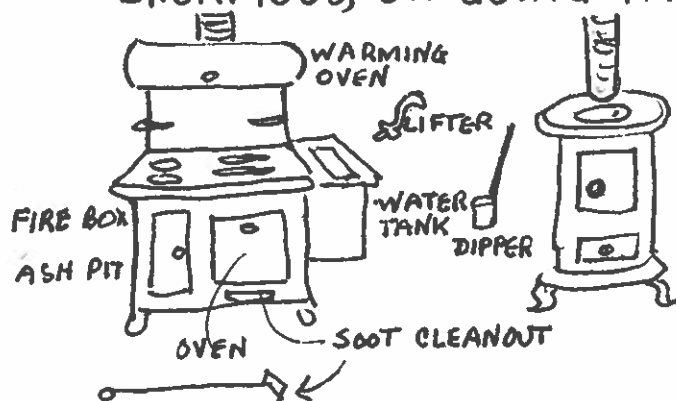
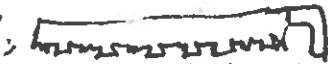
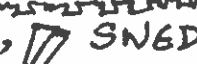





IT IS NOT EASY TO DESCRIBE THE PRIMITIVE CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH WE WERE LIVING. CUTTING, SPLITTING AND BRINGING IN WOOD FOR THE MCCLARY RANGE AND THE OTHER STOVE, A BIG HEATER, WAS AN ENORMOUS, ON-GOING TASK, REQUIRING A CROSS-CUT



SAW,  SLEDGE WEDGES,  SNED BUCK SAW,  DOUBLE BITTED AXE,  SPLITTING HATCHET FOR KINDLING, AND A HEAVY WHEEL BARROW DAD MADE HIMSELF.  HE MADE

A HEAVY LEATHER STRAP HARNESS TO GO AROUND HIS NECK AND SHOULDERS SO THAT HE COULD WHEEL WITH HIS LEFTHAND AND HIS "PUM".



WATER WAS ANOTHER CONSTANT CHORE-KEEPING THE TWO WATER BUCKETS FULL, AND THE CISTERN ON THE STOVE FULL REQUIRED MANY TRIPS TO THE WELL EVERY DAY.



BATHNIGHTS WERE FUN. THE GALVANIZED TUB WAS FILLED WITH HOT SUDS AND WE THREE KIDS WERE DUNKED IN TURN IN FRONT OF THE HOT STOVE. DAD AND MOTHER HAD A FULLER BRUSH SHOWER SYSTEM. THE HOT WATER WAS PUT IN A TANK ON A NAIL IN THE WALL. AND, BY GRAVITY FLOW, CAME OUT A PERFORATED TUBE IN THE CENTRE OF THE BRUSH. THE BATHER COULD STAND OR SIT IN THE TUB, AND CONTROL THE FLOW BY A VALVE IN THE BRUSH HANDLE. NEEDLESS TO SAY, WE WERE NOT ALLOWED TO USE THIS APPARATUS, NOR DID WE EVER SEE IT DEMONSTRATED.



IN SPITE OF THE PIONEER SETTING, THERE WAS NO DISORDER OR DISCONTENT IN OUR LIVES. MOTHER WAS THE CONSTANT—ALWAYS HOME, ALWAYS ORDERLY, USUALLY PLACID. SHE TOOK WHAT CAME ALONG, AND ONLY SHOWED SPARKS OF FIRE WHEN DAD OVERSPENT ON SOME NEW FANGLED ITEM THAT SHE CONSIDERED UNNECESSARY.

