

R: *Your father and mother's names?*

MH: Edric and Florence Clayton

R: *And you were born where and when?*

MH: I was born in Vancouver in 1926.

R: *Your brothers and sisters are?*

MH: Sister Phyllis Morris nee Clayton is next. She owns and operates Upstairs Downstairs shop in the mall. She lives on the waterfront.

My brother Richard (Dick) is next, he lives next door to her.

My brother John lives next door to Richard.

They're all three together on the family property.

R: *Where do you fit?*

MH: I'm the oldest. I gave them to you in order.

R: *Your husband's name?*

MH: Maurice Hemstreet.

R: *Where did you live and go to school?*

MH: I lived in a house that stood approximately where Trail Bay Sports is, from the age of 14 days until I got married in 1945.

Went to school first in a private house in Davis Bay, and from there moved to West Sechelt. West Sechelt [school] used to stand at the top of Norwest Bay Hill. It's an empty lot right now and it has a "For Sale" sign on it. That's where the old school used to sit. From there we moved to Sechelt Consolidated School.

For high school we went first to one in Wilson Creek. Del Gilbert was the principal. That place is still there. It's been made into a house. You know where Wilson Creek is, as opposed to Chapman Creek? Wilson Creek is just on the south side of the Wilson Creek campground and right up at the top of that little hill, there are a couple of houses on the left, and the first one was the old red schoolhouse. And it's been sold over and over, once the school let it go, and it was made into a house, and it's still being lived in as far as I know. It's a very old building.

Then for one term we went to Gibsons Landing—the Heritage Building. The building that we used for gym and dances etc., was the WI Hall, which is now the Heritage Theatre.

Then we came back to Sechelt, because they finally got a teacher. Nine to twelve were all in one room. In fact, it was the best year of school. The kids that came back to grade 12 were all, I guess you might call them—as far as we were concerned—adults. They were all much older, and all the teams that we had for basketball and volleyball and everything

were just so grand because they were so much bigger and older and more powerful than us puny little grade 9 kids. I think we sort of stood in awe of them.

R: *What year did you graduate?*

MH: I only went as far as grade 11 because there wasn't a teacher. My sister was very, very interested in becoming a teacher and my parents could only afford to send one away, so they sent her. I was probably too much of a baby. I liked to stay around Mummy. So she went off and graduated and became a teacher and I stayed home. I might add that I finally got my high-school graduation in 1987 through the Christian School.

R: *Where did you work?*

MH: I worked in the government telegraph and telephone office.

R: *What year would you have started there?*

MH: Oh, probably 1942 maybe or 1943.

R: *So you finished school in 1942?*

MH: Yes, I guess so.

R: *How long did they have the telegraph/telephone office? What was it like?*

MH: It was in a building of it's own. It was a very small place, and we had a switchboard that I think was about this square [approximately 2 ft square], and you only worked in the daytime. At night time after 9 o'clock you crossed plugs so that the few telephones on the peninsula could converse with one another if necessary. There were very few private lines. It was mostly businesses that had telephones. We never got a telephone until 1950. At that time the telephone office had been moved from the waterfront down to the village centre—well, it's now called the Parker Building. Where Village Restaurant is, and a children's clothing place, Cheyenne Studios and Medichair.

R: *How long did you work for them?*

MH: I think only about a year. Then I worked in the Union Estates Store. I worked in the Post Office section. And after that I got married.

R: *Did Maurice live here all his life?*

MH: No, he came in 1943. He came with friends, they were beachcombing. They had been fishing and I guess they decided that wasn't their life, so he joined with a group of others with his boat. He originally came from Smithers in the Buckley Valley up north, well central B.C. North to us.

I met him first at my parent's home. He came to pick up a kitten for one of his neighbours. Then after that I met him one night after I came off work from the telephone office. From there on . . .that was it.

R: *What was the school like? The first one you can remember?*

MH: The first one I can remember was called Hillside Preparatory School and it was operated by the wife of one of the staff members at the Union store. She was an English lady. She provided everything. I guess it must really have been a drain on my parents sending us, but she used to come in the morning and pick us up. She took us to her house. She was really very strict. I can remember one instance, in particular. Her place was down a hill and they had a water line—I guess they must have had a well at the top of their place. There was a nice shute down—I think it had been covered with silty sand, or almost like clay, and it was great for sliding on. I don't recall having been told, but we evidently had been told we were not to go in that area, and she caught us sliding and we had to write: 'I must be obedient and I must do what I am told' on foolscap, over and over. Those were the days of—it was very effective. I don't recall doing it again, so I guess we didn't.

R: *What was her name?*

MH: Her name was Norah Cawley. Her husband was Archie. They died, and are buried in St. Hilda's graveyard.

R: *How many children went there?*

MH: I think there were only six.

R: *Do you remember who they were?*

MH: Pat and Joe Green—I don't know what their last names are now—and Donald Wood, Ronald Edwards, my sister and myself.

R: *How old were you when you went to West Sechelt?*

MH: I was in grade 5. Probably 9 years old.

R: *Had you outgrown what Mrs. Cawley could give you?*

MH: I think once there was a school available for us then she didn't do it any longer. I think she did it because maybe we were too young to go to the other [school]. Because there were no school busses or anything like that, and it was about 2 ½ miles.

The other school was—I don't know how many kids were in it—there probably were maybe 30 or 40 kids in it. It was from grade 1 to grade 12 I suppose, although I don't remember anybody past grade 9. I don't even remember the teacher's name that we had. I think her name was Clark, but I'm not sure. I know there was a teacher by the name of Frieda Stocks, but she was there before we actually entered the school. I don't think they stayed there long.

R: *It must have been strange going from that small class to one with 30 to 40 kids.*

MH: Yes. And it was from grade 1 up. Mind you, ours was, too, but it was only a little group.

R: *Did you know most of the kids at the West Sechelt school?*

MH: No. We knew nobody, because there was nobody right here in Sechelt. We were the only ones.

R: *And it was a one-room school?*

MH: Yes. The school is still in existence. They dragged it–

R: *It's the Sechelt Elementary Kindergarten building, isn't it?*

MH: Yes, yes. So it's an old, old building and it's seen better days, I'm sure, but it's been very useful.

