RL: Full name and spelling?
AS: Richard Alan Churchill Swan. Of course, I'm always called Alan. In the days before computers, it didn't matter. A-l-a-n.

RL: Your wife's name?
AS: Rosa Irene Swan.

RL: Her maiden name?
AS: D-i-r-o-m. She's from Duncan, B.C.

RL: Your parents' names?
AS: My dad was M-i-n-t-o Swan and Mother was M-a-r-i-a-n. Dad was unlucky enough to have the Earl of Minto in church the day he was baptized and they added it on. His full name was William John Minto and he was about to be baptized William John when the Earl of Minto showed up. Dad said it was a tough name as a child, but as an adult it was fine because he was only the one person with that odd name.

RL: Where and when were you born?
AS: May 2, 1928, in Toronto.

RL: Siblings?
AS: I have two brothers younger than I and a sister who is the youngest of all. Douglas, Peter and Ann.

RL: You were raised in Toronto?
AS: Oh, no. My dad was a parson. We moved to Portage La Prairie, Manitoba when I was about a year old, and then to Vancouver when I was 4. So really I was brought up mainly in Vancouver. Even then, we continued to move. In grade 8 I went to three schools–one in Banff, and one in Calgary after Vancouver.

We moved back to Toronto when my dad went overseas in the war.

RL: What church was he with?
AS: In Vancouver. St. Marks–2nd & Larch.

RL: Where did you take your medical training?
AS: In Queens, in Kingston. Dad came back from the war and we had a year in Trenton and then he took a church in Kingston–well, Portsmouth, which is part of Kingston. Home of the penitentiary, which was easily seen from our house.

RL: When did you graduate from medical school?
AS: 1953. Queens was a 6-year school in those days. They had control of you for six long

years.

RL: Where was your first practice?

AS: At Duncan. I interned at St. Pauls and then went to Duncan, which was partly because Rosa was from there. We were married before I graduated in1953.

RL: How did you two meet?

AS: I had had a job in Kingston one year, but it paid so badly that I joined the navy and was sent to the west coast, then the east coast, then the west coast, and the last summer in the west coast I was an extern at St. Josephs and she was a shift boss in obstetrics, so we really were a hospital romance. She graduated from nursing about a year before then.

RL: When did you first come to the Sunshine Coast?

AS: We came to look at it in October 1954, and moved here in November. We were going to stay a year or two.

RL: What brought you over here?

AS: A lady who–Muriel Ordan, whose husband had an oyster bed at Pender Harbour, said that their doctor was leaving, would we come? I said, no, we were committed to Duncan, but John Playfair might come from Port Alice where he was doing a locum. He did and we joined John there in November.

RL: That was after your commitment to Duncan was over?

AS: Yes. I learned a lot in Duncan. From very senior, very good doctors, terribly burned-out, mind you, but they were good still.

RL: When you came, where did you live?

AS: Lived in Garden Bay, about 100 yards from the hospital. A beautiful view of the harbour. I have a picture to show you. This is Rosa with my daughter, Eleanor, looking out over Pender Harbour from the bottom of the steps of our house.

RL: It doesn't look like that now.

AS: No. The Harbour has changed totally since then. Houses that were the big houses of the Harbour are now torn down to make room for bigger houses.

RL: What was your earliest memory of the Sunshine Coast?

AS: Oh, Rosa and I driving up here from Duncan in October, and still looking for Pender Harbour when we drove out on the dock and all we could see was water. At Garden Bay. We got all that way and the road just sort of ends there, and here we were looking out over the water. Still looking for Pender Harbour.

It was very much more scattered then, than now. Madeira Park is something of a centre now, but in those days it was not. There was, in fact, no power, crank phones–you know,

crank like hell and yell 'Sechelt!' It was really quite a remarkable place.

We had power off the hospital generator, but most of the harbour didn't have any.

RL: How did you travel? By ferry from Vancouver?
AS: I guess we must have. Nanaimo, Horseshoe Bay and then I guess the old *Bainbridge* to Langdale.

I should have said earlier that marrying Rosa was the nicest thing that ever happened to me.

RL: You've been the perfect match?
AS: Yes. We've been very fortunate. I have, anyway.

RL: When did you first see Sechelt, and what was there at that time?
AS: Driving through. Well, it was a tiny logging camp in 1954. There was no mall, of course. There was this tiny main street, but it had a bank and it had the beginnings of a small town, as did Gibsons, which we drove through too.

RL: I'm not discounting Gibsons, it's just that this project is focussed on Sechelt. But I would like to know about the whole Sunshine Coast.
AS: Sure. Well, it was all part of my bailwick, I never identified with any one part after the first couple of years, anyway.

Another thing that is very different is that although the main towns have expanded enormously, Sechelt Inlet, Nelson Island and Jervis Inlet have all depopulated. They were not barren at that time by any means. There were logging camps everywhere. Sometimes big camps. Vancouver Bay had 29 families living there. These were not insignificant communities. Nelson Island had a couple of hundred people. It certainly had a pretty good sized school.

I guess there were even 70 or 80 people on Texada Island at the south end. Not the north end. There were at least 1,000 people at the north end, opposite Powell River. No road connected north to south.

RL: When you started doctoring up here, what was it like? What kind of things did you do?
AS: Very primitive indeed. The hospital at least had been built as a hospital where so many places made do with old houses that had been converted. But this was built as a hospital, but even in '54, when it was only 23 years old, it was very antiquated. Very, very tough to work in, and only got by because of the most dedicated nursing, really. Nothing else could have made it go.

RL: Did Rosa work there too?

AS: She worked in my office. They had some regulation about doctor's wives working in the hospital, which was fine with us because we didn't intend to do it anyway.

RL: When you say it was antiquated, could you give me an example of what that was like?

AS: Well, for example, there was no elevator and if you had to move people from downstairs to upstairs, you had to carry them around and in the back door or up the stairs, or something like that. It certainly helped to have a couple of young doctors because there was no orderly. The lab was a little hole in the wall down in the basement. The x-ray room was grossly inadequate. That sort of thing. Even by 1954 standards. But since it had all been built on a shoestring, maybe it wasn't too unusual.

RL: What kind of patients did you get?

AS: Everything. There were a lot more logging injuries than car wrecks in those days. Today the reverse is true. Many more car wrecks than logging injuries. But in those days there were so many more loggers and it was so dangerous. I got a total lifelong respect for those men–they worked with danger every day of their lives.

RL: What was the most common injury?

AS: Oh, jagger wounds. You know the wire cables had little [bits of wire] sticking out on them and the guys would get stuck with these jaggers all the time. They didn't report a lot of them. They were so common that if they became infected or were particularly ugly, then we saw them right at the beginning.

But everything that heavy equipment can do to people we saw. Broken bones, head injuries, dead men. I think there were 70 loggers killed in my time here. I mean it was staggering. Of that number, about 20 drowned, but not from off the booms. They all drowned in boats. They would regard boats as a sea-going truck–a crummie. Most of them were not good seamen, in spite of the fact that they were on the water so much.

RL: You used to go up the inlets quite a bit.

AS: Oh, yes. Every Sunday to Vancouver Bay and every Monday to Egmont on the way down. So we overnighted in Vancouver Bay, and then went to Egmont. Rosa always went with me.

RL: What kind of things would you do up there?

AS: Oh, mainly just office practice. There wasn't much in the way of minor surgery that one could do. The same in Egmont.

RL: What was the most common ailment?

AS: Well, Vancouver Bay was very much an urban community, in spite of being deep in the bush. These people were essentially town and city people. Egmont was very different. It had no road at that point and was extremely isolated. When people caught something there, they were really ill. Like scarlet fever or chicken pox in the adult population, they

were desperately ill. In spite of the fact that some of them had been in the army. How they ever survived that, I don't know, but they did.

I used to set up in a little house there, and after it was rented I saw patients in what what looked like a big packing case. Horrible place. I remember one time an old gentleman named Pete Day came over from St. Vincent's Bay and he was so old his voice had become falsetto. Pete was a good man, and by that time in his late 80s, I guess. This time I was extracting a tooth with no light, just from the window, and the whole thing was sort of the nadir of my medical career in this area, and old Pete says, [falsetto voice] "Yeah, I've been thinking of moving right into Egmont." I couldn't believe it. Here I thought I was already at the end of the world, and he didn't see it that way at all. Somehow that straightened out my thinking and I've been here ever since.

RL: Did you enjoy those times?

AS: Those were good years in Pender Harbour. Rosa and I lived there nearly five years and they were happy years and good years and productive years.

RL: How do you mean that?

AS: Well the work was extremely interesting. I had to really handle everything from soup to nuts. And this was good. The medical set up was very, very small. There was Dr. Inglis in Gibsons, an old man named Duncan McColl in Sechelt, and Dr. Playfair and me in Pender Harbour, and that was it.

RL: For emergencies that you couldn't handle, there were no helicopters to take them out. What did you do?

AS: They had to go by float plane and of course, if it was foggy, there was no float plane. And you had the usual night time hiatus when no aircraft and no ferry was running, so you were stuck. That was perhaps the hardest thing of all.

RL: What could you do then?

AS: Did the best you could. Stalled when you could, operated when you couldn't, wrung your hands, that sort of thing. You had to do the best you could. And that was, as I said, the end of a lot of good medical people here. They could stand almost anything except that.

RL: You mean for living here?

AS: Yes. They wouldn't stay.

RL: You went into the schools up the inlet.

AS: Yes. There were schools at Vancouver Bay, Brittain River, and at Jorgensons, going up the inlet at Smanit Creek. There was a school on Nelson Island. The school at St. Vincent's Bay was already closed.

Jorgensens–one of the members owned that property at Wood Bay, up here. The old

relief camp. Now that was many years ago, so I don't know too much about that. But they were an old-time logging family and a very good one. Their operation was taken over by Weaver Brothers.

RL: Were they Swedish?
AS: The Jorgensens were, yes.

RL: Did they speak Swedish in the camp? Did you have a language barrier there?
AS: Oh, none at all. No. They spoke accented, but excellent English. They were very religious people. The cookhouse had slogans and whatnot in it. However, they were very good people and I don't mean that in any sense but a complement to them.

RL: What religion?
AS: I don't know. It would be some sort of evangelical faith, though, because they had the slogans written around the walls or biblical quotations.

