Your Community Paper

THE SIMILKAMEEN STAR

The Voice of the Valley

Forty-Eighth Year; No. 16. PRINCETON, B.C., THURSDAY, 15th APRIL, 1948. 5c per Copy; $2.00 per Year

WE CAN WIN THE OLYMPICS AND STAGE THEM TOO, AND MAKE SKI SPORT PAY WELL

—Says Bertie Irwin

The Champion Son of "How We Done It" Is Much Concerned About What We Could Do, and Tells Here About "How We Are Gonna Do It."

CANADA hasn't a chance to win the ski Olympics; but Canada has every chance to win, and to stage them too.

That is, we have no chance the present way, but every chance if we capitalize on our advantages.

This is the reasoned verdict of top Canadian skier Princeton's Bertie Irwin who rose by his own determination from this uplands town to match the best —and fail. because Canadians don't have a chance in the present set-up.

They could and they ought to. and it will be very good business for Canada to see that they do.

Folk will listen to Bertie. if they are wise. He is no punch-drunk athlete. no mere ski enthusiast. He is a solid and successful young citizen than whom few have set a finer example of accomplishment.

Ski-ers will listen to him, for he showed how before he said how. And sensible citizens who have no ski-sport craze will listen, with good sense for good sense.

Bert has just come back from the most successful sale of ski resources on earth, with the conviction that Canada has more to sell than Switzerland.

Ski Sense

Princeton-born and Amber true, this son of Amber. perhaps the best skier Canada has produced is not so much crusading for Princeton as Canada at large and Vancouver in particular.

Twelve years ago "Pop" Irwin got a grudge. He didn't like the way Princeton's new ski sport catered to Princeton's kids. So he fortified that grudge with a chisel and a pair of tin snips and a few of his discarded tobacco cans for patching, and thence sprang Amber, a little club in a little uplands town that has reared from local kids a succession of champions who have won more honors for their alma mater than any comparable group. perhaps ever. Bert's own two boys. chief instruments of his grudge, have just come back from the Olympics. Others have kept up the sweep of the prizes in their absence. For Bert of the first generation, sitting in the old home with a curious expression over the ideas of Bert of the second generation for Bert of the third generation who crawls and chortles at their feet, the ski world violently begins and ends with Amber.

Bertie III

In that close-knit home your vote will cause no schism. You may see young Bert's as the truer. wider loyalty. You may agree that it is natural in the viewpoints of different generations. Young Bert is too good a son to lack gratitude for what his dad did for him. Perhaps he has the right, the responsibility, to do as much, his way, for his boy.

Bert came back from St. Moritz, like the rest, empty handed. That is pretty well a new experience for Bert. He didn't even come close. But perhaps he did.

As Bert poised at the take-off on the big St. Moritz hill, the spotlight of the ski world for the moment settled on him, he was well aware what it meant. It was the supreme moment of a long, arduous career that began as humbly as any could. One run would make him an Olympic great, or just a lad who got to the Olympics. There were two other factors—a stiff hill, and 90 of the world's top ski-ers. It was not enough to master the hill; he had to do it faster than any of the experts. And Bert felt much like a home - town gofer who finds himself in an international championship. The tricks of the course test the skill. Bert had everything to win and nothing to lose in playing for top stakes. To choose a safe course, checking your speed to your security, would do in your own class. It wouldn't here—his team - mates proved that. To risk beyond your skill was the risk you had to take to have a chance. He took it — a bee line down the big, bumpy hill—and piled more than half way down He has no regrets. That was the gamble. It very nearly clicked.

We Have It

Bert, of course, would have preferred not to gamble. He would rather have been safe at a pace that would win. And you can't do that unless you have the same chance to acquire skill at it. That's why Bert says we haven't a chance. right now.

But we have plenty of chance to have a chance. We have just as good hills as they have in Switzerland and just as fine scenery and as much snow, with

There is nothing in Switzerland distinctiveness too.

to compare with Vancouver. where the mountains rise high right out of the water, a winter playground right on top of a beautifully situated metropolis, a world port. Switzerland's alpine resorts are that and nothing else and they are mostly a long way from cities and industrial centres.

In Vancouver in April, when the ski snow is gone at St. Moritz, you could see ski thrills in balmy comfort, with the ships coursing below, and within an hour be enjoying a round of golf in an evergreen playground, or sitting in on a baseball game.

As You Like It

That, properly exploited, with a Canadian background, should be a tourist magnet, thinks Bert.

Besides, you have a city of a half million right at your feet. and no Washington coast city has anything like it so close at hand. The ski trek should be all the other way.

Yet little Princeton can show a clean pair of ski heels to Vancouver in just about every respect. But that just shows what Vancouver could do.

There are some ten thousand skiers in Vancouver right now, in spite of the long trek up the north shore hills. But the average Princeton youngster gets more ski-ing in one week — of a shorter season — than most Vancouver devotees do in a year. That's the real secret of Amber's astonishing success. As soon as they are old enough to stand on skis, they just step outside and ski. You can do that in most parts of Switzerland, too, but hardly in downtown Vancouver.

Beaten But Better

There is no doubt that the kids have put ski-ing over in Princeton. and in a remarkably short time, too. Twenty years ago a pair of skis was virtually unknown here. Youngsters very soon grow up. And you can't have a ski-mad youngster and a totally indifferent parent. No better example than the Irwin family, pillars of Amber, where three generations are automatically infected.

In a local way. that has its obvious limits. Princeton can't hope, other things being at all equal, to hold its totally disproportionate advantages. The

(Page Sixteen)

Amber's Clean - Up Man - -

The big boy with the snow-shovels is Noel Paul. He didn't make the Olympics, but he does not seem to be doing so bad, eh? He cleaned up at home in this Olympic year — Canadian combined championship at Banff and best man at Hollyburn. The dame? Who knows? Who cares? We're sure Noel just puts up with them too.

He celebrated leap year by out jumping all opposish.

Bertie Came Close - -All Or Nothing Olympic Bid Missed

BERTIE IRWIN—also ran. But a split second, a daring gamble, held the fate of a plodding, careful quest. He gambled, whose nature and whose attainment had been so opposite; he slipped and crashed. He failed, with the climax of the vision before him. But he has no regrets, and no alibis.

Bertie doesn't exactly put it that way as he sits once more in his old home in the twilight of an ambition, but he is too true and fine a lad to deny that that is just about the score

In that old home whence fifteen years ago he set out, a green but serious lad, to climb as high as he could the uncharted slopes of an ardent sport love he knew he knew nothing about, here he sits again in the twilight of a great quest, and tells manfully, with neither bravado nor false modesty, how close he came, and how he failed. He doesn't put it that way, but that's how it is.

