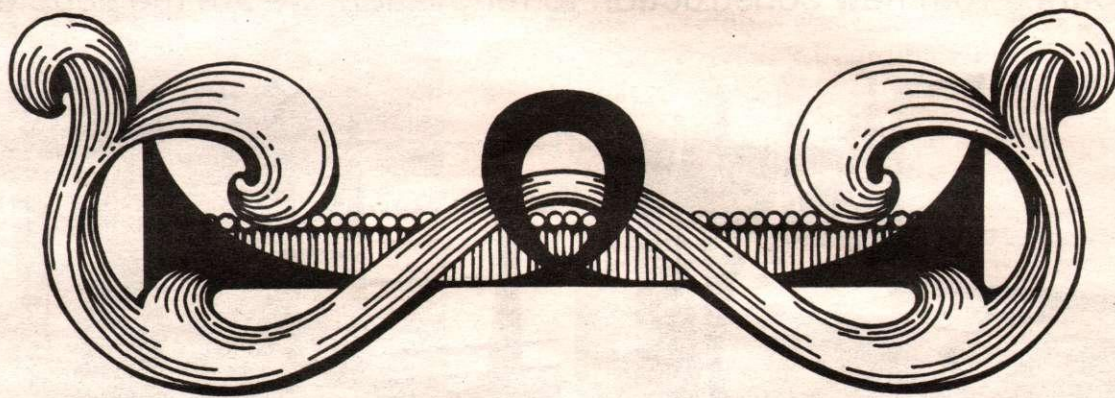




Island Memories



SOUVENIR
EDITION



—Driftwood—

SECTION B

February 27, 1991



ISLAND MEMORIES

Small collection of memories relived in this special edition

Salt Spring's history contains many memories for many people. In this special anniversary historical edition, it would be impossible to chronicle all the collective memories so we have covered only a few.

Archivist Mary Davidson spent many hours researching and writing the articles. Driftwood proofreader Iris Warner who is also a member of Salt Spring Historical Society wrote the Cy Peck article. The Maude family allowed use of some family photographs.

Other photos came from the provincial archives.

Author and former resident Joe Garner tells of the early days of logging on the island and supplied photographs.

Realizing we could not cover everything, a decision was made to concentrate on some vital areas perhaps not covered in other books and articles. There is some overlap but the topics should provide interesting reading.

We selected island characters, island women, transportation, schools and teachers, logging and postal services.

When we looked at ways to mark the 30th anniversary of the *Gulf Islands Driftwood*, we felt a comparison between 1960 and 1990 would interest our readers. The newspaper's and the community's history are so intertwined that covering one involves the other.

The Richards family, including company president Frank Richards, previous editor and publisher Tony Richards, former photographer and compositor Alice Richards, former bookkeeper Jill Byron and former advertising sales rep and reporter Val Richards have been involved with the newspaper for most of its history. Elsewhere in this issue, Frank writes about coming to Salt Spring with his wife, Barbara, and their children.

What makes a community special is its people, and what makes a newspaper a success is people. Working at a newspaper is a joy and an honour; it is also a heavy responsibility, not taken lightly at the *Driftwood*.

Salt Spring Island is a very special place, a cosmic centre which attracts very special people. It has a magical quality of lifestyle that has been appreciated by residents and visitors for more than 100 years. Come read through the pages and capture some of that magic from the past.

Archivist researched special edition articles

Island resident Mary Davidson undertook a major project this year when she agreed to research and write articles for this *Island Memories* edition.

All the research for the stories came from local sources: the Salt Spring Archives, back issues of the *Gulf Islands Driftwood*, her personal library, the Salt Spring Library, and local books and pamphlets in stock at the Salt Spring archives.

Her family has a long history with Salt Spring Island. Her grandfather Murray McLennan was born on Salt Spring in 1902 to Alexander McLennan and Elizabeth Dunn. Alex was born in Scotland and Elizabeth in Ontario. Elizabeth attended Craigflower School in the 1860s and 70s. The couple were married in Victoria in 1879 and are buried in the Burgoyne Churchyard.

Davidson's mother Dorothy Dewar was born in Victoria in 1907 to Robert Dewar of Ontario and Martha Grimmer of New Westminster. Martha was related to the Grimmers on Pender Island. Dorothy taught at Beaver Point School in 1928-29.

When her grandfather died in 1932, the family returned to Salt Spring where her father operated a farm at Beaver Point. In 1936 during the depth of the Depression, the family moved to Duncan where her father was able to find employment.

Davidson lived in Duncan, Victoria, Saanichton and Deep Cove on Vancouver island between 1936 and 1949. She attended Provincial Normal School in Victoria and then taught in Surrey. She married Don Davidson in 1950 and spent the next 13 years raising five children.



MARY DAVIDSON

Driftwood Photo

Davidson returned to teaching in 1963 at a private Catholic school while attending night school, taking correspondence courses and summer school courses to validate her teaching certificate. Eleven years later she became a teacher librarian in Delta. By 1980 she completed her degree program, graduating from University of B.C. with a Bachelor of Education with a professional major in library and an academic major in history.

The Davidsons moved to Salt Spring in 1985 when Davidson retired and her husband finished working a year later.

Davidson is a published author herself, having written the history of the Burgoyne Church in 1987. A year later, with Peggy Tolson, she established the archives through Heritage Trust and a Go B.C. grant. This is a branch of the Historical Society.

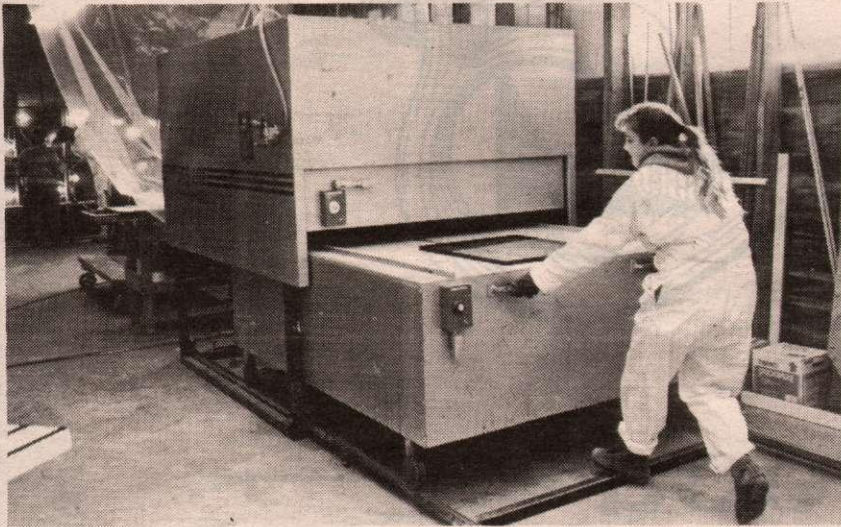
Davidson's interests include her family, both immediate and extended, Salt Spring Island, history, travel, research, Scotland, the environment and writing.

Fulford Glass Ltd.

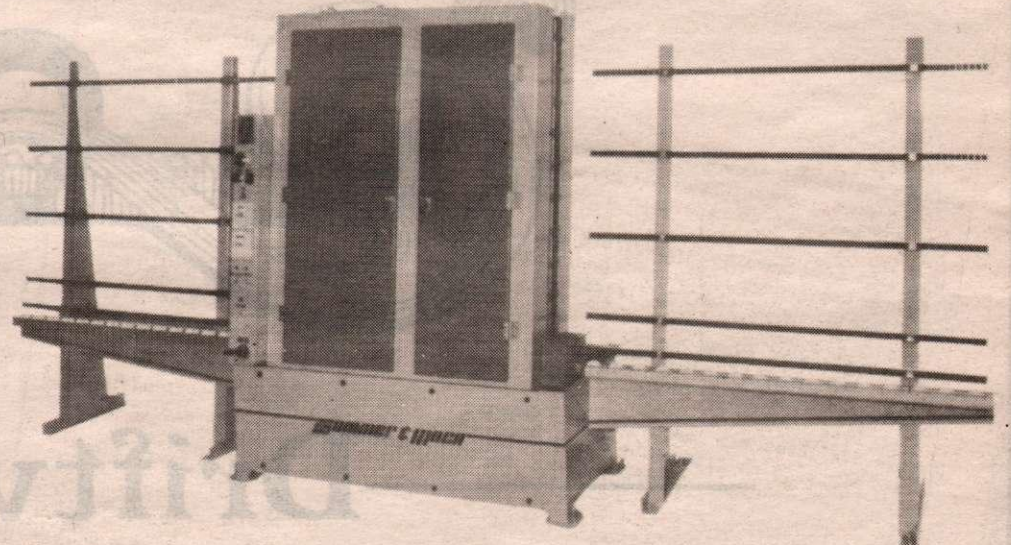
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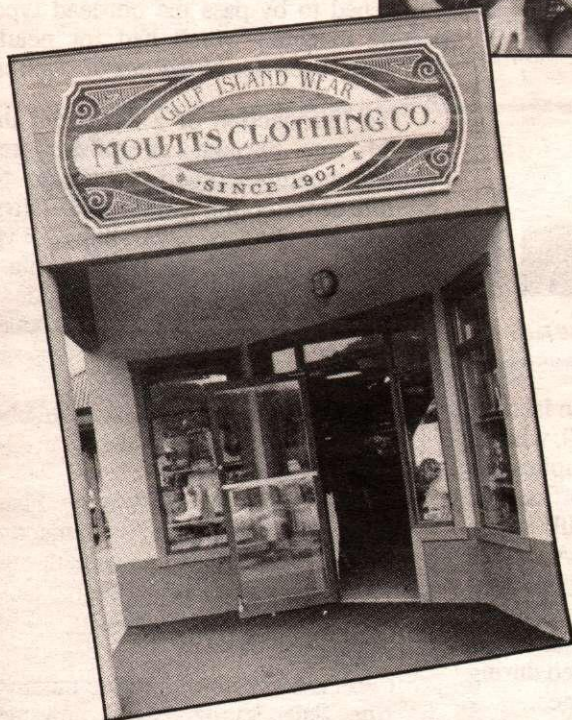
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In a letter to her brother in 1912, Gilbert Mouat's wife Belle said . . .

"You will go some to find a selection in a city store that looks better than this."

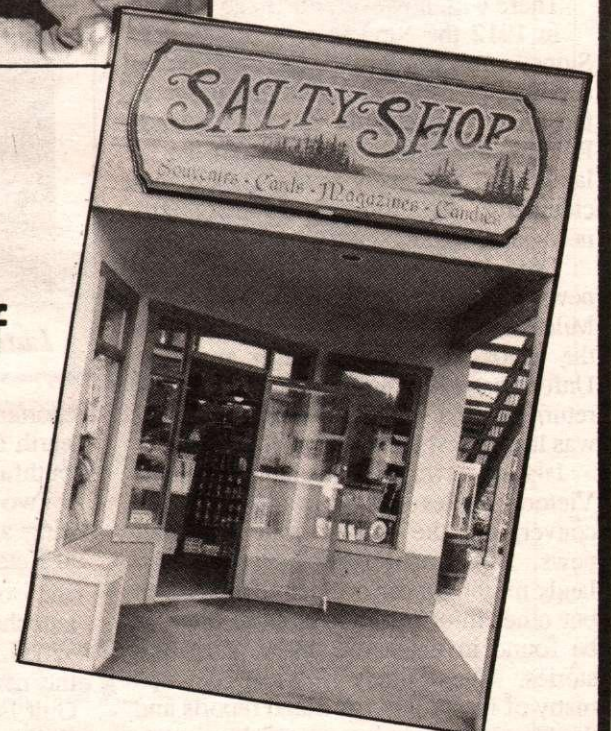


We've come a long way since those early days, but one thing hasn't changed...



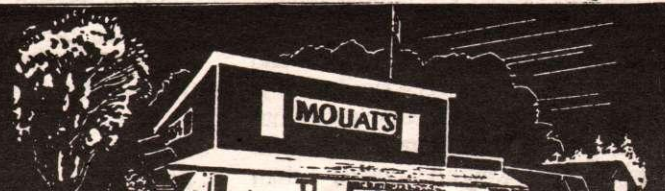
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Our people make the difference!



MOUAT'S

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ISLAND MEMORIES

WE STEP BACK IN TIME TO REVIEW...

Looking back into 30 years of Driftwood history can be entertaining and enlightening.

The Driftwood of 1960, produced by Woody and Bobby Fisher, consisted of eight to 12 typed and gestetnered pages, stapled together with one staple and delivered free of charge to all residents of Salt Spring Island.

Published on Thursday, March 24, 1960, the first issue, Vol. 1, No. 1, contained local news, views of the editor, E.V. Fisher, 21 block ads and a part page of classified.

The most interesting item in that first edition was the contributor's page, which contained the publication of excerpts from the "Journal of Anthony Tripp born St. Kevever, Cornwall, England, in the Year of our Lord 1846, the second day of March." Further excerpts are continued in most editions in 1960. (Hopefully, this valuable piece of history was placed in the B.C. Archives.)

The editorial promised "never to use Driftwood as a "privileged pulpit"....will attempt at all times to show both sides of a controversy equally and fairly...paper will always be open to anyone with something pertinent to say."

While a far cry from the professionally produced weekly we now enjoy, the early Driftwood served to provide a community focal point. It was a way to keep Islanders informed on what was going on in other areas of Salt Spring, as well as in their own back yard.

Like the Driftwood of the '60s, the Island was still in the small town, parochial phase of development. In fact, development, to any extent, had not yet entered the picture. Perhaps to those living on Salt Spring in the 1960s, there was too much progress, but to us, looking back 30 years, development had barely begun.

If there were any problems 30 years ago, they were not expressed as concerns in the March 24, 1960, first edition of the

Driftwood. However, Vol. 1, No. 2, brought up in an editorial, the question of whether Salt Spring should be one word or two. The editor apologized for his masthead with the one- word spelling, of which he had already printed "thousands and thousands" of copies. He felt especially badly about this because he actually favoured the two-word spelling.

Thirty years later, the March 21, 1990 edition of Driftwood was full of concerns that plague Islanders today. These concerns included: clear cut logging, schools, Arts Centre funding, use of Crown Lands, solid waste, sewers, vandalism, major crime, driftnet fishing, mental health, wind storms and electrical outages, transportation, development and Coast Guard funding.

Not only were the Gulf Islands' local concerns expressed in recent editions of Driftwood but those of the wider scene, as well; CRD, provincial, national and worldwide. Thirty years seems to have taken us out of ourselves and into the realm of world citizenship.

As Islanders of 1960 read and accepted the new publication, Driftwood, some found an outlet in which to express themselves in Letters to the Editor, and the newspaper itself expanded its reporting to include community concerns.

Reported April 7, 1960, was the fact that Lady Minto Hospital hosted the spring meeting of the Vancouver Island Hospitals' Regional Group, during which Dr. A. Francis of Ganges, made a speech commenting on the lack of adequate equipment in the "new and modern facility" in Ganges.