RL: How many were in that camp?
AS: Jorgensens? I suppose, if it had a school, which it did for a few years, I suppose 25 or 30 loggers there. It used to take a lot more than it does now to run a high lead side, it took quite a few men, plus the truck drivers, the boom men and all the rest of it.

RL: Did you ever get to see the logging operation?

AS: I did at Vancouver Bay, many times. The bull bucker, Roly Parker, used to take me up to see it, and that was when I began to respect loggers so very much. Roly's still a friend, I'm happy to say. He and his wife after all these years.

Yes, he took me up to see the some of the machines in operation, the servicing of the machines, the actual falling, of which he was in charge. The machines were tremendously impressive. This was in the days of the last of the huge old slack-line machines as they called them. The one I remember best was run by compressed air and it was on a huge sled–must have been 6 - 7 feet, the logs that it sat on, and it was the size of a mountain locomotive engine. It was an enormous thing. And I began to realize then how men were killed. This huge equipment whistling stuff up and down. No wonder they wore hardhats.

RL: The logs would come right through the air.
AS: Right through the air, yes. Hard hats had come in, so a lot of men were saved by hard hats, but the faller's pants hadn't, so that was a common injury. A cut in the front of the leg. I often wonder how I could have been so dumb as to not invent them myself. They now have battens that protect the men's legs.

RL: I guess falling would have only recently started with chainsaws around then.

AS: Yes. Chainsaws–when Roly Parker went to Vancouver Bay in about 1950-51, he still had one set of hand fallers, so they went up to about 1950. But if you think of WW II as the division, you won't be far off. And that was an intensely dangerous job. It still is.

Of those 70 men that I saw killed, 20 drowned and about a third of the rest were fallers. Some busted tree or limb would get them. They were good careful men, but some of them seemed to be unlucky. I remember talking a guy out of falling at Vancouver Bay after his third accident. I don't think it was really his fault, but he just seemed to be an unlucky man and falling was not for him. At other times I've seen men of 60 who'd never been badly hurt, so it wasn't always true.

RL: When you went to visit the schools, what kind of things did you do there?

AS: Mainly just a routine exam. I knew most of the children anyway, but once a year the school board would have each child examine. That meant a float plane ride to these different camps, and end up back in Pender Harbour the same day. I'm not sure that I ever inspected the Jorgenson camp, now that I think about it. I was there many times, but it was in Weaver Brother's day more than perhaps in Jorgengson's day.

RL: Were the kids poor, or well fed?

AS: Oh, they were fine. Logging camp kids tended to be very healthy children.

Oh, I forgot Egmont. It had to be inspected, but I guess I did it as part of my weekly round. That would be much more likely. It had a two-room school.

Yes, the kids in logging camps you never worried about. They had a good first aid setup, they had good communications with Vancouver. Really sick children were gotten out. Nelson Island was rather different, but again highly intelligent, good people there. But the colony just sort of disappeared in the late '50s. Now Blind Bay has reestablished, but it is all summer homes.

RL: Did you get to know any of the characters up there?

AS: I got to know all of them.

RL: Are there any that stand out to you?

AS: In the Inlet? Well, the Johnstone boys had moved out of Princess Louisa, but Steve Johnstone was still there. A strange, old man by then. His brother, Judd, lived down by Blind Bay, and he married Dora Jeffries from Sechelt. She was a fine woman and Judd was a good man. His older sister wrote an interesting book called, "Handlogger Jackson." Well worth reading if one can ever find a copy. Bea Swanson had a copy. But that's Judd's older sister, and Handlogger Jackson worked in B.C. and on the Alaska Panhandle. Judd and Dora had a number of children who tended to live in the area. Beautiful daughters. Very beautiful women.

RL: What was unique about them?

AS: The Johnstones? Well, they were brought up in Princess Louisa, which in itself is strange. They used to go on wildman hunts where they were given a little material to live on over the weekend and the rest of it was hunting and so on way up in the mountains there. Sometimes in barefeet. A remarkable story, really. They are a remarkable family.

The Weaver Brothers up in Smanit Creek were an interesting outfit. Rosa's aunt–her father's youngest sister–was married to one of them. So we used to go to that camp frequently.

Then there was a handlogger named Jim Archibald and his wife who lived just below Crab Apple Creek, and their place is up for sale again now. It's been sitting there all those years and there was a sign on the door that said, "Everything that's worth stealing here had already been stolen." Pathetic that people will vandalize anything. And of course Crab Apple Creek was the Pohl Brothers.

There were simply hundreds of people who lived in the inlets in those days. Many hundreds. Now there's nobody. Just Malibu.

RL: The Weaver Brothers–you said they were a remarkable family. How so?

AS: Well, they were just a really good family. They worked as a combination, with various family members doing various jobs in the camp. They made money at it–not big money, by any means. They came from the Duncan area and used to go back and forth by boat, which was certainly an epic trip because they really, like most loggers, didn't understand bad weather. It's a long way from Duncan to the head of Princess Louisa.

RL: How long did it take?

AS: Gosh, I guess they did it in a day, because it was a fast boat–if the weather was at all suitable. But they'd get out there and they had no radio, they'd get beaten up. I remember Bud Weaver running the boat into Dougan Brothers near the bottom end of Texada just barely able to limp in in a storm. Dougans–there's a story written by Charlie Dougan called "My Daughter's Request." Apparently his daughters asked him to record his reminiscences, and that's what he did. Charlie Dougan, I thought, was at least 15 years older than I, but as I found out at the time of his death, that he was in fact 5 years older. He had that battered look that so many men who started to work at 14 seem to get. They got hurt so many times, they moved as older men. But Charlie Duggan was certainly one the most interesting people around there.

When I first went there, I saw Charlie–because I used to hunt in those days–and I saw Charlie working on the road and I thought he must be a bit simple, because he was the oldest brother yet he's got a dump truck and a shovel. That was just a measure of my ignorance, because a lot of gypo loggers were made or broken by their road, and Charlie's constant repair of that road was what made them make a buck instead of being driven out

of business. He used to be quite a philosophical man too. Like so many of these men, he was very bright. He just didn't have much formal education. And how could they by going to work at 14? Obviously he used to think things over as he pursued his rather solitary work.

RL: What was Jim Archibald like?

AS: I really didn't know him very well. He and Mrs. Archibald lived just below Pohl Brothers for several years, then I guess Jim just simply got too old for the job and they moved away. Where they went I have no idea. When you're young you don't think of it. Now I wish I'd known.

Nels Erickson lived at Laussman Creek right at the head, above Smanit Creek. His wife Martha had terrible asthma and wanted to move away all the time. Nels wouldn't hear of it, but when Martha died, he did. She died at Malibu. She had status asthmaticus and the doctor at Malibu just couldn't break the asthmatic attack. Poor lady. A nice person.

RL: She died of the asthma?

AS: Yes. They couldn't break the cycle. That is no reflection on the doctor at Malibu. He did his darndest, but she was just beyond help.

RL: There was a doctor up at Malibu?

AS: Yes, even then. When the kids were there they had a doctor. And even then, there were children going in there. That would be the late '50s, early '60s.

I never knew Hamilton, the man who owned it first as a big, expensive lodge. I knew Mac McDonald, the man who donated the park. I thought he was immeasurably old, but I don't suppose he was as old as I am now. I never knew his house, which had burned. He had a float house in those days, and Rosa and I arrived with two tiny children–we only had two of our three then–and a 17-foot boat, and tied up to the float. Mac paddled over from his house and greeted us with the same grave courtesy as if we'd come in a 100-foot boat. Heck of a nice man. Snow white hair, deep tan. Nice, courteous man.

RL: Did you have any close calls when you were going up the inlets?

AS: Yes. We had carbon monoxide poisoning on one trip. On the water taxi with a following wind and it obviously blew the fumes right into the cabin because we were all very ill, and almost semi-conscious by the time we reached Vancouver Bay.

Later I used to run up and down by boat and there were some very hairy moments, but I don't remember any particularly. The years gradually erase them. But it was that same 17-foot boat and it was too rough for us sometimes.

Then there were the calls to the camps. I remember one to Osgood Creek which was between Brittain River and Deserted Bay, up in that dreadful stretch, Princess Royal

Reach. We only took her out by water taxi because it was too rough to fly in and coming down in that water taxi, it was a 35-foot boat, too. He pulled right over to Egmont Point and as he went by Egmont Point the wind laid her right on her beam–right on her beam! My bag crashed off the surface that it had been on, and the poor lady who we were taking out, was terrified, as well she might be. Although she soon recovered her sense of humour, but still. It was that tight.

RL: Was this at night?

AS: No, it was in the day. At night it would have been even more awful. The wind was for certain blowing 70 - 80 knots there at Egmont. It was just a wild, terrible day. But after that we were okay. We got into the harbour all right, but it would take some doing in a big, big wind.

RL: Who was the captain of the boat?

AS: Dana Ramsey.

RL: Did he often take you out?

AS: Yes, all the time. His dad owned property in Secret Cove. Dana had been in Sicily, at D-Day in Normandy. A very experienced boat man.

RL: Where did he get his experience?

AS: I guess working for the government during the war. Because he certainly was a good mariner. And his dad owned a boat, now that I think of it. A charter boat and no doubt Dana worked on it, too.

RL: What was it like to ride on the ferries in those early days?

AS: Well, there was the *Bainbridge* and later the *Smokwa*. It was very much like today. They were somewhat slower, but not much. They were old double-enders like the North Van ferries of my boyhood, but Howe Sound was rarely too rough for them, if ever. They kept to their schedule.

The road was paved from Gibsons to Sechelt, but not past the Wakefield. From there on it was tough, gravel road. There were a couple of major problems with it–one at Trout Lake and one at Wood Bay. The bottom would go out if it rained for a long time. That made it tough to get people up there. Very tough.

RL: Tell me about when your children were born.

Tape 1, side A ends. Tape 1, side B begins:

AS: Eleanor was born in August 1955, Martin in May 1957, and Trevor in October, 1958. So all were born in the old hospital at Pender Harbour.

RL: You said you were there for five years–where did you go from there?

AS: Eric Paetkau came. It was very interesting because a fine man named Peter Stonier was there. Peter had contracted to work from July 1958 to the end of June 1960. By 1959 I knew Peter was leaving and I advertised for a new associate. I never saw such a bunch of hopeless misfits in my life. People who were utterly unsuited to the life, and I withdrew the ad. I prepared to move away and go into, perhaps internal medicine. Suddenly this young man contacted me. He'd picked up the ad, gone on his honeymoon, and then returned. And that was Eric. He came in September 1959 to do a locum and he said after that that he was willing to stay.

