

RL: *Correct spelling of name?*

AW: A-l-a-n D-o-u-g-l-a-s W - o - o - d . Just one tree, not a bunch!

RL: *And your name, Jean?*

JW: J-e-a-n Shirley Wood.

RL: *Your maiden name?*

JW: Chambers

RL: *Are you from the Sunshine Coast?*

JW: No, but I've been here since 1947.

RL: *Alan, your parents names?*

AW: Dad's real name was Jonathan B-e-n-t-l-e-y Wood-JB Wood. And my mother was Ella. Maiden name Goldsmith.

RL: *When were you born and where?*

AW: 1919. Up here.

RL: *At Garden Bay?*

AW: No, there wasn't a hope in hell of getting to Garden Bay in those days.

JW: There was an old log shack up there in Norwest Bay where Peter Hansen now lives.
[6659 Norwest Bay Road]

RL: *Did you have brothers and sisters?*

AW: I had one brother and five sisters. Brother is Robert.

JW: Born Dec 29-I don't know the years, but I can tell you their ages. Bob's 15 months younger than [Alan]. He was born Dec 1921, I guess.

Bertha, she's passed away, I don't know what year she was born.

AW: January, wasn't it? She was born in England.

JW: [Shows picture of cabin that Alan was born in.]

RL: *When did your parents originally come to the Sunshine Coast?*

AW: My dad originally came here in 1906. He went back overseas in 1914, and he married my mother in England and she came out here in 1919.

RL: *There is a story about that, isn't there? About your mom coming here for the first time?*

AW: Yes. What's the story?

RL: *I heard that she arrived on the beach and had no idea of what it was like.*

AW: Yes.

JW: On a Union boat, wasn't it?

AW: I don't think it was a Union boat. They used to go out with a rowboat and pick up any passengers or freight, right off Bingham's Beach. What's the name of the road there

now?

Trail Island view. There's a road there.

JW: They used to call it Bingham's Beach, is all. Where she landed.

AW: She came up on one of Whitaker's boats, and a rowboat to shore. My Dad had oxen and that was the means of transportation up this lane.

JW: She came up the skid road here. Where Norwest Bay Road is now, up in the bush, to the shack. She was pregnant with him at the time, and had Bertha, the little girl. She'd come from England.

RL: *Did someone help her with Alan's birth?*

AW: There was an old Russian lady around here at the time—Mrs. Caesar—and she used to act as the local midwife around here.

RL: *How do you spell her name?*

JW: Like I think of Caesar.

RL: *This must have been quite a shock to her. Did she talk about it?*

AW: Yes. It made her very bitter. Because she was living in a shack with no running water when she'd been used to running water and everything else.

JW: She had to pack the water from the creek which was how far away from the house?

AW: Well, the well was right there at the house.

JW: I thought she packed water from the creek.

AW: We did when the well run dry.

RL: *How long did she live there?*

JW: She passed away in 1970. Dad passed away in 1963, and she lived there about two more years, so say up until 1965, then Bob and Alan built her a new house on the same property and she lived there until she died in 1970. She was 83 and his dad was 88 when he passed away.

RL: *So she had Robert and Bertha . . .*

JW: Yes. Bertha is deceased now. She was 71 years old when she died, and she died in 89. Bertha was born in England.

RL: *So she had a baby with her when she arrived.*

JW: Yes, and she was pregnant with this guy. Can you imagine.

RL: *And Violet was born when?*

JW: Well, she's 78 years old now. Then Eleanor. I think she just turned 76. Then the twins—Gene, she's 73, and Faye Hansen is 73. They're twins. And they were born up in this shack, too, by the way.

AW: That year there were three sets of twins born on the Sunshine Coast. Ours, the Aldershot twins and the McQueen twins in Gibsons.

RL: *What did your dad do up on Norwest Bay Road?*

AW: He did a little bit of everything. He spent a lot of time away from home because he used to cook in camps.

JW: Before that he was away from home a lot. He was on boats to hell and gone, to New Zealand and . . .

RL: *Cooking?*

AW: Well, he'd take a job wherever he could get it, whether on a survey party, on a boat or whatever it was.

JW: The twins were six months or a year old before he even knew he had twins.

AW: They were older than that.

RL: *Your mom was up there by herself. That must have been pretty lonely.*

AW: Yes, well there was neighbours around, but there was more bachelors than anything.

JW: Name some of those bachelors, because they were very good to your mother.

AW: There's John Brockenshire. He was a very, very good man. He started one of the first jitney services for freight hauling and that. Just up in West Sechelt here. He used to go up to Sechelt, Norwest Bay Road, to a Chinese camp out in Northwest Bay, and they used to pack the rice and groceries up to them. We had this old packhorse and he'd go by home. Later on, when there was a logging camp got working up here, he used to haul the hay and oats up for them and barrels of skid grease.

Have you ever tried to walk in a bow-legged man's footsteps? [chuckles] His one foot is always one right ahead of the other, because this John Brokenshire was quite bowlegged! As a kid, trying to follow his footsteps in the snow!

RL: *Who were the other bachelors?*

AW: There was Woollet. He was married and his wife passed away and he was on his own from then on. Brocky, as we used to call old Brockenshire, he had a sister in Gibsons and Woollet, his wife, she had a sister in Roberts Creek. John Oakland Woollet. There's some other people up there by the name of Partridge, but I don't know too much about them.

RL: *So John Oakland Woollet was the other batchelor?*

AW: Yes

RL: *And what did he do up there?*

AW: Well, I think he was a remittance man, because he always seemed to have money, and he bought property. Toward later years he was selling off pieces of property.

RL: *How did they help your mom?*

AW: Well, anything wanted doing around the place. It's kind of hard to say how. Like going to Sechelt for mail or shopping, things like that.

RL: *Where did you go to school?*

AW: Up at the top of the hill here, the corner of Winter Road and Northwest Bay Road. It was

in 1921 they built the school, and then in wartime they went up there with a cat and put a sleigh under it, and they're still using the school in Sechelt now.

RL: *The kindergarten building.*

RL: *What was the school like?*

AW: A one-room school with one teacher. At first it was very small, and then they put an addition on, and the teacher had from grade 1 to grade 8.

RL: *How was it heated?*

AW: Wood stove. And for water, there was a well. Used to have to pack the water. The janitor, that was his job of packing the water.

RL: *He packed the water and lit the stove and such?*

AW: Yes.

JW: Who was the janitor?

AW: Different ones.

AW: Well, we used to have to light the fire and put wood in the fire during the day time.

RL: *How far did you go in school?*

AW: Grade 8. That's as far as you could go.

RL: *What did your mom do for companionship?*

AW: Worked.

JW: Looking after 7 kids.

RL: *Did she have a garden?*

AW: Oh, yes. We had a garden.

JW: And animals.

AW: Later on we had cattle. Stock.

RL: *Did she ever go back to England?*

AW: No. There was no money.

RL: *Did anyone ever come out from England to see her?*

AW: No.

RL: *So she never saw her family again?*

AW: No. Some of my dad's family come out here. We got to meet them when we were overseas and one of my cousins she come out with her husband. They made two trips out here.

JW: Jessie came first.

AW: Oh, yeah, Jessie.

JW: She was your dad's cousin wasn't she?

AW: Yes.

RL: *Where was your dad from?*

AW: Yorkshire, in England.

RL: *What brought him to Canada?*

AW: Itchy feet! He had been all over. He'd been in the Arctic, the Klondike, New Zealand, Australia, through the states.

RL: *Did he homestead here?*

AW: Yes. Actually, at the time there was a land boom. Some people got this and they boomed it. They'd bring people out of Vancouver on excursion trips and say what this is going to be, and everybody bought property.

RL: *So he got the homestead. How big was the homestead?*

AW: Well, he had to buy it. The first piece of property he had up on the hill, up on Northwest Bay Road. The guy said, "This is a hill here. Why don't you move down on the flat." So he sold that, and he bought down on the flat, where I was born. That's where he built his cabin and stuff. He had ten acres and then my mother, when she come out, I guess she had a little money and she bought a piece of property, ten acres.