Salt Spring Islanders showed concern for less fortunate world citizens and were involved in adopting displaced persons, according to the April 21, 1960 edition.

On May 5, 1960, the Driftwood editor wondered why there was no Little Theatre group on the Island.

Concerns were gradually beginning to

show up in the infant Driftwood.

In the meantime, the local news continued to be published weekly, and from it one can form an idea of Island life in 1960.

"Smokers" were still being held in the Legion. (Perhaps they continue, but are not advertised.)

The Seventh Annual Beaver Point Bean Supper was held, convened by Nan Ruckle, hall decorated by Gwen Ruckle.

Boxing was a very popular sport.

The Art Club had been functioning for 13 years.

Special late ferries accommodated those who attended special events off island, as well as those off island who attended special events on Salt Spring.

The library received books from the Public Library Commission.

There was a P.T.A.

National Film Board movies were shown at Mahon Hall.

South Salt Spring Women's Institute was busy raising money for a coffee urn.

Church services were still being held at Burgoyne United Church.

The Burgoyne Valley was still called by its original name and not yet re-christened Fulford Valley.

McGill's Bakery was bought by Mr. and Mrs. W.H. Bradley and Robert Taylor. McGills left the Island.

Ganges School celebrated 20 years since inception.

Salt Spring Island Credit Union's beginning year was 1959-60.

Waterfront lots were going for \$250, a 200 acre farm for \$12,500.

Fulford Community Hall Association held a Victoria Day Parade and the Beaver Point Pioneer Float won the perpetual shield.

Kathy Butt was top senior girl athlete, as well as May Queen, and she was crowned by retiring Queen, Joan Warburton. Princesses were Kathie Morrison and Elizabeth Beech. Michael Bond was

top senior boy athlete.

B.C. Ferries Swartz Bay/Tsawwassen inaugural run took place June 15, 1960.

There was no resident dentist — one came from Vancouver Island once a week.

There was no way to get to the Saturday Lamb Barbecue unless one caught the 5:30 a.m. ferry from Fulford, so those interested in going arranged private transportation by launch.

Ganges Boat Yard opened July 2, 1960 with a big celebration.

Ferries for the Gulf Islands were still privately owned.

There was a regular Island bus service run by Chester Reynolds.

The first and only time a Provincial Cabinet Meeting was held on Salt Spring Island was July 14, 1960.

School news column was a regular feature of Driftwood, with Duncan Hepburn first editor,

Uncontrolled dogs killed six pet rabbits and sheep owners were up in arms, literally.

The golf course was sold to Chuck Harrison who had great plans to turn it into a country club with swimming pool, tennis courts and a bowling green.

Around the beginning of June, 1960, a new Gulf Island ferry schedule was introduced which greatly annoyed some more recently settled Pender folk, one of whom wrote a scathing letter to The Review, in Sidney, protesting the cut back of service. The protestor expected Salt Spring to follow suit.

Driftwood editor Fisher replied with an equally scathing editorial on June 9, stating that Salt Spring people were "True Islanders" — being those individuals "old or new, living on Salt Spring or any of the Islands, who have a certain dignity that will never be understood" by those who would change the Islands to "just like up-town".

TURN TO PAGE 5

The newspaper wasn't always Driftwood

First with the news on Salt Spring island was the Parish and Home, published by the versatile Anglican minister at the turn of the century, the Rev. Norman Wilson. Essentially a parish magazine, his publication covered a wide range of island activities.

Frank Richards
Driftwood President

There was, however, no "Page Three."

In 1912 the Review was launched in Sidney and announced its intention of serving the islands. Later published as the Saanich Peninsula and Gulf Islands Review, the Sidney paper served the islands well for many years. It bore, incidentally, the longest name of any newspaper in the country.

The desire for a home-grown newspaper was yet evident and when Miles Acheson published his Spotlight in the 1950s, he found an eager audience. Unfortunately he didn't find a rewarding return for his labours and the Spotlight was laid to rest after a brief, joyous life.

Islands news was available from the Victoria dailies as well as those in Vancouver, but the dailies dealt in harder news. Sensational stories from the islands might appear on many front pages but other information was more often to be found in magazine pages or feature stories. The Sidney Review devoted many of its columns to island reports and the Cowichan Leader ran regular reports of Salt Spring Island happenings.

At times the reports in dailies and weeklies might appear very similar for it was likely that they all emanated from the same pen. There were critics who sought more weighty news than



Late Barbara Richards and Frank relax at home with a friend.

reporters and correspondents there was a dearth of earth-shattering news from the youthful islands.

Two island news sheets came into being about the same time. On Galiano Ed Ketcham introduced his Gulf Islander and on Salt Spring Woody Fisher launched Salt Spring Island Driftwood. When the two papers merged, in 1966, the name of the latter was changed to Gulf Islands Driftwood. By that time the Galiano-centred Gulf Islander had long been the pride and joy of Jean Lockwood, while Driftwood had been sold to Jim and Arlene Ward.

Woody Fisher hailed from the United States, where he was in the news business. After living in semi-retirement on

new medium in the largest of the islands. It first saw ink and paper in 1960, when it was produced by means of a duplicating machine. The new Driftwood office was located at the foot of Ganges Hill where it remained for nearly a decade. Although the office was moved to the neighbouring property after a fire damaged its original home, the location underwent little change. Both buildings were razed during recent construction work in Ganges.

First issue of the new island paper carried a lead story on the arrival of the Fulford fire truck at a Ganges fire ahead of the Ganges-based equipment. The story went on to explain that the Jeep from the south had been standing outside the Ganges fire hall when the alarm was

imprint of Woody Fisher's impish sense of humour in the styling as well as the features he introduced.

Those days of 30 years ago were seeing great changes in the techniques of newspaper production. Just as the typesetting machine had brought newspapers into general acceptance a century earlier, the use of photographic typesetting was sweeping the country. New methods of production already threatened to by-pass the hot-lead typesetting machine which had for nearly 100 years been the hinge-pin of publication.

The introduction of a newsprint that would run through an offset press without creating a muddy mess from the mixture of water, ink and the "fluff" from the paper, changed everything. Type could be prepared on paper, from a typewriter, photographed and printed.

The weekly newspapers of Canada were among the first to look to the new system.

In the 1960s the system was dubbed "the paste-pot press" by MacLeans but soon was adopted by all.

In the middle sixties Woody Fisher turned to offset and installed his own press and camera. The camera was brought from the Acheson studio where it had already performed well for the Spotlight.

It was a brave entry into the unknown for the Salt Spring island newsmen. There were few sources of information on this new method. Almost every phase had to be tried and tested without help from outside. For months the work was formidable and the results very disappointing, but gradually the new system was mastered and Driftwood took on its

ISLAND MEMORIES

...ISLAND AND NEWSPAPER HISTORY

From Page 4

A very long Letter to the Editor of Driftwood followed from Pender, in the June 16 edition, objecting to his editorial and bringing to the readers' attention that if anyone was a newcomer, it was Driftwood.

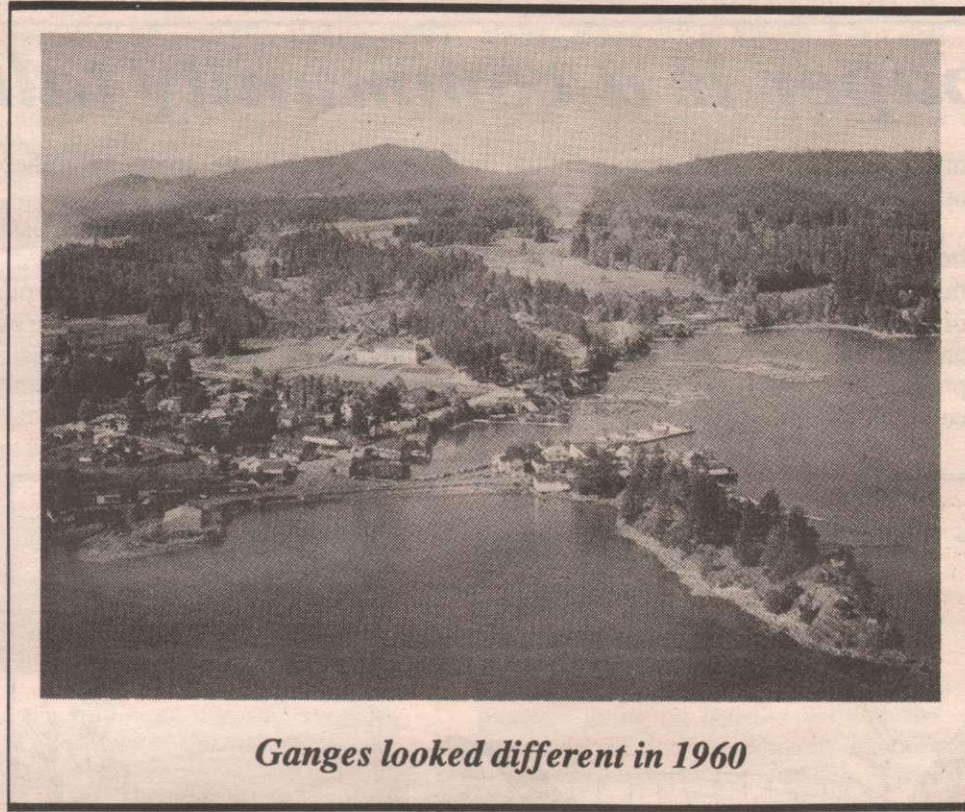
The Farmers' Institute asked for volunteers to serve on the Fall Fair Committee. As there were too few volunteers to organize and run a Fall Fair, it was cancelled for 1960.

It must have been difficult to produce a newspaper for a community in which there were no sustained objections to the status quo. There is so little controversy or complaint in the early editions of Driftwood, this researcher was hard pressed to come up with material to write about the concerns of 1960 compared to the concerns of 1990.

Salt Spring Island was portrayed in the Driftwood as a quiet, harmonious, congenial community with very little controversy of any sort. If there were any complaints they were aired, but seldom was anything done to correct the problem and the protests apparently died, as indicated in the following reports.

During the fall of 1960, there were two articles in the Driftwood, describing the driving hazards for the school buses. One week gives a hair-raising description of Beaver Point Road and the following week, an even more blood-chilling account of the North End route. As we know road improvements were, as they are today, slow to materialize. Anyone who rides the school bus on Isabella Point Road can tell you that.

Are residents different today from those who lived here thirty years ago? Has the Island changed? Are the concerns different from those of the past? You might say that the more we change, the more we remain the same, at least when you're talking about Salt Spring Is-



Ganges looked different in 1960

land.

People were different in the 1960s. The times were different. During the 1960s the B.C. population was generally contented. The economy was booming. The government was getting things done. After decades of ineffective coalition we were into the phase of effective expansion. Highways opened up the hinterlands of B.C., B.C. Electric was expropriated by government and Bennett's Navy became a reality. Prosperity flourished.

Most people were satisfied with their lot and in no other place was that more apparent than on Salt Spring Island.

But changes were coming. The first of these changes was the alternate life style or so-called "hippy movement" of the

60s. This Island was the perfect place for the intellectual and highly-educated society drop-outs to find the back-to-nature lifestyle they were seeking. Far enough away, but not too far, from the materialism they shunned. The population of the Island grew and ferry service increased.

When ferry service increased, the Island became a popular retirement haven. Some retirees did not stay long, but while they were here they built substantial homes which were followed by stores in which to shop and organizations to attend. If they did stay on, more medical care, apartments, townhouses, condos and care facilities were needed. The developers were kept busy with the changes.

Construction required workers and workers brought their families. Schools, stores, homes and facilities were built for them and the population continued to grow.

As people were squeezed out of mainland and Vancouver Island communities through high prices and lack of housing, Salt Spring Island looked increasingly enticing as a place to settle.

Growth brings sophistication and some of the sophisticated want their community to be "just like up-town."

On the other hand, there is the loudly-voiced lobby that wants everything to remain the same. Hence, controversy stirs in our hearts and Salt Spring Island receives media coverage, which puts us on the map so to speak, bringing more people to live here, looking for the peace and beauty. But some are determined to exchange it for convenience.

There is a Salt Spring Island mentality, which has not changed over the 30 years of Driftwood's existence. The originals have it, naturally, and long time residents have acquired it. Some newcomers are eager to adapt to it and those who can't adjust leave.

Time means very little. There is not much push to bigger and better. There is a general feeling against materialism — (we go to dances in jeans, for heaven's sakes.) We are a community — rich, poor, old, young, famous, infamous or common herd, racial background, newly arrived or descendants of pioneers — we are all the same, and off-Islanders can't tell the difference.

Our aims are the same as they were 30 years ago. Our aspirations are few, but important to all — no crime, clean air, clean water and a protected environment. We once had those things without lifting a finger. If we keep up the good fight we may be able to keep them and control the destiny of our beautiful Island.

Three cheers for Driftwood!

On behalf of the 104 members of the BCYCNA, I offer hearty and sincere congratulations on your 30 years of publishing.

Your newspaper has consistently been among the top community papers in B.C. and indeed often in Canada.

Gulf Islands Driftwood publishers Frank Richards, Tony Richards and Joyce Carlson have all served as president of our association, earning respect and high regard throughout the province and across the country.

Personally, I consider them among my good friends and have enjoyed working with them throughout my own association with BCYCNA.

Here's to the next 30 years!

R. J. Grainger
R. J. Grainger,
President



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Island Memories

SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY SECTION OF GULF ISLANDS DRIFTWOOD

PUBLISHED BY
 Driftwood Publishing Ltd.
 Box 250, Ganges, B.C.
 V0S 1E0
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 Fax (604) 537-2613

A good newspaper is a community talking to itself

What is a community newspaper? Playwright Arthur Miller once said, "a good newspaper is a nation talking to itself." That holds true for a good community newspaper.

Rather than focus on the world in general, the community newspaper gives readers an in-depth look at the specific community. No other media

offers as much local news, sports, opinion or advertising.

Television production costs make it impractical to zero in on smaller markets. Radio with only a few minutes of each on-air hour available for news and commentary can't be as comprehensive. Daily newspapers must cover the world, country, region and

cities before finding space for other news.

That's why local newspapers exist. The so-called small town paper serves a "community", an area where people share common interests, concerns and involvements.

Federal and provincial government policies and changes are left to local

government to translate into property taxes, police services or paved streets. And it's the hometown paper which brings this news to the community.

