

IN THE SHADOW OF MOUNT CHEAM

Mount Cheam (elevation 6929 ft., 2112 m), a northernmost peak of the Cascade Range, dominates the skyline of the eastern Chilliwack Valley.

Photo by Don McPhee

The digitization of this wonderful historical book **“In the Shadow of Mt. Cheam”** was a volunteer endeavor to pay tribute to those dedicated people, the Heritage Preservers of Rosedale and District, who compiled and published this book in 1988. (You can find their names and photos on page 4.) Today, copies are difficult to find. Most are held as treasured family possessions. The intension of the Heritage Preservers, as written in the Dedication page, was ***“to remind us of this past and to keep alive the spirit that guided these great people.”***

The digital book will continue this intension.

The digital world did not exist when this book was published. By making this book available digitally, the valuable content will be available to an increased readership and will educate people about the rich history of the area. The digital book is in a searchable PDF that can be read and searched on most modern digital devices.

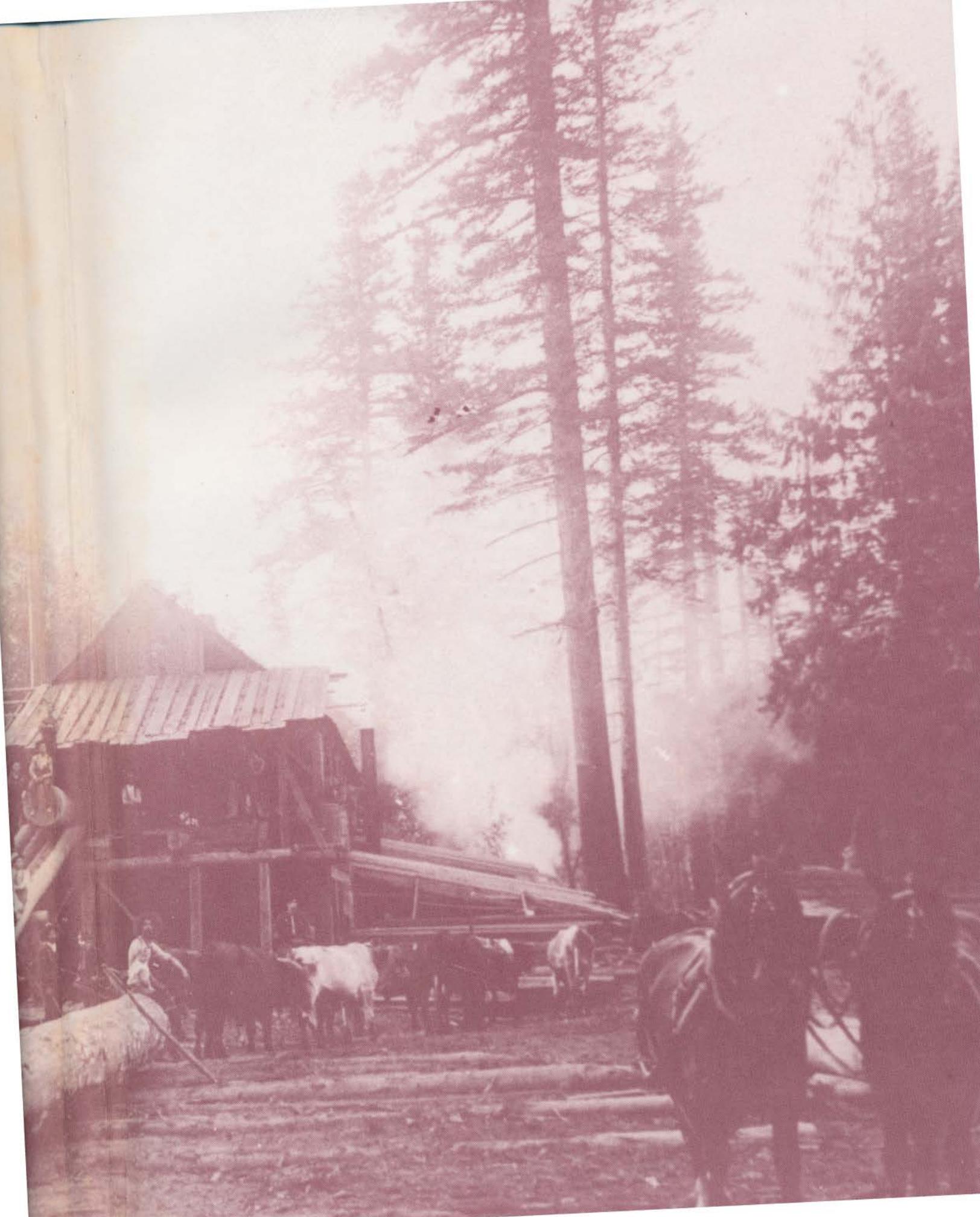
I wish to dedicate the digitization of this book to Mr. Robin Lister who first introduced me to the Camp River, Rosedale and Popkum areas and let me read his copy of this book.

Michael Yusko

Popkum

2020





DEDICATION

The research and study necessary to compile this book has brought to the Heritage Preservers of Rosedale and District a renewed appreciation and awareness of the rich heritage now enjoyed by all who have called this area home.

With admiration and respect, and without the slightest hesitation, *In the Shadow of Mt. Cheam* is dedicated to our Pioneers.

To those men and women who left the security and comforts of home in many lands, we owe our admiration.

To those who were here to welcome those first visitors, the Indian people of Cheam and Popkum, we are deeply grateful.

It was enterprising men and women who faced the challenge of creating a community in an environment that offered much, but required immense co-operation between individuals and a variety of skills that would amaze us today.

This book is intended to remind us of this past and to keep alive the spirit that guided these great people.

IN THE SHADOW OF MT. CHEAM

**AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE REGION
CONTAINING THE COMMUNITIES OF CAMP
RIVER, ROSEDALE, POPCUM AND CHEAM
VIEW, IN THE EASTERN END OF THE
CHILLIWACK VALLEY IN BRITISH COLUMBIA**

**COMPILED BY: HERITAGE PRESERVERS OF ROSEDALE
AND DISTRICT, A PROJECT GROUP UNDER
NEW HORIZONS ADMINISTRATION OF THE
DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH AND WELFARE, CANADA.**

**PRINTED AND BOUND IN CANADA BY
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**Inside cover photographs: Sawmill
operated by Samuel Trethewey about 1908
on Castleman Road near Rosedale**

**Cover design: by Brian Gervais,
Inter-Collegiate Press B.C. Representative**

1988

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Directors of Heritage Preservers of Rosedale. L to r: Maynard Reid, Joe Patterson, Alf Patterson, Ron Gray, Dorothy McGrath, Mary Person, Laurie Anderson, May Armstrong, Fred Bryant, Norman Chapman.



Typical working group at weekly meeting: Norm Chapman, Joe Armstrong, Warner Hockin, May Armstrong, Joe Patterson, Joan Stoner, Ron Gray, Fred Bryant, Laurie Anderson, Dorothy McGrath, Chas. Ryder, Gladys van Baaren, Alf Patterson.



Editorial pilots and kindly critics: Roy Hunter, Birch van Horne, Ann Shafer, Beulah Reid, Earl Henderson.

PROLOGUE

In 1985, over two thousand people gathered in Rosedale to celebrate the 75th anniversary of the founding of the Rosedale Athletic Club. The Athletic Club, itself, was the centre for many sporting and social events in the community. The anniversary focused attention on the people and families who, over the years, played a role in the development of Rosedale and the surrounding areas. In effect, the anniversary was a chance to reflect on history.

The anniversary, too, also provided the impetus to gather more information about the history of the communities that lay in the shadow of Mt. Cheam. The Heritage Preservers of Rosedale and District began chronicling this history before 1985 but it was really after the anniversary, that renewed energy resulted in this book. A grant from the federal New Horizons Program, provided the funding base that enabled the group to carry out its activities.

Of course, the history of the area pre-dates the 1910 founding of the Athletic Club. The ancestors of today's Pilalt Indians, on the Cheam and Popkum Reserves settled along the Fraser River several thousands of years ago. The salmon in the river and the wildlife in the forests provided the sustenance that enabled these communities to survive.

The first non-Indian to visit the area came in 1808. Simon Fraser, searching for new fur trade routes to the Pacific, recorded that the Indian people of the Upper Valley were the most friendly that he had encountered.

With the establishment in 1827, of Fort Langley, about 50 miles west, by the Hudson's Bay Company, the Fraser River assumed greater importance as a transportation route through the area. By the 1850's, a fur trade trail paralleled the river and a small Hudson's Bay Company supply cabin was located at Popkum.

It was the 1858 Fraser River gold rush, however, that was to change forever the landscape of the Upper Valley.

After 1860, many goldseekers who were really farmers at heart settled in the Upper Valley, around Sumas and Chilliwack Mountains and near the present site of downtown Chilliwack. The gold rush opened the door to settlement and it was only a matter of time until the

eastern end of the Valley was settled.

The dense forests of the eastern end were a serious impediment to widespread settlement. However, in 1873, David Airth established a small sawmill at the mouth of Popcum Creek.

By 1880, two brothers, William and Ebenezer Knight owned the mill and successfully, for more than twenty years, marketed lumber throughout the area.

Along Camp Slough, Emmanuel Greyell and his sons Edward, Abel, David and Peter pre-empted and purchased large blocks of land thus initiating settlements along this waterway.

At the same time, in the early 1880's, J.C. Henderson and T.H. Henderson were acquiring land near present day Rosedale.

The completion of the Yale Wagon Road through Rosedale in 1875 combined with settlers' pre-emptions ensured growth for the area.

The stories included in this book are about the families that settled in the Rosedale, Popkum, Camp Slough and Cheam View areas. The Heritage Preservers are the first to admit that we have not been able to identify all those who have lived here through the years. Hopefully, though, the chapters that follow will maintain your interest and present some logical progression of events and development spanning well over one hundred years.

There will be duplications and contradictions. Every effort has been maintained to ensure accuracy and we apologize if there are errors.

A condition of the New Horizons grant, that has made this publication possible, is that all material, in its original form, will be deposited with an ongoing organization. The Chilliwack Archives was chosen as the logical repository for the family accounts and research notes for this book. Family members interested in looking for greater detail or in adding new information are encouraged to contact the Archives.

Compiling this history has been a very enjoyable experience. We have done our best, and we sincerely hope that all who read it will enjoy it and relive many happy times, *In the Shadow of Mt. Cheam*.

THE HISTORICAL AREA

For the Hope area, a very comprehensive history "Forging a New Hope" was published in 1984. In the down-river direction it embraced the communities of Flood and Laidlaw. The boundary so established is recognized in the scope of this volume, which thereby includes the communities of Popcum and Cheam View.

East Chilliwack history is recorded in two books written by Mary Hickman: "The Early History of East Chilliwack", published in 1960, and "The Early Days", published in 1983.

Camp River and Rosedale have always enjoyed a close relationship. A number of history-conscious Camp River representatives decided to combine with Rosedale rather than attempt a separate project. These representatives have been significant workers and contributors.

Historical data of the Cheam Community, which was settled earlier than Rosedale, has been collected by a number of researchers and is accessible in the Chilliwack Museum Archives. There is no present plan for publication.

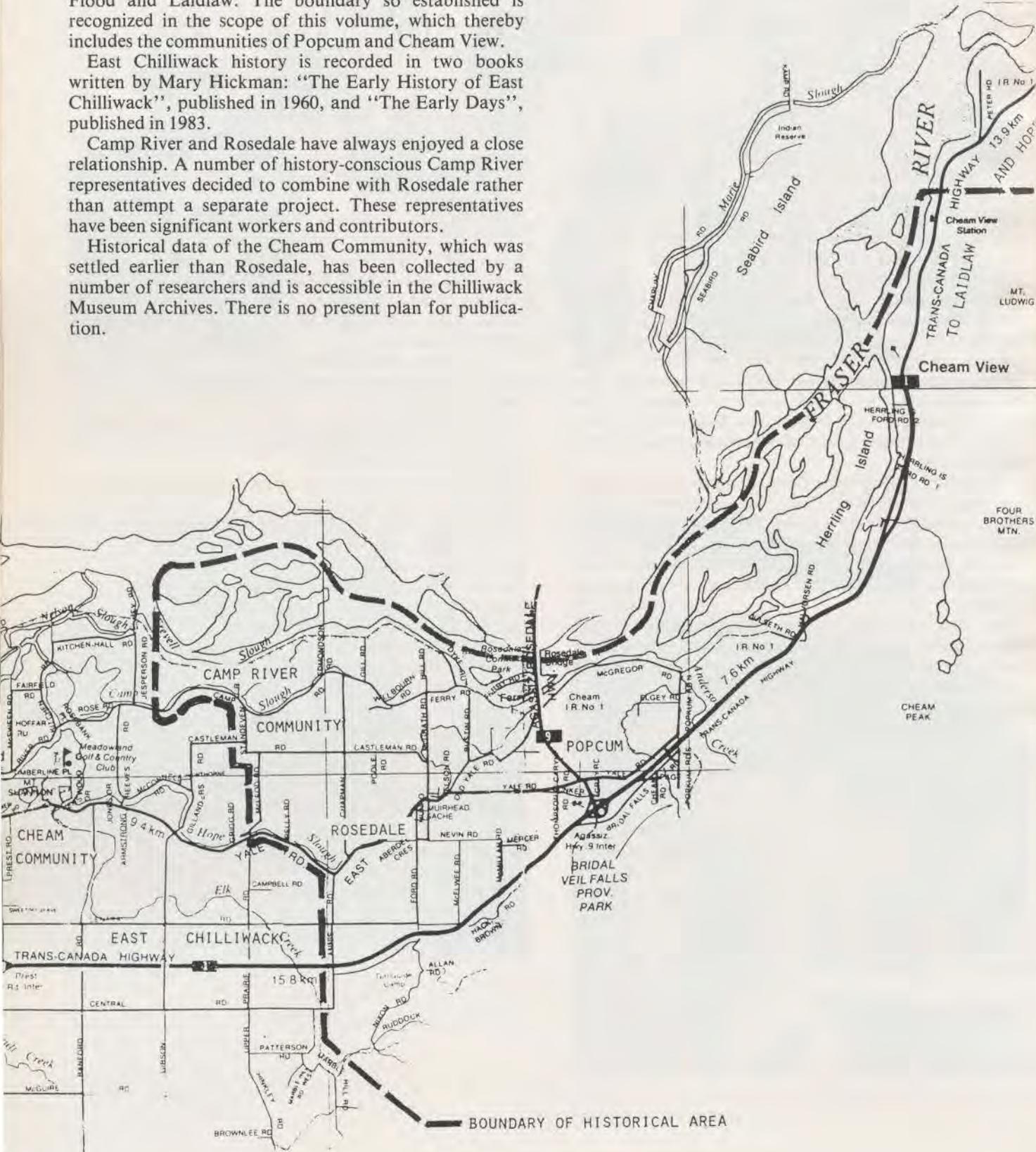


TABLE OF CONTENTS

SECTION I: INTRODUCTION

PAGE

Mount Cheam (Photo); Dedication; Title and Origins; Project Personnel; Prologue; Definition of Historical Area; Table of Contents; Original Crown Grants; Origin of Local Place Names; Present Representatives of Founding Families; Acknowledgements. 1

SECTION II: REMINISCENCES

Recollections both light and serious by a selection of early residents, presented approximately in sequence of the periods recalled (see sub-index at the front of this section). 17

SECTION III: COMMUNITY ACCOUNTS

50

AGRICULTURE: Early Farming; Early Farming Practices; Building; Disease Control; Livestock Farming; Other Crops. 52

ORGANIZATIONS: The Camp Slough Hall; Camp River Drama Group; The Women's Institutes; The Rosedale Athletic Club; Provincial Recreational Program; Popcum Early History; Popcum Fire Department; Popcum Ladies' Guild; The Orange Lodge and Hall; Canoe Races; Boy Scouts and Girl Guides; The Ferry Island Park; The Rosedale Fire Department; The Big Fire of 1926. 66

INDUSTRY AND BUSINESS: Businesses in the Rosedale Area; Extractive Industries and Projects; Logging and Milling; The Forestry Department. 98

CHURCHES: Church Summary; St. Peter's Anglican; Rosedale United; Camp Charis; Popcum Sunday School; Pentecostal Holiness; Latter Day Saints; St. Mary Magdalen; Moravian Church. 126

ARMED FORCES: World War I; World War II; Pacific Coast Militia Rangers; The Mountain Men Commemorative Program. 138

SCHOOLS: Camp River; Herrling Island, Cheam View and Popcum; Rosedale Elementary; Rosedale Parent Teachers Association; Rosedale Teachers; Recollections by Pearl Fetterly; Rosedale Junior Secondary; Court of Citizenship. 144

POST OFFICES: Popcum; Munro; Cheam View; Bridal Falls; Rosedale; Rural Delivery Routes. 162

NATIVE PEOPLE: The Mountain Goat People (Legend); The Cheam Band; Cassamir, Douglas, Shaw, Victor, and Aleck Families. 166

TRANSPORTATION: Highways and Roads; The Public Works Yard; Canadian National Railway; The Highways Office. 182

THE FRASER RIVER: Historical Influence; The 1948 Crisis; Bridge to Agassiz Realized; Poem. 190

SOCIAL LIFE: Early Social Activities; The Rosedale Players. 198

CIVIC LEADERS 205

ARCHITECTURE OVER THE YEARS: Quality Homes (Pictorial) 208

SECTION IV: FAMILY ACCOUNTS

210

Accounts of Families who were established in the area from earliest records to the year 1950. These are presented in alphabetical order, followed by a listing of names of persons who are known to have been present but of whom no detailed information has been traceable.

APPENDIX I: THE 1985 HOMECOMING: POEMS

470

INDEX

476

PREFACE

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The history of the people and communities that lie in the shadow of Mount Cheam are recorded through memories, family histories and in documents found in various archives. It is these histories that provide the basic feeling that we've been part of something and continue to be part of a stable but changing landscape.

That is why this book has been written. To record how our communities developed is to provide a permanent record that we can all, young and old, use to help provide this sense of belonging.

But what about the beginning? What do the names chosen or adopted for our communities say about belonging or about the goals of the first settlers?

When the communities that form the focal points for this book were first taking shape, the names that they were given acknowledged that our ancestors felt that something permanent was starting. Giving a name to a settlement is a demand to be recognized by the rest of the world.

Choosing a name often reflects the unique geographical features of an area or a nostalgia for a previous home or may be more deeply rooted in a respect for a culture that probably got the name right in the first place.

So what about our local names? Where did they come from and what do they mean?

Let's take Rosedale as an example. There are two reports explaining the origin of the name.

The first states that David Greyell chose Rosedale since he came from a community with a similar name in Ontario. Greyell, an early landowner, was the person who first laid out the village into lots.

The second, more popular story, centres around Mrs. Eliza Nevin. Mrs. Nevin was well-known for her love of flowers and the environment. At the turn-of-the-century and before, wild roses grew in abundance along every roadside and creekbank and in pasture fields. The story credits Mrs. Nevin for naming the village after this beautiful, fragrant shrub.

What is known for certain is that by 1894 the name Rosedale was official. The first post office opened in that year and was named Rosedale.

The origin of the name Popcum (or is it Popcum?) is deeply rooted in time. It seems likely that it was a Pilalt Indian word meaning "a place of many puff balls". For many years it was spelled Popcum. It was not until the late 1930's that Popcum came into common usage and today, this spelling is common.

Research into the origins of the name Cheam seem to

have definitely established its Indian origin. In *British Columbia Place Names* by G.P.V. Akrigg and Helen B. Akrigg (Sono Nis Press, 1986), the entry for Cheam reads: "Cheam is derived from the Halkomelem word meaning '(place to) always get strawberries'. This name refers specifically to the island across from the village and present reserve."

It has been borrowed, too, as the name for the community west of Rosedale that bears this name and for the name of the 6,929 foot peak that dominates our views from the valley.

One of the first uses of the name Cheam appears to be on a B.C. map published in Victoria before 1864. In a letter from Miss M. Wolfenden, Acting Provincial Archivist to Mrs. M.L. Peterson, May 17, 1945, Miss Wolfenden states that "Upon consulting the original maps in the Department of Lands, one was found, undated, drawn by the Royal Engineers (hence prior to 1864) on which the Indian Village is marked as She-am".

So we have several spellings of the name Cheam and more than one community or feature named from this Pilalt Indian word.

The origin of the fourth community in our area, Cheam View, is obvious. Today, Cheam View is served by Rosedale, but no one can take away that grand view of Mount Cheam that gives this area its name.

Before widespread flooding in 1894 and subsequent dyking, a quiet flowing stream (actually an elbow of the Fraser) was a favorite and safe passage for travellers moving through our area. Early travellers (including Indian people who had used the waterway for centuries) would camp along the banks of this stream. Thus, the name Camp River was a natural choice for the community that developed along its banks. With dyking closing off fresh water from the Fraser after 1896, stagnation occurred and the name Camp Slough came into usage.

Both names have been used over the years. In 1908 the Camp Slough Community Hall was built. In 1972, it was reorganized and named the Camp River Community Hall. The Road we now know as Camp River Road was once named Camp Slough Road.

In recent years, however, Camp River is the name that has received greater usage.

So what's in a name? A picture of a landscape. A link to a culture thousands of years old. A sense of permanence and stability. And that's a lot.

CROWN GRANTS

by C. V. Ryder

The eastern end of the Chilliwack Valley was the last area of fertile bottom land to be taken up by settlers. The early settlement at Popcum is not an exception; it was prompted by industry, not farming. Areas to the west included some prairies and lightly timbered land which could be cleared with moderate effort. In the Rosedale area the timber was huge and dense, and the effort required to clear the land, with draft animals and hand tools, was immense. The heavy timber was a liability, not an asset, until about 1900 when it began to find a market with the appearance of local sawmills.

