

Editor's Note: Below is the autobiography of John "Jack" Granville Thynne. He wrote his memoirs in the 1930's to while away time while he was laid up in hospital for 3 ½ months. Some spelling errors have been corrected and editing notes made where appropriate. It is a fascinating story about a well-respected man of the Similkameen. This valuable, historical story was discovered while perusing his family tree on Ancestry.

My Adventures in the New World
by John Granville Thynne

I left the shores of old England in March 1883, and sailed for New York on the White Star Liner "Baltic". The journey was uneventful, and after landing in the great city, I met the Rev. Dr. Houghton and became his guest. Dr. Houghton was the Pastor of the Church now known as "The Little Church Round the Corner", an old landmark of New York City.

The doctor, an old friend of my father, had previously traveled through the United States in company with other Church of England Ministers, soliciting monetary aid towards the completion of Truro Cathedral in Cornwall, England.

From New York, my travels were continued westerly, and I was accompanied by a friend from home, which was to take up a position as Veterinary Surgeon in St. Mars, Iowa. After a brief sojourn in the mid-western States, I drifted into Canada in company with Duncan Campbell, who was on his way to Winnipeg from Montreal. Campbell was High Sheriff of Alberta stationed at Fort McLeod. He was held in high esteem and to me, a very sincere friend. Winnipeg detained us but a few days. The city of the day was vastly different from the Winnipeg we now know. It had a population of about 25,000, and its buildings were mostly small and of insignificant wooden frame construction.

During my stay, I met one day a fellow wearing a buckskin shirt. I suppose the sight aroused a desire to go hunting, so I stopped him and asked how far it would be necessary to travel to shoot Buffalo. He replied very confidently that there was a herd not far from the city. I hastened back to the Palmer House, where I was staying, and related the story to Fraser, who had traveled with me. In my enthusiasm, I insisted, that if we could only get to Stoney Mountain, we should be sure of a shot. We made preparations at once and armed with our rifles, started out on our quest. I had a 32-caliber rook and rabbit rifle my father had given me, and armed thus, we set

out down the road and came across a half-breed driving a Red River cart, which could be heard almost a mile away. He seemed a likely means of transportation and so we asked him what he would charge to take us out to the buffalo. After we had arrived at an agreement, he asked for a dollar on account, which we promptly gave him, as he said he had to secure some medicine. As soon as the dollar had changed hands, he disappeared and when at last he returned, he was loaded up to the eyes with "Tiger Juice"! His horse, nothing more than a bag of bones, fell asleep, and rolled in the mud of Main Street. Its owner assured us that his horse only had colic and needed a bottle of rum, after which he would be quite well. Disgusted, we left the man and his horse there and then - minus the rum.

The desire to shoot buffalo was still strong, and so we decided to proceed at once to a livery barn and secure a couple of saddle horses. Imagine our intense surprise - and disappointment - when the man in charge informed us that the buffalo at Stoney Creek were the private property of a man named Bedson, who kept them for the purpose of breeding with his Galloway cattle, and that there were no wild buffalo nearer than the Cypress Hills south of Medicine Hat, where the engineers of the C.P.R. were locating their railway line.

All this occurred during the boom days of Winnipeg. I well remember a real estate office opening near the old mansion house one Saturday night. There was considerable business done during the weekend, and many fortune hunters were disillusioned on Monday morning when they found that the land they had purchased was in the middle of the Red River. Needless to say, the agents had departed when Monday dawned. One man I recall, bought considerable property, and by the way of celebrating, bathed in champagne at the Queens Hotel. This ablution completed, he proceeded to light his cigar with a \$10 bill. His name was Duncan McArthur, an employee of the Bank of Montreal. I heard afterwards that he lost his job, and his investment in Winnipeg real estate left him completely broke.

Leaving Winnipeg, we moved on towards Fort McLeod. Campbell seemed to be afraid that I might follow my former intention of shooting buffalo and lose myself in the bargain. We fell in with Fred Stimson, manager of the Bar U Ranch, who was going west, as were two others, George Levally and Harry Stedman of Fort McLeod, so we all traveled together.

After a brief stay, I returned to Regina, where I began to hunt for my brother Bill, who I had been informed, was working with a Hudson's Bay survey party west of Regina. Here I ran up against W.J.O. Boucher who was

homestead inspector for the Government of Canada. He had a homestead some 6 miles to the south and with him I stayed until my brother returned to town. We journeyed together to Broadview, Sask, and then moved further north, where we took up homestead about 75 miles north and 7 miles east of Yorkton, which was at that time, but a little town just beginning its existence.

At Broadview, we purchased a yoke of oxen, a wagon, plow, and a few other essentials - made possible because Bill had saved money during his time with the survey party. For my own part, I was down and out. After a rough journey, we reached our homestead, pitched our tent and there we were.

I started to break the land and Bill cut out logs to build our shelter. Fortunately, I had some experience at home with a plow and so got on fairly well. We were fortunate in our purchase of oxen and managed to average an acre per day. The prairie sod was pretty tough, but I had a good 14-inch John Deer plow and succeeded in breaking about 20 acres. We decided to plant grain and a few potatoes for our personal use. The logs my brother had been cutting were now ready to be used for our cabin, and as soon as we signified our intention, our neighbors turned in and gave the help we gladly accepted.

York Colony farmers from the vicinity of Yorkton were mostly from York County, Ontario, and they proved to be splendid neighbors. The colony was founded by Lawrence Clarke of Toronto, a man who rose later into prominence.

To the accompaniment of hammer, saw and axe, our cabin began to take shape quickly, and in addition, we managed to dig a fine cellar in which to store our produce. Soon after our arrival, another homesteader took land next to ours. He was a fairly old man and had one son. The men had come to Canada from Bacup in Lancashire. Their name was Witham.

My brother, a notorious cook by the way, announced his intention to prepare a really good dinner. One evening, he cooked a skunk and had stuffed it with onions before serving. Old man Witham, thinking it was goose, smacked his lips with delight as he devoured his portion and declared it to be the finest meat he had ever eaten. We grew to be fond of the old man and his son. We helped them build their cabin and showed the son how to break land. Unfortunately, neither father nor son knew the difference between a plow and a potato digger. It was a sad sight to see them struggling along,

but one admired their pluck and determination to win.

The mosquitos were very bad at this time, and the team of oxen young Witham was driving, stampeded and stopped only when they had dashed into a lake where they secured relief.

We lived a quiet life on our homestead; we took part in a few log cabin raising events, which our neighbors called a Bee; attended in at a few dances and the odd surprise party, when everybody for as far as thirty miles around came and gathered for a merry evening.

It was in the spring of 1885 that the Northwest Rebellion, headed by Louis Riel, broke out. My brother went to Qu'Appelle to serve as a clerk in the Transport Service, under Major Bell. It fell my lot to remain on the farm for some time, but I eventually joined the Yorkton Militia under the command of Major Watson and went on special scout duty. We built a large stockade at Yorkton but had very little trouble with the Indians. Only on one occasion did the Militia have to go out. We surrounded an Indian camp on the White Sand River near the Beaver Hills. The Indians had rushed one of the settlements and stolen some stock as well as pillaging several farms.

The Indian Chief was named Okaneese - Little Bones - and his tribe offered little resistance. We compelled them to return to their reserve, and from that time on we had no further trouble.

But our troubles were not by any means over. The riot act had to be read in the stockade one evening. Several little events contributed to the necessity of this measure. We were called out for supplementary drill by Sergeant Major Gardner, a fine old soldier of the British Army. The men considered the weather conditions to be far too hot for such exercise and we refused to go. Major Watson, a domineering type sent out from some petty Militia Regiment, was with our party and had the use of a tent for his quarters. Some of the men had an idea that it would be fun to cut the guy ropes, and the thought was expressed into action. The tent collapsed on the Major as he slept - recovering the ill he felt of a wild night; however, when he awoke, he made no mention of the guardroom. Another incident connected may be worth relating. One night, while he slept, some unmitigated scoundrel crept into his tent and cut off one side of his most ponderous side-whiskers. Shortly after this, the company was disbanded, as Louis Riel had been captured by Tom Hourie. The major and his staff of flunkey's hit the road for Ottawa as soon as they could.

It was at this time that my brother returned from the Transport Service. We had an argument over some matter, and I made up my mind to quit the farm. I packed my turkey and struck out for the new railroad under construction from Minnedosa to Birtle - the Manitoba Northwestern. It was in Solsgirth that I at last obtained work for myself and my team of mules, at the magnificent rate of \$2.50 per day. Pete Simms had the contract and worked under Jim Hill of St. Paul, Minnesota. The road was financed by Montague Allan and Fred Bridges of Winnipeg, and I believe Edgar Dewdney had a hand in the affair too. The road was taken over on completion by the C.P.R. and the contractors moved on to Minnedosa where they and taken a contract on the St. Cloud and Richmond Railway, near Minneapolis, U.S.A. The man for whom I was working, Frank Jackson, asked me to go with him on this other job, and so I saw my mules loaded on the train with the rest of the outfit and away we went to St. Cloud. Owing to some unforeseen incident, the work was held up for a time, and I sold my team to the walking boss, Pete Simms.

What little money I had managed to save, I sent to Winnipeg, and set out for Minneapolis with Jim Parker, another teamster, known as "Fatty Parker". Jim Finn was also with us. He had, at one time, been a conductor on C.P.R. construction in the Rockies and it was he who shot Foster, a Negro in 1884, in self-defence. It was about this time too, that Bull Dog Kelly, the outlaw, shot Beard near the same place.

After being satisfied with the sights of Minneapolis, we drifted into St. Paul where we had several adventures, chiefly because Jim Finn was inclined to be somewhat quarrelsome after imbibing bourbon, which let it be said, he was not accustomed to. While we were here, Fatty and I ditched him as we considered that life was too short to be implicated in continual scraps. We argued too, that discretion was the better part of valor, and this was proved the very next day for Finn was arrested for breaking up a negro dance at the Ryan Hotel. In Hill's office we secured a pass to go down to La Cross, Wisconsin, to work on the Burlington Railroad 3 miles from La Cross and known as Unalaska. We were set to work with a band of Swedes, loading dump cars on a 17-foot fill. These cars were operated with a long pole brake at the rear. Fatty broke the brake pole while dumping a car and a rather large Swede disappeared over the edge of the fill. Fatty quit - or rather, was fired, and I also gave up my apprenticeship, as big Swedes were far too much in evidence for my taste.

