet all his hard work still lies at my side.
His forge and his bellows have rotted away,
The wheel of his barrow in rust doth lay.
His pan and his bed are under that pine
Where he slept, and dreamt of making a mine.
It makes me sad to think of the years he spent
Roaming the hills till he was old and bent.
As I sit here and think, he's with me it seems
Hoping through me he will realize his dreams.
I look up and say "I will do my best
To carry out your silent request."
And if it ever comes true, I know he will say
"I knew darn well she'd be proven some day"
I camped that night on the old campsite,
And there by the campfire's flickering light
I laid me back and looked up at the stars.
I must have slept for a couple of hours
Maybe I dreamt it—I couldn't say—
But I saw them plainly from where I lay,
Those shadowy figures that came out of the night
And all gathered round the campfire's light
They looked at me, and one of them said
"We belong to the legion of the dead,
"We toiled on this earth, doing our best,
"We blazed out the trails that opened the west
"Now we have earned eternal rest".
Each one got up, and shouldered his pack,
And passed into the night that was misty and black.
I awoke with a start, but they all were gone
And in the ashes were written the words—
"Carry On!"

*The remains of Tim's cabin can still be seen on the road
leading to Conkle Lake.*

Contributed by Mrs. Hugh Porteous





I HAVE SUCH A TIDY HOUSE

By CHRISTINE SISMEY

My floors are all so shined and clean,
The mats they lie so neat.
No grubby hands have smudged the chairs,
There are no running feet.

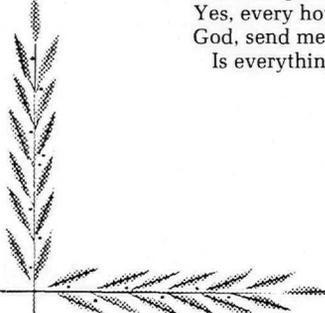
My walls are free of crayon marks,
Tablecloths are clean.
The paring knife is in it's box,
Just where its always been.

My little axe is free of chinks,
The hammer's in its place
Both my pails are free of dents,
No dirty hands and face.

My candy lasts a long, long time,
And no-one picks the flowers
I do not hear "a story please,"
When comes the evening hours.

My kitchen door is never banged,
The porridge dish is clean.
I have the cleanest, neatest house
That ever you have seen.

I'm through my work by half-past ten,
Yes, every household task.
God, send me please, a little boy,
Is everything I ask.



AIR COMMODORE HERBERT HOLLICK KENYON, COI.

By Roger J. Sugars

Bert (or sometimes Bertie) grew up at the Silver Star Ranch at Ewing's Landing where his family had settled in 1909.

His mother (affectionately known as "Mom") named the ranch after Silver Star Mountain, of which there was a beautiful view of the snowy peak across the lake and beyond Vernon.

The ranch was a beautiful spot; a small orchard of many varieties and a most attractive bungalow close to the lakeshore, built by expert log men for George Ewing, the former owner.

Mom Kenyon after living in London, became extraordinarily well adapted to the entire new way of life, and her home was a haven for lonely young Englishmen. She was a cultured and talented woman and an excellent pianist.

This was Bert's environment; tall and handsome, soft spoken and modest, he was liked by everyone who knew him. He worked in the orchards and the woods as a teenager, and one summer he drove a buggy delivering groceries at Okanagan Landing near Vernon.

He was an occasional visitor at our place near Fintry and enjoyed hearing my mother play the piano.

By 1912 and 1913 Ewing's Landing had become quite a settlement. Properties were changing hands and new people were coming into the area every month or so. In addition to the Post Office (Bob Leckie Ewing was the Post Master) there was a general store and a tea room. As the "Okanagan" and the "Sicamous" called twice a week it became more convenient for us to go to Ewing's rather than Nahun as formerly. Thus we came to know the Kenyons quite well and visited Silver Star Ranch from time to time.

Everyone seemed to live in a happy carefree manner—then August 4, 1914 changed the world! Most of the young men joined up and left, some never to return. Bert Kenyon was among the first and he enlisted in the 30th B.C. Horse at Vernon.

Little did anyone realize what an adventurous and distinguished career lay ahead for young Bert. he was invalided to Canada after being wounded at Somme and at Ypres in 1916. This was not enough, however, and in 1917 he joined the Royal Flying Corps, and this was the beginning of what was, probably, a series of the most extraordinary adventures ever experienced by any one man.

He received several aviation awards and finally in 1975 he received the highest award in Canada, the Order of Icarus, bringing to 34 the number of living holders.

The following is reprinted from the Vancouver Province, July 31, 1975—

Herbert Hollick Kenyon of Vancouver, a member of Canada's aviation hall of fame and a pioneer in Arctic and Antarctic flying, died July 30, 1975 of cancer at Vancouver General Hospital. He was 78.

Mr. Hollick Kenyon was named to the hall of fame in 1973 with a

citation paying tribute to his long-range flights in 1935 and 1936 on the Ellsworth Antarctic expedition and his flying in a 1937 search for a Russian plane missing on an Arctic flight.

The citation said his contributions "have proven of great benefit to the international fraternity of aviators, and of outstanding benefit to Canadian aviation."

Born in London on April 17, 1897, he was the son of a businessman who settled in the Okanagan Valley in 1909.

Mr. Hollick Kenyon was involved in one of aviation's greatest aerial searches in 1937, covering the Western Arctic from Siberia through Alaska and the Yukon. The search was for a famous Russian pilot, Sigmund Levaneffsky and five companions, missing on a trans-polar flight from Moscow to Fairbanks, Alaska.

He was selected to pilot the plane for Sir Hubert Wilkins, the Australian explorer named to head the rescue, and he flew almost five months of the nine-month long fruitless search during the hours of the polar night.

He had also participated in the search for Col. C. D. H. MacAlpine in the Canadian Arctic in 1928. He was one of the flyers who brought Col. MacAlpine back from the Northwest Territories.

He set out in 1935 with Lincoln Ellsworth to fly a single-engine monoplane over some 2,250 miles of uncharted Antarctic. Only 20 miles from the objective, the Bay of Whales, the plane was forced down by lack of fuel. They were rescued 55 days later.

Ellsworth named a high-plateau in the Antarctic the Hollick Kenyon Plateau in his honor.

Mr. Hollick Kenyon was further honored last year when he was named to the Company of Icarus for outstanding achievements in Canadian aviation.

He joined Trans-Canda Air Lines (now Air Canada) when it was formed in 1937, and was superintendent of pilots who pioneered the Rocky Mountain route from the Prairies to B.C.

He joined CP Air in 1942 and eventually was in charge of all pilot training for the line in Vancouver, retiring in 1962.

H. C. S. COLLETT

By L. C. A. Collett

Horace Carlisle Spedding Collett, known to all his many friends and acquaintances as "Shorty" because of his rangy six foot or so stature, was born in Ilfracombe in North Devon, England, in 1881. Like so many of his Devonian fellow citizens he had an adventurous nature and in 1902 emigrated to the Northwest Territories, to that part of which was later to become the Province of Saskatchewan.

Here he obtained work delivering mail to the rural areas by horse and buggy, and by sleigh in the winter time through the most extreme temperatures. He could not stand the Prairie winters and like many others heard about the Okanagan climate and came out to the Okanagan in December of 1903. At this time the Cameron family had moved into the Kelowna district and were farming the Guisachan Ranch, where he obtained employment as a farm hand.

His brother came out from England a year or so later and they formed the partnership of Collett Bros. which was a livery business, engaged in renting saddle horses and contracting for work requiring teams of horses, etc. The "Barn", as it was known, stood on the south-east corner of Abbott Street and Lawrence Avenue.

Many of the present houses on Abbott Street are built on "fill", as this was a swamp at that time, and Collett Bros. got the contract to supply the fill to make the land fit for building purposes. During this time Shorty Collett and two or three other men lived in a house on Abbott Street. One of the bachelors was appointed as cook. As one Christmas approached they decided to have a roast turkey. The cook never having roasted a turkey before did not think of cleaning it, so when it was done the smell nearly drove them out of the house; that was the end of Christmas dinner!

In 1914 he returned to England to get married to Nancy Locock. He brought his bride back to Kelowna, where in the meantime he had built a large house on Pandosy Street, which still stands and is in good condition. Several large and beautiful blue spruce trees identify this place which by now must be 62 years old.

When Collett Bros. decided to dissolve their partnership in the livery business, he was appointed Manager of the Belgo Land Development Company, and later was the Manager of the Kelowna Land and Orchard Company, commonly known as the K.L.O. Ranch. This ranch raised many acres of fruit, dairy cattle, hogs, sheep and of course hay.

When this ranch was sold by Okanagan Loan and Investment Trust Company, he moved to Okanagan Mission and became Real Estate Manager for the above mentioned Company. This involved looking after many orchards which the Company owned or were overseeing for their clients, who were probably living in England, and also properties on which the Company held mortgages.

In 1955, during the Kelowna Golden Jubilee, 1905-1955, Mr. Collett was presented with a scroll by the Citizens of Kelowna, honouring him as a Living Charter Member of Kelowna Board of Trade 1906, and in recognition of long years of active life in the community.

In 1964 he was presented with a Life Membership in the Okanagan

Historical Society, in which he took a keen interest. The Father Pandosy Mission site owes much to Shorty Collett for its successful restoration.

He always took a great deal of interest in the Kelowna Riding Club of which he was made an Honorary Member. As an early member and President of the Kelowna Club for 1924 and 1925, he was for many years an Honorary Member of this organization.

In his later years, after severing connections with the Okanagan Loan and Investment Trust Company, he operated his own Real Estate business, dealing chiefly with agricultural properties in this area with which he was very familiar. There are several orchards in the East and South Kelowna Districts, the planting of which he supervised.