The earliest grants of title from the Crown, under a Colonial administration, were in the form of District Lots. These were not required to be surveyed until after the title grant, and they followed early survey lines and natural boundaries such as water courses. They were numbered in sequence as allocated, in no regular pattern. Later, after Confederation, the district was fully surveyed into a system of numbered townships and numbered sections therein. Under either of these systems a limit of 160 acres (a quarter section) could be acquired by homesteading procedures. Additional properties could be acquired by direct purchase from the Crown under a different schedule of prices. The majority of early titles were gained under the homesteading procedures, requiring pre-emption followed by occupancy and improvements, leading to a title grant several years later.

In the maps and tables which follow, no distinction is made between homestead and purchase acquisition. The dates shown are those of the title grants.

A survey section was in some cases recognized as divided into sixteen Legal Subdivisions of 40 acres each, one-quarter mile square, numbered from the southeast corner of the section to the northwest corner. Thus for example the southeast quarter section contained Legal Subdivisions 1, 2, 7, and 8. These are noted in the tables in some cases.

The area is characterized by interleaving and overlapping of townships, a product of successive survey systems. Wherever possible, a section is identified at its centre location, but some fragments are identified individually.

Road names appearing on the maps are those now official, but the roads as shown do not represent a particular time in history; they are intended as an aid in recognizing locations.

Abbreviations:

R28, R29	Range 28, Range 29
ECM	East of Coast Meridian
W6M	West of Sixth Meridian
TP	Township
SECT	Section
QTR	Quarter
ISL	Island
LS	Legal Subdivision

Sources:

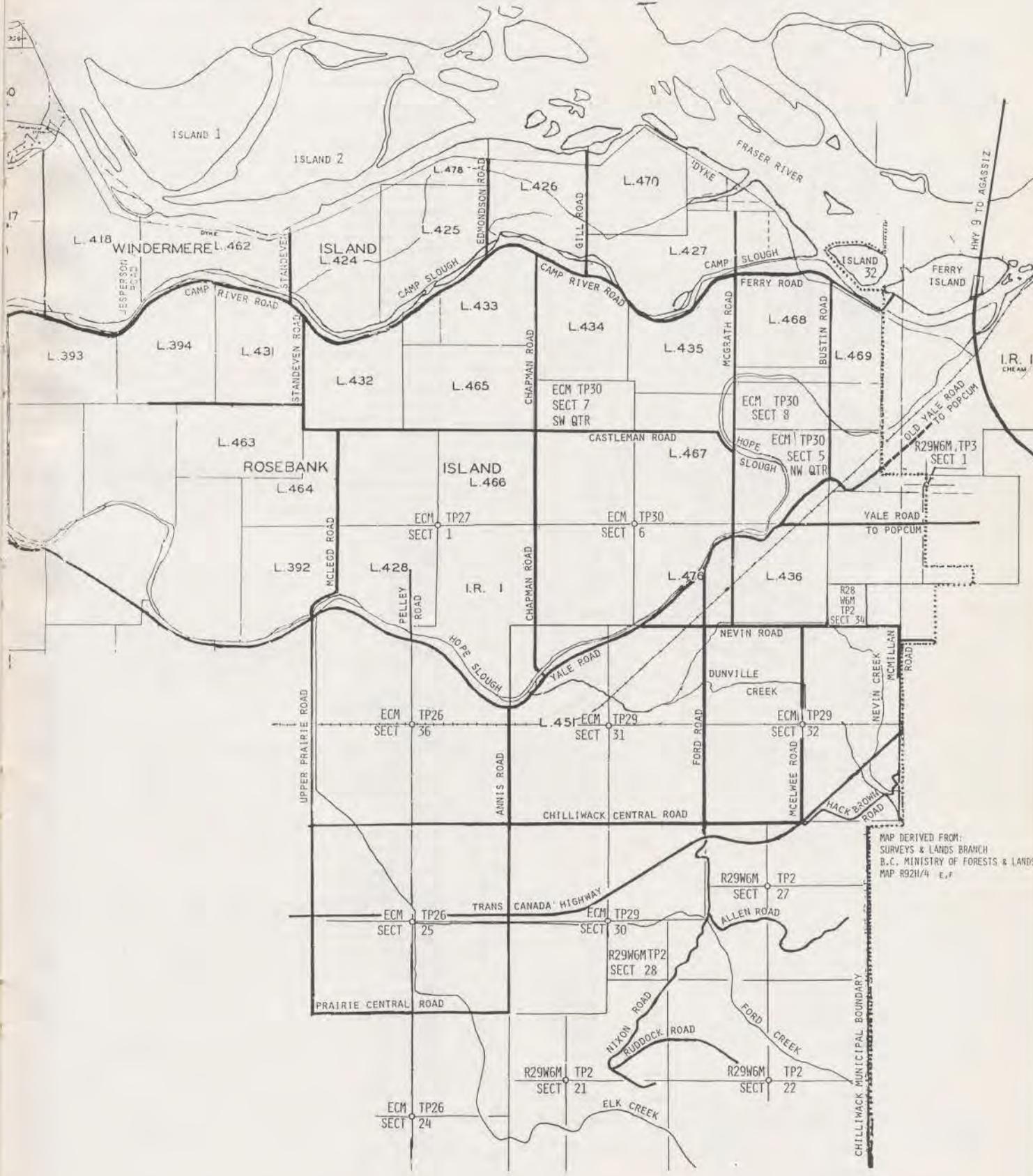
"Early Settlement in the Chilliwack Valley"; Thesis, University of B.C. Dept. of Geography, by Donna H. Cook; July 1979 (Copy in Chilliwack Historical Society)

Land Titles Office, District of New Westminster, New Westminster, B.C.

Surveys and Lands Branch, B.C. Ministry of Forests and Lands, Victoria, B.C. (A special acknowledgement to Mr. T. Jarvie of this Department for his direction and assistance).

CROWN GRANTS IN CHILLIWACK MUNICIPALITY

New Westminster District Lot	Acres	Grantee	Date
424		Emanuel Greyell	1880
425		Alexander Harper	1880
426		Abel Greyell	1886
427		Edward E. Greyell	1880
428		John Barber	1881
432	150	James Munro	1888
433	160	Peter Greyell	1887
434		John Chapman	1886
435		D. Greyell	1886
436		Thomas Hunter Henderson	1886
451		J.C. Henderson and R.J. Stephens	1884
465		Absalom Perry Walser	1890
466		Alfred Douglas Knox	1891
467	220	Isaac and Robert Hamilton	1801
468	156	Patrick McGrath	1893
469		John Henry Williams	1890
470		James A. Woods	1889
476		James Selkirk Bruce	1891
464		Charles William Munro	1893
392		J.H. Bears	1878
418	241	John Kitchen	1880
462		Robert Long	1891
431		John Barker	1888
394		James Dundas	1885
393		Thomas Caulbeck	1884
ECM Tp 26:			
Sect 24	NE Qtr	Andrew H. Thompson	1888
Sect 25	NE Qtr	Alfred Henry Fussell	1889
	SE Qtr	John Parker	1893
Sect 36	NE Qtr	Donald Gillanders	1888
	NW Qtr (Lot 384)	W.L. Gillanders	1878
ECM Tp 30:			
Sect 5	NE Qtr	40 (SE Qtr)	Alexander Smith
		40 (NW Qtr)	A.C. Henderson
	SE Qtr	40 (NE Qtr)	Alexander Smith
	SW Qtr	160	A.C. Henderson
Sect 6	NE Qtr (see Lot 467)		
	NW Qtr	160	T.H. Henderson
	SW Qtr	160	Richard Smith
Sect 7	SE Qtr (see Lot 467)		
	SW Qtr	80 (S half)	T.H. Henderson
Sect 8	SE Qtr (see Lot 469)	40	J.H. Williams
		40 (SW Qtr)	A.C. Henderson
	SW Qtr	80 (S half)	A.C. Henderson
ECM Tp 27:			
Sect 1	NW Qtr	164	A. Castleman
ECM Tp 29:			
Sect 30	NE Qtr	160	James Ford
	NW Qtr	160	Joseph Brannick
	SW Qtr	160	Alfred Parker
Sect 31	NE Qtr	160	T.W. Coverdale
	SE Qtr	160	M.W. Erikson
Sect 32	NE Qtr	160	R. Thompson Jr.
	SE Qtr	160	W. Hamilton
	NW Qtr	160	J.W. Miller
	SW Qtr	160	S. Ford
R29 W6M Tp 2:			
Sect 21	NE Qtr	137	Samuel Holt
	SE Qtr	155	H. Nixon
	NW Qtr	57.85	Elizabeth Patterson
		42.8	T. Victor Browne
	SW Qtr	20	Elizabeth Patterson
		22.8	Sidney Colbert
		160	Oscar Jeckell
Sect 22	NE Qtr	160	Wallace J.E. Allen and Francis Allen
	SE Qtr	160	Richard Fenwick Ruddock
	NW Qtr	160	Thomas Allen Kirkbright
	SW Qtr	160	Ole Severin Lien
Sect 27	NE Qtr	98.4	Edward McAdam
	SE Qtr	159	Wallace J.E. Allen and Francis Allen
	NW Qtr	59.5	Edward McAdam
	SW Qtr	46.4	Edward McAdam
		80	John Ford
Sect 28	SE Qtr	61.5	John Ford
Sect 34	NE Qtr	(part)	Fanny Louise Irwin
R29 W6M Tp 3:			
Sect 1	NW Qtr	40 (LS6)	Alexander Smith
		20 (LS11)	Alexander Smith
		20 (LS12)	Arthur Cotter Henderson
	SW Qtr	20 (LS5)	Arthur Cotter Henderson



MAP DERIVED FROM:
 SURVEYS & LANDS BRANCH
 B.C. MINISTRY OF FORESTS & LANDS
 MAP R92H/4 E.F

CROWN GRANTS IN POPCUM AND CHEAM VIEW

District Lot 51 (Yale)	160	Charles Herrling	1886
District Lot 52 (Yale)	160	Peter Anderson	1888
District Lot 446 (N.W.)	197	William Knight	1879
District Lot 447 (N.W.)	160	Ebenezer Buchanan Knight	1889
R29 6M Tp 2:			
Sect 26	NE Qtr	80.	Olof Joakim Olson
		80.	H.P. Gudbransen
	SE Qtr	160	John George Hack
	NW Qtr	5	Elk Creek Water Works
		80.	Maurice Brown
	SW Qtr	159	Carl Gudbransen
Sect 35	NE Qtr	79.5	William Penman Anderson
		39.75	Harry Foster Mercer
		39.75	James Henry Harrison
	SE Qtr	80.	Olof Joakim Olson
		80.	Hartvig Peder Gudbransen
	NW Qtr	127.67	James Henry Harrison
	SW Qtr	48.5	Samuel McLean / C.G. Major
		48.2	Thos. Joseph Farrell
Sect 36	NE Qtr	80.	Marion Christine Woodriddle
	NW Qtr	79.5	John Alexander Gray
		80.	William P. Anderson
R29 W6M Tp 3:			
Sect 1	NE Qtr	36 (LS9)	Alexander C. Thompson
		16.5 (LS16)	Alexander C. Thompson
		20 (LS10)	Alexander Smith
	SE Qtr	36.3 (LS1)	Alexander C. Thompson
		20 (LS2)	Alexander Smith
		40 (LS7)	Alexander Smith
		19.3 (LS8)	Alexander C. Thompson
		14.9 (LS8)	Alexander C. Thompson
R28 W6M Tp 3:			
Sect 4	NW Qtr		(Quarry leases)
	SW Qtr	40.	G.W. Grimston (Quarry lease)
Sect 5	NE Qtr	40.1	International Cement (Quarry lease)
		40.25	C. Wilfrid Davis
		20.	James A. Anderson (Quarry lease)
	SE Qtr		(Quarry leases)
	NW Qtr	116.1	William Ennis
		40.	Roy Munro
	SW Qtr	40.0	Albert Page
		40.25	William Ennis
		40.3	James Page
Sect 6	NE Qtr	95.	Fred K. Alt
	SE Qtr	160.	Olof Johan Anderson
	NW Qtr	70.2	William A. Thompson
	SW Qtr	160.	Charles Young
Sect 7	SE Qtr	10.1	Pete Albert
Sect 8	SE Qtr	120.	Baxter B. Anderson
	NW Qtr	160.	Ebenezer B. Knight
	SW Qtr	104.1	Asael C. Munro
Sect 9	SW Qtr	20.	Baxter B. Anderson
		30.	Walter McGrath
	Lot 790		Popcum Lime
	Lot 809		Dept. of Highways
Sect 15	NW Qtr, Island 4	8.5	P. Kiernan
	NW Qtr	32.6	Charles Nelson
Sect 16	NE Qtr	9.5	Charles Nelson
		56.	John Lester Kirkland
	SE Qtr	12.7	Palmer Juliett
Sect 22	SE Qtr	0.5	Ah Pak
			Henry F. Grimwood
		82.3	Jos. H. Murphy
			(incl. Islands 20, 21)
	SW Qtr	1.3	James Hy Waldron
			(fr. LS3, Isl.8)
		25.4(LS3,4)	Herbert Stangler Bailey
		32.7(LS4)	H.F. Grimwood
Sect 23	NW Qtr	0.42	Christopher T. Bailey
		15.	Albert Leonard Bricker
Sect 26	NW Qtr	0.05	Gustavus Herrling
		(LS11,14)	John Bendig
		51.9 (LS12,13)	B. C. Hydro
	SW Qtr	20.4 (LS3)	John Jones
		24 (LS4)	Edward K. Bradley
		32.5 (LS5)	Gustavus Herrling
Sect 27	NE Qtr	16.09	John Herrling
		90.5	John Bendig
		24.	John Herrling
		79.8 (Islands 15,16)	Adolph Nelson
	SE Qtr	121.	Adolph Nelson
	SW Qtr	41.7	Gustavus Herrling
	SW Qtr	(part LS4,5)	John Herrling
Sect 35			John Jones
R28 W6M Tp 4:			
Sect 2	NW Qtr	96 (from LS4,5,6, 11,12,13,14)	Niis E. Holmgren
	NE/SE Qtrs	119.5 (from LS10,14,15)	John Reilly



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 B.C. MINISTRY OF FORESTS & LANDS
 MAPS R92H-012, -022

Some present residents in the Area who through either parent are descendants of the pre-1900 settlers.



Descendants of Patrick McGrath who came about 1885 and homesteaded in the Rosedale area.



Descendants of John Chapman who homesteaded on Chapman Road in the 1880's.



Descendants of Alexander Gray who came to the Popkum area in 1894.



Descendants of Isaac Henderson who joined his uncle S.C. Henderson in Rosedale in 1886.



Descendants of Isaac Hamilton who came to homestead in the Rosedale area in 1886. Above and right.





Descendants of Gilbert Munro who came to the Camp River area in 1877.



Descendants of Charles Nelson who was born in 1860 in Yale and moved to Popkum at a young age.



Descendants of James Muirhead who came to the Rosedale area in 1888.



Descendants of John Edmondson who came from Ontario in 1892 and settled on Camp River about 1900.



Descendants of David Carr (Karr) who came before 1880 and purchased T.H. Henderson property.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

- The *Chilliwack Progress* newspaper, for access to files and publication of progress reports.
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SECTION II: Reminiscences:

	Page
Table of Contents	17
Social Group at Camp Slough Hall, 1910	18, 19
Memories of Early Days in the Castleman-Chapman Road Area	
-By Gladys (Aitken) Van Baaren	20
Remembering Camp Slough Hall -	
Memories	
-By Gladys Van Baaren	21
-By Gladys (Muirhead) Dickie	21
The Thomas Walker Family - Rosedale 1907-1916.	
-By Edna (Walker) Taylor	21, 22, 23
Farm Life in Rosedale, 1908-1928. Reminiscences by Jean (Thompson) Moore	23, 24
Memories of Rosedale - From about 1910	
-By Lillian (Nelson) Mohr	24, 25
Remembering Rosedale	
-By Henry Pickering	25, 26
Rosedale Ramblings	
-By Donald G. Bryant	26, 27, 28
Rememberings since 1910, Rosedale, British Columbia	
-By Irene Kerr Tagert	28, 29
Memories of Alan Kirkby	30
Recollections of Early Rosedale Centre and Area	
-By Milton Nelson MacAlpine	30, 31, 32, 33
-submitted by Blanche Mercer	33
Mrs. Blanche Mercer	
The Recollections of Taka (Kojima) Tanaka	33, 34
Remembering Rosedale	
-By Florence (Hall) Greene	34, 35
Rosedale Memories	
-By Ronald Heal, Armstrong, B.C.	35, 36
Memories of Rosedale	
-By A.E. Wiltshire	36, 37
Rosedale Memories	
-By Blake Tweddle	37
Weldon Miller	
-By Phil Nash of Laidlaw, B.C.	37, 38
Reminiscing in 1986 with Frances (Henderson) Miller	
-By Laurie Anderson	38
-By Helen (Wares) McCaughan	38
Special Memories of Rosedale	
-By Ed Nelson	38
Memories of Popcum Reserve	
-By Tom Bond	38, 39
Memories of Popcum	
-By Constance (Barton) Peterson	39, 40, 41, 42
Popcum in Retrospect	
-By Constance (Barton) Peterson	39, 40, 41, 42
Flag Quilt in the Museum, New Westminster, B.C.	42
Ron Gray's Reminiscences	42, 43
The MacGregor Family	
-By Neill MacGregor	43, 44, 45
The Warneboldt Family - Bridal Falls Lodge	
-By Mariette (Warneboldt) Wylie	45, 46, 47
The Big Flood of the 1935 Silver Thaw	
-By Vina Vartindale	47
Tall Tales	48
The History of the Gavel	
-By Constance Peterson	48
Our Hike up Cheam	
-By Laura (Munro) Kennedy	49



A social event in the Camp River Hall in the 1920's.
In the pages that follow thirty former residents have put pen to paper to record for all-time much of our exciting past.
We know that you will enjoy reading it in the words of the writers, so read on, enjoy and appreciate.



REMINISCENCES

past.

MEMORIES OF EARLY DAYS IN THE CASTLEMAN-CHAPMAN ROAD AREA

by Gladys (Aitken) Van Baaren

Many newcomers have come to live on these roads, but it is the first early settlers I am writing about.

Castleman Road was named after a man called Castleman who worked in a machine shop at Rosedale and lived near the corner of Castleman and McLeod Roads. About the year 1911 this road was put through from the corner of McGrath Road to just past McLeod Road where it joined McConnell Road. At the corner of McGrath and Castleman Roads was a grocery and general goods store operated by Bartlett Brothers.

One of the first sawmills, at the southwest corner, was owned by Muirhead Brothers: Thomas, Bill, Howard and Jim. This was around 1900. For some years the McGrath Road was on the west side of the slough from Castleman Road. It was not until later that the two bridges were put in on driven piles, to cross the slough, and McGrath Road was straightened out to due north and south.

Further west on Castleman Road lived a man called Bob Pool. He had fought in the South African Boer War and in World War I. Mrs. Pool was a nurse during the war. She was also a talented musician and organized and trained all the children along the road in songs and plays for community concerts and parties. Pool Road is named after Mr. Pool. Next to the Pool family was a pioneer farmer called Albert Peet who first farmed on Chapman Road and then bought 60 acres at the southeast corner of Chapman and Castleman Roads. He had a large family. A son, Sherman, gave his life in the war of 1914-1918. Mrs. Peet was a midwife and practical nurse and brought many babies into the world. She also taught Sunday School and drove children, including the Aitken family, by horse and buggy, to the Methodist Church, where the Rosedale Chevron is now located. Mr. Peet used to boast that he had the best farm in the whole Rosedale district. Don Bryant and family later owned and lived on this property.

At the southwest corner of Castleman and Chapman Roads was the large timber lot (over 100 acres) owned by Sam Tretheway. He had a sawmill there. It was where Timothy Christian School is now located. Sam built a house farther west at 50338 Castleman Road, later owned by William Fettes. Lumber from the sawmill was used for the floor of the first Camp Slough Hall built in 1908. The mill was built about 1902 but it burned down about 1910.

One of the interesting times on Castleman Road was during the disastrous ice storm of 1935. A heavy snowstorm started at the end of December and lasted into late January. High winds piled drifts nearly 15 feet high. Snow on the level was 2 to 3 feet deep and on top of that the icy rain put a crust of ice about 4 inches thick.

One lady, Kitty (Mrs. Stan) Keefer was expecting her first baby and her husband and neighbours became worried and told her that she had better get to town close to the hospital. The men got a cutter and team of horses from Bill Fettes and a neighbour lent Kitty a fur coat to wear. After a mile and a half of slogging through the

crusted ice snow, the poor horses' feet were bleeding so badly that the men unhitched them and took them back to the barn. Then five neighbourhood boys decided to get ropes and fastened them to the sleigh and around their waists and started the seven mile trip to Chilliwack. As they neared the highway after leaving McLeod Road, several young men saw this strange caravan and said, "Come on, let's help pull." About twenty joined in pulling along Yale Road to Chilliwack. Included were Stan Keefer, Tom Cooper, Gordon Logan, Jim Hamilton, Ted Aitken and Jack Mace. The boys didn't get home till midnight that night but they all said they surely had a good time in town. The fourteen mile trek was a lot of fun and proved that when you all pull together, life can be fun.

Mrs. Keefer stayed at the home of her husband's aunt until the baby was born three weeks later in hospital. The baby was named Marlene. She is now Mrs. Marlene Williams and the mother of three grown children.

John Keefer Sr., Stan's dad, who first owned the farm at 50040 Castleman Road, was in the Klondike Gold Rush in '98. I believe his name is mentioned in Pierre Berton's book of the Klondike.

Another pioneer was John McLeod, who had operated a blacksmith shop in Chilliwack in 1890. I believe it was the first one in Chilliwack. He moved to Castleman Road and farmed 40 acres. The McLeod Road is named after him. His children were:- Donald, Isabel (Hill), May (Ferguson), Ethel (Hill), Max, Eddie and Laura (Hill). Three of the girls married Hill boys, all related. Mrs. McLeod played the organ and sang. She loved company and we had many nice gatherings in their home on Sunday afternoons.

On the northwest corner of Chapman and Castleman Roads lived Harry and Nina Cooper (formerly Nina Davis of a Fairfield Island pioneer family). Their two children, Frances and Tommy, were born here.