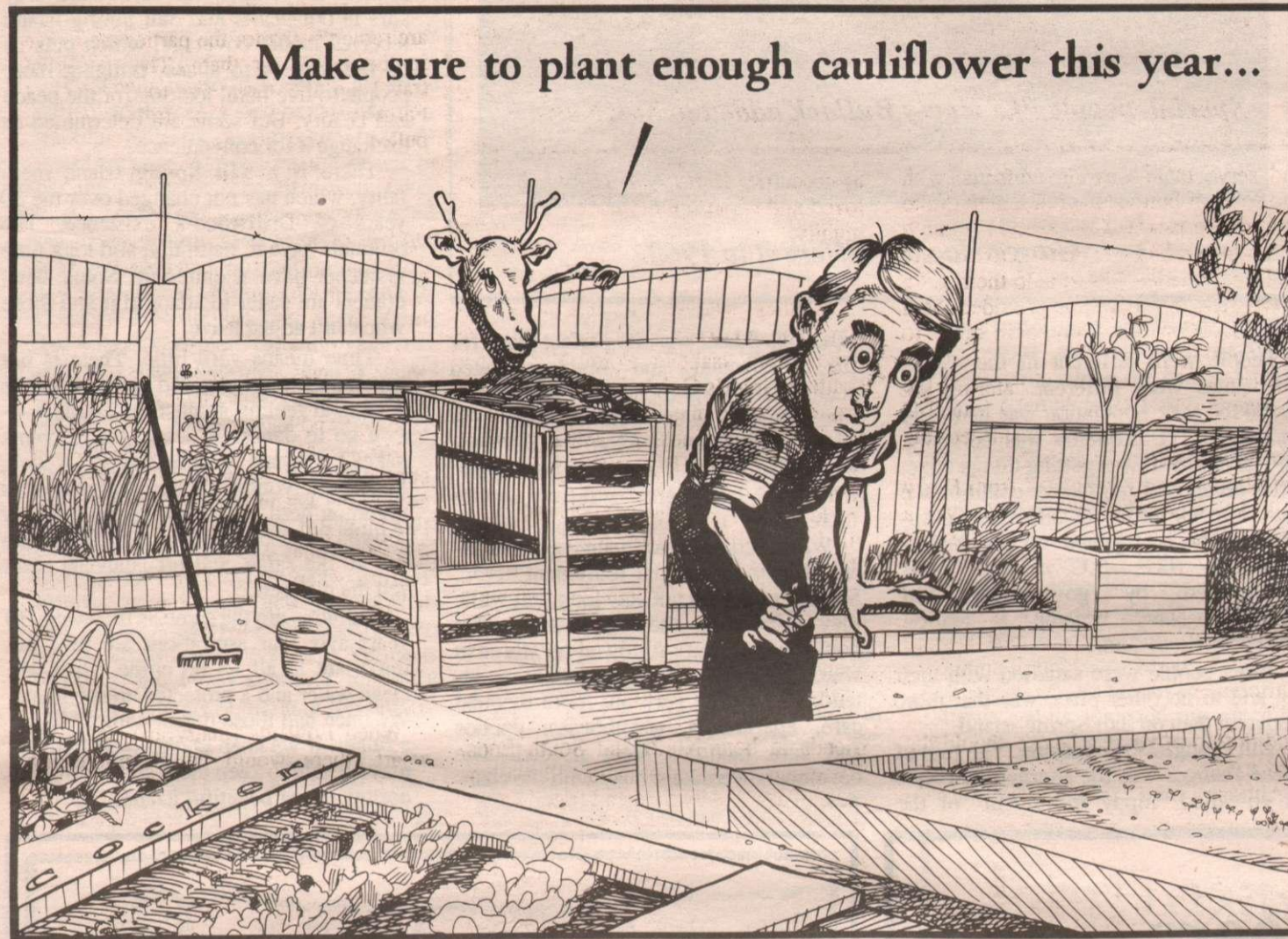
When the hospital board needs money, it's the local paper which tells the story. And when your neighbour's daughter wins a sports award, it's the local paper which brings this news as well.

Community newspapers cover "grassroots" issues. We help neighbours, record life, resolve problems and celebrate good times and personal accomplishment.

Readers of local newspapers DO READ their papers. It's the only place where they are certain of knowing some, if not all, of the people being written about. People may become discouraged or overwhelmed by world events. Our readers may be discouraged by some local event, but they want to be involved, they want to know exactly what's happening to their water supply, sewage system, garbage pick-up or the need for a new recreation centre.

Our strength comes from our readers knowing the people we write about. Because of the personal nature of a community newspaper, every one of our readers is able to check the facts for themselves.

Modern technology, rather than threatening our future, ensures a brighter life for small papers by decreasing production costs and lead times. Our papers have been around for a long time, working to earn the trust and support of a strong base of loyal readers. And that is the real hometown advantage.



How to become an island newspaper publisher

Contrary to popular opinion, I was not born with a moustache. That came later. Born of poor and reasonably honest parents, I grew up happily in a great city, leery of the rural setting with its lack of street lights and traffic.

Came a war and I was in the air force. Came a posting and I was in Canada. Came peace and I came back and that's the story of my life.

Most of my life has been spent in British Columbia. All three of my children were born in Sidney and all my nine grandchildren were born in this same province. And now I'm living in the sticks and slightly leery of the great cities despite their lights and traffic.

It wasn't always that easy. Like the end of the war. The government counsellor asked me what I planned to do. I would like to write for a living, I decided.

The counsellor really enjoyed the joke. An old man like me? I was 27 years old. No newspaper would take me. Three years later I was living on the west coast of Canada and working as a reporter for the Sidney Review.

It was a fluke, really. I had a good job, working as a postal clerk. Six days a week, from 8 a.m. until 7 p.m. that was. It didn't pay enough to live on, but I had a wife who worked and augmented my income. Our income, I guess.

One day the new publisher of the Sidney Review came into the post office to pick up his mail. It was quiet and I had nothing to do except kill time until 6:30 closing time. How was everything going, I asked Clair Rivers.

To be Frank

RICHARDS

"How good a man do you want?" I asked him.

"How good a man are you?" he countered.

We never did establish that point right up to the time I quit 17 years later. I learned the ropes in that office.

All my 17 years at Sidney were punctuated with shop work. The worst was melting type in the foundry.

The lead would melt in the furnace and we skimmed off the dross from the top before running into a ladle and pouring out the pigs on the floor. And this was really nothing to do with me or my job. I just got roped in.

I was strictly front office unless the shop was running behind. The foreman would then ask me to lend a hand making up pages. He would indicate the type he wanted by touching it with the pencil and then direct the printer to its desired location by another tap of the pencil.

I have to give full credit to the late Clair Rivers for his patience. A man of great courtesy most of the time, he was never more punctilious than in his instruction.

I would submit a story and he would

"Suppose we were to say, 'The reeve had previously stated his objection', then the reader is brought into the picture straight way."

Many other editors would simply have torn up the offending story and told me to rewrite it the way it should be.

In a sense I grew up with British Columbia. I started out as a news reporter as the province came into its era of expansion and, to some extent, recognition. I watched the collapse of the Coalition government and the rise of the new Social Credit party under its leader, WAC Bennett, scarcely known here despite the fact that he had been the unsuccessful candidate for the leadership of the provincial Progressive Conservatives.

I remember covering a political meeting when the crumbling Tories adopted free milk for schools as one of the party's planks in a shaky platform.

The following morning my colleagues all wanted to know how the meeting went. It had been very sad, I told them.

"Last night I sat in on the swan song of the Conservative party in this province," I reported.

They were contemptuous. How could a recent arrival from Britain possibly identify such an absurd idea from one

election.

The Coalition had been formed by Liberals and Conservatives to present a solid right-wing front against the growing left-wing CCF. When it broke apart over the issue of medical insurance the two founding parties could find little achievement to encourage support. The Liberals had formed the post-Coalition government and called an election employing a proportional representation system. Out of the confusion of voting rose a Social Credit government with a marginal majority over the CCF.

"I've seen Social Credit in action," ranted Rivers. "I saw it in Alberta. They turn father against son and brother against brother!"

The Social Crediters proved him wrong during the next near-half-century.

When I wanted to buy him out and Rivers didn't want to sell we parted company. Not on the best of terms, because we had established an agreement which he was not prepared to support.

I moved to Salt Spring Island with my wife, a trained nurse, and our three children. I never promised them a rose garden, but it was even thornier than I had feared. Four years we spent as much, or more than, we earned. Every spare penny went on new equipment until we remembered too well the days before we came.

It was different from running a hospital ward. For years Barbara would rant about pressures and long hours and shortage of money. One day I asked her outright which she would rather be, a

ISLAND MEMORIES

ISLAND CHARACTERS ADD COLOUR

A community is known as much for its characters as its geography.

The best known and most celebrated of Salt Spring Island citizens referred to as characters, was Harry Bullock. He came to the Island in 1892 and boarded at the Stevens' house for five years, where he was a constant intruder into Mrs. Stevens' kitchen, looking over her shoulder at every opportunity.

He purchased 300 acres from Eric and Nels Nelson and had a large house built on it by Reid Bittancourt for a sum of \$2000. Some sources say the house had 12 rooms and some say 20, but all are agreed that it had indoor plumbing.

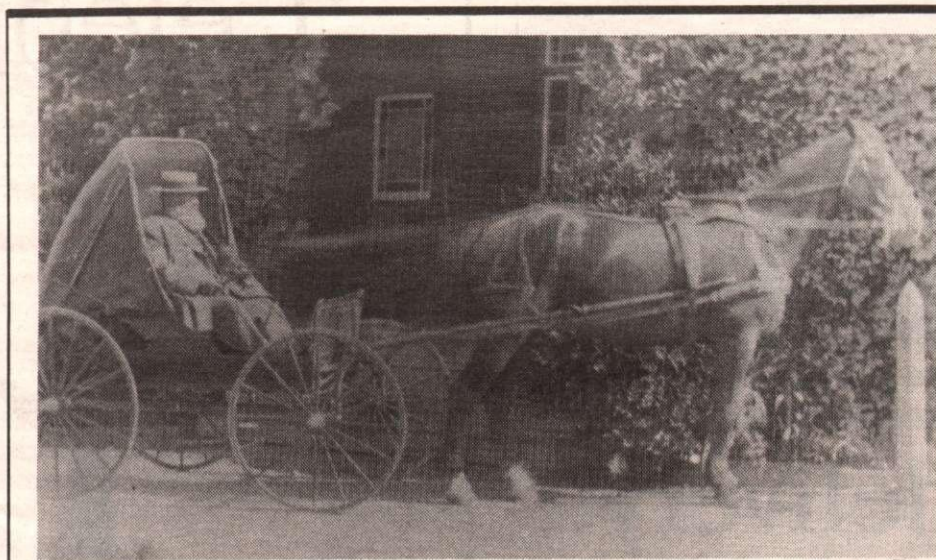
The farm, which included Bullock Lake, was a going concern, with orchards of apples and cherries and nut trees, sheep and jersey cows and fields of corn and asparagus. Bullock employed Japanese workers to keep the place in perfect order.

Harry Bullock loved to eat and his broad girth testified to his devotion to food. He gave frequent parties, described as elegant and gracious, with everyone in formal dress, for he was particularly concerned about appropriate attire. The ladies present accented their evening dresses with long white gloves and earrings, which he often provided, along with the ear-piercing required to accommodate them.

While his dictates were for proper decorum, his own actions argued the fetish, as he was said to comb his beard with his fork.

Lavishly entertaining the Island's society was only one side of Harry Bullock. He was also kind and generous to the poor and needy to whom he anonymously sent vegetables and groceries on frequent occasions.

He brought into his home numerous boys, mainly from Vancouver and Victoria orphanages and some from Britain. He taught them how to work on the farm



SSI Archives Photo

Special people like Harry Bullock added to Salt Spring

and serve table wearing uniforms with two rows of buttons the full length of the front of the jacket. They attended church with him and had leisure time to swim in the lake. His idea was to help them get a proper start in life and he provided them with education and training in order to accomplish that aim.

Harry Bullock apparently owned the first car on the Island, a 1910 Model T Ford, which was noisy, disturbed the citizens and scared the animals.

The community benefited from Harry Bullock's enterprising ways. He was a regular church goer and benefactor and an active member of the Agricultural Association. He founded a creamery, gasoline gas plant, incubator house and the Trading Company (farmers') Store (which was said to be done in spite over a difference with another local business).

He kept a spring wagon always in perfect condition to serve as a hearse should the need arise.

Although many Islanders viewed him

as eccentric, Harry Bullock was a much loved and respected member of the community.

Jim Anderson

Another island character was Jim Anderson, a tall, barefoot black man who lived along Isabella Point Road, just south of Grant's Gulch, in the 1950s. Jim was a beachcomber and as he searched for interesting finds, he actually swept the beach at the Big Rock, below his property.

He made a park out of his land and invited people to use it for picnics, free of charge.

Every evening the neighbours were treated to the Last Post, to honour past war veterans and every morning he sounded Reveille at dawn.

Jim Anderson lived in several locations on Salt Spring Island and had friends in both North and South Ends. There may be Islanders who still remember him as a kindly man and friend to all.

The Bryants

A well known couple in island history were the Bryants.

Captain James and Dr. Meta Bryant came to Salt Spring Island in 1912 to live on Bryant's Mountain with James' cousin Cecil Bryant, a mining engineer. Their farm was accessed from Fulford Ganges Road up the hillside near St. Paul's Church.

Dr. Bryant was a practising physician.

The farm supported an odd assortment of animals, including a loud-voiced mule, a Dalmatian dog and a huge flock of goats, from whose milk cheese was made.

The Bryants liked young people and are remembered for the parties they gave in the 1920s for them. The means of travel up the mountain to "The Goat Farm" was farm wagons, full of hay and pulled by work horses.

Captain Sears

An infamous non-resident but frequent visitor to the island was Captain Sears.

While not an Island resident, Captain Sears of the *Iroquois* is well remembered by those who knew him.

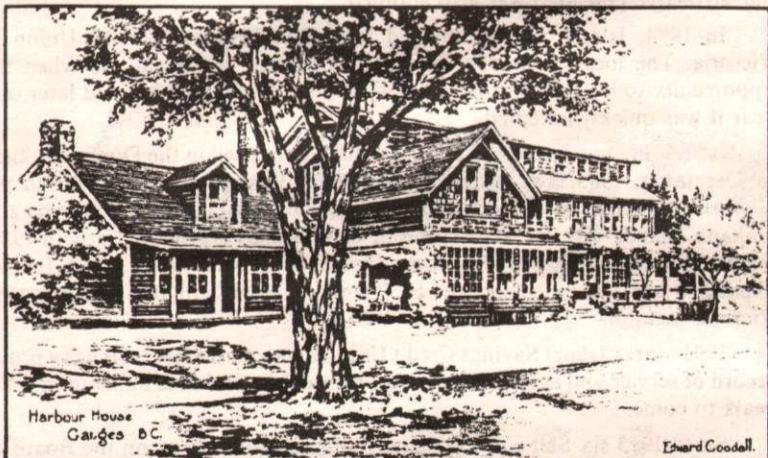
He is not remembered for his kindly ways or eccentric but benevolent behaviour, but for his impatience, abusive language and bad temper.