RL: *Was she someone he knew before he came over here, or did he meet her during the war.*

AW: My mother? No, he met her during the war.

RL: *Was she a city-girl?*

AW: I think so. Actually, she came from Kingslind in Norfolk.

RL: *I can't imagine what a shock that must have been.*

JW: She never got over it. She was a real little lady, but boy was she ever bitter.

RL: *What was it like for you growing up here? What was your childhood like?*

JW: Rough.

RL: *How?*

JW: Actually, all you had was whatever excitement you made, you created that yourself. The only guy that ever done anything for people here to make it worthwhile was a Reverend Darby from Gibsons. He organized these different schools and had ball teams. He used to take us from West Sechelt here down to Roberts Creeks or Gibsons to play ball. He had a big, open touring car and what he couldn't get in the back seat, well we'd sit on the running board with a rope around our back. Could you imagine that happening now?

JW: Gravel road.

RL: *Must have been awful dusty.*

AW: Yes, it was a little bit. But they didn't go fast enough to make dust, anyway.

RL: *How long would it take you to get to Gibsons?*

AW: I don't know.

JW: It used to take us about an hour when we were married, never mind then.

RL: So you had baseball teams?

AW: That was about all.

RL: Did you hunt?

AW: Oh, yes, there was always hunting.

RL: What did you hunt for?

AW: Grouse.

RL: Were there lots up here?

AW: There was lots of grouse around in them days. There was willow grouse and blue grouse. Now if you see a grouse you get out and look at it!

RL: Did you ever have bears and things come into your yard?

AW: No. There was bears around, but we never had the problem with bears that they have now.

RL: I wonder why?

JW: It wasn't so populated, I guess, and they had more to eat.

AW: I think the bears in them days must have practised birth control because the amount of bears there are now . . .

RL: Perhaps they ended up in more stew pots then.

AW: No. Nobody ever bothered them. If there was a bear around, that was really something.

RL: How about deer?

AW: They weren't too popular.

JW: Not as many as now.

RL: Did you fish?

AW: Yes. Every Saturday we used to go fishing in Wakefield Creek. There was never any real big fish in it, but it was a meal.

RL: Trout?

AW: Yes.

RL: Did you live off mostly fish?

AW: Oh, no. Different ones around the neighbourhood raised stock and you could buy a chunk of beef now and again, whoever butchered.

RL: Did you have to can it? You wouldn't have refrigeration.

AW: There was no refrigeration but you wouldn't get that much ahead of time.

JW: They couldn't have afforded to buy much of it. They were pretty poor. Ask the girls.

AW: Actually, when you get \$30 to keep a family for a month during the Hungry 30s—

JW: Did you get that much?

AW: Well, I think it was \$20, and then Mom had the job of janitor for the school and that was \$10 or \$12 a month.

RL: So she was the janitor for the school?

AW: Well, it used to come up for tender and you'd put a bid in. She had it for quite a while there. I'd guess maybe four or six years.

RL: Did you go into what is now downtown Sechelt very much?

AW: Did we go in? No, only if you had to go in, like for the mail. You had to go to the Post Office for your mail. Then if you went in for the odd groceries.

RL: What was it like then?

AW: It was all bush. The main drag coming out of Sechelt this way, along the waterfront, and cut through the Burley property, and then on the back road, as we call it, it come up and it cut in on an angle at the back of the Shop Easy and come out just—

JW: You mean Claytons, not Shop Easy, don't you?

AW: Yeah. It angled through and hit the road—what's the name of that road going out to the waterfront?

RL: Shorncliffe?

AW: Shorncliffe goes right through to the waterfront? That would be it, and coming on 91. Then later on they put the road up where it is now.

RL: So you'd walk into town?

AW: Oh yes. How could you get in otherwise? Well, we had a horse for a while, and we'd go in with the horse and wagon, or if you were on your own you could go in on a saddle and horseback.

JW: Mostly you guys walked.

RL: How long did it take you?

JW: To walk? Took me 3/4 of an hour pushing a babybuggy from Mason Road, so I guess it would take them an hour or so.

AW: It didn't take us long. 45 minutes, I guess.

RL: So, you were telling me what Sechelt was like then.

AW: Well, the main activity was on the waterfront. That's where the Union Store was and the telephone office. And that was it. And the old hotel. My dad cooked in the one hotel for a while. It used to be where the bowling alley was. It burned down and then they built the other hotel on the waterfront and that burned down in 1936.

JW: And they build another one?

AW: No. They just revamped Whitaker House.

RL: Did you stop for ice cream in Sechelt?

AW: If you had the money you did.

JW: They didn't have it very often, did they? Because there was no refrigeration. Just when the boats came up.

AW: Yes, just when the boats come in. There'd be one tub of ice cream and when that was gone, it was gone. But in later years, the picnics used to come up to Sechelt from Vancouver, and they had the park and the kids used to get into the ice cream there.

RL: *Did you have to pay for it?*

AW: Oh, no. You were just a kid.

JA: Tell her where the park was. It was where the gas station is. You know where the Green Grill is.

RL: *[showed map] This is Trail and this is Wharf, Cowrie and Dolphin—the park was all around there and then the covered picnic tables were here. And change rooms.*

AW: Well, one of the houses that was the ladies' bathroom in the park, it's still in use in Sechelt.

RL: *The Bethel Preschool?*

AW: Yeah. That 's what you call utilizing buildings!

RL: *Very well-built buildings!*

Did you ever take part in any activities at the Residential School?

AW: Once in a while we used to play football there with the Indian kids on a Saturday. Reverend Darby he had that organized too.

RL: *Did you go to any of the churches?*

AW: They used to hold church service at the old school house up on the hill.

RL: *Interdenominational?*

AW: Church of England, I think it was.

RL: *Was it Reverend Darby who conducted it?*

AW: They had two or three different preachers.

JW: Do you remember any of their names?

AW: No.

JW: What about Canon Greene?

AW: No, he never came up there.

RL: *So, how did you and Jean meet?*

JW: In Sechelt.

AW: (chuckles) She wouldn't even buy me a cup of coffee!

JW: Oh go away with you! It was the other way around. We met right on the waterfront in Sechelt and he followed me into what is now Optometrist [109-5470 Inlet Ave.]. There used to be a coffee shop there in those times and he followed me in there and asked me

for a date for Saturday night. I was dumb enough to say yes, and then, at the time I lived at Wilson Creek, so I waited for this big date to come and he didn't show up! Rather annoyed.

RL: What happened?

JW: His car broke down.

AW: Yeah, that was right.

JW: Mind you, how I got here was my dad came out and started a little shrimp boat, and he moved the family out here.

RL: Where did he come from?

JW: Well, I'm from Saskatchewan.

AW: Sodbuster.

JW: He was in Vancouver at the time. I didn't live with him for very many years.

RL: What date was that?

JW: That I came here? 1946 he came. 1947 I stayed then. I was working in town—I was all of 15 years old.

RL: Working in Vancouver?

JW: Yeah, at the Blind and Deaf school there at Jericho.

RL: What were you doing?

JW: Just in the kitchen.

RL: What did you do when you came out here?

JW: Well, I came out here and looked for work because I had got quite ill in town, so Dad brought me up here. Actually, I was looking for work the day Alan saw me. Anyway, I found a job at Mike Jackson's, working in their house. For Mike and Leslie Jackson. Then I also worked for Dolly Jones on the weekend cleaning her hairdressing shop in Selma Park. We met in May of 1947 and we were married June 1948 in the little St. Hilda's church in Sechelt.

AW: You talk about these kids having a distance to walk. There's a little girl, she lived on top of the hill this side of Snodgrass Road, and she used to walk from there right through Sechelt and right up to the school.

RL: What was her name?

