

Could I have the full name and spelling of your name?

Albert George Sim.

Your birth date?

February 22, 1940.

Your place of birth?

Zeballos, B.C.

Your father 'sfull name?

Albert Arthur Sim

His birth date and place?

He was born in 1914 in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

What part of the world did your father's ancestor's come from?

He was English.

You don't know what part of England?

It's all here. [Personal papers.] I had a cousin, George Short, who was from Saskatoon and he graduated and ended up teaching in Montreal. He did this family tree thing.

Here we are, here is Albert Sim, a miner. Their marriage certificate. Birth place, Halifax.

Mother's maiden name was Hallowell.

Your father's birth date?

1914.

Your mother 'sfull

name? Beatrice

Margaret Short.

Her birth date and place?

She was 21 years old in 1938, which means she was born in 1917. Place was Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

What part of the country did her ancestors come from?

My mother's mother, Isabella Lumsden (or Robson) came from Galashiels, Scotland. Her mother

was born on May 26, 1881. Her Canadian passport is dated July 23, 1936.

My mother's father, George Short, also came from Scotland. He died August 17, 1936.

Did you ever hear stories of how your ancestors came to Canada?

I have my grandmother's passport and a picture of the ship and what not that she came over on.

Do you know the name of the ship?

The *Corsican*, a ship of the Royal Mail Line. It was a twin screw steamer. Commander was John Hall. It departed from Glasgow for Quebec and Montreal on May 16, 1914.

Was that your maternal grandmother? Yes.

You don't know what brought them here?

No.

What were your parent's occupations?

Well on this certificate of marriage my father was listed as a miner. This is in 1938. And mother was a spinster on the certificate, and a clerk.

Your siblings names and dates of birth?

Ronald M. Sim, he was three years younger than me. And Richard "Rick" Sim, born in July, 1947.

And your wife's name?

My married wife's name was Verna Lynn Erickson. She died on August 29th, 1987.

Her birth date?

March 4, 1944. She was a few years younger than me.

Her place of birth?

I'm not sure, but I think it was Vancouver.

Her father 's full name and spelling?

Adair Erickson

Do you know where he was born?

He was born in Erickdale, Manitoba Canada. I don't know the date. He is now deceased.

Her mother 's full name?

Vivian Erickson. She was born in Kingman, Alberta.

Her siblings names and dates of birth? She had a brother Allan. He was younger.

The date and place of your marriage?

Davis Bay, June 8,1963.

Your children's names and birth dates?

Wayne Edward, July 11,1966 and Rebecca Anne, December 27,1968.

When did your parents come to the Sunshine Coast?

I would guess about 1945. I have a picture here of my grandmother [on the Sunshine Coast] which was taken in 1946. So I think it was in 1945.

My father withdrew from the service in Air Force on February 1946 and Frank French of Sechelt was the notary. RCA 1943 to February 1946. I can vaguely remember Frank French

What brought them here?

I think it was probably that father started a job working with the BC Power Commission which was the power generation station in Selma Park.

Do you know what his position was? He was a power plant operator.

Do you know what he did before?

He was mining on Vancouver Island at Zeballos. Just a brief stint. He had a history in the air force of working in power plants on the east coast. When the BC Power Commission sold out to BC Hydro he had an opportunity to go to Clowhom Falls, but my mother didn't want to be that far out in the sticks, so my father took a job with Jim Parker at Parker's Hardware. Not long into that job he saw a need for electricians for house wiring and such, so he went out on his own and that was the start of Sim Electric. And the rest is history.

Where did they live on the Sunshine Coast?

When we first arrived we rented a little house right on the highway in Selma Park. It was about half a block east of what used to be the Selma Park Store, on the ocean side. The store property has a house on it now. Going back to the 1930s, our house was a store beside the road.

Somewhere I have a photo of the "old" and it's the old store and I have a date on it. The old marquis-type store, square front, and it was somewhat faded and very close to the road. A 1938 store front.

So, that's where they lived, but we were only there a couple of years possibly. Then my father acquired a building site on the hill which was eventually named Selma Park Road. With the help of Harry Burke, a carpenter who lived next door and was a builder, they built our house overlooking Selma Park Bay, up on the hill.

It's not clear on local maps where that property is located. The first turn off to the right on Selma Park Road is a little lane that goes between some houses for about a block, and then turns back onto the highway. To reach the old Sim house, continue past that lane to Benner Road for about two blocks. Our house is on the corner of Selma Park Road and Benner Road. If you turn right on Benner, our house is on the left.

Neal Store: right now (2007) a house is being constructed where that store stood. It is located where that little lane intersects the highway, on the upper side towards Selma Park. Just past the intersection to Selma Park Road is a group of little houses, and then a little lane onto the highway. From that lane, Neal's Store would be on the third property on the left going towards Gibsons. The foundation of a building is currently being constructed there.

The Harry Burke property has a bit of history. It was bought by one of the Stewarts. There were two Stewart brothers who became loggers. He lived there for some time. I think after the Stewarts sold it, the Arundel's were there, but I think the Arundels bought it off of somebody besides the Stewarts.

Is that S-t-e-w-a-r-t?

Yes. Charlie and-I forget the brother's name. He was actually up here a while ago. He had logged some property up Halfmoon Bay way and he was disappointed to find out that it wasn't all parkland, that a chunk of it had been sold off by the Regional District. (Re article in *Coast Reporter*.)

While I'm talking about the old house, the next door neighbour's name was Edwards. His mother lived in the house next door, above the old store, and I can remember coming home from school in Sechelt-I think initially we had to walk to school, but I think it evolved that we took a school

bus of some sort-but I can remember coming home and seeing this-Ron Edwards was his name-he was a great hunter, used to go out and bag a whole bunch of squirrels and it seems that on the side of his mother's house he always had a bear hide. That was the other neighbour. He was a young, tall, lanky guy at that time.