DAD ALWAYS TOOK HIS HOLIDAYS TO COINCIDE WITH THE HUNTING SEASON. SHOTGUN SHELLS (FOR HIS OLD RIFLE, NOT THE ONE HE HAD SOLD, ETC.) AND WATERPROOF CLOTHES, PLUS TRANSPORT TO THE DUCK MARSHES, MADE IT A VERY EXPENSIVE AFFAIR. HE WOULD RETURN WITH SEVERAL DEFUNCT DUCKS, A PHEASANT OR TWO, AND DEMAND INSTANT HOMAGE LIKE A CAVEMAN RETURNING TO HIS STARVING CLAN IN A CAVE. SPURRED ON BY MOTHER, WE WOULD DUTIFULLY EXPRESS AMAZEMENT AND GRATITUDE, WHICH WOULD PUT HIM IN A GENIAL MOOD. WE PRAISED HIM WHEN ^{HE} ARRIVED WITH GAME, WE ADMIRERD THE BIRDS BEING PLUCKED, WE SMACKED OUR LIPS WHEN WE WERE SERVED THEM AT THE TABLE.

ONCE I QUESTIONED MOTHER ABOUT THIS ANNUAL RITUAL. WAS IT FAIR? SOME FAMILIES WENT TO CAMP. WAS IT SENSIBLE? NOBODY ELSE'S FATHER WENT HUNTING.

MOTHER WAS ALWAYS UNEASY WITH SUCH INTERROGATION. FATHER WAS THE SUN—THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE. WE ALL DEPENDED UPON HIM FOR EVERYTHING. IF HE WENT DOWN, WE WOULD ALL BE DESTITUTE, SO HE HAD TO GET COSTLY GOLD CROWNS ON HIS TEETH; HE HAD TO HAVE NEW SUITS, ENGLISH OXFORDS, GOOD TOBACCO, A BOTTLE OF SCOTCH ON PAYDAYS, HIS UNFOLDED PAPER AND SLIPPERS WAITING—NOTHING BUT THE BEST, BECAUSE OUR SURVIVAL DEPENDED ON HIM.

ALSO, HE HAD TO HAVE HIS WAY TO KEEP HIM GOOD AND FAITHFUL. SO HE HAD AN OCCASIONAL CAR, WENT HUNTING—BUILT, WITH BILL ADAMS, ONE OF THE FIRST BATTERY OPERATED RADIO SETS IN BURNABY, AND HAD A REPUTATION OF BEING A VERY GENEROUS, KIND, FIRM PARENT.

HE BOUGHT JOHNNY A BENJAMIN AIR RIFLE, AND WE ALL BECAME FAIRLY GOOD SHOTS. WE HAD STRICT RULES FOR ITS USE BUT ALL THE NEIGHBOURS SHUDDERED A LITTLE TO HEAR ITS SHARP CRACK. WE USED TO GET B.B.'S ON PAYDAY.

JOHNNY WAS STILL SHORTER THAN I, BUT VERY STRONG AND WIREY. HE WAS FAIR-HAIRED, BLUE EYED AND HAD A READY SMILE. PEOPLE LIKED TO TELL HIM THEIR TROUBLES.

AT DOUGLAS ROAD, HE HAD TWO BAD BLOWS TO THE HEAD. ONCE HE TEASED GRACE UNTIL SHE HIT HIM WITH THE REMAINS OF A HOE, WHICH MADE A CUT THAT BLED FOR SOME TIME. A MORE SERIOUS INCIDENT OCCURRED WHEN HE WAS HOLDING SOME POSTS DAD WAS DRIVING IN WITH THE SLEDGE. THE HEAVY HEAD CAME OFF THE SLEDGE AND HIT JOHN'S HEAD. HE WAS REALLY HURT, BUT THERE WAS NEVER ANY TALK OF A DOCTOR. THERE DEFINITELY SHOULD HAVE BEEN. ONE REMEMBERS THE VISIT TO DR. McEWEN, HIS VISIT TO SEE ME WITH PNEUMONIA, AND A THIRD CONTACT WHEN GRACE HAD HER LIP SLASHED THROUGH INTERVENING IN A DOG FIGHT, AND WAS DRIVEN IN A PANIC TO THE GENERAL HOSPITAL EMERGENCY IN VANCOUVER FOR STITCHES, THREE MEDICAL CONTACTS IN 18 YEARS.