Across the road, on the northeast corner, lived Robert and Mary Aitken who came from Texada Island in 1904. Mr. Aitken bought 80 acres of timber and bushland for \$1800.00. They had five children. Thelma and Ray were born on Texada Island. The other three - Alvin, Ted and Gladys (author of this story) were born on the farm on Chapman Road. Ray and Alvin were building contractors and built the Rosedale Community Hall, also the annex of Rosedale United Church, McGrath's concrete garage and the new Archibald store - 1941-42. Ted later left the farm and joined his brothers in the carpentry business. Thelma worked in Spencers' store, later Eatons, on Wellington Avenue, Chilliwack. Gladys learned hairdressing in Vancouver and operated a beauty shop in Rosedale, where the telephone exchange is now.

John Chapman came to Chapman Road in 1875. One story his wife Mary told was of going to the dairy to get some milk and seeing a bear running away with a pig.

Bill Muir lived at 10835 Chapman Road. This farm is still owned by the Muir family.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hamilton also lived on Chapman Road. They came to the Camp Slough district in 1890. A story is told that the Hamilton family won a barrel of flour given as a prize to the largest family to attend the Chilliwack picture show. They had 16

children. Mr. and Mrs. Archie Hamilton and their three children also lived on Chapman Road.

In the early 1900's Bill Miner, the notorious train robber, lived on Chapman Road.

REMEMBERING CAMP SLOUGH HALL

by G. Van Baaren

The first Camp Slough Hall was built in 1908. In later years the name Camp Slough was changed to Camp River, but the title of the deed was registered in the name Camp Slough Hall.

The first hall was built by community effort on land purchased for twenty-five dollars from Charlie Braithwaite and lumber obtained from Tretheways mill on the corner of Chapman and Castleman Roads.

The hall was financed by the sale of one hundred ten dollar shares. A second group of shares was issued when the basement was finished in 1920.

On the original hall board were Sam Tretheway, President; Charlie Gill, Secretary; and directors Charlie Somers and Jack Fraser. Later, these last two men moved to Rosedale. Mr. Somers was instrumental in the building of the Rosedale Hotel, and Jack Fraser ran a livery stable and jitney service in Rosedale.

A group of single girls in the early years before 1920, took an active part in the social life of Camp Slough Hall. Trudy Munro, Dot Braithwaite (Mrs. Noble Ryder), Mary Chapman, Mabel Chapman, Flake Harding (Moss), Anna Tretheway, Alma Gilbert, Ada Peet and Sarah Peet.

At the sixtieth anniversary of the hall a few of the old timers attending were Hugh Laughlin, one time teacher of the area and a great baseball player, Mrs. H. Cooper, Mrs. R.M. Aitken, Mrs. E. Munro and Mrs. W. Bradshaw.

In 1975 the new Camp River Hall was built by a lot of volunteer labour. It was formally opened in October 1975. The turning of the sod was in May of the same year, with Mrs. Flake Moss turning the first sod. She was also at the opening of the first hall in 1908.

Family dances have been and are still popular in the new Camp River Hall. Many old-timers remember the school Christmas concerts held in the early years, masquerade dances, basketball and badminton. Strawberry socials are held every year in the latter part of June, and the fall bazaar every November, put on by the Camp River Circle. These last two events still draw large crowds from all over the valley, where old friends meet and talk about the good old days in the friendly atmosphere of Camp River Hall.

Don Northgraves orchestra still draws large crowds for the dances. Some of the former members of this orchestra have passed away, namely Mr. Jim Porter (violin), and Mac Van Barren (piano), John Ericson used to play the guitar but left some time ago. Brian Knott still plays the violin in the orchestra with Don on the accordion.

MEMORIES

by Gladys (Muirhead) Dickie

On our farm on Camp Slough, there was a large pond we called the old swimming hole. On a warm Sunday afternoon, fifty or sixty people would be enjoying the water. During my growing up years, my dad was called to the swimming hole to help save swimmers in trouble. This always happened after we were all in bed and we would hear the calls for help. Dad would hurriedly dress and run down to the pond. We would huddle around Mom, usually in their bed, waiting for Dad's return. We would tell by his face, if his efforts had been successful or not. Of the five times I can recall, Dave saved three of the young people, but was too late for the others. Mother couldn't swim, but wouldn't let us go swimming without her until I was in my teens and by then we could swim well.

Electricity hadn't reached our farm then, and no matter how warm the days were, mother had fresh homemade bread and raspberry jam ready for us when we arrived home.

One Halloween night, the neighbour's kids and my sister and I decided to move their cows to our barn and our cows to their barn as a joke on our dads. After three old cows, we were tired of the prank, so we left the rest.

In the morning, I had planned on disappearing before dad got in from chores, but he came right back to the house as soon as he had seen the three strange cows where our own had been the night before. By the time we were up and dressed, our neighbour and kids were there also and both he and dad stood and laughed as we struggled to lead the cows back where they belonged. It wasn't nearly as easy in the daylight as it had been in the dark, the night before.

I often think of how fortunate we were to know the Moss and Corduroy families. These two families made up most of the great Christmas Concerts at Camp Slough. The two Corduroy men and Mr. Moss had several plays going all at once, as well as coaching the younger kids with the extensive program every year. They painted all the scenery and supplied costumes for the players and there was never a hitch, at least where we were concerned. Every birthday, holiday, or any important date, called for a party at the Moss's. Mr. Moss told us the most amazing stories and his dear wife heaped candy, cake and cookies on our plates every time we were there. One New Year's Eve, the men had built or bought a large red balloon with "Happy New Year" painted on it. It was filled with helium or some kind of gas and it took six men to hold it down until they got the ropes off. They let it go at twelve o'clock sharp and we watched in amazement as it climbed into the black sky with the fire still burning under it. That must have been about 1931, and I have often wondered since, where that balloon landed.

THE THOMAS WALKER FAMILY - ROSEDALE 1907-1916

by Edna (Walker) Taylor

My parents, Thomas W. Walker and Mary Agnes



Mrs. Edna (Walker) Taylor

McBride were born, reared and married in the Caledonia Hagersvill Community of Ontario. Dad had previously attained the rank of Captain at Kingston Military College and came west with his cousin James Walker of the Royal Mounted Police, Calgary, Alberta.

Father, Mother and ten year old sister Helen and myself, left Calgary, Alberta. We arrived at the southern end of Arrow Lakes, then took a ferry to its northern end. From Field, B.C. we went west via CPR to Agassiz and were ferried across the Fraser River in a rowboat to Rosedale, our home for the next nine years. All this before I was a year old.

Rosedale, named for the abundance of those lovely wild flowers, was the awakening of awareness to a wonderful world of people, places and things, too strange to be understood.

My parents' first two children, twin boys, were born and died in Olds, Alberta. Helen (Mrs. Colon Munro) was also born there, where Dad and his brother owned a hardware store. It was his hope to start a similar business in Rosedale.

Our first home in Rosedale was a gray wooden house facing south of Yale Road, where it is joined by Ford Road. This house (now gone) protruded out over the bank almost to the water's edge of Hope Slough. We rented it from David Greyell.

We later moved to a second gray house in the centre of town opposite Archibald's general store at the crossroads of Yale Road and McGrath Road. This home was also owned by David Greyell. While at this house I saw my first Gypsies and their caravans. Their covered wagons sheltered children, women, animals, pots and pans. I was warned to stay inside while Gypsies were in town. While

living in this house, Dad built our own home on McGrath Road next to the Archibald's residence. A little later Doctor Elliott's home was built on the other side at the corner of McGrath and Nelson Roads. Across a small field was the home of Charles Munro, his wife and daughter Edith. Opposite them on McGrath was the David Karr farm, a log cabin called the Orange Hall and the James Munro homestead on the banks of Hope Slough. At this time the Munros lived in a log cabin with moss roses at the door. They later built a modern family home on McGrath Road. The fields were dotted with stumps so large they had to be removed with explosives, when horse and oxen power failed.

A wooden bridge across Hope Slough at the corner of Yale and McGrath had to be inspected and repaired each summer before threshing machines, water wagons and accompanying equipment passed over. These outfits were kept busy at harvest time. It was a busy time as well for farmers' wives who had the hungry crews of threshers and later corn-cutters to feed.

Rosedale in early years with the CN Railway at the front door, consisted of Archibald's and Close's general stores, a Chinese emporium on the banks of Hope Slough. It was a large dark place with harness and rubber boots hanging from walls and ceiling. Every year at Christmas I was given Lichi nuts, Chinese ginger and fire-crackers by the Chinese.

A two-storey imitation brick building was built on the corner of Yale across from Archibald's store and contained a bank, post office where a young man named Braithwaite served the public, a library for a short time, barbershop and hall upstairs, catering to town activities. On Yale Road at the west end of town a three-storey hotel overlooked the slough and was run by Mrs. Sommers. Mrs. Mary Kerr managed a candy-ice cream parlour across the road. There was a feed mill, blacksmith shop, fire hall - manned by volunteer firemen, and four churches; Presbyterian, Methodist, Anglican and Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ Latter Day Saints.

The Bennetts, a brother and two sisters, jolly, sincere people with broad English Shirecounty accents, supplied meat to townspeople. Mr. Bennett kept a small flock of sheep in a field behind their house on Yale Road East, tended by a large English sheep dog that appeared to have no eyes, so lost were they in its shaggy face.

I started school in a two-room, four-class, green schoolhouse on the corner of Yale and McGrath, east of Archibald's store. My first teacher was Miss Hemming, who lived with her stepfather Mr. Hopcraft, on Yale Road East. Later a new school was built on McGrath Road. The teacher there was Miss Bradley who lived with her parents on Yale Road West. My sister Helen left school soon after I started. Two of her teachers were Miss Noonan and Miss Webster.

After finishing our home, Dad and Mr. Thompson built a two-storey house east of the hotel, looking on Hope Slough and facing Yale Road. This was to become home for my sister Helen, and brother-in-law Colon Munro. In this house they raised a family of six. This house, with renovations, still stands as 51253 Yale Road.

Farmers selling milk to the creamery, had to ship their

milk cans on the "milk train" that went as far east as Hope. Cows were usually Jersey or Guernsey, chosen for their rich milk, rather than quantity. Later trucks picked up cans from milk stands at each farmer's gate.

There were two mills working near Popcum, one had Sikh labourers, the other Chinese. Hindus with bright turbans and flashing white teeth passed our house on the way to Dr. Elliott's office in his home. Fifty years later, one of those young men remembered me as a little girl with long curls, sitting on the steps of the verandah watching them. Ram Singh Baines kept me supplied with pure Indian curry powder.

There were sluices in the bush at the foot of Mt. Cheam at Popcum, where logs had been washed down from the upper slopes to the Fraser River. Donkey engines belched and grumbled during a working day. Part of an original log dyke still stood of crossed logs, filled with stones and dirt. Now overgrown with rose and berry bushes, thistles, nettles and snakes.

Enough snow had fallen the winter we were in the second Greyell house, to remind Ontario people what they were missing back east. So they acquired a wagon, a team of horses, sleigh bells and runners for the wagon. With hay and blankets we were ready for a sleigh ride.

In pre-war days Dad had vegetables growing in the back yard and flowers in front. He sent to Steel-Briggs for a seed catalogue. He had yellow and red tomatoes, white and red currants, a new climbing bean with a pretty scarlet flower and the large Himalayan blackberry that later took over any place it could root. Sweet scented English honeysuckle covered one wall of the house, wild cucumbers and hops (for yeast) grew along the verandah. The first American Beauty Roses grew with three and five sister (small cluster) blooms. Snowball and lilac bushes sheltered the birds, while flags, pinks, and pansies grew in the grass and red and white clover and small daisies were sweet with honey. Dad grafted trees and one time developed a tree which bore 3 different fruits. One tree with two fruits was still living in the 1930's. Outside the picket fence one could put an ear to the telegraph poles and hear the wires singing. A few steps away in the slough, a branch and bent pin didn't often fool the minnows but was a lot of fun. In the woods, trilliums grew shyly, fern and devils club, wild raspberry, salmon berries, black caps and bramble berries and other edible fruits were profuse. In the fall, hazel nuts were gathered.

Often in the evenings several musicians would gather at our house. Dad played the banjo and guitar and Mother played the piano.

Dad enlisted at the start of the War in 1914 and Mother and I followed him to live close by the camps where he was stationed.

During early war years Mother joined the Loyal Daughters of the Empire while Dad was overseas. The ladies knit sox, caps, scarves and mittens for soldiers, the children knit face cloths with a string-like material that unfortunately proved too hard to be useful. The school children could join an Audubon Society and were given an Audubon pin.

The family was happily reunited after the war, but none of us went back to Rosedale to live. We carry many pleasant memories of those early days when Rosedale was

just getting started.

FARM LIFE IN ROSEDALE, 1908-1928

by Jean (Thompson) Moore

Pioneer life, from my earliest recollections about the time of our arrival, meant long hours of hard work by hand and with horses and crosscut saws and horse-drawn farm equipment. People were responsible for their own welfare. There was no state help, so thrift and frugality were essential. There was always concern and care for neighbours in need or in sickness. Babies were born at home with the aid of a midwife, doctor and coal oil lamps. Mrs. Albert Martin, mother of ten children, was usually called upon, along with Dr. J.C. Elliott.

In the clearing of land, there was always a feeling of progress and satisfaction in the burning of huge piles of material consisting of stumps, roots, branches and decayed logs. All usable wood was salvaged, some to sell, the remainder for cook stoves, heaters, and later a furnace. In the early days there would be building bees when neighbours gathered at a barn-raising. Many of the timbers were hand hewn and shakes split from the materials of the clearing. A large dairy barn was put up in this manner. Grain was threshed by steam power with mobile equipment, the steam tractor being fuelled by firewood provided by the farmer whose crop was being threshed. Later when upright silos were built there would be huge gangs of farmer neighbours at each farm in turn to cut the corn, pile on wagons to be horse-drawn to the silo for chopping and blowing in. The women worked very hard at the cook stoves to supply meals for several days, during threshing and silo-filling times, for 20 to 30 men. Countless pies, cakes, cookies and bread were needed, and pies were never cut to serve in less than quarters.

A lovely stream wound its crooked path through the property. It was later contained in a straight channel, dug with shovels by hand by the Muirhead brothers. This stream was the only source of water for all who lived along its banks and it had to be carried in pails to the house and heated on the wood stove. Trout thrived in it, and salmon came up at spawning time. It also served for cooling cans of milk or crocks of butter. Everyone was pretty much self-sufficient having to produce all their food: fruits and vegetables of all kinds, milk, butter, eggs, meat and honey. Root vegetables, cabbages, and apples were stored in root houses. Summer canning, pickling and preserving were big chores for the women. Children were an asset, as there was a never-ending work load in mixed farming. Barrel churns turned out butter, bread and soap were made at home, meat was cured and stored in wooden barrels.

We had only one neighbour, some distance by a trail through a forest. He was J.H. Harrison, who had bought his acreage from a Chinese gentleman. He spent his last years living there alone with a garden, chickens, sheep and a cow or two for milk and butter. He had left England at nine years of age for a life at sea and travelled the world in sailing ships during those rigorous times. He settled contentedly in the peace and quiet of Rosedale,

never travelling again. He kept a flock of Minorca hens, raising a new flock each year. He would carry a pail of eggs to the store each week, trading them for his tobacco, flour, sugar and tea, and would exchange a sack of books as there was a small library in the store. In the beginning everything was sold in bulk: crackers from barrels, molasses from kegs, coal oil by the gallon. Shoppers brought their own containers. The Rosedale post office was also in the store. There would be a few bolts of cloth, plain shoes and rubbers, lamps, lanterns and nails and hardware. In the winter people gathered in the warmth around the central heater to exchange news and gossip. Later a fine second store was built, operated by Mr. and Mrs. Peter Close. They were a very musical couple and lived above their store.

In the early days there was a sawmill on the Harrison property operated by Macken brothers, employing many East Indians. The Nevin Road, full of ruts and mud in wet weather, was covered with mill slabs and sawdust to carry the heavy loads of lumber. At this time there was a two-room school opposite the store. It had a pump in the backyard with a tin cup chained to it, outside toilets, and a wooden shed to store fuel for the heating stoves, one in the centre of each room. Two teachers each taught four grades. There were blackboards, and the pupils sat at two-seater desks with inkwells. Slates were still in use. Government examinations were required to be written by the last grade and satisfactory marks obtained in order to enter high school. This was an efficient method of evaluating the teachers' ability as well as the pupils' knowledge. The eight-room high school in Chilliwack with five or six dedicated teachers seemed far away in those days and not too many were able to continue after Grade VIII. My brother Homer and I boarded in Chilliwack for five days weekly and came home on weekends. All children walked to the local school, some of them many miles and in frigid weather, with lunches wrapped in newspaper, there being no fancy wrappings in those days. Lunches were of homemade bread, with jam, home-canned salmon, or baked beans. Some winters were bitter with deep snow and harsh winds. There was one winter when the Fraser River froze over hard enough for foot crossing to Agassiz.

The first Presbyterian Church was built by W.J. Thompson and Maxwell Stevenson, who donated their labour. About \$200 was donated by others for materials. It provided an adjacent shed to shelter horses and carriages, and a wood shed. A bell was donated by Isaac Henderson, serving also as a fire alarm bell.

Life took on a quicker pace with the building of the Canadian Northern Pacific Railway (later the Canadian National) through the centre of the village starting in July 1910, reaching Port Mann in December 1913, and the Vancouver terminus in 1914. The road bed was all built by manpower, teams of horses and scrapers. Lovely well-kept station buildings and section foremen's houses were built at the numerous stop points along the route. This train was nicknamed the "milk run", picking up milk cans along the way from Hope each morning, taking them to Vancouver and returning in the evening with the empty cans.

All transportation and shipping before the railroad

came in was by boat from the Chilliwack landing to New Westminster. Chinese dealers would make the rounds of the district buying pigs, apples by the ton, and other produce. Each farmer was at the mercy of the price offered, unless he could wrangle for a better price, and would be required to spend a day hauling to the Landing on a boat day. The bruised and fallen apples were salvaged for the cider press and fermented to vinegar in an amount to supply a year's requirements for pickling. Milk production was a worrying enterprise before the Fraser Valley Milk Producers' Association was formed in 1916. Milk dealers in Vancouver would contract with producers for certain quantities as required for their city trade. Some farmers had no outlet but to make butter and sell it locally as best they could. Milk production got on a firm, lasting and satisfactory basis with the formation of the Co-operative Association, a consequence of tireless efforts of many pioneers who had the vision.

MEMORIES OF ROSEDALE - FROM ABOUT 1910

by Lillian (Mohr) Nelson

Bartlett's General Store with the square cookie cans with the glass lids ... The old school with the huge wood stoves in the middle of the room ... Two rooms, then. A teacher took some "22" bullets away from a boy and threw them in the stove! The hobos came off the CNR tracks and stole our lunches off a shelf in the ante-room.

The Archibalds had the Bartlett Store. Then Stocker and Close built a new General Store with the latest in fireproof building materials. Those fancy tin panels inside and I think tin siding outside. The Stockers were parents of Mrs. Close. They carried every kind of merchandise. Then the mills came. Graham and McNair and Roddis and Lang. This brought more kids so we got a new school which was four rooms but we only used three at first. Mr. David Karr donated the land. Mr. Charles Munro, M.L.A., who lived on McGrath Road promised \$1.00 at the end of the first year to the most gentlemanly boy in the school. Stuart Nelson won it by popular vote. The big girls told us we had to vote for him. We furnished our own playground equipment. We saved string all winter to make baseballs for spring. The ball games were co-ed. The boys had to let the girls play to make up a team. Mr. George Ford was our principal and somehow got us through the seventh and eighth grades in 1918. Homer Thompson, Jean Thompson, Eva Harris, Florence Kerr, and Lillian Nelson were in that class. With all the loggers, the town needed a hotel. I think it had three storeys of which Mr. and Mrs. Charles Somers were proprietors. Frank Kerr had the poolroom and his mother ran the ice-cream parlor. Such good sodas. Dave Nevin ran the barbershop. His mother was a midwife.

The Livery Stable. I think the Domoney brothers started it with horses and then a car. Then they sold to Frank Merson, who had a seven passenger car for a jitney to Chilliwack and all points. I think it was an Oakland and had two jump seats. He sold the business to Ralph Smith.

The Presbyterian Church. Mr. Hugh Ray was pastor about this time and he and Mr. Ford batched in a cabin, I

think. He preached at Cheam in the morning, East Chilliwack in the afternoon and Rosedale at night. Once during an ice storm he skated to all three services. Sometimes the Rosedale choir travelled to those churches, too. Mr. Archibald was director and we did some heavy anthems then. The Corduroy brothers played violin and cello for special occasions and Percy Till played the cornet. The Bennett sisters who were so faithful in the church were Annie, who played the organ, and Alice, who sang in the choir. Mrs. Boule, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Sampson, Mrs. Cornish, Mr. Heal, Mr. Rouse and Reg Bryant were all soloists. Mr. Rouse had a great banjo. The Miss Bennetts trained us for all the Easter and Christmas programs.

The Garden Parties were held on the Bradley lawn, and later, on the lawn at the English church. All those little tables with the white lunch cloths and ladies who worked to make money for the church. One year, all the churches had a 'trip around the world'. Rosedale was Ireland and Sardis was Japan. They served appropriate food. Dr. Elliott had the first automobile in Rosedale. He was very generous that day and took people to Sardis. He had a flat tire and it had to be patched. It was a hot day! The Ladies Aid also had chicken suppers in the church. We had great picnics at Brush's Grove. The huge freezers of homemade ice cream and real lemonade in ten gallon milk cans. Mr. Brush gave us rides in his buggy around the track with his beautiful horses. There were high swings in the fir trees with long ropes fastened to the swing seats, where the young men swung the young ladies. Does anybody remember "The True Blue Class" with Mrs. Archibald as teacher? She was one grand lady. Mr. Maxwell Stevenson, who pulled that big rope to ring the church bell, and the church with the big wood stove in the front, and the black stove pipes fastened to the ceiling with wire all the way across to the chimney back of the pulpit. The PTA meetings where Stuart and Tom Nelson sometimes sang Harry Lauder songs for entertainment. The Missionaries who had the Magic Lantern slides of the Orient, also the Magic shows that came to play at the corner of McGrath Road and Yale. This later became the Post Office and Meat Market. Charlie Braithwaite was postmaster and Fred Sampson was butcher. Don't forget the motor launch run by Walter McGrath that pulled the scow and the cars and passengers across the river to Agassiz. The boys smoked hay seeds and burdocks. Not pot! Lumber must have been cheap then since there were board sidewalks all over the place that were built up high because of so much water in the winter. The big threshing machines and the stacks of cordwood to fire the steam engines. We had individual garden plots in the front schoolyard. Mr. Reddy came from Chilliwack to supervise the gardens.