He was said to dislike Islanders who congregated at his various ports of call around the Island and they did not much like him. But they came anyway to greet the vessel and watch the "fireworks" at Fulford when Postmaster R.P. Edwards held up the scheduled departure of the *Iroquois* as he slowly brought the mail from his store and post office in the Burgoyne Valley. The *Iroquois* had to wait for the mail.

When Edwards finally arrived at the wharf, there would be an interesting

TURN TO PAGE 12

Harbour House Hotel



Harbour House Ganges B.C.

Edward Coodall

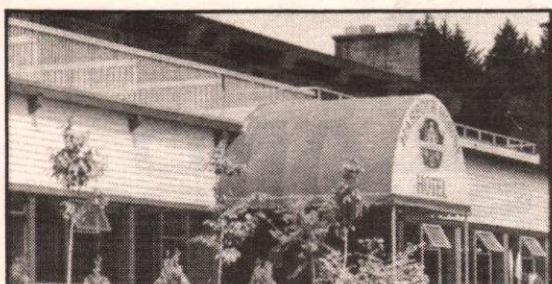
Harbour House originally was the farm home of a pioneer family on Salt Spring, the Fred Croftons. Fred Crofton came to the island from Ireland in the 1890's and married Nona, the daughter of the Anglican Minister, Reverend Ed Wilson. She converted the home to a guest house in 1916 when Fred was overseas in France with the Canadian army. After World War I, the family enlarged the house and improved the grounds and gardens to make the hotel a social, cultural and recreational centre for Salt Spring. A focal point for activity were two red coloured clay tennis courts in front of the hotel, the sites of which still exist.

The site for the lower court in 1920 was covered by a huge mound of clam shells that had built up in size over the countless years, perhaps thousands of years. When clearing this midden, the Croftons found many skeletons of buried Indians. Later they learned that this was sacred ground for the Cowichan Indian tribe and that carved into the maple tree between the two tennis court sites was the council seat for the tribal chief.

It was here also and on the beach below that the "Massacre of Admiralty Bay" took place. According to an eye-witness, who had a cabin near where the hotel now stands, Admiralty Bay, later renamed Ganges Harbour, was the scene of much Indian activity on July 4, 1860. Encamped on the beach were about 50 Cowichans. At first they were peaceful but turned warlike after a canoe of men and women of the Bella Bella tribe appeared. Fighting broke out and nearly all the Bella Bellas were killed. The Cowichans lost no one.

The maple tree, sometimes referred to as the "massacre tree", still stands and the chief's council seat is still in evidence with the likeness of an eagle at the head level on the right hand side.

Because of its importance to



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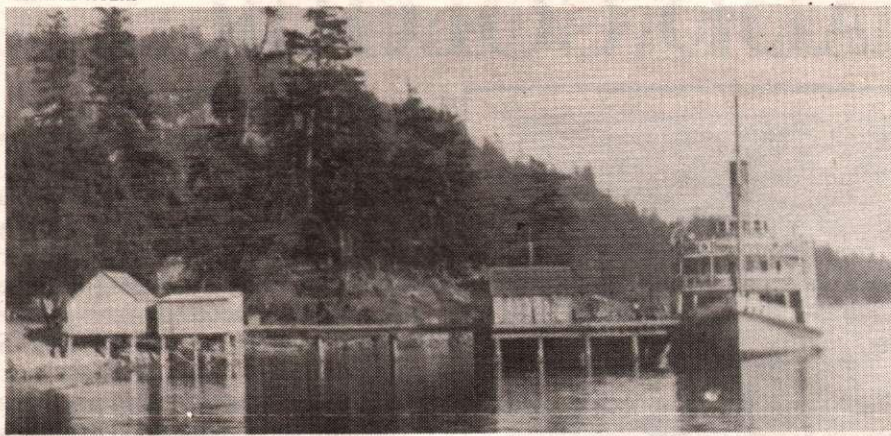
WE WEIGH THE OLD FASHIONED WAY— IN POUNDS AND OUNCES!

Nature works

Located in "Creekhouse" at the foot of Ganges Hill

ISLAND MEMORIES

SSI Archives Photo



Arrival of a ship carrying mail created an exciting time.

Early mail delivery was challenging

Salt Spring Island's first, unofficial, post office was at Begg's Store in what is now Fernwood. The first Victoria Directory for 1860 contained the following advertisement:

"Salt Spring Island Store, Post Office and Nursery. The subscriber will keep constantly on hand a choice stock of Flour, Groceries and Provisions, Dry Goods, Hardware, etc. which will be sold cheap for cash or exchanged for country produce...."

Jonathan Begg must have made some arrangement to bring the mail to Begg's Settlement as he had neither wharf, steamer, nor road on which to rely. It is said a trip to Victoria by Indian Canoe could take from one to four days, depending on the weather, so it is probable that he brought in both supplies and mail that way. Or perhaps he had an arrangement with a schooner or sloop captain to deliver the goods.

After the severe winter of 1862, settlers left Salt Spring Island because many of their cattle had died. They were left "dangerously low in provisions." And they feared Indian hostility. They were upset because the government did nothing to improve postal service.

By 1864, the *SS Fideliter*, on the way to Nanaimo, was making fairly frequent mail calls at Vesuvius. This was an improvement but did nothing to help Jonathan Begg carry out his commitment. He petitioned the government of Vancouver Island in 1865 to have a mail ship stop at Begg's Settlement every two weeks. He stated: "regular and safe postal services were lacking almost entirely, making it necessary to send mail to Victoria via Nanaimo and New Westminster." His petition soon resulted in the *SS Fideliter* making stops at Begg's Settlement. Anthony Tripp records in his diary an occasion in February 1867 when he went to pick up the mail dropped there.

The first official post office on the Island opened in 1875, in a one-roomed shack at Central Settlement. It was called the Salt Spring Island Post Office. The first postmaster, T.C. Parry, made mail deliveries with a mule over which he had little control. If the mule would not stop, those en route might find a note dropped by Parry, saying "owing to circumstances beyond control, the mail cannot be delivered today."

The second postmaster at Central, officially called Vesuvius Post Office, was Joel Broadwell. He served from 1885 to 1900, during which time a cancellation for stamps was introduced. It was really a seal, a six point star with a dot in the middle, but served very well as a stamp cancellation.

The Fulford Post Office finally moved to Fulford Wharf, where it remains to this day.

The Beaver Point post office was established December 1, 1884, with the first postmaster, John Pappenburger.

Beaver Point wharf before Pattersons, W.D. Patterson, Henry Ruckle Sr. and Henry Ruckle Jr. Beaver Point post office closed on September 30, 1951, in favour of Fulford. It is strange to note that the Beaver Point post office was never officially recognized until several years after it closed. However, Islanders have never officially recognized officialdom, so the post office at Beaver Point served as a vital part of community service for 65 years without Ottawa's sanction. One wonders how the payroll was arranged.

At this point, all South End mail was delivered from Fulford, except to those within walking distance of the post office.

Frank Pyatt was a rural mail carrier out of Fulford for 50 years. He started out about 1919 in a horse and buggy and later drove a car. He was never known to fail his customers. When he retired, George Lampier was postmaster. Other Fulford postmasters were: Claude Leigh, Percy T. Jones, Jimmy Grosart, Jean Hollings and presently, Ruth Clarkson.

There is a sad story concerning Jimmy Grosart, postmaster in 1960. He became lost on Mount Maxwell, which prompted a large search party to scour the mountain for three days. He was finally found by Gavin Reynolds and son Don, where he had fallen from a cliff and died. Jimmy Grosart was a popular, community spirited man. His occupation was real estate and insurance, and he kept books for local loggers, as well as tending the post office. However he is most fondly remembered for his involvement in promoting sports activities for young people.

According to Bea Hamilton, the pre-1911 postmaster in the Fulford area, would gather the locals around him after the steamer departed. Then he would dump the mail bags on the hay bales in the warehouse and distribute mail to those present. It was a risky business, as the warehouse had no floor other than the wharf planking with wide cracks between them and the Harbour waters lapping beneath.

When the post office at Central moved to Ganges, it was located in Mouat's, first in the area that used to be the Salty Shop. After several moves within Mouat's, it was moved to the General Store for a few years and then about eight years ago, to the new building where it is presently situated.

Salt Spring Island now has a post office in Ganges and one in Fulford. Each post office takes care of its own outlying districts with rural mail couriers. A sub post office has recently opened during the store's hours, in the new Harbour Food Market on the Fulford-Ganges Road, in Ganges.

Ganges main post office remains a social centre where residents meet and chat

Celebrating

40

years

1951-1991

Island Savings Credit Union

On March 9, 1951, Duncan and District Credit Union was formed with a total of 16 members and \$36 in assets. No one involved in those early days could have foreseen the continued steady growth and development which has brought Island Savings to the forefront as a full service financial institution with assets of more than \$200 million and 30,000 members.

The first office, which was located in the basement of the first employee's home, has long since been re-located, and Island Savings now serves its members and clients from 13 bank and insurance offices located on southern Vancouver Island and the Gulf Islands. The staff of one has grown to more than 160.

Duncan and District Credit Union merged with Crofton Credit Union in 1970.

In 1971, the Cobble Hill Credit Union amalgamated with Duncan and District. In 1981 the Mill Bay Branch moved into its present location in the Mill Bay Centre and proudly serves this rapidly expanding area.

In 1975 a group of residents of Salt Spring Island approached the credit union requesting that a branch be opened on the Island. After relocating twice because of rapid growth, a spacious new office was completed and occupied in January, 1985.

In June of 1981 the membership voted to change the name to Island Savings Credit Union to more aptly describe our geographic service area, and our attractive new logo was also adopted.

In 1984, Island Savings merged with Woodworkers' Credit Union in Victoria. The location at 450 Burnside Road was very small, so when the opportunity to become part of the new Mayfair Mall was presented later that year it was quickly accepted.

Island Savings Insurance Services Ltd. was opened in the Duncan Branch in December, 1983. The insurance subsidiary was expanded in 1984 to the Victoria Branch, and again late in 1987 to Salt Spring, Pender, Mayne and Galiano Islands with the acquisition of Gulf Islands Agencies. Early in 1988, Island Savings purchased Whittome Insurance Services Ltd., which further expanded our insurance services to Chemainus and Mill Bay and a second Victoria location.

1991 marks Island Savings Credit Union's 40th Anniversary. It has a proud record of service and achievement, a record which it intends to build upon in the years to come.

Since 1975 six Salt Spring Island residents have served on the Board of Directors of Island Savings—Phil Valcourt, Doug Hack, Andy Johnsen, George Heinekey, Michael Schubart and Pearl Graham. Michael Schubart was elected to the Board in April, 1982, and has been President since April, 1984. Pearl Graham was elected in March, 1986, and is currently the Chairman of the Conduct Review Committee.

**COME IN AND CELEBRATE WITH US
DURING THE WEEK OF MARCH 4-9!**



**ISLAND
SAVINGS**
CREDIT UNION

ISLAND MEMORIES

Educated at private and public schools

Salt Spring pupils get a dose of the three "Rs"

There is no doubt Salt Spring is a truly remarkable place and one of the most remarkable aspects is the history of education on the Island.

A recent *Driftwood* article indicated a survey found there is almost zero per cent illiteracy on the Gulf Islands. If Salt Spring's story is true of the other Gulf Islands, it is no wonder. Salt Spring Islanders were determined to be educated.

One of the first Salt Spring Island settlers was a teacher, John C. Jones, who had graduated from the University of Ohio with a First Class teaching certificate. Children from all over the Island, but particularly in two locations, Begg's Settlement (Fernwood) and Central Settlement, were taught by this kindly and patient man (and his assistant Frederick D. Lester) who travelled on foot between his schools and for a number of years received no pay for his devotion.

From the mid-1880s, Raffles Purdy, brother of Emily Beddis, was the teacher at Central Settlement for many years, followed by another excellent teacher, Archibald John William Dodds.

In 1885, Sam Beddis and his son, Charles, built Beaver Point School where the Beddis children attended, along with the children from South End, Russell and Portland Island pioneer families.

There was a small log school in the Burgoyne Valley before 1887, which was soon outgrown by the population and replaced by a new larger building in 1895.

Both Divide and Cranberry had one-roomed schools in the 1880s, and others were built at Fulford, Isabella Point and North Vesuvius before the turn of the century.

During the late 1890s and early in the 20th century, there were several private schools in Ganges, opened to save area

children the long walk to Central and to offer alternate education. There were parents then, as there are now, who did not feel the public school system provided an adequate education for their children. Many went on to the highly-esteemed private schools in Victoria. One of the most favoured of private school teachers, Leonard Tolson, went on himself to teach at St. Michael's in Victoria.

In some respects, public education was a hit or miss affair as one stipulation was that there must be 10 registered pupils before the Provincial Department of Education would provide a teacher. In some years there was no problem, but in 1905, the year archivist Mary Davidson's father turned three, there were only nine pupils at Beaver Point, so he started school at that tender age, to make up the 10. This story is apparently true of the other one-roomed schools on the Island and throughout the Canadian West, as many pioneer families seem to have had

the same experience.

The qualities of the teachers of these remote little schools was sometimes questionable, as they were a law unto themselves. Davidson's aunt told the story of one Beaver Point teacher who was particularly severe in both his sarcastic manner and physical punishments. She remembered him distinctly, as she happened to be in his bad books most of the time, being a sassy miss at the time.

With so many one-roomed schools on the Island, there was usually a bevy of young women teachers for the eligible bachelors to squire around. In his autobiography, Johnny Reid, who had a roadster in 1925, tells about driving the school teachers (one of whom he later married) to the local dances. Salt Spring Island was a great place for the young single female teacher.

When Davidson's mother came in 1928 to teach at Beaver Point School, she boarded with the Pattersons at Beaver

Point Wharf. "Mrs. Patterson or Emma as my mother affectionately calls her, was somewhat inclined to matchmaking, so on Mom's first evening on the Island, she invited my Dad down for a game of 500," Davidson recalls.

He ungraciously declined, not knowing what sort of young woman Mrs. Patterson was championing. However, curiosity got the better of him. He rounded up his chum, Norman Ruckle and they drove down to the store.

The Pattersons were old friends and endowed with a good sense of humour, so they invited the young men in, carried on with the plan to play cards and the most enjoyable evening went on until the wee small hours.

The following evening, Mrs. Cearley, another South End pioneer, invited the Pattersons and the new teacher to her home for dinner. She also invited Art Hepburn, who was another eligible bachelor at the time. Art did not win the battle of the swains this time but he too married an Island teacher, Florence Groves.

She taught on Salt Spring for more than 40 years taking five years out to have her children. No sooner had she retired than she was asked to go back; instead in the 18 years since she has worked with individuals determined to learn — students preparing for university and adults aspiring to a high school diploma.