JOHNNY DEVELOPED TERRIBLE MIGRAINE HEADACHES, WHICH INFURIATED DAD. HE DID NOT HAVE HEADACHES HIMSELF, AND ALWAYS ACCUSED JOHN OF MALINGERING. MOTHER'S FAMILY, HER MOTHER AND BROTHERS, ALL SUFFERED FROM "BOTSFORD HEADACHES." SHE USED TO LET JOHNNY LIE DOWN ON HIS COT BED AND PUT COLD CLOTHS ON HIS HEAD. WHEN DAD CAME HOME, JOHN WOULD HAVE TO GET UP. SUCH SCENES MADE GRACE AND I SICK AT HEART.

PERHAPS SOME OF DAD'S ANGER WAS A FORM OF GUILT. HE COULD NOT HAVE BORNE TO THINK THAT HE HAD INJURED JOHN. HIS SOLUTION WAS TO INSIST THAT THE HEADACHES DID NOT EXIST. WE ALL KNEW THEY DID. THEY HIT JOHN WHEN HE REALLY WANTED TO DO SOMETHING - NOT JUST WHEN THERE WAS WORK TO BE DONE.

SO BY DEFAULT I BECAME DAD'S RIGHT HAND MAN, WINDING COILS FOR HIS RADIOS, SHOPPING FOR THE FAMILY GROCERIES, TRANSLATING FAMILY NEEDS TO MOTHER AND DAD ON BEHALF OF GRACE AND JOHN.

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FATHER WAS SUCH A DOMINANT FIGURE, HAD I BEEN A BOY, I'D PROBABLY PATTERNED MYSELF AFTER HIM, AND TRIED TO DOMINATE EVERYONE, INCLUDING HIM. SO MANY THINGS HE DID THAT GIRLS "DID NOT DO" - HUNTING, CUTTING DOWN TREES, GOING OFF TO WORK WITH A TASTE-FULLY PACKED LUNCH - HAVING EVERYONE CATER TO ONE'S WHIMS - I ENVIED HIM AND TRIED NOT TO THINK I WAS DESTINED TO BE A SUBSERVIENT WIFE LIKE MY MOTHER.

WE LED VERY STRICTLY ORDERED LIVES. TO SCHOOL, TO HOME, TO CHORES, TO DINNER. DINNER WAS SERVED WHEN EVERYONE HAD ASSEMBLED, DAD AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE AND MOTHER AT HIS RIGHT TO ASSIST HIM, KEEP HIS TEACUP FULL, AND SO ON. SHE ALWAYS CARVED, CAREFULLY RUNNING THE RAZOR SHARP CARVING KNIFE THROUGH DAD'S MEAT.

ALTHOUGH WE WERE ALL BRIGHT-EYED AND ARTICULATE, CONVERSATION AT TABLE WAS LIMITED. INCREDIBLY, DAD ALWAYS READ PULP MAGAZINES AT THE TABLE. THIS USED TO IRK ME. I ONCE TRIED TO BRING SOME READING OF MY OWN, BUT THAT PLAN DID NOT WORK. MOTHER EXPLAINED THAT EATING LEFT-HANDED WITH A FORK WAS A PAINFUL REMINDER TO DAD THAT HE HAD LOST HIS HAND, AND READING HELPED HIM FORGET. MOTHER WOULD ALWAYS TAKE HIS PART, STAND UP FOR HIM, DEFEND HIM AGAINST ANY CRITICISM.

HER DEVOTION AND GRATITUDE ANNOYED ME AS MUCH AS HIS BEHAVIOR. SHE KNEW I WAS A REBEL AND SHE RAN INTERFERENCE. SHE TATTLED TO HIM, BRINGING DOWN WRATH ON OUR HEADS FOR TRIVIAL THINGS SHE COULD HAVE OVERLOOKED.