R: *How did you used to go to West Sechelt school?*

MH: You know, I don't really remember that, but I know that at one point during the winter we went in a little pick-up truck that was owned by Union Estates, and apparently our parents went together and paid for it. I don't know how far they picked up kids, because Donald Woods is the only other one I can recall who lived right in Sechelt, and he lived about where Marlee Fashions is. Lived in a house back in there. Actually, I think it was where The Dock is. And Ronald lived at Selma Park. That house is still standing. And I don't know what other kids were picked up.

But I can remember going in this pickup that had a little canopy over it, and it had a bench on each side of the box, and we sat there on this hard box and went to school. I can remember only one incident of walking home after school. I don't know what time of the year it was, but we were so silly. My sister also remembers the incident. There was a black bear crossing the road and we chased it. We ran down the hill and chased it.

I can remember only one incident in winter of being on the hill and being on a bobsled and whoever was on the front of the sled—they had a long sleigh and then a small sleigh with a captain and he lost control and went into a rock. He stopped very suddenly. But I don't remember that part—I just remember going down the hill.

R: *Were you hurt?*

MH: I don't think so. I don't remember. I guess I would have remembered if I had been. I don't remember if anybody was.

But those were the only two things that I can remember of that school.

RL: *What was the high school like?*

MH: The high school in this building here, was one room. Everybody was in that one room. There were only I don't know how many kids, 20 kids I suppose. Some of them are still here. Some of them are gone—one of them went quite recently.

The first teacher we had was eventually a cousin-by-marriage to us—Del Gilbert. He married Isabel Whitaker, who was my dad's cousin (Bert Whitaker's daughter).

*RL: So you kind of saw Sechelt grow up, didn't you?*

**MH:** Yes. I can remember when they were doing what was called the Village Centre at the time, the building which now houses Work Wear World was a two-story building. A big building. Even to us grownups, for here, it was a big building. On the bottom was a retail store – a general store– and upstairs was the library. I don't know what the upstairs was originally—I know, it was living quarters, because I knew somebody who lived up there. But the top part was taken off and it was redone. But the Village Centre was built by Parker and Morrison—I think, but I'm not sure. Parkers had the first section at this end of it. When we were young, that all used to be—well, it was a tennis court in the summer when things dried up. In the winter it was just water. It was all swampy. And somebody made some comment that there were two boardwalks across. I know in Barker's column he made some comment that there were 2 walks, and I said no, there were 3. There was one walk across the swamp, in behind what they called pink cottage, which really wasn't a cottage, but it went in along what is now Inlet. There was another walk down Trail, and the other one would have been Ocean. I imagine that's about where it was. It was on this side of the Burley property.

We used it, on occasion, for fun. They were made out of boards that they used to take from the wharf when the wharf used to get blown out or they had to replace planks on the wharf. There were two planks about 12 inches wide and there was a space between them. They used to get very skiddy in the winter because there was so much water, and they eventually would sag, because I guess the supports were so far apart, or the supports themselves sank into the bog. We used to slide on it. Silly things that you remember.

*RL: Sounds like fun.*

**MH:** It was fun. I can remember though when I first got a bicycle—anything we got, it was one thing and the four of us shared. I started a paper route and I think I was eleven, so I may have been eleven when I got the bicycle, but I couldn't ride the bicycle across any of the board walks because the centre line mesmerized me and I'd get the bicycle wheel stuck in it. The other kids had no problem. I did the same thing when I grew up and tried to learn to drive—I'd see something and head straight for it! I don't drive!!

The swamp also fascinated us before any building was done. In the summer it was the greatest place to go and pick and eat cranberries.

*RL: There's no place to go now to eat cranberries.*

**MH:** I don't think so, because the swamp has been filled in the full length of it.

*RL: Did you used to can the cranberries?*

**MH:** Oh, I don't think so. No we used to just go in and eat them. Or crack them and suck the juice out of them. Very tart, but it was fun when they were fresh, when you could pick them yourself.

*RL: Did anyone ever fall off the boardwalk?*

MH: I don't know. I would imagine they probably did, but I don't remember anything.

*RL: That pink building, right beside Work Wear World?*

MH: Yes, that was Mrs. Crucil's house. That was her own private house, and the building that houses Warehouse Express and the Donut Shoppe was her little store, and it was called the Tasella Shop (T-a-s-e-l-l-a), and she sold women's clothing.

*RL: Who owned the general store you mentioned, that's now Work Wear World?*

MH: To start with it was Joe Spangler. He was originally from Pender Harbour and I think he may have been related to Beth Haskamp, who at that time had the Whitaker House across the street.

*RL: When did he open it?*

MH: It was either in the late 30s or early 40s. I know Maurice, when he was working as a beachcomber before we were married, I know that's where they dealt. He and his partners.

*RL: What was in Sechelt when you got married?*

MH: The Union Store, which was on the waterfront where Royal Terraces are. And there were houses all along the waterfront. The back road there was Spangler's Store, Rockwood Lodge—when we got married it was owned by Morrison and Parker. Morrison's I think lived there. Maybe they both did. It had been built by the Youngson's, and they moved into the little cottage—there was Rockwood Lodge and where the gardens are down here they had a tennis court. They had a great big green lawn and they used it for different things for their guests, and there was a cottage there. I don't know if it's still there—I don't think it is. That's where she moved into. It was probably a separate lot. I know she was still there even when our second child was born in 1952, because we used the christening gown that she had for her daughter, Betty, for our son. The other two were done with the family one.

Something else that was there—right across, where the Shell Station is, behind that was a house—I guess it would probably be in behind the Shell Station. The Shell Station itself, was there, but on the other side of it—it wasn't big like it is now—there was another little building and Mrs. French had a Library and tuck shop. She was an avid reader and she had what you'd call a tuck shop and we could go in there with five cents and come out with a huge bag of candy, it seemed. Mrs. French's husband, Frank, had a taxi business in Sechelt, along with a friend of his who lived in West Sechelt. That's Harry Sawyer. I don't know if house is still standing, or if it's been renovated. On the highway in West Sechelt.