It is hardly right to talk of failure about a lad, born and reared in a small uplands town that up to the time he started out had hardly seen a pair of skis, who goes on to represent his country at the Olympics.

And in Bertie's own book it was hardly failure either, for he had no illusions. Nobody of understanding conceded him or the rest of Canada's representatives a chance against the world's top notchers in ski sport. It was enough that three Princeton boys should be picked—Bertie. brother Bill and clubmate Noel Paul —from this uplands town of two thousand. It was more honor than we. as a town, deserved, and already we were the prouder of them for that. And they themselves, who knew more, knew how small was their chance to return home triumphant with Olympic laurels.

Vital Moment

They had done well. We knew they would do their best for we knew their mettle.

That mettle was at the test as Bertie crouched at the take-off at St. Moritz. For a moment the supreme spotlight of ski-sport was on him—a lone, tense figure poised for action on the biggest stage, the eyes of the elite upon him—just a Princeton boy.

But Bertie was not overawed. He had fairly won the right to be there, by doing his best, and he was going to do his best — he owed that to them, to himself. It was the focusing point of a lifetime's ambition, of fifteen years of effort, and he was going to do his best. He wrote that in his last letter home before the big day. That must be just about the ideal frame of mind in which to enter a big test.

He Gambled - -

Bertie had his plan thought out. He was not just going to do his average best; he was going to take a chance worthy of the supreme occasion — and do his best at that. The odds were all against but it was a long chance or no chance at all. His average best stood no chance at all against aces who were infinitely his betters. If he chose his usual course, set by his own sure skill, he had no hope of beating men whose course was much more skilled.

There was just one chance — one run.

The hill was designed as good golf course is—with traps. It was long and steep. And it was bumpy. Bert took one look at it and knew ordinary caution would not do. The man who survived the risks would win, and he was up against the best.

If he checked his speed to suit his sure skill, a good run for him would be hopelessly outclassed here. If he played their game and made it, he might win It was a long chance but the chance of a lifetime—the only chance. He was going straight down, all or bust, and do his best at it. It was a tough hill, and in his own class his technique would have been different

- - And Missed

Well. Bertie fell. It was so near and yet so far. He negotiated more than half the classic course at speed and daring he had never attempted before, and his skill—and his luck held. Then he fell. No excuses, he just fell. He knew it could happen any time at that risk. He banked that it wouldn't — and did his best not to let it. That was his gamble. If it did, he was done.

And it worked out that way. That crash took about half a minute. The winning time was about three minutes. A tenth of a second meant the difference of a place, for there were no stooges.

A crash at that pace takes something out of you, too, with the throttle wide open and, no controls. He finished in a daze, and felt the jar for days afterwards. It probably affected his chances in later events. That was the gamble.

He finished 34th in field of

(Page Sixteen)

It's A Skimale

Penticton has got door-to-door delivery. As an older and better in every way place (who said progressive?) Princeton should be satisfied with nothing less than this. Appropriate, too, for no one can deny that our shemen pack the mail. This is how they done it when we were in Singapore, or was it Siberia? Anyway, we snapped this somewhere, and we just gotta have an excuse to use it.

JOHNNY RAY SUN VALLEY JUMP CHAMP

Laura Allin Comes Close As Johnny Wins One Continental Crown

ALMOST AMBER

Aces Disappoint But There Is One Bright Ray—

IT was almost Amber at Sun Valley. The aces, form showed, had it in them to lift continental titles at the renowned school-age classic.

But the aces fell down. It would still have been a creditable showing on their form. But a surprising youngster came forward to come up to the big occasion just when it overcame them.

John Done It

Johnny Ray was the outstanding Amber entry, and he won the jump to bring home the only title to Princeton—and Canada.

Similkameen sunray Laura Allin came mighty close, and Dot Macaulay did all that was expected, and more.

Andy Kassa, prime favorite, had a tough time. A broken ski didn't help.

The whole lot did jolly well, and with a bit of luck might have sprung a sensation.

Sun Valley is all they say of it and more—and not for sweet charity. Angel Ted Cook brought back a grand set of pictures, and they all had a rare experience. Jimmy Allin was their coach; no, they went by car.

Johnny Ray—First in jump; 18th in slalom; 26th in downhill 8th in combined.

Laura Allin — fourth in the downhill; 3rd in slalom; 3rd in combined.

Dudley Paul—third in jump; 16th in slalom; 34th in downhill.

Andy Kassa—19th in downhill 20th in slalom; 14th in jump.

Dorothy Macaulay—9th in slalom; 8th in downhill.

OUR ETHEL HI-OCTANE

Of Course The Rest of The Gang Did All Right Too at The Hollyburn Classic

NOEL PAUL won the headlines at Hollyburn, and got his pitcher took with a couple of sirens, but we're sure No-will not mind surrendering the home town headlines to a Vancouver Amberite the big town doesn't claim.

Ethel is a nurse in training in the big house and housework is still a big chore with the probationer. So she doesn't get much chance to she.

She walked up to Hollyburn on her a.m. off, cleaned up the slalom, then went back to clean up the slop from a couple of appendectonomies (the blank word isn't in our Oxford; maybe in the appendix).

Just Like That

Now Ethel done just that last year at the Revelstoke title meet, and we still like to think of her as an unspoilt kid with freckles, which is top story in our book.

The rest did well, and Noel, as we said, cleaned up.

Senior Downhill—3. J. Ray; 4. N. Paul; 6. A. Kassa; 7. D. Paul,

Class A Jump—1. N. Paul; 2. H. Sotveht.

B Jump—2 W. Paul.

Four way combined — 1. N. Paul; 2. W. Paul.

Cross country and jump combined—1. N. Paul; 2 W. Paul

Slalom—1. N. Paul; 7. A. Kassa 9. D. Paul; 14. J. Ray; 17. W Paul

Junior Boys, Slalom — 1. A. Kassa; 2. D. Paul; 4. J Ray.

Downhill — 1. J. Ray; 2. A. Kassa; 4. D. Paul.

Jump—1. J. Ray; 2. D. Paul; 3. A Kassa; 5. S. Kassa.

Cross-Country—3. D. Paul; 8. J. Ray; 10. A. Kassa.

Four Way Combined — 1. A. Kassa; 2. J. Ray; 3. D. Paul.

Women's Slalom — 1 Ethel Irwin; 2. Laura Allin.

Downhill —1. Laura Allin.

THAT LOVABLE BAD MAN - -

(from Page Six)

them—a slab of bacon and a bag of flour, a shirt and a pair of trousers were his simple commodities.

