

# WHONNOCK NOTES

Occasional papers of the Whonnock Community Association to promote the research  
and understanding of the past of our community.

∞ Series Editor: Fred Braches ∞

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*Brian Byrnes, 1997*

## Through the Eyes of Brian & Other Friends

Compiled by Fred Braches

A very special word of thanks to Valerie Patenaude, Curator of the Maple Ridge Museum, who, when I did not have a scanner and as a service to our community, scanned the photographs for us and made it possible to include so many pictures in these Whonnock Notes.

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## Dedication

Welcome to this, the fourth issue of *Whonnock Notes*. I have dedicated this issue to Brian Byrnes and to Isabel, who left us in 1997.

Brian and Isabel have always been staunch supporters of the Whonnock community and they inspired many of us with their interest and pride in Whonnock. The Byrneses assembled a small but effective library on B.C. history, aboriginal art and archaeology and a collection of interesting documents and photographs and shared their knowledge and memories of Whonnock's past generously with all who were interested.

They provided guidance and advice to the team of the 1985 Historical Project of the Whonnock Community Association and many documents and photographs collected by the Byrneses can be found among the documents gathered in 1985.

Brian continues to share his library and documents with me. He is my mentor and an early supporter of my continuing efforts to add information on Whonnock's history to the collection of the Whonnock Community Association. His memories of the past are invaluable and his knowledge is a great reference point for my research. I am always glad to share some new findings with Brian and hear him say: "I didn't know that." But that is not often. It is more likely that Brian knows about it and can add some juicy tidbits to my findings.

This dedication is my way to say "thank you."

Fred Braches  
Whonnock, July 1998

### How and Where To Get the Whonnock Notes

Sue Schulze continues to have a stock of this and previous issues of the *Whonnock Notes* handy at the Whonnock Post Office. I am very grateful for her help.

If you are not planning a visit to Whonnock, and want to buy copies of these or previous *Whonnock Notes*, please contact Fred Braches, PO Box 130, Whonnock B.C. V2W 1V9. Phone (604) 462-8942, E-mail: braches@netcom.ca

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# A fond farewell to Isabel Byrnes

by Fred Braches

I want to pay my respects to a friend who was without malice, always willing to smile and see the funny side of humankind. People and nature fascinated her. Sunshine, flowers, squirrels, fishes, frogs, turtles, and friends surrounded her through many happy years. She was full of energy and dedicated to the world around her. She was much loved by all who knew her, including hundreds of school children she taught for some thirty years at Whonnock's school. She is sadly missed by her husband Brian and all of us who knew her.

Isabel and Brian, her partner for more than half a century, gained a substantial knowledge of the archaeology of British Columbia and in particular of the lower Fraser. They joined the ASBC at a very early date. Many of the Society's older members will remember Isabel from our meetings, and as a tireless participant at the "digs." With Brian at her side she worked an unimaginable number of days as a volunteer in the field, wherever the ASBC participated and at other of university and museums' excavations. Isabel and Brian generously shared their experience and knowledge. The "Byrneses" guided many a greenhorn on her or his first dig with care and patience to become at least a useful volunteer, at least able to recognise fire-cracked rock.

Isabel Margaret Byrnes was an offspring of well-known settlers of the Maple Ridge area who came west when the first trains crossed the mountains into British Columbia. On her mother's side was the Rolley family of Whonnock and on her father's side the Ferguson family of Port Haney.

As a child Isabel already collected "arrow-heads" along the shores of Kanaka Creek, where the Ferguson family lived, and that early interest honed her keen eye. She could spot an artifact anywhere.

Some time early in the 1940's Isabel's interest in the remnants of the First Nation's past was rekindled with a chance find of a projectile point at Whonnock Creek. When the war-effort no longer absorbed their weekends, Isabel and Brian started a systematic survey extending over many decades. In winter, when the water levels are at their lowest and the professional archaeologist are involved in work inside, Brian and Isabel traced the shorelines,

located sites and salvaged exposed artifacts. They covered the banks of the Fraser, Stave, Pitt, Harrison and other waters, particularly on the north shore of the Fraser, and drew a set of maps showing the areas which they surveyed over the years, marking probable sites of human occupation.

From an earlier phase collecting "curiosities" they quickly evolved to become responsible avocational archaeologists, guided by the aims and ethics of the Society. Isabel dedicated much time carefully describing the artifacts and the location of their finds. Michael Cranny and Don Bunyan recognised the importance of these records in 1975: "The precise, detailed and complete records of their activities as amateur archaeologists kept by the Byrneses for many years would be of great value to anyone studying the archaeology of the Valley."<sup>1</sup>

Many of the locations Isabel and Brian recorded are now lost to stream and tide.<sup>2</sup> Other sites have been destroyed by development or looted by pot hunting and, if not recorded by Isabel and Brian, the sites would not even have been known. The artifacts they salvaged are often the only ones remaining which can be traced back to these sites.

Isabel and Brian learned about collections of artifacts in private hands and became aware of the lack of and potential loss of information related to these items. They encouraged neighbours and friends to have their artifacts and provenance recorded. These early efforts lead to the ambitious "Private Collections" project of the ASBC. In particular the members of the Fraser Valley Chapter of the ASBC, of which Isabel and Brian were founding members, distinguished themselves in the recording of numerous collections in the Valley as described in *The Midden* 28/3.

As few others in the Society, today and yesterday, Isabel and Brian recognised and demonstrated the importance of enthusiastic, dedicated and knowledgeable amateurs in the field of B.C. Archaeology. Actions rather than words marked Isabel's path. Isabel never wanted to stand in the limelight and wished to "slip away quietly", but that should not mean unnoticed. We remember her fondly and want to say farewell to a friend who, in her own quiet way, made

a difference to many members of the ASBC and who gave so much of herself to the ASBC and to archaeology.

<sup>1</sup> Michael W. Cranny and Donald E. Bunyan, "Report on the Archaeological Survey of the North Side of the Fraser River", 1975, Archaeological Sites Advisory Board.

<sup>2</sup> Robert Kidd reported on the Byrnes Site (DhRp14) in the summer of 1963 that it was "rapidly eroding during seasonal stages of high water and is in imminent danger of washout from the Fraser and a nearby creek". Robert S. Kidd, "Archaeological survey in the Lower Fraser River Valley," *National Museums of Canada, Bulletin* 224, *Contributions to Anthropology VI: Archaeology and Physical Anthropology*, 1963



*Photo by Helmi Braches*

# The Byrneses, Rolleys, and Fergusons

## by Brian Byrnes



*This outline was written some years ago. The sewing machine Fanny brought with her is still in excellent condition as the photograph, taken in February 1998, shows.*

Fanny [Elizabeth] Rolley (née Hall) was an expert tailor and dressmaker somewhere in Ontario. She married and lost her husband [Jones] in a very short time, influenza. She bought a second-hand sewing machine and in company with a young lady of similar circumstances came out west on one of the first C.P.R. trains. Her friend and travelling companion fell ill and died in transit.

Fanny settled in New Westminster where we believe she operated a lunch-counter-cafe, where she met James Rolley, a machinist from Manchester. "James Rolley and Fanny Elizabeth Jones were married August 24, 1889 at New Westminster by Rev. Pedley. Witnesses Thomas Tomlinson and Joe Hazelwood."

James [b ?, d. 1913] was a water-tank inspector for the C.P.R. and maintained tanks along the C.P.R. right-of-way from Coquitlam to Field. He and Fanny homesteaded at Rolley Lake [in 1897] where they built a house and had a garden and a cow. The trail was 6 miles from Whonnock. Imagine carrying bricks, lumber, stove, bed, sewing machine etc.!

When daughter Ruth became of school age they moved down to 272 and 96 where later son Fred was born and Ruth attended school at what is now McDonalds Boat Yard next to Rolley (York) Creek. Holidays were spent at the [Rolley] lake.

Ruth grew up and married Hector Ferguson II, whose father of same name who had come to Haney in 1878 and in 1880 married Matilda Jane Stephens, who came to Haney in 1878-80 from New Brunswick. Hector [Ferguson] I was born in 1854 in Waterloo, Ontario, son of Archibald [Ferguson] and Elizabeth (McLean), both of Scotch ancestry, who came from Perthshire in 1848.

Fanny used her tailoring skills to great advantage and kept the community "mended up". We still have the sewing machine and use it when needed.

Ruth and Hector had two children, Rolley and Isabel. Rolley married Kathleen Elizabeth, "Bessie", daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Henry J. Byrnes, both born in Ontario, who came out to B.C. in 1890. Henry's ancestor came to Canada as a lieutenant under Wolfe at the siege of Quebec. Mrs. Byrnes' ancestor came to Canada as a U.E. Loyalist from Connecticut near where her ancestor Roger Eastman landed from England in 1638. Isabel Ferguson married Brian Byrnes, Bethie's brother in 1939.

### Descendants of Hector Ferguson

Hector Ferguson  
 + Matilda Jane Stephens  
 Hector Ferguson II  
 + Ruth Rolley  
     Rolley Ferguson  
     + Kathleen Elizabeth Byrnes  
     Isabel Ferguson  
     + Brian Byrnes  
 James Ferguson  
 + Ruby Edge  
     Silvia Ferguson

### Descendants of Henry J. Byrnes

Henry J. Byrnes  
 + Bessie Eastman  
     Patricia Byrnes  
     + Alexis Kahr  
     Kathleen Elizabeth Byrnes  
     + Rolley Ferguson  
     Henry J (Barney) Byrnes  
     + Alma MacMillan  
     Brian Byrnes  
     + Isabel Ferguson  
 Joan Byrnes  
 + Donald South

### Descendants of James Rolley

James Rolley  
 + Fanny Elizabeth Jones neé Hall  
 Ruth Rolley  
 + Hector Ferguson II  
     Rolley Ferguson  
     + Kathleen Elizabeth Byrnes  
     Isabel Ferguson  
     + Brian Byrnes  
     Frederick Rolley  
     + Vera Showler  
     Patricia Rolley  
     + Clement Hertslet



# The Byrnes Family

## The Early Days

The Byrnes family came from New Westminster to their farm in Whonnock in 1919. Brian, four years old then, remembers the way up from the rail station to their new home. Everyone brought something. Brian carried the white family cat, sewn up in a flour bag, only its head showing. The children ran up the hill. As he passed the fenced lands on the way up he could not see any houses close to the road. It looked so different from the streets of New Westminster. He started to worry that their farm would be one of those house-less lands. He was so concerned that he hardly noticed the climb and he was surprised and delighted when at last they arrived at a wonderful home. The fruit trees were in bloom and on the verandah two ladies rose from their chairs to welcome the family. Miss Martin and Miss Wilson had dinner ready on the stove. They also had made the beds for the weary travellers.

The Byrnes' history in Canada starts around 1758 with O'Byrne, an aide to General Wolfe. He changed his name to Byrnes. The first Byrnes in Canada must have fought on the Plains of Abraham that fateful night. It is not even certain where he settled and facts about the Byrnes generations between this first settler and Henry J. Byrnes, Brian's grandfather, are not known. Henry, Brian's grandfather, was a man-of-all-trades, so common in the early settlements. As needed, he was a wagon and furniture-maker, a blacksmith or a silversmith.

His son, Henry J. Jr., grew up in a Scots community near the Ottawa River. He avoided a Presbyterian priesthood by crossing the border, and lived in the United States, probably in Montana, for several years. He came back to Canada and went to Sandon, British Columbia, a glittering mining city in the Kootnays founded in 1892. Henry J. Sr. also moved west and settled at Enderby B.C. for the rest of his life.

During his stay in Sandon Henry J. Jr. met Bessie Eastman, a school teacher in nearby New Denver, and they married in 1906. Their first two children, Patricia and Kathleen were born in the Kootnays. The family moved to the Fraser Valley where they farmed in Langley Prairie and the two sons, another Henry and Brian, were born there. In 1914, soon after Brian was born, his father left for England and the war. Bessie and the children moved to New Westminster where they lived during the war years. The address, 222 Fifth Avenue, is the first thing young Brian memorized. Just in case he got lost. Harry Eastman, Bessie's father, owned the house in New Westminster where Bessie and her children lived during the war. After losing his outfitter business in Ontario, Harry Eastman moved west to New Westminster. He did well in real estate speculation, served as an alderman and became a partner in an insurance business. When Henry returned to Canada in 1918, his father-in-law arranged a car and the family went on an exploration trip to look at properties as far as Sumas Mountain.

It was an important journey: Brian saw his first cow. Harry Eastman did help Henry Byrnes to find his farm in Whonnock, but they did not visit Whonnock on that trip. The roads on the north side of the Fraser connecting Whonnock with Haney and Mission were hardly useable and there were no bridges crossing the Fraser.

That is why the family had travelled by train to Whonnock station. The heavy furniture came later from New Westminster with the steamer "Skeena" and was hauled up from the landing to the house with horse and wagon.

Robert Fletcher, an old-timer, built the house the Byrnes moved into. He had lived there with his wife Georgina Lee. He did not come back from the war. The house was large enough for the Fletchers. It had a dining room and a sitting room and two bedrooms. It had a huge kitchen. For his family Henry built two more bedrooms.