WHEN DAD HAD TO WORK AFTERNOON SHIFTS, WE ALL ENJOYED LIFE MORE. MOTHER TAUGHT US TO PLAY WHIST - GRACE AND I AGAINST MOTHER AND JOHNNY. SHE LET US MAKE FUDGE, AND FOR A WHILE WE WOULD LOVE HER AND HER STORIES, SONGS AND JOKES.

THEN DAD WOULD BE WITH US ON DAYSHIFT AND SHE WOULD BECOME A DIFFERENT PERSON. AND SO OUR LIVES STRETCHED ON. WE LEARNED NEVER TO CONFIDE IN MOTHER; DAD WOULD HEAR OF IT AS SOON AS HE WALKED IN THE DOOR.

FATHER WAS QUITE FRIENDLY WITH ONE OF THE RAILWAY SWITCHMEN, JACK GRAHAM, AN ENGLISHMAN WHO HAD FIVE DAUGHTERS. HE LIVED WITH THIS LARGE FAMILY DOWN NEAR QUEEN'S PARK IN NEW WESTMINSTER IN A VERY SMALL HOUSE. HE WAS ON THE PROWL FOR A MORE SPACIOUS HOME, SO HE USED TO WALK HOME FROM ARDLEY, SNOOPING AROUND FOR HOUSES FOR SALE. HE FOUND A VERY OLD EMPTY HOUSE AT 3813 DEER LAKE AVENUE, BUT HIS WIFE WOULD NOT MOVE AWAY FROM NEW WESTMINSTER. DAD AND GRANDPA HAD A LOOK. GRANDPA WAS SURE THEY COULD MAKE IT LIVABLE. THE YEAR WAS 1925.

FINANCING WAS THE PROBLEM. BY NOW, FRANK AND FATHER HAD STOPPED TALKING. THE PARTNERSHIP WAS OVER. DAD WANTED TO GET AWAY FROM THE "RANCH" WHICH WAS BEING RECLAIMED BY ALDERS AND WEEDS. MOTHER RECITED HER LIFE HISTORY, WITH FRANK AS A WEAK AND INEFFECTUAL INDIVIDUAL WHO NEVER DID MAKE GOOD ON HIS MANY OPPORTUNITIES. \$500 WAS NEEDED AS A DOWN PAYMENT, THE BALANCE OF \$500 TO BE SPREAD OVER A FEW YEARS.



MOTHER ALWAYS HAD A NICE SUIT AND COAT, SENT BY AUNT POLLY. SHE SELDOM DRESSED UP AND LESS SELDOM WENT OUT, AS SHE OFTEN HEMHORRAGED AND HAD TO BE VERY STILL.

ONE DAY, SHE PUT ON HER HAT AND GLOVES AND TOOK THE TRAM TO VANCOUVER. HER FORMER EMPLOYER, WHEN THE NICKER.

SONS LIVED IN NELSON, WAS NOW A VANCOUVER BANK MANAGER. SHE BOLDLY WALKED INTO HIS OFFICE AND RENEWED THEIR ACQUAINTANCE. SHE WALKED OUT WITH A LOAN-~~7000~~ \$1000 — JUST LIKE THAT. DAD WAS STUNNED. GRANDPA WAS PROUD. MOTHER WAS OVERWHELMED BY HER OWN AUDACITY, AND SUFFERED ONE OF HER TERRIBLE MIGRAINES FOR DAYS. IT WAS THE ONLY TIME SHE EVER ACTED ALONE.

BUT THE PLACE WAS OURS! AND, ONCE AGAIN, OUR LIVES CHANGED ABRUPTLY AND DRASTICALLY. I WAS ECSTATIC — I WOULD BE LIVING WHERE ALL THE OLDER GIRLS LIVED. JOHNNY HAD FRIENDS THERE TOO, BUT LITTLE GRACE WAS LEAVING THE BLOTTS AND SOME TEARS WERE SHED OVER THAT.