We set off again, drifted down to St. Louis and got work on a pile driver

working on the east side of the Mississippi River at East St. Louis, on the Illinois side, some little way out of town. They were driving piles for a wharf. It was here I got swamp fever coupled with an attack of the ague.

We boarded at a farmhouse, where they made corn whiskey. It was left in an open keg with a dipper for ready use. The old Southerner recommended a few dippers for my complaint, but of course, it made me far worse. By the time I had reached the stage of convalescence, we were almost broke. Our entire fortune consisted of a jack knife, \$2.50 in cash and a feather quilt which we had made to sleep in.

We asked the captain of an old riverboat, a side-wheeler, for a job. He was traveling up to Fort Benton, Montana, carrying cow and buffalo hides, furs and other junk from the northwest. I was informed that all the buffalo in Montana had been killed three years previously.

The skipper was unsympathetic to our plea, and we did not sail with him. Instead of traveling by boat, we boarded an empty cattle car going north to Prairie du Chien in Wisconsin. The car appeared not to have been cleaned out for years, but even riding with the continual smell of cattle under our nose was far better than walking.

At some point of the journey between St. Louis and Prairie du Chien, the brakeman appeared, and he was by no means sympathetic. After an argument, our last \$2.50 was transferred to the pockets of his greasy overalls, and we went on our way rejoicing in our good fortune in getting a ride, but continually lamenting the fact that the car was so filthy and smelly.

On arrival at our destination, we were disappointed to find that there was no work, so there was nothing left but to take another freight to Winona on the borders of Wisconsin and Minnesota. Here again we were out of luck and had no choice but to keep moving. We boarded another train and landed in Red Wing.

My partner proved an expert in the art of traveling the rails - brake beams, blind baggage, empties, and even cow catchers were used more than once. From Red Wing, we walked into St. Paul, crossing the ferry over the Mississippi either at Red Wing or Hastings. It was here a man had recently been shot, what for, I cannot remember, but we were delayed as witnesses. The authorities treated us remarkably well, they gave us a good meal and allowed us to sleep in the local gaol, which by the way, was simply swarming with rats. In the morning, we were issued an enormous bologna

and two loaves of bread, and we continued our tramp to St. Paul. I always recall that bologna sausage whenever I hear the song "Red Wing" played. It lasted us until we reached St. Paul, where we again searched for work without success. Tired and footsore, we called again at the Great Northern office, where Jim Hill presided, to see if there was any chance we could get some railroad work, but once again, we drew a blank.

While we were in his office, I noticed Pete Simms the walking boss to whom I had sold my mules in St. Cloud. We unfolded our story to him, and he ordered a clerk to make us a refund of the \$2.50, which we had previously paid for a pass to work on the Burlington Railroad, which work had never materialized. We had been promised teamster work, but when we reached the camp, it was filled, and we were left out. I can tell you that \$2.50 looked like a million dollars. Simms gave us a letter to a man at St Cloud, 75 miles north of Minneapolis, who was in charge of railway operations there.

Our hearts were lightened as we left that office and we proceeded to a saloon, which boasted an elaborate lunch counter. Naturally, we ordered a schooner of lager, which cost us the enormous sum of 5 cents. We then consumed a large portion of the contents of the lunch counter and felt mighty pleased with ourselves. We left and started to search for a place in which to lay our heads for the night and came across a none too good-looking brick building called either Waverley or Richmond House. We secured a double bed for .25 cents with no extra charge for the bugs.

By this time, my shoe packs were nearly worn out and it was here I lost them - and got something much better in return. On Sunday morning, the boot boy very neatly placed a pair of No 9 Oak tanned Oxfords inside. I appropriated the Oxfords and left my old packs there in exchange. The owner of the Oxfords really had the best of the bargain when one considers that my old packs had seen much of the world and had quite a history, but I simply couldn't spare the time to relate this to the man who got them.

From St. Paul, we traveled to Minneapolis, arriving there in the evening. As we were walking down the street, we approached a barrel factory and next door to it was a dwelling house. Fatty Parker, my companion, knocked on the door and was answered by a negro porter. He asked me to wait a few minutes as he had something to do inside. I waited half an hour before he reappeared, and with him an old lady crying bitterly. She put her arm around him and kissed him as she said good-bye. I was very moved but as we walked away, Fatty told me it was his mother and she had given him

\$10.00. We boarded a train that day for St. Cloud, and during the journey Fatty unfolded his story.

The police were searching for him on a charge of murder. It seemed that a year or so previously, he and another fellow were standing in the streets of Minneapolis, and for some unknown reason, one of the two was taken to be Bull Dog Kelly, who had killed Beard, a C.P.R. man, during construction in the Rockies. A policeman approached the two as they stood on the corner and put his hand on Parker. Resenting this action, Parker pushed the man away and he fell backwards into an open cellar, breaking his neck in the fall. Both of the men were hunted, but Parker made his way up to Canada and stayed until the trouble had died down.

At St. Cloud we began to look for the man to whom we were to hand the letter received from Simms, but we soon learned that he had recently left and gone on to St. Paul. We looked for work but there was no chance to get placed as there was a depression all over the United States and thousands of men were without work.

At this time, a cyclone struck St. Cloud Sauk Centre and as far as Brainand on the Mississippi (ED: The tornado occurred on April 14, 1886. It went as far as Sullivan Lake. 72 people died and the Mississippi River was temporarily sucked dry. It was the deadliest tornado on record for Minnesota.). At Sauk Centre, 17 people in one house were killed during a marriage ceremony (ED: This happened at Rice, Minnesota. The groom, officiating clergyman, and his wife were among the dead.).

There were many strange and rather tall stories related about this cyclone. One fellow told me of how a girl had been sitting in an upper story, playing her piano. She and the piano were carried out of the window - it must have been a large one - out to the prairie a mile away, and believe it or not, when they found her, she was still playing.

In another place, a large barn was supposed to have been carried off its cement foundation. The owner received cyclone compensation from his insurance company, and would you believe it, but the very next year, another cyclone carried it back, square on its old foundation. I remember a yolk of oxen being lifted off their feet and carried into a neighbor's field. I did not witness this, but the fact is on record at Devil's Lake, Dakota, where farmers built cyclone cellars to which they rushed when they saw trouble brewing.

My old friend Billy Manning could describe a cyclone well, for he was

involved in one in Medicine Hat in 1883, at the time of the C.P.R. construction. It lifted a box car off the truck and wiped out the construction camp.

While we were in St. Cloud, before the cyclone struck the town, a fair arrived and set up for operations across the river. Fatty and I strolled over to see the fun and noticed many games of chance. There was a large wheel, and the better backed certain colors to stop at a given point. A fellow, known in such crooked games as a "capper" ambled over to me and evidently thought I was a lamb good for slaughter. He handed me a \$5 bill and told me to bet on a certain color, which I did. Of course, that color won, and I was handed the \$10 winnings. Satisfied, I took my departure, but the capper followed and offered me \$10 of the \$10 I had won. I failed to see his point and trouble began. Parker was a pretty good scrapper, and I could hold my own with most. We left Mr. Capper on the east end of the Mississippi Bridge and part way down the bank.

After these amusing and profitable excitements, we jumped a freight and made our way north, Winnipeg being our objective, but unfortunately, we were switched to a side track and landed in Devil's Lake, Dakota. We learned there was threshing and applied for a job. We were given work, but drew no pay, merely working for our board. The wind was so strong that they had to chain the threshing machine down and there was no sign of straw when operations were finished, the wind had carried it away.

Anyway, we were filled with food and chaff, and thus reinforced we hiked to Bismarck on the Missouri. Here we ran against a gang who just lynched a negro outside the town. The notorious Calamity Jane was an eyewitness; she was, in some ways, a wonderful character with a great heart. Her usual stamping grounds were from Fort Pierre, Black Hills, Fort Benton, over the sweet grass hills.

At Bismarck, we camped with a band of cow punchers on their way to the sweet grass hills. They had extra horses and saddles as two or three of the original band had stayed off in the Black Hills to work in a mine. We traveled with them and met a band of cattle being driven into the Black Hills country, in the charge of a man named Collins. The cattle were Whitefaces and Long Horns, originally from Texas, and on the way up, had given considerable trouble when crossing the Yellowstone River, where they had stampeded. There were not sufficient riders to cope with them so Buck Mahony offered to ride with them for a few days until they were quieted down, and, as we were riding horses of Buck's band, we accompanied him.

I remember the cattle mostly bore the Diamond H brand. We were rigged out from the chuck wagon, as the fellows who had left Buck at the mines had sent their outfit and horses back to him. That night, we camped in the cottonwood coulee, having rounded up most of the strays.

About a mile above us, some Sioux Indians were camped, and one of the men of our band - a hard pill - shot an old squaw as she was washing. He ran into camp and told Collins what he had done after which he set off as hard as his horse would carry him. Soon Indians came to our camp and Collins showed them the way he had gone. Off they went in search, and soon were hot on his trail. Later they returned carrying his scalp. If they had not overtaken him, it could have been too bad for us. We learned afterwards that the same fellow had murdered some nesters and sheep herders in southeastern Montana. From this point, Mahoney turned back and went to his ranch on the Yellowstone and we each received \$5 for helping with the stampeded cattle.

Again, a freight train conveyed us north, and headed, we thought, for a place called Crookston. The train was side tracked and in shunting, the lumber in the car we were riding, started to come together in the centre which made our bed very uncomfortable. Parker said he was sure we were not going to Crookston, as it was a divisional point and there would be no shunting necessary. But the shunting continued, and we were in danger of being jammed in the middle of the car by the shifting lumber. We jumped off, and Parker dropped on a brakeman who was passing with a lantern. The brakeman fell flat, and while he was trying to retrieve his lantern, we beat it around, as it was getting wet and cold.

Another freighter carried us to Barnesville, where we alighted, and a big fat man standing by the side of a huge pile of sacks of wheat met our gaze. There was a car standing in the siding and we sauntered over to where the man stood. He offered us \$3 if we would load the car for him, and we jumped at the offer. The man had a beer saloon close by and every ten minutes or so, he invited us over for liquid refreshment. We certainly were not at all shy of accepting the invitation. At noon, he treated us to a free lunch.