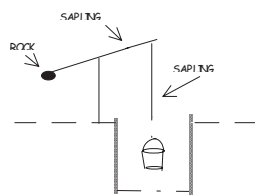
Electric power came to Whonnock as early as 1912: glaring bulbs hung from the ceiling on twisted, hairy cords. Electricity was not used for much else than lighting. Home refrigeration was still to come. Even a simple icebox was not within the means of the family. Ice was delivered by the steamer for commercial uses but it was too expensive for the families. They kept perishable food as fresh as possible in a small cabinet built in the wall on the shady side of the kitchen. The cupboard had doors on the inside and slatted panels on the outside for air circulation. Inside the cabinet was lined with fine wire meshing to keep the insects out. Betty also put fresh Tansy leaves in the cabinet with the food to keep the ants away. Butter and cream were kept fresh in a bucket lowered in the well to just above the water.

Water, as today, came from the well, and if there was not enough water washing would be done in the creek. Norwegians had a different kind of way to get water out of their wells. At rest bucket was always above the water.

Rolled oats was always on the Byrnes' breakfast table. It was the staple of the early settlers days in British Columbia. Many of the settlers were Scots and Henry knew it from his early years. Rolled Oats were served with brown sugar and cream. Also home-baked bread and bacon and eggs were on the breakfast table. The children took sandwiches to school but at home some hot lunch was common. Dinner was the main meal and Bessie was an excellent cook. Wood burning stoves were used for cooking and heating.



*Henry J. Byrnes and Bessie (Eastman) Byrnes. Photo courtesy Brian Byrnes.*



*Norwegian well*



*The Byrnes' children in front of their new home in Whonnock in the early 1920s. From left to right: 'Barney', Patricia, Betty, and Joan Byrnes, Betty Haggen, a niece (mother sister's daughter) and Brian Byrnes about eight years old. Note the adzed and chinked logs of this building originally inhabited by Robert Fletcher and his Norwegian wife, Georgina Lee. Photo courtesy of Gina Webb.*

Bread was always white. "That is what kids liked". White flour was most commonly available. It lasted longer than others. It was also easy to bake with.

Byrneses had two or three jersey cows and produced their own butter, cream and milk. Unsalted butter was even used as axle grease. They also had pigs. Spotted Tamworth pigs were kept one year and slaughtered in the fall. It was a fertile farm and no one ever went hungry.

To preserve meats and fish the Byrneses built a smoke house. It was a simple wooden construction with a three feet by three feet floor and a height of ten feet. The smoke house door hinged on leather straps: it would be a waste to use other hardware. Meats hung on wires from rods or bars or rested on chicken wire trays. The walls of the smoke house were tight, but not airtight and up on top some holes in the walls near the ceiling assured an upward draft. Being in rainy British Columbia, the smoke house was covered with a shake roof.

The smoke house stood at the edge of a ravine. A metal stove-pipe dug underground led from the smoke house to a simple fireplace of brick or stone further down the slope, about ten feet below the smoke house. "Cool" smoke was required and not too hot a fire. The fire wood was alder or birch.

Bacon and hams were products of the smoke house and the Byrneses also smoked dog salmon and humpback salmon. Spring and sockeye salmon did not smoke so well and people preferred to eat them fresh. There were big runs of salmon on the Whonnock and York Creeks in those years. Hank Lee reported that in Whonnock Creek the salmon even reached above Dewdney Trunk Road.

The Byrneses held about 4000 chickens for eggs. Eggs were collected, cleaned and packed in cases holding 30 dozens of eggs each. The eggs went to the station and by Aggassiz Local to the buyer in Vancouver, A.P. Slade & Company. Some days later a check came from A.P. Slade. A.P. Slade bought chickens as well. Chickens were "culled" ---only egg-laying chickens were kept and the "culls" went to Vancouver carefully placed in crates, avoiding bruising of the meat.

The Byrnes farm produced a varied crop of fruits and vegetables. Potatoes, peas, carrots, parsnips, turnips (for cows and humans) cabbage, lettuce, radishes, tomatoes, cucumbers, cauliflower,

loganberries, raspberries, pears, apples. Brian's parents grew peanuts and cotton at one time - just for fun. There were plenty of chores: pigs, chickens, pruning, fire wood. Hauling out of manure and spreading it was work for empty hands --- as a punishment. The Norwegians used to dig pits and drop wagonloads of the dead salmon in there. They covered the salmon over till spring when they used it as manure. In later years the Japanese paid for chicken manure. You had to sack it. No one would put human waste over the land - there was enough animal manure.

In the early years the toilet was outside the house, in the corner of an ivy covered woodshed. One would keep dry but otherwise unprotected from the weather. There was no heating. To keep insects and black widow spiders away, a little tin with para-chloro-benzol hang on a string below the seat. The toilet was a two-holer with a hinged seat and with heavy buckets, made specifically for that purpose. If a bucket was full it would be carried, by two people, to a huge hole at the creek side. The bucket was carried on a pole with two nails in it, to avoid sliding. The hole was covered with a timber overhead and dirt and grass and had a square opening.

Brian remembers two horses, the Byrneses used as farm horses. The first was a race horse. The second an old logger's horse. Both had "the heaves". "Heaves" is a pulmonary disease of horses characterized by respiratory irregularities such as coughing and noticeable especially after exercise in cold weather. "Heaves" would also be triggered by feeding an affected horse an apple and some jokers would do that when you had your horse tied up at Graham's. You would only know it when your horse could hardly pull the cart uphill. Mary, the logger's horse, was a clever horse --- the kind that would move the cart forward just enough to close the gate behind it. Mary had, like many logger's horses learned to smoke and had pleasure in puffing on a rolled cigarette - smoke billowing out of its nostrils. She looked in anticipation when you lighted a cigarette. Mary was so experienced in logging that, if a log got snagged behind a stump, and you left the reins, she would step back and aside to free the log.

Brian loved the race horse but at one time it broke a leg in a culvert. Brian was fourteen at the time. His dad was not home. Brian fetched his father's gun and shot the horse dead. He then went and borrowed his neighbour's (Whiting) horse and dragged

the dead body “way off in the fields”. He cut the legs off the dead horse to reduce its volume and dug a whole large enough to keep the body and laid the legs in with it. — a puzzle for the archaeologists.

All made cider in those days — someone had a cider press in Whonnock and it would do the rounds. You would clean it after use and bring it to the next place with horse and buggy. Mother Byrnes used to over ferment the cider and make vinegar of it.

Tisdale would have 30 to 50 hives above Dewdney. Burnt out logging sites were excellent for fireweed and for bees but also an excellent bear habitat. and the bears would come and beat the hives to pulp.

It was appropriate to ask one time permission to cross someone’s property. After that it was quite in order to walk through. You never had to ask again. Always close the gates behind you and give a helping hand. People would stop on the Byrnes property and drink from the well just to chew the fat.

Women did not leave the house very much. Aikman - a bachelor with a violin and some sheet music dropped in, often in time for dinner. Mrs. Byrnes had General Gordon’s violin. He had left it in Victoria. Mrs. Muston and Mrs. Hamilton were her friends.

When growing up in those days, everything was kind of a wonder - the blacksmith shop was a black hole. You would peer in and the blacksmith would call “come in here kid” and ask you turn the bellows. Today you take so much for granted but in those days there were so many miracles.

The dust used to be a three to four inches deep on River Road. You would walk through that on your bare feet when it was summer and there was no need for shoes. River Road was trans-provincial with some through traffic swirling dust. There were some tremendous potholes in the road.

There was a bridge at the east end of 104th which came out at Twin Maples / “Miller Road” more or less. There was quite a lot of traffic. Brian, then eight years old, crossed that bridge with his brother Barney to take a cow to her “wedding” on the Ruskin side.

Brian used to go fishing at the mouth of Whonnock Creek as a kid. At home they were told to treat the Reserve as private property. Still they would go down River Road, the boys, and wait till there was no Indian in sight. Then they would dash to the fishing hole at the mouth of Whonnock Creek. One day old Mrs. Cheer, Harry’s mother, showed Brian how to fish with berries rather than with worms. “She was highly amused as she squeezed the worm from the hook and threw it away.”

## Soldier Settlement Board

The property of the Byrneses was very attractive for a young farmer. Earlier settlers had removed the huge trees years ago. The previous owners had cared for the land. There was a mature orchard, and three quarters of the land produced excellent hay. Its southern exposure assured a good harvest of vegetables and fruit year after year. The house was well-built and there was clean water. With hard work an experienced farmer, like Byrnes, could ensure a living for his family, but not much more.

Within the community little money changed hands. Bartering, exchange of produce, manpower and services was the way of the local economy. It was difficult to make enough money by selling farm products outside the community. The local shops gave credit and ran tabs which had to be paid in cash. Byrnes and his family took every opportunity to make money. Sometimes Brian’s father would work at Firs Limited. Brian brought him lunch, running up from school on the plank road leading to the mill. Henry could use his mining experience when he lived in Whonnock. He assessed a copper mine at Bute Inlet.

The Byrneses did not own the homestead and their life was overshadowed and dominated by the need to make at least the interest payments on the mortgage. Without any funds of their own the settlers viewed the Soldier Settlement Board as an inconsiderate, severe and much hated creditor. Most of the veterans of the Great War tried and failed to pay for more than the interest. Some gave up and others were evicted from their land after years of struggle before they could even start to pay off the capital, when hard luck struck and they fell short in payments. As Brian recalls: “Life was grinding poverty”. He remembers the worries to find money to buy a new pencil for the next school year. Pencils were cut in half to serve both brothers.

As if that was not enough the Settlement Board intervened in the farming. Major investments, like the buying of cattle could only be done via the Board. The settlers had little say in the choice, nor could they sell the animal if it happened to be unsuitable for their work. The Board would advise the Settler of the arrival of their animal on the steamer “Skeena”, and down the ramp came the long awaited animal. Too often it would turn out to be a dried up and scanty cow. A cow had to provide dairy products for the family meals. The dairy products were also traded for cash to pay the grocery bills. Or their new horse would be suffering from the heaves, a respiratory disease, which made it unfit to pull the plough. Or the horse would be too elegant to share the harsh realities of life on a Whonnock farm. A healthy horse appeared to do little more than bringing in the hay to feed it, but a sick animal did not help at all in the work of the veterans on the land. That would put another burden on the farmers.

The Board also sent surveyors to review the work. Often these surveyors came right from England. In the settlers eyes, they wasted time with their suggestions and demands which often demonstrated their inexperience in local farming.

Good luck was what the farmers needed and the lack of it could mean personal tragedy. Brian tells the story of the veteran who had his hopes on a litter of prize pigs. Here was a chance to make a good earning. A wind storm came, and the mother, as pigs tend to do under those circumstances, ate the litter and with it the farmers hopes of money. This veteran’s boat was found tied up on the other side of the Fraser. He was never seen again.

Soldiers returning from the trenches often had health problems. In Europe many soldiers suffered exposure to poison gas. Byrnes Sr. was one of those and he had respiratory problems for the rest of his life. He had to go to the hospital for treatment. There were no programs to take care of the veterans’s health. A benevolent group, the Junior League in Vancouver, silently took care of such things as the ambulance costs, but the family had to take care of the remaining expenses.



# People of the Past

*In his own witty, but compassionate way Brian tells us about his contemporaries of yesteryears and the world around them. The following brief notes provide unexpected vistas of people we may only know by name and they give a glimpse of an unfortunately mostly forgotten past.*

Moses **Ball** split from his wife. He took his family down to Ruskin station. The passenger train stopped and the family boarded. As the train started moving Ball grabbed a son, who stayed with him. The rest of the kids went with ma to Alberta where she remarried. A daughter, Minnie Ball, small and good looking, was to marry Carl **Nelson** - She was a teacher.

A man called **Barmby** lived on the north side of 122th where it meets Hynes Avenue. He kept some goats and every morning he took the milk in containers loaded on a wheelbarrow to the station. **Percy**, who lived on south of 108th on 272nd tried to offer Barmby their horse drawn cart, which daily went the same way, but Barmby did not want that. There is a Mrs. Barmby buried at the Whonnock Cemetery. Brian thinks it was his mother. Whonnock lore wants it that Barmby also took his mother's coffin to the cemetery on his wheel barrow. He had a sister with one leg, who married Percy **Fairbanks**. Barmby built a boat with ribs of acacia wood and tongue and groove flooring, which made caulking impossible. He used a T-Ford engine. One day he took off from Whonnock wharf and disappeared. He was quite a while in the Pitt Lake area and Ralph **Daniels** and Brian, on one of their fishing trips, tied up to him and drifted down river with him near Patullo Bridge.

There were some tremendous potholes in River Road. Brian and the store keeper, O.D. **Burns** would put snow flake wash powder in the holes to see them foaming over.

Charlie **Cabana** built a row boat to cross the river to deliver and pick up mail. He lived down by the river. Charlie was a bow-legged individual with a great fear of water. After he drowned a nest of her kittens his cat decided to have her second nest on a safer spot and selected the net house at the end of the pier.

Leslie **Cameron**: lived on 96th Ave. about 1/2 mile from Byrnes'. Mrs. Cameron was born Miss **Martin**.

