

# COPPER MOUNTAIN MEMORIES

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# THE AUTHORS

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photographed in 2003



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Linnea Krietz (Hutchinson)



The lunch group meets monthly



# FAMILIES OF COPPER MOUNTAIN

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Copper Mountain was a copper mine owned and operated by the Granby Mining Company. It first opened in 1926 and operated until 1930 when the Depression caused the closing of the mine. In 1936 the mine was reopened and continued to operate until 1957. However, the focus of the stories in this book is on the people, families and sense of Community that existed.

After the Copper Mountain reunion in 1997, thirteen women living in Kamloops began meeting for lunch once a month to renew friendships, and to talk about old times. It is from these meetings that these stories and booklet became the group's project to preserve the memory of living in this small mining town.

To all concerned it was a wonderful place to live and for many of us who were children to grow up in. There is a real bond between the members of this group and for that matter for anyone who has lived in Copper Mountain.

Our oldest member is Ida Thomson and the youngest is Marilyn [Dunsmore] Strilchuk. Most of us are senior citizens and when we meet once a month it is like coming home.

# LOCAL CHARACTERS, BUILDINGS AND EVENTS

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Submitted by Peggy [Premorokoff] Koch

## LOCAL CHARACTERS

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### **Happy, The Chinese Grounds Keeper**

Perhaps his name wasn't Happy, but Happy he was and that's what we called him. He kept the grounds of the main town site clean of litter. He had a pole with a nail in the end for picking up papers, a rake, shovel and wheelbarrow. He seemed to enjoy talking to us kids because he always had a word and smile for us. He had a lump the size of a marble on his cheek and always told us it was a real marble. We wondered why anyone would want to put a marble under their skin.

### **Louie, The Chinese Gardener**

Louie had a vegetable garden near Princeton. In the summer he would bring his goods up to Copper Mountain, Allenby and even to Hedley. He came by horse and wagon. Our moms were always ready to buy his fresh vegetables. Us kids would hop on the back of his wagon and if we behaved he would give us a carrot - sweet, fresh and smelling of dirt. If we didn't behave he would flick his horse whip at us and send us scattering. He must have left his farm very early as he would be in Copper Mountain in the morning. He would spend the day selling his vegetables and then go back home, sometimes at dark by the light of his gas lantern.

### **Vince Quinn And The Pool Hall**

Vince worked at the pool hall. The pool tables were behind swinging doors in the back. Cigarettes, cigars, magazines, comic books, chocolate bars and candy were sold out front. What mysteries hid behind those closed doors? Minors were not allowed [a little confusing to young children when living in a mining town]. We would sneak a look when the doors swung open hoping to see something spectacular only to see guys with poles in their hands standing around a table - the curiosity of children!

There was no concession at the community hall where the movies were shown so we would stop in at the pool hall on our way to the show.

Vince was usually friendly to us kids but he could get real mad. The magazine and comic book stand was out front and Vince spent his time in the pool table area when there were no customers. Kids would sneak in and help themselves to a comic book on a dare. Boy could he get mad! He knew all us kids by name and was a real friend, always interested in how we were doing.

## **Dave Ogren, First Aid Teacher**

Dave Ogren was our First Aid teacher. He was Swedish and had a very pronounced accent. We learned about 'weins, wessels and joints'. He really enjoyed teaching us kids [12 years and up] and knew his business. Dave would give us a lecture from the St. John Ambulance course on how to treat burns, broken bones, etc. for the first hour. The second hour was when we got to practice what he preached. We had loads of fun and he was so patient. We had an oral exam. A doctor and two other First Aid people would ask us questions. If we passed we would be presented with a St John Ambulance certificate.

Dave would prepare us for the big First Aid competition. We would get into groups of five - one captain, a patient and three attendants. We would be presented with a simulated accident and then have to treat the patient. The first thing we had to do was send for the doctor. The captain's job was to read the situation quickly while the attendants covered the patient for shock. She or he then assessed the situation and the patient would be treated. The doctor would come and assess the job we had done. Competition could be quite stiff as we competed against teams from Hedley, Nickel Plate and Allenby. Our teams did quite well and always seemed to come away with some prize money. Dave was a good teacher. While we were involved at this level of competition the miners were competing in Mine Rescue.



## **Deanie Miller, Gym Club, Brownies And Guides**

Deanie formed a gymnastic club in the early 1940's. She taught us many routines and the program culminated in a performance in the community hall.

When Brownies and Girl Guides were introduced to Copper Mountain, Deanie became a Brownie leader. She was so kind and had lots of good ideas. We even went to Tulameen with the Girl Guides for a camp-out. The Brownies stayed in the Blunder House and the Guides stayed in the cabins. Mrs. Olsen and her daughter Ingrid came to cook and help out the leaders.

## **Mrs. Hale and Sunday School**

Mrs. Hale was responsible for starting a Sunday School. Classes were held in the school. Most of the kids attended. Once a week she held a Mission Night for the older kids. Items were collected or made to be shipped to the needy children in other countries. She was a very devoted Christian who left her mark on many children.

## **George Zupon**

George was nearly seven feet tall. He was an ominous looking figure and we were a little afraid of him. We didn't have to worry because he was a very gentle man. Because of his stature, the Harlem Globetrotters basketball team came to give him a try-out. George was tall enough but not fast enough. He died tragically in a Skip mining accident when he was in his twenties.

## Mrs. Yard, Company Nurse

Mrs. Yard was very slight in stature but a real gem to the community. She was the nurse and first call for emergencies until a doctor arrived from Princeton. She was a wonderfully compassionate person whom everyone loved. She retired in 1950.



Retirement party: (front row left to right) Irene Nelson, Meg Knox, Deanie Miller. (second row) Mrs. Yard, Doris Pickard, unknown, Ev Mushta. (third row) Jean Dunsmore (incoming nurse), unknown, Irene Baldwin, unknown, Polly Premorokoff, Kay Halinan. (back row left to right) Elda Burns, Hilda Chase, unknown, Babe Kirby, Nora Romo, Bessy Warner.



Mrs. Yard, Company Nurse

## BUILDINGS

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### Company Store

The company store had three departments: Hardware, Dry Goods and Grocery. It carried all the necessities. The Hardware department had china and toys as well as tools. Mr. Arnott, the manager of this department, kept a registry of gifts for newlyweds. He was great. He would say the bride already had a toaster but not an iron or make sure the china was all the same pattern. Mr. Chapman was the dry goods manager selling work clothes, boots, socks, toothbrushes, etc. The grocery store changed several times. It started with a clerk behind the counter making a list of what the customer wanted then finding the items. It was then turned into a modern self-serve. What a wonder that was to be able to look at the labels and make choices! Groceries were usually delivered free of charge. The company workers could charge their groceries, dry goods and hardware items. This amount was then deducted from their cheque.

## Post Office

The Post Office was in the same building as the Company Store. There were two wickets. Mr. Bamforth was the postman. He had a helper during the busy times, specially at Christmas. Many people had a box number while others simply had general delivery. The post office opened after the mail was sorted, whatever time that would be. The mail would come up on the morning bus.

## Bank Of Commerce

The bank was a dreary spot under the Post Office. On payday two clerks from the bank in Princeton would come to make transactions. They would arrive on the morning bus and stay all day. They brought money with them and in all the years the mine was open, they were never robbed.

## Staff Bunkhouse

The male staff members of the company office lived above the store.



Community store, post office, bank, and men's staff bunkhouse.

## Café

The cafe was quite small and was privately run by the Rudichucks and Begons. There were stools and a few tables. It became a hang out for the teenagers. The cafe had ice-cream products, popsicles etc. and served light lunches as well as coffee and pie. It was a cozy little place.

## RCMP Office And Bunkhouse

The RCMP office was under one of the bunk houses.





Café, RCMP office and bunkhouse

## Pool Hall

The pool hall was run by Vince Quinn and managed by Mr. McLaughlin. [see article on Vince Quinn]



Pool hall on Main Street.

## Mess Hall

The miners who lived in the Bunk houses ate their meals at the Mess Hall. Their lunches were packed by the workers and they would pick up their full lunch buckets after the meal before their shift started. In the early years the Mess Hall was basically for the workers. Food was

served family style - all you could eat. Later it was changed to a self-serve and the patrons were charged for what they ate. A counter and juke box was added and the mess hall became a hang-out for teenagers.

## **Butcher Shop**

The butcher shop was at the end of the mess hall. All varieties of fresh meat were sold. Fish was available on Fridays. Mr. Kirby was the manager of this department. He usually had a helper. People often bought in daily quantities because there were no freezers and not everyone had a refrigerator. It was not uncommon for someone to buy only two slices of bacon.

## **Bunkhouses**

There were two large bunkhouses that stood on their own and two smaller ones [one above the store, the other above the RCMP office].

## **Women's Dormitory**

The dorm was in the upper town site and was for the female staff members - teachers and office workers.

## **School**

The school had two classrooms at the main level and two classrooms plus the principal's office on the upper level. There was a classroom downstairs with a science room and a library. The library was partially in a dirt dugout. The primary classes were held in the Hospital building. The school housed students from grades one to twelve until 1952 when grades nine to twelve were bussed to the Princeton Jr. Sr. High School.

## **Hospital**

Mrs. Yard was the resident nurse for many years until she retired and Mrs. Dunsmore took over. A doctor from Princeton would come up twice a week to treat the more serious illnesses and the nurse would deal with the daily problems.



Hospital, nurses' living quarters, school room, apartments upstairs.

## **Apartments**

There was an apartment complex that had four units. There was also an apartment above and one adjacent to the hospital. There was also one on the ground floor of the women's dorm.

## **Community Hall**

The community hall was a very well-used building. During the day the school used it for physical education classes. There were movies shown every Tuesday and Friday night. Friday night movies were free to students and ten cents on Tuesdays - the price was to discourage kids from attending the movie on a school night. The hall was used for dances, wedding receptions, after school sports, entertainment [talent shows, traveling shows, Christmas concerts etc.]. There was a balcony around the floor area where people could sit and watch the functions. A library and two common showers [one for the men and one for the women] were on the ground level. There was a kitchen beside the library. Food was often prepared and served here for community events such as bridal or baby showers, Hallowe'en parties and during some dances.



Community hall with library on bottom level.

## **Skating Rink**

The outdoor skating rink offered hours of pleasure. In the early years there was a hockey team that competed against teams from Allenby and Princeton. The school used the rink as part of their physical education program.

## **Barn**

The barn was used as a bus garage when the students traveled to school in Princeton.

## **Curling Rink**

Curling was a major sport in Copper Mountain. There were many bonspiels and good fun for many participants. The Brownies and Guides would volunteer their services during bonspiels to serve hot dogs, pie or coffee. Mrs. Bamforth made the absolute best apple pie. The guides and brownies were allowed a piece of pie for serving and Mrs. Bamforth's was the favorite.

## **Boy Scout Hall**

A hall was built to accommodate the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides. The building was situated above the school grounds. The Brownies met at the Community Hall.

## **Churches**

There were two churches - one Catholic the other was multi-denominational. Church services were held in the school in the early years with Dr. Goodfellow, the United Church minister officiating. Sunday School was under the direction of Mrs. Hale.

## **SPECIAL EVENTS**

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### **New Year's Eve Dance**

The New Year's Eve Dance was a huge event at Copper Mountain. When the girls turned sixteen, it was time to attend their first dance. It was a formal affair and people would travel up from Princeton. In the early years a meal was served at the mess hall and dancing continued on into the wee hours of the morning.

### **Labour Day**

Labour Day was a day of celebration for kids and adults alike. The morning was devoted to races for the young people while the afternoon was for the adults. Softball teams were formed and competition was great. The Library became a beer hall. There was pop, hot dogs and ice cream [kept cold by dry ice - a real novelty to play with when the day was over] for all. The day culminated in a big dance.

This day was also good for looking over any of the new teachers and greeting the ones returning. Everyone would be back from their vacation and few went away for this special day.

### **Hallowe'en**

A big costume party was usually held at the community hall with prizes for the best costumes. There was a big bonfire out on the school grounds. The evening would end with a big fireworks display.

## **Remembrance Day Parade & Service**

The Remembrance Day parade and service was always well attended. The war was still fresh in everyone's mind. The Scouts, Cubs, Guides and Brownies took part and marched with the Legion members and other participants. It always snowed! It was always a dull day. The parade started below by the Legion Hall and worked its way to the Community Hall where a service was held.

## **Christmas Party**

The Christmas party would be held the last Saturday before Christmas. All the kids from new-born to Grade twelve would assemble at the Community Hall to await the arrival of Santa Claus [Mr. Bamforth]. Each child would receive a bag of goodies and a gift. One year there was a break-out of chicken pox and the big party had to be canceled. Santa came on the back of a company truck and delivered the goodies to each child.

## **Christmas Turkeys**

The Christmas turkeys were delivered just before Christmas. They were a gift to the employees of the company. A company truck with two helpers would take the turkeys to each house. The recipients were always so happy to get them they would offer a drink to the helpers. Those poor guys would be so snapped by the time they were done they didn't know what they were delivering.

## **Games We Played [At School]**

In September when school started we would play ball at recess and lunch. Usually we played Three Up - boys and girls of the same class together. Three Up meant that three people were up to bat. Every time one of them went 'out' everyone moved up a space. The goal was to stay up all through recess.

When the snow arrived we would make snow forts, have snowball fights [out in the far field only], make sculptures and slide down the hills when the snow would not hold together.