REMEMBERING ROSEDALE

by Henry Pickering

It was 1913 and I was 14 years old when I came with my parents to live on a farm on the bank of the Hope River, at what is now 51223 Castleman Road. My father was a farmer and a keen bee-keeper and we had moved to



Mr. W.H. Pickering

British Columbia to establish an apiary, as we had problems with disease in the bee colonies in California. Rosedale proved little better for the raising of bees and after a few years my parents returned to the United States.

I remember that Miss Nell Bradley was the principal of the school at the corner of McGrath and Yale Roads when I attended, and of the efforts to build the new four room school on McGrath Road.

It was stated in the By-Law referendum that the cost would have to be \$100,000.00, but the lowest tender came in at \$118,000.00. After negotiations the final cost of construction was \$98,000.00.

I recall the first winter in the new school (1914-15) when during a severe cold snap it was impossible to heat the school, and for two weeks there was no school held. This was a new idea in heating, with the large furnace in the basement that burnt four foot long cordwood, but the heat did not rise properly and with so many windows on the north and east sides of the building it was very cold in the rooms on that side.

My family had been strong Methodists, as my grandfather had been a circuit rider preacher in Ontario in the 1850's and 60's. So it was natural that I got involved in the local Methodist church. I served as janitor for both the Methodist and Presbyterian churches when they were meeting together. I remember well the ministers during the years of the First Great War. Rev. Stacey preached some very strong sermons favouring recruiting and military service. He had lost a son in the war, but just the same he was a "Darn Good Preacher". I also recall that the Rev. Quigley left the ministry to become Principal of

Sardis Elementary School.

While I was attending Rosedale School I took the job of the Rosedale Reporter for *The Chilliwack Progress*. In those early days of the railway, there was more business at the Rosedale Station than at Chilliwack. The C.N.R. Station when it opened was where much of the action was taking place, so I would call there hoping for a good story or at least some news.

The large mill operated 24 hours a day with many East Indian workers and for some 2 to 3 years the siding was always full of cars waiting to be filled with lumber. I remember that it cost \$3.00 per ton to get sacked cattle feed and horse grain brought from Chilliwack to Rosedale and George Smith started a feed store in the Braithwaite Building at the corner of McGrath and Yale Roads.

As a youth I was fascinated by the telegraphy equipment and would stand and watch the fingers on the machine tapping up and down as the telegrams were received or sent. The first agent at the new station was Mr. R.C. "Dick" Simpson who came on one of the first trains from Plumas, Manitoba. While I was doing my rounds after school looking for news Mr. Simpson, noticing my interest in telegraphy, asked me if I would like a job as his assistant and learn the work. I jumped at the opportunity. This was a real thrill to me and I have served all my working years as an agent of the C.N.R.

In 1917, R.C. Simpson was transferred to the station at Fort Langley, and W.D. Hughes came to Rosedale as agent from Payton, Saskatchewan.

I worked for Mr. Simpson for the first year at \$20.00 per month and I would walk from home to the station and carry my lunch. After one year I was successful in passing my exams for an agent-operator and served for many years as a "tramp operator", who relieved agents for holiday periods. I returned to Rosedale as relief agent for Hughes several times in the 1920's until the station was closed in 1934.

I was always interested in seeing Miss Muriel Hughes growing up. I remember that Mrs. Gertrude Wilson was the Midwife at the station home when she was born. Later, I recall her, as a little girl playing with a sleigh in the snow behind the station.

I was saddened to learn of her early death in 1987, but pleased that her ashes were interred beside her parents in our beautiful cemetery on Little Mountain.

One of my most vivid memories was of the incident that took place one Sunday evening while I was the janitor of Rosedale United Church, then Presbyterian of course. I was paid the large sum of \$2.00 per month to put the fires on and light the lamps and ring the three bells prior to service. Once I got a cheque for \$2.35, so that I could buy a feather duster for .35¢. The lamps were kerosene fired and the kerosene was stored in a barrel in a corner of the stable just west of the church where the wood was stored and the horses would be tied, from the buggies that were driven to church service.

On one rather cool evening in the fall of the year while lighting the lamps which were a circle of 5 glass lamps, quite heavy and hanging from the ceiling, the whole chandelier fell crashing to the floor and burning coal oil was running all over the floor. It was necessary to stand on a chair to reach the lights and I jumped down quickly

and ran to ring the fire clapper on the church bell. The neighbours all came running, some in their work clothes, others dressed for church, but the fire was put out and only two chairs were badly scorched and a part of the floor burnt.

I think that evening we had one of the largest congregations at church ever, but the regular church members never let me forget the night I nearly burnt the church down. (Likely it was about 1916 or 1917.)

After that we got two new gas lamps that hung from the ceiling, one on each side of the pulpit. Those two lamps were fueled by gasoline brought to the burners by fine tubing from a pressure tank located just outside the door at the front of the church, behind the pulpit, this was before the choir room was added on. The large mantels gave off a very good light. I would fill the receptacle once a week and pump up the pressure. Sometimes if the sermon got too long, the lights would go dim and I would run around behind and pump up the pressure.

I recall my mother coming home from the afternoon meeting called to discuss the joining of the two congregations. The meeting was held in the Presbyterian Church and Mother remarked, "All we did was get swallowed up by the Presbyterian majority!"

The years spent in Rosedale were always referred to as, "the good years in Rosedale."

ROSEDALE RAMBLINGS

by Donald G. Bryant

The first community Christmas tree I remember was upstairs in the livery barn, a large building. This building had several large doors towards the roadway with some horse stalls. These were to stable horses of coaches staying at the hotel. There was a stairway to the upper loft which was lighted with what they called gas lanterns. This was a light with mantles that had to be pumped up with air. Great caution and care were exercised and there was much talk and exclamations lest something should happen to catch on fire. This was possibly 1924 or 1925, (likely the latter). I remember at least two Christmas trees in the Walter McGrath garage. They cleaned all the tools and cars out and set up a stage. We used to go from the elementary school on McGrath Road North to the garage to practice for the Christmas program. I believe that the garage had some kind of a lighting plant. Santa Claus came in the door that leads to the alley between the garage and McGrath's house. When the hall was ready to be used, I believe in the fall of 1928, I remember at least two Christmas trees in the new hall.

THE BURNING OF THE FRANK KERR - DAVE NEVIN BARBERSHOP AND ICE CREAM PARLOR

The burning of the Frank Kerr - Dave Nevin barbershop and ice cream parlor: in the early afternoon, father and I were cultivating corn in Hughes' land just south of the Canadian National Railways tracks on the west side when we saw the smoke and heard the church bell. I was riding a large buckskin horse on a one row



Mr. Don Bryant

corn cultivator with father walking behind. Father ran for help, saying I could come if I got the horse unhooked and could get back on. I don't think he expected me to do so, but somehow I got back on that horse and rode to somewhere around the corner of Muirhead and Munro Streets. The horse didn't want to go too close to the fire. The same night at midnight I heard the church bell go and again, father went and I watched from the upstairs bedroom of our home on Nevin Road. In the morning on the way to school I realized that another fire had broken out and it was the hotel.

THE ROSEDALE HALL BOARD

Some months later Chester and Gordon Davidson with ropes on the front of wheelbarrows were hauling the remains of the hotel up out of the basement. Soon after I saw Ray Aitken walking around the plate of the present hall. It was well under construction. Heating the hall was always a problem, starting with a 45 - gallon drum gas barrel stove, and progressing to the wood furnace out of Rosedale Elementary School obtained by W.P. (Bill) Robertson. The hall board met one evening and we carried all the pieces of the furnace out of the school and put them in the basement of the hall. Bill did all of the dismantling and putting together again during his summer holidays. Bill had sat on the board for many years. I believe it is in the first minute book that has my Father's and Mother's writing in it. Father was secretary and sometimes he would forget until he was on the way to

the barn to milk that it was meeting night. He would send me back to ask mother to write up the minutes for him. In later years I would always be amazed that Blondie Mauch could write the minutes ready for the next meeting and participate in the meeting at the same time.

I came on the Board at an early age, likely as a youth representative. I think I was about sixteen years old, which would have been 1935-36. I was nominated originally by G.N. "Noble" Ryder.

The Hall was used for dances and basketball, and it was about this time that gym classes "Pro Rec" as it was known, were started by Mr. Maurice Jorgenson. Mr. Jorgenson was operating the garage which was opposite the Hall. A large group of young people took the training. It was a provincial Recreation Program, and was one of the first good things to come out of Victoria, as the great depression ended. Robert "Bob" Boule was one of the first and star pupils of the program.

Dances would be held every second week, alternating with Atchelitz. It was at this time that a liquor licence was first available for the dances. Up until this time the chairs would be set around the wall of the dance floor. When the licence was obtained, we brought up the tables from the basement, and set them up "cabaret" style. A cupboard was built with pigeon holes for each person's bottle, with an attendant, which was the regulation at the time.

Basketball went great guns also between, Rosedale, East Chilliwack, Atchelitz and Chilliwack. This was in the early 1930's, and it continued until the Chilliwack Ag Hall was built with a regulation size court. This is now the Cheam Room of Evergreen Hall. The janitor and general handyman, Jack Fraser collected the admission, 25¢, and kept order with a six foot 2 x 4. Spectator space was limited to the stage and the only way in or out while the game was on was by the side door. Now I understand the stage is gone.

Possibly I should mention the tearing up and selling of the original floor and the laying of another one. I know there were many gallons of oil and much elbow grease applied to the new floor. Another project was the building addition that ended up being called the "Committee Room" and the moving of the rest rooms downstairs from the basement to the new addition. The downstairs washrooms had always been hard to keep clean and controlled.

I should also mention the granting of a 99-year lease to the Municipality or Rosedale Fire Brigade for that piece of property to the east of the present hall for the present fire hall. Rosedale Fire Department was operating as a community fire group several years prior to the Municipality taking it over. The start of the fire brigade was a part of the air raid precautions following Pearl Harbour. Again William P. "Bill" Robertson was put in charge of organizing fire protection and first aid teams.

I should mention also the ball grounds on the corner of Old Yale Road and Yale Road East. About 1932-1933, word was passed around that there would be a community plowing day to improve the ball grounds. The wild rose bushes and rocks came in pretty close to second base at that time. There were several teams of horses plowing, including those of J.E. Buckingham, Harold

Cameron and Noble Ryder. A gang of us boys worked picking up sticks and stones. I remember being invited to dinner that day at the Buckingham's who lived in the first house over the C.N.R. tracks on Yale Road East. There were many volunteer hours put in by many people. In the years following there were good metal backstops put in with the Rosedale Machine Shop donating pipe and the use of the portable welder.

John Love was on the Hall Board at the time and it is recalled that on 24th of May weekend he forfeited a fishing trip to Jones Lake and assisted by Bob Barkley and Bill Long of the Machine Shop crew used the fork lift to weld an overhang in place to stop foul balls. For years the Rosedale Ball Park was one of the best in the Upper Valley.

The Athletic Club of Rosedale has always been looked on as the Community Association and the Community Hall has been the focal point.

REMEMBERINGS SINCE 1910 ROSEDALE, BRITISH COLUMBIA AREA

by Irene (Kerr) Tagert

My mother, Mary E. Kerr, my youngest sister Florence and myself with our loving and faithful dog, Nig, reached Agassiz one early Spring morning via CPR. We had just left Arrowhead, B.C. to join our brother Frank in Rosedale. Our older sister, Ida, had already left Arrowhead to attend High School in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. Frank had left earlier in April, 1910, to operate our new business: poolroom and ice cream parlour. He had our furniture placed and everything readied for our arrival. The furniture had been shipped CPR to Vancouver and freighted back to Rosedale.

We were met at the Agassiz station by Mr. Charles Inkman. He operated the Agassiz-Rosedale stage. The stage consisted of a two-seated democrat and a team of spirited black horses. It was very exciting to cross the mighty Fraser River on the ferry operated by Walter McGrath. Upon entering Rosedale, I was thrilled to see two huge red brick buildings. They turned out to be tin or some similar metal, but to me it always remained *brick*. On the corner of the McGrath Road and Yale was the Royal Bank. The Post Office was in the same building, and I'm told the first postmaster was Mr. Russell. Now, as I remember, Mr. Russell lived in a small house near the second bridge of the slough with the Howard Muirhead home opposite. Mr. Muirhead was nice to us kids and talked to us about earlier days. He said, "It was always easy to make money, but it was the smart ones who kept it to be useful in life." I must have liked that.

One lot west from the opposite corner was a huge brick store, owned by Stocker and Close. We were nearly at our new home now. Frank had everything in order both in the Ice Cream Parlour and our living quarters. This consisted of an entrance hall, large dining room, living room, pantry and kitchen. Upstairs over the store were five bedrooms. The poolroom was joined, but with no entrance from our quarters. Now this was to be our home until one day in the middle of 1926 when a fire started between the walls and our stores and home were totally

destroyed.

I must digress a moment, returning to Charles Inkman. In 1982, while visiting my nephew, Roger Kerr, and family in Agassiz, I walked about two blocks to attend the Anglican Church service, and noticed a cross street marked "Inkman Road", and my brain became all fired with memories. At the church (All Saints, I believe) I sat about half way to the altar, on the left side. No one else sat on that side, so a very nice lady, wearing a hat, came to sit next to me. Later she introduced herself as Miss Inkman. I told her about the name on the street and she informed me that it was named after her father or her uncle. Immediately we became fast friends and we talked to all the people who hadn't left church yet. Among them was the organist, Anne (Cartmell) Clegg of Rosedale, whose farm abuts Frank Kerr's farm at the back. Her aunt, Elsie Cartmell, was one of my good friends at High School in Chilliwack. Anne invited me to visit her. Miss Inkman drove me back to my nephew's home and hoped it could be arranged for me to meet with their historical club, but time ran out and I had to return home to Palm Springs, California.

Now, back to Rosedale: Back of our home was the blacksmith shop operated by Mr. Glanville, with helper Jack Ross who was very friendly. There was always plenty of action emanating from that area, and I loved seeing the sparks fly from the anvil, but dreaded when it was necessary to fall a horse to shoe it. Sort of made me sick. The Glanvilles became some of our best friends. Clarice, while a year ahead of me at school, roomed with me at Jack Laughlin's right next to the Chilliwack High School. More about that later. Doris was Florence's friend, and Reg belonged to all of us. They were strong in our church. Their home was next to the shop. Reg was invited to a party and needed a haircut. Well, our barber, Dave Nevin was not available, so Clarice and I cut Reg's hair. The poor kid just cried. We couldn't get the sides even so we just clipped further up his head and the hair ended in a mere tuft on top. Clarice and I felt terrible but couldn't help laughing and that didn't make matters better. Needless to say, Reg never did get to that party.

About five years ago Doris, who lived at Windsor, Ontario, felt an urge to return to Rosedale and search out whoever was left of earlier acquaintances. Upon arriving in Chilliwack she inquired and was taken to meet Fred Bryant, who in turn took her to my brother, Frank Kerr. Well, did they have a great time! Frank had a "Roman Holiday" toting her around the entire area in his small car and while there were few folks she knew, the places were much the same.

Doris and I correspond at Christmas. Glanvilles left Rosedale about 1916 to live in Vancouver, and, when I was ready for Normal School the next year, I boarded at their home as did Vera Morden of Chilliwack, and we roomed together. That summer Clarice and I went to Hatzic to pick strawberries but that was a real disaster as we were called too early when only a few berries were ripe. Our great plans of wealth became distorted and we returned to her home to find all the doors locked. However, there was a window partly open away upstairs. We placed the ladder and I climbed it and had to jump to catch the window ledge. I made it or else I wouldn't be

telling you about it. We played much tennis and soon Clarice left to teach school. Vera and I went to Normal School, and I don't believe I saw Clarice again.

Now, back to Rosedale. The hotel was opposite our store, on Yale Road. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Somers were the owners. Their son Charles Jr. and his wife, the former Sarah Munro, worked with them. Mr. Somers was always busy, it seemed to me, sweeping the huge porch across the front of the hotel and arranging the chairs. He wore a hat down over his eyes and we somehow knew that wasn't a good time to ask any questions. As I remember, there was no liquor bar. Mrs. Somers was very heavysset and of excellent humour and a great cook. There was always the delightful smell of hot bread and all the other good odours from her kitchen. At the side of the hotel was a croquet lawn and we were always welcome to play croquet and bring our friends at any time with one firm rule: balls and mallets must be replaced. The next farm east of the hotel was owned by Colon Munro, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Munro who lived across Hope Slough. Colon, a brother of Sarah Somers, was a very quiet person and always working his farm. We got our cream from him, to prepare ice cream. He married Helen Walker, a tall pretty person, whose mother and younger sister Edna lived next door to the Edgar Archibalds. The Hotel and our business were boosted by the start of CNR construction, and in turn the lumber industry added vitality. Archibald's General Store, located at the corner of Yale and McGrath Roads, was indeed the hub of the Rosedale business area. Besides, you could see what you were buying - glass counters for dried foods. Florence and I always went shopping with Mamma when she paid her bill and Mr. Archibald always gave each of us a goodly sized bag of square caramels from the round wooden tub, or lady-finger caramels from the larger tub. Archibald's store was unique: a huge stove in centre front, and in cool or rainy weather always a group of men gathered 'round, chatting. Opposite the grocery department were shelves well stocked in yardage goods and ribbons and almost everything needed in ordinary wearing apparel such as overalls and shirts. The Archibald sons worked in the store. First was Harry, the oldest, who was married to a most beautiful woman and lived in a Dutch Colonial home, with a well-kept lawn, across Yale Road from the store. Then Doug came into the picture and I think that Harry and his wife left Rosedale. Doug married Myrtle Munro and they lived on McGrath Road, immediately behind the store. Later Earle came, and he married Clara Peterson. Their only child, Ron, did not return from World War II. Earle and Clara were great friends of my sister Florence. She found it convenient to have to go to Clara's when it was dishwashing time. Clara previously worked at the Somers Hotel. Earle became Postmaster with the office in the store building, with a separate entrance. Marjorie was a year behind me in High School, and there was a younger brother Donald. He was very small when the family came to Rosedale from Nova Scotia, but he had much energy for a two- or three-year-old, and his mother tethered him to a chair in the front yard on nice days, to ensure that he would not jump the picket fence. There was another daughter, Ida, still living

in Nova Scotia who visited the family each summer. Mrs. Edgar Archibald played a large part in my formative years. If I had problems, I could always talk them over with her and she took time out to satisfy my needs. She was indeed my confidante, and Florence would sort of taunt me, "She has been talking again to Mrs. Archibald". I'm quite sure there was a Fire Hall, but can't seem to place where it was. All the able-bodied young men were volunteer firemen. There was also a livery stable and a business selling cattle and poultry feeds and agricultural supplies. That takes care of Rosedale business world. Still on Yale and McGrath Roads was the Public School, of two rooms. Miss Nell Bradley was the principal, and we all had a tremendous admiration for her. My respect for her has played a prominent role in my life. She walked past our home twice each day, with an even stride. Mostly she wore a three-quarter length suit, tailored of course, and I especially recall the dark green. She was an excellent teacher, especially in English. On Friday afternoons after recess, either we listened to her read a story or we could each recite something of our choice. I never forgot when I recited "The Nightingale and the Glow Worm". In substance:

*The nightingale sang all day long
Nor yet at eventide was ended.
And the glow worm gave the light.*

*Moral: So brother should not war with brother
Nor worry and devour each other,
But sing and shine with great delight
'Til life's poor transient night is spent.*

I was in dead earnest and Miss Bradley laughed and so did all the kids, and I cried. I still loved Nell Bradley and went to visit her after she was married and living in Cloverdale.



Mrs. Irene (Kerr) Tagert (89) surrounded by the third generation of children that she babysits. 1988.



Mr. Alan Kirkby

MEMORIES OF ALAN KIRKBY

Alan Kirkby, a resident of the Cheam area since 1910 recalls some vivid memories of the Upper Valley and the Camp River-Rosedale area in particular. He writes:

"In earlier days this valley was settled mostly by people from Britain or Ontario who were, for the most part, either Methodist or Church of England, with a smaller number of Presbyterian belonging to Cooke's.

Rosedale, by the end of the first decade, was over the years of prosperity. It still had the marks of its boom time, when lumber, shakes, shingles and the influx of settlers had created a thriving community. The Rosedale Hotel where the Community Hall is, was owned by the Sommers, whom we knew well. Archibald's Grocery, Close's General Store and others, were all showing the effects of the end of large scale logging. The end was in sight for the Graham and McNair Logging Company.

My connection with Rosedale was through the Church. Anglican people like us, the Holdens, Ronksleys, Seymours, Gills, Keefers, and others went to the Anglican Church at Camp Slough, where the hall is now. I have been questioned as to the truth about there ever being a church there, but I am positive I am right. The people I have mentioned went to Camp Slough Anglican Church. In even earlier days there was a church on Reeves Road which preceded the Camp Slough one.

Our connection with Rosedale was that the clergyman, Mr. Searles, was the minister at St. Peter's. At times the Camp Slough congregation went to Rosedale. The Anglican Archbishop, du Pencier, had a home on Castleman Road.