When we had thrown the last sack into the car, our benefactor became very friendly and told us that he was really a German Count but had been ousted from Germany for having referred to the Crown Prince - now the Ex Kaiser - as a pig. He showed us how they did the military march when he was at home, which I presume was the goose step. I remember that there were

various flourishes thrown into the march and at last he fell on his face against the bar and in so doing, knocked over a very dignified Englishman, wearing an eyeglass, who had at that moment arrived. The glass dropped from his eye, and he referred to the German as a blighter with a few adjectives thrown in. The German was anxious to know exactly what a blighter could be, and exclaimed "Vat is Dat?" The two of them argued the point and at last agreed to fight it out with single sticks. The Count had a set in the house and certainly knew how to use them. Soon the fight was in full swing. Cut one - the Englishman got home on the top of the head. Cut 2 - the Count scored on the left hip. Cut three was a cut on the funny bone, scored by the Count, which, needless to say, disarmed the Englishman. He rescued his stick with the left hand and poked the German in the middle of the stomach and called out "Point 1". The umpire, myself, called it a foul, and so the match went to the Count. The Englishman got very mad, he was indeed a poor sport and called me a "damned bounder", and that was the last we ever saw of him. He even refused to "gin up" which was the agreement for the loser. The Count proved a good old sport and we afterwards learned that the Englishman had been kicked out of the army for cheating during a card game. We all returned to the Count's hostelry where we celebrated in good style. The only man who took anything stronger than lager was the Marshall of the town, and he drank bourbon until we had to put him in the manger of the livery barn at the rear of the house. We said good-bye to our friends; we had many by this time, and jumped a freight. We were loaded with gifts; one was a black eye, received from the Englishman after I retaliated when he called me a bounder. It may interest my readers to know that the Englishman was quite unable to wear his eyeglass in the orthodox position when he made his hurried exit after the duel with the sticks.

Again, making tracks for Winnipeg, we arrived at a small town called Argyle. While we were looking round the place, Parker cast his eye on a wood pile, buck saw, and sawhorse. We jumped to work and cut quite a few poles, merely for exercise, although truth to tell, we were hungry and could smell a good supper being cooked in the house. When we had labored in this way for some time, an old lady came from the house and invited us in. It was like home, the old lady thought I was her long-lost son. Her boy had left home when he was 12 by reason of the abuse he received at the hands of his step father, who also had disappeared. We went on our way in the morning with sufficient food to last us for a few days. As usual, we tried to get work, but ill luck seemed to be dogging us and we were unsuccessful once again. Two or three days after we had been on the road, we came across a section house and wondered if we could do anything to earn a little there. I went over and knocked at the door, wondering what my

fate would be. An old colored lady answered my knock. She had just lifted a pan of hot biscuits out of the oven, and the smell of them turned my inside over with a desire to share them. I asked her if she had any wood we could cut, but she informed us that it was all cut and stacked. She was very kind, however, and asked us to take some of her biscuits and some real cows' milk, which was indeed a treat. We balanced our budget and found that we had .50 cents on the right side of the ledger, left from Argyle. We offered the good lady the .50 cents, but she refused it.

We took to the road again and reached Hallock and from there to St. Vincent and Emerson, one on each side of the borders of Canada and the United States, on the St. Cloud, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway. At Emerson, we went into a drug store to get something for Fatty Parker, who had cut himself rather badly. The store was run by an Englishman named Charlie Flexon. I remember his name because I met him two years afterwards in Winnipeg, where he had a drug store next to the Clarendon Hotel. While we were in the Emerson store, a doctor came in and prescribed for Fatty's cut, which he found had become septic. The doctor was originally from near my old home in Cornwall, and I was very glad to see him.

I inquired what were the chances of work, as I thought that perhaps he might be able to use his influence in this direction. He invited us to stay with him overnight, and we looked a pair of real tramps as we made our way to his home. He was extremely good to us, as was his wife. They treated us with the greatest kindness and he and Flexon obtained two tickets to Winnipeg, which they gave us. It would be impossible to describe our feelings of thankfulness and pleasure as we sallied forth to take a real ride in a train as ticket holding passengers.

Two years afterwards in 1889 - I had married in the meantime (1887) - my wife and I were on our way to British Columbia and stayed at the Clarendon Hotel.

I noticed the sign on the drug store announcing the fact that it was operated by one C. Flexon. I went in to investigate, and sure enough, it was the establishment of the same C. Flexon. I made myself known to him and tried to get him to take the money, which he and the doctor had given us to get us back to Winnipeg, but he would hear nothing of it. Instead, he gave my wife a nice wedding present. While we were staying at the Clarendon, two Englishmen were having a spree. Finding his mattress too hard to sleep on, one of them threw it out of the window. It struck a passing cab and the horse bolted. The culprit rang the bell, and when the boy appeared, he

ordered a feather bed and a cocktail. I heard that he was afterwards arrested, and he had to pay a big fine for his fun.

To go back to November of 1885, we arrived in Winnipeg, and I drew from the bank the money I had sent over from St. Cloud, and we put up at the old Potter house. I met many friends of the Winnipeg Mounted Infantry who were with me at the time of the Riel Rebellion: Sergeant Major Gardner, Sergeant Ellwood, Potts, Pennyfather and others. Since that time, Pennyfather was promoted to Inspector of the N.W. Mounted Police and Gardner got a Commission in the Canadian Dragoons as Captain and was sent to the Yukon and subsequently died. "Gardy" was a good old scout, having been a Non-Commissioned Officer in the British Service. Needless to say, we had a reunion as soon as we could all gather together. It was held at Fort Osborne, and we slept in the hospital, which had been made the barracks for the infantry.

The following day, Fatty and I located a shack at Point Douglas near old Paddy Enright's wood yard. We rented it for the winter at \$5 per month and again started our search for work. We landed a job with Enright, taking in wood trains three times a week at night. We got .35 cents a cord for loading flat cars and made about \$5.00 each per trip, but it was hard work. During spare time, I got a few days work with Charlie Carruthers, tending his bar at the Oriental Hotel, where the specialty known as "Tom and Jerry" was served. I soon became an expert at mixing the concoction. The Oriental stood next to the old Whalan Hotel, run by the famous John Whalan, who afterwards had a hotel in Vancouver, where the old Badminton is, or was situated.

One day, a commercial traveler arrived at the Oriental. He ordered many helpings of "Tom and Jerry" and insisted that all hands drink. He was a well-dressed gentleman of the road, with a stove pipe hat, Prince Albert Coat, complete with all trimmings. He had with him a large valise full of his wares, which consisted in the main of Furniture polish, brass polish, glass polish, and other polishes, too numerous to mention. He demonstrated some of his dopes and told us that he had an urgent call to Chicago and had not had time to canvass Winnipeg and the Western towns. He persuaded me to buy his outfit and told me where I could obtain fresh supplies when my stock was low. The next day I started life as a commercial traveler and the first call was made at a wholesale liquor store where they had an array of fancy brass work, chiefly kegs used for sampling the goods, and there was much glass in the place too. The proprietor informed me that my friend had been there the day before, but he purchased a few more boxes from me and

had me sample some of his goods. As it was a bitter cold day - about 50 below zero - I obliged him and we parted good friends. I trudged on all through Fonseca Street and many others, only to find that my friend had not missed calling at one single house. The last place I called at was a boarding house on McDermot Street, where a cranky old woman interviewed me and told me that she had some bronze, which needed a polish. Opening up my case, I thought I could find something to suit her, but unfortunately, when giving demonstration, I found I had opened the wrong box, and her bronze was covered with a sticky mess, which I could not clean off. She ran at me with a broom and so I got out of the house as hastily as I could. I think I must have done 100 yards in 10 seconds with a mongrel bulldog at my heels. No more peddling of polish for me. I returned to Main Street where I ran across the gentleman of the road. I threw the valise at him, and it opened up and covered him with liquids of all colors, chiefly white. He looked a pretty picture when I left him to hurry out of the street. I rushed into the mansion house and met Johnie Campbell and drowned my sorrows in a Manhattan cocktail. I hadn't taken in one dollar during my time on the road as a commercial. I returned to the shack and found that there was very little in the cupboard and so I toddled over to Paddy Enright's and got a good square meal. It was there I first met Dick Burden, the famous bill poster. Times got pretty bad again as the wood trains were not making the usual regular trips.

One Saturday afternoon, as I was walking up Main Street, I saw my old chum Parker coming towards me. I never saw him walk so fast without actually running. He was quite out of breath and he dodged past me into a side street into which I followed. He looked strange in a huge overcoat, and fatter than I had ever seen him before. He opened his coat, and to my astonishment revealed sausages wound round his body from his neck to his belt and some were even tucked away in his pants. It seemed that the marketplace had caught fire and Fatty had been one of the many who volunteered to fight the fire and carry the food stuff to a place of safety. He swore to me that a policeman he knew had wrapped him up in the sausages and told him to beat it. We had sausages at every meal for a week or more.

The wood trains had now started to run more frequently and so we were able to make enough to live on once more. On the return from the train one morning, I got a terrible pain which I tried to alleviate by lying still on my bed in the shack, but it was getting worse all the time. Fatty went into town and met a friend of mine, W.M. Ramsay, who was a teller in the Merchants Bank. I used to go to his rooms at times, and there we sat and played the banjo together. Ramsay came down to see me and brought Dr. Blanchard

with him. After a brief examination, I was taken to the hospital, as I had inflammation of the bowels, now commonly known as appendicitis. I was very sick for a time and was there 10 weeks altogether. Ramsay made himself responsible for a large private room in which I was placed. The first night I was there, a man who was very ill got out of his bed in the public ward and ran down the corridor. He had reached my door when he fell down dead. I saw the whole business as my door was partly open and it gave me quite a shock. The night nurses were out at a midnight supper at the time it happened.

My friends from Fort Osborne came in to see me quite often, and on one occasion, one of them had a mouth organ with him. He began to play and very soon his efforts to play the Blue Danube brought all the night nurses into my room and there was nothing else to be done but pair off and dance. But the dance ended to another tune, for the old Matron came in to see what was going on and she made a terrible fuss about it. The head night nurse received her marching orders the next morning for setting a bad example, and the rest of the night staff was moved out of the ward. I never saw the cranky old Matron after that.