Today I looked at an old picture of my school in Sechelt and some of the names sure bring back memories. Another picture I was looking at, an old boy scout picture-from 1948-the scout master was John Clayton and the names below that bring back memories. The last names, of course ... Ed Forbes, Lemieuxs, Whittakers, MacDonalds, Salter, Stockwell, Walker, Ted Scott. Norm Burley was one of original scout leaders, and Frank Yates was a scout master.

What year was that?

1948. Henry Newcomb and Spencer Wigard. My buddy in this school photo, Henry Newcomb. I used to bicycle from Selma Park on an old three-wheel trike on a gravel road down to Porpoise Bay to see Hank. I forget how many years ago it was, but one time my wife at the time and family stopped to see him up in Invermere, BC. They were in the electrical business up there.

There's an old picture-I have a better picture of my father in the power plant. I think it's a newer unit that's why they are probably taking care of it. The power generation units were big massive—there were three of them as I recall-and they were big, massive diesel things. You could hear them, when they fired up, from blocks and blocks away, a chug-a-chug-a-chug.

There was a flume which deposited warm fresh cooling water into the ocean. Of course that eroded the beach and formed a pool. Somewhere I'm sure there's pictures of the native kids next door swimming in this warm water. At times there was actually steam rising from it.

And somewhere there is a picture of father's old car outside the power building. There's not much left of that building now. There might be a little bit of cement where the pipe came down the hill from a big a tank on a side hill which was filled from the penstock near Chapman Creek.

It took some of that water to get the power flowing, to get the exciter powered up. It was also the water power which ran the peleton wheel to get the power back on. I think it is well documented when that closed down. BC Power Commission sold to BC Hydro.

Some interesting stories of my father working shift work, bicycling down to the power plant at Selma Park. He used to go over these trails to the waterfront. It seems there was a confrontation

one time. This property had a big field at the corner of Selma Park Road owned at that time by the Neals. I recall there were a couple of sisters. Anyway, they used to block off the road occasionally. It seems one night on the trail down to the beach, which was fairly steep, and dark, my father ran into a tree which had been [deliberately] fallen across the trail. Us kids used to do odd jobs at that time, and we used to run into Sechelt along that trail and along the waterfront on another trail to the roadway fronting First Nation homes.

That trail was where the waterfront road is now in front of the conveyor belt and gravel loading facility past the native cemetery.

You were saying the man who fell the trees across the trail?

Somebody fell the trees?

You don't know who it was?

Well, I believe it was the Neal's. There was a big house on the edge of that field, which borders on-it was actually on reserve land-it borders on the edge of Selma Park. People I can remember living in that older house on the side of the road were Garys. My buddy was Irvine Gary, and he had two sisters. I think his father drove school bus. Of course, that was many years after my father's escapade with the bicycle running into the trees across the trail.

And you think it was the Neals who fell it? What were they angry about?

It was just-I got the impression that they were angry about people trespassing. It was sort of a public trail down there, but for some reason -maybe someone abused their property or something. It was just like Sechelt, big open fields. We used to have ball games in Selma Park and that's where the diamond was. When I think of soft ball, I think of the Tysons, Crucils, Reynolds.

There was a series of summer homes along the beach. A couple of those homes now are basically the same as the ones in the 40s. I delivered papers one time. There was a Mrs. Smith there. I collected starfish for her garden. I charged 25 cents for a three-gallon bucket of starfish. There were some loggers who lived along there, too, and they were good for tips when I collected for the paper route. They were a jolly bunch.

What were the tips for? Delivering papers?

Just for being a good paper boy.

It's interesting the way papers have been processed over the years. Initially they were tied with rope twine. Then they started binding them with wire. At that time-I think it was steel wire later—but then it was copper wired. It was very soft copper, probably a number 12 gauge. It was pretty good scrap then.

There'd be two or three bundles cast out of the bus at that time. Us kids would meet someone on a connecting paper route and ask, "Well, how many pages have you got today?" That was in the late 40s, early 50s. Of course, the papers were starting to get larger with advertising and that type of thing.

Those paper routes, there wasn't a road allowance divided out at that time.

[Susan: Aren't there several houses that are still there on Selma Park hill?]

That was what they called the "fill" in those days. It was just above the road—you can see an ivy-covered bank there-

[Susan: Did they have a specific purpose?]

They were just summer cabins. There were maybe four or six along there at that time. They were very small properties in front, longer lots on the north side going up the hill. I think the road now is called Little Lane.

You were saying that your father had other adventures at work that were exciting?

At work? Yeah, there were times when they were setting up these big diesel engines in a power distribution station. I don't think it was this station, I think it was on the east coast. They had huge fly wheels so they could start the compressed air. These fly wheels were about ten feet across—big fly wheels—and they were down in a pit and the floor was subterranean. And they'd have these diesel spills and the pits would fill with diesel, then the fly wheels would start picking up the diesel. It made a terrible mess.

I became involved in the electrical field and I appreciated all the troubles that he must have had synchronizing and getting the power system back on line.

Today's problems are a little more sophisticated, probably all done with computers now.

Were there any exciting times when the power went out and he couldn't get it going and he 'd get complaints from neighbours?

Well, if a person was on call, or if they needed a backup at the plant, the person on call would take home an alarm. At that time it was quite big because it had a big battery. If the power went out the alarm went off and you'd have to get your fanny down there right away because the lights were probably out and additional help required.

[Susan: Your dad serviced all the way up to Pender Harbour, didn't he? When he had his own business.]

When he had his own business, yes. Sim Electric.

When BC Power Commission sold out to BC Hydro he worked for Parkers and then started his own business. He worked on houses from Pender Harbour to Sechelt mainly. I remember Norwest Bay Hill being gravelly and muddy.

So you named some of their neighbours. Do you know what community organizations your mom and dad belonged to?

They were quite active in the Selma Park Community Association and quite a few social things.

[Susan: And were they involved in the Baptist church at that time, too?]

Mother was a Baptist. The Baptist church in Davis Bay. I can't think of the reverends names at the time. One was a Reverend Bevan.