There was a good-sized piece of ground around St. Peter's. The rectory was roomy, the church and buggy sheds, with a large garden down to the water's edge. It really was beautiful. Hope Slough had an unspoiled

stream of clean water with a gravel bottom and a good flow - not the drainage ditch it is today, choked with growth along so much of its course.

Another gathering in Rosedale was the annual picnic on the Brush farm upstream from St. Peter's. I never remember any cars, only horses and buggies.

In 1930 I became part of the Rosedale community again. I started teaching in Rosedale under W.P. Robertson in 1930. My three years in Rosedale were the best years of my teaching career. Looking back it seems like Rosedale was the friendly village you read about in fiction.

The McGrath Road four-room school became too crowded, so I was moved with grades three and four to the old two room school opposite Archibald's store on the southeast corner. The second room was used Friday for manual training. So teacher and students saw everything that went on in Rosedale. A frequent event was Bryant's cows being moved from one place to another. They took their time going up and down Nevin and McGrath roads.

Dave Nevin, with his wooden peg leg, had the barber-shop. The current story of the time was that he was going home one night to Church Street, and his peg leg went through a knothole in the wooden sidewalk and got stuck there.

Mrs. McNair had the coffee shop on the northwest corner, McGrath's were opposite. Peter Close still had his general store open but business was dead. He had made his money and was retired. He and I were very good friends and fellow Conservatives. They elected Mr. Elgin Munro, a Liberal, then it went Conservative, and again in 1935, Liberal.

Pete Close's daughter, Violet, was a secretary to the professor of Poultry Husbandry at U.B.C. He gave Peter Close a flock of prize Rhode Island Red chickens. One day Pete Close offered me a setting of eggs in exchange for some beeswax, as he was doing some grafting. He got the wax and I got the eggs. I put them under an older hen who had always been a good mother. Later, when there was no sign of life in the eggs, I gently cracked one, then another. None had chicks. I told Pete and he looked surprised and couldn't understand it, or so I thought.

One day Dave Nevin was cutting my hair and I mentioned it to him. He began to josh me about it. For the moment I couldn't figure what the joke was. Then Dave told me the rooster had died some weeks before. Even I had to laugh at myself. Pete Close was known as 'Close by name and close by nature'. He and I remained good friends but never mentioned chickens to each other.

This little incident is an example of the way I remember things to have been. They were good days."

RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY ROSEDALE CENTRE AND AREA

by Milton Nelson MacAlpine

I arrived at Rosedale, B.C., in 1910 from Alberta where I was born. In our party were my parents, Charles Alexander MacAlpine and wife Elizabeth May, my grandparents, Martin Halstead Nelson and wife Alzora,

and my uncle Roy Martin Nelson. The men came from Alberta via a CPR boxcar in which were the worldly possessions of house furniture, farm implements, and farm stock of horses and cows. They arrived in Agassiz, loaded up the wagons, hitched the horses, tethered the cows behind and started for Rosedale. They came to the Fraser River and thought perhaps they could find a shallow by which to ford the river, as this was the way rivers were crossed on the prairies. They had to settle for crossing on a ferry which consisted of a flat-deck scow tied alongside a small power boat. This ferry was operated by Walter McGrath who some years later built a garage in Rosedale proper.

My parents and my uncle took up separate properties on McGrath Road between Hope Slough and Camp Slough. These streams were actually back-waters of the Fraser River which had been dammed on the east end to solve the flooding problem and were now run-off streams for the area. They abounded in trout and were the favorite weekend spots for all the boys in the area. My parents and uncle began farming, supplemented by employment at various jobs. My grandparents bought a farm, stump ranch on Castleman Road where it turns when meeting Hope Slough.

Most acreages in those days were thickly dotted with huge fir tree stumps which were farmed around while all spare time was used for the burning and digging out of the large stumps. My Uncle Roy bought a five acre plot on Castleman Road which was nothing but large stumps, and it took him years of burning, etc. before he was able to put in his first crop. In today's thinking it is difficult to comprehend how this part of the Fraser Valley looked then. The Valley was huge trees from the mountains to the river except where the hardy pioneers had followed the loggers and were trying to clear the land to make farms that were family-sustaining.

There were many sawmills in the area cutting lumber and shingles which were in great demand. It was common to hear as many as eight mill whistles signalling the hours of 7:00 a.m., 12:00 and 1:00 noon, and again at 6:00 p.m. which was quitting time.

All main roads were graded and gravelled. This work was done by men and horses working ten-hour days as well as doing farm chores before and after the road work. Gravel was hauled by wagons and dumped by dismantling the boxes, removing first the ends and sides, then the lengthwise four-inch wide bed members one at a time. The gravel had to be loaded by manpower in the selected gravel pits and many a back-breaking hour was put in on the end of a shovel before the yard and a half was loaded. Lateral or side roads were earth and mud, and very difficult to travel during the rainy months. The principal main road was the Yale Road on which the town of Rosedale was built. This road was well gravelled and maintained.

All of the area's exports such as lumber, shingles, produce and milk had to be hauled down the Yale Road to Chilliwack which was the end of the line for the B.C. Electric Railway, or to Chilliwack Landing which was the loading point for the stern-wheelers to New Westminster via the Fraser River. There was a milk processing plant in Chilliwack where the farmers could ship their milk and

cream, same being picked up at roadside stands by horse and wagon.

If one travelled by road to the coast the route was through Chilliwack, through Sardis and Vedder Crossing, over the Vedder Mountain, along the north side of the USA-Canada border, thence to Abbotsford, Aldergrove, and Langley to New Westminster.

The town of Rosedale was built adjacent to the intersection of Yale and McGrath Roads. There were two general stores: those of Edgar Archibald and Peter Close. The Archibald store was a real old country store, with a central coal and wood heater, where old timers and new would gather to swap stories and pass on the local news. Sid Martin drove their delivery wagon which was later replaced by a motor truck. Deliveries were made throughout the area from Cheam on the west to Jones Hill on the east. Near Jones Hill lived Captain Waldron and his family. He was an old river captain; his wife was a motherly soul who always had a piece of pie or cake for anyone who called. The store of Peter Close had a more sophisticated air, having its various departments separated from each other but stocked with all the requirements of the local area. This store had a country delivery which for a time was handled by my father. The area served was Camp Slough to Cheam and along the East Chilliwack Road. Peter Close was also a Justice of the Peace; in those days that office took care of local crime for the Provincial Police whose nearest office was Chilliwack. Peter Close was also the local Fire Department Chief and held fire practices with a hand-drawn two-wheeled hose reel cart. These practices were always a delight to the kids of the town.

The Post Office was the usual "general delivery" type. The mail would arrive on special days in mail sacks and be dumped on the floor behind the wicket. The sorting was by hand and therefore slow and painful for those waiting for the delivery. Some would get their mail through the wicket and the more affluent could afford a post office box which had a small window to reveal whether it contained mail, and opened by a key. The Post Office was in Archibald's store for a time, then politics demanded that it be moved across Yale Road to another building where Braithwaites were the Postmasters; following another change of politics the Post Office went back to the Archibald Store.

A Chinese laundry was housed in a clap-board building on the McGrath Road between Yale Road and Hope Slough. This was also the building housing the Chinese population who were employed in various capacities around the area, some being cooks, mill workers, etc. I remember much harassment of these people which was unfortunate, as they harmed no one. They kept to themselves and enjoyed their own amusements which in those days were mainly the drinking of saki and playing fan-tan and other games. I have often wondered if some of the old-timers in Rosedale have conducted a "dig" in the place I am referring to, to recover the Chinese items which are now valuable artifacts.

There were three churches in town. One was the Anglican Church with its vicarage, with the Reverend Searles officiating. Then there was the Methodist Church just west of the Close store. On amalgamation with the

Presbyterians this church was sold to become a barber shop and later a pool hall, operated by Dave Nevin who was known as "Peg-leg Dave". He had lost a leg in an accident and used a straight wooden leg to walk. The Presbyterian Church with its adjoining horse and buggy shed became the United Church as it is known today. However to 1925 the amalgamated churches were known as the "Union Church", and I am still a member having a certificate to prove it, and I have never transferred my affiliation. For a time I acted as church janitor which job required ringing the bell in the bell tower by means of a rope which came down into the entry foyer. The bell was so heavy that the bell tower used to sway.

There was a blacksmith shop where big Robert Glanville was the "smitty". He was a brawny man and very strong. We kids would be allowed in, at a safe distance, to witness his prowess in moulding a piece of iron into a tool, a horse shoe, or other article. He shod all types of horses and many he had to "throw" to be able to affix the shoes. He would rebuild implements, make wagon and buggy wheels, and do all those repairs necessary in those days to keep farming and local industry going. We kids always could get a buggy rim which had been replaced. We used them as hoops, the power coming from a piece of hardwood spoke held in our hands. Every kid had a hoop, and their operation kept us running. This blacksmith shop was later operated by Laurie Lobb with whom I attended the Rosedale School.

A large three-story frame-structured hotel with nearby livery barn and stables was operated by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Somers. This was a popular stopping place for travellers on the Yale Road. They had a Chinese cook and Mrs. Somers also assisted with the cooking and serving tables. I remember a story that Mrs. Somers knew that the Chinese cook never salted the soup properly; Mr. Somers liked his soup well salted. One day the cook salted the soup well; Mrs. Somers added a bit more as was her custom; then Mr. Somers, knowing the fault of the Chinese cook, when passing through the kitchen added more salt. Those who were in the dining room said they never heard of Mr. Somers adding salt to the soup thereafter.

The livery barn was well stocked with horses for any occasion, together with wagons and buggies. Following the introduction of the motor car, the horses and buggies disappeared. Mr. Somers then used the lower floor of the stable to make cider, and apparently good cider it was until the law caught up with him for operating an illegal business.

From about 1915 a regular "jitney" service was provided between Rosedale and Chilliwack. One of the early drivers and operators was Ross Karr, who with his wife lived in a suite in the corner of the Rosedale Hotel. Ross was a local boy whose father farmed on McGrath Road just south of the present school.

The school consisted of two rooms, separately heated by wood stoves, immediately across McGrath Road South from the Archibalds' store. Only double desks were used and each desk was occupied by an older boy and a younger boy and the same with the girls, the older ones acting as protectors and helpers for the younger

ones. I remember only two teachers at this school while I attended. One is Nell Bradley who later married a Mr. Shannon of Cloverdale whose farm was situated where the present "Shannon Acres" development is located. The other was a Miss Hemming, daughter of Mr. W. Hopcraft who lived on the Yale Road east of town. Miss Hemming had fiery red hair and a temper to match. She cut my head once by hitting me with the edge of a ruler. She later married a man from Powell River. My ambition then was to become a teacher and take my wrath out on her kids.

The area medic was Dr. Elliott who lived with his wife and family on the corner of McGrath Road and the present Church Street. He had his office and dispensary on one side of the house. He moved his practice to Chilliwack and later was killed when a B.C. Electric train was in collision with his car at a level crossing in Sardis. The only area hospital was in Chilliwack.

A provincial Member of Parliament was Charles Munro who was a Liberal. He had a small farm on McGrath Road, across from and just south of the present school. I remember helping to plant the trees around the perimeter of the present school grounds, as small seedlings, during the first World War. Principals at the new school whom I remember were Don Siddons, Clarke Brannick, and George Ford.

In 1913 and 1914 the Canadian Northern Railway was graded through Rosedale, the work being done by teams of horses and one-man scrapers. Hundreds of men worked on this grade, building bridges and rock-cuts and finally laying the steel rails. We had a local train service to Vancouver, starting at Hope at 7:00 a.m., picking up passengers, mail, and milk at all the waypoints en-route to Vancouver, arriving there about 11:00 a.m. The return trip left Vancouver at 7:00 p.m. arriving at Hope at 11:00. This was called the "Milk Special". Mr. W.D. Hughes was the station agent at Rosedale. When he was away for short holidays I acted as assistant agent in 1922 and 1923.

The families living in the Rosedale area were, with few exceptions, of British origin. One significant exception was a young single man by the name of Charlie Nazareno. He drove a shingle-bolt truck down the mountain from Ford's Corner.

Names of old-timers I remember: on the McGrath Road north starting at Rosedale bridge were Archibalds, Elliotts, Munros, Karrs, G. Dennis, Colon Munro, Howard Muirhead, Maxwell Stevenson, Joshua Cook, Baxter Anderson, Roy Nelson, Matt Vallance, S.R. Heal, Captain Scott, Tom Muirhead, Captain Cartmell, Jim McLeod, Jack Vallance, and around the corner toward the ferry were Noble Ryder and Walter McGrath. Further on was Dick Bustin.

On the old Yale Road eastward starting at Archibald's store were the old school, the elder Mercers, the Union Church, McNairs, Alex Mercer, Hopcrafts, Bennett (butcher, with two sisters), Stinson Mercer, Herbert Brush, Tribes, John Martin, then the road to McNair-Graham sawmill, then the Indian Reserve.

On the Castleman Road were Nelsons, Peets, and Coopers.

The old Yale Road continued east through the Indian

Reserve, across the railway tracks, and then climbed to highland above the Fraser River. En-route it passed through an Indian Village near the location where immense quantities of gravel were removed for construction of the Chilliwack dyke just prior to 1900, and again for construction of the railway in 1913-14. My grandfather would hitch a team to the buckboard and we would go for a Sunday drive through this old Indian village to Popcum and return.

The 1912 photo of Rosedale viewed from the roof of Somers Hotel shows from left to right: Chinese laundry; Union Church and buggy shed; in foreground, Kerr's Ice Cream Parlour and Pool Hall, behind this, old Methodist Church; Peter Close store; (unseen), Archibald store; two-room school; Mercer farmhouse and barns; close right, Glanville blacksmith shop; woodworking and machine shop. In the background is Mount Cheam with a covering of new snow, and behind the town a deep forest. I left Rosedale in 1924 with my parents when my father went elsewhere to seek employment. I have revisited the town many times since those delightful childhood days, and I always enjoy a pleasant feeling of having known Rosedale when the town and area were being hacked out of a primitive forest.

An isolated recollection: each and every Christmas Eve, when there was snow on the ground, David Greyell, quite elderly, a widower without family, who resided just west of the Producers Exchange feed store, would, after darkness, and usually in the wee hours, hitch up his horse and cutter and leave sleigh tracks outside each house in Rosedale where there were children. It was a joyous event for the children to discover Santa's sleigh tracks in the snow on Christmas morning.

Perhaps there are many other interesting bits of history of the town that I have forgotten about, but no doubt other old-timers will write their pieces that will fill in the blanks.

MRS. BLANCHE MERCER

submitted by Blanche Mercer

Blanche Mercer was born in Markdale, Ontario and came with her parents John and Sarah Martin, to Rosedale in 1911. She told of getting off the CPR train in Agassiz in the morning and seeing the mountains for the first time. She could not believe her eyes. It had been cloudy and dark during the trip through the Rockies. She has never failed to marvel at the beauty and majesty of Mt. Cheam. Her family of which she was the eldest boasted five girls and four boys. Her father built the large house that still stands on the northwest corner of 51693 Old Yale and Bustin Roads.

There were lots of wagons and horseback traffic on the road at that time and the road, now known as Yale Road East, from the ball park was known as the "New Road" as it had only been there a few years at that time. Mrs. Mercer told of seeing the laying of the CNR Rail lines in 1912 and of the great crowd of people gathered from great distances to see the first train (a work train) come to Rosedale from Port Mann. Many of the children were very frightened when they heard the first steam whistle.

John Martin (Mrs. Mercer's father) was a very

meticulous carpenter and builder and his services were much in demand. He built the Colon Munro house for Colin and his bride, Helen Walker, which stands at 51253 Yale Rd. East. Mr. Martin also built the St. Peter's Anglican Church and Parsonage. Rev. Colon Searles was the minister at the time.

She also told of the building constructed on the northwest corner and first occupied by the Royal Bank. When the bank closed, the first feed store was there and was operated by George and Liza Smith. Later it became B & K Feed and moved farther west on Yale Road.

There was a butcher shop on Old Yale Road at the location of 51554. This was a slaughterhouse and retail shop of Arthur Bennett. Mr. Bennett went around all the roads, by team and wagon, selling meat, both cured and fresh.

Mrs. Mercer remembers the day that Mr. O. Tribe was brought home after having fallen from the hay mow at the Baxter Anderson Farm. Mr. Tribe was confined to the house across the road and died after several weeks.

She also told of the early days of the First World War when Gerald and Arthur Carter of "The New Road" heard the news that Germany had declared war on Britain. They left the field where they were harvesting grain and, quickly making arrangements for neighbours to look after the horses, sell the stock, and take care of their possessions until they got back, they were off to England to enlist. Both were fortunate to return.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF TAKA TANAKA (NEE KOJIMA)

I was born in Rosedale and attended Rosedale Public School, grades 1 to 8, and lived in Rosedale until my first year at Chilliwack High School.

As far as I can remember my parents emigrated to Canada from Japan around 1913 and became Canadian citizens at a later date - I am not certain when immigrants were accepted for Canadian citizenship but they became naturalized citizens as soon as this was permitted.

My father's first job in Canada was with the Graham & McNair Lumber Company located a mile or so from Rosedale. Mother and dad lived on the company compound where my older sister and one brother died at ages eight and three respectively. Henry, the youngest, lives in Toronto.

While we still lived in the lumber company compound, my mother's oldest brother (at the time a Japanese naval lieutenant, but an admiral at the time of his death) visited us and decided that we should move out to another area, and helped my father to start an import/export business - exporting marine products to Japan and importing Japanese products such as fabrics, novelties, etc. My father established offices in Vancouver and was away the greater part of the year. Meantime, we moved to a small house located at the junction of Yale Road and the road that led to the site of Graham & McNair Lumber Company which had, by that time, closed its mill operation. My mother studied dressmaking in Vancouver and became an expert steamstress with customers in Rosedale as well as in Chilliwack. We lived near the mill

for a few more years, then moved to a bungalow at 9835 McGrath Road past Archibald's General Store, near the railroad where we lived until my first year at Chilliwack High School. We moved to a house on Reece Avenue, Chilliwack, when I was in grade nine, where my parents and brother lived until the outbreak of the war. In February, 1936, I had left for Japan to further my education. There I married a Tokyo businessman, had two children and lived in Tokyo for 23 years. I returned to Canada with my two children in 1959 and lived in Toronto for 22 years. I moved to Vancouver in the summer of 1982 to the present address. My two children are both married with children of their own. My daughter lives in Burnaby and my son in Toronto. My father died about 35 years ago, but my mother is still alive and is a healthy, alert 95. She is in a nursing home in South Burnaby.

REMEMBERING ROSEDALE

By Florence (Hall) Greene

Our father, Edwin Hall, was born in Lisnaskea, County Fermanagh, N. Ireland, in 1872, one of a family of seven. The family emigrated to Amherst, Ontario when he was eleven. He began railroading at an early age, and his work took him first to Westminster Township near London and then west in 1903 with C.P.R. construction in the Nelson area. Various postings followed from there to Salmon Arm. His parents had joined him, but grandfather died and was buried in Salmon Arm, after which grandmother Hall returned to Amherstburg. Dad made the trip east when she died, and Mother, Roberta Elliott of Pond Mills, Westminster, returned with him as a bride in 1911 to their first home in Grand Forks, where I was born the following year. The next moves were to Nakusp and then Kamloops, where Ted was born in 1915. Our family arrived in Rosedale in March 1916, at which time Dad joined the C.N.R. as section foreman.

We lived in the "Section House" across the road from the station. All I remember of the move is that for a time I was terrified of every train, certain that the huge monster was about to jump the track and take after me. When we arrived, both house and station were standing in water, and mother was certain it was deepest right at our back door. She used to tell me I actually fell in once. Fortunately Dad was able to drain the property, and thereafter indulged in his gardening hobby. Our root cellar was filled with vegetables for winter and mother was kept busy during the canning season. Ted and I played hide-in-seek through rows of corn, and snacked by raiding the green pea patch. Mother also bought fresh salmon and canned much of it for winter. What a luxury that would be in Ontario!

Dad had a tendency to make pets of his small livestock. Some of our chickens had names and ran about freely until the inevitable chicken fences appeared on the scene. The few ducks remained wanderers, and set up a noisy chorus every morning, demanding breakfast. If Dad didn't comply readily enough, they weren't above trying the neighbours! The garden was extensive, and dad also raised a couple of pigs, so we had our own pork and

mother made head cheese every Fall. Also, the extra chicken eggs were packed in water glass for winter use.

I soon overcame my fear of the locomotives, and when the passenger trains stopped dad often allowed me to take great bunches of sweet peas across to the station platform. How proud I was to hand them through the windows to the delighted passengers! We all absorbed dad's enthusiasm for the railroad. In time mother could tell us the numbers of the larger locomotives when she heard them whistle. Ted and I were fascinated by the "speeder" on which the train crew propelled themselves along the rails. We learned early the wisdom of knowing exactly when trains were due, and were aware that dad's watch was inspected regularly, since its accuracy had to measure up to railway standards. His responsibilities were magnified during the winter season when mud slides could cut the main line. It seemed to us that this happened more frequently at night, and there were occasions when we were wakened in the darkness as dad was hurrying in response to an emergency call. Mother covered her concern by jokingly remarking that he seemed to collide with most of the furniture in his haste.

Life in Rosedale community was very pleasant, and though we were there only about seven years, it was really home. My fondest memories are of Mt. Cheam and the friends we knew. Our closest neighbours were the Simpsons and then the Hughes at the station, and the Martins and McNairs close by. Norma Vanderburg was a good friend, and I marvelled at the electric lights at the Adolph Peterson farm when I stayed overnight with Evelyn. We knew the W.J. Thompson family well, and Ted and I enjoyed hiking out to their big farmhouse. Ted particularly remembers Thad Huddleston who gave him his first ever bike to ride.

Archibald's store was a very familiar place. Mrs. Archibald and mother were close friends, and she kept in touch with her and Mrs. Thompson long after we were settled back in Wallaceburg, Ontario, and the Thompsons in Olds, Alberta.