When I came out of the hospital, Fatty Parker had left Winnipeg and gone West, so I stayed at the Oriental for a time until a friend, W.H. Miller, came from Owen Sound where he had been to see his people and stayed with them for the winter. We went to his homestead near Yorkton, Saskatchewan and I worked with Miller building a fence for J. Reaman. I went to see my brother Bill, and there and then we decided to bury the hatchet. I put up a shanty on my homestead and busied myself with a plow.

During the month of May 1886, my father came out to see us as he passed through to New Westminster. A neighbor offered us a team of horses to go to meet him, as we had to go to Broadview, about 70 miles away. My brother and I put our heads together and thought that if we took a yoke of oxen and a wagon, father might buy us a team of horses, especially if he saw the rough road we had taken to meet him. The idea worked and father bought us a fine pair of Canadian mares, and we felt very proud of ourselves.

Father was on his way to the coast to organize the Church of England Mission. He stayed all summer, traveling round the upper country and through the Okanagan with Father Pat, who was well known in B.C.

Father was offered the See of New Westminster (ED: the "See of New

Westminster" means the diocese or jurisdiction of New Westminster) but refused it. He returned to England in the fall of 1886. He came out to see our homestead on his way back to England. This time we were able to meet him with a good team of horses. He stayed a few days with us and did some duck shooting before he went home, via New York.

Bill left me in the fall and went to Medicine Hat, where he took some land 8 miles to the north and went in for sheep rearing. He took a partner, Jack Hole, and the two of them did very well. They bought their breeding stock for .50 cents a head in Montana and drove them over the border to their new home.

At this time, I was busy freighting near Yorkton for F. Reaman, who had started a grist mill. All the freight came either from Whitewood or Broadview. I used a team of oxen for the work. We freighters generally traveled together, as there was a grave risk of getting mired in the alkali flats, which we encountered en route. Miller was always with me, and we took our pay in trade chiefly, as there was little cash to be handled in those days. Reaman became a member of the Legislature at Regina. He was a fine man and always gave a square deal. It was he who supplied us with an outfit for trading fur with the Indians. We left for the Beaver Hills - Miller, myself and another fellow named Wellbury who had been a member of the Texas Rangers. We used Indian ponies called "Shaganappi" and soon came upon the camp of our dear old friend "Okaneese" on the White Sand River. We managed to get some fur, chiefly fox, lynx and mink. Lynx was worth \$2, and fox \$1 when taken this way in trade.

We had a hard day and were feeling very hungry when the Indian called out "pay meetsue", which in the Cree language means, "Come and eat". His wife dished up a huge stew and I asked what the Cree name for the food was. "Wapoosh" he said, which is rabbit. After we had taken our fill, we went outside and my eyes lighted on a yellow dog skin on the Teepee pole. The Indian told me it was "Atim" - dog. I managed to hold on to my dog meat, but the other boys were terribly sick, and yet I must admit that it tasted good when we thought it was rabbit.

Again, we traveled west and came across the camp of the son in law of "Okaneese". Here we got a few more skins, amongst which was one black fox, which took all our trading goods before we could get it. We started back for Yorkton and met a crew of railway engineers under Stewart, locating the M.N.W. railway, west of Yorkton. Our fur was shipped to Dr. Houghton in New York, who was able to get a good price. I remember that

the Lynx fetched about \$7 each. We secured another trading outfit and traveled north during the winter to Fort Pelly and Swan River where we met with fair success. It was at Fort Pelly that I met my wife. Her father was with the Hudson's Bay Co., but my wife was born in the old Fort Garry, Winnipeg, where her grandfather was a chief factor. His name was McKay. The family has been quite prominent in the building up of the Northwest. Judge McKay was a grandson and died in Regina but a short time ago. Archdeacon McKay, now in Montana, was Captain of a volunteer Regiment, which opposed Riel in the rebellion. Jim McKay of Prince Albert was an M.P.P. at Regina for a considerable time.

My wife and I were married in the spring of 1887, and I shall never regret the step. She has been a wonderful wife and a great help mate to me. Her parents died at the age of about 90 and when they passed on, they had almost 150 children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. The Church of England Minister at Pelly once told me that he thought that was a record for Canada. They were a loving old couple and were respected by all.

The homestead called, and so we went back to the shack and put in a crop of wheat and other seed. The wheat turned out fine and Miller helped me to put things in order as well as build an addition to our palatial residence. I invested in a buckboard in which to travel over the prairie to call on a neighbor who had a few milk cows and pigs. In the fall, I received a letter from my father telling me that he had secured a third interest in a ranch at Nicola, B.C. and desired me to go out there at once. I sold what I could, got \$300 on account, and pulled out for B.C. going via Winnipeg, and arriving at Spence's Bridge in October, where I took the stage to Nicola, where I was met by Jack Clark.

The first letter I received from my old pal Miller was to inform me that a Prairie fire had razed the homestead, buildings, machinery, and grain stacks which were not thrashed. The balance for the stock I sold I never saw, as Miller had sold it to a man named Hamilton, who promptly left without paying his debt. It was perhaps my own fault for not demanding a security for the \$1,300 owing to me. Most of it really belonged to my brother.

At Nicola, we stayed at Mrs. Riley's boarding house, and the good lady thought we were brother and sister, as we looked so young. My wife was but 17 and I looked fairly young. Mr. Pooley, my partner to be, arrived with a team and democrat (ED: A "democrat" was a ranch or farm wagon with two or more seats) and took us up to the Hamilton Ranch and issued our instructions with regard to riding, fencing, and keeping an eye on the

range to see that the neighbors did not get more than five or six calves to every cow they owned. I saw nothing but Indians for several days; most of them full of "Tiger Juice" (ED: alcohol) and the time began to hang heavily. We did not take at all kindly to the hills, and longed to be back on the prairies again. But a diversion came our way in the arrival of Dan McGinnis, G.B. Greaves and George Bent. They came with a bunch of Indians; seeking cattle strayed from the Douglas Lake Ranch. We welcomed them like long lost brothers, gave them of our best - which was not much - and tried to make them feel at home generally.

Dan McGinnis came to visit in the hospital - where I write this - the other day to see me. The other two have passed on. Mr. Greaves was a good friend - he gave me much good advice. Among other things, he told me not to be too free with the branding iron, and at the same time, not to be careless where there was any doubt at all. I almost got into trouble a few months after this by branding a colt, which I thought, had no brand, and was mine. I discovered afterwards that it was the property of an Indian named Mitchel from Quilchena Creek.

One day, a would-be intelligent Indian came along known as Johnnie Hall, who informed me that he was of a higher type than the usual run of his tribe. He had some buckskin gloves for sale the day he called. I had two Kit Fox skins, otherwise known as Swifts and he took quite a fancy to them. They are a species of fox very common in Alberta at this time, and worth about .50 cents a piece. I traded for the gloves, and with a promise of two more to come. Johnnie went down to the store at Coulee and sold them as Silver Grey Fox for around \$100. Mr. Armitage, the owner of the store showed them to me one day when I was in, and I was able to tell him the history. He was not too pleased. During conversation, he informed me that he had sent my large order for groceries up to the Garcia ranch, and would I collect it there. I told him that I had ordered nothing at all and couldn't think what he was talking about. It seemed that Mr. Indian had forged an order in my name, and it was promptly recalled, as Armitage feared to trust the man with so much. Mr. Indian, while he was at our ranch, asked me to write on a slip of paper, the names of some provisions, so that when he wanted any, he would know how to spell the words. Naturally, I did this for him, thinking it would perhaps help him. He then asked me to show him how to write the name of several men on the paper - hence the forgery.

One day, Pooley sent word to ask me to bring him a feather bed down to him, which was at the ranch, and was a valued article. It weighed 100 lbs, and had cost \$1 a pound to make; it measured 6 x 8 feet and was a clumsy

thing to pack. I put it across my saddle and tied it as best I could with rope and started away. But the horse objected and started off at the double, dashed into a barbed wire fence, and when I reached it, it was wedged between 2 rocks, on its back, with its legs in the air as if an airplane had struck a flock of geese, I finally salvaged the wreck, and it arrived at Pooley's place on a rig.

We had very little diversion at the Hamilton Ranch - riding fences, rounding cattle and branding were our main occupations. We got a good scare one day when a cloud burst and struck the hills behind our house. It looked as if the house must be washed away completely, as it was right at the foot of a ravine down which the water was pouring in torrents about 10 feet deep. I seized my baby Ethel, and with my wife, made for a big pine tree that stood at the side and had limbs close to the ground. We swarmed the tree and watched from that point. The dams at Lundbom Lake had washed out, but when the water reached the flats, it spread out and no serious damage was done, except that there were lots of pigs and chickens drowned in the valley.

All hands used to have a grand time at the fall round ups in those days. Nicola Stock Farms, Quilchena and Douglas Lake outfits joined forces at Courtney Lake and Hamilton Corrals and other camps. There were usually about 50 of us all told, with lots of saddle horses. Camp outfits all went on pack horses. The round up was organized by Jesus Garcia and W. Pooley for the Nicola Stock Farms, Dan McInnis and his brother from Quilchena, and Dick Murphy, Bill Murphy and Joe Paine for the Douglas Lake. G. B. Greaves, the manager appeared occasionally with J. Guichon. The average price for 3-year-old steers in those days was about \$30, and \$25 for fat cows. We usually killed fat calves for camp meat, and sometimes a yearling. The cow punchers were mostly local Indians. As time went on, I moved from the Hamilton Ranch and went down to the main ranch below at Nicola.

I remember a grand round up when all cattle men worked together in about 1889. The first gathering camp was Courtney Lake, taking in Lundbom range, Anderson Mountain, Voght Valley etc. The grasshoppers were bad that year and most of us wore goggles to protect our eyes. The air was full of them, and one could hardly see the sun at times. They even ate holes in our blankets, which were spread on the fences to air. A rather amusing incident occurred at this camp. While cutting out a bunch of beef cattle for Dan McGinnis, I was riding a rather famous cow horse called Whiskers, which I had bought from Sammy English, who had trained him. He had just sold his place to Greaves of Douglas Lake Co. Each rancher took his turn to cut out his beef, which were held on the range by cow punchers.