AW: Margaret Creamer. Because the teacher, she used to board at Mayne's in Sechelt—at Glendalough—and the little girl, if she'd get through in time, she'd walk up with her. But she had to quit in the end—it was too much.

RL: How old was she?

AW: She wasn't too old. Maybe about ten. And there's two other guys: Bobby Hackett, he used to walk up there, and Norman Gustafson.

RL: *From downtown Sechelt?*

AW: Yeah, downtown.

RL: *That would be miserable in bad weather.*

AW: Well you didn't notice it. You just put your head down and keep walking.

RL: *Did you used to come down and watch the steamboats come in?*

AW: That was the main thing on a Saturday, to come and see the boat come in. You ever hear of the Daddy Boat. That come in Friday nights.

RL: *Was it like a big party down there, everybody knowing everyone else?*

AW: Oh, yes.

RL: *Did you ever ride on the Union Steamships?*

AW: Oh, yes. That was the only way to get to Vancouver.

RL: *What was one occasion that you would have gone?*

AW: Well, later on in years, when I was older, we'd go down to the Exhibition. And we had friends in Vancouver, we'd go down and visit them, maybe.

RL: *Your whole family, or just yourself?*

AW: My whole family. My mother mostly, and some of the kids.

RL: *So you went to the PNE?*

AW: Oh, yes.

RL: *That must have been a switch from being in the bush to going into the big city.*

AW: Oh, yeah. I worked one summer in the Union Store in Sechelt.

RL: *What year would that have been?*

AW: 1934.

RL: *What was that like?*

AW: It was good. Well, I was a kind of jack-of-all-trades. I mean to say, you were the youngest there, it would be "Oh, so-and-so wants this" or "needs that"--grab the bicycle--

JW: Old Mr. Clayton was the manager then, wasn't he?

AW: Yes. Mr. Hackett he was the estate manager, more or less. If somebody drove up and wanted gas you'd have to run out and top up their tank for gas.

RL: *So they sold gas at the Union Steamship store?*

AW: Yes. They had one of those 10-gallon glass pumps that you pump up. You know, as long as you pumped that thing full in the sun it would be full (chuckles), then when it cooled down next morning it would be down about that far.

RL: Do you know when they got the gas pump in at the Union Store?

AW: I couldn't say off hand, because that was what they called a wet hose. At Halfmoon Bay in later years, George Cormach had the store there, and he a Shell Station—Shell gas, but he had a dry hose, so if you said you wanted so much gas and if your car wouldn't take it, well you couldn't shut it down!

Roger Green at Wilson Creek, he used to sell gas, but he had a sign up that you had to request gas if you wanted it on the weekends or Sundays.

RL: He wasn't open, so you'd have to ask him for it?

AW: Yes.

RL: I think they said the Shell Station was the first to come in Sechelt.

AW: Yes.

RL: That was not the Union Store one, it was separate?

AW: Yes.

RL: What was the difference?

AW: Well, it was more handy at the Shell Station because they did mechanical work there, too.

RL: So it was an official gas station, not just a place to get gas?

AW: Yes.

RL: Was that your first job, working for Union Steamships?

AW: Yes. That was just for the summer months.

RL: What was your first official job?

AW: Oh, boy. I went to work falling at Moody Shingle.

JW: How old were you when you worked at Jacksons and you had that accident?

AW: That was in 1939.

JW: How old were you? 18?

AW: I guess I'd be 18. I got hit with a loading line on the loading rack. The line hung up on a spike and then let go, and I happened to be in the road. I don't know where it hit me—it threw me, anyway.

JW: You've still got scars from it on your head.

AW: How about my back? That and my legs.

JW: You were unconscious for five days, didn't you say?

RL: What did they do? Did they take you to St. Mary's or Vancouver?

AW: Pender Harbour. In them days they used gravel trucks for crummies. They'd just throw boards across and that's how you got up into the woods and just as soon as they got the crew up there they'd throw the boards to the side and went hauling gravel for the rest of the day. When I got hurt there was no crummie, no nothing, so they just threw the trailer off the logging truck and went back down that way.

RL: *Where was it at?*

AW: At Wilson Creek.

RL: *So they went right up to Pender Harbour?*

AW: No. They just brought me down to Wilson Creek. They used one of Jackson's cars to take me to the hospital.

RL: *What did they find [at the hospital?] What all was wrong?*

AW: Bruises and a fractured skull.

RL: *How long were you off work?*

AW: I was off – in them days the Compensation Board didn't want you off. They had a guy–Shinbeyne [sp??] was his name—you'd be off so long and the first thing you'd find yourself back to work, no check.

JW: But how long were you off?

AW: See, I didn't go back to work for a year anyway.

JW: And then he joined the army.

AW: I tried to join up in '39, but they wouldn't accept me. They took my brother and Chuck Nickerson and Jack Pidgeon. Then a year later I got in and I went right to Enlgand. I met Jack Pidgeon over there. A year after that I met him—he was on his way back. He got shot in the backside and he was on his way back to Canada. Chuck Nickerson, I never did see him and then when he come back, he went off the road at Pender Harbour into the lake and he drowned. In a car. That's what you get for wiring doors shut.

RL: *How long were you overseas?*

AW: I went overseas in 1940, and I come home in 1945

RL: *It must have seemed like a totally different world.*

AW: England? Yes. Holland? Yes. Germany? Yes. Belgium

JW: He was wounded over there, too.

AW: In the leg. I was in Germany at that time. You know, it happened, you see these guys getting hit with a bullet and they fall down. I didn't even know I got hit.

RL: *Were you shipped home after you got hit?*

AW: No. I went back out again. I remember going out on leave. My brother and I would pass each other at these transit camps. He was going to England and I was coming back from England.

JW: It got in the *Sun* paper that he was injured.

RL: *What year was that?*

JW: 1944.

RL: *When you came back from the war, what did you do?*

AW: I saw Osborne. I had worked for him prior to the war and I asked him what he had in the

line of work and he said he was looking for a boatman, so I went to work for him running a camp tender.

Tape 1, Side A ends.

Tape 1, Side B:

RL: Where was that at?

AW: Narrows Arm.

RL: A camp tender—that's a boat, right?

AW: Yes.

I'd been in the army service corp and then I ended up in the infantry with the Black Watch of Montreal. Have you ever heard of the Black Watch? It's a highland regiment. Infantry.

JW: After he quit as boatman he was driving logging truck from that day till the day he retired.

RL: So you learned logging truck driving from being in the army?

JW: At Osborne's Logging. Well, when I was at Osborne's, there was a big fellow there from Kamloops—an Indian—and he kind of steered me that way, driving truck. They had a small truck there and he rode with me a couple of times, and from then on I was driving.

RL: You didn't have to have licenses in those days?

AW: Later on I had to get an air ticket. I was driving in Stillwater and I was the only one there who had an air ticket on Mac & Blo roads.

JW: Tell her all the places you were driving.

AW: I was at Osbornes, Crucils, Jacksons, up Narrows Arm, Doriston. L. M & N—just before you go through the Skookumchuck. There's a big gravel pit there now.

RL: Were you ever up at Clowhom?

AW: Oh, yes. I drove truck at Clowhom for Forshener, and I drove truck for M & W at Thornhill Creek.

JW: And you were at Tahsis.

AW: Yes, I drove out of Tahsis and Fair Harbour.

JW: In other words, he was never home.

AW: Loughborough Inlet. Stillwater.

RL: Did you like it?

AW: I guess I did.

JW: It was his life.

AW: I was kind of a jack-of-all-trades because around here I worked on the power line right-of-way from Port Mellon to Squamish. Two of us—I was only the slashing crew for a while, then the next time around I was making helicopter pads.

RL: *This was in between logging truck jobs?*

AW: Yeah.

RL: *To go back to when you were growing up, with your dad gone so much, were you and your brother having to be the men of the family?*

AW: Yes.

RL: *What did that entail?*

AW: Looking after the wood. In them days it was a case of in the summer time getting wood for more or less the year.