Rosa and I moved to Sechelt the next week. To this house, although it has been rebuilt. It was in the fall of 1959.

RL: Then you opened an office in Sechelt?

AS: I already had one. Much of our practice already came from down the peninsula, as you can expect, so I had a one-day a week office in Sechelt which became a 6-day a week office. Eric took over in Pender Harbour, and then Walter Burtnick came the next year and Eric moved to Sechelt.

RL: I heard a story where when doctors were fishing the hospital would put out a red flag?

AS: Sure. You fished inside the harbour. There were no walkie talkies and you couldn't just sit by the phone, you'd go nuts. So the nurse would hang a red blanket over the railing, which could be seen easily from where you were fishing, and then you simply ran in. It worked surprisingly well and we did use it all the time. There were lots of fish in those days. You could catch them right in the harbour.

RL: Mostly fished salmon?

AS: Yes. Spring salmon.

RL: You must have got to know the community really well.

AS: Much better than you ever do now. And the police. In many ways it was much more intimate than anything that happens today. But the community was much smaller too. The whole area would have been about 7500 people, and now it's hard on 30,000 I believe.

RL: What was it like moving to Sechelt? Did you feel like you'd moved to the big city?

AS: No. Sechelt was very small in those days. My office was over the bank then, and it would be the locksmith?

RL: Tony's Lock [5651 Cowrie]?

AS: I think Tony's in the bottom, but it was the bank building and my office was upstairs. And Eric's when he moved to Sechelt.

RL: What did you do for entertainment?

AS: Well, in Pender Harbour there were house parties all the time. And the nurses had parties in the residence. TV came in about '56 or '57 and people began to watch it. And then I simply worked a great deal of the time. During one period of 11 years I was never any better than one night of two on call, and sometimes every night for months, but never better than one in two. So one worked a great deal of the time.

RL: It must have been frustrating when you went to Sechelt to still have to ship people up to Pender Harbour.

AS: Oh, yes! And of course, Eric and I went up all the time as attending physician to deliver babies and so on. There were a heck of a lot of babies born in those years. I think there were 160 in 1961 maybe, or earlier, and it was many years before the local hospital here in Sechelt caught up with that number. The pill came in about that time, and the number of births, particularly in older women, was reduced. I remember one year that 10% of my practice was women over 40 who had babies, and that was very unusual in those days–not like now where women put off having their families until 40. These were people who'd married young and often had kids who were 20 years of age. They didn't want this, but they always found a way to cope.

RL: Late pregnancies, long after their first children were grown.

AS: Yes, they had these afterthoughts, which must have been fairly tough for them. I knew it at the time, but I was young then and it doesn't have the same impact–I mean if her husband is 46 or 47, and she's 42 or 43, and they have another child, they're looking at 65 before they're off the hook. Most of us like to be free of our kids before then. At least, as much as one ever is. But financially, as well as every other way, these were tough pregnancies for them. But as I say, they always managed.

RL: Did you go to movies very much?

AS: Well there was the old one in Sechelt, down on the waterfront. Went very occasionally because in those days I simply worked all the time.

It took out my health, too. Nobody can work all the time and I soon found that I was not immune to stress and strain and so on. I began to look like those doctors in Duncan that I started out with.

RL: Did you change it?

AS: Yes. We had a system of sending people away for a year's post graduate work at the time. I took surgery in 1962 and 68-69. I am by nature perhaps more of an internist than a surgeon, but we needed the surgery here. With that long night, it was just absolutely essential to be able to do a good deal of surgery, so that's why I took it. Although the life of a surgical resident is a hard one, it was like a piece of cake compared to being home. It was that easy. So I worked a year away twice and that saved my life. I don't what I'd have done if I was at home all the time.

RL: How was it for your kids growing up here?

AS: Well, they were raised by their mother really. Rosa deserves all the credit. She says I didn't even get my paycheck–the girls from the office would phone and say, "We've stuck it in his pocket," and she'd take it out and cash it. I just simply did my best, but it wasn't a very good best I think. I think Rosa deserves all the credit. The kids turned out fine.

RL: Did they go to school here?

AS: They went to Elphinstone. That was before Chatelech.

RL: Did they have any problem with things to do here?

AS: Oh, I don't think so. Remember that they, too, had troubles because the school bus came home so they missed a lot of activity. Then we also acquired a fourth child, a kid named Duane Anderson, who began to eat here in grade 1 I guess and moved in later and was very much like another son to us. His mother was very much alive and well, so we never adopted him formally. But he and Trevor were in a car accident–what brought it to mind was they were returning from a basketball practice one night driving our Volkswagen and they hit some potholes and went down the creek at Chaster Creek in Gibsons and totalled the Volkswagon and very nearly totalled themselves. Duane had a fracture of the breastbone and his pelvis, Trevor had acid burns–the battery was leaking on him. They were both trapped in the car. That was one of the first uses of the Gibson's Jaws-of-Life cutting that car apart. One of the boys with them saw the accident and phoned Eric Paetkau–he didn't want to phone me. Eric dashed down there and there was a guy with a cigar having a look at the accident. It's just possible that those boys owe their lives to Eric Paetkau because he got rid of the man and the cigar immediately. There was gas and they were trapped. It's just too awful to think of, really. I went down and saw the Volkswagon the next day at Krause's and that was the last time we had anything but heavy cars.

What about the police? Have you got a plethora of stuff on the police?

RL: No, I don't.

AS: Well we had some very good policemen in this area, usually in Sechelt which was the Corporal's Detachment in those days. We had some very good people. The first one that I remember was Nels Cummings, and I didn't know Nels very well. Following him was Tick Payne – P-a-y-n-e. His real name was Peter, but he was always called Tick. He and his wife lived down on the waterfront in one of those houses that is gone now. The old Union houses, because the members had to live out in those days.

The cop shop was where the flower shop [5695 Cowrie] is now, I think. And in the back was a cell–an awful thing, sort of like a monkey cage, but they had to have something. And he had maybe three constables with him.

I just have to tell you one little yarn about Tick Payne, who really was a delightful man. One time a logger in Pender Harbour came down from Jervis Inlet. He was obviously schizophrenic. His wife called me and I went to see him, and his eyes shone–he was obviously just not of this world. I remember her saying, "Here's Dr. Swan to see you." And he looked at me and said, "Get the F out!" I sure did, too. I went down and phoned Tick and he came up with one constable. He said, "Let me help you on with your coat." And he helped him right into a straight jacket. He had him fastened up and took him away right then. Nobody hurt. This was a very powerful man. He could have made mincemeat out of probably most of us–certainly out of me. It was just such super police work.

Another time he went over to Lasqueti Island. Some poor guy had gone berserk. Red Nicholson took him over in the water taxi and he was letting him off at night on the beach. He said, "Tick, I sure wish I'd brought my rifle. I'd go with you." "Here," Tick said, "take mine." A delightful off-beat sense of humour.

After he left here he was in Richmond, promoted, of course. Two motor cycle gangs burned down each other's houses. It didn't surprise me to find that Staff Sergeant Payne had arrived just too late to save either house. He knew damned well what was going on, but he rid the neighbourhood of two troublesome sets of people in one fell swoop.

Then we had Corporal Ray Nelson, and Corporal Orville Underhill–one of the very best.

RL: How was he good?

AS: He was just an outstanding, kind, decent man. Again, still a friend. He retired in Chilliwack, Staff Sergeant.

RL: What police were up in Pender Harbour in those days?

AS: The only one that was there permanently was Alan St. Remy. Again a very interesting man. His local reputation was that he'd pinch his own mother for speeding. He probably would, too. Alan was a very good policeman because of exactly that. He went entirely by the book. If you were speeding you were dog meat. Whereas down here they tended to cut the doctors a little slack. I remember driving back from Port Mellon one night. We actually made house-calls as far away as Port Mellon. Certainly in Pender Harbour and once in a while in Egmont. So I was coming back and it was just teeming rain. I was driving no doubt too fast because it was a 40 mph speed limit and everyone drove 50. Anyway I saw this flashing light and I said, "Oh, Christmas!" and glanced at the speedometer. It was over 50. I pulled over and the rain was just hammering down. Constable Keith Spencer walked up beside the car, and I rolled the window down about and inch and he looked in and said, "Son of a bitch!" He walked back to the police car, got in and drove off! Later when I saw him he said, "I thought it was you, and then I thought it wasn't you." He was soaked walking from the police car to my car and back. He was simply too nice a guy to lay a charge on those grounds.

We drove so many miles. Walter Burtnick when he was here in the early '60s actually wore out a tire a month driving up and down, mainly to Pender Harbour to the hospital. I would drive once or twice and then I'd just start chartering airplanes. I just couldn't stand that drive more than that. If you made four trips you spent six hours on the road. It was just a maniacal life.

And all the time we were here of course, there were these larger-than-life characters in Pender Harbour and all over the place that really made the place unique. Some of the loggers, and certainly some of the other people.

I must tell you of an older guy who – the Harbour had three manic depressives – I won't go into their names – but they were fine when they were depressed, you never heard of them. But when they became manic – because we didn't have any good medications – these guys would become totally unbearable. There was one old guy who I hoped would get better because he did on occasion. Finally his son came to me and said, "Alan, we're going to have to commit Dad. He just gave away all his rifles and stuff." So I said, "Okay." I committed him and the police went and got him. When he came out he said, "Alan, did you put me in there?" Meaning the Crease Clinic. I said, "Yes. I thought you needed help at that time." "Well," he said, "I'll accept that, but if you ever do that again I'll take my rifle and put a round right through the middle of you." And then every time he got cranked up he talked about killing me. But there was nothing the police could do if he didn't. The threat was not enough.

Anyway, the poor guy went on and on and eventually he had to be committed again, but this time Walter did it because there was no use antagonizing him. He had a stroke in Crease and was never the same again.

RL: That must have frightened you with your family.

AS: Well that was the thing. He was quite capable of shooting through the windshield. And goodness knows, he wasn't really responsible either.

Another lady threatened to burn our house down in Pender. She, too, was disturbed. You know, it's a very tough game. As a rule there wasn't much use committing people because they were back home again the next week, often without much treatment.