When Gilly's turn came, Jim Corbett, who represented the Gilley Ranch asked me to lend him Whiskers, as his horse was no use for that job, I did so and took his horse to help hold the herd. He started off with an Indian called Sam. After they had taken out a few head, in trying to separate a cow, which had broken out with a steer, the horse turned too quickly for Jim who went straight ahead. He grabbed the horn of the saddle, but it was too late. Whiskers, with the bridle reins dragging, put the cow back into the bunch and proceed to take the steer up to the beef bunch alone and unaided, believe it or not. Garcia offered me \$150 for that horse, but that was the price I had given for it and so there was no sale. He was a cross between Irish Hunter (Yellow Hammer) and a Cayoose mare.

During the next few days, we camped at Hamilton Corrals at Minnie Lake, where we were joined by B.C. Cattle Co's Triangle Ranch, Douglas Lake, Sam Moore, Palmer and others; about 125 men in all. We had a great round up of cattle, there being several thousand head. We cut out the cows and calves and some beef we had brought in that were corralled separately. The next day we started branding and got through somewhere about 500 head. I remember that Dick Murphy told me it was a record for the time we had been at work, but of course, there were many of us. Pooley, McGinnis and Garcia did the knife work and two others with myself did the branding while a bunch of punchers did the roping, all on horseback. There was some good work with the lariat done by a fat Mexican, who could rope a calf in any shape or form. He very seldom threw a rope over his head but simply threw it and caught either their front legs, head, or hind legs as he wished, and from either side of his horse.

After the days work was over and we returned to camp, we had bad water to contend with, and so Jack Nash offered to go down to Quilchena and procure a supply of decent liquid refreshment towards which all the men subscribed willingly. After supper, which consisted of calves' fry and steak, Jack returned, and we all sat round a great camp fire and took our liquids. We were telling yarns and I remember Garcia singing in Spanish.

It was about this time that a cowboy evangelist arrived in Nicola from the U.S.A. He tried to reform our local church members. He brought with him a number of cheap, gaudy saddles and other cheap paraphernalia. He hired Jimmy Wilson, a cow puncher and jockey, to go with him among the Indians and trade for horses. He was a great shot with a six shooter and also a good horseman. We put up bottles on John Clapperton's fence every 20 feet and he would ride at a lope on the road and crack them off, one after the other. He never missed one and could pick up 50 cent pieces, one after

the other on the same gait from his horse. Sunday, he asked some of us to get together in the church and help out with the singing. We certainly got up a local bunch as far as lungs were concerned. When it came to "Onward Christian Soldiers" and old Jack Nash got his second wind, you wouldn't have heard an elephant drop through the roof. We were highly congratulated by the majority of the ladies with the exception of a few that were not used to so much talent. The Evangelist left for parts unknown afterwards and some other horses followed his bunch out of the valley.

In the spring of 1890, I sold my interest in the ranch as three partners were too many and took on a job as special constable under John Clapperton at \$60 per month. I did not stay with it long and passed the job on to Jimmy Gillie, as it was too monotonous. I had only made two arrests. One, an old Indian called "Pony", for trying to stab my old friend G.B. Armstrong - store owner at lower Nicola. I had to swim the Nicola River near McKittrick's Ranch, which was flooded at the time. I found him miles down the river coming home on horse back to his shack. He had an old Hudson Bay musket that was about 10 feet long across the saddle. He said he was after a grizzly bear that was killing his hogs. I brought him to Nicola for trial, but he was let off. The other case was a man called Bob Patten who was accused of stealing calves. I had an old rusty six shooter that John Clapperton had given me. It must have been out of commission before the Civil War. We stopped at the Quilchena Hotel on the way up as I had Jimmy Gillie with me as there were some Indians wanted with Bob Patten. I went into the hotel as Judge Spinks and Hussy, the Chief of Police from Kamloops were there, and they had called me in. I had a drink and Ned O'Rourke presented me with what he called a "Pocket Pistol". It was a flask of Rye Whiskey made of glass and shaped like a six shooter. It went into my hip pocket. We went up Quilchena Creek and finally came to Angus McKinnis's cabin. We searched it as someone had been using it. There was a fire in the stove and as I was going out, I heard a scratching noise. I looked behind the door in an old cupboard and there was my man - Bob Patten. I showed him the warrant, but he refused to come out, so I called Jimmy Gilley, who was outside on horseback. I produced the handcuffs and the "Pocket Pistol". When Patten saw the Pocket Pistol Ned O'Rourke had given me, he grinned all over when he found out there were no cartridges in it but something more conducive to the inner man.

Patten wanted to go across the creek where he said he had a horse picketed and would meet us all at Quilchena, but we took him along with him riding behind me on my saddle horse. We took him to Nicola where he, too, was tried and let go. Shortly after that, he went to South America.

I turned the job over to Gillie and pulled out for where my brother was near Medicine Hat then went on to Fort McLeod where I was to meet Duncan Campbell as we were going into the ranching business together on the Saint Mary's River. Sadly, the land he had spotted for our venture had just been all taken up by a bunch of Mormons who since have thrived in the sugar business raising sugar beets and have a sugar factory.

In the meantime, my wife had gone to visit her people in Saskatchewan. I went back to B.C. to Otter Valley, where I took up some land near Otter Flat 8 miles north and started to build a log house. I plowed up some land and put a crop in. I made the acquaintance of a rancher named Walter (ED: Walton) Holmes. He came up to build a house and became a great friend of mine. Afterwards I heard a lot about the Granite Creek gold mining excitement, so I rode up to investigate. It was 15 miles from the ranch. I was informed a bunch of would-be bad men from across the line, headed up by one Charlie Reinheart, had been in town to shoot it up. The only mark they made was the Sheriffs' (Jim Newland) hat, which they shot off his head. (ED: A cowboy called Shorty – Louis Lawson – fired at Newland. He was caught before he crossed the U.S. border. Shorty was sentenced to one year in jail, which was a light sentence on the belief it was accidental.) A posse followed them to the line, I think headed by Walter (ED: Walton) Holmes. This happened a short time before Holmes came to work for me. They were also after an assumed Government Land Surveyor called "Captain Sherborne" who was a bilk. He got hold of an Englishman called Rashdall, who put up some money to start placer mining and cleared out across the border with the clean up. He also got away.

Going up the street, I ran into a bunch of women that were trying to extract as much hair as they could from each other with half of the town watching the show. On the outside, were two men fighting regardless of "Marquess of Queensbury Rules" (ED: accepted rules in the sport of boxing). One had his nose nearly bitten off and the other was badly disfigured rather shocking me - a clergy man's son.

On the way back to the ranch, I met W.T Thompson, a storekeeper at Granite Creek. He had started on horseback for Nicola with gold dust but had been relieved of it on the road by a highway man, so he informed me.

I was glad to get back to the ranch, away from civilization. I left shortly after this with my friend Billy Manning for the Chilcotin Country to see if I could get a better location. A Mexican called Pablo, who was working for

Guichon at Quilchena, went with us. It occurred to me at this stage of my life, a remark my father had made to me, when I was a small boy, that I was only fit for the back woods of America.

These little incidents come back to me now when I am lying in the hospital. I was certainly in the back woods. I will quote a few of them that I can remember. This remark was made at a luncheon on St. James day. The occasion was the anniversary of the dedication of my father's church in Cornwall, St. James Church. It was a general festival and a great day for us kids as all kinds of sports were held. We retired to the house for luncheon where a dignified bunch of parsons were. My young brother and I were put at a side table. When wine was passed around towards the latter part of the feast, we were allowed a small portion of it but happened to get some that was left in a bottle. We fought over the bottle and happened to upset the contents of the table in the scrap. We were temporarily exterminated hence the remark my father made - little thinking I would ever land in B.C.

I will quote a few more errors of youth, which I happen to remember. I hope this will never come to the public ear. I can only remember a few trivial incidents of which there were legions. Of course, if I happen to die of heart failure thinking of my misdeeds, my biography might become exposed; however, I am not ashamed of them having never committed a criminal offence.

Another time I can recall was when a bunch of my uncles came down for the shooting in Cornwall. The property belonged to my grandfather and there, reared pheasants for them to shoot. The occasion was at dinner time in the evening. While the dinner was in progress, my young brother and I had hid behind the curtains in a bay window and had annexed some preserved fruits and other luxuries from the side board. We were sitting on an old tin box used for ordinance maps and we were getting along splendidly until the ladies retired and the ball began. My uncles and the other sports were mostly military and naval men. The wine was passed around quite freely, and they started to tell yarns - some of them quite racy and interesting. I poked my head up to get a little closer in order not to miss any of it and the map ordinance box started to creek. My father thought there was a cat behind the curtains and ordered the curtain opened, which was done by pulling on a string. There we were, exposed to the view of the ordinance in our night shirts with a bottle of French plums between us and an empty bottle of wine. We made our exit in record time getting a lecture later on of a future deportation to the backwoods of America.

On another occasion, we had been talking with an old sea Captain who ran a coasting schooner from Bude to Bideford. We had not too long before had "Westward Hoe" read to us by our dear mother and were anxious to see the place where one of our ancient relatives, Sir Richard Granville, had sailed on the Revenge against the Spanish Armada from Bideford Bay. I expect he had been an old buccaneer as a good many of the old sea faring men were in those days that sailed from Devon and Cornish ports. The old sea Captain, a man called Jago, promised to take us, provided we got leave from our father. So, on Foresters' Fete day, we all went to Bude to see the fun and incidentally we wandered over to Captain Jago's ship, which was in the canal and going out at high tide. We told him it was all okay for us to go but we were fooled. They hauled us out of where they found us in the cabin eating ship's biscuits that were as hard as rocks. It was another disappointing adventure. We probably had a touch of the buccaneer spirit.