Roy Mitten became very active in the church. I don't think he's on this earth now.

But the Walkers used to have corn roasts on the beach with tubs of corn. I think Tom or Frank Walker started a building supply store in Sechelt. As time went on, those houses got torn down.

Your parents belonged to the Selma Park Community Association and your mother was involved in the Baptist Church. Were there any other organizations they belonged to?

Father was involved with the Mount Elphinstone Masonic Lodge. He became a past Master of the lodge.

Do you know what kind of legacy, if any, they left to the community?

No, I don't think there was even a street named after them.

[Susan: how long did Sim Electric last?]

Sim Electric dissolved a few years after Ron moved to Pender Harbour. Rick was quite involved with cable vision until he retired.

Beside father's family home on the hill there was a bit of a development and there used to be greenhouses up there. Us kids just knew it as broken down buildings and a field. That goes back to the Union Steamship days.

I think father owned probably a 1 1/2 acre property. Possibly after 10 to 15 years of his living there the property next door was subdivided. Joe Benner and his wife at the time owned it.

The street along that road became Benner Road. Basically it was the Benner family there. Now there are four or five homes there. Where the old greenhouse was, the actual building is now where Dr. Paetkau's family lives.

Was there one greenhouse or several?

I don't recall. I recall as a boy knowing the building which had been a greenhouse. I recall a big cement enclosure next door to us. It was there for a number of years, but I don't know what it was for. It was about 20-foot square and capped with cement. I believe it had been part of possibly the greenhouse operations, or perhaps it fed the houses down below with water.

When I was asking what legacy did they leave the community, were there any volunteer stuff they did, or buildings they were...

Well, I think they certainly became involved in what was going on in Sechelt at the time.

But no specific project that comes to mind?

No. I imagine Mom had a time keeping track of us three boys and she was involved in various church groups and the PTA.

What schools did you attend?

This is my school here, [shows picture of what was originally the Sechelt Consolidated School.] I can say I've thrown tennis balls over that roof. That's further back than I can remember. But, I went to Elphinstone High and graduated in 1959.

Did you go to junior high in Sechelt?

Yes to Grade 6. Now I vaguely recall Elphinstone started in 1953 or 1954.

You started in 1958-59 or you graduated then?

I graduated in 59. It should have been 58, but I graduated in 59.

Was it called Sechelt Elementary when you went to school, or was it Sechelt Consolidated?

I don't recall. I might have a picture some where. It was definitely consolidated. Grade school. The teacher there was a Mrs. Jay, in Grade 1.

The names of the kids are listed on this picture of the cubs. But I can see a Parr-Pearson, a Walker, Wigard, Newcomb, Woods, another Wigard.

A lot of kids took junior high in Sechelt.

Yes, it was "Thee Public School" to Grade 6.

It was called 'thee' school?

No, that's what I called it. It was the only school for that age group, other than the Residential School. So it's a heritage building.

What subjects did you excel in at school?

I was the master of nothing. I graduated towards the trades you might say. I was interested in electrical stuff because I grew up with it. But I also had an interest in forestry. One summer I manned the lookout on Gambier Island.

I fought forest fires. I was just out of high school and there was a big forest fire in the Squamish Valley and they took a few crews from here. While I was up there I heard that the Gibson's theatre had burned down.

The forest fire was at?

In the Elaho Valley behind Squamish.

I was finished high school that year, I'm sure. You could tell, because it was the same year that the Ball's Block burned down, and the theatre.

And they rebuilt the theatre?

No, the theatre was gone. They never rebuilt a second floor at that location. They rebuilt the stores at ground level. It's been a 1-story building since then.

Selma Park had its house fires and such. There'd be times I'd be sitting in the old Sechelt theatre and you'd hear the fire siren and people would look at one another and of course the firemen would immediately vacate if there were any there. It was an air raid siren.

One of the Stewart's houses burned. And one house east of the Edwards place. I remember seeing it as a kid-there was a charred Christmas turkey sitting on the table.

Another bad one was the old Selma Park Lodge which was from the Union Steamship days. It was one property east of the house we had on the hill. We were awoken one night and it was a ball of flame. Very spectacular. What was amazing was that it was during fire season! Later us kids would find charred shingles, cedar shingles, more or less intact, just charred, blocks and blocks back in the trees on the hillside.

One logger, Red-I forget his last name, was boarding there and lost his life. Rumour was that he came in and made himself a snack and left something on. At that time Livingstons owned that lodge. Forget what year they acquired it.

I actually started in the pulp industry when Mr. Livingston was employed as a painter there.

That same property has been rebuilt by their son, Doug Livingston. He retired from a financial career in Vancouver to live there. He rebuilt where the old lodge was, but it was vacant land for a number of years.

That hill right beside there was a favorite spot for sleigh riding down in the winter. One street east of Selma Park road.

I recall French had a taxi service in Sechelt. And Sawyer. Mr. Sawyer and his wife were good members of the church. He drove cab, probably after Mr. French. His house was in West Sechelt.

I remember sleigh riding on that hill. We did everything on that hill-rolled down in a barrel... As teenagers we were given a car by Bill Braun-he had the property on the corner of that block-and his brother Minno lived on the other side of the block. Bill had daughters, one lives in Gibsons, but I don't know her married name. Anyhow, Bill gave us teenage guys this car. It ran on five cylinders. We fixed it up, of course-we cut the top off and made it into a convertible. We'd have it over in the field up on top of the hill, between where Benners were and Paetkaus are now, and sometimes we'd have to jump the clutch quite a few times before it would ignite. Sometimes we were very close to ___^___ on that hill! It kept us busy.

When did you get your driver's license?

I got my driver's licence one year after I was able to get it. I seem to recall I got mine at 19. I

recall I waited a year. I was in no hurry. I don't think I ever drove the family car without a license.

I bought a 1956 Ford—my first car. I paid \$1500 for it and just coincidentally it had 1500 miles on it when I got it. It was two years old. A Ford Customline. It smelled like a new car.

What subjects did you have the most trouble with in school?