He was always a keen gardener and specialized in roses. He also took a great interest in breeding beef cattle and would raise about 15 head or so on his own property and then take them to the Kamloops Bull Sale. Although this was mainly a hobby, he nearly always did well at the Sale.

He died in October 1975 leaving his wife and four children, Leicester, Barbara Browne, Nancy Talbot and Lt. Col. Basil Collett.

EDITH GAWNE — A TRIBUTE

By Eric D. Sismey

Edith, small in stature, but with the heart of a lion, was one of those women, who, since infancy, had always done more than her share. Mrs. Gawne was born Edith Littlejohn in Dover, England, on February 7, 1892. Her father John Littlejohn, served in a Scottish regiment for 21 years. Soon after being pensioned, not finding much to his liking in Scotland, the family emigrated to the New World where they took up unbroken prairie land in Saskatchewan, near Eston. Edith tells in glowing words the struggles against bilizzard and dust storms, drought and near disaster under conditions which, even then, were almost, but not quite overwhelming.

Edith summed up her life in these words: "What a panorama of life has been offered to those over 70. In one lifetime we have lived under six monarchs; through three major wars; through drought and depression. We have seen the development of a modern world, its communication by telegraph, telephone and radio; television and satellite. We have gas and electricity at our command; transportation from horse drawn vehicles to tram cars and from steam to gasoline and diesel machines. Travel from land into air and now into space.

In 1912, Edith married James Gawne (OHS 34th (1970) Report, pp. 79-80), the man who rescued her from death after she had fallen through the ice of a prairie slough. The couple moved to Madison, Sask. where they farmed and opened the first store and post office in the little town.

Married life started in a one room cabin, where three of her five children were born; with a team of oxen for ploughing. When the store in Madison burned in 1921 the Gawnes, after hearing the good things at Naramata, B.C., moved to plant one of the first orchards and to watch it grow.

Edith Gawne was active in the Naramata United Church and later in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in Penticton. She was president of the Old Age Pensioners Association in Penticton and other similar organizations including the Canadian National Institution for the Blind, Canadian Arthritic and Rheumatism Society and the Okanagan Historical Society.

Edith Gawne loved flowers, she had a green thumb. Her house, Mona's Isle, a wide spot on the Naramata Road was a landmark, which motorists stopped to enjoy, and often received bouquets of roses from her garden where fifty named varieties bloomed all summer. Another horticultural delight were her tuberous begonias raised in a lath-house adjacent to her house. And when she moved into her first city apartment, soon after her husband's death, many of her prized begonias were taken with her.

OBITUARIES

CLIFFORD MICKLING LEIGHTON

Clifford Mickling Leighton, born at Nanaimo in 1892, died April 1976. Grandson of a Scottish emigrant who built the first iron-working plant on the Pacific coast at San Francisco. His father William and his uncle James were orphaned early in life and came to Victoria, B.C. James was later a prominent man in the Ashcroft-Kamloops district. William married Harriet Gough, one of the first children born to immigrants at Nanaimo in the then Crown Colony of Vancouver Island.

As a young man Clifford Leighton worked on his uncle's ranch at Savona. He saw service in France during the 1914-18 war. Upon discharge he took up land through the Soldier Settlement Board in the Southern Okanagan Lands Project. In 1921 he was the second person to buy land on the west lateral. He farmed there as long as he was able to do the work. He sold the land but kept the house, where he lived until his death.

He belonged to the Canadian Legion and the Elks Lodge; golf, square dancing and bridge were his diversions. Unknown to many, he helped in a quiet way a great many people less fortunate than himself.

JAMES ROBERT CHRISTIE

James Robert Christie, a pioneer among the Okanagan Falls ranchers died on December 24th, 1975, aged 88 years. He came to the Okanagan in 1917 with his wife, hoping that his health might be improved by the climate. In 1918 he bought land between Okanagan Lake and Vaseux Lake which became the MV Ranch. Mr. and Mrs. Christie lived there until the early winter of 1975 when they moved to the Penticton and District Retirement Centre.

He was a founding member of the Southern Interior Stockmen's Association which built the Okanagan Falls stock yards. He was the tactful, capable and almost perennial president of that association. The sternwheel of the S.S. Aberdeen was used at one time to lift water for irrigation on his ranch. This simple but effective device was rendered useless, as was much of the MV ranch land, by the bursting of a dam on Shuttleworth Creek. Jim Christie was a member of the Aberdeen Angus and Hereford Breeder's Associations. He was also active in local affairs water district, school and other community projects.

His son Robert died on active service in 1943. He is survived by his wife, six daughters, 14 grandchildren and six great grandchildren. Christie Memorial Park at Okanagan Falls is named after him.

MARY LAWRENCE MONFORD 1877 - 1975

Mary Lawrence Bailey was born June 10, 1877 in Thornbury, Ontario. She came to Kelowna with her mother and family in 1893 to join her father, E. R. Bailey. He arrived in Kelowna in 1892, where he went into the butcher business with George Monford. Mary Lawrence Bailey and George Monford were married the following year, 1894.

He bought his ¼-section bordering on the Vernon Road, now Highway 97 in 1903. Mr. and Mrs. Monford took up residence on their own farm in 1907. Mr. Monford was Government Road foreman for several years, and for some years was school trustee for Ellison and Rutland schools. He was also very interested in the United Farmers of B.C.

After the death of her husband in 1930, Mrs. Monford continued to live on the farm. She was a member of the Rutland Women's Institute and of the Ladies' Aid of the Rutland Presbyterian Church. In 1950 Mrs. Monford moved to Donhauser Road in Rutland. Mrs. Monford was honored on her 90th birthday by 80 family and close friends. Mary Lawrence Monford passed away on September 25, 1975 at the age of 98. She is survived by two daughters and one son, six grandchildren, eighteen great grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

GORDON WEBSTER BLEWETT

Gordon Webster Blewett of Campbell Crescent in Summerland passed away suddenly at home on July 31st, 1975 at the age of 72 years. Born in Hartley, Manitoba, October 6th, 1903 and resident of Summerland since 1908. Mr. Blewett was the electrical superintendent of the Corporation of Summerland. He is survived by his wife Nora, one step-daughter, six grandchildren, two great-grandchildren, one brother and one sister.

WILLIAM BROWN

William Brown, husband of Mrs. Violet Brown, 13009 Haskins Avenue, Summerland passed away December 26th, 1975 at the age of 84 years. Born in London, England, April 27th, 1891 Mr. Brown was a former Supt. of Motor Carriers for British Columbia. Retiring to Summerland in 1957, a veteran of both World Wars, he is survived by his wife Violet.

HARRY W. BROWN

Mr. Harry W. Brown, Summerland, passed away in Burnaby, August 11th, 1975 at the age of 72 years. Born in Morris, Manitoba, May 20th, 1903 he had been a resident of Summerland since 1939. An active community worker for many years. Mr. Brown is survived by his wife Margaret, two sons, three grandchildren, one brother and two sisters.

MRS. UNA INGLIS

Mrs. Una Inglis of Parkdale Place, August 21st, 1975 at the age of 91 years. Born in Stonewall, Manitoba, April 20th, 1884 and a resident of Summerland since 1918. Mrs. Inglis is survived by one son, two daughters, eleven grandchildren and twenty-one great grandchildren, one sister.

MRS. MARY THAXTON

Mrs. Mary Thaxton was a former resident of Summerland who generously donated toward the Summerland General Hospital when it was built, as well as other community projects. Mrs. Thaxton celebrated her 100th birthday last November at Dellview Hospital in Vernon which was attended by a number of former Summerland acquaintances.

EDITH IVY PHILLIPS

Edith Ivy Phillips, nee Hurlle. Passed away in Summerland, B.C., September 21st, 1975 aged 74 years. Born in Frome, Somerset, England. Mrs. Phillips and her husband came to Canada in 1952. Mrs. Phillips sang in choirs and participated in singing festivals. She was an ardent member of St. Stephen's Anglican Church Choir up to the time of her illness. A member of the world wide Embroiderers' Guild and the Summerland Art Council, many examples of her needlework have been displayed locally and elsewhere. Mrs. Phillips is survived by her husband Ivan, two daughters and two brothers and sisters in England.

MARGARET KATHERINE CAIL

Margaret Katherine Cail, well known resident of Armstrong district since 1940 died Sept. 8, 1973. A native of Ontario, married to the late Emerson T. Cail on March 8, 1919 at Portage La Prairie, Man. They celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in Armstrong March 8, 1969. Survived by three daughters.

JAMES ALLISON LITTLE

James Allison Little, a veteran of 45 years with the Canadian Pacific Railway, died Sept. 28, aged 73. He came west at the age of nineteen and soon signed on as a watchman for the CPR at Glenogle. This was one of the railroad's most dangerous slide-ridden spots in the Rockies, the most noteworthy point called Calamity Curve. From 1921 on he was an assistant agent, later agent in various places. From 1948 until 1965 he was agent at Armstrong. Member of the Masonic Order, he was also a member of the Scottish Rite, Vancouver. He served for six years as city alderman; he was an elder of Zion United Church; past president of Armstrong and Spallumcheen Chamber of Commerce. Survived by his wife and two sons.

MRS. EDNA ELLEN JOY

Mrs. Edna Ellen Joy, Summerland passed away August 3rd, 1975, at the age of 90 years. Born in Onslo, Nova Scotia, April 8, 1885, coming to Summerland in 1919. Mrs. Joy is survived by two sons, three daughters and three brothers.

ELLEN MAY SHELLEY

Ellen May Shelley, 66, wife of Harold E. Shelley, Back Enderby Road, died after short illness. She was a native of Kelowna, active in Rebekah Lodge and United Church organizations. Survived by husband, three sons and a daughter.

KATHARINA BECHTOLD

Katharina Bechtold died aged 87, Dec. 1, 1973, a native of Crimea, South Russia where she was married in 1905. Mrs. Bechtold and family came to Canada in 1910 to Alberta; they moved to the Armstrong area in 1951.