Another time, my father went to visit a poor, sick old lady in the village. He asked her if there was anything she fancied and among other things, she requested a hare. There were lots of rabbits around, but hares were scarce. However, being a good old sport, he armed himself with a pin fire shot gun, loosened up some dogs and proceeded to beat the bush for the coveted hare, which eventually we secured. My young brother and I were told to take it up to the old lady in the village. We started out and on the way we had a row, at an old slate quarry where there was a pond, as to who should pack the hare, as it was getting heavy. We threw it at each other and finally it landed in the water minus its innards. We finally fished it out and dragged it over the rough road to the old lady's cottage. Our father called in to see the old woman the next morning after holding morning service and saw the mutilated remains of the quadruped. He looked all over for us, but we had disappeared. There was a circus in the village - Bostock and Wombwell Menagerie. He found us; we were busy looking in at a large cage of monkeys. There was a tall lady also looking at them. She had an enormous hat on. The hat was covered with artificial flowers and nuts. In fact, her head looked like the Garden of Eden. One of the elderly monkeys in the top part of the cage was trying to reach it, unobserved by the lady. We immediately fell, by accident, against the lady. The monkey grabbed the hat and pulled it through the bars of the cage. The monkeys all fought for it and very soon, there was no hat left. Our father appeared at the critical moment and saw the whole proceedings. Needless to say, we were yanked out of there. I expect he paid for the hat. Our pocket money was limited for the rest of the show. After we were forgiven, we were allowed to go back and as far as I remember, we behaved ourselves the balance of the day. These things I am merely writing down to amuse myself whilst

laying sick in bed in the hospital, but now I will return to my projected trip into the Chilcotin Country in 1890.

We went as far as Clinton on the Caribou Stage Road. On the way, I called at a ranch west of Ashcroft. The owner, Judge Cornwall, invited me over to the house. Billy and Pablo went on to Ashcroft to put some shoes on the pack horse. It was Sunday and the Judge held service at his house in the morning. I spent a very pleasant day. I went out and admired his alfalfa field, which was a new type of hay to me. Mrs. Henry Cornwall came over from across the way. They were both friends of my fathers. He had stayed with them the previous year on his trip through B.C. with Father Pat. The Judge gave me lots of information regarding the country we were going to.

We left the next day for Ashcroft. When I was as far as Cache Creek, I met Doc English. We were entertained by him; he was a good old sport. I borrowed a saddle horse from Uriah Nelson, who had a store close by. My horse fell with me crossing a ditch. I got hurt and had to go to Clinton where Dr. Sanson attended me. The rest of the outfit went ahead, with me to follow later, as they were taking it easy, looking at land on the way.

I stopped at Joe Smith's hotel until I was well again. Here I met Captain Clive Phillipps-Wolley, who was on a hunting trip after big horn mountain sheep, on Pavilion Mountain, with a man called Snowden from Victoria. He gave us an exhibition with the boxing gloves, at which he was an artist, knocking out the local blacksmith who was no slouch. I heard that Wolley had been the local amateur champion of London at one time. There I also met Joe Horne, who was on a mining trip to Horse Fly Country with Captain Anderson. I think Joe Horne is in Vancouver now.

I caught up to my friends at 100 Mile Post Bridge. It was a day or two after the Caribou stage had been robbed of some gold bricks one mile from Bridge Creek. Steve Tingley had just arrived with Fred Hussey, Chief of Police from Kamloops. We were questioned, but I guess owing to the innocent look of our physiology, we were allowed to proceed.

We stopped at McKinley's Lake la Hache where Mr. McKinley and his wife put us up and informed me that he was selling his cattle. He asked me to stay and look them over as they were to be sold at a bargain. The old gentleman was perfectly blind. He had been an old Hudson Bay man at Fort Colville, Washington County. He was very interesting, so I stayed with them until the cattle were rounded up.

The other boys went ahead for Chilcotin, Black Water, and the head of Bella Coola Country. The only excitement I had was on the following Sunday when a bunch of Canim Indians came along. They had some trouble with Archie McKinley and his brother and decided to fight it out. They went at it hammer and tongs. It was really a pretty fight. Honors were equally divided for quite a while when one of the McKinleys put an Indian out of commission - the big buck was quite a scrapper. I must say they fought fairly, although mostly a slugging match. I fancy Archie got his man below the belt as it only deprived him of his wind, although being referee, they got so scattered I could not see for certain. Duncan McKinley, I think that was his name, landed an upper cut on one of the others, knocked him into a ditch, which ended the fight. They all retired and finally buried the hatchet.

The Indians invited me for a hunt out to Canim Lake where there were a lot of moose and caribou, but I could not go. They finally gathered up the cattle, a fine bunch of shorthorn type, 127 head, which I bought. I think the price was \$18 per head, calves thrown in.

In a day or so, we started out for Savona's Ferry. We stopped at W. Boyd's, 70 mile post overnight, fed hay, and on to Savona. I had telegraphed from the 108 mile post, run by Mr. Walker, to Van Volkenberg of Vancouver. I had two cars of beef if he wanted them, to meet me in Savona, as there was lots of good beef in the bunch. He met me at Savona and went through the cattle in the corral. He offered me \$25 per head for 40 head. I had wanted \$30 as there were a lot of 3-year-old steers, and very large fat cows. I told the Indians to open the gates and let them out. He said hold on, so we went into another discussion. A rancher called Barnes was sitting by me on the fence and I think Charlie Penny, another rancher. There were two exceptionally large cows in the bunch. One was a five-year-old barren cow that never had a calf. I made the remark to Volkenberg that those two cows would dress 1,000 lbs each. He laughed at me. I bet him \$10 and one of his friends held the stakes. They butchered the cows in Vancouver, weighed them and sent me the \$20 dollars. I heard afterwards; this man was a receiver for the firm who had gone into liquidation. Volkenberg gave me his cheque for \$1,200. I got the agent McNabb at Savona to wire the bank regarding the money. The wire came back that if check presented at once, all was okay.

We moved out the next day and got home in due time. I turned the cattle on Aspen Grove Range. In September, my wife came back from Saskatchewan and our house was finished. We had quite a time getting our stuff out from Nicola, as there were no roads, only pack trails. Manning

and I bought a Toronto Mower between us. He lives 22 miles from me and when I wanted it, I had to take it apart, pack it on horses and him the same way. A few years after, after getting up a petition every year, we got a road, but to show you the injustice of the government at that time, we had to pay \$1 per acre for our preemptions. We also had to improve upon them and had no roads. A few years after, the government was spending thousands of dollars getting emigrants in and giving free homesteads after most of the roads were built. This money was spent mostly on foreign immigration. Now there are a number of these old preemptions that were not paid for and over \$1,000 owed on them for interest. In a good many cases, the places today, if put up for sale, would not fetch half that amount and the hardships the old-time pioneers had in making homes out of them. Some of them went to the old men's home in Kamloops.

I employed my time in trying to turn a bushy bottom into a real ranch, in which my wife was a great help. She made butter, which we always had a good market for. I killed beef, pigs and sheep and packed it to the different mines. I used to buy wheat, and have it ground into flour at Marcus Woodward's flour mill, pack the flour on horses to the different hydraulic mines, which were in operation even as far as Captain Scott's on Whipsaw Creek, 40 miles away, where they also took beef, mutton, and pork. I could always make money, but never could save it.

While on one trip, I ran into rather an amusing fight in Princeton. It occurred in a new hotel that was partly built, as I might tell you. If you ever read any of Ralph Conner or Bret Hart's stories of the west, there was little diversion in Western Frontier towns in the way of reading rooms, libraries, and other places of rest, where a dust laden and weary traveler could rest his parched throat and tired body. Only the public house commonly called the saloon, where most public matters were discussed. A man was making a political speech in the bar room when the discussion started. A Scotchman from below the boundary line of the highlands and lowlands made a remark to an Englishman, that he never saw a preacher's son worth a damn. The Englishman, (it wasn't me) said at any rate, his father was not hung for sheep stealing. The Scotchman resented this impeachment and started to clean up on the parson's son. They both went to it in good style. Honors were even for quite a while. Bobby Stevenson had to postpone his speech, which was on unrestricted reciprocity, which no one was interested in anyways. Jim Wallace fired to two gladiators out of the back door where the husky cook, and Irish lady, emptied a 48-gallon barrel of pig swill on the combatants, which stopped the fight. The next morning, they were lying side by side in the bull pen with slabs of beef steak on their eyes. They looked like

Siamese twins. When I went out to proceed to Whipsaw Creek, my saddle horse that had got loose had eaten up a sack of flour off one of the pack horses.

I got up to Captain Scott's camp with my stuff. The Captain had a milk cow down on its back. He said he was trying to break it in gentle to milk it. There were four sea Captains, one of which was perched on the quarter deck of a derelict wagon box, giving orders in sea faring expressions to a bunch of hired men of nondescript nationality. By orders, these men had a guy rope on each leg of the animal. Then there was a question asked, who could milk a cow? I am not sure, but I think it was Perley Russell who was selected. Rather a hard proposition milking a cow downside up (did you ever try it?). At any rate, when the cow became convalescent, she was tame. I left my load of flour at the cook house and returned home minus the cheque for the flour, which I never did get, but as usual I had lots of experience.

Things went on as usual for a time, without much diversion. The next event, I think, was a funeral at Granite Creek. The poor fellow got killed by a tree falling on him. Pete Gunderson it was, by name a Norwegian. He was a very good sort. The body was lying in the hotel run by Charlie DeBarro. The coffin was brought to the veranda and the body brought downstairs. When they got the body down, they found a man already lying in the coffin, dead to the world (ED: drunk). The body was removed, and the dead body put in. Amidst the confusion, a fight that was stopped, that was in evidence in the bar room close by, the lid was partially screwed on. They had forgotten the leg (ED: Pete Gunderson's leg), which had been amputated; so they had to take the lid off again to put the leg in. I was holding my team, awaiting the coffin to take it to Granite Creek Cemetery, by orders of Mr. Hugh Hunter, the local Constable who rode with me. The J.P. had to be dug up. Judge Murphy was busy counting out some potatoes he had commandeered. There was a potato famine on, and they were worth \$20 per sack. The Judge was busy clearing out the gold dust and bills from his old rusty safe to make room for his potatoes. Bobby Stevenson had dropped his false teeth and broke them trying to climb into the democrat wagon (ED: a light farm wagon or ranch wagon that has two or more seats and is usually drawn by two horses), so he could not attend the funeral until he got the local blacksmith to fix them. However, we did finally put poor old Pete to rest.

There was very little diversion in life on a ranch outside the general routine of raising a few cattle and selling them for what we could. There were

several mining companies started where packing supplies were needed. I spent a good deal of money on mining property. A good deal more than I ever got out of it. I did considerable prospecting myself. I always kept a few pack horses and did considerable freighting in the winter months from Spences Bridge to Princeton, when the wagon road was built, sometimes in pretty cold weather.