As soon as the snow started to melt there would be a strip of dirt where the hot water pipes that heated the school, dorm, hospital etc., traveled along the ground. As soon as this appeared, everyone would bring out their marbles. We had steelies, crystals, cat's eyes and milky swirled ones. We played by tracing an eye shaped pot or a huge circle in the dirt. The object was to shoot as many marbles as you could before missing. As the snow melted and larger areas of dirt began to show, out would come the skipping ropes - long and short ones. We skipped until all the snow was gone and we could play ball again. All the kids - boys and girls - would play together. We really got to know each other and made some life-long friends.

# A FEW PEOPLE OF COPPER MOUNTAIN, PRIOR AND DURING THE DEPRESSION

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Submitted by Bill Miller

Guy Murphy. He looked after the horses and barns. The barn was located where the hospital was in later years. He also logged timbers for the mine. In later years he was a watchman for the Red Buck Mine which was at the river below the present Similco Mill. It was accessible by a switch back trail from the road above. He was there alone in the winter and broke his leg. He rigged up contraptions to get by for three weeks. A prospector who lived near the road noticed that he hadn't picked up his mail and had Guy rescued.

T. Langridge. He looked after Copper Mountain during the depression years. He was the former electrical foreman. He moved to Penticton and was the Electrical Inspector for the Okanagan/Similkameen area for many years.

A. Corsi Sr, D. McKinnon Sr and the Plecash family were all connected with the mine in the 1920,s. They had come from Phoenix near Grand Forks, BC when that mine shut down. Around 1930 my father in Allenby, sold a cow to Corsi's at Copper Mountain. I led the cow from Allenby to Copper Mountain [a distance of 10 miles] then walked home again.

J. McLaughlin was the manager of the mine in the 1920's. He was a keen hockey enthusiast and arranged special trains between Princeton, Allenby and Copper Mountain.

N. Nelson was the company geologist and was extremely respected throughout the mining industry. He was responsible for thousands of reports on mining throughout BC.

C. Bocking was the president of Granby during the early years. He spent most of his time at Anyox, but also maintained the Bungalow at Copper Mountain for his visits.

Throughout the Granby era at Copper Mountain, anyone who had worked at the Copper Mountain and Allenby operation was highly respected throughout the mining world.

During my years with Granby in the Vancouver office, many old time Copper Mountain miners would come in to discuss Copper Mountain days. Many times they wanted a few bucks to get to a job at some mine. At times I was paid back, other times I was donating a trip to the closest bar.



Souvenir of Copper Mountain



Crusher with skip line coming down the hill



Bungalow - superintendent's house







Inside the Bungalow — living room with Mr. & Mrs. A.S. Bailey



Entrance and dining room inside the Bungalow



Community Hall, skating rink, women's dorm / teacherage, school



School 1951



Bunkhouse



Main street viewed from South Town site



South Town site



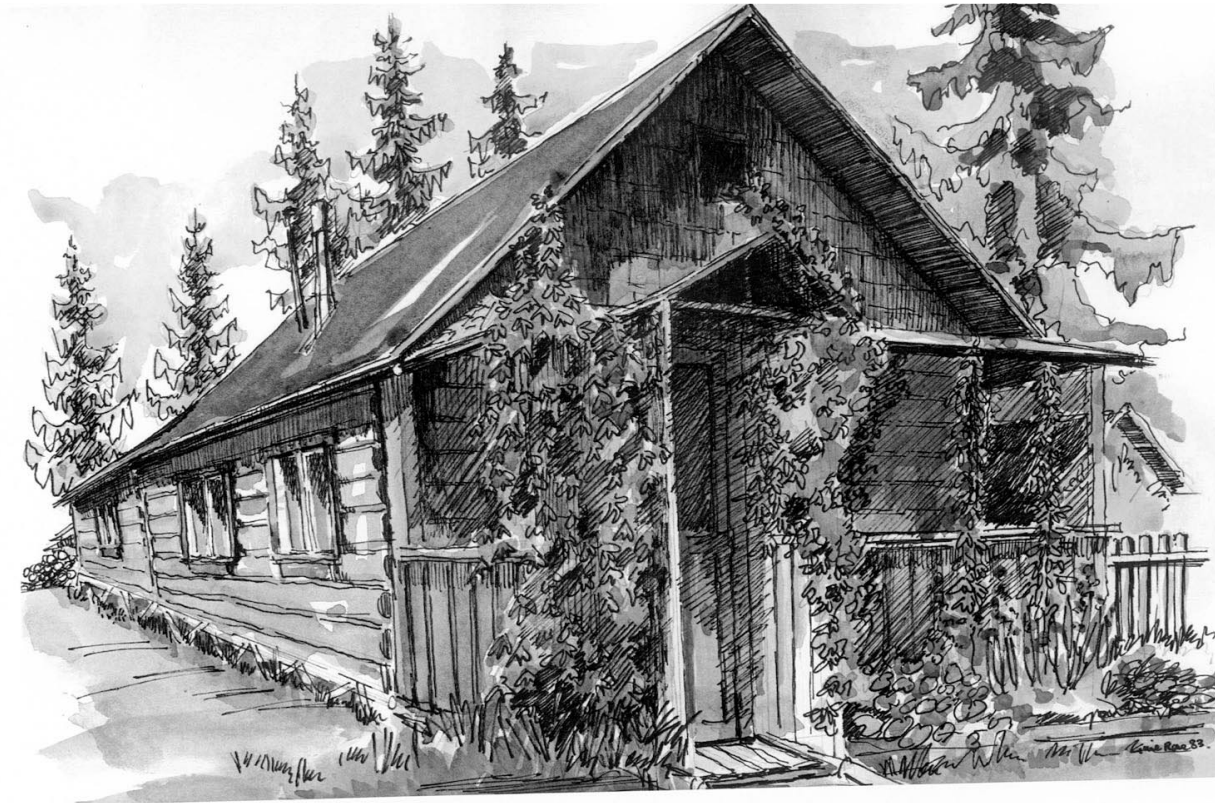
The apartments - 4plex



Staff personnel houses

# LOGVILLE, COPPER MOUNTAIN, B.C.

Submitted by Peggy [Premorokoff] Koch



Premorokoff log house watercolour by Gia Rose of Kamloops.

Logville was a small community about half a mile from the main town site. True to its name, the houses were built of logs. Although the houses were owned by the families a 'squatter's tax' was paid to the government. In the 1930's to late 40's there were around 40 of these houses with as many children. Thinking back, it was a wonderful place to grow up. There was always something to do and lots of friends to play with.

Logville was sort of a holding area where families lived until company houses became available. However, many families chose to stay, ours included. Our decision to stay was the best even though we lacked some of the services. Water was carried from the water hole [the best I've ever tasted] and we didn't get electricity until 1950. Most people had outdoor toilets. Dad built a chemical one in our back porch. He also made a drain for the dish, laundry, and bath water that



1950 - first Christmas with electricity.  
Pearl & Peggy

emptied into a cesspool pit. We lived here from 1940 until the mine closed down. We had such freedom to roam around without the fear that families experience today. It was the best of times.

The best way to describe Logville is through the seasons as the activities we did were quite distinct in each.

## WINTER

Winter seems to be most prominent - probably because it could come in late October and stay until April. [It was known to have snowed at the end of June]. Snow came in heaps; covering everything with a beautiful soft white blanket with marshmallow puffs on the fence posts. It was an exciting time because winter meant snowmen, sleigh riding, skiing and snowplows leaving huge mounds of snow. The snow was wonderful stuff - at first sticky enough to make snow creatures then turning to a more powdery consistency - great for sleigh riding and skiing.

There were three main hills coming into Logville along the original main road. Hours were spent sleigh riding down these hills. It was war-time, so sleighs



Thomson sleigh coming down the second



Portman, Premorokoff and Thomson houses.

were hard to come by. My sister and I had a regular sleigh that could be steered at the front plus a small sled Dad had made for us - the kind you jumped on, tummy first then steered with your feet. The Thomsons - Bill, Bob & Shirley had the absolute best sleigh of all. Scottie - their Dad - had built it. It could seat at least six kids and it went like stink. In the best conditions it would pick up enough speed coming down the three hills to make it up and over a small hill and down the Voight's Camp Hill. We would even sleigh ride at night - moonlit nights were the best. It must have been difficult for our Moms to keep us in dry clothing.

There were very few cars in Logville because it was war-time so the only vehicle that would come through would be the company delivery truck twice a week. As far as we were concerned the hills were ours. We played 'King of the castle', house, school, store, office, and anything our imagination could manage on the huge chunks of snow left by the snowplow.



Anita Koofinoff, Pearl & Peggy Premorokoff in front of Portman's house.

The Voight's Camp hill was perfect for skiing. It was longer, and steeper than the others. At times there would be a jump built out of snow for the more daring.

After the war when people were able to buy cars and once the strip mine began, traffic became frequent, we resorted to sliding down hills on pieces of cardboard. The shinier the cardboard, the faster we would go.

## SPRING

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Spring came slowly. The sun would shine during the day melting the top of the snow only to be frozen again at night making the top hard and crusty enough for us to walk on. Walking to school was a pleasure. We would meander around through the bushes off the trail - being careful not to get too close to the soft snow protected under the trees.

When the snow started to melt enough to make streams down the hills we would all be out making dams. The best place was at the bottom of the third hill by the Thomson's and Koofinoff's. We would have small dams up the hills while we built the big one at the bottom. Bob Thomson and I had the honour [either that or we were very gullible] of testing the depth 'because we had the highest gum boots'. We were also the youngest [Doesn't sound quite right, does it?]. Many times the cold water overflowed into our boots.

As the snow melted, the trails to town became too mushy to walk on so we would walk the road where patches of dirt would appear. It seemed to take forever for the snow to leave. The road would begin to dry out and we would start hiding our boots [the kind that slipped on over shoes] and walk on the drier areas to school hoping we wouldn't get caught by our parents. It was some time before the ground was dry enough for us to take the much shorter trails to town. The trails had names - the Mountain or Ski trail, Silovich's trail, Pigpen or Dump trail and Ballpark trail.

Springtime was Lady slipper time. We would look all through the woods for the delicate little pink slipper bringing handfuls home for our mothers. We never realized that when a blossom was picked another would never grow from that plant again. They are now a protected species. There always seemed to be lots of them. We found an area that grew pure white ones. Even now, lady slippers have a very special meaning for me.

## SUMMER

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Summer was lazy and seemed to last forever. Longer days meant only that there was more time to play and play we did. Everyone would 'spool knit'. We had old wooden thread spools with headless nails on the top and we would make 'tails as long as forever'. We would beg, trade and share all the wool we could manage. Lucky for us our mothers would spend the winter knitting saving the left overs for us.

One of our favourite summer time activities was to take a picnic lunch down to Voight's Camp. There was a trail down the back of Logville and we spent a lot of time cooling off in the creek where my Dad, Bill Premorokoff, had dug out a little spot for us. Crawling through the culvert under the road to Princeton was a favourite pass-time even though the corrugated steel was hard on the knees. The Wrights - Lorne, Gertie, Don, Gordon and Marie - had a little brother - Ricky. He was too small to walk far so we had to pull him in the wagon. The first and probably only time he ever crawled through the culvert, a car went overhead. He was so frightened he wouldn't go front wards or backwards. We probably threw rocks at him until one of his brothers went in to get him out.

In our travels to Voight's camp we found a cave above the road to Princeton. We had a supply of comic books, food and even a first aid kit including aspirins in the cave. It was our special place until our Mothers saw it and were afraid it would collapse on us- no more cave! Summer time was also pond-time. There were several natural ponds - we could go to sleep to the croaking of the frogs or howling of the coyotes. There were also dugouts filled with water - from mining explorations. The ponds gave us endless hours of pleasure. There was one pond up by the ball park that even had rafts on it.

There were rope swings tied to trees on the edge of a hill. It was a real thrill to run like crazy, jump and sit on the stick and sail way out over space - pity the poor soul who broke the stick while in flight

Summertime was also flower picking time. We picked sunflowers, columbines, Indian paintbrushes, lupines and bluebells. I have seen most of the flowers elsewhere but not the same bluebells. They grew around the ball park.

Our dads would make us 'stilts' to walk with. They were even lengthed poles with a wedge step nailed on. The more skilled we became at walking on them the higher up the wedge was attached.

We seemed to do all sorts of things with tin cans - besides kicking them. We would get two milk cans [they had a top and bottom still left on] squash them until the edges folded around our shoes and then walk around clattering as we went. We took larger sized cans, punched nail holes on two opposite sides, tied a big knot at the end of the rope, threaded it through the holes and then walked with them as we held the rope with our hands placing our feet on the top of the can.

Mr. George Nelson worked in the machine shop. There was a lathe that peeled off long steel shavings that stayed in a long coil [much like the peelings of an apple only very tightly curled].He brought a piece home for Violet, his daughter, who used it as a skipping rope. It would twang when it hit the ground but it was so sharp it could cut our legs. We had a great time with it but we went back to plain old rope.

A bunch of us went hunting for grouse down towards Voight's Camp. One of the boys threw a rock and killed one. Were we proud! We took it to my mom [can't remember who cleaned it but it sure wasn't me] to have it cooked. Well eleven of us [Lorne, Gertie, Don, Gordon and Marie Wright; Ricky Schmidt; Bill, Shirley and Bob Thomson; Anita Koofinoff; and my sister Pearl and myself sat down to the best feast! There was not a single piece of meat or juice left - we sucked those bones dry.