The usual. Probably mathematics. I can't recall taking any extensive chemistry courses. I wasn't on the university program. I did some correspondence courses through Victoria in basic math and electrical. That was while I was in school.

When I went on to do my apprenticeship I got involved in basic trigonometry.

Did you have a favourite teacher?

I don't recall a favourite teacher, but of course there were some memorable ones. I used to play soccer. After one soccer practice somebody brought forth this demon rum. I never touched the stuff, but I was found with them. I remember Mr. Dabronksi reprimanded us. The fellow who instigated it, I bumped into him at Liquidation World. He's living at Pender Harbour.

Who was it?

That was Bob.

My buddy from Selma Park was Keith Head. Keith had two older brothers. Don and Gordon. They got into flying and log salvage etc.

What were your school days like?

They were good. Depending on the time of year. In the fall we'd want to get home and shoot the pigeons that were sitting on top of the hemlock trees.

School was good because of the sports, soccer and basketball. We fielded some good teams from Elphinstone in those years. The stars I recall were Wayne Poole—he's the brother of Mike Poole. He was quite an athlete. John Higgs—Big John. A few gals who were top notch. I think they did all right.

Getting back to teachers, Cloe Day.

Mr. Peterson?

Mr. Pete, yeah. I didn't have him for any classes. I know my wife did.

Stan Truman was memorable. I went to Stan's 100th birthday at Roberts Creek. He was still Stan Truman.

What was memorable about him?

Oh, I suppose the teachers took turns babysitting the kids at lunch hour. When it was Mr. Truman's turn he always carried his lunch in a newspaper, and he'd eat his lunch then read the paper after. He always ate sardine sandwiches. I mentioned this at his 100th birthday party. Stan wrote his thesis on BC history I think. He certainly knew his railways. If the class was getting drowsy he would start running around the classroom demonstrating the railways in Canada.

Another teacher was Mrs. Fallows and Mrs. Day. They were smokers at that time and the staff lunch room was just one big cloud. I was a nonsmoker. I can recall the poor teachers having to revert to cigarettes after putting up with us kids.

Characters at school included Art Thompson. He was very talented in art and woodwork.

You did a lot of sports in school. What about things like Christmas concerts and things like that?

I can recall things in Davis Bay at the Community Hall. Christmas parties and things going on at the community hall.

You mentioned Mrs. Day and Mrs. Fallows. What was memorable about them?

Mrs. Fallows taught history. Those were two ladies you didn't mess with. Mrs. Day was very fair, but I'm sure one or two guys crossed her and got thumped. Mrs. Fallows I think was ex-army. She could put you in place.

Did you win any awards at school?

I think I did. I don't recall what they were.

What post secondary education did you take?

I apprenticed as an electrician. I went to Burnaby Vocational.

It's funny, I just had a flashback of school busses away back on those gravel roads, and I recall some of the guys sitting on the back seat, and eating raw garlic and in that wet weather and it was quite

Aromatic?

Yes. Yes.

So the reason you went into electrical was because of your Dad?

Yes.

Who would you say had the greatest influence on your education?

Well, it was possibly my father who led me to study in the electrical field. I don't know if the topic of university ever came up.

What were your hobbies or pastimes as a boy?

I spent a lot of time in the bush, fishing and playing with boats. Keeping the old car running.

Where did you fish?

Basically Chapman Creek. There were a number of trails behind Selma Park that would put you quite a ways up Chapman Creek.

What did you get?

There was good trout fishing, depending on the time of year.

In the summer we would combine swimming and fishing, then you'd have to find bigger pools. There wasn't too much of a concern at that time about licensing. We would have small hemlock saplings with about 20 feet of line rolled around it. Probably progressed to rods and reels later.

Did you ever fish the salt chuck?

Yes. Plank boats, I can recall. Clinker boats. One had an inboard motor which in cold weather you could keep your hands warm. We'd drag those things up and down the beach.

Where would you fish?

We would fish Trail Bay. Good fishing up around Trail Islands, up to Davis Bay wharf area. We would canoe out around Davis Bay in the summer time. We'd go around the islands. I can recall coming on some orcas one time. We called them black fish at that time. To have your fanny down that low in the water and encounter orcas was quite something.

I also can recall one time getting weather bound out there [on the Trail Islands], and it being too rough to get back. We walked along the beach and came across some cans of-they were actually rations for, I don't know, war time? Fishermen's boats. They were the equivalent to a one-litre can, sealed and contained chocolate and pemmican. So between chocolate and pemmican, it was

very interesting.

Did you eat them?

Well, we ate the chocolate first, of course.

The Trail Islands were good fishing grounds.

What did you catch?

Salmon. I did better salmon fishing-as far as larger fish are concerned-when I moved to Gibsons. I remember once Herbert Steinbrunner came in at the same time as I did. I asked, "Mr. Steinbrunner, did you catch anything?" It turned out he had not caught anything, but I caught one.

Do you remember what kind of salmon?

If it was any size, it was probably a spring.

How about coho?

I'm sure there was coho. As far as present day in the Gibsons area. Going back twenty-five years in later summer and fall you could fish off the beach.

There used to be cut throat trout in the bay in Gibsons, long before the breakwater was built. The cut throat are still around, but you're not allowed to keep them.

As a kid I remember the tow boats occasionally weathered out a storm at Davis Bay and Selma Park and often their booms would touch the shore. Friendly deckhands would talk to us kids. Sometimes we'd get a piece of pie because the cook wanted someone to talk to. It was good pie. Howe Sound kids would take them out recent editions of the Vancouver papers, which they used to appreciate.

Of course, there were incidents of boats running across the tow lines. The old *Unimak* ran over a tow line off of Davis Bay. Several people lost their lives. I'm not sure what year. It sank, of course.

Were you a boy then?

Probably a young adult. I'm not sure.

I recall at a younger time seeing a seaplane off Trail Islands looking for a tow boat that had gone down.

The Unimak-did you see it go down?