Money he probably regarded as a conventional annoyance, and he was careless about it, both ways. Evan Thomas recalls that Jack got a contract to haul equipment to Summit Camp mines. Dornberg, the promoter, was a liberal man, and did nothing on the cheap. He paid the expenses. It was a four or five day trek, and there were several men. Evan was asked to get supper on the first day out. He found—a slab of bacon, a bag of flour, and some baking powder. He pointed out to Jack that the men would rebel. "Isn't that enough?" asked Jack innocently. and commissioned Evan to go back to Schubert's in Tulameen and get whatever he needed. On the same job he bought a horse which was never paid for. No doubt Jack sold on the same basis. If Jack ever heard of income tax it was with a deaf ear.

The Resourceful Horse

In his day, though, he could be alert enough, it seems. Ole Berger recalls that when he came here Jack was running a livery stable. He went to buy a horse, and the quotation was $60; and you could get a potential derby winner for ten dollars in those days.

Just the same, Jack was always short of funds, and even in those good old days everyone couldn't do business that way. When Jack failed, he would always go off to sell a horse, and the notion grew that the resourceful horse was in some old stump. But if Jack had any hidden treasure, he certainly never lived lavishly, and more than one roamer shared his humble fare. Of late years at any rate, Jack Budd was just what he seemed—a very simple man.

The spectacular aside. Jack had his chance to do well enough. He was in business several times. It was always the same. Thirty years ago, a local man recalls, Jack borrowed $1500, with the ranch as security. "Judge" Murphy came down from Granite Creek to supervise the transaction, and this man was a witness. Thirty years later they met in the same hotel—and the investor still had—the receipt.

Very different was Jack's 'horse sense". When he was very old and shaky, the same man went out with him, saw him operable on a horse with something more than professional skill.

At 17, Jack confided—and he could never be accused of telling too much — Jack won the rodeo championship of Texas.

Race track gold and glory always lured him — that super strain at 99 — but here too he showed no great power.

Good Bye, Old Timer

Luke Gibson, on the other hand, sent one or two stunners to the big tracks.

How long Jack would go on in his little half-world became a matter of local conjecture. When they got him into hospital, it was pretty generally agreed he would never come out, but for a long time he continued to confuse them. He just went on from day to day, secretly living for the day he would go back to ranch and range. Then he quit trying—grew tired of it. That was it.

In hospital he renewed an old association with ex - neighbor Sam Gibson. When Sam left, Jack was weary. "Good-bye, old timer," Sam said, "I guess we won't ride the Five Mile range together again." "No," agreed Jack, "getting . . pretty tired."

It took many days for the news to seep in that Jack was really gone. A vulture or two came in, but there was nothing to pick. An official fate probably awaits that bare, mysterious old ranch back of Baldy.

With the old timers it was different. In their thinning ranks on such rare occasions of reunion, prejudices are submerged in the larger pride of loyalty to tradition . . . something very real in sentiment.

And old timers from whom you could not pry a secret with bar or bribe, rush out—Lor' bless 'em defensive like, to tell you you were wrong about that. An old timer's passing is something that defies description.

The Real Secret

Well, we can tell you — as a result — and we hope it will be taken sympathetically as given in a sincere attempt to tell the truth about a remarkable life that deserved it, at a time when there can be no malice and no hurt—that Jack was 100 years, two months and seven days when he quit living. He had two daughters, two brothers and three sisters and his real name was McDonald.

Jack's real secret — and what would explain a lot—was as poignant as human breast can bear. This is told by intimates who held it in a sympathy which all in whom the hillsman's code still glows will share.

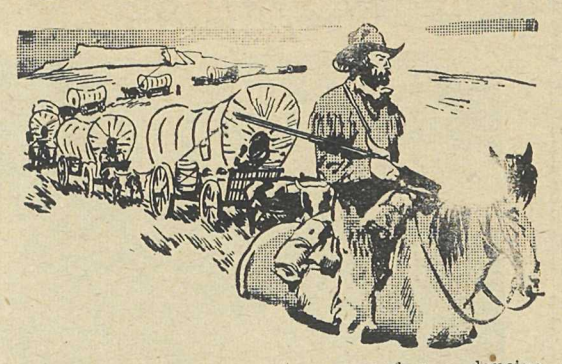
It was the usual story of the other man. Jack did not rest a minute after he found out. He never looked at his wife again. He got on his horse and headed north. He did not stop for two days and two nights to sleep or eat. He did not really rest until he got to the Nicola country. The man, it is said, was shot.

There are still old fashioned folk who prefer honest sin to broken faith.

So Jack came to Princeton and staked a pre-emption back of Baldy in 1898, and duly applied, and then presumed.

In those days there was a fee of a dollar an acre, later a blanket fee of $10.00. It was almost easier to buy. Percy Rowlands and partner got 640 acres for $75.00.

PIONEER DAYS



In time Jack took naturalization and the name he gave was John Charles Budd, and said he was born in Texas in 1852.

Jack had told local folk that he was just too young to go to the Civil War (1861-65).

In six years Jack established himself as a sufficiently singular man to keep folk from being too inquisitive.

Welcome, Suave Stranger

In 1904 a singular man of a very different stamp appeared in embryo Princeton. He was straight and spruce, and looked quite the part of a retired southern soldier. Despite reports, he was not particularly tall — five feet eight or nine, but his athletic spareness and his erect bearing — he is said never to have bent his back, always from taller. And he had a youngish face.

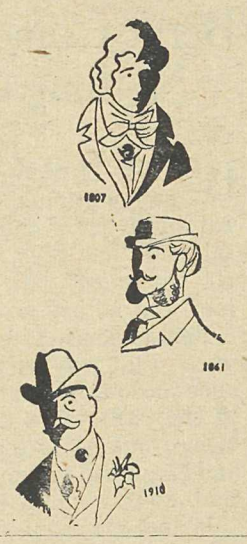
He dresed in the frontier elegance of the times, impressively mascuine, but with nothing of the cowboy about him. His linen was meticulous. his cravat right, his broad-rimmed hat far from any slouch, his sandy moustache well trimmed and faintly curled, his manner brisk but friendly. his eye keen and his speech correct but with no affectation, only the tinge of a southern drawl.

There were the slightest pock marks on his face, and one or two remember a dancing girl tattooed on his left arm.

There was a sort of innate dignity, a friendly aloofness, that made investigation seem a mite impudent. His was a quietly commanding personality.

He was at ease in any company, on any subject an interesting conversationalist, master of any situation, and just such a man as most men could not help envy a little. There were often guns at his belt. but they never looked more than part of his dress. He gambled a little, but there was nothing of the bully or braggart about him, nothing that did not become a gentleman of his day. He graced the best of local society.

He visited the bars—they were the established places of masculine society—and he frequently stood the drinks. But he was never seen to take a drink.