A source of revenue was collecting and selling cascara bark. Buckerfield, and before them United Farmers, acted as agents and purchased the bark. People stripped the bark off the trees and dried the bark in yard-long strips, which were bundled or bagged, stiff and dry. The trees would generate new shoots from the base. Harry **Cheer** used to listen for chopping noises of people working on the bark. He would approach them asking the casually: "do you know if you are on Indian land?" The workers often would not know, and, even if it was not Indian land at all, would leave the area with apologies. Cheer was careful never to say that they were on Indian territory. He would collect the bark and sell it.

Jimmy **Fidell** - chief by default - was the last of the Whonnock on the reserve. Brian remembers that Jimmy had a race car; one of those where the driver's seat is placed at the back and with a very long hood. It was a bright red affair and had only a small T-Ford engine under the hood. James Fidell died burned up in his shack. His drinking buddy was a Bill **O'Dell** also known as "Digger" O'Dell. Billy O'Dell - went to war with Jimmy Fidell. Jimmy Fidell's sister (Amy) was a hook and line fisherman. She could fill a bucket in minutes with sea-trout (?)

After Jimmy died there was some fear that the Reserve would go back to the Government. Kelly **Irving** and Ted ("The Navel") **Neadin**, the shopkeeper, who ran Graham's at that time, involved themselves in contacting the Authorities and put things in motion to assure that the Reserve was transferred to the Langley Band. Neadin was Welsh and was a nasty, malicious character, perhaps because he was Welsh.

Dorothy **Gilchrist** was a teacher in Whonnock school in the early 1920's. Brian remembers that she threatened one day, in his first school year ("First Reader") to hold him over the rose bushes below the window and then to let go. Dorothy Gilchrist later married G.S Foley(?).

Ralph **Grieves** lived in the Garner house in 1924-1925.

**Gjelstaed** came and lived there in 1926 or 1927. Then they moved to the Robertson house and later to somewhere west of Whonnock Lumber on the south side of the highway. Anker got a job with C.P.R. and later, with Brian, cut ties in a mill. Olga Gjelstead was a great gymnast. Anker went into engineering and turned communist.

Also Mabel [**Nelson**] & Eck **Phillips** lived in the Garner house as did **Mosier** and **Bill Baines**.

**Godwin's** (the "Newcomers") house: John **Westerlund** and family rented directly from Godwin. Then Jack **Reid** rented the "Newcomers" house. Reid was Irish and worked at the Land Registry at New Westminster as scribe. Ed Reid was born at the Godwin house. Later a British lady lived there, a Mrs. **Harris**, who, for unexplained reasons, would stop Brian on his way to school to clean his nails. **Carlsons** lived there for a couple of years: a family with ten children from Sundown, Manitoba. Also Anton **Bye**, tall and quiet, who married Mary **Anderson** who figures in the Eternal Forest as "Johnson"

Behind **Graham's** store was a well and a hand pump, which are now on **Hilland's** property. The well is 150 ft. deep. Bert **Webb**, now owner of the old Byrnes house, drilled 680 ft. to get water.

Mrs. Marry **Hamilton** went around at home doing all the work. Mr. Hamilton was pretentious, dressed in suit and tie, always reading, never doing anything. "Hi, Marry, the cows should be milked now", he would cry. Hamilton came from Paisley. His Scotch way of pronunciation became worse by the day. His sisters came from Scotland to visit him but did not stay as long as they planned. It is said that even they could not understand his accent.

Judge **Howay** was a small and peppery man.

Bruce **Hughson** ran a sawmill - they had a big tomcat with the incongruent name of Dorothea Ann.



Brian remembers that **Al Kearsly**, had a logging camp up at Stave Lake. Al told him that they found butt ends (the cranky grain woods above the stump) of old growth firs in the Stave river delta area, from the canyon (near the Ruskin Dam) to the confluence with the Fraser. The middle part up to the branch line was missing. The local Indians told him that the middle, straight grained part, had been removed to make barrels. The pioneers called all Douglas firs "pine". The Douglas Fir was only named in 1827 by David Douglas.

**Luno's** son lost a leg. He had been weeding on the rail tracks. — It was very hot but it paid some money. — He walked into a pool of stagnant water near the mouth of Whonnock Creek and cut his foot on something under the water. Infection and then gangrene set in and the doctor, who was called too late, had no option but to amputate. All Whonnock residents were really sorry about that. **Blomburg** gave him his car, a Model T, to ride in. Old Luno used the car for purposes related to his garage business. When Blomburg discovered that it came to a fist fight. Whiting, stood at their side, shouting encouragements and prodding the men with his stick as they fought, rolling on the ground.

Miss **Grierson** trained St. John's Ambulance. In exams Dr. Garnett **Morse** turned down all her students. He did not believe in school nurses.

**Muston** was Italian, very musical and quite deaf. He was so worried that he would have to register as an Italian during the war. He served with Brian in the Rangers 60th Coy., teaching Morse, flag signalling and heliographs.

One of the **Nelson** brothers had a son, Leonard, who ran the fish packer till he fell overboard. His widow then ran the fish packer until she married David **Carlson** who ran the fish packer. His wife died and he married the widow **Muench**.

The cattle dealer John **Owen** was not saturated with rectitude. His cattle was pastured at what is now Reid's property next to the old school site. Owen owned it then. There was a succession of owners: **Robertson — Stickney — Owen — Sorensen ? — Addenbrook** (who disappeared)— Soldier Settlement Board — **Reid**.

Fred **Probert** was a brother of Dearman Probert. Fred lived in Glen Valley on 272nd. One of his two sons, Patty Probert, was a fisherman. His wife had a boat of herself.

**Showler** was an accomplished glass cutter. He would drop

anything he was doing to cut someone's glass - not only squares but any circle or curve as well.

There are two **Watson** families: the one at Spilsbury is no relation whatsoever of the Watsons at Bell Road.

Charles **Wetham** — "Armours Landing" — built a boys school in Ruskin - he had a wonderful house. **Gilchrist** bought it later and after him **Parsons**, who had a very nice-looking wife he had stolen in South Africa. Under Parsons ownership the place burned down.

R.S. **Whiting** figures prominently in the memories of most old-timers. He was in particular popular with the English settlers in Whonnock. From Whiting, who had the information first hand, Brian inherited much of his knowledge of the earliest history of Whonnock, before the First World War.

During the war Brian's brother went and saw Whiting's family in England. He reported: "just like the guy we had here, but ours limped of course". Whiting was crippled by polio and walked with a cane.

Whiting used the expression "I Say" frequently and was referred to as "I Say". Others were "Good Old Christ" (Probert) and "Come to Jesus" (Crockett).

Where there are stands of mature cedars in Whonnock today, such as on the old **Rolley** property, the owners back then refused to give in to the temptation to sell the trees to Whiting. He was not entirely the nice guy. Norwegians remember that he did not always pay for the trees he cut.

Whiting kept bees and had a honey extractor. He was a messy person and the whole house would stick of honey.

Most orchards were a mixture of fruit trees - apples, pears and plums, but Whiting had lots of apple trees. He would make cider of the apples. Once he left a cask of cider out in the yard and it had frozen and the alcohol had gathered in the centre. And we drank out of it with straws. It was quite strong stuff. We were pretty stiff.

Funny guy, Whiting. To make cider we used to throw out rotten apples, wash the apples and cut out all the bad spots. But he just threw everything in the pot. He had an old recipe and would mix chopped calves brains and liver in the brew. He had that from where he came.

It was said that as postmaster Whiting read all postcards which came through the Post Office.

Whiting used to burn long sticks in the fire rather than cutting the wood in short pieces.



*Picture taken by Marshall Luno in 1925 on River Road. Driver: Carl Nelson. Leaning on cab: Ben Eaton, Sitting: Dave Kauffman and Beatrice Luno. On log: (dark shirt) Hank Lee (light shirt) Art Nelson. The open fields reach up from River Road to the Byrnes farm. Photo courtesy Marjorie Malm.*

## A Note by Brian Byrnes

after reading Tom Koppel's *Kanaka*:

BORI - 112

DAN [Cheer]- 90 ?

HARRY [Cheer] - 90 - 1960'S

Many of the old pioneers used to talk about "Old Bori" and ascribed impossible age.

Whiting said he thought Bori "jumped ship". The Gaunt sisters said he came across Canada with one of the fur trading supply brigades. (unlikely).

Chas. Miller in his book *Valley of the Stave* -- p. 36 ca. 1917, line 26 on -- "Old BORI patriarch of the family, his son DANIEL and his son JACK" (Harry's brother). Harry and Della lived on [left] bank of Stave River. The new bridge sits on top of it. It is south end of I.R. # 3 .

I briefly met several native[s] who evidently had Kanaka ancestry. Isabel [Byrnes née Ferguson] said there was an old unnamed Kanaka [who] had a shack at the modern intersection of No. 7 - Haney Bypass. He was always referred to as 'the Kanaka'.

Hector Ferguson # 1 bought a lot (DL 402) from his neighbour MAYO. He mortgaged it to raise money to build the old Presbyterian church at Port Haney and lost the lot by foreclosure.

Kanaka p. 44, line 14 - 1) Fir, not pine.

Kanaka p. 61, line 9 - 2) Kanaka Creek? [not mentioned]

## Glen Valley - mail delivery

R.S. Whiting's postal contract included delivery of the mail at Glen Valley, across the river. He had this work done at a penny-pinching rate, paying a quarter for the crossing to Glen Valley in summer and 35 cents in winter. Whiting was very apologetic about the low pay but in fact he received something like \$1.75 for each crossing.

For the crossing in winter the mail was tied to a shingle bolt — to avoid that it would get lost — and dragged on the ice with a rope. The crossing was difficult; jagged pieces of ice to pick one's way through. At Glen Valley, at the corner of 272nd and River Road was a store & post office where you could warm up, shivering and cold. One day when Brian had arrived at the other side one heard a rumbling coming up the river. The low tide had created a vacuum under the ice, which collapsed in the center of the river. It may have started as far down as New Westminster and the ice zipped open at a miraculous speed. A six to eight foot rift had formed which Brian had to cross on the way back. One had to put oneself flat on the ice. Cold and wet, dragging the mail tied to the bolt behind him, he made it back to Whonnock. Through his binoculars Brian's father had observed him doing this. No more mail delivery for Brian after this.



## Nightmare Alice

In Whonnock Lake can be found both the Green Frog (*Rana clamitans* Latreille) and the Bullfrog (*Rana catesbeiana* Shaw). The bullfrogs (up to eight inches in length) are larger than the green frogs (up to four inches). The bullfrogs also miss the green mask of the green frog. Both frogs are not part of the original fauna of British Columbia. They originate from east of the Rockies. Up to the early 1950's they were not known in the Whonnock area.

At some time in the past both the bullfrog and the green frog were introduced in the Mill Lake in Abbotsford. In 1954 (or 1953) the Fish and Game Department poisoned Mill Lake to replace the coarse fish species with a stock more suitable for the fishermen. Fish and Games gave us the permission to move tadpoles and adult frogs to Whonnock Lake. By 1960 they were fully established and spread to nearby Stewart Lake and Whonnock Creek and now to the delta of the Stave. Tadpoles take two years to mature and can be easily seen at Whonnock Lake.

Several adults were brought home and kept in a greenhouse where they rapidly became domesticated. Their favourite food — liver cut in worm-like strips and taken from the split end of a rod. They lived about fifteen years. One lived eighteen years, Nightmare Alice. She ate her friends and several goldfish. Her husband had the capability to "walk on water". He skipped over the surface to get to the food offered.

The last few years the greenhouse guest became such basket cases that they could not have survived in the wild.

## From the Wild

Brian remembers how he killed a bear and hated to do it. The bear was getting at Mrs. Crocketts goats. He had killed one already and had clawed another badly. Mrs. Crockett stood guard with an empty rifle - no doubt to scare the bear. Brian tried to chase the bear away by shooting in the trees and hailing splinters on the bear. But he went after the goats again and Brian had no choice. This was wartime and Brian used his Army rifle to kill the bear. Brian and Isabel skinned it out on the Reserve. It was said that the hide could be used on the front, but a taxidermist got the hide finally.

Once Brian had a bobcat. A cougar had robbed a den and jumped in front of Brian's car, where the Iron Mountain Store is today. The cougar dropped a bobcat kitten and Brian took it home. One night it ate Anton Bye's beautiful orange tabby. When it was adult Brian freed it but people objected and Brian could not bag the cat and had to kill it. His dog did not look at him for weeks, wondering if he would be next. Brian learned not to take these things away from the wild.



# 26903 River Road

## Mary the 1927 OLDS

by Brian Byrnes

This car was the last model built by R. E. Olds, who was primarily an engine manufacturer. His initials formed the name of the REO line of trucks and cars. Late in 1927 Olds sold out to General Motors so all succeeding Olds were entirely different. Quantity rather than quality was the goal.

I purchased my 1927 Olds in 1934 for a hundred and twenty-five dollars. Mileage 27,000. The body was built back East and all the structural elements were made of maple, steamed and bent to shape and covered with sheet metal and paint. After several years on the humid West Coast the wood straightened out and rotted. It was usual to have the door securely latched and still be able to view the highway through the gap at the bottom. In fact, in the last stages a rope was often tied from handle to handle across the passenger's brisquets.