Committing someone was a major effort–still is, no doubt. In those days, the police had to come and apprehend the person, drive them to Crease Clinic, get them admitted. They hated doing it. We hated doing it. But sometimes there just didn't seem to be any options.

RL: Do you think there were more people with that condition here than anywhere else?

AS: I think the rate was high, yes. We were unlucky in having three classic manic depressives in a population so small as that of Pender Harbour. There were also a number of old

World War I vets who were probably simple schizophrenics. Lived in cabins in the woods and so on. There was one in Sechelt who used to throw cans out the window. He lived out of cans and the window out was absolutely a sloping dump, if you will, of cans. Eric Paetkau once made a trip through a house–it was one of those tunnel houses where everything's piled all over and you pick your way through the tunnels. He got his head into a bunch of spider webs because he was taller than the man. He said he just about went nuts in there. He learned to duck down and walk right behind the veteran.

RL: Do you think the area had anything to do with the high rate? Or just that it was an isolate area?

AS: I think it was an isolated area. I would think any isolated area had similar types, say Squamish or Pemberton or what-have-you. I don't think there was anything here that made them more peculiar or strange. Remember that these were essentially logging and fishing communities at that time. It's amazing how much it's changed.

RL: How about the native population?

AS: The native population was about 600 in the late '50s. Likely a little higher now. Native health has improved enormously. Children are just as healthy as anyone else now. In those days running ears were absolutely endemic here. Runny ears. Runny nose. Native women seemed to classify them all as one. A lot of it, of course, is nutritional. A lot of it's earlier and better treatment. And a lot of it simply goes to the credit of the native women themselves who have taken this so much in hand and to heart and get their children treated earlier and better, and they're healthier in every way, really.

We used to see a lot of little fat Indian kids, 8 or 9 or 10 months old – like little Buddas, because they lived on Pacific Milk. This disappeared as soon as they started to eat off the table – about one year old. Nowadays you don't see these fat, anaemic children anymore. Fat, anaemic, chesty little children–a real worry. But they're gone, thank goodness.

RL: Did you go to their camps in Jervis?

AS: No, they were already gone. Captain Joe Dixon lived at the heat–he was Johnny Joe's father, and the grandfather of Ted and Frank and so on. He was living in Sechelt then, so they'd already moved out of the head. And Deserted Bay, which had had a large reserve for many, many years had finally ended with Gustavson's logging. There simply was nothing for people to do any more and they moved down also to Sechelt and were all here at that time. So there was no native presence in the inlet. The old reserve at Deserted Bay was still visible at that time. Long gone now–covered up in forest.

RL: How was the relationship between native and non-native people?

AS: I think a lot better than it is now. Certainly from my point of view they were lovely people with a wonderful sense of humour that I don't think you find in the general population. A very general, broad sense of humour that almost all of them had. They were fun people. Now I'm not so sure that it would be a lot of fun. You have a lot of

bitter antagnoism that I don't think should be there.

RL: Was the residential school going then?

AS: Oh, yes. Sister Trudeau ran it with the help of one other nun, one brother and three very capable native ladies. Madeline Dixon is still living, but Eliza August and Carrie Joe have died. They were the backbone of the place along with Sister Trudeau. A totally fine woman, I think.

RL: Did you have to go up there a lot?

AS: All the time. They had a lot of kids there and they weren't local kids. You had children from Clo-ose, Church House, and Sliammon–I'm not so sure about Sliammon–but certainly from Squirrel Cove. They were all brought down to this school. Many of them from very primitive communities and Sister Trudeau coped with it. She just had really boys and girls in two big dorms. She would manage to isolate the children that had measles and so on–I don't know how she did it sometimes.

RL: Did they seem happy up there?

AS: Yes. As much as a visitor can ever assess, they did. Sister Trudeau was the local authority on head lice. They were very common in the primitive reserves and they spread like wildfire, so as soon as anyone brought head lice into her school everybody had head lice and she would get them all cleared up again. She was great.

RL: Is she the one they really liked, that still lives here?

AS: Yes, she still lives here. And I hope that they really do like her because she was a dedicated, fine person. And the three native ladies were so prominent in the operation of that school that it's hard to imagine any hanky panky ever going on.

RL: Did you ever go hunting with the men, or anything like that?

AS: No, never did. Sure could have, but just didn't. I tended to go with people from Pender Harbour. Old, old friends. Invariably had a wonderful time, too. One of them just died – Gilbert Gooldrup. An absolutely super guy. And of course Duncan Cameron on his boat the *Dan Cameron*, with Bert along. Bert always took the least experienced hunter, which was either my brother Pete or Dr. John Playfair, who had been in Pender Harbour when we first came. Then Dunc and I formed the second team. We didn't get as much game, but we were guaranteed not to get lost or shoot each other.

RL: Where did you hunt?

AS: We started out in Knight Inlet. Then Loughborough, Bute, Hardwick Island–all the way along, really. Texada Island.

RL: For mostly deer?

AS: And mountain goat up at Knight.

RL: Did you ever go up Sechelt Inlet much?

AS: Sure. As I said, Sechelt Inlet had more people in it then. Storm Bay, before the hippies, had a family who lived there. The lady of the house provided the only case of scurvy I ever saw in practice. How one would manage to get scurvy in an area in which the whole world is laid out in front of you filled with Vitamin C, I don't know. But she did. I guess they just ate out of a flour sack is all I could think of. She'd been an ex-school teacher too. A very odd lady and she'd been in there far too long.

RL: What were they doing there?

AS: They were just sitting there. In not a bad house with a nice shop. They didn't appear to fish or hunt.

RL: Did they have children?

AS: No. By that time they were too old to have dependent children living there.

And Doriston was still in operation with the Gilmore family and the Jardine family. And Gunnar Wigard was logging. So it was quite a little centre.

RL: Did you look after the Doriston school?

AS: No, the Doriston school had closed. The town had been bigger. But remember the three Anderson girls had drowned in the Skookumchuck. Anyway, there was certainly no school there in our day.

RL: I never thought of how that tragedy would affect the school.

AS: Often three kids out of a school meant the death of the school. That's what happened in St. Vincent's Bay. They had nine children and were just getting by and then somebody moved out of camp and that left about 5 or 6 and not enough to hire a teacher. Dougan Brothers had a school and a teacher for example, on Texada Island.

RL: Can you tell me about starting the hospital here? I understand Rosa was very active in securing memberships.

AS: Oh, yes. She was the first president of the Auxiliary. The new hospital, of course, just utterly changed things in this area. It opened the beginning of December 1964.

One native lady had a baby the night before. She had the baby in Pender Harbour and moved down the next morning when the hospital opened here.

It's interesting that the number of beds has changed very little, but the lab and x-ray and administration above all has expanded enormously. Oh, and the emergency room and obstetrics. All the specialized services have expanded, but the number of beds, if you or I get sick tomorrow, is not very different, although the population is much higher.

RL: Was it difficult to get it going?

AS: Oh, no. After the old hospital it was a piece of cake. It was near. It was modern. It had elevators. It was just a different world.

RL: I mean, was it difficult to get it started–to get the movement going to have a new hospital?

AS: Oh, yes. There was a great deal of bitterness in Pender Harbour. It certainly convinced me that I was never cut out for public life at all. I found the criticism so unpleasant that I never considered running for public office. You need to have a fairly thick skin and I found I did not. What's more, my reaction was merely to feel wounded rather than to get on with it. So I knew it just wasn't for me–being mayor of the village or whatever. I would just simply feel wounded all the time. I got the message.

But there was a plebiscite and the community voted over 90%–including Pender Harbour–to construct a new hospital. The old one was not only antiquated, it was in the wrong place. If it had been in Madeira Park it would have been better, but Garden Bay by this time was an appendage on the general area. The centre of population was Roberts Creek. The centre of the area geographically is Halfmoon Bay. So they compromised with Sechelt and the land was donated by the Sechelt Indian Band which must never be forgotten.

And to this day it remains a very good, rural hospital.

RL: What community organizations have you belonged to?

AS: Not too many. I suppose the Construction Committee of the hospital took four or five years. They met every two weeks for 4 or 5 years, so I guess I have to put that one down. Then the medical staff, of course, I had to belong to it and serve my terms as Chairman–it was done in rotation. Then I belonged to the Hospice Committee. And finally, now, to the Elder College Board. But that was pretty well it.

Rosa and I were away for four years from '77 to '81 working with native people in northern B.C. Telegraph Creek was the farthest point that we went–which is just about as far away as Winnipeg. A long way to go.

RL: What prompted you to do that?

AS: I'd always thought that when our kids were grown up that I would do missionary work in Africa. Well by that time Africa had changed, and we found that our kids while launched weren't completely independent at 19 or 20, whatever our youngest was. So we looked for something of service and interesting nearer to home. I checked with the office down in Vancouver on whether our native people in the north were looked after and it turned out they sure were not. For four years we visited six villages every three weeks–every six weeks because it took us three weeks to make the tour and three weeks to do nothing.

RL: What were the villages like?

AS: They were very interesting. With the exception of Dease Lake which was essentially a white community, they all had Nursing Stations with very, very capable nursing staff who looked after the people and were essentially the doctor for the community. I would come in as their backup and mentor and see the people that they wanted me to see, plus anyone else who wanted to come in. There were amazing numbers – Telegraph Creek usually provided around 80 people. We were the for three days to get through, because if you're in a hurry with native people they don't go. They take their time and they are deliberate. And in those days the phone system did not exist, so that was tough. Now you can pick up a phone in those places and dial New York straight out. But not then.

Just to show how the world has shrunk, when we did Telegraph one day, seeing patients, a native man ran in to say, "They just shot the president!" I said, "President of what?" He said, "The United States." I ran to the next room and there on TV was that nut Hinkley shooting President Reagan. So it show you how the world had shrunk – from getting mail twice in the winter to Telegraph Creek it had got so something that had happened only minutes before was now in Telegraph. Fascinating.

People in Iskut, with a native population of about 300, that I went to all the time got two tv stations, both of them from Atlanta Georgia. And these people somehow coped with that. They'd come into Iskut behind dog teams in the '40s. When I was there in the '70s it was very different from today. But they had coped with the change to a large extent. They'd come down from the mountains and it was a really tough change for them.

RL: Their orientation to the world would be Georgian.