JW: And you used to pick berries in the summer time and sell to the tourists to make money.

RL: *What kind of berries?*

AW: Those little wild blackberries.

RL: *That would take a lot of picking.*

AW: We had certain ones that wanted them—as we called in them days, “Summer Complaints.”

RL: *How much would you get for them?*

AW: Not very much, but two bits in them days meant quite a bit. We’d make about ten bucks through the summer, odd jobs and stuff like that. That would buy our shoes and books to go back to school again.

JW: They went barefoot all summer because they had no shoes till fall.

RL: *What were your Christmases like?*

JW: Well, kind of skinny, but we got by.

RL: *Did you have a tree?*

JW: Well, there was no use – we had green stuff, but never a tree because there were no decorations to put on it, and there was no electric lights, or anything like that. At school they had the Christmas tree and they used to have candles on it. But that was a case of you lit the candles and let everybody see it and then that was it. Blow out the candles.

RL: *When you were driving truck, did you have any close calls?*

AW: Well I rolled one. I got over too far and the road give way. I was passing these guys on the road. Well, it didn’t do anything, just flopped over and – I was off a month – my lung was punctured.

RL: *Where was this at?*

AW: Thornhill Creek.

Then I flopped that one on the side at Clowhom, too.

RL: *What happened there?*

AW: I don’t know. I lost my water line and had no brakes.

RL: *What stretch were you on?*

AW: I forget the name of the road. It wasn't the Red Tusk. I can't remember.

I used to pick [Fran Alvarez, wife of Clowhom Caretaker, John Alvarez] up on the road lots of times when she was walking. She used to hike. And the baker at the camp, he used to walk and I used to say, "How many miles you do in a day?" He said, "Four." So I said, "Well, you want to go eight?" So I'd drop him off at eight or four, whatever he wanted.

RL: *Fran is in Florida now.*

AW: I never knew her name.

RL: *So, were there any other events in logging that were exciting or different? When you first started, what kind of logging was it?*

AW: The first logging camp I worked at, Osborne Logging at Halfmoon Bay, that was all wooden spar trees in those days. That winter I was off and I went to work in a little logging camp over on Porpoise Bay. I was falling there for a while. It was a little outfit that went under the name of Moody Shingle. They had a little camp this side of the campground—*Where the suburb is?*—Yeah. There's a little camp there. The only way in and out, we used to have to walk around the beach.

RL: *That would have been muddy.*

AW: Well, once you got across there by Stockwells, it was a little dryer.

RL: *When you were married, where did you live?*

JW: On Mason Road. A little two-room shack at first then we built on. For twenty four years we lived there. Then we built a new home just three houses down on Wakefield and we lived there for eight years, and then we built this home and we've lived here for 22 years.

AW: In between, just after we were married, we lived in a camp, up at Osborne's Camp.

JW: I spent two years up at logging camps, too. We always had our home here, too.

RL: *Where were the camps?*

AW: Narrows Arm.

JW: And M & W.

AW: M & W Camp at Doriston. Did you know there used to be a school at Doriston? Did you ever see it?

RL: *Is it still standing?*

AW: No, I think it's pretty well gone.

JW: Did you know the Jardines?

RL: *No. They're quite a colourful family.*

JW: Yes, nice people.

AW: The mom and dad—the boys would go away fishing. Gunner, he had the boat the *Ariboe*, and Martin had the *Echo*, a little 26-footer. We used to go down there [Doriston] to visit

Mr. & Mrs. Jardine in the summer time. It was company for her—somebody different to come down and talk to, when Gerry was small, it gave him a lawn to play on—grass to play on and that.

RL: Do you remember the first election in Sechelt?

AW: No, I don't.

RL: How about when the roads were paved?

AW: When they were first paved the speed limit was 20 mph. And the policeman at the time, he enforced it, too!

RL: What was your first car?

AW: My brother and I bought a 1928 Chev Coupe. We were both working at Jacksons at Wilson Creek and we bought this Chev Coupe from this outfit in Roberts Creek—Arnold Sands Motors or something. We paid for it, but we made sure we got a receipt. I don't think he'd been sending the money to town.

RL: He got into trouble?

AW: Yeah, well, we was all right because we had the receipt to show for it.

JW: That was the car that broke down the night that he was supposed to come and pick me up. Then he got rid of that before he seen me the next week!

RL: I suppose the roads were difficult to drive on?

AW: Gravel.

JW: Pot holes. And mud.

RL: Did you ever get stuck?

AW: Not with that one. That was good.

JW: Got stuck with the Chrysler.

AW: Yeah, that. A real swanky one. A '36 Chrysler Coupe was the next car I had. We went back to the prairies in it, and we had a mail sack in there and I had it filled up with grain to keep a little weight in the back end. That worked real good.

RL: How did you get it from here to take it to Saskatchewan?

JW: By barge.

AW: They had a barge service out of Port Mellon.

JW: Yeah, but you put it on at Gibsons.

AW: Yeah, we put it on the boat at Gibsons. But the barge service used to come up there and bring up any cars, or take them back.

RL: How often did it come?

AW: It run about twice a week, I think.

RL: Were there lots of cars on it?

AW: No. And the Union Steamships, they used to bring cars up.

JW: How come we used the barge, then?

AW: I don't know. Cheaper, I think it was. But this '36 Chrysler Coupe, that was after the war when I got that. I was on the wharf and these two guys I knew, I saw this car on the boat—actually, there were two cars at that time, going up to Pender. I said to the guy, "I'm going to buy that car." The guy laughed at me. About two weeks later I had it. It was a fellow by the name of Gas [sp??] that had it. He moved out from Winnipeg, and he brought his car out with him. After he got to Pender Harbour he didn't want a car any more, so I got it.

RL: *What was it like for you to be on the Union Steamships?*

AW: It was nice. On the side, they had that one area where anyone with fancy clothes and stuff they used to be in there. But on the side, that was more or less for everybody. In them days, right up until the late '50s, any of these loggers going out, they was all dressed up in a suit. When I was at M & W camp, the fallers coming in there would always have a suit and tie on.

JW: Not anymore.

RL: *They'd change into their logging clothes.*

AW: Yeah, well they had their logging clothes in their kit bag, and their bottle of whiskey.

RL: *On the boats, you'd mingle with the logging people, or everybody?*

AW: Everybody.

RL: *Was there a lounge you could sit in?*

AW: Yes, there was a nice lounge.

RL: *As kids what would you do?*

AW: Run around.

JW: Run around. Drive his mother nuts.

RL: *What stands out most in your mind?*

AW: I couldn't say off hand.

Did you know there was a black granite quarry in West Sechelt. Well there was. It was on my sister's property.

How it started—the fellow that used to have the Wakefield beer parlour, Charley Reida (sp?) he had this old friend of his up from town, a little Italian guy by the name of Stephanini. My dad happened to be down and he run into Stephanini, he was going along looking at rocks. So dad told him about this rock, so old Stephanini come up and said that's just the place for him. So he started a quarry, but then one thing was money—he was quite satisfied to take out what he wanted, the small stuff. But he got tangled up with I don't know who it was, but he said, "Oh, we'll do it big time!" Well, the capital come from Montreal, and that meant they had to have big blocks, but they didn't have any equipment to handle big blocks. So they folded.

RL: Do you know what year this was?

AW: 1947 to 1949. Some of the black granite [from that] quarry went into the courthouse in Vancouver.

One of the courthouses they tore down in Vancouver in 1911, my dad got—I think four—of the windows. We had them at the house at home. They never got broke all the time we was kids. It was good glass. After we built my mother this new house, I made a sunporch and these were two of the windows I joined together for the sun porch.

RL: Do they still exist?

AW: I guess so.

There were two other windows in the shipment he bought, and old Woollet got them. But old Woollet was a big foot, and he put his foot through them!

RL: That was 1911.

AW: Yeah, but he wouldn't get them until about 1920 or 1922. Pa was great for going to these second-hand places.