JOHNNY SERRA

Author of "The First Hundred Years — A History of Armstrong and District," Johnny Anthony Serra died suddenly May 1. He was 69 years of age. This history of the area, entailed well over a year of intensive research and composition. It was the first and only history undertaken of this part of the North Okanagan. Born at Canmore, Alberta, he came to Armstrong in 1928. He was an expert in the art of lapidary. The Serra collection of rare specimens of Alberta and B.C. native rocks is one of the largest and finest in British Columbia. Survived by his wife, mother and two brothers.

VIOLET MARGUERITE HOOLE

A native daughter of Armstrong, born on the Woollen Ranch a few miles west of the city, in 1884, the former Violet Marguerite Hassard was in her 90th year at her death on April 20. She was one of a family of seven girls and three boys who made up the pioneer Hassard family. She attended the old Lansdowne school. Married to Edward Hoole, general store proprietor and postmaster at Westwold. They lived there all their married life. He predeceased her in 1945. Survived by son and daughter, both of Vernon; one grandchild; sister and brother.

FRANCES ALICE ELLEN UPPER

Frances Alice Ellen Upper died March 7, age 66. Born Worthampton, England. Married Walter Upper of Armstrong, June 22, 1931 and lived at Armstrong since. A charter member Ladies' Auxiliary Branch 35 Royal Canadian Legion, served as president, life member in 1972. Survived by husband, son, daughter, granddaughter and sister.

EDITH LYLIE FREEZE

Pioneer of Salmon River Valley, Mrs. James R. Freeze died at age 95 in Vernon Jubilee Hospital, June 3. Born at Newark-on-Trent, England. A career Salvation Army worker, married to James R. Freeze, another Salvation Army officer, Aug. 2, 1905 at Regina, Sask. Moved to Armstrong 1908, ten years later homesteaded on the Bench at Salmon River. Mrs. Freeze lost her sight in 1960 and became active in CNIB work until hospitalized. Surviving are four daughters, one son, two sisters, 12 grandchildren, 26 great grandchildren.

THE FIRST SCHOOL IN OSOYOOS 1917

By Dorothy Crawford (nee Evans), guest speaker at the 1976 A.G.M.

In the early days of this district the Government offices were at Camp McKinney but in 1892 they were moved to Osoyoos.

The building was of logs and architecture of the bungalow type. It housed the necessary Government office, living quarters for those in charge and a room for the gaol. Not too prepossessing and yet very important to Osoyoos as it, the gaol section, became the first school and I, its first teacher.

At that time, 1917, there were three families in Osoyoos, Mr. William Richter and family, Mr. George Fraser and family, and Dr. George Jermyn and family. Each felt the need of a school for their children but regulations called for an average attendance of eight, that meant there should be 10 pupils at least, and there were only five of school age. However, there was a family by the name of Hobbs living on Kruger Mountain who were also anxious about the education of their children and the three men mentioned above who became Trustees agreed that were these four children to come they could use the living quarters providing their older sister also came to look after them. They were still short one and Mrs. Fraser's brother, Canon Plaskett of New Westminster had a ward Doreen Bishop and she came to live with the Fraser's and that made the tenth. She left in November when her father came back from overseas and Verda Jermyn joined the ranks—not quite six years old. In late spring the Hobbs family left and Peggy Fraser, just six, arrived for the last two months.

Mr. Fred Layton drove me down to Osoyoos. (Remember, there were no buses, and not many cars in those days, and roads were nothing but ruts—formed by large trucks hauling salt from the salt mine).

He often said later on that he nearly cried at having to leave me there but I don't remember ever feeling sorry for myself—I accepted it as a challenge, and of course living with Mr. and Mrs. Fraser was like home—I was never lonely. I was too busy preparing lessons for Readers 1, 2, 3, and 4. Readers 2 and 4 must have been uninteresting for Douglas and Glenn, no competition, but I never remember them grumbling or giving me any trouble.

I didn't tell you that the day I arrived my room wasn't quite ready—no blackboard, just tar paper on an easel, no door, we pulled a double desk across at night to keep the wild cows out, but in ten days all was in shape.

For heat in the winter we had a pot-bellied stove and usually Dr. Jermyn or Mr. Richter saw that it was lit, but once in a while Douglas and I had to get busy.

Who did the janitor work? Teacher and pupils. The last Friday of the month, usually, the children would bring pails and we maybe stopped work a little earlier and made a game of going to the lake, bringing up pails of water and throwing it on the floor, back down again, and I remained to brush water all over. When we felt we'd had

enough, we sat down and ate cookies Mrs. Fraser had given me for a treat. Those were the days—but never mind, our room smelled fresher on Monday morning even if it were a little damp, but our good old stove soon took care of that. The teacher's salary was \$75.00 a month for twelve months, but she was paid in 10 cheques \$90.00 and that was a good salary in those days. My board was \$25.00 a month and that too was the going rate.

Mr. Fraser and I organized a Sunday School, and we always made excuses to have parties on all special days, Hallowe'en, Christmas, Valentine's, etc.

For about one week in the winter Douglas and I skated across the Lake to school—otherwise we walked, watching out for rattlesnakes, cactus, and wood ticks, and the range cattle—they always seemed to appear just as we were ready to go home .

'Wisdom is knowing what to do next.' Even a young inexperienced teacher, soon learned what to do next and I for one wouldn't have missed that year for anything—we were a happy community learning to live with each other even though we had different backgrounds and ambitions and I'm sure we learned values in life that have been useful ever since.



The Blazed Trail, Pleasant Valley Road, Vernon. Sketch by Miss Winifred Lloyd, 1926.

Courtesy Mrs. Harriett Esselmont, Victoria, B.C.

**MINUTES OF THE 51st ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
OF THE OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY
HELD IN THE OSOYOOS COMMUNITY HALL, OSOYOOS**

Sunday, May 2, 1976 at 11 a.m.

President Victor Wilson welcomed members and guests and asked for a minute's silence to remember those who had died since the last annual meeting. In particular he paid tribute to the late Primrose Upton who is missed by all.

NOTICE OF CALL was read by the Secretary.

The President welcomed Mayor Jack Shaw of Osoyoos; visitors from Washington and Jack Armstrong from Enderby. Moved by Dick Gale and seconded by Scott Williams that the Agenda be accepted. Carried.

MOVED by Frank Pells and seconded by Mollie Broderick:

RESOLVED that the Constitution and By-laws of the Okanagan Historical Society be amended as is shown on the copy of the Constitution and By-laws which is attached hereto and marked "A". (Copies circulated to all members of the Executive Council.) After discussion of the changes a motion to limit the number of directors-at-large who might be appointed by the Executive Council was withdrawn. The President put the question which was carried unanimously.

RECOMMENDED by the President that the custom of convening the Branch Presidents' Committee (By-law 35-B) during the interval at the AGM be discontinued in favour of that committee meeting during or after the Executive Council meeting immediately preceding the AGM.

MOVED by D. Buckland and seconded by G. P. Cameron that a letter be sent to Mr. Edgar Dewdney expressing the gratitude of the Society for his generosity in so ably revising the Constitution and By-laws for the Society. Carried.

MINUTES OF AGM of May 4, 1975. Adoption moved by Mollie Broderick and seconded by Hume Powley. Carried.

BUSINESS ARISING:

Registration Tear-sheet. Pros and cons discussed. Moved by Peter Bird and seconded by Dorothy Zoellner that the incorporation of the tear-sheet be continued as the simplest method of registration of membership. Carried.

Re-activation of Armstrong Branch. Jack Armstrong of Enderby reported that a preliminary meeting had shown keen interest. A follow-up meeting with a film show to be held shortly. Hope to line up membership and elect officers. It will be known as the Armstrong-Enderby Branch.

Re-activation of Similkameen Branch. Mrs. Agnes Bush reported that there is a Museum Society working on a history book but so far no agreement to re-activate an OHS branch in that area.

CORRESPONDENCE. Secretary reported none outstanding.

REPORTS OF OFFICERS - Adoption to be moved jointly.

These will appear in the 40th Report.

President, Victor Wilson

Editor, Julian E. Fry,

Secretary, Angeline Waterman

Acting Treasurer, Edna Oram.

Adoption moved by Dr. J. Gibson and seconded by Dick Gale. Carried.

— Lunch Intermission —

Before the attractively prepared buffet lunch, the Reverend Everett Fleming said grace for 136 members and guests. The Queen introduced those at the head table and later proposed the toast to the Queen.

After a delicious meal Mrs. J. Howe, Essay Chairman, presented Archie MacDonald with the Valley Shield for his prize-winning essay on "The History of the Penticton Golf Club." From the Parent Body he also received a cheque, the customary award to the Valley winner. His school, McNicoll Park of Penticton, holds the school shield for one year. (Mrs. Howe's presentation address appears in the 40th Report.)

Doug Fraser introduced the first guest speaker, Mrs. E. W. Crawford (nee Evans), his primary school-teacher who had come to Osoyoos in 1917. Warm applause greeted her presentation to Douglas of a cup and saucer which she had received as a gift from his parents while teaching in Osoyoos. Her lively account of early school-teaching appears in the 40th Report.

Dr. J. J. Gibson introduced A. H. "Gint" Cawston who guided members and guests on "memory trails" with a wealth of information about the names of early Indian chiefs, the women and the reserves in the Similkameen. He acknowledged a debt to the late Suzette Terbasket and Jack Cohen for the data they supplied about women's names and the Indian reserves in the Lower Similkameen.

Gint recounted some of his father's exploits as a cattleman and as a poker player, always satorially correct. There were memories of camps on the Hope and Dewdney Trails and meeting up with Podunk Davis who brought Nurse Warburton safely out to civilization. He touched on early ranchy life and the introduction of fruit-growing to the Similkameen.