AS: Amazing. And here they had these two stations from Atlanta with a great many black people. Many of them had never seen a black person. There was an interesting story – there were three women there who had deaf children from German measles that had happened during the pregnancy. One of them had just been down to Vancouver and when he came back he said to the nurse, who was Jean Black at that time, he said, "Jean, you won't believe those people!" They'd put him up in the Hotel Vancouver, you see. He said, "There's just as many cabs at 4 o'clock in the morning as there is at 4 o'clock in the afternoon!" Now you and I know that isn't true, but to a guy who was used to seeing 4 cars a day, 4 o'clock in the morning was busy. There were constantly cars starting and stopping. Charlie never could go to the dining room. There were more people in the dining room than he'd ever seen in one place. Also, these people from Iskut, if you took them off into the bush 50 miles and left them, they'd find their way back.

Tape 1 ends. Tape 2, side A begins.

AS: . . . [yet when they had to go to Vancouver] these people had to be met at the airport and transported to the Vancouver General. This included the B.C. Cancer Institute and so on. So the skills that these people had don't necessarily t4ranslate–they had trouble in the

cities. A lot of trouble. Terrace they could handle. It's a big town about 15,000, and they could handle that–just–but not Vancouver.

Telegraph had a retired nurse there–a Miss Whiteside–who had been the community's doctor for many years before her retirement. Lillian Whiteside was in her '60s when she went there, and why the ever sent her there I don't know. She did the obstetrics for the community. By my day all the pregnant ladies were transferred out usually to Terrace, but Lillian had done this and described crawling up the hill in snow to deliver babies. She was just amazing, and so was the community.

Dr. Hugh Inglis, of Gibsons, of all people, had been born there. His father was the Presbyterian minister and the doctor there–Dr. Fred Inglis. And there were a few native people who still remembered him. "English" they called him. "I remember Dr. English," this old lady told me.

Rosa was not as amused by it. She said it was a ghost town with people living in it, and it was to some extent.

RL: You must have known Dr. Inglis.

AS: Oh, yes. Hugh Inglis I knew for many years. I met his brother, Alan, who was an orthopaedist in Vancouver, but I did not know Dr. Fred Inglis who had died by the time I came here. Hugh was called out to an accident and one of the victims was his own son. A tragic thing. He didn't know until he got there that one of his boys was a victim. And his daughter was stabbed by a maniac down in Vancouver. She was on her way to St. Paul's where she was a nurse and some guy ran up and stabbed her in the back and she died of her injuries. So the Inglis lost two children while I lived here. It really was awful.

Hugh was a very uncommunicative man and would never have spoken of it. His wife, Margaret, is far more approachable. But Hugh was a diffident, quiet sort of man who rarely spoke of any personal problems. He lived in the big house in Gibsons–it's now a heritage house–and later he and Margaret sold it and moved over onto the hill–I forget the name of it.

The old house was built by Dr. Fred Inglis, the man who'd been at Telegraph. He was apparently very good at building things: houses, boats. How he ever found the time. Perhaps life was a more deliberate pace then.

Reading about doctors in B.C., say a century ago, where they made trips of a couple of days to see somebody and back, one could only conclude that this also gave them some rest time. The travel time also may have been their rest time, because the job here truly was a man-killer. It just went on and on and on, and the phone rang and rang and rang. We still had the hot-line plug-ins.

We used plug-ins. There was one poor girl had a SIDS here, her little baby was found dead and she kept phoning the wrong number that said we were closed, instead of phoning the home number of the on-call doctor. After that we installed a so-called "hot line" which was the office number and which you plugged into at night. And it just never stopped ringing sometimes it seemed. You wouldn't think a small community would be that active medically, but it was. And of course, a lot of things were house calls.

In the old office over the bank when we were still using Pender Harbour Hospital we used to do all kinds of minor surgery – suturing and so on – on weekends and it looked like someone had killed a pig in there at times.

RL: Did you have a nurse to help you?

AS: Well, no I had Josephine Warn as she was then – Jack Gibsons' daughter – and she was marvellous. She never complained about entering a slaughterhouse every Monday morning. It must have been a nightmare for her because we just moved from room to room to room, literally wrecking the place. But we couldn't do anything else. It was either that or drive 60-odd miles return to Garden Bay, and it was a really tough drive, too. Most of it on dirt.

Power came into the Harbour in '57, I think. We had power from the hospital. The road to Earl's Cove was paved about '58 and so was the rest of it all the way from Sechelt. But not Garden Bay. It was done later. The last five miles were always dirt in those days.

RL: What do you think is your greatest contribution to this community?

AS: Gosh, I don't know. I think I practised good medicine. I know I sure cared. I was instrumental in bringing in other doctors who stayed here and have been a tremendous asset to this community. What else would you say, Rosa?

Rosa: Well, I think you said it. You came and stayed, whereas so many others left.

AS: I guess longevity is a major consideration because a lot of other very good people did not stay. Eitehr they didn't like it, or their wives didn't and they moved on.

Certainly the new hospital was to a large extent, my baby. I took a lot of blame, too.

RL: What was the biggest criticism?

AS: That they were going to close the old one. The government said you can have one hospital; they didn't care if it was the old one, or a new one in Sechelt, but there's only going to be one. The old one was closed and this created a great deal of antagonism, particularly in Garden Bay, Irvine's Landing and Egmont – all of whom were going to have to drive a lot farther. I mentioned how very unpleasant I found it, too. But we certainly survived it and it was the right thing to do, there's no question. Although I have more sympathy for people who saw themselves as deprive, than I did then, perhaps.

Rosa: Well, after it was over, those that were most vocal admitted that it was the best thing to do.

AS: Yes, they did.

Then about 1972 or so we instituted a doctor staying in the hospital at night. And I think in that first year five people were salvaged and that settled it. [Resident doctors have] stayed there as far as I know, ever since. These [the patients who were salvaged] were all people who arrested in the Intensive Care Unit, and the fact that someone was there made all the difference.

There was a room you slept in.

Treatment of heart attacks with electroshock really only dates back to 1965 and later. People who had heart attacks before that, you made as comfortable as you could, but you couldn't do anything about the electrical part. So if they were going to arrest they simply died, unhappily. But if you're going to arrest today, do so in the hospital because your salvage rate is somewhere around 90%. If you arrest down in the street in Sechelt, you're not going to make it. And if you're on the float at Egmont, it's good-bye, really.

RL: They're getting defibrillators at airports now.

AS: Yes. They're everywhere now. Some people even wear an external defibrillator. It must have very good contact with the skin, but it will defibrillate somebody at high risk if they do arrest or go into ventricular failure or one of the arrhythmias which leads to death.

Which reminds me, we kept up our post grad work training program for a very long time even though it was a considerable stress thing to have someone go away because you had to take up the slack. But we stayed current through that time because of that. Everybody came back with a lot of new ideas.

Rosa: Are they still doing that?

AS: I don't know. I've been out of it for over 10 years, so I don't know.

RL: What has the community given to you?

AS: A lot of friendship, for sure. A lot of it is intangible. Besides the friendship, just sort of respect, and I'm sure thanks of the community although a lot of it is unsaid. Some of the Indian villages were the same. They would mean thank-you, but the never could express it, so it always came out as some other way of expression.

One I particularly remember was in Iskut. I came into town and was called to see a man at home. They talk about an abdomen with board-like rigidity, well this guy really had it. He was stiff as a plank. His house was full of antacids. So did he die of a perforated

ulcer or pancreatitis? I don't know, but he was very, very ill and a blizzard was starting. I tried to get an airplane, but no airplane. Couldn't fly without risking the crew, which was unnecessary and stupid because all it would do was get me out of trouble and I thought this fellow was going to die anyway. So I set up everything – IV's, drips, catheters – the whole shebang – and went back to the motel for a couple of hours and then back to see him. He looked worse, if anything. Every relative, which was most of the men in Iskut, was sitting around the wall and Father Bulliard, the priest, was there. About 3 o'clock in the morning his eyes rolled up and I said, "He's going." Father Bulliard administered extreme unction and a cry went up from all the people in the room. I thought, "My heavens, what's going to happen?" But they all lined up at the door and shook hands going out. And the next day my clinic was filled with people who didn't have anything wrong with them. They complained of pain in the left thumb, or something like that, and it was quite a while before I realized they had just come to say thank-you. They just couldn't verbalize it very well.

Many of these communities had scads of pathology. You'd see more pathology in Telegraph Creek and Iskut than you would in Sechelt which was enormously larger. But they'd never been properly worked up and they also had the usual native propensity for auto-immune disease. You'd see all kinds of them with rheumatoid arthritis, periarteritis nodosa, and mixed collagen disorder, and all the things that they were unhappily likely to have. And that was true of Iskut as well. So this apparently ridiculous number of people weren't so ridiculous. Then I used to go around and see all of the old-timers at home, bed-ridden, house-ridden people, which was easier than trying to get them to the Nursing Station. So by the time all was said and done, there'd be a lot of people seen.

RL: You did house calls here.

AS: Sure. Scads of them, from Port Mellon to Egmont. A lot of them in Roberts Creek which was a very difficult community to make house calls in those days because it was before addresses. If you didn't know where the people lived, exactly, you couldn't find them. Really very difficult at night – you know those driveways that go down interminably to the beach? Well, if you got the wrong one you scared hell out of the people down below and then you had to drive up the road and try another one. Because there certainly were no addresses. Some of the people painted stuff on trees and so on, or telephone poles – some way of trying to identify their house so you could find it more easily, or anyone could.

Hubert Evans – the old poet and author lived down one of those. Did you ever hear of Hubert? Fine, fine man. You know, Mrs. Evans died of cancer and Hubert nursed her at home right to the end. Most men can't do that. They'll kill themselves trying to take another job to earn money to pay a caregiver, but to actually caregive is beyond most men. But not Hubert. He looked after Mrs. Evans right to death then stayed on in the same house for years after. He eventually went to Shorncliffe, but he was really very old by then and blind. But he was a very interesting man. He'd seen a sea serpent out in

front. Rowed out with his boat and had a look. I said, "Hubert, why didn't you report it?" Because it was there for a couple of hours. "No," he said, "they'd think I was nuts." Of course, everyone who knew Hubert knew that he had seen something extraordinary. He was a really interesting man, and when he became very old he was having Stokes-Adams seizures – his heart would stop for a while and then restart. He fell into the fireplace and collapsed around the house and so on. I said, "Hubert, we're going to need a pacemaker here." "Oh," he said, "I don't think so. I'm old and I've had a good life. I don't think it's worthwhile." I said, "Now look, remember that you may not die. You may just stop for long enough to have a bad stroke or something and then it would restart again." Well he was down and had his pacemaker in the next week, and I guess wore it another seven years until his death.