RL: When he came back from his trips, how long would he be back for?

JW: He was a great old guy, but he was no husband material. We all loved him, but poor mother!

RL: Did he stop wandering finally and come home?

JW: Well, I just talked to Gene about this the other day. Dad was there after they were born, and he stayed around home from then on. But he used to go to camps and cook, but he was always in this vicinity.

AW: In them days, when you stop to think about it, a camp cook, he'd go out and the guys working worked six days a week and just lay off Sunday. But the cook, he still had to cook.

JW: Didn't you and Bob used to go up the skid road there and visit with him?

AW: Yeah, well he was cooking at the camp out here, the Fairbanks Camp—

JW: Tell here where it was, though.

AW: That's right there at Leanne Road. There was a little horse-logging camp there, and Pa was cooking there. We went out there and he had a cat there. We wanted a cat at home, so nothing to do, we went down there and they shoved this cat in this cardboard box and we was coming up the trail with it and we said, "Gee, we should see how the cat is doing." (Chuckles) Last we saw of the cat it was heading off to the brush. He went right back—"I'm not going up there!"

JW: I thought you went farther than that to see him. When he was at Halfmoon Bay, you used to walk out there, didn't you?

AW: When we was kids, out Leaning Tree Road, there used to be an old homestead out there. Some people by the name of Stevenson lived there. We used to go out there. We'd come

up to the end of Northwest Bay Road and there's an old fire trail through along the top of the hill and through Clegg's property, then up the horse skidroad to the Leaning Tree Road. We'd go up there and play with the kids there till it was time to come home. But they moved out later on, and moved into Sechelt and lived in Sechelt for a couple of years. Stevensons.

RL: *Did you ever have emergency trips to Pender Harbour to the hospital – other than your logging accidents?*

AW: Well I went up there one time I banged my elbow. Well [looking at Jean] you was an emergency.

JW: Just when I was having kids. That's not an emergency. I could tell you a story about the first one. We lived on Mason Road and it was in March and there were three feet of snow which lasted three weeks around here. I was alone, and the baby was due, so the day before he was born—I had one cold water tap in the house at the time and it froze up. So I had to walk over to the neighbours to get a bucket of water from the well. The snow went right over my boots. Then in the afternoon—we had no phone—I walked down the hill to Mrs. Billingsley's little place which would be over a mile on the highway. I got her, and she must have been in her '70s by then—I realize that now, I didn't at the time—and she came home with me. The next morning my water broke about 6 in the morning, and she had to crawl out of bed and go down the hill. There was a phone right by the Wakefield—a house there, Mrs. McCrae used to live there—so she phoned a taxi and then walked up the hill again. The taxi came and her and the other lady went with me. The roads were so bad, I was in labour and sicker than a dog—so the taxi driver got really concerned. So he went as far as Madeira Park and got a water taxi and they sent me over there by that. Al didn't know he had a son until two days later when someone went up the inlet and told him he had a baby boy. So that was kind of a hairy experience for me. I wasn't very old in those days.

RL: *It would have taken more than an hour to get up there?*

JW: More than an hour. The roads were terrible. We're not exaggerating, there was two feet of snow at that time.

RL: *How did you ever get through?*

JW: Well they plowed the roads, I guess, but they were slippery and a mess.

RL: *What about your second child?*

JW: Well the second one, at least he was home, but she was born out there too. And there was gravel road, too, but at least Alan was home to take me that time.

AW: Wasn't that nice of me, eh?

JW: It happened to be Boxing Day, so that's why he was home. And it wasn't quite so dramatic for me.

AW: Did you know the people who used to be at Clowhom?

JW: Art and Gwen —

AW: In the Hydro—Bill Gregg. He was the watchman there originally.

RL: *What year was that?*

AW: I couldn't say offhand. Bill Gregg–Alec Keen (sp?) and him were good friends and there's these three guys, Sandy Hopkins, Bill Gregg and Walter Stewart, and they'd all get together every once in a while at Sandy's place in Porpoise Bay and have a real wingding.

Walter Stewart, he had broke his neck in life, and always wore a collar on his neck.

JW: He lived at Storm Bay, didn't he?

AW: Yeah, old Water lived at Storm Bay, Bill Gregg at Clowhom.

RL: *What did he do at Storm Bay?*

AW: Nothing.

JW: Just lived, didn't he?

AW: Yeah, well, I think he was on a pension.

RL: *There was a family name Walkers?*

AW: Yeah, up here.

RL: *Did they live in West Sechelt?*

JW: Yes.

AW: Which one of the Walkers? There was Nellie Walker –

JW: But the old people to begin with.

AW: Yeah, George and – what was her name?

JW: Mr. and Mrs. Walker is all I know.

AW: The family itself was Nellie, then Frank, George, Harry, Annie and Mabel.

RL: *Were they your age?*

AW: Harry was my age. Annie was about the same, somewhere in there.

JW: Frank was older and he used to beat the tar out of him. Mind you, he probably asked for it. Frank's kids still live up there.

AW: The old original family, they're all gone now.

RL: *That was quite a community you had up here.*

AW: Yes it was. I'll tell you something that might startle you–my dad used to get his mail from England, and you know what this used to be called? Sechelt Heights!

RL: *Wow. Was there a post office here?*

AW: No. The post office was in Sechelt.

RL: *But they addressed it "Sechelt Heights"?*

AW: Yeah.

JW: Dad probably told them to!

AW: And Mason Road, down the hill here, when they put that through—there was an old horse skidroad that you could go up and down originally—but then they pushed this road through and do you know what they called it? That was the “New Road”. In them days when they built it there was no gravel or anything to get hold of.

JW: At least they kept it to Mason Road. They went and changed Norwest Bay Road from School Road. I still call it School Road. Makes you mad.

AW: That road, what they done, there was quite a few spruce trees and they used those big spruce boughs and threw the dirt out of the ditch on top of them. So after years later when they started driving on it, they was cutting through!

RL: Do you have any other memories of Sechelt or West Sechelt?

AW: The Kleins—Norm and Bennie and Dorothy. Olive, she was too old. She didn’t go to school. They were logging right out at Sargean Bay out here. This side of Sargeant Bay is another bay called Fitsimmon’s Bay and they had their floathouse in there, and they used to walk from there up to the school up here.

And the teachers—Flo Kerns, she used to live at Kerns Bay—they’d walk up the hill to the school. Her sister, she was a schoolteacher there for a few years, she done it the same way.

JW: Did you mention all the old bachelors up here, and the families?

AW: Well, the Gilbertsons lived up there.

JW: What about Bill Hodges?

AW: He always lived down on the waterfront.

You talk about Scots people being canny. We used to deliver milk along the lower road down here and this old Woollet, he had chickens, he had a whole bunch of eggs. Chickens nesting all over—he didn’t have them in the yard. He’s got these eggs on hand. He [offered] my brother and I a proposition—two bits a dozen for eggs, and you can keep a nickel of it. So that was fine, we thought, gee, we’re gonna make money. So one dozen eggs went to Thompsons and we got 25 cents. Another dozen. Then she complained bitterly—I guess one of those eggs had been outside too long! She kept hollering at us—she was in bed—“You’ve got to replace those eggs!” And her husband was a nice old fellow and he kept telling her it was all right, forget about it. But we had to take two eggs and replace them. But do you know what happened? A bear got in and killed all the chickens!

So, we were glad to see the bear, because the only way we could do it was we had to carry them in a pail, had to wrap the eggs in newspaper. For two bits a dozen you got a nickel.

RL: But you couldn’t afford to pass it up because you needed the nickel.

AW: So we had to replace two eggs.

RL: *Did you have your own chickens?*

AW: Oh, yes.