Mother, in particular, must have felt real sadness at leaving the Valley, as she had family ties there. She and Dr. Jack Elliott were first cousins, and between them they kept up with the news of relatives in Ontario, among them mother's two sisters. After Dr. Jack's move to Chilliwack it was a treat to visit there, travelling either on the train or by the jitney. The doctor became a familiar figure to me, though Ted remembers his car more clearly. My tonsilectomy in the Chilliwack hospital was a memorable occasion as Dr. Jack was coroner, and was called out to an accident moments before surgery was to begin. So my big operation had to wait until his return! It was a sad day when news of his accidental death reached us in Wallaceburg.

Our family attended church regularly, and Rev. Hugh Rae was a good friend. Mother remembered occasions when he came to call by way of the garden, arriving at the door with green peas or a ripe tomato in his hand. Mother taught in the Sunday School, and at one time had a little Japanese girl named Kimi in her class. We all felt badly when she came to say good-bye before returning to Japan with her parents. Miss E. Lobb (later Mrs. Hockin) was the Sunday School teacher I remember. I

was excited when she married, and I was able to watch her ride by on her way to the Church on her wedding day.

In November, 1918, our grandmother died in London, Ontario, and thereafter grandpa Elliott came west to live with us. He grew to love the mountains and enjoyed his friends in the community. At seventy-three he was very active, did a lot of hiking about, and grew the flowers - all except dad's sweet peas. If there were frozen ponds in the winter, grandpa skated, and it was a real thrill skimming over the ice hanging onto his coat tails.

Because Ted and I were with Mother in London during grandma's last illness, we were held there during the great flu epidemic. I did not start school until Easter, 1919, when I was six and a half. I clearly remember mother starting me off with new book and pencil for my first day in Miss Leary's class. She and Miss McManus were my teachers during the rest of our stay in Rosedale. I remember a school parade with everyone in costume and how proud I was of my Little Bo-Peep costume with its large old-fashioned hat. Another school event comes to mind when we all had a special holiday to make a weekend long enough for staff members to climb the summit of Mt. Cheam. The whole village was agog, waiting to sight them on the peak. They arrived there all right, but Lady Luck arranged to have the top covered in cloud and we weren't able to witness their triumph.

I remember cheering loudly for the scoring players at basketball games, and I attended at least one social and bazaar held across from Archibalds store where the Post Office now stands. At the latter I indulged too freely in fresh coconut, and the lovely crocheted tam mother bought me served to overcome my distress.

Our family left Rosedale in the fall of 1922, and it was 1971 before I was to see the Valley again. John and I were both teaching and decided to spend the summer in the West. I was truly excited as we neared Rosedale, coming from Hope. We approached two men who were talking in front of the still-familiar Archibald store - and what a thrill it was to find that the spry eighty-one year old was Frank Kerr, and that he remembered my dad! He directed us to the Earle Archibalds across the street and we were sorry to find him in poor health. We also found our way to renew my friendship with the Martin girls, Edith Jeffrey and Ellen Klick. We were off to a good start, and spent a delightful week in the area looking up old friends - Evelyn (Peterson) Furnell, Emma (McNair) Maitland, and Norma (Vanderburg) Honey (later Simpson). It was amazing how many memories we recalled. After so many years, it was a real privilege to again meet my first teacher, Miss Leary, and my Sunday School teacher, Mrs. Hockin, with her daughter, Mildred. Mrs. McNair, whom mother had known so well, was also living, and we spent a pleasant afternoon with her and Emma. We visited the school where Mr. Nash, the caretaker, permitted me to wander into the classroom where I had started out so long ago. Before leaving we called on Mrs. Kathleen (Elliott) Moore in Chilliwack. The C.N. station and the old section house in Rosedale were gone, but my childhood memories were not, and there was still a sense of "belonging". We have visited several times since 1971, but that year remains a real mile post.

Brother Ted (Edwin E.) and his wife, Rosalie, still live in Wallaceburg, where Ted was engineer-technician for Wallaceburg Brass, now Waltec. They have a family of three - John, in Sarnia, has two boys, Jim, in Corunna, has two sons and a daughter, and Ann, Mrs. Dan Churchill, has three boys, also in Corunna.

John and I have one daughter, Mrs. Tony Klymson, and one grandson.

ROSEDALE MEMORIES

by Ronald Heal, Armstrong, B.C.

It is my intention to "come home" August 3, 1985, when, with luck, I may see some old friends and acquaintances of 50 years ago. It will be 48 years ago this summer that we left Rosedale and our brief family sojourn in my idyllic hometown was in retrospect *very* brief.

Mother and dad settled in Rosedale in 1919 being just married in March of that year after Dad returned from overseas. They attempted many agricultural ventures at their little place at 10689 McGrath Road - poultry, strawberries, dairy, etc. but found success in raspberries until the advent of the Marketing Board which put a stop to successful independent marketing to the prairies.

The Yale Road "Bradley place", (now 51098 Yale Road,) was bought in 1929 and nine acres of berries were planted. I can still smell the crates of fruit as they were loaded at the station with Mr. Hughes, the Canadian National Railways agent, officiating the sendoff. I can still recall, too, the sad worry of the hundreds of men who got off the boxcars to feed in the patch as the freights were placed on the sidings during the great depression years 1929-35.

The pea business began in 1932. In 1937 we all, parents and three boys, moved to Armstrong, B.C.

I guess the years in Rosedale, what with the depression and all, were rather difficult for my parents as well as everyone else, so it was with a tear that mother responded to my later comment to the effect that "our childhood in Rosedale was as happy as anyone could have."

Rafts on the sloughs, haymows, hikes to Bridal Veil and Elk Falls, rumble seat rides to Chilliwack, the Sunday School and Church, trillium picking with "Birdie" Ray R. Munro, fishing in Bryant's creek, ball park games, playing Tarzan in the vine maple groves, walking the CN rails, Tuxis bean feeds, Rev. Turpin's stories, the east wind of winter and the great ice storm of 1935, Pro. Rec. in the hall and school with fondly remembered teachers, Miss Jess, Miss Hardy, Bill Robertson, Clarence Carroll and so much more combined to a happily recalled era.

Recalling school games I told my daughter, Jane, now a teacher, about steally sticks. I learned from her it is now a favorite in Revelstoke and in Avola. I recall the skill of Eugene Edwards as a softball pitcher, of Arthur Senecal at that game with sticks and a slot in the ground (what *is* the name - was it knobbies?), soccer, release, anti-anti-aye-over, kick-the can. Kids don't seem to play as freely as we did. Now it's all organized into little leagues and hockey at 5 a.m.

My parents, two brothers and I only lived in Rosedale

for 18 years but now, 50 years later, I have many fond memories of a pastorally lovely spot at the foot of Mt. Cheam.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR

Mrs. S.R. Heal's Recipe - Rosedale, B.C. - 1930's

3 quarts of raspberries

2 quarts of vinegar

After 24 hours press, strain liquor.

Pour over 3 quarts of fresh berries and after 24 hours again press and strain.

To each pint add 1 pound of sugar and boil 20 minutes.

Bottle and cork when cold.

Dilute 1 to 3 parts of water and enjoy!

MEMORIES OF ROSEDALE

by A.E. Wiltshire

During 1960, while working on a survey at Harrison Hot Springs I was near a sign post on a vacant lot across from the Inkman store. One blade of the sign post had got tired of life and had fallen to the ground. It read "ROSEDALE FERRY 3 1/2 miles". I, being a bit of a pack rat, picked it up for a souvenir. There is still some paint on the lettering which stands out because the sign is weather beaten. With this, I have a postcard of the ferry just a short distance out from the Agassiz ramp.



Mr. A.E. Wiltshire

About 1922, Dave Nevin of Rosedale came into my shoe repair shop in the old Chilliwack Hotel block in

Chilliwack. He asked me to send down to Storey and Campbell (my supply people) and order a team neck-yoke as he wanted half of it to make a new peg leg. In time he picked up half of the yoke. I have the other half and it is like a large baseball bat. It is 3 1/8" at the large end and 30" long. Later, after fixing a leg seat of galvanized iron and padding and brace support, he returned for a rubber heel. From time to time he would return with a limp for a new heel which I put on much like a blacksmith shoeing a horse and out would go Dave on a level gait.

There was a story going around about two upper Fraser Valley citizens who both landed in prison for their misdeeds. There was a farm in connection with the prison, when it came potato planting time the peg-leg chap went ahead and punched the holes and his friend followed and dropped the seed spuds in the holes!

This next story concerns a Rosedale family and is at a time when people are cutting wood and putting in woodburning stoves again, the following may be of interest. Back forty to fifty years ago, I cut several cords of wood above Rosedale on the property of George Bryant. In those days no one burnt green wood in their stoves. The wood was usually cut in four foot lengths, split and piled in the bush to dry. A crosscut saw, axe and perhaps a sledge and steel wedges were the tools used. When time came to get the wood in, the Bryant boys brought their father's dump truck, a team, double-trees and a chain. The chain was put down, a pile of wood thrown across it, the chain was fastened and the team dragged it out to the main road. Here it was hand loaded, trucked to Chilliwack, dumped and later repiled and covered. It was handled again when it came time to be sawn, again in putting it through a basement window, again piling it, and finally in putting it in a woodburning furnace. Next, the ashes had to be carried out. The wood was handled seven times apart from the two-man crew who sawed it in town. With this work one did not need sleeping or reducing pills.

Jim Huddlestone, who lived just across the C.N.R. crossing, was the bush foreman for the McNair and Graham Lumber Mill. It is now about eighty years since I first met Mr. and Mrs. Jim Huddlestone. The same Mr. McNair had a large shingle-bolt cutting business at Clayton in Surrey and Jim was bush foreman. I, as a small boy, delivered milk to him in a five pound lard pail. Jim was quite a character. I don't think he handled a razor, but came to town (Chilliwack) every Saturday evening for a shave, then did the weekly shopping. I well remember him buying a pair of Paris logging boots from me, the lower part of these boots were *double leather*. (I have two price lists of Paris boots. The regular logger boot listed at selling price of \$18.00 in 1924, today they are \$205.00.) Jim wanted to bet me \$5.00 that the leather was not double. I figured winning a bet may mean losing a customer so there was no bet.

Don't forget about the Japanese who had a camp above Rosedale where they cut shingle-bolts. I made logging boots for them and their feet were nearly as wide as they were long. Their houses were usually made of clear split cedar shakes, sides and roof over a pole frame. Their inside footwear was pieces of board with a couple of cleats under it and a cord at the front through the toes.

No doubt there will be those who remember the nice flower tubs we got from the Japanese. They had bamboo around the top and also near the bottom. A product like seaweed came in them from Japan.

ROSEDALE MEMORIES

by Blake Tweddle

Soon after her teen years my mother, Jean Tweddle, was troubled with arthritis which resulted in her spine and neck bones being completely fused. That difficulty seemed to strengthen her determination in life. She was married at age 37 and against the advice of her doctor, produced two children.



Mr. Blake Tweddle

She was quite annoyed on one occasion when, after a road test for renewal of her driver's license, the examiner required installation of a second rear view mirror on the outside of the car because she could not turn her head.

Howland Tweddle's diaries record a great deal of visiting between friends and neighbors, church attendance and socializing and a regular exchange of work between local farmers. This exchange of work was so prevalent that often at the end of the year when it came time to "settle up" the work done for others equalled the help received and there was no need for money exchange. In 1940 a man's rate of pay was fifty cents per hour.

During his teenage years Tom Mercer now Reverend Thomas, lived at the Tweddle residence. One morning while the hired man, George Wallace, was taking three or four ten gallon milk cans down the driveway to the milk stand beside the highway, Tom came running out of the house on his way to catch the school bus. He jumped

onto the front end of the milk-cart - a prank George did not expect. The milk cart tilted forward and all the cans fell onto the driveway, spilling most of the milk. Tom was usually a very likeable, popular fellow but that day he was thoroughly unpopular.

During the January, 1935, silver thaw and flooding, Rosedale area farmers delivered their milk cans, using horses and sleighs, to the corner of McGrath Road and Yale Road, hoping that a milk truck could make it through snowdrifts to pick up the cans. The frozen milk expanded and pushed the lids six inches or so above the tops of the cans. There were a lot of bathtubs in homes used to store milk during that storm.

When we were about ten or twelve years old and playing in the Rosedale area we often talked about what we wanted to do when we grew up. Most of us agreed that we would never leave Rosedale! Doug Lobb said that when he grew up he was going to be a minister - and he did.

My biggest thrill in sport happened one winter when the Chilliwack Kinsmen Club sponsored a basketball league for 14 and 15 year old boys. During league play our Rosedale team finished third ahead of St. Mary's and behind Atchelitz and Chilliwack. To wind up the season a round robin tournament was held one night at the Chilliwack Ag. Hall. In the first game Atchelitz won easily over Chilliwack. Our Rosedale team then barely beat St. Mary's. After only 15 or 20 minutes rest we took on Atchelitz who thought they could beat us easily. Until that time we had played a man-to-man defense but with Doug Lobb as our coach we had been learning a zone defense. The zone defense thoroughly confused the Atchelitz team. Late in the game, Charlie Mercer and Bob Taylor scored to put us ahead. We were a pretty proud group of boys when we were presented with the winner's trophy.

WELDON MILLER

Milk pickup in the Upper Valley

by Phil Nash of Laidlaw

Weldon Miller, a pioneer of Rosedale, must surely be recognized for his long service to the dairy industry in the Upper Fraser Valley.

In the old days in the Upper Valley there was no electricity. Cows were milked by hand. Water to cool the

Below: Weldon, daughter Mary, and his milk truck.



milk was hand pumped and kept cool overnight in 100 lb. cans to await the morning pickup.

Weldon Millers' long day started at 5:30 a.m. when he left Rosedale. He headed east for his can pickups to near the Hope town limits, and started with shippers Starrett and Pearson at Flood. Next to Laidlaw for shippers like Bulger, Nash and Borden and off to Cheam View for Hess and to Herrling Island. His long route ended at Popcum/Rosedale with shippers MacGregor, Peterson, and Simeons.

With 30 pickups in all, the round trip was over 75 miles. Being paid by the pound meant some skimpy cheques in the winter months. Pot hole gravel roads, snow drifts, the 1948 flood and summer heat were hard on both man and machine. All had to be overcome as Weldons' spot at the Utility Plant of F.V.M.P.A. Sardis was 9:00 a.m. precisely. If he missed, he went to the end of the line.

Weldons' service to his shipper did not end there. He usually had to cash cheques, pick up chicken scratch and eggshell, and maybe a pound or two of fence staples for his return trip the next day. Only once after 15 years did Weldon hire a driver for one week.

This remarkable service which started in January 1932 went for 33 years without a single day missed.

In March 1965 all milk shipped by cans ceased, with the compulsory introduction of bulk tanks. Weldon Millers' long service to the Flood and Rosedale areas came to an end.

REMINISCING IN 1986 WITH FRANCES (HENDERSON) MILLER

by L. Anderson

Frances (Henderson) Miller spoke highly of the Bennett family who lived at 51554 Old Yale Road. Arthur Bennett was a butcher and operated a slaughterhouse and a separate butcher shop on the property. Arthur was assisted by his sisters, Alice and Annie. The Bennett trio were active in the United Church congregation of Methodists and Presbyterians. Annie was the organist for some years and Alice sang in the choir.

She spoke fondly of the days of her childhood, recalling how the children called Mr. and Mrs. Nevin "Grandpa" and "Grandma". She remembered the incident when her friend, Gertie Anderson, of Popcum, had the misfortune to lose several fingers while she was taking apart an old shell that she had found, and it exploded. She also recalled that the Baxter Anderson children always referred to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mercer as "Uncle Bob" and "Auntie Mary" and remembered pleasant walks through the woods and fields to visit them.

In those early days there was a playground on the James Mercer farm where the B.C. Forest Service buildings are today and along Yale Road. Mr. and Mrs. Mercer let the children play games there, just over the fence from the school grounds.

Rosedale was a happy place for the children to grow up in.

SPECIAL MEMORIES OF ROSEDALE

by Helen (Wares) McCaughan

I attended Rosedale school from 1928 to 1936 where I made many friends and still correspond with some of them. The May days were always a time of excitement. My sisters and I, at various times, belonged to Brownies, Guides, CGIT, and Young People's groups.

Basketball and gymnastics in the Community Hall had a high priority in our lives. Family picnics at Camp Slough Swimming hole were highlights, especially when our American cousins were visiting. We had great times with our Merson cousins riding "Old Bill" the horse. Visits to Grandma Nelson's farm are fondly remembered as well as the swimming in Hope Slough by Colon Monro's farm. One summer under the watchful eye of Uncle Stuart Nelson some of his young nieces climbed Mount Cheam. At 12 years of age I was the youngest girl to reach the top at that time.

MEMORIES OF POPCUM RESERVE

by Ed Nelson

I remember being told as a young boy that the name Popcum was the Indian name of the Tye Spring Salmon.

The salmon spawned in the lake which was also called Popcum. When Popcum Lake was drained, there was no more salmon.

I can remember parts of old buildings. One could have been a hall or a church, and there were parts of old houses by the Fraser River, down to the cemetery below Jules Island.

There were also signs of older houses on the reserve which were called Keekwees. These houses were lived in in the days when the Coastal Indians came up the Fraser River and raided the Indian villages.

The Keekwee houses were underground. The soil was dug out and two poles were placed angleways on the ground over the hole. The center pole was notched like steps to go down into the dirt house. Brush was placed over the poles so they could not be seen. A small place on top was left for the smoke to escape. The houses were made to look like a pile of brush.

At St. Elmo the Indians would hide behind the waterfalls, where caves had been formed by fallen rocks.

Our family lived next to the Popcum Reserve.

MEMORIES OF POPCUM

by Tom Bond

In the days when we were children we had plenty to keep ourselves busy. Our favorite pastime in summer was going through the woods hunting for barberry bark for our spending money. There was plenty of barberry bark around Popcum. We would peel this special bark off the small trees and after drying it would break it up into small pieces and sell it to the drug stores for 35¢ a pound. The drug stores made Ex Lax from it. However when the Japanese came to Popcum they soon took over the market and depleted the bark tree plants. It was fun and profitable for most young kids in our area.



This picture was taken at our old well house on the old farm in Popcum about 1918. Back row: Tom Bond, Kenny LaMarsh, my cousin. Front row: Billy Bond, Uncle Dave LaMarsh.

The Popcum area was very heavily timbered. I remember one very large cedar tree on the back of our place. It was about 14 feet across and up to 150 feet high. There was lots of hemlock, douglas fir, cedar, soft maple and lots of pesky flying bugs.

The area round Popcum Lake was mostly logged by steam donkey engines. There was a railroad bed laid from McNair and Graham's mill at Rosedale to Popcum Lake. This was to the north of Old Yale Road and the Fraser River for power to pull the loaded log cars. They had an upright steam boiler mounted on a flat car and was chain driven so one could check back. Fred Karr was one of the early steam engine engineers in Popcum and worked on this type of logging machinery. Uncle Fred LaMarsh also logged both horse and steam power engines. He was killed in a logging accident down in the Strawberry Hill area west of Abbotsford leaving my aunt with six children to raise. This was a tough job as the compensation board was not so good in those days. Their family consisted of Ken, Margaret, Ethel, Freddy, Jack and Wesley.

It was around 1924-25 that they started hauling logs by truck. Ten ton Federal trucks were the first ones used in the Popcum-Rosedale logging area. Charlie Nazareno was one of the first truck drivers to haul logs off the Nixon hill south of Rosedale. Charlie had a runaway with a six foot, 18 foot long one log load. They had no air brakes on the trucks in those days, strictly gear shift and hydraulic brake on the main truck and no trailer brakes. Charlie had a wild ride down the mountain, but managed to keep it on the road and finally coasted down into Rosedale. All was well! Boy! what a driver he was! Dave LaMarsh, my uncle was woods foreman and did a lot of heavy draft horse logging in the Rosedale and Popcum district. Fred Karr was a steam donkey engineer operator up toward Cheam View. He worked for McNair and Graham. They had the first high lead logging operation.

Now at Cheam View where the logging operation used to be is the B.C. Hydro power station, the water supply from Jones Lake above Laidlaw to the power house. They shipped their logs by CNR to the Rosedale mill.

Picture taken across the road from the Rosedale Baseball grounds. Fred LaMarsh, Max Steveson, W.P. "Billie" Anderson, Tommie Steveson, owner of the wheel team.



POPCUM IN RETROSPECT

by Constance (Barton) Peterson

My husband, Melvin "Mel" Peterson, was ten years old when he came to Popcum in 1917. He accompanied his mother, brother and sisters to join Lars Peterson, who had come a year earlier.

Much of what I write will be about things as they were told to me by my husband and my memories from the years I lived there: 1935-1941.

For some forty odd years dating from 1875 to



Constance and Mel at Rosedale, 1941.

1915, Popcum, on the bank of the Fraser River, at the mouth of Popcum Creek, was a busy, bustling centre, used as a stopping off point for both river and Yale Wagon Road travellers. Nearly all of the commercial and business activity was related to the forests, with the marl and rock lime deposits and some early farming also occurring. This was nearly all over by the time the Petersons came, just after the CNR was put through in 1916. I will try to recapture for you a glimpse of this exciting, historic era.

Lars Peterson moved his family into the old William Knight place, renting it from Hall and Damaske logging operators. Most of the shingle bolt logs had already been removed from this property and Lars contracted to take shingle bolts from the Popcum Indian Reserve.

THE WM. KNIGHT HOUSE

The original building, facing the creek, had a large parlor, a hall, kitchen and one bedroom downstairs, - an open stairway - four bedrooms upstairs and a large hallway with a huge clothes closet. The staircase was beautifully machine turned.

What appeared to be a later addition, one storey high, comprised a large kitchen, pantry, entry into a cellar and a woodshed.

This house had been unoccupied for some time when the Petersons arrived. In fact, the place was over-run, inside and out with pigs. Billy Ennis, who lived on the "new" Yale Road, towards Bridal Falls, owned many pigs which foraged for themselves. They rooted the ground all over the orchards and thrived on the fruit that fell from the trees. The story is told that the bears also enjoyed the fruit, would climb the trees and shake it to the ground, and the pigs would often beat them to the spoils.