# AUTUMN

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The end of summer meant the beginning of school. We would walk to school in large groups taking one of the trails. One year one of the Wright's billy goats butted its horns against a tree so hard that blood ran down its face. It got loose and started chasing us up the trail. We were terrified! My sister and I ran over the bank only to come upon a bear sauntering in our direction. I still get shivers thinking about it. We think the goat wanted to wipe its face on something [one of us] and that the bear smelled the blood and came to investigate.



Nights were shorter and Knock Out Ginger was the game. We would knock on someone's door and run like crazy. We had a great time, especially going to my Uncle Jim Koofinoff's house because he would come out and yell at us - every time. We learned some swear words from him! The best part was that our cousin Anita would come knocking with us.

Another game we played was Eavy Ivy Over. There were two teams - one team would throw a ball over a house. If the second team caught it they would run like mad and throw the ball at one of the players [that tennis ball stung so bad]. If someone got hit they would then join the opposing team. The team with the most players at the end would be the winner.

I can still smell the bonfires. We would all take a potato to the fire and put it under the embers and watch the fire while telling ghost stories or just talking. Those were the best potatoes - even though they were mostly burned to a black crisp.

On Hallowe'en we would all try to get to the Thomson's first because Mrs. Thomson [Ida] would make carmel apples or popcorn balls. As we got older we played some pretty mean tricks - turning toilets over, painting seats with tar, taking down fences and one that happened every year at our house - knocking down woodpiles. We would just breathe a sigh of relief late Hallowe'en night when we'd hear the rumble of the wood and Dad would say, "There it goes." He never seemed to get mad about it - it was just expected to happen. Usually the same kids that knocked it down would be back to stack it up again.

Fall time was wood cutting time. Dad would go to the bush to cut wood. I think it was around 6 cords each year. A cord measured a pile of wood 4 feet wide, 4 feet high and 8 feet long. Sometimes we would go with him but I got the feeling we were a nuisance rather than a help. Someone with a big truck would come and load the logs then dump them in our yard. Sleepy Sam would come another weekend with his 'buzz saw' to cut the wood into stove lengths. The whirl and singing of the saw could be heard all over Logville. The wood was then chopped into halves or quarters and finally stacked in the woodshed - all ready for winter.

And then one morning we would wake to a blanket of snow with 'marshmallow puffs' on the fence posts . . . .



# ANDERSON

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Submitted by: Lorraine [Anderson] Kirby

Family Name: Anderson  
Father's Name: George  
Mother's Name: Victoria [Vikki]  
Other Members: Lorraine & Shirley

## MEMORIES:

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**W**e moved to Copper Mountain on December 23, 1941 and lived in Lower Red Eagle. There was no electricity or running water with a little out house out back. What a rude awakening it must have been for my mother who had been born and raised in the city of Lethbridge, Alberta. Both Shirley and I were also born there. Myself on April 3, 1932 and Shirley was born on May 19, 1934. I can remember putting a boiler on a sled and going to the water 'hole' to fill it up. We lived in this house for a few years and then moved across the street to a bigger one.

My Dad worked underground as a miner and later started and organized the union. He became the Business Agent. We all marched with our placards in the mine strike of 1946.

I remember the Ballpark and the frog pond beside it that we used to go rafting on until I fell off. Oh what a mess! I can still feel the oozing mud. Another thing we used to do was swing from a rope around a tree. You guessed it, I fell off and Mrs. Yard, the company nurse, ordered them all to be cut down. I wasn't too popular. Had a few stitches that time.

We also had a big bobsled that we used all winter. It could hold six or eight kids so we had lots of fun. We also did a lot of skiing and skating. It was outdoors so many a time we had to clean the ice first. One of our P.E. sports was Curling which to this day I still enjoy.

One of the highlights of my school days was when I was crowned Snow Queen of the Winter Carnival. I was fifteen or sixteen.

My first job was selling tickets for the Movies that were held at the Community Hall. If I remember correctly, an adult ticket was 25 cents and a child's ticket was 10 cents and if they waited until the Saturday matinee it was free.

When I was sixteen, I started working in the Company Store, thanks to the store manager Phil Wilkins. The company bosses didn't think the daughters of the Union Agent should work there. But he disagreed. I worked that summer and then when I was in Grade 12, I would go to school until noon and then work in the afternoon. When I graduated in 1950, I went into the Store Office and Post Office until 1955.

When the mine started Open Pit mining, they set off a blast and a huge rock went through the roof of my parent's house and landed in the front room. Fortunately my mother was in the kitchen. There were a lot of comments about the only house being hit was the Union Agent's.

On March 20,1954, I married my High School sweetheart, Noel Kirby. We had four children; Diane, Keith, Debbie and Jim. We now have six grandsons.

Mom and Dad moved to Edmonton in 1956 where Dad continued his Union work.



Snow Queen. Annie Ambrose, Doreen Gabrey, Lorraine Anderson, Matilda Pecton



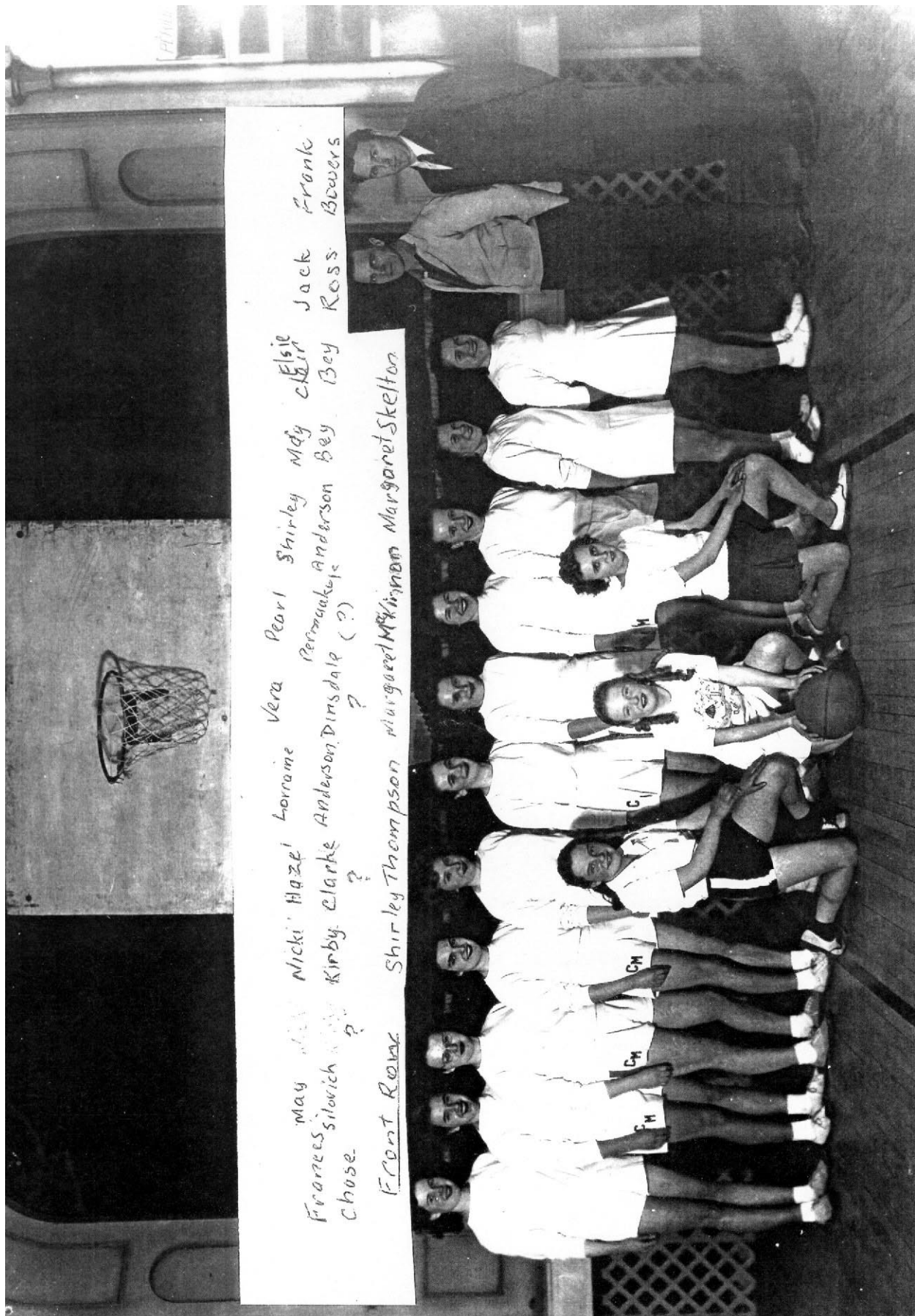
Grad 1950. Grad party cancelled due to quarantine -- MUMPS!  
Mike Bey, Don Ashe, Lorraine, Noel Kirby



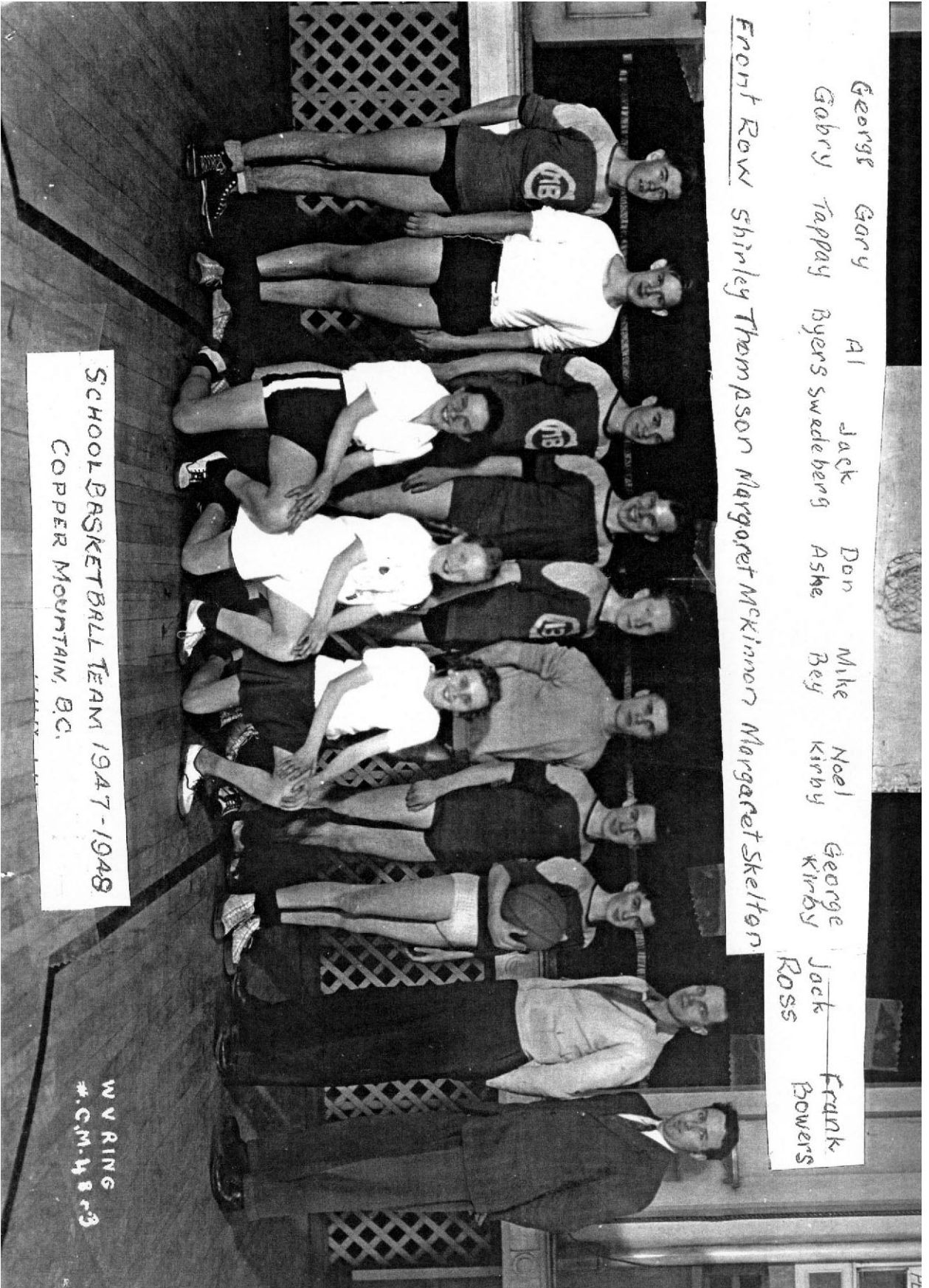
New Year's Eve 1952.  
Lorraine, Pearl Premorokoff, Vera  
Dinsdale, Shirley Anderson, Anita  
Kooftinoff



Lorraine, Vicki, Shirley, Scotty, baby Diane



Frances May Nicki Vera Pearl Shirley May Elsie  
 Silovich Kirby Clarke Anderson Dimsdale Bey Ross Frank  
 Chose. ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
 Front Row Shirley Thompson Margaret McKinnon Margaret Skelton



George Gary Al Jack Don Mike Noel George  
 Gabry Tappay Byers Swedeberg Ashe Ray Kirby Kirby  
 Front Row Shinley Thompson Margaret McKinon Margaret Skelton  
 Jack Ross Frank Powers

SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM 1947-1948  
 COPPER MOUNTAIN, B.C.