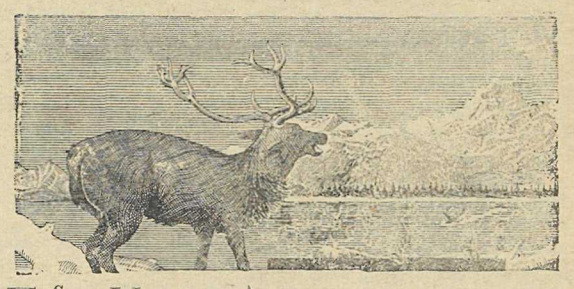


Nor was there any hauteur. He had a manner for everybody, and an interest, too. He was at ease with the cowboys and with the minister. His chivalry was apt and easy he was never forward, but certainly never offensive, with the ladies. and he had an open hand. He loved to scatter silver for the boys and he won more than one man's gratitude by a trusting loan, or by helping with a mortgage.

Nor did he err in extravagance. He had a nicety of balance, an easy grace and an implied command of manner that won easy acceptance, for he kept an easy distance. He never worked, but it is pretty safe to say that any question of his resources arose, like other suspicions, after the truth was known. His suaveness was his ace and it is very doubtful if anyone but the secret few knew George Edwards for anything but what he so easily was. Why should they? They were all newcomers, and those were days of open house. An anti-social offender was ostracized well inside the law, but a man who behaved had a right to his own business. That was the frontier code. And here George Edwards' record was somewhat better than scrupulous. He graced any occasion.

He spent his time between Hedley and Princeton, was accepted on equal terms in both towns. In Hedley he stayed at the hotel, was a man about town occasionally sat in on a mild

(Page Nine)



Fifty Years Ago . . .

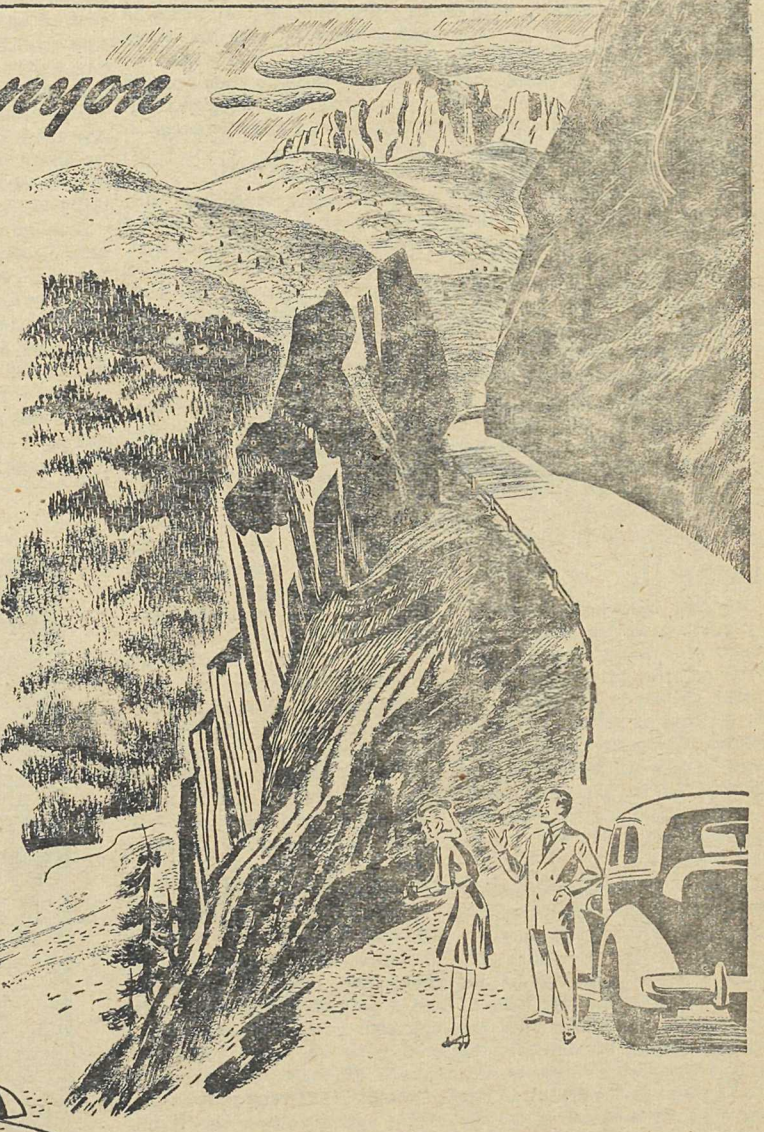
Our surrounding hills were covered with silky bunch grass up to the horses' withers . . . there was a sawmill . . .and trees . . . on our main street . . . deer came down to drink . . . there were no bag limits . . . Of course there are still "wolves" on our streets, and we won't say anything about dear drinking . . . but we're really serious in asking you to help preserve a valuable resource in scenery and wild life. Prevent fires . . . and slaughter . . . in the woods . . . ***and Join the***

Princeton & District Fish, Game & Forest Protective Association

DOMINION SALES BOOKS
at THE STAR

MEET AND MIX FROM COAST TO COAST IN CANADA

Astride the Fraser Canyon



BUILT by Royal Engineers in the roaring "eighties," the highway through the Fraser Canyon is one of the engineering marvels of all time, yet it is only one of the scores of magnificent tourist attractions of British Columbia, Canada's most scenic province.

In 1946, fifty million dollars may be spent in British Columbia by visitors enjoying its unexcelled beauty spots found in every area of the province—many of them seeking homes or farms, or wishing to invest in our industry, to the greater development of the vast resources of this most favoured section of Canada.

But for the most valuable post-war development of the Dominion in unity and harmony from East to West, we need more than tourist travel; Canadians themselves should move more between the nine provinces.

Only 5% of the adult citizens in Canada have seen all sections of the Dominion; 40%—nearly half our people—have never travelled beyond the boundaries of their own province. Truly—travel should begin at home.

This message is the second of a series supporting the efforts of our Government's Travel Bureau and Provincial Tourist Associations to make travel a major Canadian industry. Offered in the public service by:

UDL

UNITED DISTILLERS LIMITED
VANCOUVER AND GRIMSBY, CANADA

TOU-4

GOOD OLD DAYS

THAT LOVABLE BAD MAN - -

(From Page Eight)

game of cards, attended the balls

And much the same in the budding young Princeton. It was nothing odd that he stayed at Budd's. They were known to be schoolboy friends. He was not in town every day. Ranch folk never were. It was not odd that he reclined in Hedley. He was not a rancher; he had means. His other occasional absences were even better explained. He had claims in Mexico, or they were on a local prospecting trip. Everybody had a "mine in Mexico" in those days, and a prospector never advertises his potential treasures until they are safely in the vault. His movements allow some latitude.

Folk saw their outfit go, like many others. Anything suspicious is suspected in what we know now. Our pioneer towns had no reason to feel it, and the whole story is proof that they did not.