*R: What kind of candies would they be?*

MH: Oh, jawbreakers and cinnamon teddy bears, and I guess jujubes and that sort of thing.

*R: You parent's had a store—*

MH: Yes, that was built in 1950. But prior to that my dad had been manager of the Union Store, until April 1950.

*R: Did the Union Store have candy, too?*

MH: Oh, I suppose they did. It was a general store so they had a lot of different things. They had clothing. In the summer time, when we were very young, they had ice cream. Which seems funny to have it in the summer, but that's when the Union boats would bring in people and they were used to having ice cream. So that was a real treat. Otherwise, we only got ice cream in the winter time when there was enough ice that my mum could do it in the hand machine and make homemade ice cream.

*RL: Where did you get ice from?*

MH: In the summer time?

*RL: Or even in the winter.*

MH: In the winter it was cold enough that – well, we had ice skates. We skated down at Porpoise Bay where the duck marsh is now, and farther over—it also extended to where the Royal Reach Apartments are. That was filled in, partly by my husband, with sawdust.

In the summer time I guess it was brought in. They may have used dry ice, I don't know, for the store. But I remember, I was so excited, there was a block in the centre of the store—a U-shape—that they used to have closed in the winter, but in the summer they opened it up and they had candy bars and stuff for kids and I suppose the tobacco there, and the ice cream was there. I don't know what else. You didn't go and pick up your own groceries—you went to a counter and you gave them a list or you asked for something and they'd get it for you. It was quite something to be handed a cone—and it was always one of the long cones, not like nowadays, the little short things. You could probably get vanilla, strawberry and chocolate and nothing else. There was no variety—I mean there wasn't in those days. Certainly not up here.

*RL: I'm still curious about how they handled the refrigeration.*

MH: Well, that's what I say, I think they may have used dry ice because the boats only came in three times a week—well, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Friday nights and Saturdays. I don't know how long dry ice lasts. Maybe we only had it for one day, each of those days. That I wouldn't remember. I still remember the layout of the store. See the pictures up in Clayton's?

*RL: Did you work in the store at all?*

MH: I did for a short time.

*RL: Did you like it?*

MH: Yes, but when I was working at the little Clayton's Grocery Store, I went and talked back

to a customer. I got sick and tired of this one woman. She was always right and everybody else was always wrong, and I talked back to her. So I quit. I figured enough was enough. I got us over a hump that we needed to get over, and that was it.

I had a babysitter for the kids. I just saw her yesterday. The kids were complaining because Shirley made them wash their hands whenever they had their meal. And they were playing with the hose and they got spanked and put in their rooms or something.

I don't know how old Alan and Sandra were—they weren't very old. We built the house in 1950, and this would probably be 1954, 55. Might have been '56, even, so they would have been 3 and 4 I guess, when I worked. I don't really remember.

*RL: How many children did you have?*

MH: Three. And we adopted one much later.

Peter was born in 1946, Alan was born in 1952, and Sandra was born in 1953, and we adopted Margaret in 1968.

*RL: How did you end up adopting a child?*

MH: We were foster parents and we were looking after babies and we got tired of parting with them all the time. So we adopted one, then started looking after teenagers.

*RL: When did you start looking after foster children?*

MH: Oh, I don't remember that, either. Maybe 1964 to 1975.

*RL: What prompted you to start?*

MH: We looked after a baby for friends. He was a child like Margaret. There was a big difference in their ages. They had planned this trip and she got pregnant. She asked us if we would mind the baby while they went on this trip, so we did. Also their younger daughter. Then some friends of theirs were going away somewhere or other and they were foster parents. I guess they told them to go and ask us to see if we would mind doing it. We said, sure we would. Then they asked the government agent, I guess, or whoever it was, was it all right? So they said they'd have to investigate us first. They were more careful then than they are now. And so they asked a bunch of questions and had a bunch of interviews and questioned other people on how we were as parents and whether we were honest, or had any law offences. About the only question they didn't ask was how many times we went to the bathroom! They asked all sorts of really personal questions!

So we looked after this child and after that we decided well, we've been through all of that, we may as well go on. It was hard—we had two of the children for nearly two years, and to have to part with them after that was so . . . We have pictures of them. One of them was really sad. Tony's mom—we actually found out who his mother was—and we had her up to our house. She wasn't going to part with him. It was her baby. She came

up to see him and to see us, and she sort of got cosy with Peter—he was younger, but she wasn't very old. But she was a drug addict and she was in rehab. She came up after she was released from the jail sentence, and she got in touch with us later, after the Christmas season, and she said, "You know, I'm selfish. I can't give him what he deserves." So she came up—her case was heard in Sechelt . . .

*Side A Ends. Side B:*

. . .He was put up for adoption and the parents were selected. We didn't know where they were from, but we knew wherever they were from they had to go by boat. So we said it must be the Queen Charlottes. We might be wrong. But it was by boat and it was British Columbia.

The little girl we had at the same time, we actually met and visited about 3 - 4 years ago. She was married and living at Fanny Bay. The last time we visited up there, we stopped to see her. We were met by the husband and children and she had left them. She had dug back through her history and found all the family members and what had happened to her mother, father, and grandmother. Her grandmother came and visited up in Sechelt—though she never came here. It disturbed her too much. And she found out our name by having been friends with a girl she knew on Texada Island, who used to be our next door neighbour.

*RL: Did your children go to school here?*

MH: Yes.

*RL: Do they still live here?*

MH: Three of them do. Peter's in Sechelt West. Alan is here in Sechelt. He and his wife and daughter have *Zipper's Kids* in the mall, and Margaret lives in Wilson Creek. Sandra is in Surrey.

*RL: Is this the house you lived in when you got married?*

MH: No, when we first got married, the first house we were in was on the other side of my sister's place on my parent's property. It has since been torn down. Then we rented a place and then we built a house right across the lane from us. Then we went to Roberts Creek when we looked after the bigger kids—renovated a house that had more grounds. Then came back here in 1978.

*RL: So your kids went to Sechelt Elementary?*

MH: Sechelt Elementary and then Elphinstone. Margaret went to Chatelech.