It was a fish packer. No, I saw the actual boat. I've probably got pictures of it lying on the beach.

Because it washed up on the beach?

They probably put air into it and dragged it to Sechelt and when the tide went out it was lying on the beach so they were able to retrieve the bodies. I'm not sure how old I was.

Going back to the wharf. I still get a bit nostalgic seeing the foundations of the wharves in Sechelt and Selma Park. I remember the freight boats. I can recall standing on the wharf when the-whether it was the Machigon or the Gulf Wing, I can't recall-but it would bump the wharf so hard you had to hold on.

My father told the story of sending for a Christmas order through the catalogue, I think some boxing gloves and a pressure cooker. He wasn't notified when they came in and they were left on the wharf and got stolen. Might have been around 1950 or so.

So when the ship docked they bumped the wharf?

A lot of the boats did. You had to be aware if it was rough. No different with the Horseshoe Bay ferry-used to be anyway. Captain Crunch piloting the ferry.

You said you used to "go into the bush "-did you mean just to go fishing, or did you go hunting?

Quite often in the summer and fall we'd find a creek and in later years we roamed down to Wilson Creek. We never got to the lakes too much. In some cases we did—we'd go to Ruby Lake or Brothers. But you needed a ride to those. One trip I remember we went to Clowhom Falls to the lake, before the second dam expansion. It was a series of two lakes. There was lovely fishing there.

When you fished Chapman Creek, was there steelhead?

Yes. I remember fishing for steelhead. I recall walking across the frozen pools and seeing these fish under the ice. Quite dark. People used to make a special trip from Vancouver to fish for steelhead.

There's some things about Sechelt I'll just mention.

We used to walk from Selma Park to school along the waterfront trail. Between now where the wharf is, and say the rocks at Snickett Park, there were three, possibly four, trails from the

waterfront to the street side because it was a marsh there. Two paths I can recall were boardwalks across the marsh. It wasn't tidal. I suppose there was a berm pushed up and it left low ground behind it. The boardwalks would connect the waterfront to the main drag in Sechelt.

I heard kids used to get frogs off of that.

Probably.

Speaking of water, at Porpoise Bay wharf in Sechelt, us kids would fish there. Best way to fish, of course, was to be able to see what you were after. We'd get down underneath the planking on the floats in the water. The floats at that time were big cedar logs. We'd get on the sides of these logs, under the planks and it would be darkish and you could see the fish in the water. Until a fisherman would come along and fill a gumboot with water and pour it down on us through the cracks. Terrorize us. But it was quite a fish pond. You'd look down at the growth on the logs, and the water was clear and you could see shiners and perch.

In Sechelt, there was a place called "The Orchard" just down from the wharf. I think it is still called The Orchard. It was a semicircle of houses with fruit trees out front. The RCMP had an office and jail in there, and later on that jail got moved to right across from where Workwear World is now-that flattish roofed building. That was Chrissy Johnston's Jewellers. Her husband was Captain Andy Johnston, the magistrate.

Anyway, when that business changed, the police moved into that building. Somehow my father was doing some work of some sort in setting that up. I got involved helping him putting the cell together. There were a lot of bolts and riveting. A constable involved at the new jailhouse offered to try out the straight jacket on me. That was the thanks I got for helping to put that jail together. It was very effective. I was probably in my young teens then.

Bob Normington, he was the head of BC Hydro at that time. Where the mall is now in Sechelt, directly across from the Shell Station was the old Clayton's store. One windy day these tall second growth firs started shedding branches, hitting the power line and bringing down the power lines. I recall standing across the road and watching them nearly set a car tire on fire.

In the midst of all this hot wire snapping and barking around Mr. Normington arrived in his car. A lot of people were afraid he'd get himself electrocuted.

What did he do?

I'm not sure. He was concerned that people stay away from that snapping wire. But it taught me a healthy respect for electricity.

My son once chopped a wire on a house that was alive, and he came away with a healthy respect for electricity!

But when you're dealing high voltage, you learn respect, or death.

We would walk the trails to logging roads and end up on Crucil's Mountain. Often we'd pack a .22 and listen for logging trucks. If one came along we'd hide from them.

In later years we'd go up Crucil's Mountain with our .22 and hunt for grouse. One time we came on this bobcat down at Porpoise Bay probably where the campsite is now. Keith skinned it out and had it mounted.

Often in our travels we'd run into Minnie and Bergie. One time I can recall at Selma Park I was coming down the hill to the highway and I came upon this lady walking a horse. It was Minnie. She was having a bit of a time with this horse. I asked her whose horse it was. She said it was "Tie-a-son's horse." The Tyson's lived where Tyson's Road is now. She might have borrowed the horse or was boarding it. I think they still had their farm then in Porpoise Bay.

Did you play a lot with the native kids?

Not really. I forget. There was the residential school at that time and I imagine the native kids went to that school. I was in the old residential building once. I helped Dad do some wiring. I found it gloomy.

But of that same area, I can recall pig barns across the highway. Right where the gas station is now. The one Ted Farewell had built. Petrocan now. Across from Big Mac's. Anyhow, that's all that was there. There was a field in behind, which is now the hospital. To get back to the pig barns, they got fed from the school. There was a trail that ran from there, alongside Petrocan, to Porpoise Bay. I think there is still a trail there.

I remember them excavating in Selma Park for roads or construction and it was not unusual to come across human bones. I recall one or two occasions.

Harvey Hubbs was a store owner at Selma Park.

What were your responsibilities at home as a kid?

Well, the main one was a winter supply of firewood. I had two brothers, but I was the elder. By the time I left home they were in the process of doing their own thing, and Dad got electric heat in. But there was always five cords of wood to get in with a crosscut saw, brought down by wheelbarrow along the trail.

Speaking of that, our property in Selma Park bordered a trail on the native land. About the time that there out cedar blocks. They'd make a wheel barrow out of the blocks that were maybe 3-feet in diameter and approximately 18 to 27 inches wide. They'd hammer a spike into each end of a block in the centre, and fasten a pole on either side and push this thing.