I laid old Mary up for about two years because of the above problem and bought a 1931 Essex for eighteen dollars. In truth a customer left me his car, driven off the road, in exchange of his long overdue garage bill. Terrible engine, that car, but steel body. Sold the Essex for ten dollars, but the buyer found four bits in the seat, so I only got nine dollars.

I converted Mary to a pick-up with box and fenders from a Model A Ford and a home-made cab of steel and wood. She looked very nice so I rebuilt the engine and drive works to the degree that we got two hundred thousand more miles out of her. I used her for many years as a garage service truck and she acquired a well-earned reputation for reliability, especially in deep snow.

Mary was also a reliable people car. She hauled dozens of people to and from hospitals and took us on trips and rare holidays. There was something about her vibrations that temporarily restored my mother's hearing and she and I could talk all the way to Vancouver and back without even looking at each other.

In the 1950s we acquired a 1947 Jeep station-wagon. So old Mary was retired again and after a couple of years I sold her for \$21.40 (a cent a pound) to a group of young restorers who, I think, did not do what was expected of them. I have often felt a twinge over her fate because she was so faithful and uncomplaining, running till May or June with a sack over her expired license plate.

The two Byrnes houses on River Road were built simultaneously as revenue properties in 1931 for a Mrs. Winifred Gordon, who owned the land. The builders of the houses were Ralph Daniels and Ray Selves. Dick Whiting, Richard S. Whiting oldest son, was the principal contractor and he hired his youngest brother to do the basement. This brother went to the Red and White store, picked up boxes and poured concrete in them to make building blocks. Brian and Isabel built an extension to the original basement and the concrete front steps, Otherwise the houses are unchanged and even the colour is the same.

Mrs. Winifred Gordon rented the two houses to many families of P. Baines's mill workers. Between 1938 and 1941 the future Mrs. Arthur Benson (she may have been related to the Whitings or Bensons in some way and that is why she came to Whonnock) lived in the main house to the east. She and her dog, Lobo, were saved from the "Lusitania" (not the "Titanic" as everyone believes).

The Byrneses rented the house in 1941. Before that they lived for a short time in a house built by R.S. Whiting on the slope on the right side where River Road meets the highway, overlooking the river and with a view on Brian's first garage. The garage burned in 1940. There was a meeting in the Hall and all came out to help. It was rebuilt at that spot next to Baines's.

In 1951, when Brian moved to his new garage, where Dave has his world today, it was a terrible winter. The roads were crusted with ice and there were fewer than a dozen cars a day.

## Average Precipitation at Whonnock

Rain and snow fall in inches and tent: Monthly Average

	<u>1970-79</u>	<u>1980-89</u>	<u>1990-95</u>
Jan	7.29	7.83	8.69
Feb	6.24	6.57	4.98
Mar	6.18	4.95	4.34
Apr	4.49	5.98	4.98
May	3.59	5.06	2.80
Jun	2.85	3.32	4.03
Jul	2.40	2.89	1.92
Aug	2.07	1.76	2.51
Sep	3.54	3.81	2.57
Oct	5.28	6.23	5.60
Nov	8.06	10.50	10.46
Dec	<u>9.50</u>	<u>7.28</u>	<u>7.69</u>
	61.49	66.18	60.55

*Brian Byrnes has measured the rain and snowfall in Whonnock over many years "except in freezing season and robin nesting time". He continues to do so today although the records shown here are only for readings until 1995. Brian also keeps track of barometer readings, and I am sure, temperatures. For a more detailed list see the end cover.*



# Whonnock Lake Park

## After a conversation with Brian Byrnes in the summer of 1996

*Whonnock Lake is a muskeg lake. It will very likely be a meadow in another 75 years. Dead vegetation in the lake creates a very acidic environment. Slowly the lake turns into a peat marsh. The only regular water input is from the north. There is an exit to Whonnock Creek on the south-east side closed off by a sandbar which lets water escape from the lake. When the water in Whonnock Creek is higher than the sand bar fresh water flows into the lake from Whonnock Creek.*

A large stove burned in Brian's garage in winter. It attracted work crews and other company, traveling or resident. They often at their lunch there and talked. The conversation was always diverse and animated even if women and politics were forbidden subjects.

Alf Chatwin was one of the regulars. He was a representative of United Farmers / Buckerfield and traveled all over the valley for them. But he was also chairman of the Maple Ridge Parks Board. When Alf was sitting at his warm stove Brian would sometimes ask "What could be done about Whonnock Lake. Is not it time to turn it into a park of some kind?" Alf Chatwin was not interested. Whonnock Lake at that time could only be reached by a very steep track coming down from the Dewdney Trunk Road. At the start it looked like an unpaved road but it became worse as it progressed downhill and there was no turn at the end. The car of many a lovers pair was hauled up there by Brian and his converted Model AA. Alf Chatwin obviously had never gone that road and would not make an attempt to see the lake. Still, only Whonnock Lake itself would convince him that a park would be a good idea. But how to get him there?

From a map of the lake area from City Hall Brian and Isabel found out that most of the property was held by the municipality and that no land had to be bought for the creation of a park. The maps also told them where the Municipal lands were. One fine Sunday the Byrnes traced a path north from a marker on 112th Avenue in a straight line through the shrubbery to the lake shore approximately as Graham Road runs today. With machete, saw and ax they widened their trail and made it as easy to reach the lake as possible. On the lakeside they even felled a sapling that obstructed the view on the lake. It had to be perfect. The trap was set.

When Alf Chatwin appeared again at the garage, Alf and his lunch were parked in the car and driven up to 112th where they walked the little trail. Whonnock Lake showed at its best and convinced Alf Chatwin to put the wheels in motion to turn the Whonnock Lake area into a municipal park.

# JAPANESE SETTLERS

Notes made during interview of Brian and Isabel Byrnes by Magan Jones with January 20, 1996. The interview was done in connection with a graduating project on history selected topic: Japanese

- There are obviously two ends to the story.
- Whonnock - 1912 first Japanese 1920 major influx
- The Japanese boys joined in baseball
- The older girls looked after younger ones
- Japanese parents lived in cultural isolation
- The Japanese were shown warfilms: Mukden.
- Collection of funds in support of the war.
- There was little participation of the Japanese in the agricultural fair.
- Payment for strawberry picking was 1/3 cent per pound.
- Few made it to high school many dropped out before end of school.
- Japanese were not allowed to fish (commercially) above the New Westminster bridge. Steveston then had 2151 families concentrating on fishing. St. Mungo and Glenrose canneries.
- Japanese did not support the local stores.
- Competitive in jobs
- Natsuhara house built by the sons for their father. Top quality.
- Much of the Japanese money went to Japan - debts had to be paid back
- Japanese went hop-picking in summer - the schoolyears started with an epidemic of fleas. Lots of TB, the Japanese in particular - living conditions were bad.
- Understanding that Japanese would work harder than anyone
- Chicken manure for strawberries \$1.50 per 100 lbs or 8 cents a sack. Switch to whale. 700 lbs an acre. Logan berries - prepare for next years crop - get runners - alderlands - used one time
- Fruit Berry Shed Coop - fresh fruit market - 2 railcars every day @ \$7.00 a crate. 2 cents for kids loading the crates. Jam factory in Mission
- OEY an Ainu from Hokaido - an oar factory Roy MIKI, Ted Oeki.
- After Pearl Harbour report and register curfew. moved to exhibition grounds at Vancouver. The train stopped at Ruskin to pick them up with the white population looking on. Whonnock had never seen mounties before.
- In the abandoned houses they shot the cats. Most of the houses were weak structures and dropped down after a few winters. Rented out to anyone by "Custodians of Enemy Property." All chattel auctioned off.
- Lands kept for the veterans - government assisted to purchase at pre-war values - title not given for 10 years after the war.
- The moving out of the Japanese was seen as a protective measure
- City people suffered most from the internment

*In the Spring of 1997, when preparing Whonnock Notes No. 2, "Cemeteries in Whonnock", I asked Toshio Mukaida to help me to decipher and explain the Japanese grave markers and I hoped that he would tell me something more about these Whonnock settlers buried here. On the photograph Toshio and his charming wife are shown on the Whonnock Cemetery. On the foreground is the grave marker of Fumi Mukaida, Toshio's kid-sister, who died as a small child in 1928 and behind it is the marker on the grave of Shigeo Fujita.. We discussed the Buddhist ceremonies at the funeral of his sister before I asked and received permission of Toshio to record his commentaries, which started with the grave of Yaeko Nikaido.*

## Toshio Mukaida visits Whonnock's Cemetery

Nikaido had a whole slug of kids, you know, and I did not know that they had a baby [Yaeko Nikaido] that died in 1931 and [Chikako Sakamoto] 1929 - 1930, they died just a year apart. Yaeko, that is a girl and Chikako is a girl too... two girls here. The Nikaido family, that is a Japanese family which lived on the Indian Reserve — across ... the Whonnock Creek ... overlooking the Lougheed Highway. That is where they had a chicken farm and everything. I did not know till my brother told me that they did not have an own farm; that it was the Indian Reserve. I think that they had fifteen kids or something. I did not know that two [of their] infants died, oh, no this one is a Nikaido and the other one is a Sakamoto.

The Sakamotos: they lived in Albion, just west of Whonnock, up on Thorne Hill. We used to call that Albion. Jack Shins used to live there and the Sakamotos lived in that area. That is where [Chikako Skamoto] is from. Here is another Sakamoto. Nenohachi 1937. I don't remember her — it is a lady. I think that this is the mother — no that is the father — [Tome Sakamoto]. That will be the grandfather of [Chikako], I think so. And then there is a [Kiyomi] Nakano, [died in] 1938. See, this family had a tuberculosis problem They lived in Ruskin, these people, in the Dirty Thirties. The Inumas lived across from the Nakanos in Ruskin, on the north side of River Road. I think that they were kind of squatters.

That is a Hara baby. That will be the daughter of Sakomoto's son. Hara and Sakamoto. His name was Sakamoto but he married a girl with the family name Hara. That is where the name Hara comes from. You see, sometimes, in the old days, if there was no man in the family — just a girl — and you wanted to keep the family name, they adopted the family name of the women's side. Hagamie Daniel Kaji, 1940, just a baby. The Kaji's, they lived a long time, father and mother Kaji. She was a Sakamoto, the mother was, and she married Kaji.



Fujino and Shoji. Shoji .. there are two kids here, [both died in] 1929. I think they died of typhoid fever, or yellow fever. Shoji was a returned war veteran — he was in the Canadian Army in the First World War. And he was thrown out just the same as the rest of them in 1941 — and he was quite bitter. They said in those days: "Once a Jap, always a Jap." I don't know where they got that idea. Why you can't trust [someone], women, old men — all of them. Fujinos was Ruskin, I think. Fujino had a wooden stake here. When we came back it was all grass here. I think that the brothers and their people must have put the stone here. We will have to change ours too [Fumi Mukaida d. 18 April 1928]. Baby Kitagawa ....

Hidaka ... Kiruku Hadaka: she was a school teacher. She had all the qualifications but she, being Japanese, could not teach. ... She was very active in the United Church; she was a Sunday school teacher. She never married. I remember her because we used to look up to her, but she always looked after the young ones. She never snubbed anybody. Teizo Hidaka: that is the father and Kume that would be the mother. Yoshiro [Hidaka]: that is a boy. I can remember him vaguely. I was about eight years old, I guess, when he died. But Sumiko [Hidaka] I can remember. She was [younger] than Yoshiro. She died of an accident of

some kind. Sumiko would be a few years older than I was. Do you know where she drowned? We used to call it Johnson's Island: Crescent Island. The Sunday school had a picnic out there on the island and they were swimming there. ... She and Caroline Cook both drowned there. It was quite a tragedy, you know. I think that Caroline Cook is buried here some place too. [Sumiko Hidaka] was another one that used to befriend me all the time when I was a kid. It was a wonderful family Sumiko would be the younger sister of Teruko Hidaka. My mother always used to think highly of Teruko Hidaka. She [was] Canadian born, but she always looked up to the elders. My mother could not speak English, but when she came to visit my mother she [Teruko] would converse and do things with my mother and treat her, you know, like an equal.

Natsuhara: you know where the Japanese school used to be, right on the corner (100th and 272nd) that, I think, used to be Natsuhara's property and they donated that [the ground for the school] His property was next to the Japanese school. And this is Mrs. Natsuhara, the mother. Usa is not a common name for a Japanese girl. My mother's name was Haroie [?], you know, that is quite common. Later they used Usae or Usako. In the old days they used Usa. They were a pretty well-known family, the Natsuharas. There is another Natsuhara right here. I think [that] Hanna Natsuhara died of tuberculosis. I remember that she had TB and I really felt sorry for her because she had to live in isolation and they isolated her. They had a small cottage next to the house. She had to live separately. She died there too. She was nineteen years old. The Natsuharas were quite prominent people in Whonnock.

[How did the Japanese Memorial monument come here?] I tell you. See [shows on the monument] the date is 1965. You know, the Japanese had a farmers' organization. They used to call it *Nokai*, that means farmers' organization. They had a little money. They did not disband [during the war] and I guess there was money left. They waited and waited, but most of the former Japanese farmers settled East and [finally] they invested the money in those stones. That happened in a lot of places in Maple Ridge where they set up these stones. Yes, I cut the branches back to make the monument more visible.