There's another old Scots lady one time. My mother walked to Sechelt and we were left home babysitting my sister Violet. She was in a baby buggy and we were supposed to stay there. Well [we decided] we'd go up and see Mrs. Gilruths. So we went up to Mrs. Gilruths, and Violet was sleeping. Mrs. Gilruth was busy, she said oh, would we get her some wood? She was baking, and said she'd give us a raisin bun out of it. It was the summer time and we scouted around and got a lot of these little dry alders and brought them in. She kept coming to look and see if there was enough. God, there was more than enough for the fire, but she kept us going, "I need more than that!" We was really busy, and you know, we got a little bun and it was a shame to put a raisin on it! (Chuckles) Ma got back from Sechelt and there's the baby buggy upside down!

JW: And Violet underneath it.

AW: So she couldn't get out of it because she was in a harness. Boy, we got a hiding for that! Just for that one raisin bun.

I wonder if Vi remembers?

RL: *The Gilbertsons—who were they?*

AW: Mr. Mason, he was something like a Michaelangelo, he built quite a few log houses around here, and he built this log house and that was up this side of Edwards Road—there was quite a flat in there—and he built the house and Gilbertsons lived there. And there was George—they was all loggers. George was courting this girl in Porpoise Bay, and the guy looked at George one day and said, "Are you serious?" And George just kind of looked at him and said, "Well, the way things are, you'll just have to keep her another winter."

RL: *Who built the log house?*

AW: Mason.

RL: *Is that where the "Mason Road" comes from?*

AW: Yeah. Well, Mason he moved around and then he built another one up here on Bob Allen's property. It burned down in the end. And then he went to the end of Mason Road there. Later on he went down to Porpoise Bay and he lived down there for a while. He had property where Fleck was—where Bill McDermid lives—and he was talking to Mr. Fleck this day and he asked him what he was going to do—he put a nice fence up and everything—he said, "Oh, I'm going to put some pigs in there." So Mr. Fleck went, gee, he couldn't have that. So he bought it. But it just worked right for him because Fleck's used to bring their own cow up from Vancouver for their milk. 'Cause we got one of the cows from him one time—they didn't want to take it back to town, so we got it.

RL: *What did you feed the cows here? Did you grow hay?*

AW: We grew our own hay.

RL: *So you had to clear quite a bit?*

AW: Yeah.

RL: *I guess that was one thing your brother and you would be doing?*

AW: Making hay in the summer time.

JW: And clearing the land to begin with.

AW: Did you ever hear of the *Galloping Goose*? When you stop to figure—he was quite industrious, Old Joe. He'd always beat us kids out in the blackberry patch. He'd be out there in the morning before anyone. And he always had quite a vegetable garden. He'd start out in Sechelt and go out as far as Kerns Bay, and then he'd throw the vegetables and stuff out and put the benches in and pick the people up that wanted to see the boat come in at noon, and come back to Sechelt. After they'd done their shopping and whatever and seen the boat come in, he'd take them back again and throw the stuff back in, and if he had any freight to deliver, well . . .

RL: *Did you ever ride on the bus?*

AW: No. It wasn't a bus, it was a truck—a dog-catcher's truck originally!

RL: *Did you ever ride in it?*

AW: Oh, yes. He wasn't much of a driver, but everybody put up with it. And the dust.

RL: *He went very fast?*

AW: No.

I'll tell you, you talk about speed—this fellow had a sawmill up here, Arthur Branscomb.

JW: Where the trailer court is on Mason Road.

AW: He had a little sawmill in there, water power running it, and he had a Model-T engine for extra oomph. They used to haul all their logs into Porpoise Bay, and Jim Derby, he used to be hauling in, too, and he used to always be beating Arthur. Arthur said, "That Derby feller!" So he wound his truck up this day and he beat Derby, but the next thing he knew the police was tapping him on the shoulder, "Hey, you're speeding in a school zone." So I think he had to pay \$11.50 fine, but he said he didn't mind, he'd beat him for once!

RL: *Did you ever know John Cook when he was magistrate/*

AW: Johnnie Cook? Oh yes.

RL: *What was he like?*

AW: He wasn't a bad old guy. It was my brother and I who picked him up on the road one night. Where he lived—he used to walk over to Bill Youngson's place. Right on the

corner he slipped and fell and broke his hip. My brother and I had made a bet with these people that we'd see them at Roberts Creek at the dance. "Oh no, how you gonna get out there?" And they'd just graded the roads and it was real frosty out. We come around the corner and somebody hollered and there was old Johnny laying on the road. So we went and got Bill Youngson and we packed him—I'm not sure if it was to Bill Youngson's—anyway, they was able to get a doctor to him.

RL: So did you make it to Roberts Creek?

AW: Oh, yes, we made it to Roberts Creek.

RL: Thomas Cook's house—which of these lots would it have been?

AW: There's a trail down through the property there. Right here on the end, No.8.

RL: These two would have been Flecks.

AW: Then Wallbridges, then Cooks. I think 2 was Wallbridges.

Tape 1 ends Tape 2 begins

RL: You said Mr. Cook was feisty?

AW: He used to be the local magistrate.

RL: Did you ever know anyone who was brought before him?

AW: Me. Only as a witness, is all.

RL: What was he like as a magistrate?

AW: He was very fair.

RL: They had a policeman here at that time, didn't they?

AW: They had a policeman here years ago—Cunningham was his name. There's an old lady at Halfmoon Bay, Mrs. Lyall (sp?), she was the postmaster and what have you, and she was back and forth all the time with George Cormach, always squabbling or arguing back and forth. Her husband, he was supposed to have killed somebody, and old Cunningham was out looking for him, and he was up on the roof. Mrs. Lyall came out and said, "Mr. Cunningham, you might as well come down. He's not coming back." And Mr. Lyall never did come back!

I met Mrs. Lyall—who used to be referred to as "Mother" Lyall.

RL: Why did they call her that?

AW: Well, she had the post office and what have you. And she was a kind of bossy old thing.

RL: Did you ever know Herbert Whitaker?

AW: No. I seen him and that, but I was too young to know him.

RL: *How about his kids? Did you know them?*

AW: I knew Ken Whitaker. And there's another old lady used to be in Sechelt. She worked for Whitaker. She was in the hotel, is Miss James. Later on in years she used to want to get wood and we used to cut and sell wood, too. It was a case of two ricks of wood. Alec ____ he would deliver—he used to drive truck for the Union company. And I used to have to throw it in the basement and split it and pile it all ready for the stove. And she always had two or three cords on hand all the time.

I think, I'm not sure, whether she donated the property for the first Legion building. I'm not sure of it now. That's where they have that fitness centre in the back.

RL: *Behind the Sunfish Café?*

AW: Just back of there on 5711 Mermaid St.

I worked on the parks, too, in Sechelt, on the picnics for a couple of year.

RL: *What did you do?*

AW: Cleanup, and what have you. Maybe you'd have a picnic on Saturday and you'd have to get the park cleaned up and everything all ready for another one on Sunday. There was one time there, they couldn't get a horse around here to mow their park. Alec Keen used to drive truck there all the time. "Oh," he says, "We'll cut the grass!" He had a light Dodge panel unit—hooked the mower on behind, so I rode the mowing machine and every once in a while we'd have to stop and pick up the teeth and put it back on! (Chuckles) We got the grass cut.

RL: *What was Alec's last name?*

AW: K-e-a-n.

RL: *What did he do?*

AW: He used to be a logger and then he went driving truck for the Union Steamship Company and I don't know how many years he worked there. Then in war time he moved to Vancouver. He passed away, and his wife still lives in Vancouver. She's a good friend of ours, and she's still living into the same house they moved into on McDonald Street.

RL: *[looking at photo of their cabin] Is this what it looked like when your mother came?*

AW: Oh no. There was nothing. If you saw when my mother come there, it was just a shack in the bush.

RL: *Wooden floor?*

AW: Yes.

Don't talk about wooden floors to Jean. Our first house on Mason Road, black berries and what-have-you were growing up through the floor. She used to cut them off with a butcher knife!