THE ENTHUSIASM OF THE FAMILY FOR THE VERY OLD CLAUDE HILL HOUSE CALLED BROOKFIELD CAN ONLY BE UNDERSTOOD BY OUR DESIRE TO LIVE IN A HOUSE, ANY HOUSE. FOR MOST PEOPLE, THE OLD HOUSE, WHICH WAS IN A FAIR WAY TO FALLING DOWN THROUGH ROTTED SILLS ON THE GROUND, WOULD HAVE BEEN INACCEPTABLE HOUSING.

THE WALL OF THE MAIN BEDROOM WAS CRACKED AT THE CEILING AND IVY WAS POKING THROUGH. THE FRONT PORCH WHICH FACED THE TENNIS COURT AND MOORE'S CREEK, HAD TO BE RIPPED OFF. THE ROOF LEAKED HERE AND THERE. BUT THE ROOMS WERE LARGE, WITH 9-10 FOOT CEILINGS. THE RAFTERS AND JOISTS WERE LIKE IRON, ROUGH CUT AT A SAWMILL THAT USED TO OPERATE AT THE SPERLING END OF DEER LAKE.



THE HOUSE WAS SURROUNDED BY GRASS AND FLOWERS GONE WILD AND TALL TREES.

IT HAD RUNNING WATER, ELECTRICITY (DROP CORDS FROM THE CEILINGS.) IT WAS HEATED BY THE KITCHEN STOVE, A WOOD BURNING HALL HEATER AND THE FIREPLACE.

MR. LESLIE, THE STORE-KEEPER, MOVED US IN HIS LITTLE TRUCK. THE STOVE WAS THE LARGEST ITEM. MONEY WAS AVAIL-

ABLE IN THOSE DAYS. THE B.C. ELECTRIC WAS PLANNING A RENOVATION MORTGAGE PLAN, BUT MOTHER INSISTED THAT FIRST "HER" LOAN BE PAID REGULARLY, DUTIFULLY, COME HELL OR HIGH WATER - A MATTER OF HONOUR. THE BANK MANAGER KNEW HER WELL. THE HOUSE HAD COST \$1000. THE REPAIRS TO THE FOUNDATION TOOK QUITE A BIT. DAD BOUGHT A LAWN MOWER, A LAWN ROLLER, AND WITH HIS UNBOUNDED ENERGY, BEGAN TURNING THIS RUNDOWN $\frac{3}{4}$ ACRE TRIANGLE INTO A CORNER OF OLDE ENGLAND. OVERNIGHT HE CHANGED HIS IMAGE.

FROM HARDY PIONEER TO ENGLISH GENTLEMAN WAS AN EASY TRANSITION FOR OUR CHAMELEON PARENT. THE CHANGE WAS ABRUPT AND PERMANENT FOR HIM, BUT DIFFICULT FOR US.

1927-29
1928?
THE MOVE FROM DOUGLAS ROAD TO DEER LAKE
WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TWO OR THREE MILES.
IN ACTUAL DISTANCE, BUT THE TWO PLACES OF
RESIDENCE WERE IN TWO VASTLY DIFFERING
COMMUNITIES.

DEER LAKE AREA WAS MUCH LIKE AN OLD
COUNTRY VILLAGE. THE OLD FAMILIES WHO HAD
COME FROM ENGLAND AS SETTLERS HAD EACH
TAKEN A QUARTER SECTION OF THE LUSH VALLEY
LAND. THEY LIVED BY MIXED FARMING OF A RATHER
INDIFFERENT NATURE, BY SELLING OFF LITTLE BITS
OF LAND, BY OCCASIONAL REMITTANCES FROM ENGLAND.
THE SPROTTS, CLAUDE AND BERNARD HILL, THE PONTIFAX
FAMILY, THE PEERS HAD BEEN ESTABLISHED FROM
THE EARLY PART OF THE CENTURY.