In closing he gave greetings in Chinook to the Oliver/Osoyoos Branch and all members of the Society in the Okanagan. The President thanked the speakers and the Oliver/Osoyoos Branch for the excellent arrangements and enjoyable lunch. The Osoyoos Museum was open to the guests, most of whom had not seen its new quarters.

— End of Lunch Intermission —

BRANCH AND COMMITTEE REPORTS - Adoption to be moved jointly.

They will appear in the 40th Report.

Kelowna, President Frank J. Pells
 Oliver-Osoyoos, President, Carleton MacNaughton
 Penticton, Dr. J. J. Gibson, President
 Vernon, President, Lee Christensen
 Pandosy Mission Committee, Chairman, G. P. Cameron
 Trails Committee, Chairman, Harley R. Hatfield
 Essay Contest, Chairman, Mrs. J. Howe
 Father Pat Books, R. F. Gale, Custodian
 Heritage Advisory Committee, See Dr. Gibson's report above.

Moved by Hume Powley and seconded by Don Corbishley that the reports be adopted as presented. Carried.

NEW BUSINESS

Annual Field Day, June 27. Mary Gartrell Orr announced the opening of the Railway Museum in the Kettle Valley Station on South Victoria Road, Summerland. Members and guests invited to meet at the Summerland Park at 11 a.m. for a picnic. An LIP grant made possible the restoration of one section like a railway station. Any KVR Souvenirs would be welcomed by the Museum.

Preparation of Brief for the Preservation of the Wilderness Area North of Manning Park. Moved by Eric Sismey and seconded by Don Corbishley that the Executive Council prepare a brief in support of the preservation of the proposed Wilderness Heritage Area north of Manning Park to be funded to the extent of \$50.00. Carried.

West Coast Medical Historical Society, 5729 West Boulevard, No. 14, Vancouver V6M 3W8. Dr. Gibson reported being approached by a representative of this Society who is appealing for medical memorabilia such as early instruments, accounts of early experiences of or about doctors, artifacts of early medicine, letters, photographs or accounts. The Society has a substantial grant to assemble a mobile museum. Dr. Gibson reminded the meeting of the many interesting stories about our pioneer medicine men.

Oliver/Osoyoos Field Day, Father's Day, June 19-20. Carleton MacNaughton extended a warm invitation to all members to camp overnight at the MacNaughton retreat "Tamarack" about 9 miles up the Camp McKinney Road at Baldy Creek or to join the picnic on Father's Day.

Recognition of Life Members. The President asked the Life Members who were present to rise and be recognized. The meeting recognized: Mrs. W. R. Dewdney, G. P. "Paddy" Cameron, A. H. "Gint" Cawston, H. R. Hatfield, Sam Manery, Major Hugh Porteous, Eric D. Sismey, and remembered those absent: Mr. and Mrs. Guy P. Bagnall, Mrs. H. Ingersol and Dr. Margaret Ormsby.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL- Slate presented by Ken V. Ellison, Chairman of the Nominating Committee.

President: Hume M. Powley, 1905 Carruthers St., Kelowna
First Vice-President: Jack Armstrong, West. Salmon Arm Rd., Enderby
Second Vice-President: Mrs. T. H. Lewis, Box 83, Osoyoos
Secretary: Mrs. Dorothy Zoellner, Lakeshore Rd., Kelowna
Treasurer: Miss Edna Oram, Box 313, Vernon
Editor: Mr. Julian E. Fry, Pritchard Drive, Westbank
Auditor: Mr. F. K. McKenzie, 3304 - 32nd Ave., #204, Vernon

DIRECTORS

Kelowna: Mr. D. S. Buckland, Mr. W. S. Whitehead
 Oliver/Osoyoos: Mr. Harry Weatherill, Mr. D. Corbishley
 Penticton: Mrs. W. R. Dewdney, Mr. R. F. Gale
 Vernon: Mrs. A. E. Berry, Mr. K. V. Ellison

Editorial Committee

Kelowna: Mr. Bert Johnston; Oliver/Osoyoos: Miss D. M. Waterman
 Penticton: Mr. I. Phillips; Vernon: Mrs. H. Gorman

MOVED by Victor Wilson and seconded by Paddy Cameron that in the absence of a nominee a Contest (Essay) Chairman be appointed by the Executive Council. Carried.

MOVED by Ken Ellison and seconded by Mollie Broderick that the slate of officers be adopted as presented. Carried.

* * *

President Hume Powley took the Chair and thanked the Society for placing confidence in him and said it would be difficult to follow Past President Victor Wilson's steps after his term of office. Under his leadership the Society had celebrated the 50th Anniversary significantly. He recalled the maxim quoted by Mrs. Crawford at lunch and hoped to be blessed with "the wisdom of knowing what to do next." He is looking forward to executive meetings and reminded members that "his office door will always be open." He reiterated Victor's thanks to the Oliver/Osoyoos Branch for their excellent arrangements and the delicious lunch.

* * *

MOVED by Victor Wilson and seconded by Eric Sismey that letters of thanks be sent to the news media and a special letter go to Mike Roberts of CHBC-TV for his work in taping the interesting FOCUS series "Let George Do It", a study of the work of Preservation of our Heritage.

MOVED by Carleton MacNaughton and seconded by Mrs. Lewis that letters of thanks be sent to guest speakers, Mrs. Crawford and Gint Cawston. Carried.

MOVED by Lee Christensen and seconded by Ken Ellison a vote of thanks to the Essay Contest Chairman, Mrs. J. Howe, for her enthusiastic work as Essay Chairman. Carried.

MOVED by Victor Wilson and seconded by Mollie Broderick a vote of thanks to Angie Waterman for her work as Secretary. Carried.

1977 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

As President of the Penticton Branch for the coming year, Mollie Broderick announced that the Branch would be most happy to host the 1977 Annual General Meeting on May 1, 1977.

MOVED by Ken Ellison and seconded by Paddy Cameron that the 1977 AGM follow the same format (a lunch meeting) as for the 1976 AGM. Carried.

MOVED by D. Buckland and seconded by V. Wilson that a letter be sent to John Shephard expressing the gratitude of the Society to him for his service as Treasurer and Custodian of the Reports for seven years. Carried with hearty applause.

Mrs. Dewdney asked for the floor to pay tribute to Victor with whom she has enjoyed sharing the work of the Society for a number of years. Applause.

ADJOURNMENT moved by Len Piddocke and Dick Gale.



**ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY
PRESIDENT'S REPORT**

Osoyoos, May 2, 1976

During the past year your Executive Council held two meetings: July 13, 1975 and February 22, 1976. The first meeting attended to routine matters but concentrated on the administrative details concerning the publication of the 39th Report. The Council agreed that 1800 copies should be printed. Our second meeting worked extensively on the revision of the Constitution. Ratification of the amended Constitution and By-laws will be sought at this general meeting.

Sales of all reports have steadily increased so that now very few back numbers are available. This situation will require intensive study to help the Society meet future demands and set editorial policy.

With the Okanagan College active in most communities, the role of our Society becomes even broader than was originally visualized. Now many of our members can serve as resource people helping in any number of original ways. In turn the College can expand its community courses to enrich the history of the Valley and the province. Such team-work opens ever-widening avenues of cooperation leading to more exciting and effective ways of enriching and preserving our heritage.

The past year's events will surely be long remembered. Each and every member can take considerable pride in our Society for we have worked diligently to meet the objectives of the founders. The future is what historians eagerly watch for, even if only to say, "I told you so!" But more important, the future is anxious to hear what really did happen "away back when." And that's where you come in! Get your story down now because tomorrow may be too late.

My task has been stimulating and filled with unforgettable events thanks to the unfailing loyalties of all Executive and Branch members. My sincerest thanks to all of you.

—Victor Wilson

**ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY
REPORT OF THE SECRETARY**

May 2, 1976 — Osoyoos, B.C.

In accordance with the B.C. Societies' Act the Annual Report was filed.

The Minutes of the Annual General Meeting and two Executive Council meetings were circulated. News items of the AGM and banquet went to the media; letters of appreciation and thanks went to all concerned (see report to Executive Council of July 13). On May 25 Edgar Dunning of Neighbourly News commented on Guy Bagnall's tribute to Leonard Norris at the banquet.

A follow-up of the brief to Hiram Walker requesting assistance to continue the restoration of the Pandosy Mission resulted in a handsome donation. Assistance was given with the re-drafting and reproduction of the Constitution and By-laws. Routine correspondence has not been onerous.

I've enjoyed my term as secretary and wish to thank all those who have been so generous with help during the past three years.

Respectfully submitted
(Mrs.) Angeline Waterman



EDITOR'S REPORT — JULIAN FRY

Mr. Fry apologized for shortcomings in the 39th Report which contained more errors than he wished to see. He intended to make some recommendations which he hoped would improve the 40th Report.

He recommended to whoever makes the agreement to print the 40th Report with the printer that all proofs go to the editor in page form. Proofs in sheet form for the 39th Report led to uncertainty as to the quantity of the material. He had calculated the material on a formula that did not jibe with the printers. Proofs in page form would overcome this difficulty.

He would like more series on local commercial enterprises. There is a brief one on apple-drying at Oliver which he wished had been longer. It is hoped one will come from Ted Atkinson on "Summerland Sweets." He would like more articles on indigenous commercial enterprises because too many get taken over or closed down under the pressure of commercial development: for instance, something should be written about canning in Kelowna.

Mr. Fry closed his report by asking the President to look for a successor who he would be glad to assist. He said, "I need to tell you that you should be looking for a successor."

**OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY
STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES
For Year Ending April 30, 1976**

Receipts

| | | | |
|--|-----------------|--------------|----------|
| Sales of Reports (including memberships) | | | |
| Enderby | \$ 167.00 | | |
| Osoyoos-Oliver | 562.50 | | |
| Kelowna | 3,271.75 | | |
| Penticton | 2,021.50 | | |
| Vernon | <u>2,500.50</u> | 8,523.25 | |
| Donation for Pandosy Mission | | 500.00 | |
| Interest on Osoyoos Savings Account | | <u>27.00</u> | 9,050.34 |

Disbursements

| | | | |
|---|---------------|-----------------|------------------------|
| Film Grant | 200.00 | | |
| Essay Contest | 77.99 | | |
| Annual Meeting | 69.30 | | |
| Donation - Pandosy Mission | 500.00 | | |
| Honorariums | 200.00 | | |
| Printing of reports and envelopes for mailing same | 5,470.72 | | |
| Postage | 96.42 | | |
| Bank Charges | 16.69 | | |
| Reimbursement of overpayment to Penticton | 157.50 | | |
| Miscellaneous | <u>171.35</u> | 6,959.97 | <u>6,959.97</u> |
| Excess of receipts over disbursements | | | 2,090.37 |
| ADD bank balance, April 30, 1975 | | | <u>4,003.99</u> |
| Money in Bank of Montreal term deposit | | 5,000.00 | |
| Bank Balance, April 30, 1976 | | <u>1,094.36</u> | |
| | | 6,094.36 | <u><u>6,094.36</u></u> |

| | |
|-------------------------|----------|
| Accounts receivable | 291.00 |
| Unsold reports in stock | 5,727.50 |
| Accounts payable | Nil |

Inventory of Reports

| | | | | | | | |
|------------|-----|--------|----|--------|-----|--------|-----|
| No. | | | | | | | |
| 1-5 | 460 | No. 21 | 25 | No. 31 | 138 | No. 39 | 241 |
| 6 | 240 | 22 | 9 | 32 | 138 | | |
| 7-10 | 188 | 26 | 12 | 35 | 51 | | |
| 17 | 19 | 27 | 77 | 36 | 66 | | |
| 18 | 8 | 28 | 43 | 37 | 84 | | |
| 20 | 9 | 29 | 42 | 38 | 16 | | |

Reports not listed are out of stock.

COMMENTS

In future Branches will be sent an "on consignment" bill for reports sent to them and will be credited with payments as they are made. This is in line with request of the Auditor. All parent body bank accounts have been consolidated into one account in the Bank of Montreal in Vernon.

Inventory of Reports in stock has been reduced during year by about 20 per cent but we would like to see stocks lower of Nos. 1-5, 6, 7-10, 31 and 32. There are 241 No. 39 Reports but they are moving well.

RECOMMENDATIONS

1. Appointment of a membership secretary in Vernon to assist the Treasurer.
2. With the change in the year end of the Society, an audited report should be presented at the Annual Meeting.

Edna Oram
Acting Treasurer

TREASURER'S REMARKS ON REPORT

April 30, 1976

The financial report has been somewhat simplified in form and includes a report of stock of books on hand.

Consolidation of all parent body bank accounts in Vernon has made it possible to place \$5,000 in a term deposit account until it is required in the Fall. This should result in interest of about \$200.00.

You will notice an item "accounts receivable," \$201.00. This covers books which were mailed but for which payment has not been received. Unless there is any objection to this, it is proposed to send reminder statements to these people. In cash, accounts receivable and books in stock means a total financial picture of \$12,112.86.

There may be some monies and books in Armstrong, Penticton and Kelowna as no reply was received from these Branches to our letter requesting a report for the Annual Meeting. There is no stock of Reports No. 15, 33 and 34 and very little of No. 38. We also have requests on file for other numbers which are not in stock. If any member has any reports they do not wish or extra copies of these out-of-stock numbers, we would be glad to know, so we could fill these orders.

There is a surge of interest in our history and when ordering or remitting for reports, frequently there is a note praising our reports and wishing us continued success in our endeavours. This should give encouragement to the many members who work so faithfully with the Society.

Edna Oram
Acting Treasurer

OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY REPORT OF THE ESSAY CHAIRMAN

The new rules and regulations were drawn up last summer as well as a list of previous essay winners and their topics. Accompanying them were a sample of the mark sheets and a list of suggested topics which the Penticton editorial group made at their October meeting to assist other centres with suggestions for students. All this material was sent by January 10th, 1976 to the heads of the editorial committees in the four main Branches and to Mrs. Agnes Busch in Keremeos. Approximately 250 copies were distributed for the officials and schools. Special thanks must be given to our new local President, Mrs. Mollie Broderick, for compiling the list of previous essay winners. I would also like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Eddy Aldredge for their typing, Gestetner work and the folding. That was a tedious job.

The OHS Report is not published until November and last year, threatened by the postal strike in addition to the Christmas rush, one editorial committee chairman suggested that the material should be sent to the schools in September. However, to avoid duplication of topics publication of the report must be awaited.

I visited the local school superintendent, the three principals involved and at the invitation of Mr. Fred Fedorak, departmental head of Social Studies, spoke to three of his classes in the Senior Secondary School. The object, of course, was to impress the students with the necessity of helping to preserve and record the history of their own community. The availability of books, interviews with informed residents and all source materials were covered. Their own research and knowledge were stressed to add to everyone's knowledge of our common heritage. Unfortunately a semester-type division of the year had been instituted at one school. This does not fit our dates and I am sure this is true of others in the Valley.

Another disappointment was that despite the efforts of the Branch chairman and the Executive the information is simply not reaching the students. I believed that the markers' sheets with their critical comments would help a youngster who had written last year. But at one school the teacher said that these were of no value and did not take them. However, three others did with equally negative results!

Constructive criticism is a useful tool and much time could have been saved by the individual writer who had done his research before.

Just recently I learned that Victor Wilson had been invited to speak at one school. He engendered much enthusiasm. If teachers would avail themselves of outstanding speakers in each community with their films, etc., at an appropriate date, this surely would carry over into the contest. Mr. Duane Thomson of Okanagan College (Penticton) confirmed this observation. However, that decision must be left to the new contest chairman and the executive. Nevertheless historical research must be done in some form (if you read the Social Studies course of studies) and a return to the written word is sorely needed. This will take time but the universities, BCIT and the general public are beginning to insist on more work on written expression.

The judges* whom I wish to thank for their work, are busy, well-informed people and their comments were most useful; they deemed only one essay worthy for our Report. The second was entirely plagiarized and not considered.

Letters informing the local authorities, the Superintendent of Schools, Mr. A. P. McKay; the Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Mrs. Rendina Hamilton, and the Principal of the school, Mr. J. A. McKinnon, of another Penticton winner were sent with our appreciation for their interest and support. The Penticton School Board has already expressed their knowledge of an appreciation for our contest.

I have found the work of your Essay Chairman to have been a unique educational experience and I have gained a great deal in knowledge and acquaintances. So may I wish my successor fresher and better ideas and as much cooperation as I received. From Kathleen Dewdney, Mollie Broderick, Ange Waterman and Victor Wilson there has been nothing but encouragement and strong backing during the occasionally difficult moment.

I feel strongly that another Branch should assume this work — and it is work. It is only through constant effort with our younger people that the interest and knowledge of our past will grow.

Respectfully submitted,
(Mrs.) Jacqueline Howe

*Mr. Duane Thomson, Mr. C. E. "Mike" Clay, Miss Helen Reith and Mrs. Peter Bird.

PRESENTATION TO ESSAY WINNER — 1976
Osoyoos, B.C.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: I have now arrived at my last task as your Essay Chairman, and, the most pleasant one. May I ask Archie MacDonald to come to the front, please?

This is getting to be a habit, Archie: but one I hope you won't try to break. Our Society needs young people like you who are interested in the history of the Valley. Your specialty in writing seems to lie in sports. Good, you combine two lifetime interests this way. Last year it was the development of Apex-Alpine; this year it is the history of the Pentiction Golf Club. And as you have progressed a year in your studies, so the same progression is shown in your essay.

In the last century, an American, A. J. Ryan, wrote, "A land without ruins is a land without memories; a land without memories is a land without history."

We have our old buildings here in the West, which we are trying to restore; deserted barns and stores so popular with some artists and our ghost towns in B.C. We have our ruins and our memories. But only a few here today will know where all Pentiction's old golf courses were until they read your work in the O.H.S. Report.

Many writers today tell us we are living in a cynical age. I loathe cynicism more than any other attitude, but few tell us what causes it. I believe one cause is frustration, a cover-up for one's failings to achieve. Man has plenty of pleasures but his only lasting joy is achievement. He is made that way. He must excel at something. A wise teacher told me when I was just starting my profession that "there were no bad youngsters — just ones trying to get attention," which, over the years, proved generally true.

But pride in achievement is harder to come by than ever before. Unions forbid it. Assembly lines do not provide for it. Welfare kills it. Tenure stifles it. Automation threatens it. Retirement (if you let it) lacks it. Cynicism is in every facet of our lives. As we listen to or read the news, we must wrap ourselves in the armour of indifference, or sometimes futile optimism, to save our bodily sanity.

The defeat of the forces of violence, vulgarity and the assault on the common human decencies (as Alistair Cooke defines the new barbarians of today), will never occur until we find a way to adapt the world to the benefit of men's souls, instead of warping them in the name of efficiency and administration. Competitive teams instead of assembly lines are being used right now in Sweden to give a better chance to individual effort, to pride in craftsmanship.

No, the better way in this sea of mediocrity, frustration and cynicism is to work on a magic island. And that magical island is the place where no one stops you from doing your best. You have let no one discouragement beat you down, but instead have shown rare courage in a lad your age, to do better, to try again, to have your name associated with a better article.

My congratulations to your mother and to yourself, Archie, from all of us. You can give yourself a large helping of honest pride in the work you have done. Thank you.