W V RING  
 #.C.M.48-3



Lorraine, Vicki, Shirley



Anderson Family



First Aid Team. Mary  
Silovich, Lorraine, Patty  
Hambly, Shirley  
Thomson, Shirley Reblin





Shirley and Lorraine



Curling. left to right: Jean Friend, Marg Williamson, Lorraine, Shirley, Lynn Planidin, Kay Stevenson



# BEGON

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Submitted by Judy (Begon) Horth

Gordon and Jean, daughter's Marilyn and Judy

## MEMORIES

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**G**ordon was born in Kenniston Sask. October 1919. Jean was born in Kenistino, Sask. December 1924. Marilyn was born in Toronto Ont. January 1944. Judy was born in Prince Albert, Sask. October 1945.

Gordon headed out west from Saskatchewan in the spring of 1948 looking for work. Getting a job mining at Copper Mountain he resided in #1 Bunkhouse until his family arrived in the summer of 1948. Jean loaded up all their belongings, two young daughters and moved by train from Saskatoon to Princeton to join Gordon at Copper Mountain.

Our 1st home was a tiny little house in Lower Red Eagle with no plumbing or electricity. In the summer of 1949 we moved into the log house across the road from the Legion. This house had running water and electricity. In 1951 we moved to South Town Site to a big house that had indoor plumbing, bathtub and electricity. We even bought a fridge.

Dad enjoyed playing ball, curling, fishing, hunting, mine rescue and training our black lab to be a bird dog. Mom enjoyed curling; skiing, tennis, fishing and playing cards Mom and Dad were very busy in the winter with curling league and bonspiels. They sure must have had fun, as for all the funny stories and tales that were told. In the summer we went camping, fishing and on picnics with other families often. Many special occasion dinners were shared with the Lambert families. Copper Mountain was a great place to live. Lots of community activities for adults and children, such as dance's, concerts, Easter, Halloween and Christmas events.

Marilyn and I still remember all the fun times we had. No television or telephones, but did we ever have good imaginations. Play time seemed to include all the kids in the neighborhood whether it be games, dress-up, cowboys and Indians, hiking, sledding, skiing, skating, or building tunnels and forts in the huge snow banks, there was always something to do. Ice-skating in our front yard or the community ice rink and when we got a little older a few trips to the duck pond at 3170 was always great fun. Unfortunately there was no place to swim. Trips to Tulameen, Bromley Rock or Penticton in the summer were the place to go to swim. One summer Mom took John, Marilyn Dunsmore, and us girls out to Tulameen to stay in their cabin for a week or two while their parents were in Vancouver (that is when their father first took sick). We probably drove mom nuts, but we sure had fun. Our saddest memory would be when we all had to move, as Copper Mountain was to become a ghost town.

June 1957 we moved to Hope. Wow! Telephones, TV, show hall and sidewalks.

July 1959 we moved to Britannia Beach and then onto Ashcroft in July 1962.

Mom and Dad went their separate ways in 1973 and both remarried.

Mom married Kevin Scallon and lived in Kamloops until she passed away September 1983. Dad

married W. Jean Dickson and remained living in Ashcroft. W. Jean had an accident in 1976 and never did fully recover. For over 20 years dad cared for her until December 1983 when she passed away. Dad enjoyed his hunting, fishing and gardening until it was just too hard on his body to continue. January 2001 he had a brain tumor removed and was in the Kamloops Hospital for 3 months. Many times we thought we were going to loose him. Thanks to Marilyn and Elvin Strilchuk for their warm hospitality and Tom Knowles for his many visits with dad. What a great example of the closeness of Copper Mountain friends.

Marilyn married Dave Brock and they had three sons Mark, Gregory and Curtis. They lived in Squamish until the marriage ended. Marilyn moved to New Westminster to raise her boys on her own by working as a cashier in a grocery store. She can still be found working as a cashier at Extra Foods, Denmon Place, Vancouver. Marilyn is a very proud Grandmother of granddaughter Molly, Grandsons Kyle, Derek, Chris and Scott.

I (Judy) married Doug Horth in 1967 and still live in Squamish. (Doug's mother Nellie (Gulliford) Horth was born in Princeton in 1919 to John and Lillian Gulliford). Our two sons Kevin and Dale also live in Squamish with their families. We have one granddaughter Alyssa, whom we enjoy immensely. Doug is still working as a logging contractor. After 31 years working for the Royal Bank they offered me early retirement

1 ½ years ago. Perfect timing, as Dad had just recently moved from Ashcroft to live with Doug and me. It was time for Dad to have some TLC and also be around family more.



Marilyn & Judy



Marilyn & Judy on the school grounds



The Begon family - Gordon, Jean, Judy, Marilyn



School outing - Marilyn back row first left.



Gordon, Jean, Marilyn, Judy



Lynn Rash, Judy, Wendy Rash, Marilyn -- house in south town site



# BOSTOCK

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Submitted by Pearl [Premorokoff] Bostock

First Name: Kenneth D., Pearl Jean [Premorokoff]

Other Copper Mountain Immediate family members: [Pearl's]

1. William [Bill] Premorokoff - [father]
2. Polly A. [Kooftinoff] Premorokoff - [mother]
3. Margaret [Peggy] Premorokoff - [sister]

Ken's Occupation: Mine site assayer and Open Pit miner's helper

Pearl's Occupation: Company Store and Engineering office clerk.

Copper Mountain Address: 157 Lower Red Eagle

Length of stay at Copper Mountain: Pearl 1940 - 1954, Ken 1951 - 1954

## MEMORIES:

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**P**EARL: All of my schooling was taken at the Copper Mountain school. I was a member of the last Grade 12 graduating class from Copper Mountain. There were three members in our Grade twelve class. The following year the Grade 9 - 12 students were bussed to Princeton.

First Aid was taught in the school under the subject of Health. Teams were made up of five members, one person was the patient. Many hours of practice of accident situations resulted in entering the yearly First Aid Competition held in Princeton, Allenby or Copper Mountain. First Aid was very important in the community as well as the surrounding mines because of its need in the Mining industry.

Sports played a major role in Copper Mountain and the other communities in the School District. [Princeton, Hedley and Keremeos]. Competition was quite stiff. I was a member of the school basketball team and the Copperettes softball team. One winter night the basketball team traveled to Hedley for a basketball game. Austin Fraser was the bus driver. We encountered black ice on the way home. Austin turned the bus back to Princeton to await the gravel truck in the morning. Our team went to the Princeton Hotel hoping to stay warm in the lobby but were asked to leave. We went to the Traveller's Cafe where we were offered warmth, cocoa and toast. In the meantime a phone call was made to Bill Miller [he had a phone] and he drove around and assured all the parents that we were safe and would arrive home in the morning. We enjoyed our own warm bed and had no school for the day.

One Hallowe'en, my friends and I wrote all the employees names on the windows of the store with soap. Shirley Anderson and I were called in and accused of the prank. The claim was that I was the only one who could spell PREMOROKOFF and since Shirley and I were always together we were both approached. The manager of the store threatened to make us wash all the potatoes in the basement as punishment - they never had to but it put a scare in us.

I learned to drive in the family car - an Austin. Dad worked afternoon shift so I would take the

car out to practise around Logville. One day I took my sister, Peggy, with me. I drove as far as the water hole then turned around. I didn't quite make it and had to back up. Every time I tried to back up, the car slipped back closer to the water hole shed. Peggy panicked and yelled. [She had visions of the water hole being crunched and there being no water, for anyone]. I [in my very special way] told her to be quiet! After a couple more attempts I drove that car out like an old pro.

One Father's Day I took Peggy out to practise her driving . Peggy had her Learner's License and away we went. Actually I was very patient. As we drove on the upper bench in Princeton we passed Const. Mercer of the RCMP. He stopped to check our Driver's Licenses. We thought all was well until he pointed out that I wasn't old enough to teach Peggy how to drive. He gave Peggy a ticket. We started laughing hysterically and tried to tell Dad what had happened. He had a nice big smile on his face until he heard what was so funny. His words were 'What the hell!' We said if we didn't laugh, we'd cry. Some Father's Day!

**KEN BOSTOCK:** Ken came from Keremeos in 1951. He worked as a mine site assayer and then as a miner's helper. Ole Tishauser, Steve Kemp and Ken were the first miners in the No. 2 Open Pit that was between Silver Dollar and Logville.

Ken's claim to fame involved his hunting experience. Bears roamed around Copper Mountain and were frequent visitors at the garbage dump site. One night Scottie Thomson bumped into a bear on his way home from work. This bear caused concern in the community so Ken went to the store and bought some honey in a cardboard container. He peeled the paper back and the honey dripped over a stump. Ken sat down to wait for the bear. The bear came along to find this nice sweet honey and Ken shot it dead. Ken was presented with the Merit of Bravery Award and became a Lead Heart Hero [a real lead heart] and scroll [on toilet paper] in honour of his brave deed 'above and beyond the call of duty' for saving the town of Copper Mountain from this dangerous beast.

Ken and I courted for a short time. We became engaged at my graduation and were married a year later on September 12, 1953 in Princeton, BC. The reception was held in the community hall at Copper Mountain. We lived in Lower Red Eagle [My first experience with indoor plumbing and running water] until October 1954 when we moved to Princeton. Our first son, Kim, was born two days later. Ken and I had four more children -Karen, Shelley, Susan and Jordie while living in Princeton. We moved to Kamloops in 1967 and have made our home here ever since. We are both retired. Ken enjoys hunting, and working with race horses. I enjoy skiing, fishing and hiking.





Copperette basketball team. Back row: Shirley Anderson, Margie McKinnon, Anita Koofinoff, Patty Hambly, Shirley Hambly, Pearl Premorokoff. Front row: Beverly Aardal, John Markin (coach), Margaret Skelton



Copperette ball team players: Pearl Premorokoff, Shirley Anderson, Anita Koofinoff



First Aid Team: left to right Anita Kooftinoff, Phyllis Stieb, Pearl Premorokoff, Shirley Anderson, patient Margie



Pearl's birthday party: back row: John Silovich, Shirley Anderson, Anita Kooftinoff, Pearl, Mike Silovich. Front row: Shirley Thomson, Peggy



Pearl and Anita



Bill and Shirley Thomson, Pearl and Anita, dog Twoey



Pearl and Ken's wedding. Community hall shown.



1951. Back row: Mr. Elliott, Ted Johnson, Ernie Klapproth, George Douglas, Bill Thomson, Roland Mast, Leonard Wiebe, George Kirby. Front row: Patty Hambly, Anita Koofinoff, Dorothy Hueston, Shirley Thomson, Shirley Anderson, Pearl.



Last graduating class from Copper Mountain - 1952.  
Pearl, Ernie Klapproth, Shirley Anderson



New Year's Eve 1953 - Pearl and Ken



# DUNSMORE

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by Marilyn Strilchuk (Dunsmore)

## MEMORIES:

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I am so thankful for our “Copper Mountain Group”, made up of women, who lived in Copper Mountain and now reside in Kamloops. We have met once a month for several years, for lunch, friendship, and reminiscing about Copper Mountain. It has been absolutely wonderful for me, to feel such a “home town” connection with these special friends, to hear their stories and to clarify and expand upon my memories. It is exciting now, to embark on a project to put our memories into book form, to preserve them and enjoy them.

My family, which included my mother and father, Jean and Albert Dunsmore and my brother, John and I, lived at Copper Mountain from 1946 until the mine closed in 1957.

My father, Albert Dunsmore, was born at Rocanville, Saskatchewan, in 1909. His father and mother, John and Minnie Dunsmore were Homesteaders and farmed in the Perth District of Saskatchewan. Later my grandfather was Blacksmith and Manager of the Rocanville stables and the horse and buggy driver for the town of Rocanville. My father, when school and chores were done, spent his time curling, skating, hunting and fishing. During the Depression years of the early 30's, he came west and found work at the Vancouver dockyards and in the fish canneries. He met my mother, Jean Miller, a young Nurse, originally from Allenby, BC, working in Vancouver.

My mother's maiden name was Jean Miller. Her parents were Evelyn and William Miller. Her father grew up near Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. He became a Homesteader and then an Electrician and a Miner. Her mother graduated from Keuka College, New York State. Following this she came west with her family and settled in Paddockwood, Saskatchewan. William and Evelyn married and moved to Rossland, BC, where my grandfather worked as an Electrician.

My mother was born at Rossland. She was the eldest of 7 children. In 1919 the family moved to Logville at Copper Mountain. Her brother Bill and her sister May (later-Savage) and brother Wilfred were born by this time. Her sister Louise (later-Mullin) born 1920, was the first child born at Copper Mountain. A note of interest is that the Midwife was Bobby McKinnon's mother, Mrs. Dan McKinnon. A couple of months later, Wilfred died of influenza and pneumonia, an illness that caused many deaths in the area during this time. He was buried at Copper Mountain.

My grandfather, William Miller, worked as a Miner, driving the tunnels on the CPR line to Copper Mountain and as an Electrician at the mine. He was also hired by the West Kootenay Power Company to assist in the construction of the Allenby Substation. In 1920 the family moved to Allenby where my grandfather was in charge of the Substation and the power lines from Causton to Copper Mountain. While the family lived in Allenby there were 2 more children born, my mom's brother Bob and her sister Beth (later-Norman). After my grandfather's death in 1949, my grandmother moved to Princeton where she lived until she passed away in 1965. All of their children have continued to live or have summer homes in the

Princeton and Tulameen areas.

My mother attended school in Allenby and Princeton. She took part in sports and rode her horse from Allenby to Princeton each week for music lessons. She often spoke of her favorite Teacher, R. D. Affleck, who later became a lifelong friend. She said that during these years he inspired many young people from the Princeton area to further their education. After graduating from high school, she went to St. Paul's School of Nursing in Vancouver. She graduated in 1935. She said that during this time she looked after one of the first patients in Vancouver being treated with the new "wonder drug" penicillin.