The straights were the cheaper shakes. For tapers, they turned the block and it made a shingle-like shape $3/8$ to $1/2$ inch at one end, and then wider at the bottom. They were the more expensive shakes. Depended on the quality of cedar. Corrugated cedar didn't make good shakes at all. Surface very corrugated and didn't split as well as the better quality stuff.

Even here in Gibsons I made a froe and cut some shakes. But never commercially, just for my own use.

People who were involved in it would fill their trucks with blocks and spend their spare time in their back yard splitting them.

That was native people who made the wheelbarrows out of blocks?

Yes. Native guys. They'd bring the blocks out that way.

But any place you fell a big tree, you'd start rolling these blocks down the hill. It didn't take too many blocks and you'd have quite a trail. But when you're going downhill, you had to be careful. It would start down easy, but it could get away from you.

They brought many cords of wood out that way. I remember seeing the blocks of cedar stacked up at the ends of the trail. A cord measure's worth.

So it was native people who brought these blocks out?

Yes, and they sold to either to - there were a couple of cedar mills around. Silver Skagit Slake and Shingle at Wilson Creek. They also did shakes. They called him Shakey Miller. Just about at the junction of Tyson Road and the highway, on the west side. The second property west of there.

Was that the one they couldn 't sell a few years ago or build

on?

I think so.

So it sounds like you tried it.

Oh, yes! I've done it with firewood. With a big log. With fir wood, it's risky. You have to keep it under control because it can run away on you. The first cord or so was kind of hard.

Speaking of trails, there's all these skid roads throughout the coast that were logged years ago. Us kids used to make maps of these various trails and roads. But unfortunately in modern times the rainforest is rapidly covering the artifacts that were there from horse logging.

An anthropologist a few years ago was studying this side of Elphinstone, the trails and remnants of flumes.

But as far as human artifacts go, at the back of Selma Park, us kids used to find horse logging collars from the skid road days. And there's a few cabins back there. More so in Roberts Creek. One very nice one got destroyed about the time that the power line went through. It was quite sad because us kids had all had our initials carved into the side of the door, on a plank. Now it's long gone. It would be great to see it show up somewhere, but I think the building got torched.

I was telling someone, the old Union houses at the "fill" in Selma Park. It seems to me there were about 4 or 6 cabins at the front and at the back there were 4 or 5. The ones at the back had a larger back yard, going up the hillside. There are some enterprising people in the community now who grew up in Selma Park and lived in that area for a while. Marshall Mulligan and family.

Where there any fads that you remember when you were a kid?

Oh, yeah. Well there were ducktails. And bell-bottom trousers. I found an old pair of my father's trousers with a navy bib front but they were the right material and they had the flare. I kicked around in those for a while. I've still got a pair of motor cycle boots from the 50s. I remember my father-in-law saying, "Better get a shine on those boots!"

Looking at some of these pictures and family pictures, beehive hairdos and such pretty well date them.

What was your most difficult time as a child?

I don't recall. Health-wise I was laid low for a while. I sprouted like a weed during that time, according to people who hadn't seen me for a while.

What kind of health problem?

Tubercular. A shadow on my lung.

That was during Doctor McCalls time. That was another story. Some stories I wouldn't repeat. A lot of fishermen's accidents.

Old Doc McCall lived in Selma Park. He had two daughters. There was Dr. McCall, then two doors up was Benjamin Lang, the Sechelt pharmacist.

What was Dr. McCall like?

He was gruff. I recall being at the Selma Park store one day. They used to display fishing tackle above the cupboard doors. I reached up to this display and pulled down a huge salmon hook and got one of the hooks through my thumb. So I ended up in Doc McCall's office over in Sechelt, waiting to get this thing taken out. It was stinging pretty bad, but I had to wait my turn. When they take one of these hooks out, they can't back it out. They had to take a pair of pliers and cut off the barb before they can get it out.

I can't think of the people's name who had that store. Willows was one of the first one.

Was it like a corner store?

It was a grocery store. They had a good butcher there. They did the country thing for quite a while. They'd make up orders for people and if you couldn't pick them up before closing time they'd put them outside. But that didn't last for two long because the dogs would steal them.

Delzal was the name of the people who owed it in the 50s.

And then there was Harvey Hubbs. His son is retired in Granthams Landing. He'd be busy with the "Catscan" effort for the hospital. Taking up where his father left off. Harvey Hubbs was one of the founders of the hospital.

The butcher for a while was Ken Woods. His sons were Ivan and Mike.

How did you and your wife meet?

She was one of the locals. She was driving her father's car one day.

Was she from Sechelt?

She was from Davis Bay.

What did her dad do?

He was involved in the shake business, pulp mills and logging.

What was your first job?

I used to go out on weekends and holidays with Sim Electric doing house wiring. When I got out of school, I ended up at the pulp mill on the production line for 1 Vz years. Then I went into electrical there. I retired five years ago.

Some names here. The Mission Creek Flood (Now Chapman Creek) took the bridge out. In 1955. The school bus had to travel by logging roads for a few days to get around it. It flooded due to poor logging practices, I would think.

At Wilson Creek there were the Strosheins and MacDonalds. Rubin Stroshein was involved in the scrap metal business. He was renowned for always having a wallet full of bills because he used to pay cash for the metal he bought.

My brothers and I got involved in a piece of property in Pender Harbour, and then we started getting the contract for cleaning it up. A lot of scrap metal. There were old engine blocks left over from the fishing industry. We'd wheel barrow them to the back of the property and Stroshein would come down this rather rugged road with his truck and load that stuff up. I think one of Rubin's boys is retired at Wilson Creek.

MacDonald's lived by the creek. There's a campsite there now. I rode to school with their daughter. Her brother Don got badly burned one Halloween. It was the practice for kids to carry fireworks in a bag or a can. Someone who wasn't thinking threw a firecracker into their can or bag and it became a fireworks display.