You don't see too many adults dying at that time but a lot of kids died. Lots of kids and not much grownups.

I don't know if you remember Bill Baines. He had a pool room next to where Brian Byrnes had [his first] garage. The pool room was next door [from Brian's garage]. We used to stop by for ice cream and all kinds of that stuff — he also had a service station. You know, I can remember the time we were leaving and Bill Baines came up to me and he just shook his head and he says: "we're going to miss you guys". You know, I did not realize it at the time but when we left for Alberta I really missed all the people we left behind.

I don't hold it to the Government ... but what they did to dad and mom, you know. Dad came here in 1903. Forty years of work, all down the drain. We had this property in Whonnock. We had a brand-new house on the place. Never could enjoy that or anything.

*In the summer of 1997 Helmi and I had great pleasure in spending a few hours with Millie Kirkwood nee Sorensen. She had read "Historical Project, 1985", which she referred to as "Brian's book". She emphasised that in the book there were "many things which were not so", and was saddened that, in 1985, they did not include information on the Sorensen's. She was eager to tell the story of the Sorensen's which follows here. Millie is a wonderful person with great talent in presenting her story which take us far back to the early days and I am very grateful for her contribution. In Millie's account, as in any recollection, there are details which are or may be not factual in the eyes of others, in particular in her judgements of some contemporaries. Still, this is Millie's story and I reproduce it here in its original form with only a few annotations.*

## Millie (Sorensen) Kirkwood

**Transcript of talk with Mrs. Millie O. (Sorensen)  
Kirkwood in Oliver, June 14, 1997<sup>1</sup>**

Oh, yes, we are [from Norway], we are from where they have the [Olympic] winter sports — Lillehammer. My father had a big farm and a big fishing boat and a crew of six — there were seven altogether including himself. And — so many people make fun about what you call that monster in water they claim exists — well my father saw it and he saw this fishing in Norway in the sea and the men were all below deck doing things and also like preparing — like preparing lunch. And my father was just through setting his lines. He liked to set his own lines — he was a very good fisherman. And as he stood on deck he noticed this ripple coming out at sea and he said that it was just — looked like as if it was aiming for him. So he stood there and watched it and finally it came up under the boat and circled around it three times and it had a body just like a barrel. It eased its way — part of its way on deck an even peered at those men below deck and my father said that he had never ever seen anything like it and that it must be like the face of the devil. Those awful eyes that peered at you and then finally he let himself slither back in the water, In those days it was sailing boats — this is many years ago. The crew said "Andrew" — that was my father — "you will have to get yourself a new crew, we would never ever come out at sea again". And my father said "I am just as frightened as you are and I will sell my outfit". Which he did.

They had planned to [leave Norway] but his mother lived with them — there were many old folks like that — and she would not leave her homeland and she said for them to go without her. But my father was sad and just could not bring himself to go. He sold his big farm and he sold his big boat and he went to Australia. That is where I was born in Queensland — we three little girls were born there, my five brothers were all born in Norway.

[We came to Canada] let us say about 1909. My mother passed away in 1911. She died in New Westminster. She had not even heard of Whonnock. It was two years later, in 1913 that we moved up to Whonnock. I was about six then and started school in



Whonnock. [Father was a fisherman also in Whonnock] but it seemed different to Norway in the big sea. The Fraser River in Whonnock is a muddy looking river, It is so beautiful in the sea. Later we moved to the west coast of Vancouver Island and the water was just blue and beautiful.

See, when was that war. My dearest brother — about when was that? — I should not say, I mean the others were all dear but he was extra special — Alfred. He was just not nineteen but so healthy looking and such a good boy — He'd never been away from home. And this Englishman he came, he was getting young men to go overseas and that war I think was in 1914. Poor Alfred he had been in Whonnock only for the one year and we were so busy, It was a lovely place to be and even I, who was just six, had my job to lay needles with twine so that the grown-up ones could repair their nets. So this English officer came and he looked at us all and he spied Alfred and he said: "You are not a slacker are you?" They think they are smart, don't they? Alfred said: "why, no!" I do not think in fact that he knew what he was talking about. So this English officer said: "Well, you should be at war, fighting for your country." And Alfred said: "Well, I have to talk it over with my father". And my father said — he did not want him to go — but he said: "It is up to you, Alfred." And Alfred — that stuck in his crop — "I am not a slacker" and he went. And three years later he lost his life and it never seemed to be the same again.

My mother's maiden name [is a] Bible name, Sabina Petersen. Scandinavians always: "-sen". Well in Swedish they spell it "-son" but Danish and Norwegian they're "-sen". My oldest sister was Christina Sorensen and there was Hilda — yes she was the second, of course Sorensen. And then I came along. And the brothers ... shall we take the oldest first? That was Anton Sorensen and then there was Peter Sorensen and then there was Alfred Sorensen and there was Johnny Sorensen. And the fifth — it was sad — he died at sea. It must have been dreadful for my mother. It was for the others too, but a mother ....

Because they buried him at sea and my mother broke down as she could not see her baby .... And it was a freight ship. There were so many of us and it was much more reasonable to be on a freighter than on an ocean liner, like it is so expensive. And the captain, he was very nice, and he said he realised, you know, that it would be terrible to have to have to do this but that was the law. But he said: "We have to stop for repairs in London, and it will give you time to have a burial like in a church." And mother felt much better then. His name was Harold ... he was not too sure yet on his feet. His hair, they said, I guess here they call it dirt blond. It had a golden tinge.

There were much more [Norwegians in Whonnock]. In those days not many. Some of them had passed away and most of them had left. My father was a very good Christian and he could not climb heights like. He had a very bad heart. I am just like my father, I look like my father and have a very bad heart ...

My father's name in English was Andrew Edward and in Norwegian Andreas Edward.

The Lees — they were like sisters and brothers.

I have been there [in Whonnock] different times. I was there when I was a girl [until] just after that awful war that I lost my brother in. My father had intended to buy this lovely home we

lived in. It was right on the banks of the Fraser River in Whonnock and it had fifteen acres and there were lovely big nut trees and small fruit and all different kinds of big fruit trees. And the home had a big fireplace made of stones, ordinary rock and we used to lay logs in there.

And when we had that bad flue my father was the only one — I think it is arranged that way that one must keep well — an he dragged mattresses off our beds. Well we three girls we slept together and they had me in the centre in case I would fall out because I was the littlest.

My father said: "I can not cope with it", he said. "I just have to get away from here". Because he and Alfred they were going to buy that place but they were going to do it together. So my father moved us over to Port Alberni until he could cope with things better and when we came back it was too late and Jack Reid had bought the place. My father, he just used every inch of that land you know. He had big net-racks [for] drying and repairing nets. We all had to help, which is a good thing I think my father did the early morning milking and we had just two little Jersey cows and two little Guernseys. They are little cows, if you know them. They are very rich, their cream is much richer — there is not the quantity but the quality. Just for the family. And we were allowed just to drink all the milk we wanted and use the cream up. And Christina used to love to make pineapple upside down cake with big chunks of pineapple and pour the batter over it with lumps of butter. The Reids they did not make use of the land — I don't know — they lived there. They had four children. The land was where the wharf was and when there was a bad winter and a lot of rain they loose [land]piece of it fall off. It is not fifteen acres any more.

Anna Knudtsen — I used to live with them — Anna and I were of the same age both born in 1906 and she was six months older. She was born June 25 and I was born December 2nd so she was six months older. Oh, we just loved each other. We had each others little teddy bears and we used to take teddy bears to bed with us. Our first teacher was Miss Gaunt — then there were different teachers as years went on. Anna Knudtsen was a very tall [Norwegian] girl. We were just like Mutt 'n Jeff you know. The main [Knudtsen] family has passed on years ago but the children are still alive. They visit me every May. They have a reunion for the Nelsons in Osoyoos. [The Knudtsens are related to the Nelsons?] Yes they are [related]. Their mother Irene Manning now — Mrs. Knudtsen and Eric Knudtsen were Anna's parents. The Nelsons was Anna's children.

I went to school with Gilbert [Lee] who was called Gibby and his sister Lulu and Norman. Mrs. Lee, he name was Annie Lee, we called her grandma Lee. They were so many .....

Garner? I went to school with Eva and Gerthie. They lived right by the Post-office, just across the road. I think — I forget their names — they had a feed-store or something there .... Grahams. We knew them so well. The Garners [Grahams?] lived directly across from the Post office. That was an old house there. The first store was Mr. Grahams built that store — Andrew Graham. But at the other side a Norwegian man Nels Nelson he built the [Red & White] store across from them [Grahams]. He sold it to Mr. Showler and he [Showler] made it into the Red & White.

["Kirk" Kirkwood, Milly Kirkwood's second husband, was a male nurse in England during the First World War. He had two (twin) boys from a previous marriage and two girls, who lived with the mother] Yes, they lived with us, the boys, and the girls [with their mother] with the promise that they could come and live with us whenever they wanted and their fares would be paid. Once they came for two months — we were fishing right then — yes, he fished. He was so tired of [the war]. He said it was just like a slaughterhouse, you know? Cutting off limbs and mending them up and he decided he wanted far away from it so he bought himself a nice big trawler. It was called the "Sea Pigeon" and I always went along too.

Mr. Akerly [Milly Kirkwood's first husband] was Superintendent of Alberni Pacific Lumber. He never owned a store but his sister, Carrie Hughes, owned [Luno's] I was a very good cook and I used to make all the pies in the store and I also used to make all the pies in Maple Ridge, They had — Carrie Hughes had that store too. They called that the Swing-Inn. Some said they called the Whonnock [store] Whonnock Swing-Inn, but I don't think they did. I enjoyed doing that. Maple Ridge was Hainey of course in those days. It was right across from the High School and in those days there were Wurlitzers, you know? You used to drop a quarter and out the music would come. The High School kids used to patronize and drop quarters in it and then they would go up and dance. And they would have apple pie or lemon pie — those were the two kinds I made.

We liked Whonnock very well - Port Alberni that was a real fishing paradise - the boys each had their boats and my father had his boat and we had the first engines in Whonnock. Later on others had theirs. It used to be all oars — rowing.

[When we came back from the Island] well, since that place was sold my father bought I think it was 25 acres right across from where we first lived but Lougheed Highway went right through our land [and] just cut a big piece off. It took my father's pastures, which he always liked to have. Right next to the Whonnock Hall. I was there [Whonnock Hall] so many times and during the war we used to make quilts, do quilting and send overseas - the Red Cross.

We went to Sunday school [Lutheran Church]. There was a choice. My sister, she was so smart, she took English. She knew the Norwegian already - we all took English, but we should have taken the Norwegian to learn to write letters to Norway. We have bought a plot there [on the cemetery] for eight people and it is filled up. But my husband Kirk, when he passed away, he wanted a cremation and he wanted his ashes to be put on my father's plot, so we did that. But the rest were all coffins. In the earlier days there was no much cremation. I used to take a little paint brush with gold and I used to paint over all those names. But the [stone] was never finished My father, his name Andreas Sorensen, but there were only another couple of names that he .... Well, everything was so different in those days. No phones or anything to get some work done. I don't know where they came from, New Westminster or Vancouver. [Father was buried there as well.] There was not any place to sit there — people were standing. He was very good to his church and out of his own pocket he took the money to pay for the shingling of it and he said "since I cannot go up heights" for Charlie Nelson, who lived in Ruskin. And Charlie never had money and so father said "you

do the work Charlie, you do shingling up and I'll provide the money." [The church] had a nice altar, the windows had no colours, just ordinary glass - something red up at the altar.

Henry Lee and Teddy and Fred and Grandma and Annie - they were just like my brothers and sisters. Grandma Lee was so good to me because I did not have a mother and she used to bake - she baked and baked when the boys were gone fishing and I would happen to be there too and she always send a big loaf of bread home with me.

[Were Whonnock people poor in those days?] I am not sure. I know we were not. My father seemed to have plenty. My father's cousins were the Nelson brothers - not Carl Nelson and John Nelson but a different Nelson. They owned big canneries. It used to be — I forgot the name. B.C. Packers it used to be for many years and Nelson brothers got permission from B.C. Packers to use their name, because they were so well known that it was actually Nelsons that owned it. And they were my father's cousins and I do know Mr. Nelson, the old man, we used to call him "old man Nelson". He was just the age of my father, he was. It is an illness I imagine; he liked his alcohol and could not control himself. And he was hit by a train — many people said it was suicide.

Well, my father had this nice big net-house. He had it build like and it had a nice loft in it too, to put nets in it as well as down below. When my father came to Whonnock, Axel Lee, that was Hanky Lee and Teddy Lee's father, he was a huge man, tall and broad. And he had asthma so badly he just went down to a skeleton; he really was just very, very ill. And he asked my father he says: "Would you be good enough to teach my boys how to be good fisherman". And because the Lees they also were from Norway and fished in the sea, so my father said, well, he would do that and Axel Lee said "You show them how to knit nets and mend nets and everything and start with Hanky. Well, Fred was older but Fred was not — he was not smart like Hanky and Teddy. So father took Hanky along for a whole season and showed him everything — had him do it like. They said he did not need to bother with Fred. He would learn from Hanky to just fish the river. And Teddy, of course he was many years younger — well he was seven years younger. When it was his turn — he was the real fisherman and my father took him for the season back and Teddy was like — he used to knit nets and mend nets and do all the things a fisherman does and he also used to go to the West Coast where there was better fishing and nicer — well there were awful storms — a better variety of fish.