She and Albert Dunsmore were married in 1936 and lived in North Vancouver for several years, including the years of World War Two. My mother worked at Lyons Gate Hospital and my father joined the Army. He became a Sergeant-Major of the Dragoons and taught man-to-man combat and the handling of firearms to troops going overseas. He taught at the North Vancouver and Vernon Army Camps. Their first child, John, was born in 1945 in North Vancouver. They moved to Copper Mountain in 1946. My father became an Electrician at the mine, apprenticing under my mom's brother, Bill Miller, who was the Electrical Superintendent of the Copper Mountain mine.

In 1947 I was born at Princeton, BC. We lived at Copper Mountain until the mine closed in 1957. My memories of Copper Mountain are from the perceptions of a 10 year old, so they may not be totally accurate or complete, but they are as I remember them. I apologize in advance for any inaccuracies or misspelled names.

After Copper Mountain closed I have had the good fortune to keep in contact with relatives who lived there and some of my parent's friends and their families. Some of these couples and their families who are an important part of my memories are: my aunt and uncle, Deanie and Bill Miller, Austin and Annie Truax, Tom and Laina Knowles, Jean and Gordon Begon, Jack and Bernice Ross, Bert and Marg Jameson, Millie and Jack Portman, Luke and Babe Kirby, Lorraine and Noel Kirby, Pat and Joyce Powell, and Kay and Stevie Stevenson. My aunt and uncle, May and Gordon Savage also lived in Copper Mountain during the late 40's and my aunt and uncle Lorraine and Bob Miller lived there for a couple of years and then moved to Allenby in the early 50's.

There is a special bond between "the kids" of Copper Mountain. Marilyn Truax and I met as preschoolers, were close friends as our children grew up and now we enjoy each other's grandchildren. Marilyn's brother, George, was a teenager during my youth at South Townsite. He was our neighborhood hero, always being considerate and supportive of all the younger children. He put up with a lot of our antics and teasing and stuck up for us if we were being bullied. Other friends that I have kept in contact with are Marilyn and Judy Begon, Judy Taylor, Bev and Bob Ardeli and my cousins Karen and Mary-Lou and Billy Miller. Other friends who are prominent in my memories are Jackie Ross, Donna Fahmi, Judy Lomon, Murray Camrose, Timmy Byers, and Peter, Eleanor and Ben Sopo. I have seen Jackie Ross at the reunions, but sadly I have lost track of the others.

My memories of Copper Mountain have always been special to me. Through the years my mother talked fondly of her life and friends at Copper Mountain. As well, I am especially thankful for my uncle Bill Miller, who I have pestered, through the years, with many questions about Copper Mountain. He is always patient and so knowledgeable about the mine and has many interesting stories to tell. He held many positions with the Granby Mining Company

during the 40 years plus that he worked for them. In the 1940's and 1950's he was the Electrical Superintendent of the mine. During this time he apprenticed many men to become Electricians and helped them to become established in their careers.

My family lived at 1620 in South Townsite in the late 40's and early 50's. In 1954, when Mrs. Yard retired as Community Nurse, my mother took over her job. At that time we moved into the living quarters on the left side of the hospital/grade one building. The McKinnons and the Planidens lived in the apartments upstairs. Bobby McKinnon was the Personnel Manager and Safety Supervisor of the mine. Paul Planiden was the School Principal. Mrs. Rash was the Grade One Teacher at that time.

In her position as Community Nurse, my mother went on house calls and was available to assist anyone who was sick or injured and she assessed whether they should make the trip to Princeton to see one of the Doctors there. The Doctors from Princeton came to Copper Mountain to the Clinic once a week. The Doctors that I remember were Dr. Hicks and Dr. Phillips. I also remember the old "crank" phone in the office; with which we could ring one of the other main company buildings or ring the Operator in Princeton. The telephone "numbers" were on a list on the wall beside the phone and were designated by long and short lines in reference to long and short rings.

We went to a small United Church in Copper Mountain. The Minister, Dr. John Goodfellow, came once a week from Princeton to conduct services. He was a wonderful man, who through the years became a good friend of our family. Dr. Goodfellow's son, Eric, became a Lay-Minister and has performed many weddings and funerals for our family members.

From my perspective, as a child, the Copper Mountain days were happy ones, I remember the community spirit and busy parents. I don't know if there were many luxuries or any extra money, but I do know that my parents and their friends seemed to enjoy themselves. I remember my dad fishing the many lakes in the surrounding areas and hunting for deer, moose, ducks and grouse. He enjoyed hunting with his Chesapeake Bay retriever, Flight, and his hunting partners, Jack Portman, Eddie Pickard and Jack Young. Fish, game birds and animals seemed plentiful at the time and were a staple on our table. My dad built a tent-trailer for camping and hunting and he carved and painted his own duck decoys.

There were poker parties and house parties at the various homes. There was curling at the curling rink and participation in out-of-town bonspiels. I remember my parents owned their own curling rocks that they used. There were always stories and laughter about "skits" and the team's activities both "on and off" the ice. Some of the adults took part in First-Aid and Mine Rescue Competitions against other towns. Those were the days before communities had well equipped ambulances and trained paramedics!

Several Copper Mountain families camped or built summer cabins at Tulameen BC. The families that had cabins, that I recall, were the Millers, Truaxs, Portmans, Kirbys, Knowles's, Powells and Dunsmores. Usually mothers and children stayed at Tulameen for the summer and the fathers would commute on their days off. We would travel to Tulameen in caravans (it seemed) and there was always the inevitable stop at the Coalmont Hotel for the parents to "unwind". The kids would be given a treat and we would wait in the cars or sit on the hotel porch. All of the local Coalmont "characters" were familiar and I loved to listen to their stories. From that porch we could watch any activities and residents and visitors to Coalmont. I found out many years later that my Dad did a lot of electrical wiring on the hotel for owners, Jerry and

Lizzy Brown. It was a relief to know that, because I remember spending a lot of time on that porch!

As children we enjoyed carefree summers at the Tulameen beach. The adult decided that to avoid problems each child would be given 10 cents a day to spend at Annie's Store. With 10 cents we could buy a bottle of pop, a bag of chips, 2 chocolate bars or 30 jawbreakers! The adults played softball at the beach or at the ball field. They also played poker and had sing-songs and parties at the various cabins. The end of the summer meant closing up the cabins and returning to Copper Mountain. How lucky we were to have had such a childhood and can now relish the memories.

There were many winter activities at Copper Mountain. The hockey games between Princeton, Allenby and Copper Mountain were enthusiastically supported. Uncle Bill Miller told me that special trains would run to "The Mountain", as it was affectionately called, bringing hockey players and fans to the games.

We frequently skated at the hockey rink, playing such games as Porn Porn Pull-away and Crack the Whip. In South Townsite, each winter, Austin Truax made an ice rink in their yard, which was used by all the neighborhood kids. My dad built a fully furnished playhouse in our back yard, which I remember playing in, winter and summer. I have vague memories of skiing at the ski hill at South Townsite. The snow was always deep enough that we could excavate and create snow houses to play in and construct "forts" to defend. We tobogganed and bobsledded down the "run" that ended up on the school grounds. The buildings and homes in the town were heated with steam heat and at various intervals around the town there were steam boxes to facilitate access to the system. If we got cold while at play or while walking home from school, we would open up these boxes and climb in to warm up!

For social activities my brother, John, went to Cubs and Scouts and I went to Brownies. My Aunt Deanie Miller was the Brownie Leader at the time. We also saw movies at the Community Hall. Long rows of attached folding wooden seats would be set up for the occasion and the projector would sit on a table in the middle aisle. I was told recently that it was Jack Tappay who ran the projector. The movies consisted of a segment of world news and sports (usually months old), a cartoon and the main feature. It was a very exciting night out, at a time when hors only had a radio and possibly a record player for entertainment. There was also a Library where we could take out books. Christmas concerts and Hallowe'en parties with costume judging also took place at the Community Hall. I also have vague memories of festivities around a large Hallowe'en bonfire on the school grounds.

I don't remember many dangers as a child, although we were forbidden to near the glory hole at the edge of the school grounds. It was a cause for concern, eventhough it had a high fence around it's perimeter. During the time that Copper Mountain was closing, I do remember being worried about the cracks that were developing on the school grounds from the edge of the glory hole. I recall immediate concern if a child was missing at play. All the neighbors would search until the lost was found. I don't remember being told to stay away from the woods for fear of wild animals, and certainly no worries, that I was aware of, about any people hurting us (except maybe the Smith kids!) I do remember seeing a bear in the townsite once. It had climbed a tree, fearing for it's life!

I remember watching, from Copper Mountain, the search planes flying over the Whipsaw area searching for a lost young hunter, Harvey Garrison. Tragically he was never found.



I remember listening to the radio when it was announced that the Penticton Vees had won the World Hockey Tournament ( possibly about 1955). After that, the pop bottles had “ Go Vees Go” written on them.

About 1955, I recall the excitement when we all ran out to the street to watch the huge yellow Euclid trucks arrive at Copper Mountain. How thrilling it was to have something so huge and new for our mine!

I remember friendly and kind people working in the general store, post office, cafe, bank and the pool hall. One of these persons was Vince Quinn. He ran a Concession that sold snacks, sundries and magazines including comics. My father had been diagnosed with cancer during this time. He was very ill and was away in hospital for long periods of time. Vince Quinn would always tear off the covers and give the comics to my brother and I. He said that he did this to order more, but I know that he was just being nice to two little kids with a very sick father. He was always very kind to us. My memories of him are very special, but I know nothing more about him, except that he moved to Princeton after the mine closed, and died a few years later.

After a courageous and painful battle with cancer, my father died in 1956. I remember how unsettling and sad it was to say goodbye to our friends, as families moved away from Copper Mountain during 1956 and 1957, We were one of the last families to leave because of my mother's position. How worrisome and sad it must have been for the adults, whose jobs were finishing and their friends were moving away. They would have realized, more than I did at the time, that a very special time of their lives was coming to an end.

After Copper Mountain closed, my mother married Derward Broomfield of Princeton, BC. They had one daughter, Janelle. They lived in Princeton and at McKenzie Lake until mom passed away in 1984 and dad in 1991.

My brother, John, became a Carpenter and married Nellie Ligtenberg of Princeton. They live in Tulameen and had three children, Alex, Robert and Lisa. They now have four grandchildren, Victoria, Ryan, Emma and Megan.

My sister, Janelle, has worked in the Princeton Town Office for many years. She married Brad Cecon of Princeton and they have one daughter, Mackenzie.

I became a Nurse and married Elvin Strilchuk of Grindrod, BC. We live in Kamloops and have 3 children, Pamela, Rhonda, and Adam. Pamela married Brian Young of Kamloops and they have two children, Justin and Alexa. Adam married Denise Whitney of Qualicum Beach and they are expecting a little boy (Ethan) in March of 2003.

The last time I saw the Copper Mountain town area was during the Copper Mountain Reunion in 1980. My cousin, Jim Mullin, who was Assistant Mine Manager for Newmont Mining Company. which was mining the area at that time, took bus tours to Copper Mountain. It was a thrill to see the townsite, even though there were no buildings left. I didn't know it at the time, but the plan was that in the near future they would start mining the town area. During this time, the three graves at Copper Mountain, including my mom's little brother, Wilfred, were exhumed and moved to the Princeton Cemetery.

At the 1996 Copper Mountain Reunion, I took the tour to Copper Mountain. Most of the town area was a large open-pit mine (from the edge of the school grounds to South Townsite and

beyond). The areas that weren't a "pit" were changed by placement of wide gravel roads used for large mining vehicles. It was only the views of the surrounding mountains and valleys that were familiar, but with all the changes and destruction, I was thrilled that I could still picture the area, as it was, in my memories.

Participating in the printing of this book is a wonderful opportunity to share and preserve our stories of a home town that only exists in our memories and in the pictures we have. •t is also a way to honor our parents. They were a group of post-depression and post-war adults, who created a life for themselves and for their children at Copper Mountain and left us with a strong sense of belonging to a family and a community.



The Dunsmore family 1947.



1955. Marilyn, Albert, Jean, John



Sheila & Bruce Halinan, John & Marilyn,  
Phillip Halinan



Albert & Jack - fish from Salmon  
Lake



Albert & Jack Portman with flight



1945-55 class photo. Back row, second from left is John. Third from left is Marilyn.



Back row: S. Halinan, F. Mahoney, Jack Swedberg, Don Ash, Ralph Boudreau, Ed Howe, Al Byer, George Gabry, Frank Bowers. Front row: George & Noel Kirby, Alec Pectin, Merle Howe



Jean, Millie Portman, Joyce Powell



Jean, Deanie Miller, Laina Knowles, Bernice Ross -- sweaters knit by Laina



1957. Ethel Maver, Derward Broomfield, Jean (Dunsmore) Broomfield.



Miller family -- lived in Copper Mountain 1919-1920  
L to R: Louise, May, Bob, Bill, Jean, Beth 1945  
William & Evelyn Miller



Evelyn Miller 1919 with Jean, May, Bill



1920 May, Jean, Bill and baby Louise



William Miller II



Log cabin where Miller family lived in 1919-1920



Evelyn Miller with Beth

# HAMBLY

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Submitted by Shirley (Hamby) Wilkinson and Patty (Hamby) Parkman.

Percy (Pat) Gladys (Dolly) Patricia (Patty) Shirley.