There's an old orchard, just fruit trees now, the house has been demolished, right beside Chapman Creek, on the upper side of the highway. A house there was owned one time by Zarales. Shortly after my marriage I rented the house. It was an older home and there were many bats in the attic.

There was the odd turkey farm down there too. The Aune's. Their daughter was named Barbara. The buildings are not there anymore.

How many did they raise?

Oh, they had quite a business there. I remember one big building there.

Not far from there, in West Sechelt, was quite an extensive chicken farm, the Derby's. He sold out to a friend who sold his quota and the property has since been subdivided.

In Selma Park, the old Legion—the building was owned actually by Molly Moorehouse. She started a restaurant across the Selma Park Road on the left. The building there has been reworked. But she had a restaurant there and a Mrs. Nestman took it over and called it the Curve Inn because it had a long bar that curved. Shortly after that it became the Legion. Now it's a private home.

What happened to the Legion?

I heard a statement the other day that the Selma Park Legion became the Sechelt Legion.

[Transcriber's Note: In the 1930's the Sechelt Legion was built. In October 1958 additional premises were purchased in Selma Park. The Selma Park premises were used to house club rooms and as a licensed lounge, in October 1971 the Selma Park buildings were put on the market and on September 8, 1973 the present Sechelt Legion building was opened.]

Were you involved in any organizations?

I was in cubs and scouts and sea scouts and the Junior Masonic organization.

I have a puzzle for you. The old rental home in Selma Park that was initially a store. Neal's Store. We rented it, then it became a community club. How long did it remain that? I'm wondering whether when Sechelt amalgamated and took in Selma Park, did the District sell it? Last year I could see it was for sale and one day I saw fellow tearing it down. He said his son had bought this lot next door—the old Edwards house. No doubt it had been in disrepair. I'm just wondering how a community building evolves.

There's stories about the old grave yard just out of Sechelt. There was a trail along the edge and part of it went through the grave yard. The theatre at Sechelt was a story itself—Morgan Thompson's. We'd see a scary show in Sechelt and then walk home through the graveyard. It was always interesting on stormy nights.

Next to the theatre was the annex called the Pavilion. It was basically an auditorium of sorts. I recall dances there. Kids playing stuff in there. Basketball or tennis or something. There were

tennis courts outside, too.

Did you ever go roller skating there?

No. I might have gone roller skating once. Probably on cement at Gibsons.

Along that same area, just west of the apartments on Wharf Road, there were three carved totem poles. I have a picture of Father and an aunt and the car in front of those poles. They were carved by someone off the coast and they weren't a story of the local band. They'd been commissioned by the Union Steam Ship Company. Now they are on Bowen Island, at the Blind Institute over there on CNIB property.

Do you remember when your family got its first television set?

Yes. I can recall the areal on the roof and poor reception.

But the story of the person who got involved, he came at the right time and started selling televisions, that was W. Richter in Sechelt. His building is still there, it's right across from what used to be Parker's Hardware. That was later years. I don't know where he started out when he first started selling televisions.

But I can remember the old tvs. Terrible reception.

Did everyone have them?

I recall that there was a few around, all right. We weren't really hepped on it. I think what was more interesting to us kids was-there again, it was probably my father's idea to keep us boys around-a pool table downstairs. It was a ping pong table first, and then the pool table.

I recall playing pool and my first pool game was not in the notorious pool hall in Sechelt, but in Bill Swain's basement. I knew his daughter, Sharon, at the time. There was another lodge to do with the tourist business. And that building is still standing, around the corner and down the hill from Selma Park on your right is a big old house there. But that was Bill Swain's house.

He went into business in Sechelt and built that building right across from Dockside-it's Pharmasave now. Right across from Pharmasave, on that corner, Bill Swain and Dan Curry. And Ted Curlock were on the corner there too.

What was Swain's business?

I think they sold appliances there.

How did world events shape your life as a kid?

I remember the first big earthquake and Mother chasing us out of the house. That was the rental house at Selma Park. She chased us out of the house. That was a big earthquake. In the mid-forties maybe. That was definitely world shaking.

No one was hurt?

No.

And the Fraser River Flood in 1948. There were dead cows and chicken houses on the beach off Selma Park and Davis Bay. Cows would end up on the beach like seals do now.

Quite smelly?

Yes, bloated. People would try to get rid of them fairly quickly.

I recall a cow, old chicken coops and farm buildings that were set adrift.

Today if you look at satellite images from space and it shows the Fraser River currents coming into Howe Sound.

Even now, on the beaches in Gibsons, we get some of the flotsam. We know it has come from the Fraser because it includes cottonwood trees. A year or two ago I found a possum dead on the beach. They were intentionally introduced up Hornby Island by some Americans who were living there for a while. The possums became a problem. They're sort of resident now in the Fraser Valley.

But we find all sorts of things on the beach.

How about when Kennedy was shot?

I was in Gibsons at that time, I couldn't say what I was doing.

How about the moon landing?

Yes, I've been down in Gibsons about 35 years now.

What made you move from Sechelt?

I had a small house in West Sechelt, and I wish I still had that. But it was a small house and my family was expanding. And it was quite a commute from Port Mellon to Sechelt.

It was an interesting story. We had put our place up for sale in Sechelt. I was a shift worker and I

was sleeping one afternoon. I heard someone banging on the door. It was a realtor. I didn't get up. I heard them say, "Oh, let's go out and look at the garage." And I was sleeping. So I wondered who that was. I got up and looked out the window and I didn't recognize the car. I thought, 'Now, what are you going to do.' So I said to my wife, "Let's look at something in Gibsons being shown by this same realtor company and maybe we'll find out who the realtor was. So she looked in the paper and saw this house and said "Let's go look at it." So we never did find out who had been looking at our house.

What would you say was your greatest achievement in life?

Two kids. Five grandchildren. I hope I can hold off to be a great-granddad. It could happen at any time. The age is right.

Who would you say had the greatest influence on your life?

I guess my parents. Some of the reading material they had around the house, some of the ideals installed in me by other people, by association, and by organizations.