Hegarar - he was an awful man. Well, this particular day — let me see now how old I was — guess I was ten or eleven years. Well, I went down to the net-house this particular day to see if father needed some needles filled and he was always glad if I came. There were benches; they straddled the bench like and they would sit there and mend these nets. And my father had worked hard to knit this big piece of net to join on to the net he had to make. It — the other — had been snagged away. So he went to reach for his net and it was not there and he looked around and then he saw Le Hegarar sitting way down in the corner with his net — he had his net. And Le Hegarar had his stepson, who I liked very much. his name was Arthur Nelson. We were very good friends, Arthur and I. And my father did not say anything. When he looked and saw Hegarar with his net, father

just got of the bench and got over and just took his net and said: "you have my net." And Hegarat he said: "We should share!" and Hegarat he had not anything to share! And my father went back and started to join it unto this other piece. And then Art, he said: Mr. Sorensen, here he comes." Hegarat, he was. I don't know if he had a knife on him; he had something. The fishermen always had sharp knives but he was .... I don't know how he could call himself a fisherman. So father jumped up and defended himself and Hegarat was about fifteen years younger than my father but my father got the best of him and said: "have you had enough?" and Hegarat said "Yes, I have enough". And he went back to his bench in the corner and my father went on with his work. And then, pretty soon, Art said: "Mr. Sorensen here he comes again" and you can imagine how Hegarat — he would be very mad with his stepson. Art just could not stand him and neither could Carl or John. It was just a horrible mistake that she married him. And how they met! He was a bum, begging for a bite to eat and he said "I'll chop some wood for you". He had heard that she was a widow.

A stern-wheeler used to come to pick up things at the wharf. Carl [Nelson] lived up near the school that would be a mile from where I lived. We all used to run down to see the *Skeena* and the cook used to give us a piece of pie and we all used to enjoy that - and poor Art, he was always hungry. He was such a big boy and growing so fast.

There was one fisherman. He was a Norwegian, a great big man and his name was Einar Magnussen and he used to give us a nickel and this particular time in change he just had a dime and he gave Art a nickel and he gave Anna Knudtsen, who was with me ten cents. And he said: "When you get it changed, give Minny five cents, it belongs to her, it is not all for you". We used to buy peppermint, Anna and me. There used to be a store on one corner [where] 30th ran one way and River Road the other way. It was Baines at that time. And Baines he was awful, he was stingy. And this time Anna and I we thought we have some chocolate. And Baines put a few chocolates on the scale and it weighed just a little bit too much. And he took a bite out of it, imagine being so stingy. And he had a rotten tooth in front and we just threw the other half away.

And poor Art, all he bought was a loaf of bread and he would just eat it like he never had food. He was growing so fast.

I never understood why my father was not mentioned [in the 1985 records]. he was such a good man and when he came to Whonnock in 1913 [sentence not finished].

My sister Christina, she died very young, she was only 21. She was such a pretty girl. She had long blond hair, curly, and she could sit on her hair. She had two children, a boy and a girl. She married Charlie Anderson. I think he lived in Port Alberni it seems. There was lots of TB, tuberculosis, in our family. That

is what took mother and that is what took them all practically. The only reason I am here is that my mother was very smart and she used to read an awful lot. She had developed this awful hard cough and she felt sick, you know? My father took her to many doctors and they all said the same: "You have nothing to worry about. You have bronchitis, a real severe case of bronchitis". She said, she knew it had to be more than that because she even brought up phlegm with blood and she figured she had tuberculosis and she said: "They have all been nursed with mother's milk". They all got TB from her; this is what she figured. But she said: "The little one I am carrying is not going to have a drop of my milk. He or she is going to be brought up on goats milk".

Because mama had read where she had read that goats are the only animals that does not get tuberculosis. Cows and other animals they get a clip on their ear when they are tested. The goats do not get TB. I did think that was funny because they eat so much rubbish: newspapers and cans. And it is true because I was brought up on goat milk and I did not have and I did not have any sign of TB. That is the reason; mama was smart and did not give me hers.

Both Christine and Hilda died of TB. Hilda married but she did not have a family. She had one lung collapsed. She just worked with one lung. Christine's children live in Victoria and I can not go there any more. We came here in 1972 and this is 1997 ..... twenty-five years. My niece, Betty, lives in Victoria and her daughter — would you say second niece? —, Betty's daughter is very smart and she won all her education through scholarships. She went to University in Victoria and she has a teacher's certificate. But she liked his-

tory so well and she asked if she could do library work instead of teaching and she has worked in the library all those years.

Brian had in his book so many things which were not so. I can not understand it. Things that were not right. Let me think for instance. That place my father wanted to buy, and he wanted it so badly. But because it was the right place for a fisherman, but Brian has that it belonged to Ole Lee but — Alfred Nelson was grandma Lee's brother and her brother, his name was Alfred Nelson — he [Alfred] said it never did belong to Ole Lee, it belonged to Odin, who had all those lovely small fruit, like currants. There were red currants, black currants and white currants, just rows. And then the big nut trees and fruit trees. And Odin had several cows. Not like my father who had only four little cows, gentle little cows, but many cows. And that is how he [Odin], lost his life. Cows will sometimes manage to get out of the fence and one got through the fence and upon the tracks and a train came along and Odin was trying to save the cow when the cowcatcher came along and threw the cow and killed them both — and that is how Odin died. But Alfred Nelson said it never ever belonged to Ole. I remember Mrs. Bartlett [Odin Lee's widow]. She was a little skinny woman.



*Millie Kirkwood in Oliver, June 1997.*



# Frank Armes

Extract from a talk with Frank Armes  
Recorded in Williams Lake  
on Monday, June 23, 1997

My parents came from England to Calgary. My Dad opened a butcher shop there and supplied meat to the CPR. But his health wasn't too good so they moved to Vancouver and Dad went into the Real Estate business. They had an office on the corner of Hastings and Victoria Drive. I was born in Vancouver. I was moved to Whonnock as a little boy. [I remember] as a four year old, leaving Vancouver with my Dad and Mother and a team of ponies and we drove that day straight through from Vancouver to Whonnock, which is what? Forty miles? Quite a drive. That is when we moved to Whonnock. Imagine we came to Coquitlam. Would you know, when you came to Pitt River, right there, you had to take the ferry, the bridge was not there then.

At that point he bought the farm at Whonnock. The Monkey [Puzzle] tree was just a little tree and when I was a little boy I used to jump over it. When I looked at it a few years ago it was fifty or sixty feet up in the air. In Whonnock my Dad had a brick mill. That mill — you know where the Indian Reserve is? —

The brick mill was just Vancouver side of that and the pit will still be there. And then he had a sawmill on Silvercreek. Silvercreek is before you get to Mission.

I had a little horse. I used to ride across to the mill. The brick mill took a lot of wood to keep it going — firing. And he had horses and he had to take loads and loads of cordwood in to keep the fires going. And my job — I was only a little eight, nine or ten — I used to lead the teams down to Hainey. In Hainey there was a man called [Duncan] Graham. He was a brother to Aleck Graham, who ran the store at Whonnock. And I used to lead the team down there to have them shod down there. Eight, nine or ten I was — think of it. But there was no traffic either.

Whitings — he ran the Post Office and The Post Office — Mr. Whiting was running it. And Edith Hollinshead that was looking after it. Across the road was [Andrew?] Graham's store and it was Aleck Graham. Then there was another store opened up. There was a second store. [Showler's?] ... It came a triangle. Here the road came up and then there was a branch. Here is

came up to the Post Office, the store. The road ran down here to the wharf.

Whiting had this great team and he use to go down to the wharf to pick up the freight. He was backing down there and the horses kept backing - backed right into the — the team backed right into the water. The bodies were later caught down by one of the fishermen right in his nets. That was right off that wharf there.

And there was another one: Drewry — does that ring a bell?. Now he lived — you know where the school is or was in my days? The road went up the hill, what we may call it, and that is where Drewry lived. He had a little delivery with horses.

I used to go with my mother — we used to go to New Westminster on the "Skeena" or the fast boat, what was it called "[Fort] Langley" to New Westminster. That was the market where we used to buy all the groceries and what was necessary. Graham was a small store — it was good.



*Frank and Doreen Armes at their house in Williams Lake, June 1997*

My sister — you heard of the Watsons? — My sister married one of the Watsons: Bruce. Now there are still Watsons around in Whonnock? My sister, Kathleen (Kitty) married Bruce Watson and then there was Annie Watson. She used to go with my brother. They were of the same age. I do not know where Annie ended up<sup>1</sup>. She lived next door to us at Whonnock.

That was quite a family the Watsons. One of them was in the Vancouver Fire Department — I think he was.

Bruce Watson was married twice and he had a big family: boys. And he moved to Port Alice with his brother. His brothers were Bob and Dan [Allan? <sup>2</sup>]. It was Bob who went to Port Alice and they were there for years and years. My sister married Allan Earl and they had two children and Betty passed away last year and Eric, who got in touch with you some way or another. And my sister later married Bruce and she moved to Port Alice.

You know the farm we had there, do you? By the Monkey tree you mentioned? They say the house is still good. It is old now. Right across the road was Nelson's. They had a step-father called Hagarat and I remember when war broke out he came across and told us about it. I went to school with Johnny [Nelson] and then there was Mabel. Mabel moved away [she married John Phillips] and went up somewhere in the Golden area. She has passed away. They are all gone now.

Correction Line Road ..... that road went on to Rolley's. If you turned left you went up Correction Line Hill and then you got up and a road took off to the right to the valley — we used to



*“The Monkey Puzzle was just a little tree and when I was a little boy I used to jump over it”  
Sharp eyes may find the tree. The house has not changed much but the tree is now a giant.  
Photo courtesy Birgit Mischke, who cherishes a copy she received from the Frank Armes when he visited Whonnock in the 1980’s.*

call it Happy Valley — there is Hollinsheads. Tommy and I were kids together, and he left Whonnock and went to the Imperial Oil and he died there [in Chile]. And then there was his sister [Edith] Postmistress. And then there was another girl: May. May and Edith [and Nora]. And there was a boy, but I can not remember his name [Horace]

One of the Lee boys, Teddy, he was a kid with me, Teddy was. In those days the church used to be right opposite. You know where Lees where? Well, right across from Lees was the Anglican church [St. Paul’s]. Going towards the Sand Hill, after leaving the Lees we came to Harris, Scott and then, on the side road to the right would be Carmichael and .... she was a girl-friend of mine. Across the road from Carmichael was — I can not think of it— Further down was Durband [?], but there was a couple in between [Johnsons?]. I can’t remember like I used to.

Muriel Gaunt was the school teacher, the first teacher I had and I fell in love with her and all that kind of things. Miss Cowie? Was the seniors teacher. I was in Muriel Gaunt’s class. I started there in 1914. Charlie Black, I remember him very well. I do not remember Jean.

Mrs. West was quite an artist. Is the Hall gone? Mrs. West did a lot of painting and my brother in law, Allan Earl, who was quite interesting, he was a musician. He used to play with — I am not sure if Mrs. West used to play or not. But Allan he played in Christ Church Cathedral in Vancouver. That is a long time ago.

A name I have not heard you talking about is Spilsbury. You know them? That was quite a family. What did he do later? ... Another family was Laura Pevee [?]. Does that ring a bell? You know where Kirby’s lived? Now, not far from Kirby’s was Laura’s and she was the one which was on the *Titanic* where she was sucked into the funnel. Then the boilers burst and she was blown out and she lived to tell the story ... and she could not have been very old.

But you knew everybody. Like this train used to run. The same train every day. It was called the Agassiz local. Mr. Dunn was the conductor for years and years and years. And Charlie, I

can’t remember his name, he was the break-man. Always the same people.

When I was there [at the farm in Whonnock] I got appendicitis and it turned into peritonitis and the doctor was Dr. Morse. In Haney there is a memorial for him. Dr. Morse was the only doctor. You did not go to him, he used to come to you. Anyway they got him there and I was rushed immediately to Vancouver. They flagged down a freight at Whonnock Station and I went into Vancouver on this freight train. I remember my Dad .... Only five years before me was the first appendicitis operation at King Edward. I stayed there for one month.

Whonnock Hall? I was there many times. [Mrs. Armes suggests: “Did not the community group put up the “Mikado” and did Harvey sing? He had a tenor voice.] They had a lot of musicals. I got a picture — this is a group — taken close to the Hall. It was some celebration I don’t know what it was. Two of the Tisdale girls are in it, Toddy [?] and Edith and myself and I am not sure who else [Mrs. Armes suggests: “It was something in school and you were dressed up as a bee?”]