(Mrs.) Jacqueline Howe
Essay Chairman

**REPORT OF FATHER PAT BOOK SALES
AS OF APRIL 30th, 1976**

| | |
|---|----------------|
| Cash in bank as of April 30th, 1975 | \$ 2.43 |
| Sale of 28 books at \$1.25 each. | 35.00 |
| Add bank interest. | 3.07 |
| Less bank service charge | .20 |
| Cash in bank as of April 30th, 1976 | \$40.30 |
| | |
| Books on hand | 567 |
| Books on consignment. | 48 |
| Total | 615 |

Respectfully submitted and moved,
R. F. Gale

**ARMSTRONG-ENDERBY BRANCH
OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

President's Report — May 12, 1976

The first regular meeting of the newly formed Armstrong-Enderby Branch of the Okanagan Historical Society was held on Wednesday evening, May 12th at 8 p.m. in the Parish Hall. Thirty-seven people were present.

The minutes of the organizational meeting were read and moved for adoption by Gerald Landon, seconded by Dave Jones. A motion endorsing the suggested executive for the coming year and that elections be held annually in March was moved for adoption by Jessie Anne Gamble, seconded by Helen Drake. The suggested editorial committee with Jim Jamieson of Armstrong as editor-in-chief was approved and it was moved by Jim Sutherland, seconded by Merle Armstrong that Ruby Lidstone be added to that committee.

President Jack Armstrong mentioned several items: (a) Coffee would be served at the conclusion of the meeting and there would be a silver collection to defray the hall rental; (b); The Vernon group auction off old annual reports to defray costs and anyone having old copies and wishing to donate these could do so; (c) Mr. Norris and Mr. H. N. Walker were the original founders of the society and some recognition should be made to both men; (d) Mention was made of Caroline Bawtree's book "Reflections Along The Spallumcheen" and Ruby Lidstone's book "The Schools of Enderby and District 1893-1965; also the forthcoming History of North Enderby 1896-1950 by Dave Jones and Ruby Lidstone; (e) Potential projects. Museum Society, the historical society could support this. Enderby Brickyard, Moffat's Flour Mill, The Lawes Family, Growth of Enderby Hospitals and Growth of Enderby Sawmills.

Lee Christenson, president and Jack Henniker, secretary-treasurer of the Vernon Branch were present. Mr. Jim Jamieson reported the sum of \$158.84, the balance of a dormant account which would be turned over to this branch.

A car load of Kelowna visitors attended the meeting. Mr. W. J. Whitehead asked for albums of old pictures and newspapers, also old books and obituaries for a display at the Armstrong Fair, to promote the Okanagan Historical Society. It was mentioned that Mel Johnson and Ron Gardiner might have old newspapers and pictures. It was suggested the branch might try to obtain a 1936 Jubilee History of The Vernon News. Mention was made of the Pandosy Mission at Kelowna which is open every day and Sunday and is well worth a visit. Also mention was the Railway Museum at the old CPR Station at Summerland.

Guest speaker for the evening was then introduced by the president. He was Mr.

Hume Powley of Kelowna, newly elected president of the Okanagan Historical Society which was founded in 1925. Thirty-nine Annual Reports have been printed to date with the 40th coming up this fall. The price of \$4.00 per copy is being kept. Deadline for stories is June 1st but a few extra weeks may be allowed with absolute deadline being July 1st. Last year 1800 copies were printed and they expect to publish 2,000 this year. Mr. Powley described the make-up of the society with each active branch entitled to two directors, also one member of the editorial committee on the parent body. These people to be at the summer council meeting in Kelowna.

The main object of the parent body is to produce the annual report. Mr. Powley suggested a tape library and a picture library. Mention was made of the Brigade Trails and the contact person, Mr. Harley Hatfield of Penticton. He spoke of the Field Days in conjunction with the Boundary societies, the Oliver Branch Field Day on Father's Day and the opening of the Summerland Museum on June 27th. The Essay Contest has only one entry this year. Night classes on Okanagan history have been held in the Kelowna College.

In conclusion Mr. Powley welcomed this new branch into the fold. He then showed some interesting slides of the old Kettle Valley Railway and the Great Northern Railway through the Boundary Country, with numerous trestles and rock cuts. Coffee and cookies rounded out a successful evening. Ruth Parker moved the adjournment.

R. E. Lidstone
Secretary-Treasurer

PRESIDENT'S REPORT KELOWNA BRANCH — 1976

Mrs. T. B. Upton held an executive committee meeting on April 25, 1975. She then presided over the 50th anniversary picnic which was held on May 11, 1975 at the Father Pandosy Mission. Those were her last official functions as President of the Kelowna Branch. Following Mrs. Upton's untimely death, the committee held three meetings, reorganizing and resuming normal business.

These meetings culminated in the Annual General Meeting of the local branch. This was held in St. Joseph's Hall, Sutherland Avenue, Kelowna on April 14, 1976. A gathering of more than 190 persons attended the dinner. The committee was able to report a successful sale of Historical Reports. Eight-five per cent of the 600 copies of the most recent issue (Number 39) had been sold to date, as well as many of the back issues and reprints. A continuing steady sale of Ogoopogo's Vigil was reported.

A memorial fund dedicated to the late Mrs. Upton, Mrs. Mumford and Mr. Collett, subscribed to an amount exceeding \$450, will be used to commemorate their contributions to the Society.

In a brief look ahead, mention was made of the reopening of the Kelowna Museum. Mrs. Surtees, Curator, had indicated that facilities would be available once again for Historical Society meetings. The hope was expressed that a program of open meetings could be resumed. Upon the completion of Society business, Mr. Dave Stewart, author of "Okanagan Back Roads" gave an illustrated talk. This covered some of his travels through both the Interior and the West Coast of Vancouver Island. In closing, the enthusiastic support provided by the members of the executive committee was acknowledged. Their willing devotion to Society affairs exemplifies the work that has kept the organization alive and active for a half-century.

Respectfully submitted,
F. J. Pells
President, Kelowna Branch

**OLIVER/OSOYOOS BRANCH
PRESIDENT'S REPORT**

The Oliver-Osoyoos Branch has enjoyed an interesting, perhaps lazy year. Our 15-member executive has met three times and has taken care of all necessary business. We have held two general meetings. The first in the fall when Harley Hatfield was a most interesting and appreciated guest speaker. Then at our spring Annual General Meeting Ed Lacey was guest speaker with motion pictures of the Okanagan Game Farm.

We participated in the opening of both the Okanagan-Omak and Osoyoos Museums. The Branch has 45 members and has a bank account of \$250. We have been most active in selling Reports and in co-operating with any worthwhile activity in our field. We were delighted that so many attended the annual picnic held on Father's Day at Tamarack and hope that many will again attend at the same place on Father's Day. It is hoped that many will take advantage of the invitation to come the day before and camp overnight when a big campfire will make it a good family outing and there will be a good chance for yarn-swapping and singing.

The whole Branch was saddened by the death of our friend, Mrs. T. B. (Primrose) Upton. We have had several deaths of old-timers in the area and these are lost bits of history.

We hope everyone enjoys the AGM. Mrs. T. H. Lewis has certainly been a tower of strength for this event and, as a Branch, we appreciate her efforts. We are also grateful to Sadie Gregory for being our secretary for 1975 and we appreciate the work of all officers and executive members. We look forward to a good year in 1976.

Respectfully submitted,
Carleton MacNaughton
President

**PENTICTON BRANCH, OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY
President's Report - May 2, 1976**

The Penticton Branch has had an active year with a number of new members and continuing interest by the old. The 50th Anniversary Picnic and Barbecue was held May 10, 1975 at the Okanagan Game Farm and saw some 350 members, old-timers, relatives and friends in attendance. There was no formal program but everyone enjoyed meeting old friends, riding the saddle horses provided by George Lawrence, and riding in the buckboard behind a team with Bud Gawne complete with cutaway coat and top hat as driver. Due to the warm day and dry location, the First Aid Tent showed a profit of \$250.

In place of a winter General Meeting members were invited to attend a series of five lectures sponsored by the Okanagan College. Duane Thomson and Charles Chapman spoke on the Indian Land Claims; Joe Harris on Railroad history; Dr. John Gibson on Rumrunning in the Okanagan; Harley Hatfield and Victor Wilson on Historic Trails; and Dr. Margaret Ormsby on A Pioneer Gentlewoman — Mrs. Allison.

The Heritage Advisory Committee, made up largely of Okanagan Historical Society members from the Okanagan-Similkameen Regional District, had an active year. Unfortunately, the status of the Keremeos Grist Mill is unchanged and about all that can be said on the plus side is that there has been increased interest in this historic site.

Individual members made many field trips with the archaeologist locating sites, particularly stone cache pits, stone ceremonial locations and campsites. Further sections of the Okanagan Brigade Trail were located and marked under the leadership of Harley Hatfield. Harley has also taken groups of history students on field trips. It is hoped these students will help to map the trail in detail.

Unfortunately the terms of reference of the Heritage Advisory Committee were

changed by the Regional District Board and the Committee unanimously agreed it was useless to operate under the new terms. It asked to be relieved of the duties in February but to date has had no reply.

A new interest has been shown in local historical programs by the Penticton Cable Television Company and by CHBC-TV's Mike Roberts "Focus" from Kelowna. Excellent productions have been made by Victor Wilson and Randy Manuel locally and by Mike Roberts. It is to be hoped that tapes of these programs are being preserved.

At the last Executive meeting the Penticton Branch donated \$500 to Curator Joe Harris of the R. N. Atkinson Museum, Penticton, for staff to up-grade the cataloguing and filing of historic pictures and archives belonging to the Society and the Museum.

Material was donated to save "the Ellis tree" on Windsor Avenue and the operation was a success.

Respectfully submitted
Dr. John J. Gibson

VERNON BRANCH, OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Annual Report - 1975/1976

During the past year the Vernon Branch has held three General and three Executive Meetings. At our October General Meeting, Mayor Stuart Fleming was our guest speaker. He gave an outstanding talk on local history. Our November meeting was in the form of a workshop on historical projects. This was organized by Victor Wilson and resulted in many worthwhile suggestions. The guest speaker at our Annual Meeting in March was Mr. Ted Osborn, Manager of the Coldstream Ranch. He gave a very interesting talk on the history of the Ranch from 1863 to the present time. All meetings were well attended and we were pleased to welcome visitors from Armstrong, Enderby, Kelowna, Penticton and Lumby.