*RL: Did you know Bert Whitaker?*

MH: I didn't know Bert Whitaker, I knew Mae Whitaker. She lived in the house that is now the *Coast Reporter*.

RL: *Oh! I was told that was Cay Nelson's home—*

MH: Cay Nelson—or her parent's lived there—well after that. It was the Whitaker house.

RL: *Was she living there while Bert was still alive, or was that after?*

MH: Oh, I guess they lived there together. I don't remember Bert. I guess he died when we were children.

RL: *Did you know Ken and Cherry?*

MH: Oh, yes. They were older than we were. We used to get our insurance from Ken. Cherry I don't know where she is now, or if she is. Her son—I guess it's the oldest boy, Michael, married Eloise De Long. Her parents lived in Gibsons. Jeff I think is in Powell River and I don't know where Jane is.

RL: *Who were your best friends in Sechelt?*

MH: Pat Dunn, who moved down to Sechelt when she was 12. They eventually lived in a house that would be about where Marlee Fashions is. Woods lived this side of it. Her father was Frank Dunn, who was a linesman for the government telephone and telegraph. He was originally stationed at Pender Harbour and was transferred to Sechelt, so he could better do the whole line. I think he was the one and only linesman, and I don't think he did a very good job. It seems to me that as we got older we realized that he used to park his car a lot. He wasn't a drinker.

RL: *Why do you say he wasn't a very good linesman?*

MH: Because when I worked in the telephone office it was sometimes a long time before lines got repaired. He used to put the reports in and I had to write them up. He'd put down such-and-such a place, half an hour or one hour, or whatever. His hours always totalled up to 60, 70 and 80 hours a week, and we knew that the work hadn't been done. So we put 2 and 2 together and got 6.

RL: *But they kept him on?*

MH: Oh, yes. Until...I don't know, I think he died. I'm not sure.

RL: *Who provided that telephone service? The government?*

MH: It was the government, but whether it was B.C. or Federal . . . probably federal . . . I don't really know.

RL: *So Pat was one of your friends . . .*

MH: Pat was one of my friends, and another one was another girl from West Sechelt—Flo Nelson. She is the sister-in-law to Cay Nelson. Her older sister may still be living, but I think she's one of the remaining Nelson family members—other than the junior members.

RL: *What sort of things did you used to do together?*

MH: Oh, I don't know. We went hiking. We went up to the waterfalls when it was nice. I

don't think there was much to do. I learned to smoke with them. They quit, I didn't. Pat is now dead. She died recently. She ended up with emphysema. I heard this from Cay because they all went on trips together—boat trips and other trips.

*RL: What waterfalls did you used to go to?*

MH: Chapman Creek. That's where the water tank used to be. There used to be a wooden water tank there and we had to cross on slippery wooden trestles. Then we'd climb up the stairs and sit on top of the tanks. I've got pictures somewhere of us sitting on top of the water tank. That was kind of fun—silly, but fun. And I suppose we swam in the summer and things like that. I don't remember what we did in the winter. I don't suppose very much, if anything. Because Flo lived way up Mason Road in West Sechelt.

*RL: Did you go to the theatre or anything?*

MH: The theatre that we went to when we were younger was in the Indian residential school. I think once a week they used to show a picture and we used to be able to go.

*RH: What kind of pictures?*

MH: Probably silent movies, I would imagine. The first show I ever saw in the theatre on the waterfront was black and white and I think it was silent. The first picture show I ever saw, black and white, was *All Quiet on the Western Front*. I was young, and there was one part that I never, ever forgot—I can see it today. There was a fellow who was in a trench and a butterfly lit on his head and a bullet entered there. I don't dream about it anymore, but I can still see it.

*RL: Did you ever go to dances at the pavilion?*

MH: Yes. Maurice and I went together. I can remember one time I got a hole in my sister's dress. I was sitting on his knee and somebody next to me touched the dress with a cigarette. It was made of blue crepe and I came home and I was trying to hide it from her. She accused *me* of doing it, and that was one time I didn't do it. I've been known to put holes in something—not on purpose—but the one time I borrowed her dress, and I wrecked it.

She never mentions it, but I never forgot it.

*RL: What kind of music did you have at the dances?*

MH: We had good bands. I guess the Union Steamships would bring in bands. I suppose they were the ones responsible for it, because the Pavilion was theirs. I can't think of the name of the band, but I know of Prutt Jackson was in it. Stonewall. He played drums.

*RL: What music would it have been?*

MH: Oh, jazz, I guess. Then I guess eventually jitterbug. Because I know there was a couple who lived at Selma Park who came to the dances and they would put on jitterbug displays, and they were really good. They probably were professional, they were that

good.

*RL: Do you know what their names were?*

MH: No, I don't. It was long ago, and I don't know how old we were. I suppose 1943 or 44, somewhere around there. I don't know if that's when the jitterbugs were there.

We also used to roller skate there. It became a roller rink—two or three times a week, I think. And there were a couple of girls who were really good at roller skating. Rubber roller skating.

*RL: Did they have music for the roller skating?*

MH: Yes, they had music. And they danced to the music. And they always dressed the same. One was the niece of Les Tyler—her name was Francis Hayward and the other was Gladys Davis.

*RL: Did you ever go into the ice cream parlour?*

MH: Yes. That was part of it. I'd forgotten about that. Orange floats. And we had sundaes too. Banana splits.

*RL: The Union Steamships—did you go on them very often?*

MH: Not too often. We were on it when we went away after our wedding. My dad worked at the store, so we had passes to go. But there was no money and no occasion really to go anywhere. My grandmother and aunts lived in Vancouver and I think they came up on occasion, and I think we probably went to town on occasion, to get our eyes checked. My sister and I both had glasses and so I guess we had to go down for checks for that. I can remember when we were a little older, that we were allowed to go by ourselves, and either go to the boat or from the boat in downtown in an area that I wouldn't go in by myself now.

*RL: Was it bad then?*

MH: I guess it wasn't, or they wouldn't have allowed us to go alone. I can remember going to Woodwards and going down East Hastings, on Water Street. If it was [bad] then my parent's weren't aware of it. I supposed there's always things that you aren't aware of, and if you don't know about it . . . There were probably things up here that went on that we didn't know about.