One trip coming from Spences Bridge, we had very heavy loads - 11,000 lbs on two 4 horse outfits, climbing the Hamilton Hill. The snow was deep and drifted. It took 6 horses to pull through some of the drifts. Very cold it was, the day of Alex Coutlee's funeral, over 50 below zero. We got stuck in a drift and were very cold. No firewood was handy, so we opened a case of gin among other goods consigned to Princeton. The bottles were frozen solid, but we managed a little fire, taking a dry goods box and thawed it out, which saved our lives.

In the following year, the routine of ranch life was varied very little. When the railroad started, I got a beef contract to furnish the camps for about 20 miles, together with a man called Blaisdell. We did fairly well until he went to Oroville to buy a bunch of beef, taking all the company funds, which were considerable as beef was very high in 1914. He kept on going from Oroville and I have never seen him since, although he wrote me a letter and claimed he got into a poker game and got cleaned out. He promised to make it right but so far, I have never heard again from him since.

In 1921, I sold the biggest part of my ranch, some 600 acres to an Ontario, Canadian. It was about this time, my dear wife took sick very suddenly. She was taken to Merritt hospital where she was operated on. She lingered between life and death for several weeks. Finally, through the wonderful care of Dr. Gillis and the hospital staff, she recovered. This is where I am now in bed, writing this up, under the care of the same doctor and wonderful staff of nurses, only exceeded by their extreme beauty. My little nurse says I am full of hot air, but I deny this soft impeachment. The doctor says my heart is not out of place.

When I left the old place, I purchased 40 acres from the government for a place to put my new buildings close to a large hay meadow, which I kept. I had entered into a lawsuit with the Great Northern Railway Company regarding the damage done on this meadow by the construction of the railway - filling up the creek channel of the lake, which backed the water onto this meadow. After a long and expensive trial, I won, giving an easement to the railway company for further work to relieve the water

situation. After we got established in our new home, I took to packing again. Occasionally taking small hunting parties into the mountains, doing assessment work on various mining claims, etc. I still held a bunch of cattle, but the fall of 1922 was a bad one on the price of beef. I had bought quite a bunch of cattle in Calgary in 1921, when cattle were fairly high. In December 1922, I sold 100 head of beef, feeding them over a month for Christmas beef and only got 2 /34 cents per pound on foot, which was a dead loss after having been verbally promised a far higher price.

I did considerable logging in the winter, putting half a million feet in the lake in booms to be loaded on cars for Nicola Pine Mills, on which I made fairly well. About this time, there was a big fire started in the Bear Creek timber area. The Forest Ranger at Princeton wanted pack horses and packers. I hired out for the occasion, packing a lot of supplies for the camp on Bear Creek. I arrived late in the evening over a steep mountainside, into a jungle where there were no trails cut to get out. There were three gangs of fire fighters to be spread out the next day. In charge were Louis Marcott, Frank Barber, and Wayne Sellars, who was fire Warden.

In the middle of the night, the wind got up in spells, which threatened to burn out our camp, sparks even flying into the camp. About midnight, in a bluster of wind, the men got out of their blankets, and started to scatter. One Italian, disappeared entirely, leaving his blankets behind. We never saw him again.

It was very lucky for us that the wind went down, otherwise, we would have all been burnt up as the exit was completely blocked with windfalls and trees falling in all directions. Being burnt down, our horses would have likely suffered the same fate. There must have been about 40 men in camp. Wayne Sellars, who was an excellent boss, conducted the different camps to three head parties, preceded by an axe man.

We started out for the main supply camp, headed by Louis Marcott, a pioneer woodsman of great ability, with pack horses to Harry Lowes' house on Bear Creek Road. We were preceded by axmen with crosscut saws to swamp a trail to get in and out. We got lost in the dark the first night and had to camp out with no grub. However, when daylight appeared, we got our bearings and made headquarters.

Our horses, as well as ourselves, were pretty hungry as there was nothing but huckleberries to eat. The night before, our two cooks left camp. Jim McIvoy and Billy Cunningham were exceptionally good to me, both as

cooks, hunters, trappers, and guides for future hunting parties.

One little prospecting venture, which I had forgotten to mention, among a good many more, was a trip myself, Lucky Todd and Francis Gentry made years before to try and find the Lost Mine which had been dormant for years and supposed to have been discovered at the head waters of the Pierre River and Manson Mountain. We started out from Otter Flat, now Tulameen, from Charlie Debarro's Hotel, which by the way, him and I had built a few years before, and I had a half interest in. There was a guest of note there that night, Bobby Stevenson. We were putting the pack on the horse in the morning. Bobby had just been expounding to us the wonderful discovery he had made in the lost art, by the early Phoenicians, the process of tempering copper. He and his blacksmith would have the idea perfected in a very short time, partly through copious cocktails, the formula of which was closely guarded by Charlie, but the effect of it was no secret. Its potency was astounding. I had my pack on and was just putting on the diamond hitch with the lash rope, when Bobby runs out, postponing the lecture on copper tempering and says let me show you how quick we used to do it in the early days in the Caribou. He took the rope and threw it over the horse, striking the horse in the head, which had his head turned around to see what was coming. Next in the show, the horse switched his tail, struck Bobby in the eye, who then swore the horse had no manners. He then started again on his copper lecture.

We were in a hurry and Charlie had forgotten some canned rabbit for the trip that Todd was very fond of. Finally, we got away. Bobby telling us not to pack the ore away from a lost mine he had struck, which was on our route and had passed two days after. Certainly, we left it alone although he had got some bedrock.

We camped early that night at Lodestone Lake where we saw a lot of fresh deer signs. Francis and I went for meat. We left Todd to fix camp and cook supper. When we came back, we found Todd sitting on a rock, very sick and no fire. He had got hungry and pulled his hide over all the canned rabbit, which had disappeared and reappeared upon our return. After getting Todd fixed up with some pain exterminator, we cooked supper and pulled out the next morning for Manson Mountain, head of Pierre River, where we arrived two days later.

The first night, we camped at Bobby Stevenson's lost mine. When we came to it, we thought it was an Indian graveyard, but we found a pile of country rock with stakes all around. We used 15 or 20 of the stakes for

firewood, leaving plenty for landmarks. Later, we were accused of moving his discovery post. Early the next morning, we struck the south branch of the Tulameen River where we heard a rifle shot. We found lots of men's tracks but saw no one. We found out afterwards, it was one of Bill Miner's camps. This was the time of the Mission train robbery. I knew Bill well, as he had often stopped at my place. He was kind, generous, and great company.

We struck Manson Mountain the next afternoon. This side of it, about a mile or two, we struck a large open meadow. It was so foggy we had quite a time finding the old H.B. trail. Todd had sworn the south was west. He struck out and landed somewhere on the headwaters of Granite Creek. We found an old blaze southwest, so had to go and hunt him up. Finally, we found him coming back. The fog had lifted some. When we got to the foot of Manson Mountain, we found indications of a very old camp. I think this is near the place where Manson was buried 40 years previously, which they have been trying to find for years. On Manson Mountain, we saw a white spot through the glasses. It proved to be a mountain goat. We were short of meat, so decided to try and get him. Todd stayed to fix camp. Frances and I went after him and finally we shot him. He fell down the mountain nearly into Todd's frying pan as he was cooking supper. He let out a blue steak. We came down and skinned what was left of it, which was not much. Did you ever eat old billy goat meat? Don't try it.

The next day we started to look for the lost mine by an old tracing on paper we had got from a friend of mine, who was coming with us but could not get away. The second day, we had a heavy snowstorm. As it was getting late in the season, we pulled out. On the way to Otter Flat, we met a party, headed by Jim Ore, an old timer from the Caribou Country, who had, in 1858, prospected where we had come from and had found rich float gold. He had Bill or George Allison, I forget which one, packing for him. We told Jim of the snow. I don't know whether they ever got there or not. We landed back in Otter Flat, where we again met Bill Miner, who had just come in from his prospecting trip.

Back to the summer of 1926. After the Bear Creek fires, I returned home and got a job with my pack horses, packing for Mr. McCaw, a Government Topographical Engineer, who was mapping out the country on the creeks running into the Otter, One Mile, and Summers Creek. I stayed with him until they got through. I then went to Penticton, where I got a job packing for the government, from Lorna on the Kettle Valley Railway to Little White Mountain, lumber materials and supplies for a look-out station for the

Forestry department. Together with Max Eward, an old friend of mine who is now Game Warden at Greenwood, the lumber was made up in 8- and 12-foot bundles. Not an easy pack. On returning to Penticton, I got a job hauling apples from the orchards on steep side hills to stands on the main road, where they were taken to the packing house in trucks. We put from 60 – 80 boxes on long, narrow stone bolts tied on solid with ropes, as the orchards were very steep and impossible to work with a wagon. After getting a few days in with my friend, Max Eward, at the pheasant, shooting all through the Okanagan where we had very good sport, I returned home.

About this time, I ran into a lawsuit with the head member of the parties from Ontario that had bought the balance of my ranch. I think, as far as I can remember, the suit called for \$15,000 future damage for delivering an encumbered property to them, which they claimed was encumbered by an agreement of sale made to them in 1921 but worded unencumbered. They claimed it was encumbered by the easement given to the railway company by me in 1920. An agreement often made in transferring a right of way over to a railway company. He, claiming in court, that he knew nothing about the agreement. I claimed that I had showed him the letter from my lawyer, Joe Martin, advising me to sign this easement, of which I had proof. However, I won the trial case. Some time after, he appealed the case, which I lost.

I am mentioning this, as there has been a great diversion of opinion as I have heard from outsiders, a good many of whom I am not acquainted with, but people will talk. The appeal court judges happened to dig up a precedent they claimed that similarized the case and gave the decision against me. If I remember right, the decision was made by a Judge M. A. McDonald and his decision having been agreed upon by some of the other judges. I had a chance to come back at them in Ottawa, but not being able to dig up \$3,000 in cash in a short time. I was down and out; which put my good wife and me on the road again, as they took all the balance of the land I had and a good deal more besides. Law is a funny thing. It's like a hash in a boarding house.

I struck out for a job and got one for the winter looking after a cattle ranch in the Okanagan while the boss went away. In the spring, I came back, and we moved out to the One Mile Valley on J. Burns' Ranch where we lived in a tent until we got some buildings up. Burns was a very old man and wanted us to work the place. He was badly crippled and not able to do anything. He had made a will a few years earlier, leaving my wife and me his property, as we had been supplying him with most of his wants for a number of years.