My mother died in 1919 and we moved out right after that. She was buried in Vancouver. We were there [in Whonnock] from about 1910. I left Vancouver I was sixteen. My Dad had bought a big ranch, cattle ranch and he send me up to be on this ranch. I stayed there, got married, worked for David Spensers, who owned the ranch. I worked for them for twenty-odd years as their manager. But that is long ago.

#### Notes:

- 1 Annie Watson married John Bosman and she died quite some time ago.
- 2 Was the name Dan correct? Was he not Allan Watson, who worked as a filer at Heaps and who also went to Port Alice?
- 3 We looked at the picture of Mrs. West’s stage backscreen as shown in “*Maple Ridge, a History of Settlement*”
- 4 Would like to have the proper name. I have an idea that this is Lorna May, who married Arthur Heath Benson and who survived, on her way to Whonnock, the sinking of the *Lusitania*.



# 1912 Senior School Class



On the back of this photograph is written: "Whonnock School BC, June /1912" Names, written with a ballpoint pen on the original are, from left to right: Top row: Fred Lee, Charlie Black, Bob Watson, Harold Armes, Gudrun Lee, and Miss Cowie. Middle row: [Marie] Anderson, G[ilbert] Lee, J[ohn] Nelson. Bottom row: Lulu Lee, Jean Black, Henry Lee, H[enry] West and Kenneth Garner. Photo courtesy Frank Armes.

Valerie Patenaude, the Curator of the Maple Ridge Museum, is always alert to spot things related to Whonnock for us. In the spring of 1997 she gave me a photocopy of this picture which was shown to her by Rita Willoughby. It appeared that Rita's cousin, Linda Mattis, had made a copy some years ago. They were interested because of the presence of "their" Lees on the photo.

Harold Armes, who was part of the class shown on the photo, passed away in 1993. Linda Mattis traced his nephew, Eric Earl, in Gibson, BC. and Eric told me that the photograph was now in the hands of Harold's brother Frank, who lives in Williams Lake.

I spoke with Frank and last summer Helmi and I visited Frank Armes and his wife Doreen in Williams Lake and were treated royally. I received permission to reproduce the original photograph and we took the opportunity

to record some of Frank's stories about Whonnock around the first World War, an extract of which can be found on the previous pages.

Among the many documents collected in 1985, by the Historical Project team of the Whonnock Community Association is a microfiche copy of an attendance record of Whonnock School, dated "from the 26th day of August [1912]". This record is transcribed in the *Historical Project 1985* book (Section: Schools, Page 10, Record # 122). The record made it possible to verify the names of the pupils shown in the photograph. But the names of Gudrun Lee, Harold Armes and Charlie Black are missing from the records of August 1912. The answer can be found in the *Fraser Valley Record* of July 11, 1912 (See: *Whonnock Notes* # 1, page 19). They were received for Highschool and were indeed no longer on Whonnock elementary.



# The Migration of the Lees

*Linda Mattis shared with me the following poem, written by a friend of her grandparents, Ole and Frieda Lee, in 1917. In that year Ole Lee Junior's family moved away from Whonnock, to resettle in Pender Harbour. Gilbert, their son, remembered in 1980: "All our furniture and goods were loaded aboard of one of the old river snagboats, "Sampson", that had been dismantled. ... While taking a load of coal, salt and barrels to be used at a camp for salting herring at Pender Harbour, the "Sampson" settled on a snag at low tide, punching a hole through the hull which half-sunk when the tide came in, ruining a lot of our furniture, including the player part on the piano. The adventures of the move were put in verse by Ernst von Bibra, who stayed on board the entire duration. The first part of the saga is written on September 30th, 1917 and it took till 6 November before the "Sampson" left False Creek for Pender Harbour.*

*In an e-mail, which follows below, Linda Mattis provided me with additional information, related to Von Bibra and the pets mentioned in the poem. Those interested to find out who was on board the "Sampson" may read Whonnock Notes No. 3, "The Trondheim Congregation", which gives some information on the Lee, Nelson and West families. More about "young Henry Garner" in a future "Whonnock Notes" featuring Robert Robertson, Whonnock first white resident, and his offspring.*



*Photo of participants in the "migration" taken about 1920 most likely at Pender Harbour. Photo courtesy Rita Willoughbee. In front (left) are Ole Lee and his sister Mary West (Martha Mary Lee) and, to the right Frieda Lee*

Subject: "THE MIGRATION OF THE LEE'S" by Ernest Von Bibra  
 Sent: 2/14/98 10:18 PM  
 Received: 2/14/98 4:10 PM  
 From: Linda Mattis, linda\_mattis@bc.sympatico.ca  
 To: 'Fred Braches', braches@netcom.ca

When Ernest Von Bibra became old, he related a little of his life to the Lee family. Apparently he had a wife and family and an estate in Tasmania and was titled "Ernest Von Bibra". After leaving "Tasmania" he went to "Manila" where he owned a string of race horses. After this he spent some time in China, and finally came out to B.C. He worked as a bookkeeper for the B.C. Electric and was on holidays at Stave Lake when he met Ole Lee.

He was remembered as an old reprobate. He befriended himself to the Lee family and traveled with them up from Whonnock. He lived in a shack on Herring Island and had an Airedale dog named Mike. This is the "Mike" that is mentioned in his poem.

Apparently he had an accident while fishing in Killarney Lake in Pender Harbour. After this he turned religious and taught Sunday School. At some point after this he got in touch with his wife, but never went back to Tasmania. Later he was left with a large sum of money, some of which he turned over to his wife and family. He then moved to Vancouver where he died 12 November 1947 at the age of 83. His death appears in the B.C. Archives Reg. No. 1947-09-009623, B. C. Archives Microfilm No. B13195, GSU Microfilm No. 2032479) In the Archives his name is recorded as

Ernest W. A. Vonbibra. They have been known to be wrong but who knows for sure.

In the poem "Migration of the Lee's there is a pigeon called "Molly" and a story related by Frank Lee relays the following adventures of this "Charmed" family pet: When they were onboard the "Samson" Ole found "Molly". Some kids had been throwing rocks and had broken her wing. Ole brought "Molly" to Frida who, with tender loving care nursed her back to health. "Molly" became a family pet and arrived in Pender with the rest of the family. "Molly" was once again to prove her "Charmed" existence when a hawk grabbed her by the neck and went flying up into a tree on the mountain. Ole had watched this performance and quickly grabbed his shotgun and the hawk did not live to see another day. Miraculously "Molly" had evaded the shower of shot and survived once again to be nursed back to health by Frida. (Frida would put a coating of Vaseline around the area where the feathers were missing)

"Tyke" in the poem was the Lee family dog. "Charlie" & "Kitty" were the cats.

As far as the poem of the "Migration of the Lee's" by Mr. Von Bibra please feel free to use it in your next "Whonnock Notes" as well as any information you find here. I do request you use the poem in its entirety rather than just the good part. It was how it was written and I think, how it should be remembered. I'm glad to see information gathered through the years finally being able to come out of the closet and seeing the light of day.

Thank you for becoming interested in our family. Bye for now. Linda

**The Migration of the Lees**  
by E. von Bibra, 1917

If it will not tax your patience, a story I will tell,  
Of a family-move from Whonnock - The Lee's - whom I knew well.  
From good Norwegian stock they came, but Britons one and all,  
Farming their twenty acre lot, Gill fishing in the Fall.  
The Sire, a brawny man was he, well known the country wide,  
His wife a buxom honest mate with children at her side.  
But came a time when irksome grew the toll to make ends meet,  
so straightway they decided to join the "Herring Fleet".  
At Pender Port on Northern coast a new home they would make,  
With motor launch and herring nets, great fortune would they take.  
So packing up their household goods, piano, dogs and cats,  
They made to leave, as sometimes do the floundering ships, the rats.  
Two teams and drays were then bespoke to move their goods on tender,  
To make the first installment of the trial trip to Pender.  
But accidents will happen, and alas that very day,  
When going down a stupish hill, tip-over went a dray.  
Just what a mess, you sure can guess, but spite of things so sinister,  
In course of time in Alfred's tug they got to New Westminster.  
From there they transferred all their stuff to house-boat moored and ready,  
By name "The Sampson" once so strong, reliable and steady.  
Next day the sturdy "Burrard" convoyed them on their way,  
To take on False Creek cargo at a pier where same did lay.  
I'll stop here to tell you of the people all aboard,  
It was a family part, so there was no discord.  
The Wests and Nelsens numbered six, the Lees a solid eight,  
Young Henry Garner made fifteen and I, the sixteenth mate.  
Of live stock there was Tyke and Mike, Charlie and dear old Kitty,  
Bed bugs and fleas of all degrees, on us they had no pity.  
At length the cargo was aboard, salt and barrels and coal,  
And off we moved to another spot, another beastly hole,  
Tied to a boom of cedar logs to pass another night.  
But at three in the morning, Oh Mama! We surely looked a fright,  
Ole Lee in Adam's breeks, his Missus arrayed in a shawl,  
Lou Lou clad in her night cap, whilst Ernie wore nothing at all.  
Mary West in a little short vest, Martha Nelsen in men's overalls,  
If a movie machine had only there been, but just here the black curtain falls.  
Everyone scrambling and shouting. Well! What was it all about,  
Only the old tub sinking was causing all the rout.  
There was I on the table on the lower deck or floor,  
Trying with Mike, my partner to do a quiet snore.  
When in comes the water rushing over my tootsy-toots,  
Where in the hell are my trousers? Where in the deuce are my boots.  
So in a way or another, everyone scooted and ran,  
No Mrs. Grundy to see us, 'twas a case of "Catch as catch can".  
But at last the excitement subsided, the "'Tub" couldn't further go down,  
And we straggled back to our quarters, full sick of Vancouver town.  
If you ever lived on an Island with nothing on earth to do,  
But gaze on the sea around you, twenty miles from Tim-buc Too,  
You can get a faint conception of the ideal life we lead,

Gazing at mud and timber with the Sampson always abed,  
 Waiting for tugs to wake her, and take her to the slip,  
 To have her timbers tinkered and made a worthy ship.  
 Where you ever anxious or eager to go to a party or ball?  
 And the blooming auto got stranded and you never got there at all?  
 If you have, then you'll have kindred feelings for us people on stinking False Creek.  
 For a journey of only eight hours has taken us over a week.  
 And they seem just as far off as ever, this family party of Lees,  
 From their new home so near Pender Harbour, like a ship long becalmed in far seas.  
 When they get there I'll open this volume and further tale I will tell,  
 Of the rolic and frolic and laughter when they 'scaped through this "short neck of Hell".  
 And if you come up and see them, Don't ever mention False Creek,  
 If you do there's a shotgun awaiting and a fist that will land on your beak.

By. E. Bibra - Sept. 30th 1917

't Is the fifth day of November and yet we still are here,  
 Just pass me out your hanky and I will shed a tear.  
 I just said "We" not Family Lee or Nelsens (Ma and Son),  
 They got sick of the darned old slip, and hiked to Kingdom Come.  
 Weary of waiting day by day, being towed to and fro,  
 They escaped in haste — no time to waste — to the Kingdom of Portuguese Joe.  
 Talk about towing, 'twas nothing but tow, morning, noon and night,  
 Taking us here, dumping us there, seemed Capt. Trueman's delight.  
 We slipped from slip with never a fault, were towed to a pier for a cargo of salt.  
 From the pier up the creek some distance we go,  
 Another damned tug has got us in tow.  
 It was quite bad, but that's not the worst,  
 We were tied to the boom where we foundered at first,  
 Would't that jolt you. 'twould sicken my pup,  
 A few days ago Ole Lee just turned up,  
 To see if the "Sampson" was shorn of its strenght, and a tale of disaster related at length.  
 His family at Pender were duly set down, and walked to their new home, some distance from town.  
 Miss Smith the old owner met them at the gate saying —Can't come in here till the sale note signed straight.  
 They talked and palavered, and angry Lee got, but the crazy old maid would budge not a jot.  
 At length she relented on seeing their plight, and allowed them to sleep in a cottage that night.  
 In a cottage of one room they slept on the floor, packed closer than herring with no room to snore.  
 Weary and tired, save young Nancy Lee, who screamed her delight at escaping from sea.  
 The faithful old "Tyke" skipped around like a goat whilst the young pigeon "Polly" preferred the white boat.

Later

'Tis the six of November and I'm happy to say we're out of the Creek and off English Bay.  
 With fair wind and weather, the tug "Imp" ahead, I'll say "au-revoir" and hike off to bed.  
 Just expressing the hope that when this you've read, you'll not quaff the "Mickey" and get a sore head.

E.B.  
 by E. Von Bibra



# Shops

Brian Byrnes and I are trying to reconstruct the ownerships of some stores on River Road. We have still a long way to go.