I know every once in a while – there was a beer parlour. The Wakefield Inn was turned into a pub, I don't know what year that was.

*RL: Was there one right in Sechelt? The hotel?*

MH: The *Sechelt Inn*? No. Wakefield Inn and then eventually the Peninsula Hotel. There was only one person that I can remember being drunk, and I was really not aware of liquor until that time. It wasn't something that we were aware of. Mum must have had stuff in

the house at Christmas time, because I can remember the burning plum pudding at Christmas, so she must have had brandy or something. I imagine it came up from Vancouver. I don't know how they got it—I was never involved in that at all.

*RL: What would a trip have been like on the Union Steamships when you were younger?*

MH: When we were younger? Fascinating! Going down the wide stairs into the dining room. That was the most fascinating part. It was elegant. And we didn't live elegant. Because when you're in the country and you have oil lamps and sooted chimneys on the lamps and all you see when you went down there was sparkling brass and stuff like that. And instead of one fork on one side and a knife here, you had a whole layout of silverware. I don't know, we were impressed as young people.

*RL: Did the trip seem long or short?*

MH: I don't remember. We were probably too enthralled by it all to think of it as long. When you think of the way we travel now, of course it was long, because I think it took between two and three hours .

*RL: What kind of parents were your Mum and Dad? Strict?*

MH: Oh, I suppose they were. They were both English. When they said something, we did what we were told. I guess there was wheedling. "Aw, can I just have one more," sort of thing. But for the most part, if they said something, you did it. You did as you were told and you didn't question it.

They had a switch over the mirror in the kitchen—a willow switch, or whatever, a flexible switch. I can remember it being used on occasion and I can remember deliberately breaking it on occasion. So obviously, it got used, and we didn't like it. And I was probably the instigator. I was the rebellious one, unfortunately. I guess there's one in every family. But not like nowadays. Nowadays you're not even allowed to spank your own kids if they need it. We spanked ours. They didn't need it often. Actually, our kids were very good.

We went to church, we were very polite, we learned table manners, and how to be quiet when we were told, and how to address people. We went to church. We were baptised.

*RL: St. Hilda's?*

MH: Yes. Mum was on the Alter Guild. She played the organ. She did the laundry for the minister. She always made sure his linens were just so and folded correctly. She polished the silver after communion.

*RL: How did she do laundry?*

MH: To start with she had a scrub board, and then she had an old, old-fashioned wringer washer. She eventually got a newer one as times eased and money got a bit more. But for the longest time she had an old Beatty washer.

*RL: Did you have to help with chores, like the washing?*

MH: I don't remember ever. We may have. We may have got in her way, too. I don't know. I think we helped put stuff on the line—or maybe we helped take it off the line. Because there were clothes lines in the back of the house and clothes lines in the front yard. I guess on days that she had to do sheets. With four kids and themselves—you need a lot of space to hang them out. I remember in the winter time having to be so cautious because the stuff that was frozen would break.

*RL: It must have been hard when they got a rainy spell?*

MH: I don't know what happened then. I really honestly don't know what happened, whether she did one at a time and strung it up in the house. I really don't remember that. I'm sure we must have had rainy spells. I do remember a clothes rack that was pulled up by a rope that was in the house.

*RL: Do you feel we had colder winters then, than we do now?*

MH: Yes. With the exception of a year when—I don't know how old Peter was--it was in the '50s, and Maurice made an igloo for him in our front yard over here. He also flooded the front yard so the kids could skate. Prior to that Peter and a friend of his were skating on the road. The road was gravel and I guess it got wet and then there was snow and it froze. And it snowed, and they were skating on the road out front. Except for 7 or 8 years ago when we had that snow over Christmas and New Years, we haven't had any weather like that. Since the kids were little. I'm sure that we had—I know you only remember the things you want to remember—but I'm quite sure we had snow when were little.

*RL: What would a typical day be for you when you were a kid?*

MH: I don't remember. I can remember playing, and I remember going to the beach in the summer. But I don't remember what a day would have been like.

*RL: Did they have farms here when you were younger?*

MH: Not directly in this area, but there was West Porpoise Bay—Konishi's Farm. That's where my Mum bought her milk from. And West Sechelt, where it's now Murray's Nursery, there used to be a truck garden there. He had an old truck and he used to peddle his vegetables in the summer time.

*RL: Who was that?*

MH: Joe and Kate Martin.

*RL: Did you know the Konishi's?*

MH: Yes.

*RL: Did you know their children?*

MH: Some of them, yes. Some of them were up apparently not too long ago and were doing something at the grave site at St. Hilda's..

*RL: How did you feel about them being shipped away?*

MH: I thought it was disgraceful. But, how does a kid or young people know? You don't understand how deep-seated a family root is. You don't know about spies and things. They were just there forever as far as we were concerned, and they should have been.

The girl who does my hair at Headquarters, Diane Allen (nee Ono) her family were part of those who were sent away. I think they were in New Denver. We were up at Bralorne for a while, a few months, and there was a place at the top of the hill, and someone pointed it out as having been part of a camp where some of the coast Japanese people were sent to. I don't know if this is where they were first sent to and then congregated at New Denver.

When you think of it now, it was so senseless.

*RL: Did you ever know Thomas Cook?*

MH: I remember delivering the newspaper.

*RL: What community organizations have you belonged to?*

MH: I'm not a community person. I used to belong to the Library, and with Maurice being a square dance caller, we were active in square dancing.

*RL: What would you say your best memory of Sechelt is?*

MH: Peace, I guess. Peaceful. It's no longer that. At one point we were so isolated that we only saw the good in people. Now people look at you and wonder. Not everybody, but there are some people that you look at and wonder.

*RL: Were winters kind of lonely here?*

MH: I don't ever remember being lonely. Whether my parent's ever felt that way . . . I don't think so. They were always too busy, either in the house or at the store, or in the church. I don't ever remember being lonely, or having the feeling that we were lonely. Delivering newspapers would have been my only activity, apart from school.

*RL: You would have been married when your Mum and Dad opened their own store?*

MH: Yes.