He was an old friend of ours and had worked for me for years before.

The old man died a year or so after we came there. He was very feeble and over 90 years old. It cost a lot of money to get a title to the place, nearly \$2,000 dollars, which we had to borrow. We have had five years of drought, which dried up all the lakes and irrigation facilities, so it has been pretty tough going. However, conditions of moisture came back to normal again, lakes filled up and flumes for water put in, but depression is in, and times are bad for a small producer.

I still work occasionally packing and in the B.C. Forest Branch as Fire Patrolman. I rode 1,000 miles in 1930 on the patrol and attended 9 fires. In 1931, I only had two fires. I was not really fit to do very much, although the work assigned to me was carried out. I was the victim of a bad car accident in June and was knocked out for a time, but through necessity, I had to get to work again to exist. As soon as I could crawl onto a horse, it availed me little as the few dollars I made were garnished by a Jew. By this accident, I am now in the hospital, where I have laid in bed for 3 ½ months, writing this account of my misspent life – more for something to occupy my time than to parade it for public property. I forgot to mention, when I came on this ranch, I took a logging contract, as there was plenty of timber, having had considerable logging experience.

PIONEER FRIENDS RECORD FRIENDSHIP WITH JACK AND MARY THYNNE IN
AN ILLUMINATED ADDRESS ON THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING DAY

Nicola pioneers and old-timers gathered in the K. P. Hall here on Monday night to make Mr. And Mrs. Jack Thynne their guests of honor in celebration of their Golden wedding.

Fifty years ago on that day – June 7, 1887 – John Granville Thynne and Mary Linklater were married at Fort Pelly, Saskatchewan. In October of the same year, they came to Nicola and lived on the former Pooley place, moving in 1890 to Otter Valley, where they lived the greater part of their lives.

Mrs. Thynne was born at Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, the daughter of an official in the Hudson's Bay Company, and grand-daughter of Factor J. W. MacKay whose name figures in the early history of trading in Canada.

Mr. Thynne is a member of a family whose name looms out in English history and the union of Jack Thynne and Mary Linklater at Fort Pelly linked two fine families of Britain and Canada.

The Thynne family, true to early pioneer tradition, not only was present as honored guests but they helped create the entertainment. Nothing in the program was more enjoyable than the trio played by "the three generations". Jack played the violin, George Batstone, his son-in-law, the banjo, and Mrs. George Broderick, the former Miss Molly Batstone, grand-daughter, was at the piano.

Repeated encores were demanded and in response to one, Molly Said "Granny came from the Red River Valley, so we will play IT". The popular song of the range was listened to with great enthusiasm by the guest.

When Dan L. Munro, the Thynnes' first and closest friend in the Nicola, escorted the couple into the hall, they faced a table decorated with gold-colored tapers in silver stands, golden tulips, a bridal party in miniature and a three tier wedding cake, made by Mrs. Munro. The strains of the Wedding March greeted them as they entered the room, this being played by Mrs. W. Corkle.

Arthur R. Carrington, President of Nicola Pioneers Association, who had arranged the gathering, read an illuminated address: which had been signed by all present. This bore a message of deep friendship and recorded "for your descendents to keep for all time" the virtues of the popular pioneer couple. Mr. Carrington also announced that Nicola Valley Pioneers Association had recently elected Mr. Thynne Honorary President in succession to the late Mr. Alex McPhail.

At the table with Mr. And Mrs. Thynne were Mr. And Mrs. George Batstone, son-in-law and daughter, and Mrs. George Broderick, the former Miss Molly Batstone, grand-daughter. Coming from a distance for the gathering were Mrs. W. A. Angstadt, Miss Sarah Angstadt and Solomon Angstadt, all of Aspen Grove.

CONGRATULATIONS

Mr. Thynne stood with his arm affectionately around his wife's shoulder as Dr. J. J. Gillis, M.L.A. elect tendered congratulations. Dr. Gillis said "I congratulate you both on your fine health as you reach the evening of your life, and ____

Mr. Thynne: "Thanks to you, Doctor."

Dr. Gillis continued with congratulations to the association for keeping alive the pioneer spirit, the spirit of courage, of self-reliance, and the great needs of today. He said it was men and women of the type of Jack Thynne and his wife and family who had made the Nicola and Otter Valleys. In those early pioneer days in the bush the settlers did not give up when they struck difficulties. "They did not rush to the government agents for relief, they went to the hills to shoot a deer or down to the lake and fished".

Mr. Thynne briefly acknowledged the sentiments expressed.

The toast to the health of the couple was tendered by D. L. Munro in happy phrases ending in a good story.

"DIAMOND" NEXT

A. W. McGoran said anyone who came into the valley before the railway should be classed as an old-timer and the remarks brought significant applause. Old-timers had as good times in the old days in a different way, as they do today. They had their problems, faced them and beat them, and they created their own amusements. He looked forward to greeting the Thynnes' again on their Diamond Jubilee, and wished them continued good health.

During the evening, Mrs. W. Corkle and Robert Nisbet, with the Thynne family assisting, accompanied community singing with piano and violin. Dan McInnes again contributed his evergreen monologue, The Irish Jubilee; Mrs. W. Marshall was encored for songs rendered in excellent voice, and Mrs. Corkle, at the piano, led the community singing.

After an abundance of appetizing refreshments had been served by the lady members of the Pioneers' Association, dancing was enjoyed. This was largely old time numbers, quadrilles, minuets, etc.

Mrs. Rosa Quinville, Vice President of the association, who is 75 years young and several others over seventy, frisked around like colts in the Red Deer or Otter Valleys, "Old Man Barwick" being "the kid of the party" in one set.

Owing to arrangements for the gathering having to be made a short notice, and lack of time to advise those at a distance, a number of friends who would have attended could not do so.

The Merritt Herald, Merritt, B.C. June 11, 1937

TRIBUTE

WE, THE PIONEERS, Old Timers and your Friends of the Nicola Valley and District,
desire on the occasion of your Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary to express to you our
heartfelt congratulations.

YOUR HOSPITALITY, good will and generosity are known from one end of the country
to the other. Through all the years and the many changes that have taken place you have
been an example to the community of warm-hearted and unfailing kindness, qualities that
have been and still are highly appreciated.

WE WISH on this occasion to express our very best wishes to you and yours and pray
that Heaven's richest blessing rest upon you both, and upon your descendants:

D. L. Munro
A. R. Carrington
R. Trodden
Mrs. Elizabeth Collett
T. A. Williams
James McCreight
Mrs. Catherine Rowena Barwick
Mrs. Olive McCreight
N. J. Barwick
Mrs. Edith Morrissey
L. E. Morrissey
G. F. Riley
Joseph R. Collett
Mrs. J. J. Gillis
J. J. Gillis, M.P.P.
W. M. Lauder
D. Wallace
Dan McInnes
Mrs. Bertha V. Corkle
W. F. Corkle

Bartle Dodding
Thomas Heslop
P. Marquart
J. Whiteford
Mrs. Whiteford
Mrs. Lilly Hazlehurst
Richard Hazlehurst

Mrs. J. Marshall
Joseph Marshall
Mrs. Irene Riley
Mrs. M. E. Carrington
Mrs. F. S. Gay
Mrs. R. Quenville
Mrs. P. Baillie
Mrs. Fred Riley
M.C. Baillie
F. G. Riley
M. G. Phillips
Mrs. Irene McGoran
Andrew McGoran
Mrs. R. J. Curnow
Mrs. J. R. A. Richards
Mrs, T, A, Williams
John Davis
R. J. Curnow
Flora Thompson
Llewellyn Thompson
Mrs. Beatrice E. Dodding
E. B. Mayon
Fred S. Gay
Robert Nisbet
John R. Hewitt
E. J. Riley
Mrs. Fanny Munro
Edna Gertrude Guichon
L. P. Guichon

(ibid., June 11, 1937, P.1, Cols. 1 & 2)

An ObituaryJACK THYNNE

After over fifty year's residence in Similkameen, Jack Thynne passed away in Penticton General Hospital on Friday, November 5th, 1943. Funeral services were held from St. Saviour's Church, Penticton, on Tuesday, November 9th, the Rev. W. S. Beames officiating.

He is survived by Mrs. Thynne and one daughter, Mrs. George Batstone and one granddaughter, Mrs. G. P. Broderick, all of Penticton; and one grandson, Jack Batstone, Princeton; three sisters and four brothers in England. Mr. Thynne was well known to all old timers in Similkameen, and his passing was learned with deep regret.

Mr. Thynne was a direct descendant of Sir Richard Grenville. Born in Cornwall, England in 1865, Jack was the second son of the Rev. Arthur Thynne, Rector of Kirkhampton, and Canon of Truro Cathedral. His grandfather was Lord John Thynne, Sub-Dean of Westminster Abbey, who officiated at the coronation of Queen Victoria.

Coming to Canada in 1883, Jack Thynne began homesteading near Yorkton, Sask. In 1885, when the Riel Rebellion broke out, he joined the militia, serving as a scout under Maj. Watson. Following the cessation of hostilities Mr. Thynne had many and varied experiences, doing construction work on the Manitoba Northwestern Railway (afterwards C.P.R.) and for the Burlington Railway in Wisconsin.

From there he went to St. Louis, and thence to Montana where he spent some time cowpunching in the Black Hills country for the Diamond "H" ranch.

Returning to Canada he began fur trading near Yorkton, and from here proceeded to Fort Pelly, where he was married to Mary E. Linklater, daughter of an official of the Hudson's Bay Company. The newly married couple came to Nicola in 1887 and started ranching. Soon after they moved by pack horse to Otter Valley (now known as Tulameen), taking up land there.

The first road between Merritt and Princeton was by way of Otter Valley, and it was through Mr. Thynne's efforts in circulating a petition that the Government decided to build the road. In stagecoach days Mr. Thynne's home was a regular stopping place, and the reputation for the hospitality earned by this roadhouse has survived until this present.

Travelers were always made to feel at home. Among guests long remembered were Pauline Johnson and Bill Miner.

This ranch was sold in 1921, and the Thynnes' moved to the One Mile Valley settling about 21 miles north of Princeton. Here they lived until last October when they moved to Penticton.

Mr. Thynne was a member of the Masonic Order having joined that lodge at Kamloops in 1899.

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