## Owners / Operators of "Showler's" Store 1919 to present - North side of River Road<sup>1</sup>

1919-1920	Nils Nilson	Nilson built on speculation
1921-1946 <sup>2</sup>	F. W. Showler, Hardware & Groceries	F.W. Showler
<sup>3</sup>	Red & White Store	F.W. Showler
1947	Red & White General Store	W <sup>m</sup> E. Coleby
1953 ? <sup>4</sup>	McLeods Red & Wite Store	McLeods
1954 - ?	Whonnock Red & White Store	Art Hay
1960's	Red & White	Ted Ming
1970's	Red & White	Reg Smith
1970'		Empty
1980's	"Miss Violet's" Rented - 2 young fellows from Mission	ran an antique store (very good)
1980's		Empty - bought by John Page
1990's	Hay & Feed Store --- McFli's	Sue Schultze

## Owner / Operators of "Grahams" Store 1912's to 1942 - S.W. Corner River and Lougheed Highway - accross from Showlers

[1912- ]	A. Graham <sup>5</sup>	A. Graham
[1930's]	Whonnock General Store	Edward Albert Neadin "helped" by Miller Graham
[mid 1930's]	Whonnock General Store	Fan Brown
[1942 ?] <sup>6</sup>	Whonnock General Store	Otto D. Burns went broke

## Owner / Operators of "York's" Store - Site now under Lougheed Highway

[1885'- ]	W.P. Oliver	
[ -1891]	G.A. Smith	
[1891-1906 ]	L.C. York	
[1906-1911]	R.S. Whiting	Store burnt in 1911 <sup>8</sup>

## Owner/Operators of Store S.E. Corner River and Wharf Road

moved in 1930 to N.E. Corner Lougheed Highway and Wharf Road with construction of Lougheed Highway

[ - ]		Mrs Sutherland	Restaurant / Boarding house
[abt 1915 ]	Whonnock Store	J.H. Methot <sup>9</sup>	Dry goods, boots & shoes, groceries, hardware, crockery etc.
[ - ]	Luno's Service Station	M. J. Luno	Confectionery, Gas, Service Station
[ - ]		H. Hughes	
[ - ]		G. Akerly ?	
[ - ]		Canfield	
[ - ]		E.B. McLean	
[ - ]		J.H Bardall	
[ - ]		Mr. Mawson	
[ 1955 <sup>10</sup> ]	Gullason's General Store and Confectionery		W <sup>m</sup> Gullason
[ - ]		Clarke	
[ - ]		Elder	
[ - ]		"Jean"	The "Hoofbeat Coral"

<sup>1</sup> Brian Byrnes comments: "of the above store keepers A. Graham, Showler and Ted Ming an their families were by far the best in meeting the needs of the community and showing practical concern for the welfare of Whonnock. (Smith was the worst.)"

<sup>2</sup> Receipts in Mrs. Leaf's Whonnock Memorial Hall Papers show Showler up to December 1946 and Coleby in January 1947.

<sup>3</sup> A receipt in the WHM papers suggest that F.W. Showler was operated as a part of the Red & Wite Stores chain as early as 1934

<sup>4</sup> Receipts in WMH papers dated 1953 , 1954 is headed: "Mcleods Red and White Store"

<sup>5</sup> Receipts in WMH papers 1923, 1937 "Groceries, Flour, Feed and other Supplies"

<sup>6</sup> Still around in 1947 according to invoice

<sup>7</sup> In Eternal Forest notes Brian writes changes this date from 1885 to 1884

<sup>8</sup> Whiting did not go back into shopkeeping business

<sup>9</sup> Obviously the burning of Mr. Whiting's store created a vacuum in Whonnock. A Mr. Methot ran a store in Whonnock around 1915. The assumption is that he ran Mrs. Sutherland's store for a time after Mrs. West (Nelson nee Lee) purchased the property and before Luno's ran their store.

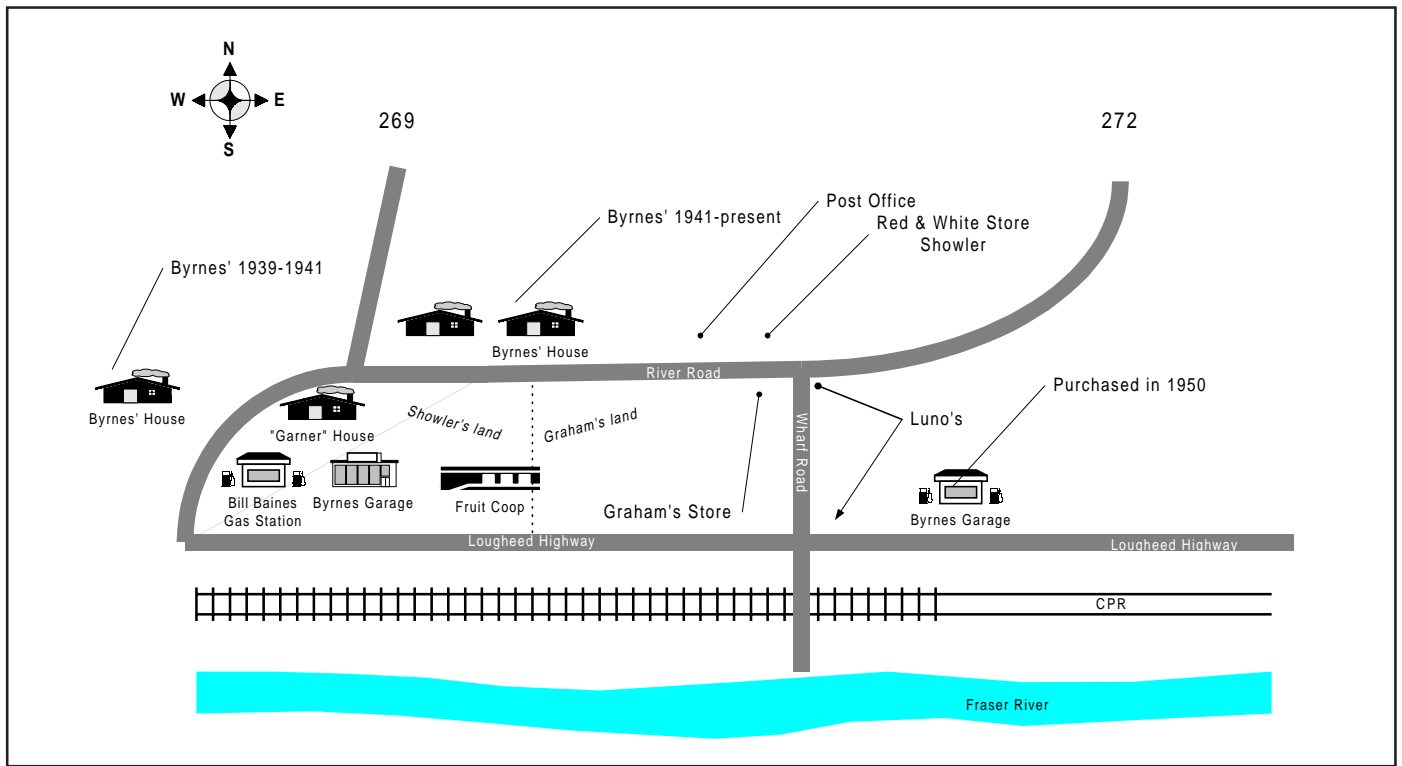
<sup>10</sup> Receipt dated June 26, 1955 in WMH papers

The shopkeepers Graham and Showler were afraid that Nisuguchi from New Westminster, would acquire a piece of land between River Road and Lougheed Highway to open a shop in Whonnock and start a competition with their stores. They purchased the available lots and on his part Showler, who owned the Red and White, constructed a gas station at the corner of River Road and Lougheed Highway and leased it to W. (Bill) Baines to run it.

It was more than just a gas station. Dean, Bill's wife, made excellent pies and Bill made the best fish-'n-chips in the Valley. In England Bill had been a trouble shooter for a fish-and-chip chain so he knew how to do them right. What did not pass would go to the dog. Aside from the pies and the fish-'n-chips and fries

there was hot coffee and ice cream for sale. The place had a pool table and a billiard table.

Bill did not offer repair services at his gas station and Brian built his first garage on the land Baines leased from Showler. Brian paid \$ 30.00 per month for that privilege: cash and no receipt. Brian's garage building burned to the ground in the 1940's. Digging down to build the second building Brian hit remains of stacks of cups and saucers and metal parts from horse harnesses, likely stores from the old York shop which burnt down in 1911 under Whiting's management. Leonard Sterling built the Shell Station (latest of Dave's World fame) around 1929 and sold it to Samuel McNell and his brother around 1947. Brian bought it in 1950.



The store and gas station on 272nd Street were built, owned and operated for a few years by Henry (Harry) and Norma Corroyer. The (grocery) store, "Pantry Shelf", was constructed in the summer of 1959 and the gas station was opened in the summer of 1961. The hardware store was then a home.



For this information and for these photos I would like to thank Gail Nelson and Norma Corroyer.

## Total Precipitation at Whonnock - Measured and Recorded by Brian Byrnes Rain and Snow Fall in Inches and Tenth

*Rainfall measured by tipping bucket and counter (electric) checked every (second) month by copper standard except in freezing season and robin nesting time.*

	1969	1970	1971	1972	1973	1974	1975	1976	1977	1978	1979	Average
Jan		4.66	11.71	9.02	6.23	13.38	8.95	5.62	7.18	2.45	3.73	7.29
Feb		2.15	8.65	10.57	3.56	7.06	6.13	4.22	7.46	4.11	8.48	6.24
Mar		2.00	10.15	11.64	4.23	9.25	5.15	5.44	6.43	3.88	3.63	6.18
Apr		4.38	3.87	7.33	1.53	5.96	2.75	5.93	4.70	4.03	4.40	4.49
May	1.75	1.17	3.03	3.86	3.39	6.05	3.05	5.72	4.80	3.51	1.33	3.59
Jun	1.71	1.57	6.13	3.86	3.65	2.30	2.37	3.28	0.91	1.77	2.67	2.85
Jul	1.36	3.23	2.76	7.59	0.77	3.72	0.70	2.29	1.37	0.64	0.97	2.40
Aug	4.17	0.44	0.92	2.12	1.23	0.41	1.57	4.66	3.16	5.47	0.74	2.07
Sep	12.00	4.92	6.65	4.62	1.80	1.13	0.16	2.08	3.38	6.50	4.11	3.54
Oct	6.00	4.97	10.18	1.89	7.50	2.11	12.86	2.14	4.44	2.57	4.13	5.28
Nov	6.10	8.45	11.86	6.92	12.63	10.03	9.92	1.95	8.20	7.70	2.95	8.06
Dec	7.22	7.33	11.30	14.71	11.13	11.30	7.85	3.49	7.33	6.72	13.84	9.50
		45.27	87.21	84.13	57.65	72.70	61.46	46.82	59.36	49.35	50.98	61.49

1977: April & May. A total of 9.52 inches divided proportionately between the months based on 1976 proportions for the same period.

	1980	1981	1982	1983	1984	1985	1986	1987	1988	1989	Average
Jan	2.26	7.57	12.78	10.17	12.58	1.98	9.46	7.95	4.52	9.05	7.83
Feb	4.73	9.80	14.07	8.06	7.22	5.59	3.25	4.85	6.16	2.01	6.57
Mar	5.15	7.55	2.98	5.26	0.98	4.18	5.96	6.24	5.91	5.32	4.95
Apr	4.60	8.55	8.79	3.89	5.85	5.50	5.64	4.79	8.22	3.97	5.98
May	3.44	3.40	1.55	2.21	9.79	3.65	5.63	6.54	5.85	8.54	5.06
Jun	4.92	9.48	2.09	2.86	3.31	2.53	2.25	0.77	2.70	2.26	3.32
Jul	3.62	2.14	3.97	6.36	0.80	0.00	3.21	3.57	2.24	2.98	2.89
Aug	2.62	0.84	2.06	1.02	2.45	2.19	0.00	0.89	1.05	4.46	1.76
Sep	5.45	5.25	1.88	5.85	4.78	3.54	5.03	0.68	5.30	0.33	3.81
Oct	2.11	10.53	5.60	4.79	7.41	13.08	3.08	1.84	5.84	7.98	6.23
Nov	12.70	10.31	8.37	13.51	13.24	4.32	10.23	6.84	7.51	17.93	10.50
Dec	10.49	7.78	7.88	3.34	7.93	1.85	6.95	9.91	9.14	7.57	7.28
	62.09	83.20	72.02	67.32	76.34	48.41	60.69	54.87	64.44	72.40	66.18

	1990	1991	1992	1993	1994	1995	1996	1997	1998	1999	Average
Jan	10.89	5.63	14.54	7.00	4.71	9.36					8.69
Feb	7.28	5.63	5.43	0.28	4.75	6.52					4.98
Mar	3.34	3.73	1.38	7.07	4.33	6.20					4.34
Apr	2.58	6.43	6.51	8.32	3.16	2.90					4.98
May	2.86	4.59	1.80	5.01	1.28	1.25					2.80
Jun	3.43	3.44	3.24	5.83	4.88	3.36					4.03
Jul	0.60	1.03	4.98	2.18	0.53	2.18					1.92
Aug	2.17	6.98	1.34	0.83	0.78	2.96					2.51
Sep	1.40	0.34	5.52	1.00	5.88	1.27					2.57
Oct	7.38	1.61	4.10	3.36	6.72	10.40					5.60
Nov	12.85	14.10	9.61	4.81	10.53	10.83					10.46
Dec	7.57	6.73	2.75	7.15	10.83	11.08					7.69
	62.35	60.24	61.20	52.84	58.38	68.31	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	60.55

1992, '93 and 1994 with notation Plus Snow. Eight inches of snow in 1992