THE MATHERS, CEPERLEYS AND MOORE HAD
MOVED IN WITH W.W.I WEALTH AND BUILT LARGE
MANSIONS ON ACREAGE PURCHASED FROM THE
FIRST GROUP. THERE WERE LAWN TENNIS COURTS,
BOAT HOUSES ON THE LAKE, ACRES OF BUTTERCUPS
AND DAISIES, FLOWERING BUSHES SUCH AS HAWTHORNE,
RHODODENDRUM, AND AVENUES OF CHESTNUT TREES,
FIELDS OF RASPBERRIES AND APPLE, PEAR AND CHERRY
TREES. THE WINDING CREEK WAS BEAUTIFUL IN THE GULLY.

DAD IMPRESSED ALL THE ENGLISH SET BY HIS
"EDUCATED ENGLISH" CONVERSATIONS AND HIS EXPANSIVE
SPENDING. UNFORTUNATELY, HIS FUNDS WERE LIMITED TO
A WORKMAN'S SALARY - SO OUR TEEN YEARS WERE
SPENT IN A KIND OF FINANCIAL AND SOCIAL NEVER-
NEVER LAND. DAD FOUND IT MORE FRUSTRATING
THAN ANY LIFE HE HAD EVER LIVED - BUT THAT
IS ANOTHER STORY.

May 31, 1988

MOTHER JUST SET UP HER DESK AND HER FAMILY POSSESSIONS AND CARRIED ON JUST AS SHE HAD ON DOUGLAS ROAD. SHE WAS STILL TIED TO A CANTANKEROUS WOOD RANGE, AND THE SUPPLY OF WOOD WAS NOT AS GOOD - NO LOVELY CEDAR KINDLING AND LOADS OF SLAB FIR REPLACED THE ALDER AND HAND SPLIT FIR.

TRUE, SHE LIKED THE FLUSH TOILET. THE BATHTUB WAS LARGE, PAINTED GALVANIZED IN A WOODEN FRAME. TO DRAW A GOOD BATH PRETTY WELL EMPTIED THE WATER TANK. A WATER JACKET HAD BEEN FITTED INSIDE THE STOVE AND A TANK STOOD BESIDE THE STOVE. BATHS WERE ALWAYS BEDTIME AFFAIRS FOR THE KIDS.

WE HAD TO TAKE OUR LUNCH TO DOUGLAS ROAD NOW, TO MY DELIGHT. THE OLDER KIDS HAD BEEN SENT TO EDMONDS ST. SCHOOL FOR GRADE 8, SO FOR TWO YEARS MY CLASS WAS THE SENIOR GROUP IN THE SCHOOL. AN AMERICAN FAMILY NAMED KUHN MOVED INTO THE CEPERLEY HOUSE ON DEER LAKE AVENUE. THEIR OLDEST, BARBARA, WAS MY FRIEND. SHE HAD CURLY BROWN HAIR, CUT SHORT, A PROMINENT RED NOSE, FAIRLY BUCK TEETH, AND SHE WAS UP TO ANYTHING, INCLUDING CHALLENGING MISS WARBURTON. I SOON LEARNED TO LIVE DANGEROUSLY.

WE CHASED BOYS WITH SNAKES. WE WROTE NOTES. AND MISS WARBURTON WROTE A NOTE TO MY PARENTS SUGGESTING THAT MY FRIENDSHIP WAS MISPLACED - THAT BARBARA WAS A BAD INFLUENCE ON ME. I WAS GROUNDED PERMANENTLY. WHEREVER I WENT, GRACE HAD TO GO, TOO. JOHNNY WAS AS FREE AS A BIRD, OR SO IT SEEMED TO ME. HIS FRIENDS CAME AROUND, THEY SHOT GUNS AND WENT TO THE SWAMP DOWN ON SPERLING. THEY CAUGHT SUCKERS IN THE CREEK.

BUT I WAS HOME, "HELPING", DOING ERRANDS, DOING HOMEWORK. WE ALL WENT TO EARLY SERVICE ONCE A MONTH, AND I WENT TO MRS. BOUCHER'S SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS. MY PEERS OCCASIONALLY INVITED ME OVER, BUT GRACE WAS THREE YEARS YOUNGER. THEY WOULD SAY, "FORGET IT - YOU KNOW..." I KNEW.