## MEMORIES

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Dad was born in Cornwall, England and as a young boy moved to Hedley where his father worked as a miner. Mom was from Hedley and was from the Corrigan family Their married life started at the Nickle Plate mine. Patty was born in Princeton in 1935 and I was also born in Princeton in 1936 . In 1937 we moved to Copper Mountain as the elevation at Nickle Plate was too high for our mother. Dad had four brothers and one sister. They all worked around the Hedley area for a few years. Uncle Syd remained in Hedley for most of his life and worked for a short spell at the Butcher shop at the mountain. Mom was the oldest, with two brothers and two sisters. Her brother Fred was store manager at Copper Mountain in the years before the mine closed. Both the Corrigan and Hambly families were well known in the Similkameen Valley.

Dad worked as a hoistman on the surface at the main shaft. We were able to take him his lunch when he was on day shift. Mom worked in the mess hall when we were old enough to be on our own. Patty started her working career in the cafe for a short time. I think her first day on the job the cook didn't show up so she became a cook in a hurry. Mom worked in the lunchroom packing lunches and seemed to enjoy the job. During the strike Dad worked in logging camps running a donkey engine. He also worked on the Hope Princeton highway sharpening steel.

These are some of my memories of growing up at Copper Mountain, these are in random order with no fixed dates or events.

I think growing up at the mine was great for kids. We were very fortunate to have so many activities provided for us. The community hall was available for movies, basketball and all the social functions. I recall wonderful Xmas concerts with great costumes made by parents. We had Halloween parties that were a lot of fun. I liked to use the phone in the hall to call Margie McKinnon as phones were a real novelty to me. Mr. Luxton was very good about letting me call her.

Winters as I recall were very long and a ton of snow. We had a great skating rink. I'm sure everyone at the mine could skate. We enjoyed going to the hockey games as our uncles played for Hedley and there was great rivalry between the two towns. Do you remember the Ice Carnival, Nicki Kirby was the Snow Queen and my sister Patty was the elf or Jack Frost ,I'm not sure which. I remember the sled of swans, and their costumes which at the time I thought were pretty fantastic. We did some skiing, Going down to Voights camp and getting a ride home was always fun. We had a ski hill and sleigh riding hill right by the ski hill so it was nice and close for us. Do you remember the bob sled , that was always quite a ride.

School, I guess was our main activity. The teachers I seem to recall are Mrs. Chase, Miss Mayne and Mr. Elliot. We were pretty lucky to live almost on the school grounds, I could run home at

recess for a snack. I remember the day I looked out the window and there was a bear in our yard. Mom was in the yard, she saw the bear and threw her garden shovel so far I don't think we ever found it. I ran out of the school and home, of course the bear had already ran away. I had to write lines for sometime after that, I think for Miss Rowland. Some of our courses were by correspondence. I took an art course which was an easy course for credits. When we were sent to school in Princeton it was quite a change for all of us. I remember thinking it was a huge school but we all adjusted. Austin Fraser was our very capable bus driver and I still enjoy talking to him when I run into him in Princeton. We all remember Mrs. Yard, our tiny but fantastic nurse. She was always there for anyone that needed her day or night. Of course we did have our visits from the doctor every week. I recall Dr. Phillips and Dr. Vosburg as when I had rheumatic fever they took care of me. I think that was a very hard time for my family as I was not a very good patient. The one thing that was missing at the mine was a place to swim. Thankfully we had a great Guide group with Mrs. Lambert and were able to go to guide camp. We also had our trips to Tulameen with Deanie Miller's camp. Do you remember falling out of your bunk Peggy? We were staying in the old blunder house, unfortunately it is no longer there. Patty and I were also lucky to spend a few summer holidays in Seattle with our aunt. Our cousin took us swimming and roller skating. The main reason we were there was for the dentist and Patty had a lot of work done so she probably didn't think it was so great.

Neighbours I remember were the Truaxes, Austin Annie and George. Marilyn wasn't born when they were our neighbours. Tappays lived just up the hill from us as long as we were there. Also, George and Lucy Corsi were also neighbours that I remember. Bubba Cieslokoski had a pickle barrel there that had really good pickles. All in all everyone was your neighbour and looked out for everyone else. When word started that the mine was running out of ore Dad started looking at other options. He found a job as First Aid man at the Princeton Brewery. We made the big move to Princeton. I continued with high school and had a job at Burr's service station after school and weekends. I also worked at the Rexall Drugstore. After graduation I attended Vancouver Normal school where I obtained my teaching certificate in 1955. In 1958 Willie Wilkinson and I were married. We have two children. Terri Lynne and Mark. Terri is married to Kelly Low and they live in Kamloops. Mark is married to Brigita Kaps and they have two beautiful daughters Nicole and Stephanie. No matter where life takes us we will always remember our years at Copper Mountain with very fond memories.

Shirley has covered the events of our family moving from Hedley to Copper Mountain. I have some memories I would like to add as well.

We were fortunate to have a company house near the school and Mrs. Yard (the nurse). Our house was a two bedroom home with a kitchen, pantry and a large front porch where Virginia creeper grew. We were so lucky as to have running water and I remember the day we had a bathroom added on- no more having baths in a tub in the kitchen and no more running outside to the outhouse!!

Shirley touched the electric heater while getting in the tub and had a terrible electric shock. Mrs. Yard was called and Shirley was OK.

Winter was a great time as we skied right outside our house. We built ski jumps on the hill by the "glory hole ". The hill to our house looked quite high, but looking at it later- it wasn't really bad at all. We had two rinks to skate on-one by the curling rink and one by the community hall. We would put on our skates at home and walk to the rink. Our Uncle from Hedley would come



and play hockey. Mom would protest that it was too cold but away we'd go. It was fun!

During the summer we had no place to swim but we kept busy. We would camp at Voight's camp, dam up the creek a bit and wade around there. We built fires, cooked our food and all without supervision.

We went to guide camp in the Okanagan and were joined by the guides from Allenby and Hedley. Many of the guides have remained friends since then. The Copper Mountain guides were very proficient in First Aid so we would have opportunities to do a little practical First Aid at the camp. We joined the Okanagan Guides so it was a large camp.

Tulameen was a favorite of mine and I spent a great deal of time there with the Miller families. We also had camps there organized by Deanie Miller with our mothers helping out by cooking. After we left Copper Mountain my dad built a cabin at Tulameen for me. It is still standing, but is a very rustic cabin. Spent a number of summer holidays with Jack and Louise Mullin and Louise's sister Beth Mullin.

We had relatives in Hedley, Seattle, Penticton and Vancouver Island so we would spend time with them well. Mom's brother, Fred Corrigan left Vancouver Island and moved to Copper Mountain and began to manage the store and mess hall. Uncle Fred had been raised in Hedley so he enjoyed being close to our mother and his old friends.

I babysat a lot and looked forward to going to the "Bungalow " to sit for Mrs. Lawns' children when her father A.S. Baillee entertained.

Our neighbours, the Tappays' and the Truaxs', were good friends- Corsi's moved in to the Truax's when they bought a bigger house. Mrs. Tappay also ran the movies theater twice a week. We often had Christmas dinner with Truaxs'- dad was Marilyn's godfather.

Christmas was a very big event with the school concert involving months of planning. Marg Shelton and I sang "Oh Holy Night" about four years in a row. We had big parties in the hall with all the kids receiving a gift candy and an orange. Mr. Bamforth acted as Santa for years. He also rode in a sleigh around giving us our gifts.

The community hall had a large library that I enjoyed very much taking full advantage of the books. The hall had showers to use for the people who had no indoor plumbing. The hall had a wonderful hardwood floor which was used for basketball, movies and dances. We made many basketball trips to Princeton, Hedley and Keremeos. One trip that was most memorable was a freezing rain that made it impossible to get up past the tailing pond. Austin Fraser had to back down and we had to spend the night at the Travellers Cafe in Princeton. Austin Fraser had some terrible driving trips to get us home more than once.

Our dad worked very hard at his Hoistman job, working shift work. He also cut cords of wood every year. He hunted grouse and deer and went on hunting trips with his friends. Dad also curled and enjoyed the bonspiels.

Mom was a wonderful cook and kept us filled with our favourites- "Cornish Pasties. " Dad's parents lived in Hedley and it was a recipe they brought with them from Cornwall, England. Dad was born in Cornwall and his family went to Nickel Plate mine and then down to Hedley. His brothers and one sister worked there and then his oldest brother Bill and his sister Kate

went to Seattle. Mom had been raised in Hedley (her maiden name is Corrigan) and enjoyed cooking and sewing. Mom became a curler and loved to travel to Bonspiels. Her brothers worked in Hedley for several years. Mom worked in the mess hall for several years and the group of ladies she worked with had a very busy time. They made lunches for the single fellows working at the mine and living in the company bunk houses,

A group of us kids rode our bikes from Princeton to Hedley before the rode was officially opened. What planning that took!! Dad took us to Princeton and away we went. We stayed at the Hotel in Hedley under my grandmothers watchful eye, and then back to Princeton and home on the bus.

The First Aid and Mine Rescue Competition was a busy part of the spring. Our team did very well, and our names are on trophies in the Mine Rescue Office in Princeton.

Our school years were great with many of us starting and ending with the same kids. The last year of school we were bussed to Princeton. This involved some crucial driving by Austin Fraser.

I worked at Chuck Begons 'cafe for a short time. Chuck had asked my Dad if I would help out for a few days. I didn't enjoy filling in for the cook and that store hill seemed miles long at night. That really encouraged me to do well at school and not be a waitress or a cook.

We moved to Princeton before I finished grade 12. I was working part-time for BCTel and Dad got a job at the Princeton Brewery. Copper Mountain was preparing to close and Dad enjoyed working day shift. Mom became involved with the church group and curling. Shirley worked part time at Burr's gas station so we were busy.

We missed Copper Mountain and our friends plus the life we had socially. We have been able to continue many of our friendships through reunions, our monthly lunches and other get togethers.

Mom died at a very young age, she was only 56; and we miss her dearly. Mom and Dad had moved to Kamloops so Dad was very close to us for company. My family was extremely fortunate to have my dad- Poppa as he was known to all- so close to us. He lived on the same street as us, and my children saw him daily. Dad moved back to Princeton for a few months but died shortly after at Royal Inland Hospital in Kamloops.

I met my husband Layton Parkman at Copper Mountain where he worked as a Diamond Driller, he had also worked at Grand Isle. We moved to Kamloops in 1957 where we have lived ever since. Both our son Grant and daughter Vonna have pre-deceased us, but we are happy to have a son Rick and daughter Wendy with families that live here and we see often. We enjoyed meeting some Copper Mountain folks here. We look forward to our lunches monthly with the Copper Mountain group, something we have done for a couple of years and go thru the "Remember When..." times.

## Remember

Some of the teachers- Miss. Lennartz, Miss Rowland, Mrs. Stewart, Mr. Meekin, Miss. Mayne, Mr. JRF Warr, Mr. Elliot, Mr. Bower, Mrs. Chase, Miss. Kennedy and Mr. Greenwood.

\*Dave Orgren teaching us First Aid.

\*Mrs. Yard's big watch and doctor's bag.

\*Playing monopoly all summer with Bob and Garry Tappay.

\*Mrs. Peterson sewing and making Swedish cookies.

\*The tea party's mom had

\*Stopping on Wolf Creek Hill to put chains on the car in the winter.

\*Mr. Bamforth dressed as Santa riding in a sleigh delivering presents at Christmas.

\*Cori's dairy delivering milk in all kinds of weather. The milk bottles with the top popped off as the milk froze.

\*Shirley spending months in bed with rheumatic fever and Mrs. Greenwood coming daily to teach her.

\*The arrival of our, first fridge!

\*Watching a bear walk behind mom (we were in school) and running out to save her. We were in big trouble with Mrs. Chase.

\*The blackout curtains during the war.

\*Food rations.

\*The Chinese cooks who became such good friends, they visited Uncle Fred in Vancouver.

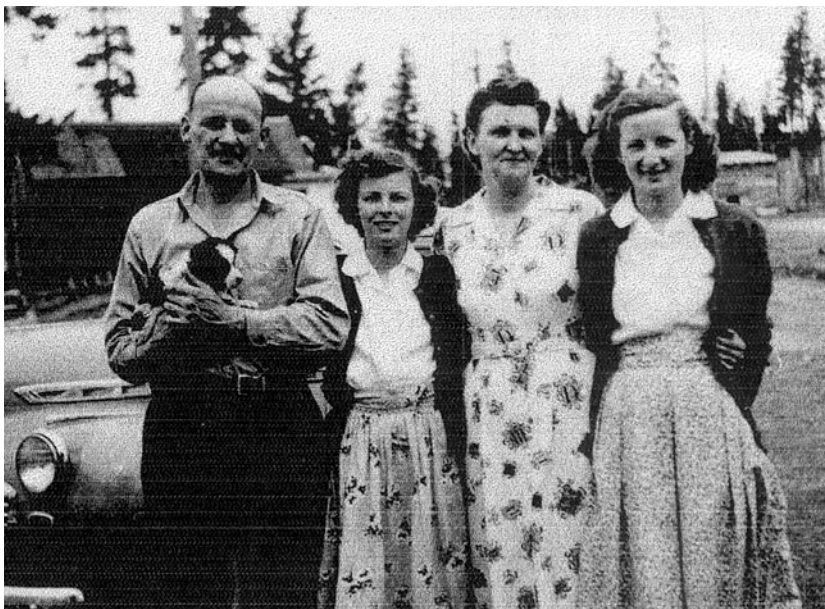
\*The great memories we have of growing up with good friends and many good times



Fred and Barry Corrigan and Pat and Dolly Hambley



Shirley, Mildred Bucksaw, Patty



Hambley family



Shirley, Marg Skelton, Patty sporting Princeton school jackets



Shirley, Maxine Ashe, Patty



Patty, Shirley, George Truax -- car with chains



Dolly Hambly, Doris Tappay, Lois & Babe Chase



Patty, Shirley



Miss Violet Mayne



Shirley & Patty



Shirley, Bev Aardel, Pat Arnott, Peggy Premorokoff -- sports day in Keremeos



Patty, Mary Silovich, Lorraine Anderson, Shirley Reblin, Shirley Thomson

Visit by grandparents and uncles from Hedley. Grandad, Patty, Granny, Charles, Shirley & Dad, Uncle Syd





School days at Copper Mountain



Shirley, Pat, Patty on Pat's 75th birthday





# HUTCHINSON

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submitted by Linnea (Hutchinson) Kreitz

Father: John

Mother: Margit (nee) Larsen

Children: Linnea, Roger, Robert

## MEMORIES

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**M**y parents, John and Margit, my brother Roger and myself, Linnea, moved to Copper Mountain in 1940 or 1941. I'm not sure of the exact date. First we moved to a mining town – Second Relief and then to Nelson for a few weeks before we moved to Copper Mountain. My grandparents were already living there.