RL: *Did you have packrats and such?*

AW: Yes. We had them at home. And we had those little civic cats. We had a fox terrier dog and she loved stirring them up. Because we used to have to sit in the back of the room in school. If there was a skunk around there that damned dog wouldn't leave it until she caught it!

They say they're a good mouser those skunks.

I was live-trapping them until one day the people next door wanted to see it before I let it go, and he let go! Actually, I opened the door and the trap fell down behind and I got it.

You can steer them around. Over at Mason Road where we lived, the backroom we hadn't finished and a skunk got in there. I used to steer them out with newspaper.

We haven't had any around here for a long time.

Every once in a while they walk around here and I guess he must wave his tail as much as to say, "Hi folks. I'm going through!"

Side conversation about Shady Acres on East Porpoise Bay Road.

AW: The old fellow who lived up there originally years ago was a fellow by the name of John Love. He was a little short guy, always very smart looking. He used to say, "I'm going to live to be 100." But poor old John never made it. He got tangled up in a yellow-jacket's nest. They found him, he'd been stung to death. Later on a guy had it by the name of Dunc Robinson. He was an electrician. I used to ask Dunc how good an electrician he was. "Well," [he'd say] "I know the length of a short circuit." You'd kind of look at him, "Well, Jeez—I helped wire the Northern Lights!" he said.

RL: *Who built the little cabin in there? Part of our house is that old cabin.*

AW: I would imagine it was old Dunc Robinson.

JW: They lived there quite a long time, didn't they?

AW: Yeah, he was there quite a while.

Farther out, just there by the gravel pit—Premier Sand it used to be originally—there's on the right-hand side of the road, there's a little road goes in there and there's a trailer in there. They have it blocked off now, but an old prospector used to live in there by the name of Bob Pollard. He done a little bit of rock work along there.

But the original road fro Tuwanek out, some people by the name of Irving, lived out by Tuwanek and they had a big house there. That's where Tranquility Bay is. They [Irvine's] petitioned for a road out there, and the only thing they could do is they made a trail for it and they had a trail out, with a little bridge across Shannon Creek.

JW: Mrs. Irving, when I was up having a baby, gave my son \$10, and she didn't even know me from Adam, but she had been sick out there and give me this \$10. Well that was like

gold from heaven! It was so nice, I'll never forget that old lady. I never really knew her well.

RL: Wasn't he a doctor?

AW: No. I think he must have had money in the family. Different ones that knew them said when they had meals they'd always come to supper dressed for it. They had a boat, a real fast boat with a cabin on it, called the Silver Spray. (Chuckles) I think you could keep up to it with a rowboat.

RL: Did you know Bergy and Minnie when they were young girls?

AW: Yes. I used to tow them up and down the inlet. We'd be coming down in the boat and see them, well just pull along side and grab their bow rope. One time I was coming down and there was the two girls sitting side-by-side rowing and Mama, she was sitting in the back seat, and I pulled up alongside and it was like three squirrels—flip, flip, flip,—and they was on board the boat!

JW: We used to feel sorry for them.

AW: I knew old Herman, too. I didn't ever cotton to him through his actions. Sure the girls would have to work trapping and all the rest of it and Herman was the guy who collected the money.

Bergy was a whistle punk for Crucil and she also worked for Osborne at Carlson Creek.

RL: They used to go to the dances, didn't they?

JW: Yeah, I was just going to tell you. They used to go to the dances when we were young. They'd put a skirt on and this big hat.

AW: Somebody got them one time and got them all dressed up and their hair done and they didn't even know them.

My niece was an airline stewardess when they made a trip back to Norway.

JW: I know the mother and dad and one of them went.

RL: How were they regarded?

AW: Everybody felt sorry for them in them days.

JW: And everybody helped them as much as we could.

RL: Tell me about the dances.

AW: Oh, they were good.

Now I'll tell you something. Did you ever hear of a dance hall in West Sechelt?

RL: No.

AW: Well now you can be the first on the list. Up here where the school used to be, at the corner of Norwest Bay Rd. and Winter Road, where the school used to be and just south of that, next door to the fence, the United Farmers Association built a log hall in about 1928, and it was big enough they used to play badminton in it. After the school went, during the war time it sat idle. There was no heat—the only heat they had was a big barrel heater—if they had a dance or a meeting they'd fire it up. Finally it just disintegrated.

RL: *What were the dances like?*

AW: They were good. The men would pay about two bits or 50 cents towards the orchestra and the women used to bring sandwiches and serve coffee.

RL: *What about the bands?*

AW: Whatever they could get. There used to be two guys around here at that time who used to play for Gibsons—Teddy Benz and Chuck Oldershaw. Teddy B-e-n-z was the banjo player and Chuck Oldershaw played the accordion.

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

AW: In Sechelt? Oh, yes!

RL: *What was that like.*

AW: Oh, very good.

RL: *Did they have big orchestras there?*

JW: I can't remember who played there when I came. My first New Year's Eve dance ever was there. I was 16 years old.

AW: Eric Inglis he used to play.

JW: Every Saturday night we had a dance somewhere. Long after we were married we used to go. There was always a dance. Not like now.

AW: In Roberts Creek or Sechelt or Gibsons.

JW: We didn't go to Gibsons too often. Mostly in Roberts Creek.

RL: *What kind of music?*

JW: We call it old time music.

RL: *Country and Western?*

JW: Yeah, and polkas and square dances.

RL: *Did you know how to square dance?*

AW: Oh, yes.

RL: *How did you learn?*

AW: By just going.

JW: By trial and error! I never was very good at it. Then you know that jazz we used to

have—there was a name for it. Anyway, it was lively. Jitter Bug.

Another thing about those dances when we were first married, and before we were married, there was no booze allowed in the halls at that time so the men used to go and have a swig of whatever they were having outside and leave us girls sitting in the hall for half an hour at a time. That didn't go off too well with some wives and girlfriends. I don't know what year it was before they allowed liquor in halls.

RL: Did they used to have fights outside?

JW: Yes! Plenty of them, and he was in the middle of most of them.

AW: Come on now . . .

JW: He was!

AW: You mentioned this hall – the United Farmer's Hall. Nobody seems to know anything about it. It was volunteer labour that built the hall.

RL: Was it in West Sechelt?

AW: It was up at the school here.

RL: Was the labour from West Sechelt?

AW: All over. If you had a team, you'd show up with a team and you was hauling in logs. This guy had his horse there too. I think it was about a week and we had it built.

RL: What was the United Farmers?

AW: There used to be quite a few of these stump ranchers around here and they more or less amalgamated like that to get cheaper feed. Instead of buying it a sack at a time, well you'd get a ton of feed in and split it.

RL: Just in Sechelt, or the whole Sunshine Coast?

AW: No, just in Sechelt. I think they had one in Roberts Creek, too.

RL: Did your dad and mom belong to it?

AW: My dad did.

RL: Was he an active part of it or did he just belong?

AW: He just belonged.

RL: Do you know who organized it?

AW: No, I don't know offhand, but I think Mr. Billingsley had quite a bit to do with it. And Bill Hodges. I know those two were the main ones anyway.

RL: Do you know what year that would have been in?

AW: I think they started the hall about 1928.

RL: Do you know when the association started?

AW: That was about the time they started because they wanted it for meetings—that's why they built it.

RL: *How long did it go for?*

AW: I think it run about ten years or more. It was around the '40s that it folded.

JW: It wasn't here when I came anyway.

RL: *Did you ever go to movies?*

JW: Yeah. Are you talking to him or me?

RL: *Both of you. Alan, did you ever go to movies at the Residential School?*

AW: No. I never went up there. They used to have movies on the waterfront there.

JW: Morgan Thompson and Bill Parsons.

AW: They used to have a roller rink up there, too.

RL: *Did you go to it?*

AW: Oh, yes! Skates had rubber square wheels on it.

RL: *Did they have music on as you went around?*

AW: Well they had the Wurlitzer there. Electric gramophone.

JW: Like a jukebox.

RL: *What kind of music would they play?*

AW: Whatever local records and bands that were out at that time. That would be in the '40s.