The Dancing Master

From the issue of the Similkameen Star of 24th December, 1904, are three contiguous items appropriate to our theme:

S. R. Gibson arrived on Saturday to visit his brother Luke (an early mail rider who had a ranch beyond Budd's) He greatly apreciates our dry bracing air

∎ ∎ ∎

Kit Summers lassooed a coyote on the outskirts of the town, which he thought might be trained to some useful or amusing purpose. but the brute was so cantankerous that Mr. Summers sent him to his long home by a short cut.

∎ ∎ ∎

Judge Murphy (a colorful veteran, not really a judge) was down for the holiday from Granite Creek (a late paper?) His keenness for reminiscences is undimmed.

It was on this visit that Mr. Sam Gibson showed his skill at calling the figures at a ball in the court house. Shortly afterwards he came permanently to our bracing air. took a ranch alongside his brother's.

The next festive season was a real one for rising Princeton.

Mr. A. E. Howse, prominent Nicola business man, saw more to Princeton than its bracing air, and made many investments including the sawmill.

But his biggest was a—for the times—huge department store, familiar until destroyed in 1944 by fire, and bigger than anything we have to-day.

A Train Robber And An Umbrella

It was rightly opened with a grand ball, just before Christmas, and Mr. Lyall. the manager, asked Mr. Sam Gibson to share the honors as master of ceremonies. His colleague was George Edwards. and he apeared in cut-away tails, with diamond cuffs, tiepin and rings, was altogether the outstanding personality of the ball.

There is a report that he slipped, and a gun was seen beneath his tuxedo, but there would in that day be nothing alarming about that.

Such events only established him as a man of culture and of quality.

Dancing was his great love. He never missed a dance. Princeton, Hedley, Keremeos, Olalla, he was always there. In those days merrymakers were more venturesome. It was nothing to go by saddlehorse or buggy just to dance to a piccolo and fiddle.

And he was usually the beau of the ball, a good dancer almost knightly in his manners with the ladies. "I danced with him many times," says Mrs. Waterman. He invariably held a handkerchief to avoid touching his partner's dress.

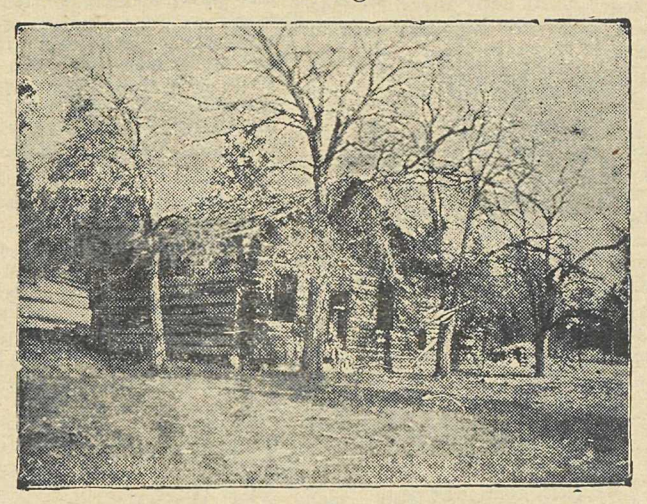
At a dance in the Hedley schoolhouse a lady brought an umbrella—despite the dry bracing air. She laid it down carelessly. The attentive and correct Mr. Edwards was most concerned. It might be lifted!

Mr. and Mrs. Waterman went down—and up—to see the new mill—a smoking automaton against the massive, sombre rock. On the hill, transfixed. was Old Bill. It had roused the stern muse in his manly soul. " It is like Dante's Inferno", quoth Bill.

If the truth were known, it might be found that Bill was mightily interested in that mill. with an interest more practical than poetic. Forsooth, there was gold in them hills, and that mill.

Jimmy Riordan is said to have discovered it in the form of globules sucked from the rock by his campfire. There couldn't be a mine without a romance, and Nickel Plate was just about the most spectacular goldfield of its day. The Guggenheims were there. A modern mill was packed in, several hundred miles.

The Allisons' Okanagan Home - -



Riordan's romance apart, M. K. Rogers thought enough of it to change his busy plans. He was in Victoria, ready for a boat to Stewart when he saw some ore samples that attracted him. They had been left by two prospectors Arundel and Woolaston—arsenical ore with a cobalt stain.

Another Great Man

The well-planned expert cancelled all his plans, sought out the two English prospectors and came at once to Similkameen; hired Indians to shovel out a trail—it was February — and climbed up the 7,000 foot snowbound hill to take his own samples and stayed till the mill was going smoothly. His brother Wesley was also there.

There were many outcroppings but the first tunnel was driven at the present camp site. It was later that the rich pockets were worked by glory-hole — Sunnyside No. 1 (nearest the tramway) and No. 2. By hand work more than two million dollars was taken from the two small surface diggings.

The skip went in in 1903 and the mill was finished the next year. Hedley began to boom.

It was a good camp, for the great M. K. was a fine, human man. He wore his greatness with quiet dignity; there was nothing of the czar about him. He was fair and easily approached — an expert mining man, and he knew miners, and they knew him, and respected him as a chief in the fraternity. He neither smoked nor drank, but there was nothing narrow about him. His influence was felt; Hedley has always been a good camp.

In the town below there was more speculation. A hotel soon went up, and Schuberts were on the job with a store. A road soon went up to Princeton, and the stages came through, and on to Penticton. One of the later drivers was Al. Johnson.

George Edwards paid hospitality to the new town. His manner was. as at Princeton, meticulous.

He was never seen up the hill. No one recalls seeing him with Louis Calquhoun, who worked at Nickel Plate.

But Old Bill was probably quietly sounding the lay of the land. First, there is his presence in Hedley, then his association with Calquhoun; and the fact that at Ducks he just missed a Hedley gold brick—it was in the baggage car; he robbed the mail car.

But Hedley gold bore a charmed life. Never once was a gold brick intercepted. The mine people played just the same simple commando game of the obvious disguise as Bill did.

The gold. it seems, was simply put in the safe at the company's store. A suspicious stranger would be conspicuous in the company camp.

Then the brick was simply slipped into an ordinary sack of concentrates—no doubt secretly marked — and sent over lonely roads, utterly unguarded, by wagon, with dozens of other sacks. Not even the driver knew if he had a brick, or which sack it was in. At any rate, Bill made no direct attempt on Hedley gold

He was undeniably a smooth worker, and it is generally felt that he was aided by inside contacts. This was openly said of the railway and penitentiary. but tips would be very difficult to get at Nickel Plate.

$80, 000 Slips By

Bill must have secretly gnashed his teeth as solid gold slipped through; one brick is said to have been worth $80,000. But he kept his poker face, his smile of interested unconcern

So for two years he innocently alternated between Princeton and Hedley — with occasional "prospecting trips." In Hedley he was great friends with the well known contractor, McLean. More than once he stayed — out on a trip—at Percy Rowlands's. more than once Percy returned the compliment. That was the custom. There was nothing to suspect.