School teachers who came to Salt Spring Island were more or less guaranteed a happy, active social life as Davidson's mother's story is typical. Some of her pupils at Beaver Point School were Howard and Charlie Horel, Stuart McLennan, Bob Patterson, Nan and Helen Ruckle and several Fisher

TURN TO PAGE 12



Pupils pose at "new" Burgoyne School

SSI Archives Photo

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in Gasoline Alley

Bring the whole family and experience real island hospitality. Our house specialties include Prime Rib, Fresh Seafood including Nova Scotia lobster, and Salt Spring Island Lamb.

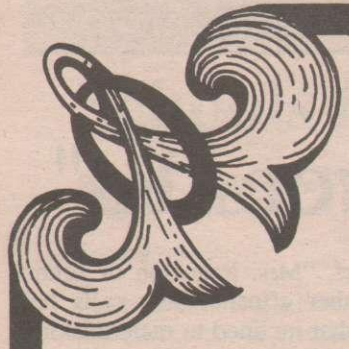
Special Seniors' and Children's menus are available.

OPEN
TUESDAY-SUNDAY
Lunch 11:30 am-2:30 pm
Dinner 5:00 pm-8:00 pm

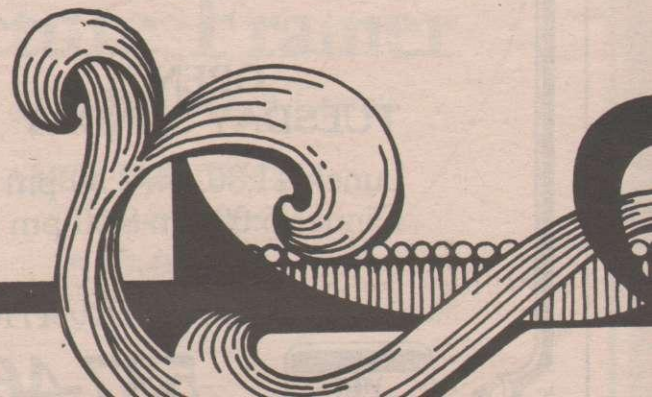
FOR RESERVATIONS CALL

537-4611





Snapshots of days gone by



Life on Salt Spring Island



ISLAND MEMORIES

Schools hold fond memories for teachers and students

From Page 9

children from Russell Island.

There were a number of local girls who took up teaching. Those who come to mind are Jessie (Mouat) Toynbee, Katie Furness, Bertha Trage, Agnes Ruckle and Jean (Mouat) Shopland, who probably had their own romantic stories to tell.

Later on a public school was opened in Ganges, located in the building which is now the Catholic Church on Drake Road. The population of Ganges Village was growing as it became the main centre of the Island.

The one-roomed schools which are so fondly remembered were in use until the Consolidated School was built in Ganges in 1940. The last one to close its doors as a public school was Beaver Point, in 1951. For many years all children were bused into Ganges, but eventually there became too many. Gulf Island Secondary School was built which helped alleviate the crowding for awhile, but finally Fernwood School was required to take the North End children. Several years ago, a brand new Fulford School was opened to serve South End children.

As well as the public schools, there are several private institutions on the Island, one a regular independent elementary school.

If no suitable building was available, classes were held in empty houses. According to Joe Garner, the first public school in the Ganges area was held "in the old Frank Scott home at the end of Church Road almost directly behind the Mahon Hall."

Garner goes on to say that the "first year of high school was taught in the

front room of Jimmy Rogers' home at Ganges" which also served as the jail with two cells at the back of the house. Jimmy Rogers was the Island's policeman at the time.

Most remarkable of all was the high school, a poultry display building of the Farmers' Institute, popularly referred to as 'the Chicken House' which came fully equipped with chicken fleas. It was situated on the site of the present high school building and in the 1920s a fee of \$5.00 a month was charged each pupil in attendance.

Personalities play a part in history

From Page 7

shouting match between the two grizzly men, which gave the locals something to look forward to on steamship day.

Captain Sears kept a gun in his cabin, which he used on ducks and occasionally on boaters who got in his way. He did not shoot anyone, aiming to scare rather than wound.

The *Iroquois* provided another interest to some Islanders, in the form of a legal bar. A number of local residents nipped aboard for a quick drink while the little ship was tied up at the wharves around the Island.

So, while the Captain and Islanders agreed in their mutual dislike, they tolerated each other for their mutual benefit. Salt Spring needed the postal and ferry service and Captain Sears needed the freight and passenger business.

Sharpest memories provide snapshot of island lifestyle

From Page 6

"I'd never go back to nursing!" she said with fervour.

The transition from Review to Driftwood was absolute. No more pencil and tapping type for me! It was a case of learning how the job was done instead of telling someone else to do it. The years I had made up pages, written heads and set them all paid big dividends.

And the spectacular development and expansion of the islands, the introduction of new administrative levels with new regulations of life and living among the islands all contributed to a new approach to the news of the week.

When the government of the day examined the growth of small-lot subdivisions among the islands a sense of caution arose. Municipal Affairs Minister Dan Campbell borrowed the existing regional hospital administrations to form a new level of government, regional districts.

Now, regional districts faced up to planning, zoning and land use controls as its first major undertaking. All hell broke out in the islands. Government intervention into the purely private area of property development was undreamed of. The islands were split down the middle as one faction demanded proper and scrupulous control of land development while the other bulwark of protection saw no reason for any interference.

When the furor reached its peak there was a new entry into the debate. Why not, asked a section of islands opinion, leave planning and the specifics to the islanders themselves? This led to the introduction of the Islands Trust and the flat rejection by many islanders of the Capital

introduced with a power of veto. Plans not suitable might be refused. There were no clear rules for the Trust. A new concept, it was called upon to more or less make its own rules.

Today, the Trust has been granted greater responsibilities than ever. Its history has been one of success and the planning by practical experiment has probably provided a guidance to the British Columbia government as well as other administrations in the pattern of controlling land use and the ramifications of such controls.

Land use has been the greatest challenge to the islands in decades and numerous disputes in the islands have been the direct or indirect result of planning proposals and decisions.

I worked as closely with the Islands Trust as I have with any administration in the islands and while I have disagreed with some of their decisions I have been very impressed with the stature of individual trustees as well as by the manner of their working together despite wide disparities in their philosophy of community living.

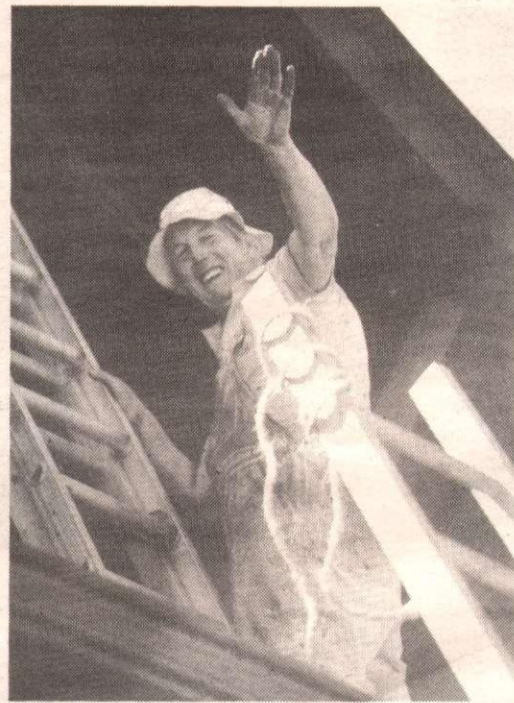
They have a long way to go, but they are writing history every mile of the way.

And so are we all. All I know for sure is that the life of a news reporter is so tough that your hair turns white, your teeth drop out, your eyes falter in their quest for glasses, yet you never miss a spelling error in somebody else's writing. And you grow into the grey eminence behind the facade, remembering everything and knowing nothing because all has changed in the last year, the last decade and the last lifetime.

Even the jargon of the industry has changed. Yesterday's wrong font is

The longest continuous painting & paperhanging service in the Islands.

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Past jobs include work in beautiful heritage homes, banks, schools, churches and new construction.



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ISLAND MEMORIES

**Step by step, week by week
a community newspaper
evolves for its readers**

From Page 4

new style with less ink splotches and shadow lines from the camera.

With a new newspaper established here and a new process of production, the founder took a look outside for a more lucrative living. It remained for the new owners, Jim and Arlene Ward to set aside the press on which each side of each page was printed separately. The time-consuming routine had to be improved and one central press, in Victoria, superseded the local machine.

Like most community newspapers across the country, Driftwood shared its presses with a large number of sister papers. It still does.

Jim Ward was a teacher in Gulf Islands Secondary School until he entered the newspaper business, but after three years or so the Wards also experienced that urge to make a living and left the island.

In 1966 they sold out and in January 1967 Frank and Barbara Richards took over with the same desperate hope that motivates so many small newspaper proprietors.

Many other changes in production systems were made in the ensuing years. The use of a standard sized typewriter was abandoned and a number of machines with a special news type face were installed.

The story of a small newspaper is the story of journalism in Canada. Most of the changes made during the lifetime of Driftwood were the result of constant experimentation and innovation by printing manufacturers.

The final step in production came with the introduction of electronic typesetting.

Machines in use by most community newspapers will set type faster than any operator can move it.

The production side is at that point of trying to keep apace of innovations without the expenditure of vast sums of money for "dream equipment."

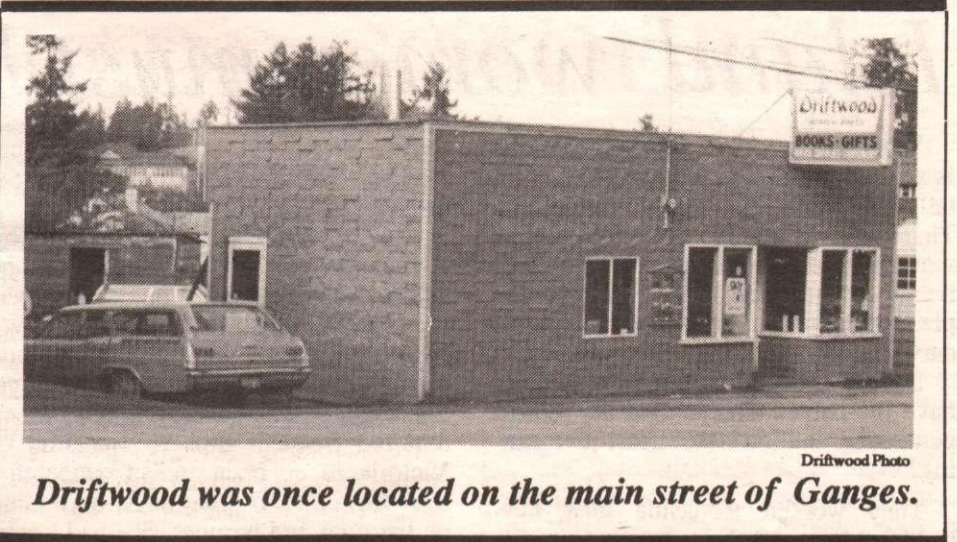
The reader sees the efforts of the newsroom. The front page is the business card of any newspaper and that's where the news of the day shows up. The islands' news has moved out of the social items and gossip columns into live reports of islands' incidents of interest to most readers.

Statistical tales, embracing births, marriages and deaths, have given place to reports on administrative decisions, governments and activities affecting a wide range of residents. With a greater number of pages the newspaper carries features and columns covering a broad swath across islands. Yet the story is the same. Every news story since the first sheet appeared centuries ago is a report on what has happened to relatives, friends, neighbours and acquaintances.

The basic recipe for islands news half a century ago was a series of social reports interwoven with church and organizational activities and punctuated with references to transportation. Since the days of the last century transportation has been the keynote of debate, dispute and argument with governments. It still is.

Weather took its place and still does. New governmental regulations and ordinances have always been front page news. They still are.

New to the people and new to the pages of Driftwood are local government



Driftwood was once located on the main street of Ganges.

and planning.

Elections, the parade through the courts, comments of elected representatives have always been part of the publishing world and are yet. Schools and school administration have taken on a more significant role in recent years and the regional governments, including the Islands Trust, have come to occupy a very prominent place in our affairs and news reports.

Another, and a major development in news stories over the past decade or two has been the entry of ordinary citizens into the local and wider administration. Protests by indignant groups have taken on a new meaning as public awareness increases. These changes in news stories and emphasis are simply the reflection of changes in society. Every change and every shade of change may be recognized by careful perusal of the pages of Driftwood from year to year.

While the changes in news styles, stories and philosophy reflect the parallel changes in society, the pattern of advertising is probably even closer to social changes.

The presentation of the advertiser's message is the result of discussion be-

tween the advertiser and the newspaper staff. This pattern changes almost year to year. New ideas, new methods and new thinking make for the greatest changes in styling and the presentation of the message.

Laws also make themselves very significant. There are ever-increasing laws and regulations governing the message an advertiser may broadcast through the newspaper's pages.

Misleading advertising is specifically prohibited by law.

These regulations are intended for the protection of the reader and, ultimately, of the advertiser.

Today, after three decades of serving its sea-girt community, Driftwood is still sending out signals to the people of the islands. Just as it did in its first issue, Driftwood tells of the incidents of the week and brings you, the reader, the announcements of its advertisers. Its story is one of change and that change never stops.

Every week is new. Every incident is new. Every announcement is new. Because that's what it's all about, what's new? A newspaper, the Driftwood newspaper, that's what.

Congratulations

to the

Gulf Islands Driftwood

on over 30 years of publishing!

...from all of us at

ISLAND PUBLISHERS

770 Enterprise Cres., Victoria, B.C.

727-2409

"We're happy to be your paper's printers."

ISLAND MEMORIES

Island women must be given their due

When the history of Salt Spring Island is studied, the words read are almost totally of what the men accomplished. There were a lot more men here than women in the beginning and they must be given their due. They did find the place and, in some cases, came first to carve out a home in the wilderness.

So what did the women do, besides have the babies who formed the second generation and gave the effort its meaning?

They worked alongside their husbands. Many of them assisted in the building, clearing the lands, and planting and harvesting, as well as bearing and tending the children. They tended the animals and kitchen garden and did all the labour intensive tasks of the pioneer woman when everything was done by hand.

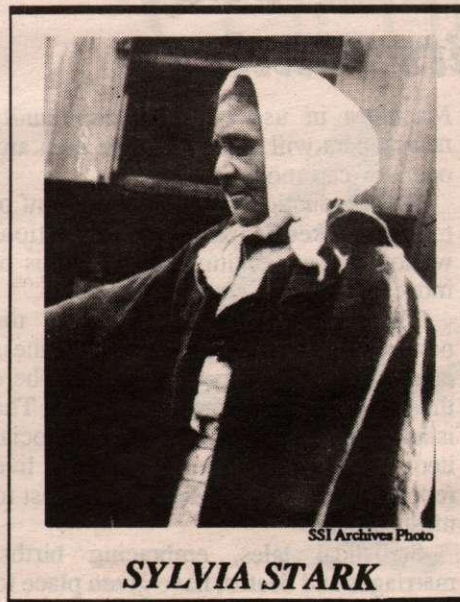
We are fortunate that the "first ladies" we know about are fine examples of pioneer womanhood. We can read about hardships and adventures of courageous

Sylvia Stark and consider that other women of her day were experiencing the same thing.