JW: You weren't here too much in the '40s, so it was before the '40's Alan, because it wasn't there when I came. I mean, that part of it wasn't. The theatre was, but not the roller rink.

RL: *Was that being used as a roller rink at the same time it was being used as a dance hall?*

AW: Oh, yes. There was the imprint of a guy's whole body right on the – we used to get a guy on skates to bump some guy, then he'd be going along trying to get his balance and somebody would bump him back again.

RL: *Until someone went down?*

AW: Yeah. This guy went right through the beaverboard wall.

JW: And who pushed him, Al?

AW: Nope, I didn't push him. He took his skates off after that and I don't think he ever went back on skates again. That was Frank Walker.

JW: Well, you got back on him, then.

AW: I've got some horseshoes from [the old logging at Clowhom.]

RL *Oh, yes. I used to walk along the old corduroy road at the back, behind the lodge.*

AW: The old skid road. You know, it's funny, when they had that washout up there one time when they couldn't get through on the road. The guys just took off, and the engineers didn't even know that the skidroad was there that went up to the camp.

RL: *Once along that trail we found an old wooden water barrel with metal rings around it.*

Tape ends. While packing up Al told of the Reese family.

Around 1936 we were logging for Pete Waddell at the Fairbanks camp. They had a mill there, and we were able to take boards home. Reese, he used the boards to make a house at Fitzimmons Bay. Then he went to Wilson Creek and got a job, so he moved the house onto a float and towed it to Wilson Creek. Then Reese took off and his family moved to town. Somebody bought his property and moved the house back up to it.

When I came to pick up the corrections, Jean and Alan provided the following information:

Some of the people who lived in West Sechelt in the early days.

Top end of Norwest Bay Road, on the right side were the Wards and Knowles. The Wards house burned and they moved to Winnipeg.

On the left side of Norwest Bay Road was a road going into Gilbertsons. Their house was built by Mason. It was a shake house. It was later bought by a man named Partridge, and then by Woollen.

Joe Caeser owned a house on what is now Bob Allan's property, on the left side. There was a log house built by Mason, and a lumber house.

Then there was Mom and Dad's property.

Across the road, in 1929, Sam Sanders and his cousin came out from Ontario and built a log house. Walter Tripp lives there now [6672 Norwest Bay Road]

Up McLaughlan Road, at the end, on the left side, was John Brockenshire.

On the right side were the Sullivans. In those days you put up a house quick like, using shakes and poles. It was breezy. The Sullivan's called their Dad "Jim," but that was just their mother's boyfriend. Their were three boys in the family. I met him years later and he called me "Johnny." He thought I was Johnny Sullivan!

Gilroth's lived there later. Built a house where Yates lives. [5750 McLaughlan]

Gowlan Road – the Gowlan's came from the prairies during the Hungry '30s.

On Mason Road their were the Billingsleys, then McDonalds, Joe Martin, Gegory Allan, the Berts, the Befers—they didn't stay long. Then there were the Nelsons, the De Longs, the Walkers, Frank French. A lot of those who came were hit and miss—they came for awhile and then left.

The Wakefield Inn—the original owner, Major Sutherland, had it built for his house. Big log house. He wasn't there much. He was the local policeman at the time. His wife was a great woman for horses—she had a riding stable in North Vancouver.

Charlie Reda bought it and got a license for a beer parlour. [Helen Dawe's Sechelt says it was sold to Reda in 1948] It was the first beer parlour in Sechelt.

Next door to the Wakefield was a man named Finley—he was a vet. He went to Mission. She stayed on a while. There were two boys and one girl—Ayla, Gordon and Alexander.

A log shack across from the Wakefield was the police station and later the Relief Office, and in the 1950's a Coffee Shop run by Aunty Slug. The Jackson family probably started that name—they were great for nicknames. Her real name was Dorothy Erickson. She was a very kind person.

Sutherland's wife was a Nickson. His car was parked at Nickson's place. They had a bunch of dogs. That large property before you get to Claytons, on the right hand side, going in to Sechelt.[Clayton properties are 5951 and 5957 and 5963 Sunshine Coast Highway]

Bill Hodges did Nickson's gardening for years.

Bingham's Beach—that was owned by two brothers, Jack and George Bingham. Jack defied anyone going on the beach. There was an old beachcomber who used to come and they'd argue over his right to use the beach. Gravel was taken out of there—My dad cooked for them during the early 1920's. A storm came up and the dredge went onto the beach. Hughie McCourt got an anchor from their while diving.

Sand was taken out from Sargeant's Bay. They needed sand for Vancouver I don't know what company took it out, but I remember there were iron buckets and a ramp left over from that operation.

The back roads of Sechelt—Gus Crucil and I put those roads in. It was really “swampy.”

The water tower was where the Bank of Montreal is. A windmill for the water tower stood where the acacia trees are now.

Green Cottage: When I was 8 years old, I went to Sechelt with my Dad. The Framptons were staying at Green Cottage. Their little girl came out and kissed me. Boy, I wanted to go home right now!

There was a road on the waterfront just up to the Burleys, then a horse trail. If you were walking, you went right past Burley's house.

Thomas Cook, after he broke his hip, and it had healed, still used to take a bucking saw down the beach where he'd sit on a cushion and buck up his fire wood.

The Kern's girls lived at Kern's Bay, now Hill Road. They were two teachers.

Bobby Hackett went to school with me for a while until his parents sent him to Kingsley in North

Vancouver.

Cae Nelson asked that we tell you that in 1948 there were three families in West Sechelt that each had three children and all three children in each family got married in the same year. The preacher was run right off his feet! (3 Hansens, 3 Woods, and 3 Nelsons)

There was a family in Sechelt named Frooms. They had two houses. One was where the road bends to go up to the golf course. A log house. Also a second place behind Burtnicks where Norwest Bay Road meets Derby Road. His ambition in the 1930s was to start a seed farm, but there was too much competition. He was an avid gardener. An old Scots man.

Hector McDonald lived on Mason Road. He couldn't write, but if you gave him a bunch of figures, he could tell you what to do.

Whitaker—the old hotel that burned down—Dad was cooking for them then. He set up on the beach and kept cooking.

Arbutus Tree Store is owned by Gus Crucil's daughter.

A Japanese family had a grocery store this side of Nestman Road—right hand side. The man was a very good mechanic. He did mechanical work and his wife looked after the store. This was in 1937 or 1938. The store burned. They were good friends of the Konishi's. There was too much competition from the Union Steamship Company. Small grocers depended on the USS boats to bring in groceries. The Egmont store did better because they ran groceries from Vancouver to Egmont. A Japanese boat, the *Isua*, used to bring the groceries to them. Union Steamships had a summer store in Selma Park too.

Sunshine Coast Building Supplies [5630 Wharf] was the site of Jean Wood's father's house. His old shop is still there.

The skid road off Gowlan Road—a guy built a 12 x 12 cabin, then went overseas and never came back. Different families used the cabin, including a man, woman, three kids and a dog. They had to leave the dog outside so they could close the door!

Up back were Mr. & Mrs. Jenkins and three girls. He built a shake house. She was from Vancouver. They were shinglebolters. Her dad lived with them. A tree came down and demolished the house. They left and never came back. He was an inventor. He invented the Jenkins valve, and also invented gurdies for salmon trollers.

A gentleman in back, Haynes, was a World War I vet. He was a little off-base. You couldn't give him anything, not even a match to light his cigarette. Yet any money he had he'd donate to children's concerts, etc. But never accepted anything for himself.

Bill Lea lived on Norwest Bay Road. Under the First Narrows Bridge was a pool that had logs in it. Bill sawed them up for lumber, piled everything in his rowboat and came here. He had a

really good garden. Did odd jobs. I bought him out and he went to Powell River and built houses. But his gardens! I never saw so many flowers in a potato patch! For a while he owned the property on Porpoise Bay Road. Then he left and went to Vancouver.