As part of the events, during Historical Week in Vernon, May 4 to 10, several members of the Vernon Branch attended the re-dedication of Pioneer Cemetery Park. Members of our Branch attended 50th Anniversary events at Kelowna, Penticton and Oliver-Osoyoos. The Vernon Branch has been asked to assist in locating the Okanagan Brigade Trail, north of Ewings Landing. There is considerable interest in this project in our area and we can look for action in the near future.

We are pleased to see the reorganization of the Armstrong-Enderby Branch and wish them success in the future. To the members, editorial committee and executive, thanks for your interest, help and cooperation.

Respectfully submitted,
S. L. Christensen

**OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY
1975 REPORT OF PANDOSY COMMITTEE**

We had four students under the Opportunities for Youth, a Federal Government scheme, from May to the first of September. They did a very good job cataloguing and marking all our exhibits. They also cleaned the different houses and escorted visitors around the grounds. This was perhaps the reason why our donations and sales of brochures were nearly double what they were last year.

We had the barn roof braced, it takes a little off the looks but there is no doubt that it is much stronger. Leo, our caretaker, continues to do good work in keeping the buildings and grounds in good shape. He has been making crosses out of iron nails which he sells, giving half the proceeds to the Mission. Visitors were down a bit from July of 1974, perhaps on account of the cool weather, but well up the latter part of the summer.

As with the rest of the Society we have missed Primrose on the Committee, she did so much for it. I would like to thank our secretary and Len Piddocke who have done a lot for the Mission and also all those who have donated to the Mission in money or articles for exhibits.

G. D. Cameron

**OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Pandosity Mission Restoration Committee**

OPERATING STATEMENT — 1975

RECEIPTS:

| | |
|---------------------------------|-------------------|
| Government Grant per O.H.S. | \$1,400.00 |
| Donations and sale of brochures | 807.42 |
| | 2,207.42 |
| Cash in Bank January 1st, 1975 | 365.51 |
| Cash on hand Do. | 5.29 |
| | \$2,578.22 |

DISBURSEMENTS:

| | |
|--|-------------------|
| Barn: roofing, bracing, etc. | \$ 981.00 |
| Blacksmith Shop: roof, etc. | 114.34 |
| Topping and cutting up trees | 250.00 |
| Fencing | 37.85 |
| West Kootenay Power Co. | 74.29 |
| Water connection caretaker's residence | 26.00 |
| Insurance | 75.00 |
| B.C. Museums Assoc. membership fee | 20.00 |
| | 1,578.48 |
| Cash in Bank December 31st, 1975 | 994.45 |
| Cash on Hand Do. | 5.29 |
| | \$2,578.22 |

I have examined the vouchers and records of Okanagan Historical Society, Pandosity Mission Committee, and in my opinion the financial affairs of the Committee are in good order.

K. S. N. Shepherd
Certified General Accountant

**OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY
REPORT OF TRAILS COMMITTEE FOR 1975-76**

The struggle for preservation of the wilderness northwest of Manning Park still goes on — neither won nor lost.

You will remember that this area contains considerable lengths of: Blackeye's Trail, date of origin not known but certainly hundreds and possibly thousands of years old; of A. C. Anderson's route of 1846; of the Hudson Bay Company Brigade Trail of 1849 to 1861; of the Whatcom Trail of 1858; of the Dewdney Trail and its Capt. Grant's Diversion or Hope Trail, built in 1860 and '61; of the Vuich and Ghost Pass Trails dating back to the early part of this century.

You will also scarcely need to be reminded that because of the interesting and romantic history of these trails and their essential place in our story of the Interior country your Society is working hand in hand with the Okanagan Similkameen Parks Society for the saving of this wilderness. Probably our most effective effort is letters from individuals to our local M.L.A.s, to the Premier, to the Hon. Grace McCarthy, Minister of Recreation, and to the Hon. Thomas Waterland, Minister of Mines and Forests and M.L.A. for the area concerned. Good support is being received from many historical, outdoor and naturalist organizations.

An interview with the Ministers was granted to a joint delegation of O.S.P.S. and the O.H.S. before the session of the Legislature and then cancelled. It is hoped now to have it after the session. The O.S.P.S. has put out more literature appealing to the Government and to the public.

Exploration of the area and the trails goes forward. The Parks Branch cleared much of the Brigade Trail last year and expect to complete it this year. North Shore Hikers cleared the Hope Trail up the Skaist. We have been working on exploration re-locating and photography of the Dewdney, Whatcom and Brigade Trails. New guide sheets for hikers on the Brigade Trail are available.

Not enough was done on the Okanagan Trail last year, but some progress was made in relocating it south of Deep Creek and at the north end of Myer's Flat. It now seems probable that it went through where Oliver is and up to the bench to the south of the Sportsmen's Bowl, rather than through the site of Fairview.

A word on the nature and operation of the "Trails Committee": Your Chairman gets so much help from different members and friends, scattered from Victoria and the Lower Mainland to the Similkameen, Tulameen and Okanagan and from Osoyoos to Sicamous, that it is completely impossible to acknowledge them all by name; co-operation on the ground, in photography and giving talks, in research, in correspondence, in trail-clearing, in petitioning the Government, in map-making, and in every possible way. For what must at times seem sheer egotism, for apparent neglect of help and offered help, my sincere apologies. The only excuse is that there is so much to do and so little time.

Respectfully submitted,
H. R. Hatfield
May 2, 1976

**REPORT ON HERITAGE ADVISORY COMMITTEE
TO THE REGIONAL DISTRICT BOARD**

This was appointed by Government Order in Council with terms of reference to make representations to the Regional District on heritage preservation in the district. The Regional District members did not appreciate the forwardness of the Committee. Things went from bad to worse. In February the Committee asked to be relieved of the appointment. It remains in abeyance. It was assumed that the By-laws 107 - No. 4 (something about the addition or omission of the word "and").

The Act has been in force and operating satisfactorily elsewhere. The Committee now awaits attrition before being re-activated.

MEMBERSHIP LIST

As of July 15, 1976

All addresses are B.C.
unless otherwise indicated.

HONORARY LIFE MEMBERS

Bagnall, Guy P., Vernon
Bagnall, Mrs. Guy P., Vernon
Cameron, G. D., Kelowna
Cawston, A. H., Keremeos
Dewdney, Mrs. W. R., Pentiction
Ingersol, Mrs. H., Vernon
Manery, S. E., Cawston
Ormsby, Dr. M. Vernon
Sismey, Eric D., Naramata
Porteous, Major Hugh, Oliver

INDIVIDUAL MEMBERS

Adams, Mrs. C. R., Summerland
Aitkens, Mrs. Edith M., Falkland
Alexander, J. M. Lindsay, Kelowna
Allen, Herbert E., Victoria
Allen, Mrs. J. A., Kaleden
Allingham, T., Oyama
Argue, Mrs. E., Oliver
Argue, Mrs. F. E., Oliver
Armstrong, John D., Enderby
Akrigg, Mrs. Helen B., Vancouver
Altwein, Sig., Westbank
Ashley, Mrs. H. Ganges
Ashley, L. S., Kelowna
Atkinson, Miss E. Louise, Summerland
Bach, Mrs. Paul, Rutland
Baird, Robert A., Enderby
Baker, Mrs. Sarah, Pentiction
Balsillie, D. G. Victoria
Banner, Allen, Vancouver
Banner, Mrs. Charlie F., Vernon
Banner, Marnie, Mica Creek
Banner, Ross, Mica Creek
Barber, Raymond G. Kelowna
Bateman, Mrs. Ivy L., Summerland
Battye, Clement, Pentiction
Beaven, Mrs. N. C., Vernon
Beckr, Williams Lake
Bell, Mrs. F. C., West Vancouver
Bentley, Mrs. Molly, Summerland
Beuls, Alice L., Vernon
Bidwell, L., Kelowna
Billard, Vera M., Vernon
Biller, Mrs. J. T., Vernon
Bingley, Mrs. A., Vernon
Bingham, Mrs. Lucy, Summerland
Bird, P. F. P., Kaleden
Black, Dr. Donald M., Kelowna
Boone, Mrs. E. F., Oliver
Dr. J. A. Boone, Vancouver

Boult, T., Oliver
Boxwood, Mrs. J., Pictou, Nova Scotia
Boyer, C. M., Kelowna
Broderick, Mrs. George P., Okanagan Falls
Brown, Mrs. Ann, Oliver
Buckland, D. S., Okanagan Mission
Burrige, Mrs. S. W., Revelstoke
Burton, Alva A., Summerland
Bush, Mrs. Agnes, Cawston
Cail, Anna C., Vernon
Campbell, D. K., Vernon
Cannon, Dr. H. E., Abbotsford
Carney, Dr. J. J., Vancouver
Carpenter, Mrs. G. R., Vernon
Carter, C. J., Vernon
Casey, Mrs. I. E., Kaleden
Casorso, V. R., Oliver
Cawston, Mrs. Verna B., Vancouver
Christensen, S. L., Vernon
Christensen, Mrs. V. T., Vernon
Clayton, F. R., Salmon Arm
Claxton, J. J., North Burnaby
Clerke, Bob, Vernon
Coggan, Mrs. A. D. Pentiction
Collen, Mrs. B., Oliver
Collen, Mrs. B. D., Oliver
Collins, A. J., Pentiction
Colquhoun, Mrs. W. H., Vancouver
Conroy, Mrs. Agnes, Vernon
Constable, Frank, Kelowna
Corner, R. W., Kelowna
Cossentine, Jack, Pentiction
Covell, Ray, Kelowna
Crooker, Fred, Keremeos
Cutler, C. I., Pentiction
d'Avila, Joseph M., Oliver
Da Silva, Nelson, Oliver
Davies, V. V. S., Pentiction
Dawe, Mrs. G. S., Vernon
Day, A. L., Naramata
DeBoice, J., Vernon
Deering, A. J., Falkland
DeHart, F. G., Kelowna
DeHart, Mrs. N. E., Kelowna
DeHart, Mrs. V. T., Kelowna
de Latour, Mrs. A. M., Oliver
Deuling, Mrs. Phyllis, Lumby
Deuling, Mrs. Rosemary, Lumby
Dewdney, Edgar, Pentiction
Dobbin, Doreen, Westbank
Doeksen, R. W. G., Kelowna
Driver, Mrs. G. W., Osoyoos
Dunkley, Melvin J., Armstrong
Elliot, David, Kelowna
Elliot, G. A., Kelowna
Ellison, Kenneth V., Oyama
Engel, C. W., Salmon Arm