Take Elizabeth Griffiths, for instance. Arriving here in the late 1860s when she and her husband bought the Begg property at Fernwood, she tended a progressively ailing husband, who soon died, while caring for their children and holdings. She conducted all business affairs, which required frequent trips to Nanaimo or Victoria in an open Indian canoe that took from one to three days, depending on the tides and weather. She had a reliable Indian guide called Captain Verygood, who owned the canoe and commanded his several paddlers. Mrs. Griffiths remarried eventually to John Booth, at which time life became somewhat easier. During her difficult years, this pioneer woman remained cheerful, friendly and thoughtful, according to the memoirs of Margaret (Shaw) Walter, who was her personal long-time friend.

Emily Beddis is another good example of our Island's pioneer women. Capable and reliable, Mrs. Beddis raised a large family and in her spare time tended the medical needs of her neighbours and others not living close by. She was out at all hours, rowing to the hurt or ailing, or delivering the pioneer baby. She passed her skills of healing on to her daughter, Decie, who carried on the family tradition of nursing.

Elizabeth McLennan, Mary Davidson's grandmother, worked beside her husband who knew little of homesteading and farming to build and farm their holdings at Beaver Point. She had a large family but always had time to assist a neighbour in trouble. One little woman in the area had an abusive husband who beat her regularly and went away fishing without leaving enough food, or money to buy any, for her or their children. When he was away, Elizabeth would take



SYLVIA STARK

food to this family who lived about four miles away.

Imagine the courage of a young woman, leaving her homeland to cross the Atlantic and round the Horn, to come to a remote outpost on Vancouver Island. Then, not settling down as a maid-servant in an established town, but meeting and marrying a pioneer who took her to an even more remote island. Such was the experience of Martha Clay, who became Mrs. Joseph Akerman. Her life as a farmer's wife in the Burgoyne Valley was not easy either with a large family and farm to care for. But this lady, as the others, kept her poise, compassion and sense of humour.

Another pioneer woman of exceptional fortitude was Jane Mouat. She became a widow when her children were young, after years of nursing a husband dying of consumption. This enterprising woman not only raised the children herself, but also established herself and them in a general store that is still operating today. She endowed her children with her own

great spirit and succeeding generations are still contributing to the well-being of the community.

It was Jane Mouat who canvassed the Island in her horse-drawn buggy, calling at every home, to raise funds to build the Methodist Church at Vesuvius. (This same church was later moved to Ganges, as the United Church, which was later the Legion and is now et cetera.)

When new churches or other organizations were formed, the men's names appear in history as the trustees or executive. In almost every case, there was a dire need of funding to keep these enterprises in operation. It was the women, whose money-raising activities usually involved baking, who faithfully contributed to the founding and upkeep of the successful early churches, halls and organizations on the island.

Some of our pioneer women did not make it. Perhaps their frail bodies could not withstand the constant childbearing and hard work of a farmer's wife. Young Mrs. David Jenkins died giving birth to Mabel, who was adopted by the Beddis family. Another daughter, Eva, was raised by the H. Stevens family when David Jenkins died soon after his wife.

Martha (Pollard) Lee had eight young ones when she died. Her husband, Ed Lee, hired Mary Patterson, a widow with two children, as housekeeper. They soon married and the Lee and Patterson children, 10 in all, were raised together in the big white house at the foot of Lee's Hill, behind the holly farm.

There were many other women who bore as many children and worked just as hard, but we do not know of them because they are not mentioned in the history books or we did not know them personally. Sometimes their husbands were mentioned so often, there was no

TURN TO PAGE 18



ELIZABETH McLENNAN

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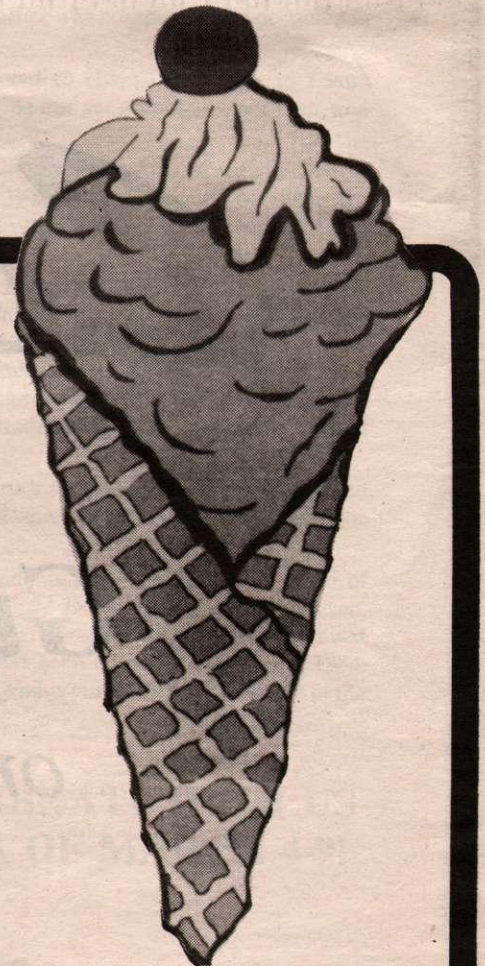
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ISLAND MEMORIES

Logging on Salt Spring was vital to the island

Early logging on Salt Spring Island is remembered by Joe Garner, a native Salt Spring Islander who now lives near Nanaimo. He is the author of "Never Fly Over An Eagle's Nest" and "Never a time to Trust."

The first timber exported from Salt Spring Island was cut by the Maxwell family on their preempted homestead at Burgoyne Bay. During the 1870s some of

their best Douglas fir was pulled by oxen over skid roads and loaded there on a sailing ship for England. This fir timber was in great demand by the European navies.

In 1912 they brought in a sizeable steam donkey to yard the logs to where they could be dragged on down to the saltchuck. For this work they soon found horses to be better than oxen. It was here

my dad fired his first steam donkey. He also worked there handlogging on the steeper slopes. All of the No. 3 saw logs were burned along with the stumps and other rubbish. This is how the Maxwells cleared their land for ploughing and planting.

It is of interest to note here the second post office on the south Island was near Burgoyne Bay. It was operated by Eliza Maxwell out of her home until it was moved half way down the valley to the new Edwards grocery store.

The second major show, the Fraser Logging Company, was at the other end of this valley along the west shores of Fulford Harbour. To start with they had to drive piling for a combination log-dump and wharf. This allowed them to put a huge steam donkey far enough out from shore so the logs could be dumped into deep water and boomed. Up in the woods they had a second steampot to yard the logs to their roads.

This operation was a hazard to the pioneers living on Isabella Point as the one and half inch steel main line lay across their path looking much like a huge snake, but it was actually much more dangerous. One snap of this line could cut a person in half or toss him 60 feet in the air. Two large signs were put up to warn people to signal the donkey engineer before stepping over this cable. Logging continued there for several years with no one being injured.

At this time a sizeable steam sawmill was being built at Cusheon Cove near the Cusheon Lake outlet. The logging for this mill started in a similar fashion to the Fulford operation. My dad worked there until the mill and its lumber wharf collapsed in the mid 1920s. Over one million board feet of good lumber was lost, and this catastrophe forced the operation to close.

In the early 1920s the Singer Lumber Company moved half a dozen or more portable tie mills onto the island and changed the entire local economy. Instead of the logs being manufactured elsewhere, everything could be done on the island. Overnight there were jobs for most of the local able-bodied young men. The land owners could, if they wished, sell all their merchantable timber to these mills at a fair price. Salt Spring became a hive of industry. There was more money changing hands than the pioneers had ever dreamed of. This was a short-lived boom. In the fall of 1926 the Singer Lumber Company, because of a sudden drop in lumber prices, was bankrupt.

I should remember. As head faller for the Parman Mill my pay was 55 cents an hour. I was 17-years-old and had kept two of their semi-monthly pay cheques. One was for \$52.80, the other for \$57.20, and when I tried to cash them at Mouat's Store, they bounced. Brother Tom was the sawyer and was the key man for production of good quality railway ties and lumber but lost only cheque.

At the time Singer went broke this mill was operating on the low side of Beddis Road just half a mile west of the old Purdy Farm. Within a year H.R. Mac-Millan and Company had purchased most of the portable mills to move them to Vancouver Island.

On February 14, 1927 Tom and I loaded that mill onto a scow from the Ganges wharf. Next day we unloaded it at Chemainus. H.R. had a block of timber just west of the present golf course and by March 1 we were cutting ties for him seven days a week.

The Garners had done considerable logging on Salt Spring prior to working for Singer. My first logging experience was cutting and peeling telephone poles for Jim Horel who lived at the top of Lee's Hill. He was responsible for putting in the poles and stringing the

place them along the road where he had put marker stakes. These poles had to be 25 to 30 feet long with a top size of 6 inches. The price per pole was \$1.50 unloaded at the markers.

There was a lot of small cedar on our old farm. Dad and mother had preempted the 160 acres on Section 79. This is where five of the Garner children were born. In the summer of 1916 Dad took Tom, nine years old, and myself two years younger, into the woods and showed us how to select the right size trees for telephone poles and how to fall them. I mostly just watched and listened while they worked. Just before Dad went back to his job he handed me a two handed draw knife.

"You can do some barking with that," he ordered.

He spent about 10 minutes showing me how to use the thing then he was gone. Our other tools were a six-foot falling saw, a sharp axe, sledge, wedges, and a peavey. One of the things that scared us most was when a falling tree lodged against another tree and we had to go in and cut that tree down also, then try to scamper out of the way before they both came down on top of us. If we cleared a good path we could run without tripping. We knew if we stumbled we would be killed. This work was extremely dangerous but we grew to accept it.

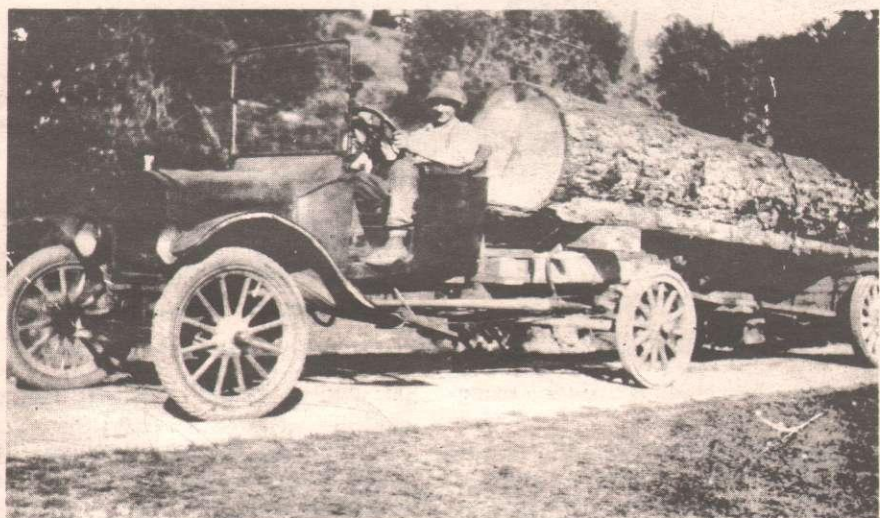
Tom and I built a rollway where we could load the poles from the high side of the road on to our wagon using peavies. An eight or nine pole load was about all our old Clydesdale could handle on those narrow steep roads. To unload a pole at each marker we tied the back end to a tree or stump and drove ahead.

Though we attended the Divide School through the week, we were able to deliver two loads on Saturdays and Sundays. It took us most of April to deliver some 60 poles. When Dad collected the money our pay was a crisp one dollar bill and a good pocket knife each.

After this we logged for the Justice mill a mile down from our house. We worked after school and on weekends. Their mill had a 12 horsepower engine which could cut about 2000 board feet per day. Even that kept us busy. Wages were 25 cents an hour and most of it went to buy groceries and clothes for our family. Tom learned to saw lumber, while I learned to drive their team by hauling logs from the woods to the mill on a skid road. When Clive and Robin Justice came home from the war they were able to do our jobs.

Dad had bought timber up the main road towards Cranberry, so Tom and I went pole cutting again. It snowed over a foot in early December that year. Dad decided to drag the poles a dozen at a time down the middle of this public road. It was my job to stay well ahead to warn cars, sleighs, buggies and wagons to pull over enough to let our team go by. These poles were sold to the Baxter Pole Co. for export.

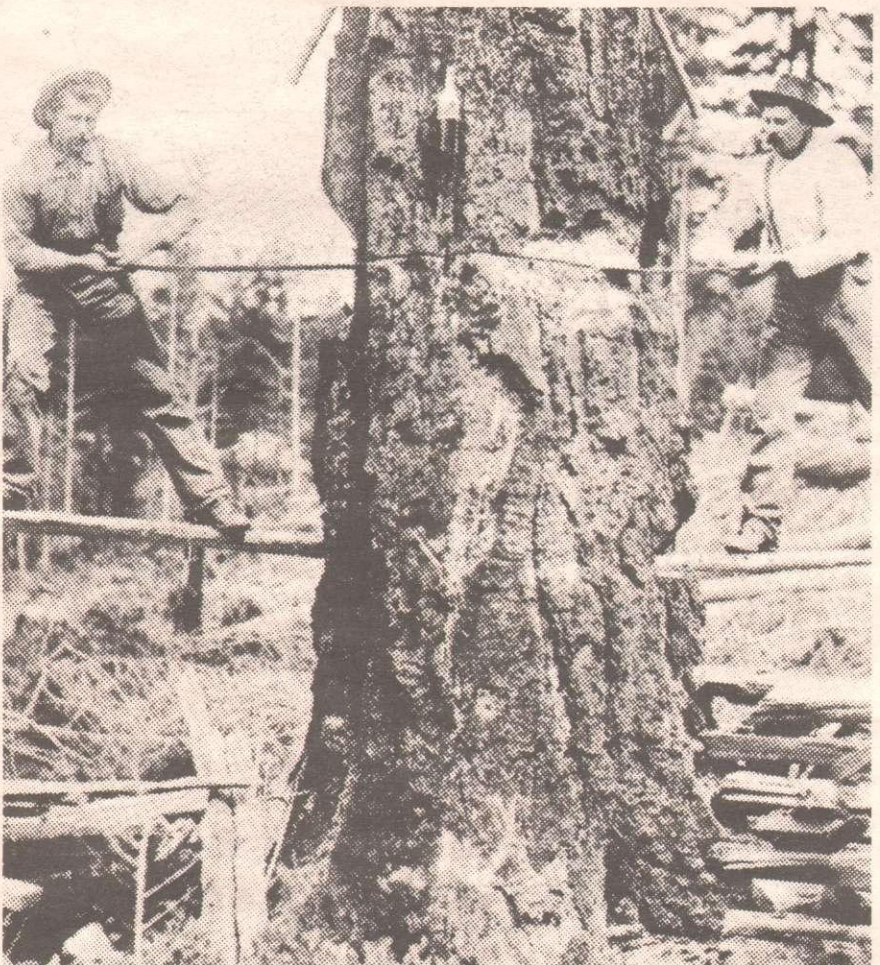
From the early 1920s on there were many Islanders who logged or ran small sawmills.