It was men like Hubert that made working in this community so worthwhile. He was such a fine man. There were lots who were not, but he was a great guy.

I had a lot of sympathy for all of them, really. Those old schizophrenics, everybody. I really did care about all of them. Perhaps it was easier in those days.

Certainly, one thing we haven't talked about is getting paid for some of this, anyway. Here we had a community with long distances, a lot of people on welfare, and a lot of native people, a lot of seasonal people, and a lot of people who were reluctant to pay their bills. A very tough community to make a living in. Nowadays, of course, one has the B.C. Medical, but that did not exist then. Welfare, for example, paid 42% of assessed accounts. So if you treated somebody with a heart attack and it cost $80, they would assess it at $40 and then pay 42% of $40. So you were going behind every time you saw someone on welfare because it cost more to have them come into the office than the welfare was paying. The same was true of the Indian Department. It pretended to look after Indian patients, but I can tell you – for example, they paid $25 for a confinement. That was all the prenatal care, the delivery and the six-week check. $25!

So we had a difficult time, needless to say. A logging camp often had MSA or some insurance policy which was a god-send to us. I remember a December one time Eric and I worked constantly and lost $500. The Welfare didn't pay and the Indian Department didn't pay, and it was the end of the year, and there we were. Probably December of '60.

RL: Because you had to pay your office expenses.

AS: Oh, sure. We had to pay rent and help and staff and telephone and medical supplies. We took in $500 less than we spent. If it had been anyone but Eric we might never have kept going. He was as straight an arrow as there ever was. Walter Burnick who came next was too. Without those two fellows, it's unlikely that we'd still be here.

The next one who came was Jim Hobson, but he went to Gibsons primarily. Jim was never as much a part of our lives as the others, though he was a very good friend.

RL: I guess the medical community was pretty close.

AS: Yes. Like the police. Now I don't know any of them, but I knew all of them then. And they were very small numbers. Now they have these big detachments, commanded by a Staff Sergeant and all that – all these things are very different from years ago. In many ways they're an improvement. I don't suggest everything's negative – far from it. And the shopping is tremendously better. Edric Clayton was still living when we came here and the Tom Boy – as it was called then – was where the Sporting Goods is now. [5504 Trail] And they had just moved into that. There'd been a little store next door and then they'd expanded into the corner and then the mall was built later. Claytons were fortunate in their timing, but they also worked extremely hard and as far as I know never did anything that wasn't above board. Good people.

RL: Were the board walks still there to the waterfront?

AS: I don't remember. You could always drive along the front in my day. The old dock was still there. The Union didn't come anymore. But then a little Indian child was drowned off it and they burned it. I remember Tommy Ono saying that this guy who had had too much to drink swaggered up to him and said, "That'll show you damned white men!" Tommy of course was pure Japanese.

The board walk must have been gone because that dike had a road on it – the one that shelters Sechelt from the sea.

RL: Is there anything else you'd like to add?

AS: I don't think I've made the story nearly as romantic and interesting as it was. It was a remarkable and unique place. Rosa and I came to stay a year and simply loved the wilderness, loved boats, loved fishing – still do – and just stayed and stayed.

RL: Did you find Pender Harbour hospitable? I've heard if you weren't born there, or lived there for 30 years, you weren't always accepted.

AS: I don't think you are still. The very best you can get is if one of your kids marries an old Harbour person, and that might get you accepted. Rosa and I have been around nearly 50 years, and I don't think we compare with the old families. Many of them were related, which made it even tougher. Mrs. Edwardson – that's a huge tribe of people – ane Mrs. Scoular, and Mrs. Warnock – they were all sisters, daughters of Granny Rouse of Sechelt. Mrs. Rouse was really a Pender Harbour matriarch. I never knew her, unfortunately, she had died before I came. And of course, by her first marriage she'd had Charlie Higgins, and the Higgins were a big group who intermarried with everybody too. So that most of the old timers are all sort of distant cousins of one another.

The Harbour is a study in itself. Old John Wray came there before the turn of the century and settled on Nelson Island, of all places. Didn't bother with Pender Harbour. Although he was a well-educated man he only believed in educating sons, so his daughters didn't get educated, much to their fury when they were older ladies. When I knew them, Mrs.

Hellier and Mrs. Edmunds were still angry. Anyway, Isabel Gooldrup was an Edmonds, so her grandfather was old John Wray. Then Charlie Wray, old John's son, was the father of Muriel Cameron, Julia Reid and Scotty Cameron – so there are three more who are themselves now matriarchs. So if you haven't been born into one of these families – or Camerons – old Dan Cameron took up his preemption in 1912, nearly 90 years ago. He had six sons and a daughter. John, the youngest son, was a blue baby and died at age 21, and all the other brothers, except Dunc, who thank goodness is still with us, have died in the last few years. Jim and Bill and Bob and Donald. That's another fine old family, as is the Lee family. Bert Gooldrup who just died was from the Lee family, so the Gooldrups are old aristocracy on both sides.

RL: How did it feel first coming there?

AS: Most of the people were very kind. Thorne Duncan comes immediately to mind. He was married to Louella who was a Warnock, therefore a very old family. Thorne's father and mother – his mother was a Gonzales – he was old Harbour – they were extraordinarily kind to us. So were lots of others. People you've never heard of – Harry Wise, Red Nicholson who just died five years ago. Very kind, nice people.

RL: In what ways were they kind?

AS: They invited us out, although they had the greatest reservations about whether they had anything in common with a doctor. They did, as it turned out. We never stopped talking. And just the community in general made us very welcome. Now, there were a few people who did not, but you tend to forget that.

RL: How did the people who didn't make you feel welcome – how was that?

AS: They were very standoffish. Knew that there'd be a new doctor next year and couldn't be bothered getting to know this one, sort of thing. Rosa was much liked by evrybody.

As the years passed, we became part of the community. Our children were born there. We obviously liked it. Where many people complained bitterly that they didn't have this or that, we thought the place was great.

RL: A good place to raise kids?

AS: Yes, although the – there was a little bluff right by our house and a float down below. One of our kids got down to that float one day – he could barely walk. He was still crawling, trying to get from float to float to get to our little boat down there. After that Rosa put a life jacket on him and also tethered him to the clothes line so he didn't get down so easily.

Then our next door neighbour, Joe Gregson. Joe was one of those wonderful old timers. He'd been brought up in England, he'd been around the Horn in sail, he'd run lokey – locomotive – for various logging outfits, he'd been a Beefeater in the Tower of London. He finally retired in Pender Harbour in one of the Aged Folks Guest Hosues. So our

children were partly brought up by Joe. He was a man of nearly 80 and just a delightful man. He used to take Martin for walks – that was the child that got down on the float – he'd walk him all the way up the road to Irvine's Landing turnoff and turn around again and buy him an ice cream cone. When he was completely covered in it, he'd return him to Rosa to clean up. Eleanor was so at home at Joe's that she'd go over and ask what he was having for dinner and if it was better than what Rosa was serving she'd ask if she could go over to Joe's. He was very much a part of our life at that time. He ended up in Sechelt renting from Billie Steele. Wonderful man. Wonderful stories. Been in the South African War. Joe was too old for WW I. Hard to believe he was still around and so well, but he was. I did both my years in residency in Honolulu and he came over and visited us. Wonderful visit and we have a picture of him with one of our kids sitting on his shoulders, and Joe was certainly in his 80s at that time. He was a remarkably strong, active man.

RL: He lived in an Old Folks Home?

AS: Yes. It was a cottage, but it was only about 30 yards from our house.

The Columbia Coast Mission ran the cottages as a home for people who were a bit beyond living in isolated communities. Joe had come down from Cortes Island, by this time a widower. Our daughter still has a picture of him in her living room. She says rarely a day goes by that she doesn't think of him.

RL: There must have been quite a few interesting characters in that home.

AS: That's the thing. I'm not nearly as interesting – partly from a reluctance to expose anyone to any ridicule, nor to discuss their medical peccadillos so to say, or conditions. But they really were wonderful people. The ones who weren't also seemed larger than life somehow, more interesting even if they weren't particularly people you wanted to have in your house.

The whole Harbour ran on boats when we went there. Women went to the store in kicker boats – they didn't drive – they went in boats. Then they'd all raft up and visit out in the harbour – you'd see a dozen boats all clustered around one another, women talking to one another. And that was the end of it. Cars were coming in and the boat situation ended.

RL: The characters – I think of Bergy and she would fit in.

AS: Yes. Her mother was a teacher. Olga Solberg. When I first knew Olga, I think she was getting Alzheimers, though we didn't know what Alzheimers was in those days. She just kept getting a little stranger and a little stranger as time past, and finally she became quite helpless. Minnie and Bergy were wonderful looking after her.

RL: I see a resourcefulness in them – although they often "use" people – that you don't find today.

AS: No. And their willingness to give offense, particularly Bergy, is very great. It shows the

isolation in which they grew up. Minnie had a lot of it chiselled off – she was much the easier of the two. Even so, she could be quite difficult once in a while. She seems to have reported somebody for poaching, although she was a renowned poacher. And her husband warned me never to go hunting with her because you could never depend on her coming back at a certain time, or rendezvous at certain times. I had no intention of doing so anyway, but he warned me. He had a terrible heart, Henry did, so Minnie did much of the work around the place. He was a nice man and he had a darned good head on his shoulders.

RL: How did he earn his living?

AS: I guess he was a pensioner. He had been a commercial fisherman who had finally become so helpless with heart disease and cardiovascular disease that he had bypasses everywhere. And he still lived up there in Deserted Bay.

RL: The characters like the Solberg's and people of Pender Harbour had an ability – if something went wrong with their boat, for example, they didn't panic.

AS: They would fix it. Gib Lee, Bert Gooldrup's uncle, was famous for the fact that he wouldn't fish if there was anything wrong with the boat. Most of them simply haywired something and kept going. Gib just died 15 years ago, perhaps, and his wife in the last five years. They lived to be very old, one of the few Lees who did.

RL: Was there much antagonism among families? Did you ever get in the middle of a feud?