*RL: Was that a surprise?*

MH: It was disappointing in a way. Dad had spent almost all his life working first for his cousin, Bert Whitaker, and then for the Union. To let him go just when he was to the retirement stage . . . They were apparently well known for doing that sort of thing.

Maurice's dad worked for the CNR and they did the same thing to him. Just before the last year they piled all this extra work on him, to make him quit.

In my Dad's case, they brought up a young fellow from Vancouver and made him manager of the store. Right in the face of a man who had been there all his life, who knew everybody and he could even communicate in Chinook, so he could communicate with the Indians. Sort of a common language so he could understand what they were saying and they could understand him. To all of a sudden get chucked . . .

Then a man who was in the Union when he wrote the book, *Whistle Up the Inlet*, about the Union and the Union Estates at Bowen Island, Sechelt, Whitecliff Park and Selma Park—my dad only got mentioned once in a very precursory way and was never recognized for anything he'd done. And he spent seven days a week in that store! I would say, that's the only bitterness I would have of Sechelt in its early days. The way he was treated.

It didn't contribute to his death, because I think he was quite happy. He made a big decision and he cancelled his life insurance to get the money to start his store—which was on his property. The lumber for it came from the other piece of property that he had, where my sister and brothers live now. And where they moved the family house. They jacked it up and moved it up there.

*RL: Is it still there?*

MH: Yes. My Mum's gone now, but it's still used basically by—well, the kids camp in the summer and use the house. And the Brownies and the Guides use it.

Yes, that was disappointing. They opened in 1950 and he lived until 1965. He had a heart attack.

*RL: Someone I was talking to said he was a generous person.*

MH: He was generous and he was gentle and he was a fine Englishman. Very well bred and he was from a very clever family. But he was taken advantage of in some ways. He would extend credit, fall for a sob story. But most people didn't take advantage of him. I think he could have been taken advantage of. He had a good head on his shoulders. He came over here to start with, I think he was 17, I'm not sure of that. Then the war started and he went back to England and joined up. He was an officer in, I think the Engineers, I'm not sure about that, but I think the Engineers, and then he came back out after the war to help his cousin out. I have a watercolour of the house as it sits now. [showed me picture of a young Edric and Florence Clayton] The shingles are no longer on the house and the windows have been changed. I can show you a picture of me before I go married. That picture was taken in the Union Estates park which was from where the dentist is on the corner (Jack Mayne's House)—there was only a trail that went beside his house, and from there on over to Wharf Street was all park, right down to and including where the dip is that goes past the police station, down to those buildings on Inlet. That was all the park.

*RL: What was Maurice's work history?*

MH: He was beachcombing. Prior to that he had been in mining. He came down here. When they decided not to beachcomb—well, it became increasingly difficult—he worked in a sawmill for a number of years. He worked for people by the name of Simning, and then they left and he worked for B.C. Fir and Cedar which was over at Porpoise Bay, the one that was owned by the Burley family. After that he worked for Union Steamships. He drove truck, and he drove the garbage truck they collected garbage in, they delivered coal and food and all sorts of things. Then he went to work for my dad. He did own the trucks for a while and tried it on his own, but that was too difficult. Not really enough to make a living.

RL: *What did he do for your dad?*

MH: He did the same thing. He delivered groceries and he helped in the store, packed groceries. In those days if they needed a shelf, they made it. They didn't go and order like nowadays with these adjustable metal shelves. He and Dick, when they changed the store to Shop Easy, before they moved across to the mall, they made all the shelves. Dick had a table saw. They made the shelves and put them together and painted them and set up the store.

Unfortunately, the day before opening day, Maurice tripped on a pile of scrap lumber and sprained his ankle very badly, so he was laid up with his foot up in the air, and they went on with the opening. He wasn't there.

RL: *It must be wonderful to have lived in the same place all your life. Have you ever felt like you wanted to be someplace else?*

MH: No. I've visited and I would have like to have gone back and lived through four seasons at Whitehorse, Yukon. I liked that, but I only saw it in the summer time. Even though there were mosquitos! I really liked that area and would have liked to have lived through all four seasons there.

But no. We have everything we want. And it's easy to get to—well, it's not going to be easy anymore because Maurice won't drive anymore. He'll drive to the post office and the store, but when I say let's go to such and such, he says no.

RL: *What was it like when the ferries first came in?*

MH: Oh, that was exciting. People could come and go as they pleased if they had the money. And it meant an improvement in the roads, and meant better communication between districts—which seems to be deteriorating right now! But it gave people access to more things. Made groceries cheaper.

We had to wait for the Union Boats to come in. In those days things were seasonal. You had to get what was in season. Except in those days I can remember having bananas and oranges. I guess things that came from the United States. I don't remember having lettuce and tomatoes—other than canned—except in the summer time. Now everything we

have, we have twelve months of the year from one country or another. We're certainly spoiled when it comes to that. Kiwi fruits—that was something that was in books. No we can grow them in our own back yards if we choose.

RL: *Do you remember the day they opened the ferry? Were you there?*

MH: No, I wasn't there. That was the *Machigonne*. I don't even remember when B.C. Ferries took over. Blackball still had it when the *Quillayute* and the *Smokwa* were running.

RL: *I'm interested in what it felt like to be on those boats?*

MH: I think it was exciting. I can remember when we were little—I guess ferries must have been a reality in those days—we had a little plastic boat that we had in the bathtub. This was when we were little, in this house over here. I remember asking Mum what on earth that was and she said, "That's a ferry." And I said, "What on earth is a ferry?" Because to us a ferry was something that put a penny under our pillow when we lost a tooth. She said, "No, a ferry boat is one that you drive on with a car." Well, I think the only car we had seen was—I don't remember. I think the Union had an old truck they used to use. I just couldn't imagine—because I thought of a boat as a rowboat, one of the clinker-built boats that we used to row around with in the summer when we were allowed. I just couldn't imagine a vehicle driving onto a boat, and a boat that was strong enough to hold it! So I think, probably, my first impression was awe, that something so big and so heavy in itself could be weighted down with all these vehicles could still go across!"

RL: *Did you have a car when it opened?*

MH: No.

RL: *When did you get your first vehicle?*

MH: Our first car—well into the '50s. I don't remember when.