The general impression was that he was a man of some means who had come to invest in Similkameen — and he had no lack of offers. He could talk mining. "Yorkie" Meiher will vouch for that. And Yorkie staked for him the Red Star claims near the Arcaa, hill, and got paid for it too. Yorkie was one of the Nickel Plate originals, and a champion contest driller.

But Yorkie claims his game was all too smooth for those hard-bitten hardrock men. "I knew he was a hold-up," Yorkie says. "The fellows told me," he defends when pressed.

But certainly the well informed didn't. Percy Rowlands, later a magistrate, still chuckles over how Bill put it over. The imperturbable Percy wasn't shocked. "We thought it was a great joke' he says. Mr. Waterman, too, was very soon to become the magistrate, and he too regarded it with his usual sense of humor.

An Eye On The Door

There were, however, some mannerisms later reconstrued. Miner always picked a spot at at the bar near the door, leaning with his elbow, angled towards the door. He walked with his thumb in his pocket. And Yorkie remembers that he walked very slowly — as if he had flat feet. But they did not think of him as 'Old Bill." He had a young face, and did not look his years.

A woman whose mother, on a neighboring ranch, washed his clothes, says they sometimes found thousand dollar bills in the linings.

One day in May, 1906 Mr. Edwards and an attendant passed the neighboring Gibson ranch. They had come from Budd's, with a pack outfit, and were prospecting bent, heading for the One Mile trail and Aspen Grove, where, as was well known Budd had copper claims, near Pothole Lake. It was near noon, so they stopped and had a neighborly bite to eat, bought a bag of feed for the animals, and went on. That was the last time Mr. Edwards was seen in these parts—openly, at least.

He was riding his favorite animal, familiar to all residents of the time, a burrow belonging to his friend, and widely known as "Budd's ass." His companion was Shortly Dunn, a local hillsman and ranch hand, who had been in these parts for years an easy going, good natured lad liked by everyone. Certainly we have never found anyone who suspected Shorty of being an international bad man.

A few days later Princeton awoke to the shock that Edwards was the nefarious Bill Miner, public enemy No. 1, and that he and Dunn and a third man known here had been captured by a posse following the train robbery at Ducks, and that Dunn had been wounded in a gun battle.

Foiled - - By A Farmer

Dunn came back to Princeton after his release from penitentiary, and lived for some years, holding more than one position of trust with sterling loyalty.

Of a frank, guileless nature, he made no bones about the facts of the affair, felt no visible remorse but packed. in his own un-vicious way, a private grudge against what he claimed was a let-down.

The prospecting guise was simple camouflage. They went to Aspen Grove, but went on to Nicola — where Bert Irwin saw them — and to the main line of the C.P.R. near Ducks, a mere landmark east of Kamloops.

There were three of them now. Edwards, Dunn and Louis Calquhoun. Calquhoun had been seen occasionally in Princeton, but was not a familiar figure. It is believed he came from the Coast, and that he had taught school. He was a gaunt, sallow complexioned youth, somewhat tubercular, and he is said to have ded from this ailment in penitentiary.

Like Dunn, he is considered to have been a mere tool, and neither had any part in Miner's earlier American exploits.

They hobbled their horses — one of which was somewhat fiery — and left them in a nearby field. The hold-up job came off smoothly at night.

But when they came for their horses, they were gone. The farmer had found them, and, puzzled, let them loose.

A quick get away was naturally a vital part of their strategy. They would cache their loot, be sighted as quickly as possible in prospecting guise in the Aspen Grove area. ostensibly having gone in somewhere near there to look for ore, and make a leisurely and casual return home. Quite possibly one was left to prospect, and to push on to an appointed rendezvous with relief horses.

This, said Shorty, was the role of Jack Budd.

The loss of their immediate animals was a nasty blow, especially since Miner — he was then 65—is known to have had bad feet.

A Slip Of The Belt

The robbery was on 18th May. A posse immediatey took off, with constables, specials, detectives and Indian guides — and bloodhounds.

Four days later Constable Fernie sighted the three men near Douglas Lake, and soon overtook them. Miner put up an excellent bluff.

The constables examined various articles and tossed them in a pile. Apparently found nothing.

"All right, you fellows can pick up your stuff and go."

Each man began to sort out his belongings. Miner picked up and put on a belt. The police, apparently careless, were watching closely. That belt had been slyly slipped in. It had been picked up at Ducks. The smooth Miner had bungled again.

They looked up to find themselves covered. Dunn, an expert gunman, whipped out and emptied his weapon. But he hit no

(Page Ten please)

Not Monarchs of All We Survey

But since Princeton was young, serving Similkameen's progress .

Insurance
Real Estate

P. W. GREGORY
TELEPHONE 28

Your Pioneer Drug Store
Serving Similkameen Since 1900
Princeton Drug & Book Store
Telephone 15

PRINCETON HOSPITALITY IS TOPS...

Even in the "fifties" travellers making the trek over the old trail from Hope to Princeton found a friendly welcome and real hospitality.

P.B.

PH-4

Princeton Properties
Limited
Owners of Princeton Townsite
P. W. GREGORY Resident Agent

THAT LOVABLE BAD MAN - -

(From Page Nine)

one. A shot brought him down, hit in the thigh. Miner and Calquhoun made no effort to draw, surrendered quietly. That, swore Dunn back here years after, was a let-down. It had been agreed, he said, that if cornered they would shoot it out.

But his main grouse was that the get-away man had not waited at the rendezvous with the horses. He said that man was Budd. That may never be known or whether, if Budd it was, it was anything but a routine arrangement for horses. Budd was not seen in these parts for six months afterwards, by which time Miner had escaped under peculiar circumstances from penitentiary.

Somebody started to stake his ranch in his absence.

The horses loosed by the farmer at Ducks eventually came back to Princeton.

The three suspects were taken to Kamloops. A gun found on Miner was identified as the one taken from the mail clerk in the Mission robbery the year before.

The Jig Was Up

The trial was a fortnight later before Judge Irving at Kamloops. An official from San Quentin came in as a witness, immediately spoke to Miner by name. "Edwards" ignored him. The officer pulled up Miner's sleeve, revealed a dancing girl tattooed on the arm and other body marks entered in the San Quentin records.

Nevertheless, it was no runaway. A. D. Macintyre put up what was acclaimed as the ablest defence ever heard in Kamloops. The jury disagreed.

A second trial was held immediately. This time the verdict was "guilty." The boyish Dunn broke down. The other two "took it philosophically."

Dunn and Miner were given life terms, Calquhoun 25 years. They were taken to penitentiary at New Westminster.