AS: I think not. Most of it was hidden. And they still do hide it. They may not like their cousin, but you'll never hear of it. Or he may be utterly worthless, but they won't say so.

End of interview.

Side B, Tape 2: Recorded when I picked up corrections, May 15, 2002:

AS: I thought we could have a little bit here about Charlie Klein, who was a marvellous local character and legendary logger. I guess I met Charlie about 1955 when he came into my office in Pender Harbour. He had a rather rolling walk, and although perhaps no more than 6 feet tall, he was a massive man, huge chest and shoulders. In the very few pictures we have of him, he seems to be half as thick again through the chest as anybody else. There's a picture of him in this *Lasqueti Island Story* that illustrates what I'm saying. That he was so big.

Anyway, Charlie came into my office as I said, and he had this rolling gate and smiling. I said to him that I realized he was probably the legendary logger Charlie Klein, because of the family resemblance. So he told me what happened. He'd been hit by a sapling and he had a ruptured long-headed biceps, so his muscle bunched up on his arm, a number of fractured ribs, and he'd been hit across the abdomen and was bleeding internally from his bowel. I said to him, "Mr. Klein, you should be in hospital." And he said to me, speaking

in that accent that some of the older Klein's had, "Young feller," he said, "Oive got no time for that." I think that they did this by speaking with teeth clenched. But that was what he sounded like. He had a funny silent laugh, where his chest shook. Now, believe me, Charlie Klein was the first and last man I ever saw laugh with fractured ribs! He just was the only one. It just isn't done. Nobody does that. They all stay very quietly together.

Charlie was going to Vancouver on business. I finally realized he had just come in because he was out of camp anyway. So I sent him to see a Dr. Paul Jackson when he was in Vancouver. Paul was a surgeon at St. Paul's and a very fine man. He was from Oklahoma and had a delightful southern accent. So between Klein and Jackson, you'd love to have been a fly on the wall! But, Paul phoned me three or four days later and said, "About your Mr. Klein. I told him he should be in hospital and he told me he had no time for that. Then he said that he had to get back to camp, and left this morning." Finally he said, "Mr. Klein is the toughest man I ever met!"

He was certainly the toughest I ever met, too. Just a wonderful man. Lived in Gibsons at the S-bend.

R: He had no repercussions from the accident?

AS: No. Just the fracture of the tendon. I'm sure there's a picture of him somewhere here [*Lasqueti Island Story*] Those would be mostly big men, but he's much bigger. When I knew him he would have been 60 years of age, I guess because he looks certainly 35 there. It's a nice book, if you've never read it, because Elda Mason manages to give the history of the island without saying anything bad about anybody, which takes some doing, I'll tell you.

That was Charlie Klein. Then Captain Henry was on Nelson Island. He lived just below Green Bay in,of all things, a resort. Now he spoke very broken English. He was a Finn by nationality, and his wife spoke somewhat better English, but also accented. And she seemed perpetually angry with the world. Whereas Captain Henry didn't. She's written up in Howard White's *Raincoast Chronicles* because her cow ate a lot of dynamite. That's the same lady.

Captain Henry by the time I knew him had coronary heart disease and angina and just wasn't very well at all. One day Mrs. Henry came into my office, in the middle 50's I guess, or 1957 certainly, and said, "You know my husband you've been treating?" I said, "Yes, Mrs. Henry." And she said, "Well, he's dead." As if it were all my fault. She then got the bus from Madiera and left me to go and get his body up at the house on Nelson Island.

So I got the water taxi with Fred Nicholson and we went up to get Captain Henry. Well, it was an amazing set up. They had a spotless little dining room for their guests, and they

would appear to be very unlikely summer hosts, but that's what they did for a living. And you walked through the dining room into the house , which was odd because the roof sloped almost to the ground, and I understand in Finland houses do that – I guess they shed snow. Anyway, we got through the dining room, turned left at a right angle into a remarkably narrow hall, and went down to the end of the hall and then turned right through a very small door into their bedroom.

Captain Henry had died with his right arm outstretched and his left hand on his chest. Also, he was a very big man, perhaps 230 pounds and 6-feet tall. I knew enough to know that you could break down rigour mortis, but when I pushed like the dickens on Captain Henry's arm, it didn't yield 1 mm. He was absolutely frozen into position there. Then I looked at the window, wondering if we could get him out the window. Not a chance. It was built with the cross member that was absolutely immovable. So then the trick was how to get him down the hall and out of the bedroom. We tried him like a chesterfield, this way and that way, and Red says we turned him upside down, but I don't remember doing that at all. But eventually, after posturing for a good 5 or 6 minutes, we finally got him out into the hall, I think with his outstretched arm first. And then down the hall, and finally into the waiting room.

We were both somewhat hysterical because of moving this man in all these positions, trying to get him out the doorway. So when we got through the kitchen we put him on a stretcher outside the back door and as we were taking him down to the water taxi his right arm, which still stuck out, of course, grabbed a sapling and Red said, "He sure doesn't want to leave!" At that we put him down on the ground and we both laughed till we cried. But we were both very young and I liked Captain Henry and so did Red. It wasn't any disrespect, but the whole thing was so bizarre that when he grasped the sapling, that was the last straw. Finally we got him onto the boat and down to the hospital, and it would have been Wally Graham, the funeral director from Gibsons, who came and got the body.

I never saw Mrs. Henry again. She never returned as far as I know. The place was later bought by some people who grew orchids on it. They managed until the government increased the tax or something on flowers to the point that they couldn't make it go anymore. But they worked very hard at it.

Another one I have here is John Doe* [name changed to protect the real person's family]. He's the man who was hurt up behind Clowhom. This would be in the early 60's. This young man was working with another logger way up in the hills behind Clowhom, at the head of the inlet somehow, but he was up high. I remember it as relatively low going up to Clowhom Lake, so he must have been over towards the right hand side of the valley going up. The partner had run down to the beach and phoned us that the other man had cut his leg off with a chain saw. So Eric Paetkau and I both went up. Of all things, there was a big helicopter – I can't remember where it came from – but it carried perhaps about

8, and in those days they had both a pilot and a co-pilot. So we both flew up in this helicopter, but there was no obvious landing place. They put Eric off at the beach where the Cat was that the partner had come down on, and they both got on the Cat and started up the hill. I stayed with the helicopter and the best it could do was to land above where the injured man lay. Quite a way above, half a mile perhaps. I came down and Eric came up and we met, just by chance, right at the injured man

Already, we had realized that when people were hurt in the woods that you had to give IV fluids and so on immediately. There wasn't any use waiting. And I think several loggers were salvaged by this. I'm not saying we were the first to do it, by any means, but certainly we arrived at this idea independently. Vietnam was still to come, where they did all this on the battlefield.

This man was unconscious, but had wakened slightly, and he'd stuck his leg back on. It wasn't cut right off, but he'd cut through both bones and all that was holding it was a piece of skin and muscle at the back. He had stuck it back on, thereby saving his own life as far as I'm concerned. Eric and I gave him a little tiny bit of intravenous anaesthetic and splinted the leg properly, and then of course, how to get him out of there? Well, the men moved the helicopter somehow to just below the area they were working. Might have been on the road, crosswise with the tail sticking out over nothing. It was a very fine piece of flying by that pilot. Then he and the copilot provided a couple of the people on the stretcher ends, and we were able to carry the injured man down, much better than up of course. We got down, put him in the helicopter, and I flew him into Vancouver. Eric must have gotten off at Sechelt because there would have been a great line-up of people that we left.

As I took him into Vancouver I said to him, "If it were my leg, I'd have it off." It was below the knee, and he thought about it, but he said, "No." I think it partly reflected our ages. I was 37 and he was 27. I had a job that could be considered semi-sedentary, he was a logger. He elected to have it stay on, and I'm sorry to say it ended badly. He eventually had to have it amputated, after the leg was cold and blue for a year, and by that time the knee was no good. Whereas, if he'd had it off right at the beginning, he'd have had a working knee.

He went back to the woods cutting shakes, which isn't the same as logging, but still, tough, dangerous work. The last I heard of him he was working in Powell River. That was many years ago, so I don't suppose he still is. He'd now be 64.

The partner came right down to where you lived at Clowhom, right down to the beach there, on the Cat.

R: How did he cut it in the first place?

AS: Somehow the saw slipped and he cut through his own leg with it. He just wasn't paying

adequate attention. And the wound was so dreadful, it's too bad he didn't take it right off. He'd have been no worse off and he would have had to get a limb right away instead of hoping for the best as he did.

R: It's amazing that he didn't bleed to death.

AS: Yes. I think if he hadn't stuck the leg back on he would have. He'd lost a lot of blood, there's no question of that. But when he stuck it back on, he took all the tension off the blood vessels and they tended to retract and stop bleeding. Where if he'd had the leg way off from the rest of him they'd have been on the stretch and I think he would have bled to death. So I think he saved his own life by sticking what remained of his poor leg back into place. Certainly Eric and I had to splint it, and he was then somewhat conscious, but he could never have endured the discomfort that we put it through. But we couldn't move him until we did something with the leg. So to give him a little anaesthetic up there on that lonely sidehill was courage of a high order I suppose, because he was so shocky, and so ill, that we could easily have pushed him over. But it didn't seem we had any choice.

I know I wore out a pair of shoes and a pair of trousers that day, and the Income Tax wouldn't even let me deduct them! So after that we always had a couple of pairs of coveralls in the office that you could pull on over your clothes to go to accidents in.

I also wondered if you were interested in old characters like Harry Roberts? From Nelson Island? Roberts Creek Roberts.

Harry was an old man when I knew him, certainly well over 80. But he was still living in the house on Nelson Island. He'd had a long series of housekeepers, and eventually had to marry one, Marjorie McEwen, because she refused to keep house for him unless they were married. So he and Marjorie lived there I guess four or five years before old age first got Marjorie, and then Harry I think. They lived in the Sunshine Cottage that Barrie Pearson now has a lease on. Then for a year they lived on a junk on the beach out in front of it, getting used to living on shipboard. The junk is still there. It was never launched. It's falling apart now.