My grandfather Louis (Louie) Larsen was the blacksmith in the machine shop and was able to get my father on as an apprentice blacksmith.

I vaguely recall the first house we moved into. It was on the crossroads of Upper Red Eagle and Logville. My earliest memory of this house was the long flight of stairs to the front door. The huge icicles would hang from our roof to the ground in the winter. The snowfalls were heavy and it was COLD. It was a great place for winter sports: skiing, sleigh riding, and skating at the outdoor rink.

We lived in four houses that I recall. The one mentioned above, the one up on a hill on the road going to Townsite. The house we lived in had a laundry building behind it which burned down when we lived there. Then there was the one above the school near the Catholic Church. I do remember some of our neighbours were the Pickards, Ashes SR, and the Mahoneys. The last house my parents lived in was in townsite. The Foyes, and Mills were our neighbours. Can you imagine only paying \$21.50 a month for a house? It had two bathrooms, a dining room, large kitchen and front room plus two bedrooms upstairs.

I remember our school and its oily floors, the small classrooms compared to today's and the rows of desks. It held grades 2 to 12 until 1951 when the grades 8 to 12 were bused to Princeton. Grade One was in a room in the hospital building. The building also housed an apartment for our health nurse, Mrs. Yard and her husband, plus an apartment upstairs for a family.

Dad loved to curl. He would curl with Mr. Bamforth, Mr. Douglas, Mr. Hallinan and Mr. Hambly to name a few. They did win some very nice prizes and trophies.

As I said in the beginning we were very fortunate to have my mother's parents, Louis and Marie Larsen, live at the same mine my mother's brother and his wife and sons, Norman and Genivieve Larsen and Larry and Roland.

Louie & Marie moved to Surrey, BC in 1953. Louie passed away in 1967 and Marie in 1974. My Uncle Norman and his oldest son, Larry and friend Al Hartfiel drowned in a boating accident in September 1952. Aunty Genevieve and son Roland moved to Saskatchewan in 1952.

Labour Day at Copper Mountain was a big family day for all the community to get together. It

was held on the school grounds. They held races, decorated doll buggies and bikes, and held baseball games for all ages. A fun time was had by all.

One of my favourite memories of Copper Mountain was the Café. They made the best milkshakes and sundaes. I have still not had one to compare with them.

In 1946 my parents presented Roger and I with a brother, Robert. So now our family went from four to five. Mom was a fantastic lady and we missed her very much when she passed away in 1968.

In 1950 I met my husband Willard at a Labour Day sports rally. He had just come to the Mountain from Emerson, Manitoba to work in the mine. He worked underground for awhile and then was transferred to the Open Pit Mine. He was Equipment Dispatcher till the mine closed in 1957. Before we were married Willard lived in one of the three bunkhouses and ate his meals in the mess hall. The mess hall also provided lunch buckets for the men who lived in the bunkhouses and worked in the mine.

Willard and I married in 1951, and for the first year of our marriage we lived with my parents. After our oldest daughter, Jo-anne was born, we moved into my grandparent's house as they had moved to Surrey, BC. We had two more children while living in this house, Melodee and Bruce. When Bruce was just under a year old we moved to a house in town site. This was the first house above the tennis courts. It had a great hill for sliding down in the wintertime. Our neighbours were the Hungles, Skeltons and Smiths to name a few.

In October of 1953, the last major year of a polio epidemic, I was unfortunate and was diagnosed with it. Willard, Jo-Anne and I were in Vancouver for Thanksgiving with my aunt and uncle and their two daughters. I had gotten up in the morning and walked a few feet when I promptly fell down, for no obvious reason. After I was back in bed and could not stand up again, they called their family doctor. He came at once and said he thought it was polio but without a spinal tap, he couldn't be sure.

Both Willard and I decided to go back to Princeton to the hospital there. As we had only one route available to drive we had to take the Hope-Princeton Highway. It was such a long trip that day and Jo-Anne, who was only 20 months old, was so good.

Once we got to the Princeton Hospital, there was no way I could walk so I went into a wheelchair. Dr. Hicks was my doctor and after I was settled in an isolated room I was given a spinal tap. It came back positive for polio. I was sem-paralyzed from the waist down on my right side. I also lost muscle. I spent six weeks in the hospital and went back to Copper Mountain for a couple of weeks until an opening came up in the G.F.Strong Centre in Vancouver. I spent six weeks there going through therapy and learning to walk with canes and relearning how to climb stairs.

I was able to come back home to Copper Mountain the day before Jo-Anne's second birthday. A day I was glad had finally come.

I was able to get rid of the canes and had no problems outside of falling easily [which I did quite often and still do from time to time]. After many years of no problems, about fourteen years ago some minor problems started occurring with my foot and ankle, but nothing that can't be tolerated.

When the mine closed in 1957 we moved to Langley, BC. Willard started working on the Department of Highways paint crew. He went on to become the foreman of the highways in the area between Cloverdale and the Deas Tunnel. We became the parents of two more daughters, Coral and Sandee.

My parents also moved to Cloverdale and Dad worked for the City of Cloverdale Maintenance Yard. Mother worked in a dress shop until she became ill and was no longer able to work. She passed away in March 1968.

Roger and Robert completed their schooling in Cloverdale and Roger worked for the BC Ferries for a few years until his health prevented him from working. Robert worked for a cedar mill for a few years and now a Hardware store. He is married and he lives with his wife Cathy and daughter Corinna in Langley. Roger never married and he passed away in 1990 after a long illness.

In the fall of 1968, Willard and I and our family moved to Kamloops. Willard was transferred to the Department of Highways and became road foreman here, in and around Kamloops and eventually part of the Coquihalla to Merritt. Willard retired in 1987.

Willard and I have been blessed with 11 grandchildren; 5 grandsons and 6 granddaughters, 2 granddaughter in laws, 1 grandson in law and two great grandchildren. Jo-anne and husband Allan Cline, their sons and daughter in laws live here in Kamloops. Melodee and her family and son in law and grandchildren live in Kelowna. Bruce never married and lives at home. Coral and husband Serges Deschenes, two daughters and son also live in Kamloops as does Sandee McPherson and son and twin daughters.



Our first home - 1941.



Home in townsite.



Linnea and Roger 1946.



Linnea, Helen & Dorothy Swedberg. 1950



Margit, John, Roger. Front - Robert, Linnea.



(Back to front) - Anita Koftinoff, Linnea, Dorothy Hueston, Pearl Premorokoff, Shirley Anderson, Vera Buyers, Shirley Reblin, Margie McKinnon, Marg Skelton, Marilyn Fishbacker. 1947



Louis & Marie Larsen, John & Margit Hutchinson, Norman & Genevieve & Larry Larsen. Front - Roger & Linnea



Dad and THE BIG ONE!



Grandparents - Louis & Marie



Back: Phil Wilkins, Joyce Richards. Front: K Anderson, Doris Lambert, Margaret Williamson, Jean Begon, Katherine Muir, Iris Wilkins. Klondike Nite, May 1951.



Parents - John & Margit Hutchinson.



Dorothy Huston, Linnea, Marg Skelton, May Stevenson, Maxine Ash (patient).



From top, clockwise: Linnea, Willard, Jo-anne, Bruce, Sandee, Coral, Melodie Kreitz.



# KIRBY

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Father: Luke

Mother: Elizabeth

Children: Bettie, Luke, Sheila, Kathleen [Nikki], Noel, George

## MEMORIES

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Luke, our Dad was born January 21, 1895 in London Derry, Ireland. Elizabeth, our Mom was born June 10, 1896 in Bonnemaime, County Donegal, Ireland. Dad and Mom were married October 27, 1920 in Burt County, Donegal, Ireland and immigrated to Vancouver in November 1921. They had six children, Bettie, Luke, Sheila, Kathleen [Nikki], Noel and George.

After moving to Canada, Mom and Dad traveled between Calgary and Vancouver looking for work. In Vancouver, Dad up took the meat cutting trade, working for Burns Meat Co. In 1938 there was a job for a meat cutter in Hedley, so Dad traveled to Hedley, leaving Mom and us six children in Vancouver until he settled. While at Hedley Dad heard of a butcher position being available at Copper Mountain. On getting the position Dad was able to rent a company house. Mom and we six children arrived by train in Princeton, where Dad picked us up and drove up the winding gravel road to Copper Mountain. Our home was the first one in South Townsite, above the tennis courts. We were surprised to find we had running water but no in door plumbing so we had to go up the hill at the back to the outhouse. Needless to say with six children it didn't take long to install the plumbing.

The family was all very sports minded. The best part of school was PE and Sports Day. We would all participate in the track events, visiting Princeton and Hedley for school track meets. In the summer we would go down to the Similkameen River east of Princeton and camp, swim and fish. Then one summer Dad and Mom bought a small cabin at Tulameen near Otter Lake. They were great summers spent swimming, fishing, hiking and picking wild saskatoons. In the winter we would ski out the back door. The boys were all very good hockey players and curlers. As they grew older, Dad, Luke, Noel and George made up a team and won many a championship.

When in Tulameen, Dad met another Irishman named Billy Britton, an elderly bachelor, who had been in the area for many years. They had a lot in common and soon became very good friends. Dad and Billy became partners in the El Alamién Mine on the Tulameen River. It was a gold producing mine.

As Dad served on active duty during World War I, he was in charge of the Pacific Coast Militia Rangers [Home Guard] during the Second World War at Copper Mountain. He was also a very active member of the Legion. Dad also worked hard as a member of the community club arranging dances and activities for the young people.

Mom was kept busy looking after the family. She would knit sweaters and skirts for the girls to wear to school and was an avid gardener. She had a certificate from the London Conservatory of Music. She had a lovely voice and you could often hear her singing 'Ill Take You Home Again Kathleen' and 'Danny Boy' were the favourites we all loved to hear.

In 1944, we moved to the big house in South Townsite. One positive thing about living in a company town was that we all had jobs when we graduated from high school. The boys helped Dad in the Butcher Shop on weekends and holidays. He especially needed help at Christmas, when the turkeys needed cleaning and delivering. Later the boys went to the engineering and electrical departments. Bettie, Sheila and Nikki worked at Copper Mountain in the mine office or Post Office.

It was a great shock to the family when on September 24, 1955, Dad passed away in the Princeton Hospital from a heart attack. He was sixty years of age. On September 30, one week later, Mom passed away at the age of 59. They were both buried in the Legion plot in Princeton. For our family, Copper Mountain was a wonderful place to live.

Sarah Elizabeth [Bettie] Dobie was born January 1922 in Vancouver, the eldest child of Luke and Elizabeth. I [Bettie] attended Elementary and High School at Vancouver. I graduated from High School at Copper Mountain and went to work in the mine office. Later I became secretary to Alec Seaton.

The Blasters was the name of the Copper Mountain Hockey Team and I remember many a bus ride to Princeton and Blakeburn with the team to help cheer them on.

On VJ Day, 1945, I met Jim Dobie and we were married June 3, 1946 in the Princeton United Church. We lived in Allenby where Jim worked in the Drafting office. We moved to Maple Ridge in 1955. I was kept busy raising six children; Sharlene, Ronnie, Gary, Glen, Allan and Kathy. In July 1973 Jim passed away and I started working for Homemakers. I am now retired and enjoy spending my days at ball games and hockey arenas, watching my grandchildren play. The evenings are occupied playing bridge with friends. I enjoy spending the summer at the cottage at Tulameen.

Luke T. Kirby, the eldest son, second child of Elizabeth and Luke was born in Vancouver on October 3, 1926.

As a youth growing up at the Mountain, for the most part, was great. There were many sports one could participate in both summer and winter. These activities did require all-night flooding of the skating rink, maintaining backstops and ball fields and packing ski hills. On the other hand if you could work a swede saw or an axe, you soon learned, as there was the annual need in fall, to buck and split eight cords of wood for the winter.

As years passed, the company hired the older boys during the summer for odd jobs throughout the community. As we proved ourselves we became helpers in the machine shop, carpenter shop, and swamping on the truck. Four of us were proud of ourselves when we were finally able to shovel a CPR boxcar of coal into the heating plant at the crusher in one shift.

The fruit season in Penticton would draw all the older girls from the Mountain to work either in the packinghouses or as pickers. This continued through high school and was sure hard on the boys left at home.