RL: *Do you remember what it was?*

MH: No, I don't. I think it was a '47 Chev we bought in Selma Park.

RL: *What was the ferry like in those days? The same as it is today?*

MH: Slow. Very slow. And they were wooden—although, I don't think the *Smokwa* was. The others were. I remember when it was rough and they went the sea would wash over the deck. So they must have ridden much lower in the water. So they were slower and it was a rough voyage many times. We didn't go to town even then very often.

I don't recall really wanting to go. Not until later years when I wanted to go and see something. Then a couple we knew had a motor home. They were interesting people and they had interesting friends, and we wanted a [motor home] just like it. We eventually got one, in 1982. It's still in the back yard.

RL: *Did you go many places in it?*

MH: We went from Alaska to Los Angeles, to New Mexico. It was very comfortable. We used to go over and pick up Maurice's Mom from Vancouver Island. She was in a wheelchair and we were able to wheel the chair right through the door. It was a slow thing, but it was comfortable.

RL: *The big park that Union Steamships had, did you go there a lot?*

MH: We did in the summertime. In the summertime, when we were very young, they used to have picnics up here, and the local children, any who were around, were allowed to take part. In most cases. I won't say in all cases, because I don't know. I know that what I remember is we were allowed to take part if we chose. The prizes were wonderful. I don't remember now what they were, but I remember being blown away by how extravagant they were. I suppose they were things taken from the supplies from the store. Big compared to what they would get nowadays. It might be a tennis racket or something along that line. And they had bands. The boys choir . . . Vancouver Boy's Choir—I forget what it was called. They were up.

RL: *What were the prizes for?*

MH: Races.

RL: *What kind?*

MH: Well, they'd probably have 3-legged races, and sack races, running races, things like that. This was the children's portion of whatever the picnics were. Halloween time there'd be a bonfire in the park. The first May Days that were here were held in the park. Ball games. In the lower section which was down across Dolphin onto the lower section there were picnic tables.

They had houses down there. They had a Changing House, for I suppose if you wanted a shower after a race or something. One of those houses is now the Bethel Preschool building. It was put on a trailer or something and moved up to the corner lot. We had already built our house and it was moved up by Bob and Yvette Kent and became their home for many years until they moved. It was before we went to Roberts Creek in '68, so it was in the middle '50s I guess. They bought the house that was next door to what was the Seniors Hall—Mermaid Centre. They bought that house—Bob was in Real Estate—and sold this lot to the Baptists. It's been used a Sunday School and then as a pre-school.

There were a couple of changing houses down there. And they had long rows of covered tables with benches. And it was all so well kept—really well kept.

RL: *Who kept it up?*

MH: I don't know. Somebody must have cut the grass in summer, too, but I don't remember that part. I suppose I never even thought about it.

RL: *What was your Christmas like as a kid?*

MH: Sparse. One thing we always did—we did have a Christmas tree, but it didn't go up until Christmas eve. Maybe partly because of lack of room, but it was Christmas eve, and of course they didn't have electricity, so it was candles. I think they got lit once on Christmas eve and maybe once on Christmas day. We made cedar boughs to decorate the house, and I don't remember making strings of popcorn or cranberries, but we did make paper chains out of coloured paper for room decorations. I don't know the reason why it wasn't until Christmas eve unless it would be lack of room or because we may have wanted to light the candles and that was a no-no. With little kids, you don't fool around. We wouldn't have understood.

RL: *Did you go to a church service that night?*

MH: Oh, I imagine somewhere or another. For a long time there wasn't a church as such. They met in the old Sechelt Inn, which was where this new Visitor's Centre was going to have been. That's where it would have been. And we were sometimes in the tea room. At that time the Sechelt Inn, as it was known, up by where the Driftwood is, that was just a house. It wasn't a hotel. The hotel was down where this building would have gone. It burned down in 1936. Dad went running across Inlet Avenue, slippery sidewalk, he slipped and sprained his ankle.

RL: *The day it burned?*

MH: Yes. And I was in Dunn's house staying with Pat—who later married Teddy Osborne.

RL: *Were you and Pat friends all your life, after she was 12?*

MH: Well, basically. But we didn't write to one another.

RL: *So you were telling me about Christmas.*

MH: Christmas we got—I don't know if we had turkeys. I don't remember that part of it. I remember the plum pudding, because I remember the blue flame. I don't know if my grandmother was always there, or if we were in town. That part I don't remember. But I do remember getting a doll bed—which up until recently I had—and I guess one of the things I got, it was probably a Kewpie Doll that was dressed in a little Indian basket, a papoose shaped thing. I still have that basket.

RL: *Did you get your gifts in the morning?*

MH: Yes. We'd have had breakfast and church and then gifts. And we had a sock. I don't remember what we got in it—probably not much. I think, even at the end, my Dad only got about \$100 a month. That was in the 1930s so there just wasn't any money. Nowadays people wouldn't work a day for that much.

RL: *Did you have any music? Did you do any music?*

MH: My Mum played the piano. I guess we used to sing. We didn't have a radio—Dad had a crystal set—but we didn't have a radio until I guess 1937 when we got the power in to our house.

*RL: That must have been like magic.*

MH: Yes! I can remember the man who put the power in—I don't remember his name—but what struck me about the man that I can remember—I didn't know it at that time—but he had pernicious anaemia. He was as white as this paper and every time we saw him . . . Newman, from Roberts Creek. His wife's name was Madge and for a long time she was very active in what they called Tideline or Driftwood Players Group. He was a very pasty man and he had to eat liver raw. The only doctor here was in Gibsons, Dr. Ingles. There wasn't blood transfusions and iron tablets or things like that. This poor man.

*RL: Did you ever have to make a rush-trip up to Pender Harbour to the hospital?*

MH: Not a rush trip, but we did make trips up to Pender Harbour on a very, very rough road and we went to Madeira Park and then by boat from Madeira Park to St. Mary's. Peter was born up there. Even in those days, 1946, I went up—they thought he was going to be due on the 29<sup>th</sup> of March. He didn't come until the 10<sup>th</sup> of April. I went up the Sunday before and stayed there. You stayed there until your time was due.