THE OLD HOUSE

What was referred to as the "old house" was on the same side of the road as the barn, about a thousand feet east of it. It was older than the Knight house and was possibly a stopping place on Yale Road to the Cariboo. There was one main room and two bedrooms downstairs, four bedrooms upstairs in the original building. There was a kitchen at the back, apparently added on, and another big addition to the east end of the house.

When pulling boards off the upstairs, wires were revealed, apparently for a telephone.

There were three large spruce trees planted directly across the road from this house, possibly for a wind-break.

OUR HOUSE

The house where Mel and I lived when we were first married was about fifteen feet square, the walls filled with sawdust for insulation. We have heard that this was used as an office, also that at one time it was a school. Mel remembers a sort of cupola lying on the ground, that appeared to be a housing, possibly for a school bell, which had a roof the same shape as the building and was

supported by four 3" x 3" posts about three feet long. It had been painted the same yellow color as the building, which was also the color of the Knight house. We understand that the first telephone in Chilliwack connected this building with a telegraph office in Chilliwack.

SPRING AND CREEK

A well-defined path led from the front of the Knight house, down the creek bank, to a spring that had been cribbed in. This would flood in high-water but, no doubt, in the heat of summer would be a good source of cold water.

The Popcum Creek, which now goes more or less straight out towards the Fraser River, used to make a hair-pin turn almost in front of the house and head west. What we knew as an island was actually a peninsula prior to the creek cutting straight through. Gradually the whole island was washed away.

EXCELSIOR MILL AND SAWMILL

The excelsior mill, situated on the island, had a boiler and engine room, so was apparently steam powered. These machines were bricked in. The main storage shed was about 75 by 50 feet, with a ceiling about 25 feet high. The walls were lined with very good shiplap lumber, of 8" boards put on diagonally for strength. It contained three presses, presumably for baling excelsior.

It appeared that the material used in making the excelsior came from the sawmill. There was a tramway leading from one mill to the other with a trestle work, which was in bad repair in 1917 crossing the slough or creek, and leading up to the excelsior mill. There was also a tramway from the excelsior mill to the riverbank - possibly one hundred yards long, where there had probably been a wharf at one time, but was washed away.

There was an old marine boiler lying on the bank of the island, about fifty feet from the water's edge. Mr. Peterson twice took block and tackle and hauled it back, but as the river continued to wash, it finally fell in.

The sawmill straddled the creek and was water powered, the water coming from Popcum Lake in a wooden flume about six feet wide and three feet deep.

THE BARN

Originally built to house oxen to haul logs for the mill, it was possibly 150 feet long, with ox stalls the full length. The part of the mangers closest to the animals was sawn from solid logs about 16" on the bottom and the side next to the animals, 5" broad on top, sloping to the far side of the 16" bottom. Planks as slats at the other side held the hay in. This was sectioned off into stalls for each yoke of oxen. Each ox would be fastened to a big 6" steel ring which was around a pole set into the big manger timber. (See sketch at end of article).

There was considerable mow space for hay, with big double doors on the west end where a wagon load of hay could be driven in.

On the northwest corner of the barn was a cellar. The entrance was a heavy sliding door from inside the barn

into a granary, and from that was another sliding door at the head of the stairs leading into the cellar. This was about 16 feet square, the walls being of stone, with one window on the north side which had upright steel bars. One story told was that this was an overnight lodging place for prisoners brought down from the Cariboo on route to the coast.

Ornamental trees planted around the Knight place included a black walnut, acacia or honey locust, purple-leaf sycamore, maple and a huge fir.

A row of black walnut and butternut trees had been planted along the roadside leading west up the hill. There were orchards on the McGregor place as well as our homeplace.

A wide assortment of apple, pear, cherry and plum trees were very mature, so they must have been planted many years earlier.

Tom Pak, a Chinese with an Indian wife and a daughter Louise, lived on a small farm east of Popkum. It was on the mainland, south of the railway, but opposite the west end of Hope Island, what is known now as Herrling Island. Tom was there prior to the arrival of the Petersons, quite possibly 1907 or before. The Paks supplied fruit and vegetables from their farm, to people of the area in the early 1900's.

Following the death of Mrs. Pak, Tom and Louise returned to China. After the end of World War II, Louise Pak returned to Rosedale and visited with Mrs. Lars Peterson on McGrath Road. She told of how she had served the allied war effort by being an interpreter for allied officials.

Charlie Nelson, a very fine, kindly Indian, lived on the west end of Hope Island, opposite Tom Pak's place. Charlie had driven oxen for Mr. Knight at the mill. He has a son, Edward, still living in Rosedale in 1987; also twin older sons, Charlie Jr. and Jack, who fought in the First Great War. Jack died soon after their return.

My husband told of Charlie Nelson taking him and three other men over to Hope Island, in a dug-out canoe, where they were cutting cottonwood trees. They had their axes and crosscut saws, and the canoe was so low in the water that Mr. Nelson warned them, "If a mosquito bites you, don't slap him, let him bite"!

A MURDER

Gus Hall, a blacksmith by trade, who worked for Mr. Peterson, came over from the States with him. He lived in the east-end addition to the "old house" while working at Popkum. Periodically he would go on a "bender" and threaten to leave. On this occasion Mr. Peterson did not try to talk him out of it and he made good his threat. He lived for awhile in a shack on what we knew later as the MacGregor place. The MacGregor family moved onto that farm about 1920. It had been unoccupied for some years prior to that and considerable brush had grown up around the place.

This incident was in the fall of 1916. Apparently Gus got to drinking with an Indian from across the river, and

was shot to death during a quarrel. Mr. Peterson was delegated to stand guard that night over the shack where the murdered man lay, until the police could arrive. He spent a chilly night, in spite of the fact that he built a bonfire to keep warm. He had visions of what a sitting duck he'd be if the murderer returned! To add to the atmosphere, every now and then an apple would fall noisily in the darkness from a nearby tree. The murderer was later apprehended and hanged.

Mrs. William Knight, the first white child born in Chilliwack, lived at Popkum as a bride, in 1883. Her husband and a Mr. Airth ran a sawmill and an excelsior mill on the Popkum Creek near where it joins the Fraser. Mr. Airth soon left and Mr. Knight's brother, Ebe, became a partner in the Knight Brothers' Mills. The excelsior mill, which was started about 1880, used the cottonwood trees with which the district abounded, to make the product used in a mattress factory at New Westminster.

The sawmill supplied the timbers and ties for many of the bridges and trestles in the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The first telephone in Chilliwack connected the office of Mr. McCutcheon, the telegraph operator in Chilliwack, and the office of the Knight Bros. mill at Popkum. The Knight Bros. property, over 300 acres, was logged off by oxen but 50 years later, has mostly grown up again. Mr. Knight planted hundreds of fruit trees which produced for years. About 1895 the property was sold to Hall and Damaske.

When Mrs. Knight moved to Popkum a tannery was in full swing, run by Mr. Hoar. This shut down after a few years.

Near where the lime plant was built, was a small prairie. Mrs. Knight said that here and there on the prairie were cow-licks and deer-licks, where the cows and deer had worn off the grass, licking the soil. At the time it was thought that there was salt in the ground, but now it is believed the animals were licking for lime. Also it was discovered that there was marl in the bottom of Popkum Lake and it was planned to make commercial use of it.

During the ownership of Hall and Damaske, a large slide came down the mountain, partially covering the small prairie and disclosing lime rock on the mountainside.

In 1915 four Fraser Valley men were far-sighted enough to see the need for lime in our local soils, and bought ten acres of land from Hall and Damaske. These were the Sullivan brothers, G. "Tom", Henry P., and Gerald of Sullivan Station and J. Doyle of Langley Prairie.

In speaking on "Historic Beginnings of Agriculture" at a convention at Rosedale, J.B. Munro, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, referred to the lime plant at "historic Popkum", saying there was no reason why it should not supply the lime needs of the whole Fraser Valley.

A railroad spur, over a mile in length, was put in to the quarry. The Sullivans would have had to do the grading before the railroad would put in the ties and rails. A plant

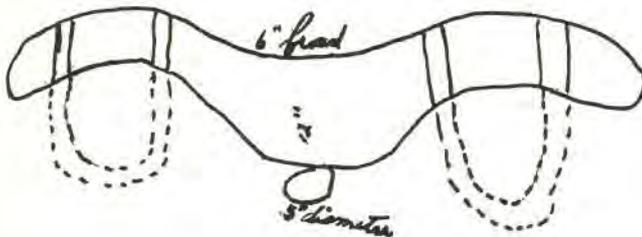
was erected and ground limestone was shipped throughout the Valley.

Maximum capacity of this mill was 60 tons a day of ground limestone. The lime rock was originally quarried from the mountain behind the mill, probably 500 feet above the level of the mill. There was trestle work at three different levels for the mine cars dumping the rock into bunkers below. Later a quarry was opened somewhat lower and closer to the mill. As lime was sorely needed on valley farms the freight was subsidized by the B.C. Government and for years the farmer only paid \$1.00 per ton.

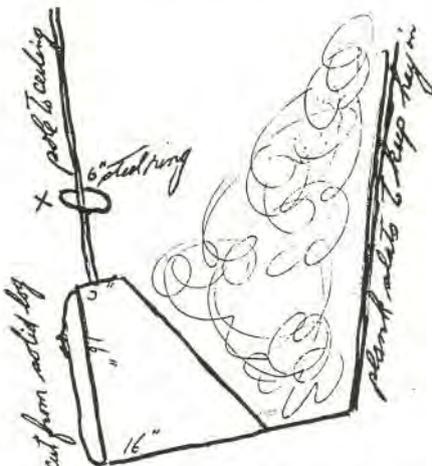
It was Sullivan's original plan to drain Popcum lake and commercialize the marl on the lake bottom. It was with this in view that they obtained a right-of-way from the lake to the railroad. About 1916 they had estimates made by an engineer who found an average of about 20 feet of marl in the lake bottom. However nothing came of it until nearly forty years later.

OX YOKE

There was an old ox yoke in the barn when the Petersons arrived and it was still there in 1941, when we left. Presumably it was for logging, for it was much heavier than any other we have seen. It was about 5 feet long and weighed 50 pounds approximately. The center ring was about 5 inches in diameter, made of 3/4 inch steel. It appeared as though a chain would pass through this ring to the yoke ahead.



Logging yoke for oxen, left in barn at Popcum.



Cross Section of long manger for oxen. X marks the spot where the oxen stood, fastened to the steel ring.

FLAG QUILT IN THE MUSEUM NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.

A quilt made of flannelette flags, which were given as premiums in tobacco tins about 1900-1914, and which were probably collected in Sumas, Washington, hangs in the museum of New Westminster.

The quilt has withstood many years of hard wear. There are bright colours such as lime green, blue, red, brown, black and white. The flags include those of Denmark, Brazil, Russia, Austria-Hungary, Sweden, Spain, Italy, Ireland, Persia, China, Union of South Africa, Bulgaria, Portugal, Greece, Holland, Japan, Siberia, The Netherlands and Cuba.

There are 91 squares and many of the countries, let alone their flags, no longer exist as separate entities. The most interesting part of this quilt is the history of the material used for the filling. A train load of raw silk was being shipped to the eastern part of Canada by the CNR, when one car left the tracks in the Fraser Canyon area, vicinity of Hell's Gate. The car broke open and tumbled into the Fraser River. The whole carload of raw silk was carried downstream by the current and eventually caught by branches and bushes along the banks of the river. When the water level dropped, the local people of Popcum gathered it, washed it many times to remove the silt, teased it and used it for fillings in quilts and comforters. Some of the silk was greyish white, some light cream. The filling in this quilt is light cream and very soft.

The quilt was made by Mr. and Mrs. Lars Peterson Popcum, who collected the silk. Backing and border are pink cotton.

This item was copied from Mary Conroy's book - "300 years of Canadian Quilts (1976)".

RON GRAY'S REMINISCENCES

I was one of the first pupils enrolled in the Popcum School which was built in 1918 at the corner of Gray Road and Bunker Road. The area was spelled *Popcum* in those days! It was a one-room school, grades 1 to 8. There were about 18 pupils enrolled when it was first opened. I skipped grade 6 in public school to grade 7 as there was only one pupil in each grade. I had to write my high school entrance exams, which I passed at the age of 12, in Rosedale.

I went to Chilliwack High School. The first year I boarded in Chilliwack. The second year, I travelled with the McGregor boys of McGregor Road in Popcum, to Chilliwack. The third year I had whooping cough and scarlet fever and was unable to attend school. The first part of the fourth year, I rode in Bowman's taxi to high school. It was an 8 passenger McLaughlin Buick which had no spare tire; so whenever it had a flat you had to walk! The road was paved as far east as Gibson's Road; from there on it was gravel. The later part of the fourth year in high school, my dad bought a Model T Ford truck. I often delivered a load of wood to customers in the morning in Chilliwack prior to attending school at

9:00 a.m. Wood was then \$7.00 per cord, delivered.

There are at least two of my former schoolteachers in public school still living: Irene Tagert of Palo Verde, Palm Springs, California. She is the sister of the late Frank Kerr. (I got a card from her this Christmas.); and Terence Crowley of White Rock. I met both of them at the Rosedale Homecoming in 1985.

After I finished high school, I worked on the farm: logging, cutting wood and milking a few cows. I helped my dad fall large fir trees by standing on a spring board and using a falling saw (hand powered). We then used a wee McGregor drag saw (gas powered) to cut the tree into blocks for wood. After a few years of that, I went into the trucking business, hauling wood, sawdust, etc., and then into gravel and log hauling. My last trucking job was on the Wahleach Lake Power Project. I then entered the construction field as a First Aid attendant and flagman, working from Jones Hill to Jackass Mountain. I then moved north to Revelstoke and the Mica Access Road. I became a Safety Supervisor and First Aid attendant there. I retired in 1976.

I remember the ice and snowstorm of 1936. There was nearly 4 ft. of snow with 2 inches of ice on it. It brought down all the telephone and hydro lines. Roads were blocked. We had to take the team and sleigh to Rosedale for groceries. We had to tie gunny sacks to the horses legs with binder twine to keep them from cutting their legs on the ice.

I remember the Popcum Lake (now called Cheam Lake) before it was drained in 1949-1950, and in the early days part of the old flume over McGregor Road that was used to provide water power for Knight's sawmill on the Fraser River from Popcum Lake. We used to swim in Popcum Lake in the summer and skate on it in the winter. Also, we used to fish and hunt there. We have seen tremendous changes in Popcum since then.

Entertainment was different in the early days than it is now. We used to play cards a lot at the neighbours and at whist drives in the Hall. We did a lot of hiking and bicycle riding. We went to dances in the Popcum and Rosedale Halls.

In November 1976, on retirement, I was elected director for Electoral Area D on the Fraser-Cheam Regional Board. I am still a director on the Regional Board representing Area D in 1988. Also I am a director on the Upper Fraser Valley Board of Health. It is interesting work, I enjoy it, and it gives me something to do.

THE MacGREGOR FAMILY

by Neill MacGregor

The MacGregor family moved to Popcum on March 26, 1920 from Vancouver. They had previously lived in Reston, Manitoba. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Howard B. MacGregor and sons Ronald (13 yrs.) Neill (11 yrs.) and Howard (9 yrs.) Shortly thereafter the family adopted two girls, Mollie, and Dorothy. However Mrs. MacGregor was terminally ill with cancer, and died in January 1921, and so the girls had to be returned to their natural mother at that time.

The MacGregor property, purchased from a Mr. Harrison, was supposed to consist of 160 acres, bounded on the east by Popcum Rd., on the north by the Fraser River, the west by an Indian Reserve. The Southern property line was the section line that became Elgey Road. When the C.N.R. line came through, it cut into the property along the riverbank, so that when we arrived in 1920, the acreage was actually 135 acres.

Near the western border of the property, and located beside the Old Yale Rd. was a house, built presumably pre 1900, and abandoned most of the time since then. It was, however, not in too bad a condition. Originally my father had arranged to live temporarily in a large house, located right at the junction of the Old Yale Road, the railway, and Popcum Road, and belonging to the Knight family who had owned and operated the old water powered lumber mill at Popcum years before. However, shortly before we moved to Popcum some "bums", or "bindle staffs", "riding the rods" on the railway, had stopped overnight in the Knight house. They built a campfire on the wooden floor, and, as might have been expected, the house caught fire and burned to the ground! Consequently, we moved into the old house on our own property as fast as it could be made habitable.

There was, on the farm, an old "barn"; actually just a roof with supporting corner poles. The young bloods of the Harrison family, with friends, had as a bit of a prank, put the ridgepole in the crotches of two big maple trees, as high as they could get it - (some 43 feet from the ground!)

About 1/2 acre of land near the house was cleared but it might better not have been, as all the stumps, logs etc. had been piled in an adjacent ravine, which made subsequent clearing of that area very difficult indeed. There had also been an area of several acres cleared, between the Old Yale Road and the river bank - and planted with fruit trees. However, having been neglected for twenty or more years it had all grown up to solid bush, and had to be completely re-cleared. When clearing had been completed, there was over three acres of fruit trees. Naturally many were older, and sometimes not very useful, varieties such as the Ben Davis apple. Many, however, were fine. There were also pears, prunes and one peach tree.

At the time we moved to Popcum, the other Popcum residents were Mr. and Mrs. Lars Peterson, and son Melvin, at Popcum itself. A daughter Clara had recently married Earle Archibald of Rosedale. Oscar Anderson, son of Mrs. Peterson by a previous marriage, lived as caretaker at the lime quarry at the foot of Popcum Mountain some 3/4 mile southeast of Popcum Station. The only access was by the railway spur from Popcum.

A couple of loggers, Bob Clapp, and Chris Madsen, lived in "shacks" just south of the railway tracks at Popcum. Bob moved away, but Chris lived out his days in the area, retiring to a small house that he built on a piece of land rented from the MacGregors. About 1923 a family by the name of Gould came and worked for the MacGregors for a year, then bought the northeast 35 acres on the corner of the MacGregor property, cleared much of it, and in the mid twenties had several acres of

strawberries.

The MacGregor family cleared land as rapidly as limited funds would permit, eventually having approximately 40 acres of cleared and semi-cleared land out of the 100 acre total that remained after Gould bought 35 acres.

We three boys drove a horse and buggy to Rosedale. There was also Popkum School, one-room, located about three miles away on the newer road to Rosedale.

At that time this school was under its own local school board, and my father found that the members who made up the Board were somewhat at odds with each other, quarrelling a great deal. This did not indicate a very good educational climate, so father obtained permission from the Chilliwack Area School Board for us to attend Rosedale School. By the Old Yale Road it was only about a mile farther than the Popkum School, and the educational facilities were much better. Old Yale Road (originally Cariboo Trail) was pretty rough. It went through an Indian Reservation most of the way to Rosedale, - and probably had not been repaired since it was built in the gold rush days of the 60's. It took us an hour to drive each way. In Rosedale we rented space in the barn at Karrs, next to the school, to stable the horse. One year, Melvin Peterson and I walked the 4 miles each way on the railroad track, rather than have to harness and drive the horse.

I left Popkum in 1927, to return to Manitoba, where I eventually graduated with a degree in agriculture from the Manitoba Agricultural College (1932). Howard had followed me a year later and graduated in 1933. Ron remained on the farm, bought a dump truck and got considerable work on Fraser Canyon highway construction.

When we started school at Rosedale, the principal was J.S. Eson. He was followed by Don Siddons, who in turn was followed by a local man, Clarke Brannick.

Zeph (Aseph) Munro, who married Martha Henderson of Rosedale, had worked for us on the farm for a year. Subsequently he built a house on his own property on the west side of Popkum Road, two thirds of a mile south of Popkum Crossing. Later, a brother, Bob, also built a house a bit north of Zeph's place. Both, with their families, lived there for many years.

In the mid twenties, the lime quarry at the mountain side operated intermittently. The manager or superintendent, was a Mr. Kirk from New Westminster. He would sometimes be accompanied in summer by his young son, Jack, somewhat younger than we were. The next time I met Jack Kirk was when he came to the Chilliwack area as Superintendent of Schools, in the 60's.

Sometime in the mid-twenties, Pete Albert arranged to buy some land from us, facing Popkum Road, and built a small house beside Popkum Creek where it crosses Popkum Road. However, he could not complete the purchase, and the property returned to us. For a time the house was rented by the Sturdevant family. Neil Munro now lives there.

A sidelight of some interest was that in the mid 20's Pete Albert applied for Federal Old Age assistance. For that he had to have some proof of age. A letter was sent to his youthful home in Quebec. Presently the reply came

in French. Now, Pete could not read or write: and none of his family members could read French. So we had the unusual scenario of a Frenchman bringing a letter, in French to us, to see if we could read it (we were studying French in High School of course). We did manage to decipher it: it was not much help to Pete - the old church had burned down, and with it went all the baptismal records that might have established Pete's age.

While I was away (1927-34) a cut-off road had been put through below Bridal Falls. A Mr. Julius Warneboldt had come into the area, and, on this new cut-off and alongside Bridal Falls Creek, built a rustic Bridal Falls Lodge, complete with swimming pool etc. This became the centre of the area that is now generally known as Popkum, even though it is well over a mile from the original Popkum station.

I should mention that the old road leading from Rosedale east up to the Bridal Falls area, and then north to Popkum crossing, then east and north, was at that time, the *only* road through the valley, and was indeed, a part of the Trans Canada Highway system, even though at that time the road was not complete through the Rogers Pass area. This road, from Popkum east, was one car wide. Passengers in a car could touch the tree branches on either side of the road! Passing was a real problem. Jones' Hill was terribly steep and narrow. The road in low areas was corduroy; i.e. made of small logs crosswise of the road. I recall that about 1923, my Father drove to Hope (25 mi.) for a 24th of May celebration. The trip took nearly four hours each way, and the rough road broke a front spring on the car.