Driver of Salt Spring's first logging truck is Tom Garner.



Author and former island resident Joe Garner



Joe Nightingale and Jim Horel were early men of the woods.



Garner Family Photo

ISLAND MEMORIES

Living on an island means dependence..

When the Gulf Islands Driftwood started publishing thirty years ago, Salt Spring Island had enjoyed paved roads for only four years.

The history of settlement on the Island was just 100 years old.

In 1859, when the first settlers arrived, there were no roads at all. Those first settlers, 17 in all, included, J.P. Booth, John Jones, Henry Lineker, John Copeland, J.D. Cusheon, Henry Sampson and Jonathan Begg. Unless fearful of Indian attack, they settled along the waterfront, where they could use canoes or rowboats to get around. Land travel was done on foot, following deer and Indian trails through dense forest.

Gradually the trails widened for an ox pulled stone-boat, a sled or raft-like contraption built for hauling heavy loads. Supplies were dumped on the beach by passing sloops or schooners were taken to the homestead by the ox-drawn sled, but it was mainly used to clear the land of stones, logs and forest debris.

The Colonial Government of 1862 introduced a Road Act that year, stating that every male over 18, and every man with any land interests, must give six days labour a year on the public highway. Those with oxen, horses, sleds and wagons were required to work on the roads two days a year. Jonathan Begg, one of the appointed road commissioners, could see that this Act imposed a hardship on the local farmers and wrote to the government stating their case. His appeals were largely ignored, as were Salt Spring's roads. Before 1865, there was a rough road connecting Vesuvius Bay with the farms south of St. Mary Lake, but Begg's Settlement was still isolated.

J.P. Booth was the island's first representative in the B.C. Legislature. One of his first acts on behalf of his constituency



Serving Salt Spring Island for many years, the Cy Peck was a common sight in nearby waters.

was to ask for \$1000 "to make a road connecting the different settlements together; some portion of the inhabitants being entirely debarred from all use of the steamer as a means of conveying freight." (A. Flucke.)

As late as 1894, according to Margaret (Shaw) Walter, Island roads were not much better than trails through the woods. Even today, the narrow secondary roads, while often paved, still follow the original Indian or animal paths, up hill and down and around obstructions such as stumps and bogs.

The quaint and backward condition of our roads contribute to the unspoiled atmosphere of the Island and most of us seem to like them that way.

There has been some progress over the years. The trail from Burgoyne Bay to Beaver Point was turned into a road in 1903 when then road foreman, Joe Nightingale, had his crew clear it by hand for a total cost of \$150. The Fulford to Beaver Point Road remained unpaved

until 1975, when the Ruckle Farm became a Provincial Park.

Many newcomers wonder at the North/South social division still apparent on Salt Spring Island. We can blame this Island tradition on the Divide, which is a treacherous and difficult mountainous terrain, over which the trail wound from one community to the other. In early days it kept the communities apart and the tradition, in fact as well as fantasy, grew that we were each a distinct society, reliant only ourselves. Those in Cranberry Marsh, Divide or Beddis Road areas chose which society to join. We had our own docks, schools, stores and organizations. In sport, one end played against the other and the inter-island win was more important and more keenly fought, than the games against Sidney or Duncan. It is curious that the widened and paved highway past the Divide has not put this tradition to rest. But it has not, as is apparent by newcomers who soon identify with

one end or the other of Salt Spring Island.

According to Bea Hamilton, in the 1890s it took one and half to two hours to reach Fulford from Central Settlement by horse and buggy. Fortunately, the distinct societies were a friendly, generous lot, willing to accommodate weary travellers so they could start out fresh in the morning for the trek home. Staying several days was not unusual.

With the difficulties of land travel, it is no wonder the pioneers on Salt Spring turned to the sea for their main means of transport around the island as well as for getting off the island.

Water transport was common in the islands area long before those first settlers arrived on Salt Spring in 1859. Indian canoes from as far north as the Queen Charlottes had paddled the straits for centuries and the British Navy had been patrolling the area for years. The original

TURN TO PAGE 17

This is your Community Newspaper

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It's the difference between being you and being an uninformed human being, knowing and forming judgements based on facts made available to you easily, quickly and truthfully.

It's the support from which you ask and get the strength of many in furthering the welfare of your own world — your community.

It's the only medium that will show the future that your foot-prints were once made in the shifting sands of time.

It's the beller of your birth, your marriage, and the births of your children; and it tolls the bell for you as you begin the long journey.

It's your servant, waiting for your convenience to be read — today, tomorrow or next week.

It's a record for you to read, to keep to read again; not a voice or a picture for an instant, then to disappear forever.

It's the bringer of news tidings, not merely a carrier of commercialism or the marketplace.

It's the record of the day when a fleeting moment of glory descended on your house for all to remember and those who come after to know.

It's that handful of clippings in scrapbook that brings tears and fond smiles of remembrance to your children and your children's children when the time comes that they share what was you and yours.

It's you on your first day of school, and at your graduation.

It's you as a little boy; it's you as a little girl.

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ISLAND MEMORIES

...on transportation via the sea channels

From Page 16

settlers had come to inspect Salt Spring Island on the schooner *Nanaimo Packet* before returning to settle here. The *Nanaimo Packet* was just one of many vessels that plied the route between Victoria and Nanaimo on a fairly regular basis. A stop at Vesuvius was a natural addition to the route in 1864 when the *SS Fideliter* began making mail calls.

Earlier, in 1860, the Stark family arrived on the schooner *Black Diamond* with their baggage, supplies and livestock. They were rowed ashore, but their cattle were dumped into the sea at Vesuvius to swim for the beach. This was the customary way for larger pioneer livestock to arrive, while smaller animals were crated or had their feet tied together and were carried.

The first missionary to preach on Salt Spring Island, Rev. Ebenezer Robson, came from Nanaimo by canoe in 1861 with Indian guides paddling. Canoes were the first ferries out of Fulford Harbour, when an inter-island service was started in the 1860s by Hawaiian settlers, William Naukana and John Palua.

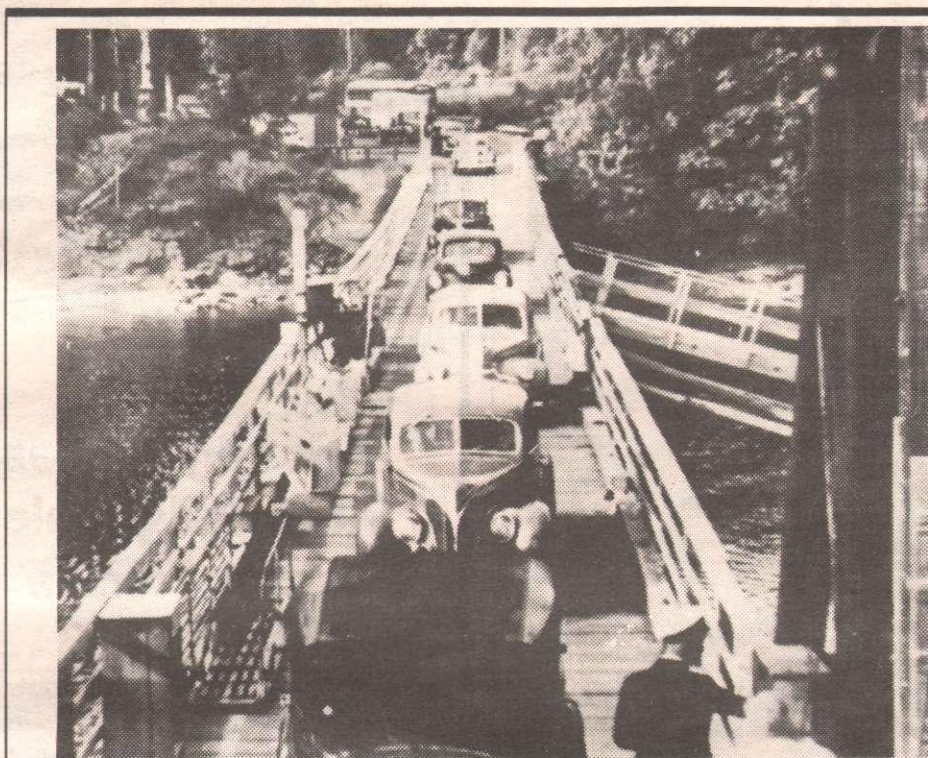
The lumber to build St. Paul's Church at Fulford was brought by canoe from Cowichan to Burgoyne Bay and hauled from there to the church site by oxen and stone-boat.

Rowboats were also a popular vehicle of transport. In 1881 my own grandfather, Alexander McLennan, rowed from Sidney to Beaver Point with Henry Ruckle to inspect the land that was to become his Glenshiel Farm in what is now called McLennan Valley.

The Beddis children came with their parents in 1884 in a sailing sloop. Their father, Sam, built Beaver Point School the following year. To get to school each day, the children rowed to Cusheon Cove and walked the rest of the way through the woods.

Mrs. Beddis was gifted with nursing abilities and midwifery skills. When Mrs. Symons, wife of an early Beaver Point teacher, went into labour with their first child, her husband rowed her around to the Beddis place where the child was delivered on the dining room table. This same child, a boy, eventually became the principal of St. Michael's School in Victoria. Mrs. Beddis rowed herself to nurse and doctor ailing settlers, and when Sam, her husband, became seriously ill, she rowed him out to flag down the steamship on its way to Victoria and professional medical care.

Henry Ruckle used a rowboat to transport his supplies from Victoria and his produce to Vancouver Island markets. He used the Saanich Peninsula train from Sidney, which began operation in 1895 with twice daily trips.



Mauds Family Photo

Things never change as this Fulford ferry lineup indicates.

In 1885, the *Fideliter* was rammed by the *SS Alexander* at Clover Point off Victoria. It was replaced by the *Amelia* in which the Mouat family came in that year. They were followed by Leonard Tolson who arrived in 1889. Another steamship, the *Emma*, whose Captain Luckie was son-in-law to early Salt Spring settler James McFadden, brought the Shaw family in 1877 to stay with their relative Edward Walter. The *Emma*, on her way to Nanaimo, stood off Ganges Spit while Walter rowed out to bring them ashore.

There were five steamship wharves on the Island by 1895 with the sixth constructed that year at Beaver Point. They were at Vesuvius Bay, Fernwood, Ganges Harbour, Burgoyne Bay and Fulford Harbour.

The *SS Joan*, an E&N (Dunsmuir) vessel sold to the CPR in 1905, left Victoria on Tuesdays. She called at Burgoyne at 11 a.m., Vesuvius at 12:00, then on to Nanaimo and Comox. She returned on Saturdays, stopping first at Fernwood, then Ganges Harbour at 9:45 a.m. and Fulford Harbour at 10:45 a.m. Later, Beaver Point was added to the schedule as a stop between Ganges and Fulford. The following week, the *Joan* would go up the east side of the Island on Tuesday and return on Saturday on the west side.

Passenger rates to Victoria were \$2 one way, return \$3; to Nanaimo, \$1.50 and return \$2.25. Freight to Victoria was \$2.50 a ton; Nanaimo \$2 a ton. Meals on board were 50 cents and staterooms were

75 cents. The *Joan* carried a trader, J. Wilson, for the convenience of the farmers selling stock and produce.

"Steamboat Day" was an occasion of great gathering; some boarding, some disembarking, meeting, shipping and receiving goods. Crates on the wharf contained poultry, eggs, butter, lambs and piglets. Sheep were lying on their sides with legs tied and hogs with feet tied to a carrying pole were squealing in disgust. Horses, buggies, ox teams and wagons jostled for positions. The *Joan* came, ropes were thrown, all bustle and hustle took place; then following a deep whistle, the plank was drawn in and off she went again. Settlers crowded around

the little post office window to collect mail and freight bills; the crowd dispersed and the wharf was deserted until the next "Steamboat Day." (with thanks to Rev. E.F. Wilson).

After the *Joan* came the CPR *Princesses*, with a twice-weekly schedule including Vancouver in the service from Ganges and Beaver Point. The *Iroquois* began service to Salt Spring in 1900, calling at several wharves around the Island, but that service was short lived as she sank off Sidney in 1911.

To catch the train to Victoria at the turn of the century, Salt Spring Islanders hired a launch for \$1.50 at Vesuvius or Burgoyne to cross Sansum Narrows and then walked the few miles to the railway line near Chemainus or Duncan. From Fulford Harbour or Beaver Point, one landed in Sidney and caught the Saanich Peninsula Railway into the city.

Reid Bittancourt, who had a general store and feed business, did not always rely on steamships. He had his own boat to bring supplies from Victoria. He also used it to make deliveries around the Island.

Scows, pulled by tugs, served the needs of Islanders in many ways. They hauled stone to San Francisco, gold to Tacoma, shakes to Victoria and logs to Australia and Mexico. When settlers moved in, their furniture and supplies were brought by scow to move into the houses built by lumber delivered by scow earlier.

As time went on, enterprising settlers tried to improve Salt Spring Island's transportation. John Hepburn, who settled in Fulford in 1911, started a barge ferry service to Vancouver Island, which carried two or three cars.

There were numerous launch services over the years to speed up travel between

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ISLAND MEMORIES

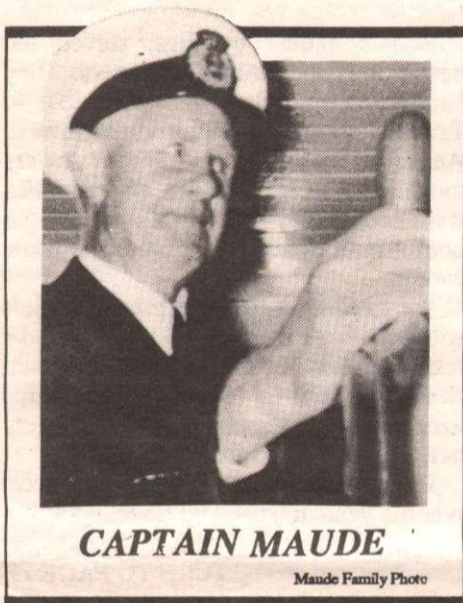
Cy Peck and Mouat share island history

The venerable *Cy Peck* already had 20 years as the link between Swartz Bay and Fulford Harbour when it was bought by Gavin Mouat, along with the ship's long-time captain, George A. Maude and island associates, following their successful bid for the island run in 1951.

by Iris Warner
Driftwood Contributor

Originally owned by John Matson of Victoria and the Gulf Islands Ferry Company, the *Cy Peck* operated for another 10 years for the new company, Gulf Islands Ferry Company (1951) Ltd.