Harry must have been a very individualistic man. He had 3 children, all of whom were educated by correspondence, and whose desks were there for many years. He had a very interesting relationship with Canon Alan Greene, the missionary, who was also a particularly nice man. Canon Greene was up there one day with Harry and Harry at that time was very interested in Father Devine, you remember the short, black man who had married a Vancouver girl. Harry was a convert of Father Devine's way of thinking, which was if you really needed something you said, "Thank you, Father," and it appeared. So when Canon Greene had had his visit with Harry he tried to start his outboard to go out to where his bigger boat was anchored and the outboard wouldn't start. So Harry was dancing up and down saying, "Say Thank you, Father!" And of course Canon Greene,

who was equally stubborn, was blessed if he would. This story was told to me by Canon Greene. So he pulled on that till he was blue in the face, and finally, just to placate Harry, he said, "All right, Harry. Thank you, Father." And of course, he said, the thing started on the first pull! He said it was many months before he went back to visit Harry Roberts again.

Then there was Canon Hebert Greene, who was Alan's brother. He was the chaplain on the Mission Boat, very much beloved by everybody, but also a very naive fellow who went on his own way through life, I suppose what one would call an innocent. He used to come in on the *Columbia* and he used to come up and visit Rosa and me. Somehow he got an idea that Marian McNamara was my wife and not my mother, which she really was. And he'd been in World War I with my grandfather, Richard McNamara, whom he always referred to as *Old* McNamara, although I suppose my grandfather was just a little over 40 at the time. We corrected Hebert a few times and then just put up with it, so Rosa sat through interminable stories about Old McNamara whom she'd never met, since it was her husband's grandfather.

So when I saw my dad I said, "Gosh, Dad, Hebert's a fine man, but getting a bit past it, perhaps. He gets confused." "Oh," he said, "in what way?" So I explained it to him. "Oh," he said, "Don't worry about that. He was like that in university."

Hebert lived many years more, I'm happy to say, and eventually having passed to his reward, having taken no care at all of his diabetes, in spite of the efforts of all the ladies who fed him, to make him take care, but he always had two pieces of pie, and he was incorrigible. But a very nice man. The ship crew used to be sure they had Hebert corralled an hour before they were going to untie because invariably he was off wandering around visiting someone, at any rate, not being ready. So he took a good deal of looking after. A very nice man.

I thought I'd finish here just saying a few words about a man named Tom Smith* [name changed]. He was a partner of Tim Jones* [name changed]. They were Cat logging up Sechelt Inlet, not very far from Sechelt, past Four Mile Point on the peninsula side, but not very much past, not as far as Salmon Arm. A log simply ran over Tom and squashed him down in the dirt, ran over his head, and kept going on down the hill. So Tim got on the Cat, drove two or three miles to the beach–it seemed to be forever, but Cats simply didn't haul any farther than that. The thing with Tom was that Tim had no choice but to leave him there. So he phoned on his radio phone on his little boat to send a doctor up as quickly as possible.

When I got there, there was no way up the hill but to ride up on the Cat. My gosh it was a steep Cat road! I've still got yellow paint on one of our old medicine bags from having tucked it in [the ceiling] while I had ahold of the roof with both hands, you know, the grating on top. At one place I remember the cat chattering off and sliding down to the

right, which was the side I was on and the driver simply backed up a bit, took another run at it, and this time got up. It was a very tight squeeze, and we seemed to ride an interminable distance on it, although as you know it couldn't have been more than two to three miles at the most.

When I got there, this apparition was sitting on a log with a cigarette. He put it in his mouth. He couldn't see anymore because his face looked like a pumpkin that had been dropped, he was just so swollen and split, and just such a dreadful mess. Every once in a while he'd put this cigarette in there and blow out a little smoke, so I knew he was alive. Now, what to do with him? Perhaps Tim could have gotten down with one end of the stretcher, but I knew I couldn't. You've got to be practical with these things. So, again, I gave him some IV painkiller, which you are simply not supposed to do to a head injury. Then I couldn't imagine any other way but to put him on that Cat, and bang him all the way to the beach, which is what we eventually did, with my supporting him and his lolling on the bench there. His neck appeared to be intact, it obviously was or he'd never have survived the trip. At the bottom we got an airplane in and flew him into Vancouver where they put plates into his head and did all kinds of fancy things to him because his skull was badly fractured. All I could do was to apologize for having given him this IV opiate, but you know you just don't have a lot of room to move on these things.

I asked Tim about this story not more than a couple of months ago and he said Tom's still alive and well and everything is going fine for him.

R: What year was this?

AS: I suppose about 1970, 71, 72.

R: Was he a young man?

AS: He was then. Probably 36 or 37. He wasn't a boy by any means.

R: No brain injury?

AS: No, he didn't have seizures or anything. Which was a real blessing. I suppose the log squashed him into the earth enough that his life was spared. Gosh, any more pressure from that log couldn't possibly have been born. Already his skull broke, and as I say his whole head looked like a pumpkin that had been dropped, all split and swollen and quite unrecognizable. You'd never know who he was.

R: Mrs. Henry. Was she angry because she was on Nelson Island, or she didn't want to be with him?

AS: I don't think anyone ever knew. She just seemed perpetually angry. I think Howard said that he was somewhat afraid of her, too. He was a boy in Green Bay and the Henry's were already there and running this amazing little resort. Part of the buildings had looked after the staff of a saltery which was on that site in perhaps 1918 or 1919. Mrs. Henry and her husband had converted them to living quarters for paying guests. One of the

buildings is still standing, but the house seems to be gone.

She just seemed perpetually angry with the world. The Captain was a relatively jolly man. He built a boat he was going to sail back to Finland. I seem to remember it going up and down Nelson Island. It had portholes on the bridge and didn't make more than five knots. I don't know how it would ever have gotten to Finland. Of course, it never happened. He was much too old and unwell.

R: I've read stories about Harry Roberts. He was a fascinating man. He was an artist and a writer . . .

AS: Yes. He could do anything. He built the house, for example. There's a nice walk around the point because somebody was going to build a subdivision there years ago and then Hydro bought them out, so you can walk all the way around the point. As I was walking on the Cockburn Bay side, I saw a cherry tree. Finally I asked Barry Pearson, who is the present lessee of the Roberts' property, "Whose was it?" He said it was Harry's first place. He said the Sunshine Cottage was the third site that he looked at. He'd already tried one, then he had a look at one down the beach somewhere, then finally settled on the Cape as he always called Cape Cockburn.

R: I had the hardest time figuring out his wives. He was married to Birdie in Roberts Creek, then they got divorced.

AS: He lived with Cherry.

R: What was Cherry's last name?

AS: Sandvold when I first knew her. Then she married Gunnar Jardine at Doriston, and died many years ago.

R: Is that who she married after Harry?

AS: I don't think she was ever married to Harry. I think she was a housekeeper. But she certainly went by Cherry Roberts, and she may have been married to Harry, but I don't think so because she was married to Chris Sandvold, who was a handlogger on Nelson Island, and then Chris died. So when I first knew her, she was called Cherry Sandvold, but there was no Chris. He had died. She was looking after old Tom Brazil. That's what she was doing. The guy who had the parrot. A local character himself. She'd left Harry by that time. She is the mother of all Harry's children, Lee, Zoe and Yoli are all Cherry's children. It's quite amazing, isn't it, that after all those years of putting up with him, she departed. And as I say, she married Chris Sandvold, and that may have been part of the charm, was that Chris was a marrying man and Harry wasn't.

R: I'd have thought she'd take the kids with her.

AS: I think the children were grown up. Certainly, when I first met them, Zoe was married to Norman Earl, and Yoli to Clarence Cook, and Lee Roberts had married a nice girl named Betty. They did not stay together either. In fact, all the marriages eventually broke up.

Lee I haven't seen since we were all young, so I don't know where he would be. I think he lived over near Campbell River for a while. He had a boat named the *Black Wolf* and when I saw one out in the straits I had a look, but the man was much younger than Lee could have possibly been. I wondered if he'd kept the name.

R: Real characters.

AS: Yes. And every logging camp was full of characters, too. Seems people were not afraid to be different in those days, perhaps, whereas now we tend to be more conforming.

R: I met Canon Greene's son, Alan at one of the Pender Harbour Hospital Days.

AS: That would be, I think, Alan's only son. He had several daughters, but that was his only son.

R: He told a story of how the doctors at the old hospital would give him a bottle of topical anaesthetic and they would put it on girl's legs at the table.

AS: He was Gertrude Greene's son. Gertrude being Alan's first wife. They lived in Quathiasci for years and years. I think Alan graduated in 1912. My dad didn't graduate until 1925, so there was a fair age difference, but they were good friends in later years. After Gertrude died Alan married an English lady, Dorothy Greene.

Gertrude was the mother of all the children.

R: If you think of any other stories . . .

AS: I can tell you another right now. Vic Ramsay, the Superintendent of Brittain River for B.C. Forest Products. Vic was parsimonious to a considerable degree. He was brought up when logging was a shoestring business, and he was always very careful even though it was B.C. Forest Products' money. So he eventually shifted the camp over to Glacial Creek and he had a Woods Foreman named Sid Smith. A grand guy. He had a Seagull motor on a raft he was moving things on. Such was his reputation for being careful with a buck – you know how primitive a Seagull looked. Apparently Sid said to him, "God, Vic, you built her yourself!"

Vic was an interesting man, a big, powerful, boisterous man. I liked him very much. His wife is Irmine, pronounced that way. She writes in *First Growth*, the BCFP original book, and writes very well, too. She was writing about some girls selling books in camp. Vic was all innocence of course, like so many men of his generation, but Irmine was not taken in. "And that isn't all they were selling," she says. But that's all she says.

Their son Don became Superintendent at Pitt Lake for BC Forest Products. A very nice man too.

R: You seem to have followed a lot of people past . . .

AS: Well, Vic and Irmine retired in Pender Harbour. Vic died there a few years later.

I'm trying to remember any of these immensely hard-working men who lived to be very old, and there are hardly any of them. They all seemed to wear out. Even Vic Ramsey, an absolute bull of a man, didn't make old bones.

R: The work was awfully hard on their bodies.

AS: Must have been. And as I said when we were talking about Charlie Dougan, they were hurt many, many times and often moved like much older men. It through off one's estimate of their age, certainly. Very independent, very intelligent people, but they did not live to be very old. Not like Harry Roberts did, who lived to be well up in his 90s. These men were all gone in their 60s'

Tape ends. Spoke briefly about Henry Dray:

Henry developed a way to transmit power, generating it for the house. He had a system of piping creek water through the fridge when the power wasn't working. A very knowledgeable man about many things, ie. bees. His mother lived almost as long as Henry, she was well into her 90s.