We eventually sold the farm in 1942 (my Father had died in 1939). Even at that time there was still no electrical or telephone service. This was perhaps an advantage in the tremendous ice storm of 1935, followed by heavy rain. The crust was strong enough to support a 120 lb. person: - a 150 lb. person would break through. All transportation was paralyzed for weeks of course. Electricity and phone service in the Chilliwack area was off for about six weeks. Since we didn't have either service, that was not a problem! However, we did ship milk everyday! - now it could not go until the roads were cleared. We ordinarily hauled it 1/2 mile down to Popkum corner, where a truck picked it up. However, these rural roads were last on the list for clearing, naturally, after the ice storm. Fortunately I had had considerable experience in dairy work in Manitoba, and so proceeded to make butter until our roads were cleared. I say "were cleared" - We cleared them - by hand! The first half mile, brother Ronald and I did by ourselves. The next mile we were supposed to have help from two relief men, - but they had very little incentive, at 50¢ a day to work hard, so Ron and I did most of that too. It was a tremendous job; the snow was three ft. deep, and, by now, soaking wet and heavy. It took us a full two weeks and perhaps a little more to complete the job.

While these seemed like pioneering days, one should realize that the white man's days went back quite a bit in time! All of that area had been logged off before 1920 around Popkum, using steam donkey engines. Only the prize fir was taken, of course. In fact, at that time anything except "clear" lumber (no knots) was of very

low repute. I can remember getting interested and checking over our old house from one end to the other and could not find a single piece of lumber with a knot in it. It would have come from the old water powered Knight mill at Popkum of course. Indeed, it is said that most of the early houses in Chilliwack were built with lumber from the Knight mill at Popkum. Cedar trees were mainly cut into four foot "bolts" for making shingles; in fact the woods around Popkum were all criss-crossed with "skid roads". These were trails through the woods, with small logs (6" - 12" diam.) placed crosswise every 2 or 3 ft. The shingle bolts were loaded on a sled, perhaps 20' long, made of two runners, usually maple, about 6" thick and 12"-16" deep. The sled would be pulled by two horses. The driver had a pot of grease beside him, and a stick with a rag on the end. This he would dip in the grease, and touch to the skids on the ground, so that the sled was sliding over greased logs, and consequently a team of horses could pull quite a load.

It might be interesting to comment that cascara trees grew commonly in the Fraser Valley. The bark was stripped off, dried and sold for use in making laxative pills. We were told that around 1918-19, a large group of Chinese had roamed through the woods of the Popkum area and had stripped all the cascara bark they could find. It regrew, of course, and, in the 20's getting and selling Cascara bark was about the only source of pocket money for young lads of our age.

There was an interesting by-product of the Knight mill. In any sawmill operation, there are, of course, tremendous quantities of slabs. There were, in fact piles of these slabs some 15 to 20 ft. deep in the area below the old mill. However, originally there had been a use for them. Across the creek to the north was an old excelsior mill. The slabs were carried from the sawmill on an overhead chain carrier, some hundred yards to this excelsior mill, where the slabs were fed through machines that shredded them into soft excelsior, which was sold for use as a packing material for shipping goods. This excelsior mill and machinery was still there when we came to Popkum. The lumber mill had long since disappeared down to the foundation log framework.

In the mid-20's McNair and Graham, who had a sawmill at Rosedale, logged off the area surrounding what later became Bridal Falls lodge. For their trucks, they made a plank road, three planks wide on each side. It did not allow for passing on the planked area!

Later on, McNair and Graham also logged part of the Indian Reserve to the west of Cheam Lake, and brought the logs across the lake to the southeast side. I recall the winter the lake froze over, to a depth of at least a foot. The loggers cut and kept open a channel several feet wide from the west side of the lake to the east side, so that logs could be pushed or pulled through. When the winter northeast wind blew, the lake could freeze over very quickly. I recall one instance when we rowed our boats across the lake one day, - and skated across it the next day!

In the 20's, E.O. Patterson had a mill next to the mountain on the east side of the road, just over one mile south of Popkum Station.

At that time there were no caterpillar tractors: - logging

was done with donkey engines - originally steam, but gas and diesel were making an appearance. Pattersons logged up the mountainside perhaps as high as 1200 ft. in that area. That was where the original foot trail went up to Cheam Peak. Now, of course, logging roads have been built with "cats" and the whole hillside has been logged. There were some magnificent stands of timber at about the 2000 ft. level. Patterson's mill became "Patterson & Boyd" when Kurt Boyd (Boyd's Feeds, Chilliwack) bought into the mill in the mid-20's. Later, Patterson's moved to the east end of Chilliwack Mountain, and still later, had a mill a couple of miles east of Popkum.

During 1925-26, we three MacGregor boys drove our old Model T Ford car to Chilliwack, to go to High School, - picking up a group of youngsters in Rosedale too. I think the total was as high as 11 in the old car! One morning we set off, following a night of very high winds from the southwest. In expectation of trouble we took along an axe and a crosscut saw. Between Popkum and Rosedale there were 23 trees across the road. One - a fir several feet in diameter, took us a couple of hours to cut through.

THE WARNEBOLDT FAMILY - BRIDAL FALLS LODGE

by Mariette Warneboldt Wylie

In the fall of 1934, Mr. and Mrs. J. Warneboldt moved to Popkum where they bought 80 acres between Bridal Veil Falls and Cheam Lake. Some of this land was bought from Roy Munro. As a long time conservationist and naturalist, he believed this area would prove ideal for their lifestyle as well to provide sanctuary for the wildlife.

Julius Warneboldt, was born in Hanover, Germany, on November 15th, 1883. Moving to the United States in 1900 at 17 years of age and after working for 9 years in Texas and Georgia, he moved to Alberta where he homesteaded and became one of the first men to raft lumber down the Red Deer River. Later he bought a coal mine in Red Deer from a Colonel Walker. In 1920 he married Isa Brotherston. Isa was born in Orillia, Ontario on July 28th, 1885. Together they developed the New Walker Mine and the bird sanctuary which became a show place with its groves of trees, gardens, a lake and swimming pool.

Mr. and Mrs. Warneboldt sold the mine and sanctuary and moved to B.C. in the fall of 1934, leaving the family at home in Sheerness, Alberta for the winter. After buying the land at Bridal Falls they spent weeks clearing the timber and falling logs in order to begin building their new home.

The couple lived in the first cabin erected while they worked on building the store, gateway and chalet which would come to house an olympic sized heated swimming pool. During that winter, the worst storm in years hit the area, where snow piled up to a depth of ten feet in some areas. Mr. Warneboldt had to snowshoe into Chilliwack for groceries when ice took out electric and telephone lines.

In the spring of 1935 the family, with their private schoolteacher, were moved out from Alberta into a home



Tea Room



Bridal Falls Lodge



Store and Post Office

across from the high school in Chilliwack, where the older members of the family would attend school. This proved to be a totally new experience for Jack, 14, Mariette 12, and Ronald 10, who had been under private tuition to this time, having their own schoolhouse at the family home in Sheerness. Evan 6, and Isa 4, would start school in the Popkum school at the appropriate time.

Within the first year of construction, the first floor of the chalet was erected which housed the swimming pool, dressing rooms, kitchen and lounge with a huge stone fireplace. This room overlooking the pool became the dining room for lodge guests. Seven cabins, the store and eventually a post office, gas pumps, and the gateway with two block-houses for storage were completed. Mr. Warneboldt's dream of creating power with the creek that flowed through the property became a reality as the water-heel and power house were built. This plant generated power for the whole complex, which at times was trying to those running the dining room when there would not be enough power to keep the ice cream frozen!

Most of the construction and work on the place was done with local help, using some logs secured from the local area and mills close at hand. In the next year the chalet was completed to three storeys, with balconies overlooking the pool plus 18 rooms for guests, and a large reception room on the second floor. The reception room was used for banquets, parties, and eventually for the wedding and reception of their oldest daughter, Marietta. Many times when it was inconvenient to hold meetings or concerts in the community hall this room would be open to them. Many people enjoyed sing-songs around the piano in this room, one of whom was the popular Phil "Flying Phil" Gagliardi, minister of highways.

To make the room needed for the many guests, several other buildings were built and made into living quarters for the family to move into for that time.

Many notable people from all areas of Canada and the United States, as well as other countries were guests there; including the colourful Emily Carr, often seen setting up her easel to capture the beauty of Mount Cheam and Lake Cheam on canvas, to a doctor from New York, a Belgian Prince, lawyers and dentists from Vancouver to California. Guests enjoyed boating and fishing on this lake and, of course, walking to the lovely Bridal Veil Falls, often in the company of one of the Warneboldt family or the family dog "McDuff".

"Skipper" Warneboldt became known as one who loved people and animal wildlife. His goal in life was not

making money, but making people comfortable, especially honeymooners whom he enjoyed having as guests. In Alberta he was well-known as a game conservationist with the Department of Agriculture and the Game Protection Associations of Alberta. As an honorary member of the National Geographic Society he wrote several published articles on "Our Forests", and "What will become of our Water Fowl?".

In 1943, he was appointed a Chief Observer in the Aircraft Detection Corps. of the Royal Canadian Air Force. In 1958, Mr. and Mrs. Warneboldt were presented with a scroll from W.A.C. Bennett, then Premier of B.C., to commemorate their achievements in having contributed to the development and prosperity of their community.

In 1959, they were honored by a Chicago firm with the Duncan Hines Fifth-of-a-Century Award for maintaining Bridal Falls Resort in its natural setting for twenty years. Miss Chicago of 1959 accepted the award on behalf of the Warneboldts at a banquet in Chicago, May 11th, 1959.

The resort became a haven for wildlife. Visitors would read, "Protect Wild Life, God's Gift to Us", etched on the first step leading up to the lodge. The deer sanctuary began with the adoption of an orphaned fawn, and grew into a family of many and varied deer that answered to the mealtime call. Some of these were the rare white European Fallow Deer. The animals, even the rambling fern along the walks and creek were protected by Skipper.

In 1963 the place became too much for Skipper to handle because of the repair and upkeep required. He sold 40 acres for commercial use, and through the Honorable Ken Keirnan, MLA for Chilliwack, 40 acres were purchased by the Provincial Government for the



"Skipper" feeding his deer, 1932-33.

purpose of a Class A Park.

Julius "Skipper" Warneboldt, died at the age of 86, on March 2nd, 1969 and Isa Warneboldt died at the age of 89 on Dec. 27th, 1975. They left a family of five; Jack in Keremeos, Mariette with her husband Joe Wylie, retired and living in Sardis, Ronald thought to be in the Caribbean, Evan in Nanaimo, and Isa, with her husband Harris Reid, in Edmonton, Alberta. There are also 11 grandchildren and 22 great-grandchildren.

THE BIG FLOOD OF THE 1935 SILVER THAW

by Vina Bartindale

Percy and Vina Bartindale lived on Nevin Road at the time, at what is now 51440 Nevin Road.

It was January, 1935, and winter held sway over all the province. In our valley it had set in when Arctic air poured south and drove the temperate Pacific currents far back into the sea. A bone-chilling east wind whistled down the Fraser Canyon with diabolical fury, driving before it sheets of snow which piled up fantastically against every fence and building forming unsurmountable drifts. It was useless to try and dig our way into some semblance of order, for the wind simply howled and obliterated all our efforts.



Mrs. Vina Bartindale, 1975.

So we braved it out as best we could, watching our skidding thermometer plunge to zero, then five, then ten below. Every night the water in our old farmhouse froze. As best we could we fed our farm animals, and prayed that nature had provided them with sufficient skin and feathers to keep them from freezing to death.

Then in about a week the thaw came, and the fun started. First it rained, but the rain froze as it descended,

forming an icy crust on top of the snow. It stuck to everything, bringing down telephone and electric wires, and breaking huge limbs from trees with a sickening crash.

Finally, as if tired of all its pranks, winter relaxed its grip and let the sun and temperate west winds take over. The thermometer soared to 40 degrees and snow began to melt and seek its lowest level. Unfortunately for us, this was around most of our farm buildings. Only the house and barn stayed above water levels.

At the back of the house stood two old buildings, one of which housed some forty or more hens, the other about ten weiner pigs, just six weeks old and almost ready for market. To move this livestock to a place which was high and dry gave us a morning's work, unlike anything we had ever experienced before. Huddled up in old coats, overalls and gum boots, my husband and I gathered up as many sacks as we could find and with the assistance of a pole, each with a large spike in the end to help us stand on the ice, we set about to salvage our unhappy birds and animals.

Lulled by false security, the hens awoke in the morning and jumped from their perches down to the litter on the floor, only to find themselves immersed in icy water up to their necks, for the litter had floated on top of the steadily rising flood.

We grabbed each squawking misery-ridden fowl and stuffed it unceremoniously into a sack head first, and when the sack was full we staggered across the field to the barn with our load. At about every third step our feet would break through the encrusted ice and we'd come up with a gum boot full of icy water, a discomfort which passed almost unnoticed as we struggled to get our feathered friends to more comfortable surroundings.

The pigs came next, and proved even a more formidable task than the fowl. Have you ever tried standing on a cake of sloping ice trying to catch a squirming pig by the hind leg and stuff it into a sack while you maintain your balance?? You can guess what happened. The outraged little animal would put forth its utmost effort, and wriggling free when my feet skidded from under me, would swim aimlessly in the icy water surrounding his pen. But after several repeat performances all were sacked and dragged squealing across to their new home, and turned loose. The barn became a veritable Noah's Ark with no attempt at any organization. We threw down grain, set out mash for the hens, tossed hay to the cows and horses, and trusted to luck that they all managed to get enough to eat.

Don and Fred Bryant lent a hand in this rescue.

Somehow we all survived, and spring came again, and things were normal once more. As I sit now, writing this story in our thermostatically comfortable home some thirty-three years later, I wonder how we did it. Youth is tough, and hardships present a challenge which we could never face again with the same endurance which we seemed to have in those days.

TALL TALES

as told to Fred Bryant by Ted Karr and George Mercer

General Comment. Rosedale is likely little different from many small communities. Many of the pioneer families are inter-related and it is not safe to say a word about anyone less you are talking about relatives.

So it was that Ted and George started off by saying that they were not sure but somewhere in the past they were cousins of some sort. Shirt tail cousins is what Joe Patterson calls them.

Surely the Karrs and Mercers were well known for being able to spin a good yarn, it was a social source of entertainment in the good old days before radio, television, videos and the like. So with these pleasantries out of the way the story telling got into full swing.

George leads off, keeping up the Mercer tradition, "You know, Fred, I've been trying to think up a story or two to put in with our family history. The best one so far is about the way we got by in the dirty thirties. I was only a kid then under ten years of age and the Old Man (no disrespect) was a pretty good shot with the rifle and never too good at keeping track of hunting season limitations. At the breakfast table Dad would say, "Now, George, it's time for you to go into Rosedale and ask Ross Chisholm at the Feed Store if you can use the phone". George says that he can remember having to stand on a wooden egg box to reach the big wall model of the phone that hung on the wall in the little office. Crank the handle on the side a few times and when Uncle Charlie answered the message was: "The Pups are ready, come over and get the ones you want".

George says that he feels sure that Ross Chisholm knew what the message meant as well as he did. Anyways Uncle would come over from Fairfield Island and help skin the deer carcass and there would be venison for all the family members. No way of refrigerating it in those days. Mum would can some, but really what's the need. There was always another deer for the taking.

At this point Mrs. Karr who had heard all these stories too many times already said, "You fellas talk history, I'm going to see the flower show".

Ted Karr, not to be outdone, said, "Do you recall all that land in Popkum along the river bank east of Popkum Road North, where the ranch is now? Well, in a high water year that would flood, not a lot but some and this was great for hazel nut and barberry trees and the willow grouse would be as thick as all get out in those thickets. Now the nickname for a willow grouse is a fool hen, but were they good eating! You could cut one of the hazel sapplings that would be twelve or fifteen feet, straight as a die and would they ever bend. Nothing like them for fishing poles or for boys shooting with arrows.

All you had to do was to tie something on a string that would catch the birds' attention, like a pocket watch, and then with a quick flip of the wrist, whip that switch around and off would come the head of a grouse so fast that it never knew what hit it. Of course you always took the grouse lowest on the tree branches so that all the others would just stand and look down at the one fluttering on the ground. No problem to get half a dozen for supper anytime you wanted."

THE HISTORY OF A GAVEL - Presented to the Jasper-Yellowhead Historical Society, April 1965

Constance Peterson

In the early eighteen-eighties a man named William Knight

Built house and mill at Popkum, upon a lovely site.

The house o'erlooked the Fraser, a stream ran by the door;

By boat to New Westminster was sixty miles or more.

He brought his bride to this new house, and planted orchards, too,

Of every type of fruit tree, as settlers used to do.

He planted a black walnut tree between the house and stream;

It flourished there, and in its shade their children used to dream.

The mill cut ties for the C.P.R. in early construction days,

And boards for many a house and barn built in pioneer ways.

*An Indian reserve a mile to west, another a half mile east,
Found salmon in creek and river a bounteous source of feast.*

The old Yale Road to Cariboo ran by twixt house and barn;

If roads could talk of history they'd tell us many a yarn.

An older house upon the farm was roadhouse in its day,

A cellar neath the old log barn, a jail cell, so they say.

*The man who made this artifact first entered on the scene
With his Dad, a timber cruiser, in nineteen seventeen.*

They occupied the house that Knight had built so long ago,

And ate or sold the fruit from trees he'd planted row on row.

They harvested the cedar trees where Knight had cut the fir,

And stabled horse teams in the barn where first his ox teams were.

The walnut tree beside the house had branches spreading wide,

A wondrous place for child to swing or in its branches hide.

Again the years roll on, the owner of the farm

A town house plans, and walnut walls will give it extra charm.

The grand old tree, which fifty years have added limb to limb,

Is cut off in its beauty to meet a vain man's whim.

*Two brothers, hired to do the job, in sorrow cut it down,
And sadly watched it on its way towards a mill in town.*

One brother salvaged several limbs and dried them as he should;

With pleasure fashioned many things of rich black walnut wood.

*Tis nearly thirty years ago he helped to fell that tree;
He still has bits of walnut wood he uses sparingly.
With joy he polishes each piece that knew him as a lad;
Its history is mingled with fond memories of his Dad.*

*The histories of Jasper and Popkum now unite
In a tree sown eighty years ago by Mr. William Knight.
The hobbyist has used this tree which grew through joy
and strife,
To make a walnut gavel for your president, his wife.*

OUR HIKE UP CHEAM

Laura (Munro) Kennedy

*Today as I gazed at the mountain beyond, resplendent in
mantle of snow,
My memory strayed to a special event that happened a
long time ago.
It was in mid-summer of year 38, when my sister and I,
full of zest,
Joined friends on a hike to the neighboring hills, where
we put our endurance to test.
The weather was perfect and spirits were high, as we
wended our way in the sun,
But we soon realized, by the sweat on our brow,
mountaineering was more than just fun!
Oh yes! to be sure! I remember it well! that climb to
Cheam's lofty peak ...
Thru' meadows and valleys, o'er ridges and rills, and
across an occasional creek.
Remember Killarney, that vale lush and green? .. where
we rested and amply partook
A generous swig of the best Adam's Ale ere bubbled from
out of a brook!
Recall our surprise when we looked around camp, and
made a remarkable find?
A big bag of beans, that the previous day, some generous
soul left behind!
We hoisted our packsacks, after our rest, as we still had a
long way to go
If we hoped to arrive in Spoon Valley, before the rays of
the sun ceased to glow!
We finally made it! ... oh, bully for us! ... tho' we all
looked a mess, and forlorn
Now ... where were the dudes and the damsels so chic,
who started out chipper that morn?
We freshened ourselves in a cool mountain stream, then
the boys fashioned shelters for all
While the girls prepared supper, befitting a King, as the
dusk shadows started to fall.
Who cared if our cups were discarded bean cans? .. or
our vittals cooked up in a pail?
Or whether 'twas eaten right out of the pan, or shared
from a bag 'long the trail?
The rations were ample, but simple and plain, 'tho we
really weren't hard to please!
(But would you believe there were times when I yearned
for mom's macaroni and cheese?)
We started our days with a breakfast of mush ... (quite
tasty when honeyed and fried)
And feasted on pancakes (a mite over-done) with crisp
crunchy bacon inside!*

*Those little black flies? .. sure .. they bothered us some,
being ugly, persistent and mean
And they did have a habit of dive-bombing into our
cocoa, and skillet of beans!
Remember the morning the boys had a yen, to go hunting
and questing for quail?
Returning triumphant with pack full of game (and their
stocking and shoes full of shale!)
Recall the frustration of cooking those birds? (they
should have been stewed 'sted of fried!)
And the meat (like shoe-leather!) just couldn't be
chewed, no matter how hard we all tried
Remember the water-hole down by the camp? and the
dam that was built there one day?
When someone fell in it and dampened his pride? (and
had a few choice words to say?)
Remember the 'snaps' that we took on the Peak? .. oh
weren't there some glorious scenes.
But who got surprised when a picture of her turned out a
rear view of her jeans?
Think back to the heat of those sun-searing days, and the
bone-chilling trauma of night!
How we shivered and huddled with backs to the fire,
praying for dawn's welcome light!
Remember the skeeters a'buzzing around? ... (and their
scheming to drive us insane?)
When one of us moved, how a cloud of them rose, and
strung out behind like a train?
Recall all the brambles that snagged at our clothes? ..
(and the prickles that worked their way thru')?
And a later encounter with Devil Club thorns? ... (now,
who left the atmosphere blue?)
Now do you recall those calm nights on the Ridge? and
the songs 'round the fire and fun?
Just sitting and watching the Valley below? .. with the
lights twinkling on, one by one?
Remember that day, on our long journey home? .. when
we noticed our food getting lean?
And all that we had for our very last meal, was a little dry
bread and sardines?
Oh! I'll never forget that remarkable trip! nor the sport
of that marvellous climb!
For truly 'twas one of the joys of my life, as I had such a
wonderful time!
And lately, recalling the past, (and the gang) as I gaze at
the hills far away
I think ... what a treat! if again we could meet in our
lovely Spoon Valley Chalet!!*

*Hikers that trip were Charlie Ryder, Harry Cartmell,
Alec Henderson, Randy Vickers, Brenda Carter, Amy
Ryder, and Helen and Laura Munro.*