Boat service to the Gulf Islands dominated Gavin Mouat's career. Soon after his family bought the store in Ganges, the boat had Gavin for an engineer. Working with his brother Gilbert and Bob Wood, Gavin helped ferry sup-



CAPTAIN MAUDE

Maude Family Photo

plies to customers on the islands, freighted island goods to Vancouver and returned with supplies for the store.

When the *Ganges* burned at the dock five years later, Gavin's mother Jane Mouat said it was a blessing. Year after year, in fair weather and foul, after a full day's work on the farm at Tripp road or in the store, the captain and crew would load the steamer and head for Vancouver or other points, travelling mostly by night, with everyone dozing and inattentive. In Jane Mouat's view, the ship was likely to sink on them. One trip proved her point. Returning from Vancouver in a crossing curious with calm then rough seas, Gavin was operating the hand pump when he caught sight of a light where not alight should be.

They stopped the engine in a calm bit of water and dropped anchor for the night. Daylight found them off Gabriola Pass with rocks all around ... "off a degree or two," Gavin said.

The *Ganges* was followed by another boat named the *Comet*. On one trip with a barge loaded with a Ford automobile,



Mouat Family Photo

GAVIN MOUAT

they crossed from Vesuvius to Crofton. Gavin considered it a suitable place for a ferry to serve the island.

At that time he began pressing the provincial government to recognize that ferries, like bridges, were part of the highways and as such should be operated by the Department of Highways. Learning of a contract supply boat service between Swartz Bay and Fulford, Gavin used diplomatic skills to gain his ends. He got a commitment from the federal government to build the docks and one from minister of highways Phil Gagliardi that the province would operate ferries if the federal government would build the dock.

Gavin Mouat won the bid and formed a new company. Soon the *CY Peck* was plying the island waters as before.

Then in 1955 Gavin's dreams of the past 20 years for a ferry service from Vesuvius to Crofton came true.

IN 1961 Gavin Mouat learned he had cancer and wrote Premier WAC Bennett asking that the government "look to buying us out".

It was a good time to get out of the ferry business. The jockeying of ships to accommodate loads was difficult. Increased pressure from island residents for the government to take over the service added tension to the operation. Even the awarding of the annual subsidy was under review.

A government announcement of the purchase of the Gulf Islands Ferry Company by the B.C. Toll Highways and Bridges Authority stated: "A sweeping change in ferry services to the main Gulf Island will take place September 1 of this year.

With that announcement ferries, like bridges, became recognized as part of the provincial highways system.

No ship or man can live forever, but in their time *Cy Peck* and Gavin Mouat contributed largely to island memories.

Women worked beside men

From Page 14

room left for their story. We know of some through their contributions to church work, Women's Institute and the Agricultural and Fruit Growers Association. It must be remembered that when the women did community work, their activities at home did not lessen. Women today think that having two jobs, home and office, is a modern phenomenon. At least they are paid for one effort, while their forebears contributed fully to all facets of community well-being, with no thought of compensation.

There were women who drove logging

scythes, loaded it into the wagon and stored it in the barn.

They did the wash by hand and ironed with the hot and heavy flat iron.

When animals were killed for family consumption, they skinned, gutted, and butchered alongside their husbands and then preserved the meat for future use.

They made the clothing the family wore, as well as the bedding, feather mattresses and wool-filled quilts.

One thing they did not do was get involved in politics. They did not have the right to vote.

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ISLAND MEMORIES

Environmentally friendly future awaits

From Page 17

Salt Spring and Vancouver Island, or to provide service that was not available any other way. Some of the launch captains included: Albert Smith, Tom Jackson, Captain L.B.D. Drummond, Bob Pollack, the Lassiters, Cecil Springford and Captain Byers of Sidney, who was on call. When Mary Davidson's mother came to teach at Beaver Point in 1928, she arrived there by launch as there was no convenient ferry at that time. Frank Crofton ran a jitney service from the North End to the launch at Fulford to save travellers the long ferry ride on the *Joan*.

The North and South Ends each had their own Public Works Departments. The only telephones at Fulford before World War I were at the R.P. Edwards Store and at the home of road foreman Ted Akerman.

In 1922 Stewart Road was blazed, cutting travel time from Beaver Point to Ganges by nearly an hour, using the Beddis Road connector and avoiding the Divide.

There were no trucks so gravel was hauled by wagon and team. Five or six men shovelled about a half yard of gravel into the wagon. The gravel was dumped by twisting the boards in the wagon floor so the gravel could fall through. Once on the road, it had to be spread by hand.

In 1923 there was one government truck in the Fulford area and two in Central for the North End. There were no graders so a scraper was pulled by horses and later by a farm tractor.

John Reid, who worked on Island roads for many years, recalls in his autobiography that there was no government caterpillar until 1926, as he did all the Island snow ploughing in the winter of 1925 with the Reid farm caterpillar tractor.



One bus comprises Salt Spring's public transportation system.

Judy Kelly Photo

Shortly before World War II, a small grader and another truck were brought to Salt Spring Island, but the grader was not much use because it kept breaking down. After the war more equipment was added when the road over the Divide was rerouted around Rock Crusher Corner.

In the 1930s, the CPR *Island Princess* was converted to a ferry and renamed *MV Cy Peck*. This ferry ran between Fulford and Swartz Bay for nearly 30 years with Captain Maude at the helm. It was then put on the Outer Island run until 1966 to finish its long career in the Gulf Islands.

Gavin Mouat bought the Island Coach Lines Ferry Service in 1951. During this phase of Island ferry service a more congenial relationship prevailed with extra

sailings to accommodate special events that concerned Island dwellers. The *Motor Princess* was put on the Fulford/Swartz Bay run, which it could make in a half hour each way. *MV George Pearson* was the Vesuvius/Crofton ferry.

In 1959-60, the *Lady Rose* sailed between Ganges and the Mainland and the *Salt Spring Queen* was added to that fleet in 1969. That same year, a plane was added to island means of transportation, finally bringing Salt Spring into modern times.

Associated Air Taxi of Vancouver began scheduled flights to Ganges Harbour and Whaler's Bay on Galiano Island in 1948, using the amphibious *Seabee* and *Waco* on floats. Five years later, the company was bought by Pacific Western

Airlines which expanded the service to all the islands. Jack Smith of Ganges was agent for both companies for many years.

Concern about the environment led island resident Judith Kelly to start up a bus service for Salt Spring. Named *Azure Transportation*, the service has been operating since March 1988.

Kelly says she wanted to do something positive for the island environmentally. She says she noticed roads becoming overcrowded and the air becoming more polluted with gasoline and diesel fumes.

Each day, five days a week, Kelly completes three circuits of the island. Days of operation are Tuesday through Saturday. She starts at Ganges beginning at 7 a.m. and travels to Fulford Harbour and Beaver Point Road then returns to Ganges and out to Vesuvius. Twice a day she goes to Long Harbour and every Tuesday and Thursday she has a Walker Hook route.

"Ridership goes up and down drastically", Kelly says. Some trips are overflowing, others do not even pay for the fuel. However steady growth has taught her to be patient.

Recently she has had overloads between Ganges and Fulford. Students are starting to use the service now with the \$1 fee fitting the pocket books of young people, the elderly and those who cannot afford a vehicle.

Kelly wants to rename the company *Salt Spring Bus Company* which is easier to find in the directory. "No one thinks of *Azure*."

She hopes to expand the service in the future if there is some type of assistance available.

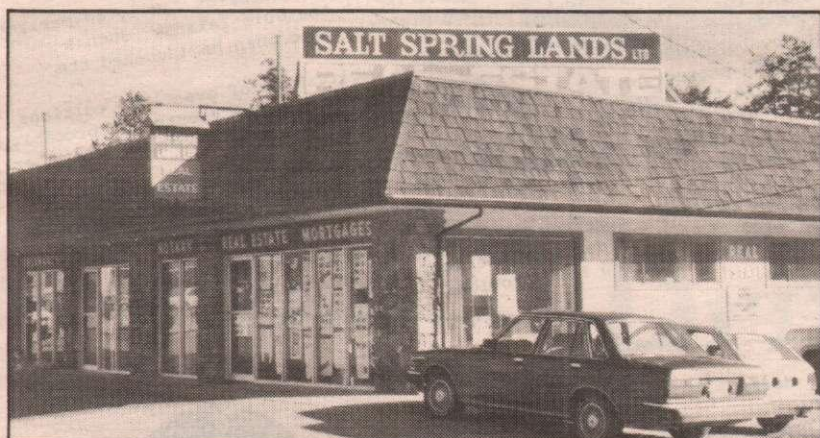
Transportation has been a problem for Salt Spring Island from the days of the first settlers. It continues to cause residents to gnash their teeth in frustration. But islanders will persevere.

SALT SPRING LANDS/NRS SALT SPRING REALTY...

63 YEARS ON SALT SPRING ISLAND



SALT SPRING LANDS OFFICE IN THE 1930's (LOWER LEFT)



2nd HOME OF SALT SPRING LANDS LTD.

This picture, taken in the late 1930's, shows Ganges Inn and an addition recently added to provide space for a Barber Shop and Salt Spring Lands Limited.

The building was erected about 1905, and housed first Malcolm and Purvis' store, then in 1907 G.J. Mouat and Company, and after 1909 Mouat Brothers and Company Limited. The present Mouat's building was erected in 1912, and the old building became "Grannie's Boarding House" operated by Mrs. Jane Mouat.

The building was demolished in 1958.



PRESENT HOME OF NRS SALT SPRING REALTY LTD.



NRS SALT SPRING REALTY LTD.

149 Fulford Ganges Road

P.O. Box 69, Ganges, B.C. V0S 1E0

Telephone: (604) 537-5515 Fax: (604) 537-9797

Congratulations from across the country!



Canadian Community Newspapers Association

SUITE 705, 88 UNIVERSITY AVE., TORONTO, ONT. M5J 1T6

TEL: 416-598-4277
FAX: 416-598-4410
October 23, 1990



Joyce Carlson
Ganges Gulf Islands Driftwood
Box 250
Ganges, B.C.
V0S 1E0

Dear Joyce:

Congratulations to the Gulf Islands Driftwood and its staff as you celebrate 30 years of service to your community.

I am proud of the role that you and your nearly 700 fellow members of Canadian Community Newspapers Association play in providing news and serving the special needs of the people in communities across Canada.

Together, we have been a positive force in the growth of our country. It is my belief that we will continue to strengthen our nation as a whole through service to its many parts.

On the anniversary of the Driftwood I would also like to express thanks for the leadership and dedicated service provided to our industry by Tony Richards and yourself through your own British Columbia association and also the Canadian Community Newspapers Association.

Kindest regards and best wishes for the future.

Bill Pratt
Bill Pratt
President



Atlantic Community Newspapers ASSOCIATION

QUEEN SQUARE, SUITE 1903, 45 ALDERNEY DR.
DARTMOUTH, N.S. B2Y 2N6
(902) 465-3434, FAX # (902) 465-2974

Gulf Islands Driftwood
Box 250
Ganges, B.C. V0S 1E0

Attention: Joyce Carlson, Publisher

Joyce, as you and your staff pause and retrace your newspaper's footprints through the sands of time, there will no doubt be celebration of those markers labelled accomplishments, advancements, changes. It will be occasion to remember those first-day hurdles when only courageous effort and tenacity allowed the founders to move on to their sought-after goal.

An anniversary is time as well when staff members recall their association with the paper. Remembering that will cause a flood of happy thoughts about people and happenings during their tenure and more so of individuals; many of whom have gone like passing ships in the night. One might say that without their life's visit and their unique characters of the kind to be lured by the community newspaper business, newspapers such as the Gulf Islands Driftwood would be but shadows of themselves.

The 30th anniversary of a community newspaper is to be celebrated indeed; for it is a celebration of a long association between the local medium and the people it serves. In many respects, it is a celebration of the community itself, its people, their way of life, and those things they hold sacred. For, in the latter instance, it can be said without fear of contradiction, a weekly newspaper is a very valuable asset for any community.

On behalf of the Atlantic Community Newspapers Association, I wish you and your staff members every good wish on this special occasion. You have every reason to be proud... and every reason to look forward to the next 30-year period with such confidence and optimism.

All the best!

Sincerely,

Ron Ennis, President, ACNA



Saskatchewan Weekly Newspapers Association

To The Management and Staff,
The Gulf Islands Driftwood,
Ganges, B.C.

On behalf of the 80 member newspapers of the Saskatchewan Weekly Newspapers Association I would like to extend our warmest congratulations to you as you mark the 30th anniversary of The Gulf Islands Driftwood.

"Thirty" in the newspaper industry usually symbolizes "The End" but happily in your case it really means "The Beginning" as this special moment in the paper's history offers you an opportunity to look not only back but also ahead to the future. As the Gulf Islands have been well served by The Driftwood through the past 30 years, we know those very strong bonds between the community and the newspaper which serves it are only going to grow stronger, to the benefit of both.

This, perhaps, is also an appropriate time to recognize the national stature The Gulf Islands Driftwood maintains within the membership of the Saskatchewan Weekly Newspapers Association and among newspapers throughout the country, thanks to the contributions and involvement of Driftwood personnel with the development of the community newspaper industry across Canada. The Gulf Islands are represented well and that certainly reflects well upon your community.

Finally, a quick note to those Saskatchewan ex-patriots who are among your local subscribers...It has already snowed. Now don't you feel good? Again, all of the best and heartiest congratulations on your 30th!

Bill Johnston
Bill Johnston
President,
Saskatchewan Weekly Newspapers Association



Ontario Community Newspapers Association

1184 Speers Road, P.O. Box 451, Oakville, Ontario L6J 5A8 • 416-844-0184 • Fax 416-844-2769

Joyce Carlson,
Publisher,
Gulf Islands Driftwood

Dear Joyce;

Congratulations to you, your staff and to the Richards family on marking 30 years of successful community journalism in the Gulf Islands. Such a landmark probably never entered Woody Fisher's mind when he launched the newspaper back in 1960.

By modest calculations this means the publication of over 1500 editions of Driftwood, over 50,000 stories about island people and events and probably over 10,000 photographs of people who have never had their photo in any other newspaper in the world.

This also totals up to over half-a-million person hours invested in 30 years of publishing by the Driftwood staff. Almost 40,000 of these hours have been logged by office manager Catherine McFadyen since she joined the staff in 1971.

May the Driftwood continue to prosper and to reflect the news, the events and the lives of the residents of the Gulf Islands, as well as continue the responsible leadership you have provided over the years.

Yours truly,

John A.H. Morris

John A.H. Morris,
President,
Ontario Community Newspaper Association
Publisher, Prescott Journal,
Established in 1890 and carrying on
a community publishing tradition
dating back to 1837