Miner, an amazing man, was ever a model prisoner—and his record showed he had plenty of practice. He took to the Bible and literature. He worked well, was friendly with the guards.

Miner Shot Sheriff; Partner Lynched

He was first sent up to San Quentin at 19, for three years, on 5th April, 1866. He was out two months later.

A month later he held up a stage in Colorado, was sent up again for five years. He was out in 1870, but by June of the same year was sent up for another ten years for a Calaveras County robbery. He served only seven months, was again released on court order.

He was right at it once more, and finally had a narrow squeak on a $3600 stage job at Del Norte California. These were his lucky days, for his partner was lynched, hung to a tree by an irate mob, but Miner got away with the loot.

So He Came To Us

There was a touch of bravado, following success in several minor jobs, about his return to Del Norte, but it proved costly. He had to shoot it out—squelching the myth that he never fired a gun — and wounded a sheriff before getting away, hotly pursued. He was trapped in Sacramento. This time the law had its blood up, and on 30th March, 1872 he was sentenced to 13 years in San Quentin. But the law soon forgot again, and he was freed in 1880.

His gratitude was to turn to bigger stuff, and he robbed the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company at Corbett. Once more he went to San Quentin, this time for 25 years. This time they were slightly more severe, but five years were cut from his sentence. He was released in 1901.

A remarkable man he was, but more amazing is how he continued to bluff the law. Up to the time he headed across the border, he had been sent to San Quentin five times. Every one was a spectacular robbery—stage coaches, trains. A partner had been lynched. He himself had wounded a sheriff. He had established a clear course as a professional bandit, had perhaps a score of jobs.

That Strange Power

Time after time he was sentenced. He might well have got life at the second or third conviction. In fifteen years he had been convicted five times, given a total of 58 years. In the 34 years from his first commitment to his final San Quentin release he had served only 23 years of his aggregate 58 years sentence. Time after time he was prematurely freed, only to repeat.

It is natural that a popular legend had grown up around this daring, romantic, often foolhardy character by this time, a cultured, stalwart, genial man whose magnetism was such that after four deceptions he was still popular with his jailers.

These were the spacious 90's. These were the boom times of the west, with a rugged, cavalier spirit afoot, a sort of personalized hangover from the hell-roaring gold rushes. There was certainly nothing staid about the tempo of life in any western city.

The James gang swept popular imagination like a meteor, and there were many lesser luminaries. From the time of Will Lawless and Robin Hood the outlaw, with his own code of rough honor has held an exciting appeal for a civilzation resentful of the inevitable inequalities of the power politics of the democratic system.

The lady who slips a pair of stockings into her bosom before the customs, the millionaire who hops the fence for a tempting melon and the schoolboy who plays truant are all rebels of the emotional ilk, and the healthy urge can lead to unholy extravagances. It would have been interesting had Jesse James run for president. In labor strikes and revolutions lofty principles often run to amazing distortions, where "too much goodness doth corrupt the world."

So it is blasphemy and treachery in mob intoxication to point to simple right. Clear thinking is needed to justly judge men like Miner. A shocked Princeton conscious of the cost to reputation, perhaps went to the opposite extreme, but there were thousands all over the land, who had never known his charm, who would have thrilled to hide or help him.

Was Miner With James?

The James's undoubtedly exercised a psychological influence over Bill Miner, and there are versions that there was a distinct connection. Jack Budd told here that he knew the James boys, and it it pretty certain that Miner therefore did.

A local offer has been made to this reporter to show him, within 48 hours from Princeton, where the James gang, incorporating Bill Miner, had its holdout.

There were obviously many who had ordinary dealings with the James gang, such as supply men and horsemen, whether they had any link with them, or any inkling of their identity at the time. After their exposure, just as with Miner, these associations would be revealed. Al White, who was in the vicinity of Telluride, Colorado in the 80's, knew more than one man who had personal contact with the James boys.

Bill Miner was 63 when he came to Princeton, and we have traced his record from the time he was 19. There had certainly been plenty of opportunity for the authorities to identify him with the James boys. If he was not with them in those years—1866 to 1901, from the time he was 19 until he was 63—then he was not with them at all, except—which is unlikely—possibly before he was 19.

Miner and Budd were schoolboy friends. That has been said for 50 years and never denied, though there is utterly no legal surety that Budd had anything to do with Miner's exploits. He was never charged in any connection with the Ducks and Mission jobs, and he was here for 40 years after.

But they were schoolboy pals. Budd said that, said he knew James. Again that is no reflection on his legal innocence and does not mean that he was involved with either or that Miner was invoved with James. There is no proof that he was—the inference is all otherwise.

Miner was, checking dates, four or five years older than Budd. Budd was about 50 when he was first known in these parts. He came to Princeton to stay in 1898. Miner, who was in San Quentin from 1881 to 1901, and off and on for 15 years before that, came here in 1904.

The James gang, hailing from Clay County, Missouri, were finished in 1882, when Jesse James was shot, presumably by one of the gang. He was born in 1842, Miner about 1847, Budd 1848.

But the times were congenial as well as contemporary, and the James legend makes the Miner legend easily understandable, and undoubtedly influenced it, both in individual inspiration and public imagination. Certain it is from press clippings of the time—for the Princeton story had world play—there was national and even international sympathy on some levels for Bill Miner, and a certain veneration such as attaches to his type.

He was pictured as a sort of contemporary Robin Hood, for his victims were always big concerns, and he certainly had an open hand. It was said, probably more for him than by him, that he took by personal daring from the powerful who had taken under the hypocrisy of law. For such is always said.

The Parable of The Widow

Once—such is the legend, reputed as fact—he was out on a trip, saw a house, stopped in for the usual hospitality. His elderly hostess was obviously downcast. It was the usual story. Her husband had died, she had mortgaged the place to the typical Shylock. He was pressing hard.

How much did she need? Old Bill took out his roll, waved aside her tearful gratitude, and left.

But he did not go very far.

Just to the cover of the nearby woods. And when the usurer passed soon after with the widow's mite our Robin Hood relieved him of it—and possibly a little quick interest.

Bill obviously would not expound his socialsit theories in his local anonymity, but his unbidden disciples obviously didn't deduce that his socialism left for himself a generous share.

So the world awoke one May morning in 1906 to find that Canada had a distinguished visitor, who had reservations for life at His Majesty's New Westminster hostelry. And Princeton at the moment felt that it had been done rather dirty by Old Bill—he was now so known. And some, like Percy, chuckled.

But a good many felt differently. It took two juries to convict him.

For Life - - More or Less

So Old Bill was in for good. He had already been five times, and most of them could have been for life. But this time they had him, and in Canada.