- Evans, Mrs. Olive G., Penticton
 Fairweather, Mrs. P. J., Osoyoos
 Falconer, David G., Vernon
 Ferguson, Janice, Westbank
 Fillmore, D. C. (Q.C.), Kelowna
 Fisher, D. V., Summerland
 Frank, Mrs. H. M., Vancouver
 Fry, Julian E., Westbank
 Gale, R. F., Kaleden
 Gawne, Mrs. D. H., Penticton
 Gawne, D. H., Penticton
 Gayton, Mrs. M. E., Summerland
 Gerein, Don, Mica Creek
 Gibbard, L. A., Penticton
 Gilroy, Alan J., Kelowna
 Gootel, E., Vernon
 Gillard, David A., Prince George
 Goldsmith, C. O., Vernon
 Gore, Mrs. Fred, Kelowna
 Gore, W. B., Westbank
 Graham, Glenn G., Vancouver
 Grant, James, Vernon
 Greer, Mrs. A. W., Vernon
 Grywacheski, Glen, Vernon
 Hall, Robert O., Kaleden
 Halliwell, Walter, Kelowna
 Hamilton, Wm. Dunn, West Vancouver
 Hanet, Fred, Kelowna
 Hansen, Albert I., Vernon
 Hanson, Iver, Okanagan Centre
 Harding, Mrs. J. F., Oliver
 Henderson, A. D., Penticton
 Henniker, J., Vernon
 Henniker, Mrs. J. Vernon
 Heriot, Miss Joan, Vernon
 Higgs, John, Lumby
 Hirst, H. O., Naramata
 Hobbs, Mrs. Harry, Burnaby
 Hodge, Syd, Kelowna
 Hogarth, Mrs. R. A. C., Victoria
 Holmes, Mrs. M., Osoyoos
 Holden, Claude W., Penticton
 Howard, Don, Penticton
 Howard, Philip H., Penticton
 Hunt, Mrs. W., Penticton
 Hunter, Ernest B., Vernon
 Hunter, Mrs. John, Vernon
 Iverson, Robert M., Oliver
 Jackson, Mrs. Charlotte, Vernon
 Jacobson, Daniel K., Lumby
 Jamieson, James E., Armstrong
 Jerdine, Mrs. R. A., Oliver
 Jordan, Mrs. M., Calgary, Alberta
 Kaul, A., Vernon
 Kennard, Thomas A., Kelowna
 Kidston, Mrs. J. R., Vernon
 Kidston, J. R., Vernon
 Knox, Donald R., Kelowna
 Koenen, Ms. R. K., Honolulu, Hawaii, U.S.A.
 Koersen, W., Enderby
 Laidlaw, J. B., Penticton
 Laidlaw, Kenneth James, Penticton
 Lambert, Jack, Cawston
 Large, Mrs. Alice, Vernon
 Law, C. E., Keremeos
 Lawrence, Mrs. V., Vernon
 Ladner, Mrs. Max, Vernon
 Land, S. J., Okanagan Centre
 Legg, Mrs. P. G., Vernon
 Leng, Mrs. George, Vernon
 Lewis, Mrs. Dorothea, Osoyoos
 Le Lievre, Doris, Penticton
 Lindsay, Alfred George, Penticton
 Little, Miss M. E., Vernon
 Littlejohn, David P., Naramata
 Littlejohn, J. B., Naramata
 Lundy, Mrs. Martha, Penticton
 Lyal, Richard, Vernon
 Lyons, Mrs. R. A., Vancouver
 Lywak, Mrs. Tyrill M., Penticton
 MacBean, Don, Vernon
 McCallum, Mrs. A. F., Vernon
 MacCleave, Mrs. Elsie M., Penticton
 McCulloch, Mrs. M. M., Kelowna
 McCulloch, Mrs. Vera, Vernon
 McDonald, Mrs. Frank, Penticton
 McFarland, D. E., Penticton
 McGuire, Mrs. M. V., Vernon
 McKay, Miss C., Okanagan Mission
 McKenzie, Allan J., Summerland
 MacKenzie, D. D., Victoria
 McLennan, Mrs. S. A., Oliver
 McMechan, Paul A., Summerland
 McMynn, J. D., Naramata
 MacNaughton, E. R., Sidney
 MacNaughton, F. C., Oliver
 MacNaughton, Mrs. F. C., Oliver
 MacNaughton, J. B., Oliver
 McPherson, F. Perley, Penticton
 McQuillin, Mrs. S. A., Kelowna
 McWilliams, W. F., Victoria
 Marriage, Robert F., Kelowna
 Marshall, G., Naramata
 Marshall, Dr. J., Summerland
 Mason, Gladys M., Vernon
 May, R. Ben., Penticton
 Meldrum, Mrs. J. J., Victoria
 Melling, Mrs. Harry, Eagle Bay
 Melvin, Miss L., Vernon
 Menzies, H. N., Vancouver
 Middleton, William A., Vernon
 Midgley, Thomas N., Penticton
 Mills, Monica, Armstrong
 Mitchell, Mrs. J. H., Oliver
 Monford, E. B., Rutland
 Montford, Miss Zella J. I., Rutland
 Moore, Eric, Penticton
 Morgan, Mrs. Anita, Summerland
 Morrow, Geo. H., Vernon
 Munk, Robert, Vernon
 Munn, A. R., Summerland
 Myerhoff, Mrs. S., Vancouver
 Naylor, L. Reed, Okanagan Falls
 Neave, J. Len, Kelowna

- Neave, Mrs. M. C., Kelowna
 Nelson, R. P., Vernon
 Newman, Ivor J., Kelowna
 Newton, John S., Summerland
 Niechaj, Richard, Oliver
 Nicholls, David H., Westbank
 Noyes, Mrs. J. A., Naramata
 O'Kennedy, Shannon, Kelowna
 Oats, J. F., Setubal, Portugal
 Oram, Miss E. M., Vernon
 Orr, Mrs. Donald, Summerland
 Osborn, C. D., Vernon
 Painter, Alan F., Okanagan Mission
 Parkins, Roy, Penticton
 Powley, Hume M., Kelowna
 Peterman, A. N., Oliver
 Pettigrew, Mrs. J. D., Kelowna
 Phillips, H. J. Vernon
 Phillips, Ivan E., Summerland
 Piddocke, J. L., Kelowna
 Pohl, Mrs. Thelma, Osoyoos
 Porteous, Mrs. K., Penticton
 Pryce, Mrs. E. M., Penticton
 Pruesse, F. A., Oliver
 Purdy, Mrs. P. L., Vancouver
 Ramsay, James S., Kelowna
 Reader, Reginald R., Vernon
 Reed, Mrs. Keith
 Reid, Archie A., North Vancouver
 Reid, Mrs. J. A. Keith, Guelph, Ontario
 Reid, W. H., Kelowna
 Rice, Mrs. H., Kaleden
 Riley, Mrs. I. E., Vancouver
 Ritchie, Mrs. George, Salmon Arm
 Ritch, J. A., Kelowna
 Ritchie, Peter, Oyama
 Ritchie, William R., Cawston
 Ritchings, Mrs. G., Vernon
 Roadhouse, W. T. L., Kelowna
 Robertson, Gordon, Penticton
 Robey, Ronald, Vernon
 Robey, Mrs. Ronald, Vernon
 Robinson, Ralph J., Penticton
 Rorke, H. O., Penticton
 Ross, Douglas H., Vernon
 Saddler, Mrs. Delta, Langley
 Sands, W. H., Victoria
 Saunders, Don., Vernon
 Serra, Mrs. Johnny, Armstrong
 Shannon, Mrs. Eric, Oliver
 Sharp, Mrs. R. L., Kelowna
 Shaw, Mrs. H. W., Sr., Penticton
 Shaw, John D., Penticton
 Sigalet, Mrs. W. A., Vernon
 Simard, Mrs. Isobel, Enderby
 Simmons, Clarence V., Sorrento
 Simpson, N. Vernon, Oliver
 Sismey, Christine, Penticton
 Sismey, Eric D., Penticton
 Slater, L. C., Kelowna
 Smith, A. T., Lions Bay
 Smith, Gordon D., Summerland
 Smith, Mrs. K. H. Merritt
 Smith, S. R., Enderby
 Smuin, Lorenzo, Penticton
 Snow, Mrs. C. B. Summerland
 Snowsell, Allen, Kelowna
 Sparling, Mrs. Ethel W., Penticton
 Steel, Donald, Penticton
 Stephens, Leslie E., Kelowna
 Steuart, Mrs. Iris, Summerland
 Steuart, W. A., Summerland
 Stuart, Charles E., Kelowna
 Sugars, Roger, Westbank
 Swales, J. E., Kaleden
 Tait, Miss Doreen, Summerland
 Tait, Eric M., Summerland
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of the

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HISTORICAL
SOCIETY'S

ANNUAL
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