What would you say was the greatest lesson your parents gave you?

I can't point a finger at anything in particular. Possibly association-nature and nurture. People you associate with and accept their ideals and are influenced by them or not.

I have a name I remember, Bill Peiper from Pender Harbour. I don't know what year he moved from Irvines' Landing. I met him while I was working with my father on the weekend. We were putting in a sign for a marine oil company, and we were drilling footings out on a rock. Many years later Bill was in Davis Bay living next to my inlaws. He had a small fibreglass boat I bought. He was a real character.

What was interesting about him?

He was a character.

How so?

His habits. He was gruff. His wife was a very nice person. They go back a long way in Pender Harbour.

What would you say has been the biggest change on the Sunshine Coast?

Well, I think we're seeing it every day. Growth. Some things don't change readily. The beaches.

But it's getting so that you can't even walk on the beach because people are armouring their property. At high tide you can't walk along the beach. I've been to public meetings-you're not supposed to put anything something like 16 1/2 feet below the high tide line. High tide now is 15+ feet. But the water can pile up on that side. At 16 1/2 feet on a low piece of land.

But as far as changes, we're seeing the ultimate now with the apartments in Gibsons.

Have you ever regretted your decision to stay on the Sunshine Coast?

Not really regretted it, but I'm aware that there's other things out there. I feel that young people should get involved in local government. Do we want industry to expand? Like the McNab Valley? Do we want industry to come to this beautiful valley?

There's gravel extraction everywhere.

If you had advice for anyone starting out in life, what would it be?

Those starting out today have got it tough. It's exciting times, of course. I told my granddaughter that I hoped she'd get out and get travelling in before the world changes. You can't think too much of the possibilities, you've just got to get out there and travel.

I'm glad I've been to other countries.

I've enjoyed backpacking in Oahu. Several times. You can get a camping permit and camp there. Great state parks and transit system.

What kind of people were your mom and dad? What was your dad like?

He was a sincere man. So was Mom. I remember them laughing on numerous occasions.

Father, like myself, was a quite a serious fellow and as a consequence he suffered from stomach ailments.

So he was a worrier?

No. Now we know ulcers are caused by a virus, and worry.

And your Mom?

Mom was a good Christian. Baptist by birth. She used to talk religion with old Mrs. Benner next door. Benner's a good Christian too. Catholic.

Mother worried about her three darlings, and she had reasons to be.

Susan has two boys and one girl.

Susan, what is your full name?

My name at the moment is Susan June Garnham.

And your maiden name? Showalter. I've only lived on the coast about eight years.

And you 've been together for six years.

Yes.

Albert: Her mother just turned 95 and had a hip operation. And she's getting around. Her father was one of the founding members of the Stratford Shakespearian Festival. So speaking of parts of the world, that's a nice part of the world.

Albert: My mother died when I was in my early twenties and married. My stepmother is Wilma Sim. She grew up on the coast and in Victoria. Her previous husband, Walter Morrison, and his business partner started a log sorting business on Howe Sound. They lived at Andy's Bay in 1948, and Langdale. Walter drowned in a boating accident while they were living in Andy's Bay.

Additional Notes from conversation after interview.

Where and when was the picture of your parent's taken?

At Port Mellon, in front of swinging bridge over the Rainy river. It was a walking bridge over the river towards the hotel. We were on a picnic down there one day in about 1956 or 1957.

Where was the bridge?

Between the Seaside Hotel and the mill site. There used to be an old town site along the edge of the river. We called it Stucco Row, because the houses were build in a row and they were all stuccoed.

And it was a swinging bridge?

It was a cable bridge, basically, a walkway suspended on cables. It has been replaced. Now it's a steel pipe. They built a lot of settling ponds where the hotel used to be. Chip piles, settling ponds, and treatments ponds. There is now a steel catwalk where the bridge was.

Half a block up from the swinging bridge there was a proper bridge to drive across.

I heard a story that near Dogpatch there were once hippies living in a stump. Is that true?

I've heard that story about the stump, but I don't know if anyone ever lived in there. But I think there are pictures of that big stump in a Port Mellon history called, *Rough and Ready Times* put out by Walley Brown which covers a period beginning in 1908. It's for sale at the Gibsons Museum. Walley Brown was a chemical engineer at Port Mellon. Pictures in the book also show the community hall being built in 1955.

They cut the top off of the stump-it was about 8 ft high-and they put a little shake roof on top of it.

I don't know if anyone ever lived in there. I stuck my head in there one time.

They developed a water system on the other side. It was called Seaside Park. There were two hotels. Both burned down. I can vaguely recall when second hotel burned down. It was never replaced.

Where was the Legion in Selma Park?

Legion was on corner of Selma Park Road and the highway. Coming from Sechelt, if you make a left turn at Selma Park Road, the old Legion building is on your left. We called it the Snake Pit. That what people called legions sometimes. It became a restaurant on two occasions.

Wilma Morrison

I have the date when her husband drowned somewhere around. I was talking to Wilma a few months ago.

But I didn't get the dates of my inlaws (Verna's parents) when they passed away. Her brother Al is still alive, but I don't know when Adair passed away or Viv. She was up here in Shorncliffe for a while and then went into town and that's where she passed away.

Adair was a logger here?

Yes. He worked at the Slake & Shingle, and logging and the pulp mill.

You don't know when they came to the coast?

I've got that down somewhere. I would guess it would be - Verna was born in Vancouver. The pictures I've got of her up here, she might have been four or five years old, something like that.

Her mother was an Olson. Was that one of the Olson 's from here?

Yes.

So they met and married here?

No, brother and sister married brother and sister. Erickson and Olson. I think they logged on the west coast of Vancouver Island and eventually ended up here. Both the Olson's and the Ericksons.

They settled in West Sechelt, didn 't they?

No, in Gibsons.

Oh, so it was a different Olson.

There's a picture in this Centennial book from 1958 of Adair rowing across a flooded back yard in Wilson Creek.