Within a few months Bill was out again. This time it was different—a prison break. Extras carried the sensational news. But it was not a very sensational escape. Old timers who read the scare headlines to-day talk of it as a walk-out, even a let-out.

It happened on 8th August, 1907, and like so much connected with this amazing man, the published facts are amazing.

Miner, with 29 others, was working in the brick yard, under a guard, with the usual lookout on his patrol platform.

Miner, and three others who escaped with him was wheeling bricks almost the length of the enclosure. It is officially suggested that the four took turns, at smashing a hole in the wood wall. A hatchet was used—so said. How it got there is not explained. Hatchets and hack saws are not ordinarily standard equipment for life-termers.

Though they wheeled in file, all broke through the hole when it was big enough. Nobody gave the alarm.

A Story With A Hole

But there was an even higher fence around the outer yard. With extraordinary luck, they found a ladder there! A ladder against a prison wall! Its presence, undetected, is not explained. Miner was ever an extraordinarily lucky man.

It was six minutes before their escape was discovered. The rest of the prisoners were mustered and returned to their cells. Then the alarm was sounded.

That is the official confession. But—

An employee at the adjoining mental hospital says he was strolling in the hospital grounds He saw dirt flying in the air behind the prison wall. He rushed to the hospital and a telephone call was rushed through to the prison. The hospital man came out to see the capture. The dirt continued to fly, and presently a head appeared above the level of the hole—a hole it would take half an hour to dig. A head emerged, a body in prison uniform, then others — sniffed the free air, and disappeared down the ravine.

The Chase - - Somewhat Late

This is a newspaper report of the time, apparently unchallenged. Could it mean, if true, that the ladder version was a "plant?"

This was at 9 a.m. It was 4 p.m. when the general alarm was given and a posse 30 strong set off with riot guns and found —nothing.

Miner was reported seen at two points in the vicinity.

Warden Bourke of the penitentiary promised that Miner would be back in the cells within 24 hours. But they never got him. Bourke left the penitentiary soon after and wrote his version of the incident for the papers.

There was quite a dust-up at the time.

There seems to be one good lead on Miner's flight. On 12th August a rancher living near the C.P.R. outside New Westminster said a man—whom he instantly recognized as Miner—asked if it was possible to get a meal. He ate—a loaf of bread, three pounds of meat, a quart of preserves, and drank five cups of coffee. His feet were in very bad shape. After a safe interval the rancher told the police.

Miner's escape raised quite an alarm, both fearful and sympathetic. More than one mother herded her babes in early, and and more than one admirer envied the indifferent rancher.

The famous fugitive enjoyed the usual ubiquity. His coat was found in Seattle; he was hiding out on Lulu Island. Only Princeton had no appetite to invent him back.

Naturally, too, the escape made a furor among the more civic minded, and there was no lack of hints of conspiracy.

This much is known, that there were securities in the Mission loot, valueless to Miner, that the owners wanted to get back.

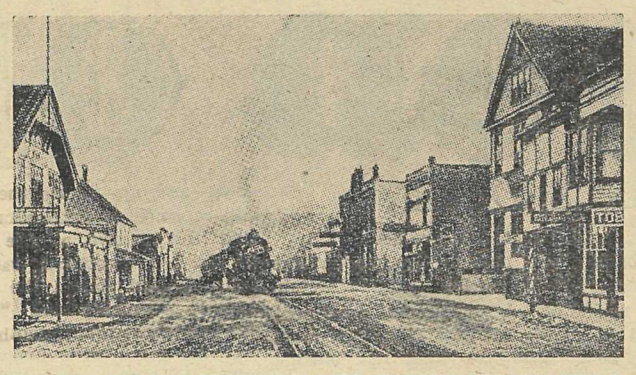
U.S. Agents In A B.C. Prison

Miner is supposed to have bargained with a wagon - driving "trusty" to bring him something cached in a cedar tree at Nooksack, Washington, some 20 miles from Bellingham.

And it is official that a few weeks before the escape a party of U.S. government secret service men did visit inmates in the

(Page Thirteen)

Kamloops in the 80's



These Men

All things grow old: the ancient moon
Was cradled in its cold and hoary grave dim aeons before
The patient rivers leached their tortuous course
With jagged maws to suage the hungry seas
That spill and nibble on the vain resisting shores.

There is a restless spirit in the heart of things
That yet provokes the deathly roaming moon;
There is a fire that smoulders, flares anon,
To gild the cold reflected glow of silent eyes
With vibrant gleam of deathless, pulsing noon.

That strains and staggers from the fated track of Time,
Rebelling at the measured, ordered pace
Of slow revolving evolution,
And storms the vaped walls of Space to scratch
It's fevered image for a day on Time's serene and placid face

And there are men—those wraiths of timeless Time—
In whom the spirit gray of cosmic clay is quickened
By the yearning of desire, to tune its frenzy to the eternal why
And add its atom to the universal pile;
Such men can ne'er grow old, and cannot die.

The challenge of a hill, a wave, a wheel, a woman's glance,
Or any stirring flint to strike the striving steel—
To hunt the forests, and to scour the seas
The earth and air—to build, to search the caverns of the mind,
To strive, to seek, to find, to hope — and feel.

Salute the passion of the forward-reaching past,
Forgive its faults, distortions and extremes,
And in its virtue honor their excuse
The gnawing urge that irks the tempered steel
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use.

They blazed the trails your engines skim across,
Your sleek ships stem from men who sailed before the mast;
They found the gold you draw, but only know its dross;
And pity rather that dull soul that finds
Them dull, the forward-reaching pages of the past.

Friar Tuck

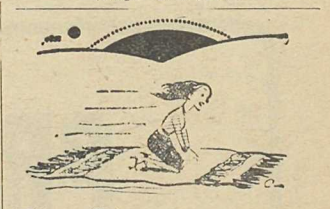
Very old are the hills and the rills that run
Through Time's dim glades to seek the sun
Of social pleasure, so at least in school
They told me, so I'm dutifully prone
To shape their sage philosophy unto my own.

'Tis apt the world should ape the shape,
And so its apes, of the friendly grape;
From Eden's vale its nectar took,
Sans benefit of priest or book,
'Tis true it makes a merry fellow,
And time, 'tis true makes both more mellow.

It's very nice to be a pioneer; all honor to them We all can't be first—the big thing, whenever you came, is to make the best of things — we do, and so do you when you let us—for you.

ROBERTSON'S CLEANERS
PHONE 123 S. BRIDGE ST. BOX 252

PRINTING
★
THE STAR



The Pioneers

didn't have any magic carpets . . foot power was slow and painful . . a jaloppy makes Paul Revere's horse power look like a tail-or made tortoise. It's foolish to pretend in automotive magic. It's wise to get the best in science and skill . . .

RIVERSIDE MOTORS
TEXACO
GIBSON BROS.
★ Princeton 99