The bus I went up on was . . . I don't know if it was Cece Lawrence's bus, which was really an extended passenger car . . . or whether Gus Crucil still owned it. I know it doesn't say it in that one article on [busses], but Gus Crucil did own it before Cece Lawrence did. Gus Crucil was the husband of the lady who had the Tasella Shop. I don't know who owns the Crucil building now, whether the boys still own it.

*RL: Did you stay at the hospital while you were waiting?*

MH: Yes! You stayed right there.

*RL: You must have got to know them pretty good.*

MH: Oh, yes, yes. They didn't have a doctor. They had a male nurse—actually I guess you would call him an EMT. I guess he was army trained. The doctor they had on loan was an army doctor. I don't remember his name. He was on loan from the army, I don't think it was on a full-time basis. Just a certain number of days a week. I went up there and I was in labour Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, and the doctor wasn't there. Peter was born on Wednesday and the doctor was there. Nowadays, I guess he would have been born on the Sunday.

When I went then, I think we went right to the hospital. I think there was what they called a corduroy road around the end of Garden Bay Lake, but when I first used to go, it was to Madeira Park and then by boat.

*RL: Do you remember any crisis that you had to get on one of the boats and go to Vancouver?*

MH: No.

*RL: Your other children—were they born in Vancouver?*

MH: Yes. They were born in Mt. St. Joseph's. Dr. Holmes was the doctor. He had been up

here practising for a number of years before he went to Vancouver.

*RL: Your mother had all of her babies in Vancouver?*

MH: Yes. I have no idea where the others were born, but they weren't born at home. I know the place where I was born no longer exists—I don't even know where it was, but I presume it was in the West End. It was called Chatham House.

*RL: Then you got Dr. McColl here—was he the first doctor in Sechelt?*

MH: I think he was the first doctor. He lived in Selma Park, halfway up Selma Park Hill on the water side.

*RL: Did you play any music yourself?*

MH: No. I took piano lessons for a very short time, but I didn't really like it. Now I wish I did. This is the piano. We got that in about 1936. It was second hand from a friend in the family. The stool is the original. A few notes had to be repaired, and there is one note now that is dead—I don't know why because Ken Dalglish redid the whole inside. But a string or something has let go.

*RL: How about sports? Were you active in that?*

MH: No, I wasn't. I wished I had been, because I liked them. I loved basketball and volleyball. I was no good at judging when it came to softball, I would always miss with the bat, or I'd miss catching one. I suppose our eyes weren't as good as probably they should have been. I don't suppose we got them checked that regularly, because there was no money to do it. I'm saying that, I think that's probably true. I did play badminton for a while, but I wasn't good at tennis and I wasn't good at running. But I love to watch sports and I'm envious of people who can do it.

*RL: Did you do crafts?*

MH: Yes, somewhat. And I crochet. I do work with that mesh. I used to knit a lot.

*RL: Did your Mum do crafts?*

MH: She sewed. Well, I sewed, too, up until . . . I don't have a sewing machine anymore, I gave it away. But she sewed for us.

*RL: Did she make all your clothes, or did you get store-bought clothes?*

MH: She made our clothes. She probably knit our sox, or my grandmother would have, and Dad soled our shoes. I guess we originally had a pair of shoes and he repaired the soles. I guess we had sandals a lot and we'd grow out of those.

I don't know how old I was, but I can remember being thrilled with a store-bought coat. I was probably past 12.

*RL: Where were you married?*

MH: St. Hilda's. The old church.

RL: *A big ceremony?*

MH: No.

RL: *Well, thank you for this.*

MH: Yes. I can remember Mayne's house, where the dentist is. It was called Glendalough. They had people up in the summer.

RL: *Were you friends with them?*

MH: With the Maynes? Oh, yes. They had no family of their own, no children, but she had a brother here and the brother has a son who is still here, and that is Laurie Evans. Do you have Laurie down on your list? Laurie and Eileen Evans. They live on the water side—do you remember where Mrs. Dawe used to live—just this side of it.

RL: *Your Dad must have done a lot for the town?*

MH: Yes. He was on the first steering committee to make it a village. I don't know what year that was, because I wasn't aware of it until later. I didn't even know that he'd been on the school board until later. Everything was so scattered, and my Dad and Mum never had a car, so we never got very far away from the yard. I thought our yard was so huge! When I was little. There seemed to be so much on it, and so much of interest. I can remember once I was allowed to go with my father – I don't know how old I was – I went with him out the gate and around the corner and away down the road. I discovered much, much later, that I had gone the whole distance of 99 feet. That shows how little I must have been, because the tree that I went to, which was removed not too terribly long ago, stood right at the corner behind the Roman Catholic Holy Family Church and the corner of our building—the Clayton building. I didn't know this, that that was as far as I had gone, but the gate that my Dad had used that day was right around the corner of the lot, right by the apple tree.

RL: *So, what kind of things did he do for the community?*

MH: Well, of course, he was very active in the church, as I say, and he was on the school board. And he spent so much time at the store, managing that. Mr. Hackett was also at the store and he managed the outbuildings. The Union had a huge garden and I guess they grew the vegetables. They had pigs. And they had houses. And the orchard.

RL: *Did they have chickens?*

MH: They probably did, for their eggs. And they had an orchard, it was in behind—we used to call it the bowling alley. Now it's the Wharf Street Landing. They tore the bowling alley down and made the animal hospital. That bowling alley was built by the Crucil's. Gus and Chris Crucil. Maurice used to pin set, and I used to bowl. He bowled too. That would have been in the '50s. It was very popular.

*RL: When did that close down?*

MH: I suppose in the '60s. I'm not sure of that.

*RL: Do you remember which was the first garage? Was that the Shell Station?*

MH: The Shell Station, yes.

*RL: Do you know who owned it?*

MH: I don't remember. The next one was the Standard Station which is where the Daily Roast is. The building is the same, it's just been renovated so many times. Bud Koch bought the building and he changed it from a garage into the GM Dealership. Then he changed it into the mini mall. It's had so many make-overs. It's like a lot of well-built buildings that have managed to survive with a little bit of tender loving care.

*End of interview.*

*RL:*