In 1944, my birthday, I joined the Army in Vancouver, Trained in Saskatoon, Dundurn and Hamilton. In late 1945, I returned to Copper Mountain following demobilizations and final discharge on October 3, 1945. Employment was obtained with the Granby Company. My training in the Army helped me to receive placement in the engineering department. Over the



next eleven years, through managers, W.I. Nelson, R. Douglas, Jack Ross and Doug Pringle, every opportunity for training and promotions was available. During my time in this department or the geological department, Harry Day, August Olsen, Allen Byer, Don Ashe, Des Ashe and Noel Kirby joined the department following their schooling at the Mountain.

On March 9, 1946, Frances Chase and I were married. She is the youngest daughter of Frank and Hilda Chase. I had courted her for many of our school years. Over the ensuing years, we were blessed with three children, Luke, Terry and Colleen. During our married life, my interest in First Aid and mine rescue placed me on a Mine Rescue team that competed in many competitions throughout the province. Our greatest achievement was winning the shield from the coal mining team in Cumberland, the first time the shield had ever left Vancouver Island.

Curling became our main activity during the winter with Frances becoming a great curler. Dad, Noel, George and I formed a family rink and curled together for many years. We had our share of wins.

Summers were filled with softball and baseball with games played throughout the Similkameen and South Okanagan Valley. Tulameen was still a great place for summer holidays and many great weekends. In the latter part of 1956, Frances and I with our young family moved to Stuart, BC as I had accepted a position with the Granduc Company. In 1957 Frances returned to Vancouver where Frances took up hairdressing.

On the closure of Granduc I was contracted to do field work for Granby in the Gulf Islands and Merritt area. In 1959 I joined the Bethlehem Copper Corporation in the Highland Valley. On completion of the exploration program at Bethlehem, employment was obtained at Britannia Mines.

In 1960, Frances and I divorced. On July 1, 1961, I received an offer to return to Bethlehem Copper which I accepted. While at Britannia, a friend from Princeton, Jack McIntosh and his wife Alma, were also residents of Britannia. Alma's sister often visited them from Vancouver. This is where I met Irene Hill who I would later marry and we would take up residence in the Highland Valley. In June 1962 we became proud parents of Mark who was born in Ashcroft. In 1973 we moved to Kamloops where Irene was able to follow her profession as a Psychiatric Nurse at Tranquille Hospital.

In 1977 I left Bethlehem and Irene left Tranquille to venture to Penticton where we purchased a facility for the intellectually challenged. In 1986 after building our home, we sold the Lodge and retired. We enjoy the summers in Penticton and spend winters in the Palm Springs area. All the children have married and have families of their own.

Third child, Sheila Joy Young was born in Vancouver on December 1, 1927. I [Sheila] attended General Gordon School in Vancouver. On moving to Copper Mountain, the teachers I remember were Miss Dean Freeman and Mr Wier, then, I enjoyed mathematics taught by Byron Straight. Mom and Dad would have the teachers visit our home for Sunday dinners. We used to hike down the trail behind the store and cross the river on a swing bridge to the Old Red Buck Mine.

In the fall of 1945, I went to work in the Mine office in the payroll department with Frank Mahoney. In late 1948 I contacted Tuberculosis and spent six months in Tranquille from February until August of 1949.

At the New Year's Ball in 1945, I was wearing my first long gown when I met Jack Young from Princeton. He was playing drums in the Frank Mahoney Sr. Band. Reverend John Goodfellow married us in the United Church in Princeton on October 27, 1950. Jack had built our new home in Upper Red Eagle.

We had four children, Earl, Jim, Linda and Lori. We left Copper Mountain in 1953 and moved to Honeymoon Bay on Vancouver Island, then to Surrey. I went back to college at Kwantlen College as an Admission Officer. I retired in 1987.

We now live in Mission, BC and enjoy spending our summer at Tulameen with the family.

Fourth child, Kathleen [Nikki] Noreen Chisolm was born in Vancouver on December 6, 1929. I [Nikki] attended General Gordon School in Vancouver until grade three when we moved to Copper Mountain. I graduated from high school in 1948 the top of my class, [the only grade twelve student that year]. I worked in the Post Office and the Mine Office.

On May 22, 1952, I married Alex Chisolm. Alex had worked at Copper Mountain for four years. He worked at various jobs and eventually ended up working in the electrical department. We both quit our jobs and spent our honeymoon traveling to Medicine Hat, which was to become our new home. Alex continued working in the electrical trade and eventually started his own business.

We have six children, Sharon, Heather, Colin, Kirby, Velvet and Shane. There are fourteen grandchildren. Alex passed away on October 1, 1996. I continue to live in Medicine Hat where all my family resides.

Fifth child, Noel James Kirby, was born in Calgary, Alberta on December 28, 1931. I [Noel] resided in Copper Mountain from 1938 to 1957. During this time I started and finished school, worked at numerous jobs with Granby Mining Co., was married, started a family and participated in many community activities. I worked in the engineering department, surveying and drafting. Considerable time was spent traveling in BC on exploration properties. During this time the company owned their own amphibian plane. Because of my interest in mine rescue, safety and first aid, I was promoted to safety director over the concentrator, power plant and foundry. As an active member of the mine rescue teams, I competed in various competitions, including the provincial and later the Canadian meets in Yellowknife.

Hockey and curling were my favourite sports. I enjoyed skiing, track and the outdoors. My dad and two brothers curled together and were strong competitors in bonspiels throughout BC.

I married Lorraine Anderson in 1954. We had been childhood sweethearts during our school years and graduated in 1950 with only four students in the class.

After the mine closed we moved to Grand Forks for three months, then to Hope, BC. Our house in Hope was the first house moved from Copper Mountain. It was bought from the Granby Co. for one dollar plus moving expenses. The company paid for a new roof as the original roof blew off on the Princeton Highway.

There were other unusual happenings, such as the time Mother was throwing out a dishpan of water when a flyrock from a blast nearby workings struck the dishpan. Another time, a few years later, Lorraine's folks had a blasted rock come through the roof of their house into the kitchen

and chip the refrigerator. Fortunately there were no serious injuries.

Lorraine and I now reside in Kamloops. We have four children, Diane, Keith, Debbie and Jim who were raised in various communities; Grand Forks, Hope, Granisle and Kamloops.

I continued to work for the Granby Mining Company, until the Noranda Group purchased it in 1980.

Sixth child George F. Kirby was born in Calgary in 1933, the youngest child of Luke and Elizabeth. I [George] arrived at Copper Mountain at the age of four with my family, as Dad was to be the butcher at the company store. I completed my schooling at Copper Mountain, graduating from grade twelve in a class of one. Being the only graduate did not deter the fine people responsible for our schooling from presenting me with full graduating ceremonies and dance.

During my school years I was active in sports, as were most youngsters at that time. It was while participating in sports I have my most memorable times. We had played basketball in Keremeos and on the return home, the bus broke down on Wolf Creek Hill, resulting in having to walk the six miles home in winter, in the middle of the night. This reminds me of another sport all those living on the 'hill' participated in, the riding of car's rear bumpers up Wolf Creek Hill. The sleigh rides down 3170 hill on the sled that my brother Luke and Don McLean built, which could hold up to twenty kids, was always exciting. I still don't know if the ride down warranted the long walk back up. In the summer, we actually climbed down and back up that mountain just to have a swim in the river on a hot summer's day. I know definitely that the swim did not warrant the climb back up the mountain.

While still in school, I started earning my way working as a swamper, delivering groceries after school and on Saturdays. Later I was to work with Dad in the Butcher Shop. Upon my graduation I started with Bill Miller in the electrical shop. It was in the electrical trade that I would make my life's career. After leaving Copper Mountain, I worked in Granby's Power Plant in Princeton.

It was while working at the power plant that I married Shirley Burr, the daughter of Jean and Ted Burr of Princeton. We have two daughters, Sandra and Connie, both now married with families of their own. I completed my apprenticeship in the electrical trade while with Gould Electric in Princeton. Upon leaving Goulds, we spent time in the Highland Valley prior to the mine being established, then to Victoria and then to Craigmont Mines in Merritt, moving to Kamloops in 1977 to work as electrical supervisor with Afton Mines. I retired from Afton in 1990 and Shirley and I now reside on the banks of the South Thompson River east of Kamloops. It is a much easier climb now to go for a swim on a hot summer's day.



The Kirby family. George and Shirley, Luke and Babe, Bettie and Jim, Jack and Sheila, Lorraine and Noel, Nikki and Alex, Mr and Mrs Kirby in middle, grandchildren in front.



Noel and George Kirby, Allan Byer, Luke Kirby



Elizabeth with George and Noel



George, Luke, Noel



Luke and Elizabeth Kirby



# KNOWLES

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Father's Name: Tom

Mother's Name: Laina

Other Members: Robert, Grant & John

Father's Occupation: Crusher, Steam engineer, & Labour Relations

Address: Upper Red Eagle

Length of Stay at Copper Mountain: September 1948 to 1958.

## MEMORIES:

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I started work at the crusher on the ore bins at the CNR loading platforms. Ed Salmon was a great

boss of this operation and was well liked by all his men. Selmer Romo was the foreman and Norman Larson was my immediate shift boss. These men were all good fellows to work for. I obtained my Steam Engineer's Certificate at the crusher and then went to work at the main steam plant at the main steam plant at the townsite. This plant supplied steam heat to the main company buildings at the townsite which included the office, store, mess house, bunkhouses, compressor building and some houses. In the winter the townsite had speed bumps as wherever the underground steam lines crossed the roads a deep depression was left in the hard packed snow and thus we never had a problem with speeding vehicles.

We were all members of the Mine, Mill & Smelters Union. I took an active part and eventually ended up as president of the Copper Mountain Miners Union. George [Scotty] Anderson was the local Business Agent of the union and was a great mentor and teacher to me during this period.

In 1955 the company decided they needed someone with labour relations experience to handle a department of labour relations. They hired me for the job. Granby had several mines at that time; Phoenix, Granduc, Western Nickel, Grand Isle, etc. This job was very interesting and I enjoyed it very much. I had great respect working for and with me such as Larry Postil, Jack Ross, Don Pringle, Bill Miller, Jack Crowhurst, Roy Lambert, Joe Stitt, Harvey Parliament, Albert Wells, Bert Jamieson, Les & Dick Archibald, and Tommy Archibald, son of Les & Mary and many others.

Our family has fond memories of Copper Mountain and the many, many friends and good people there. We consider our time with Granby and its employees some of the very best in our working life.

### by Laina Knowles:

The 'mountain' was going full speed ahead after the war years. Tom like a lot of returned soldiers, found work there. As we didn't yet have a car of our own, I and our two boys arrived in the moving van to the house Tom had bought in Upper Red Eagle. There at the mountain we

spent ten happy years, made many good friends and had many a good time.

We moved a couple of times, first to Harry and Irma Keat's house. It was close to the Glory Hole and every time a blast went off the dishes slid out of the cupboard and pictures always hung crooked and our two dogs howled their heads off until the whistle stopped blowing. We had great planks in the attic in case some rocks came through the roof. We spent our last couple of years in the Kirby house in South Townsite next to Les & Mary Archibald. We were the last ones living there when the mine closed. It was eery and scary. Night after night we heard cars slowly cruising by, no lights on, and people talking. I was glad we had the dogs. The scavengers were moving in!

If you had trouble or needed help it was always there. Like the time Robert and Grant went hiking. They were always hiking in the bush. This time they went down to the river and figured they should check out the railway tracks and tunnels and trestles. Of course it wasn't long before they realized they were past the point of no return. They went into Princeton and I think they were found sleeping in someone's woodshed. A policeman brought them home. I gave them a bath and sent them to school. All night the whistles blew every fifteen minutes and there were people in and out of the house. They'd been out in the bush hunting for them. Even 70 year old Mr. Bamforth, the Post Master, knocked on the door at 3AM to report where he had been looking. Several women came over and sat with me.

We had doctors come up from Princeton twice a week. But we had our own Guradian Angel, Mrs. Yard the nurse, who was there all the time and would come any time of night or day. I can still remember her coming to check the two boys during the measles epidemic, Many children were very ill. I had just come home from the hospital with a new baby boy [Johnny]. She checked the two older ones and then she cuddled the baby and walked up and down saying, 'Oh don't let the baby get it. Please God, keep this baby safe'. She loved the little ones and for sure — we all loved her!

During the last months the Province paper sent a reporter to write a story about the death of a mining camp. We were all very angry and scandalized by her report. She made us out to be bums and drunks living in shacks and hovels. I happened to have the Legion Auxiliary books, so I totaled up how much money we had sent to various charities and how many pajamas and socks we'd sent to English orphanages, etc.

From Copper Mountain we moved to Allenby and lived in the top two floors of the old bunkhouse beside the old store. Bob and Lorraine Miller and their three children lived in the bottom floor. By this time we had a vehicle. Jean Lohman had taught me to drive going round and round on the old pit roads. We had many more good times and good friends. The Mountain and Allenbey were very good places to raise kids. They could ski, skate, hunt, fish, and hike all over. When we moved to Ashcroft many years later, the kids looked all around and said, "Where's the bush?."

We have moved around a lot since then. Spent four years in Nicaragua, Central America. It was sticky, steamy, stinking hot all the time. I never did get used to it but Tom loved it. Our living conditions were good and the people were friendly. I learned to speak Spanish. From there we went to Peru – 16,000 feet in the Andes – more friendly people – learned more Spanish. The temperature went from 32F to 82F every 12 hours. The altitude took some getting used to. From that high altitude to the sea coast of South Korea was our next and last move before moving to Kamloops. All very different, customs, cultures and costumes.



I can't believe where all I've been and all I've seen. It's been a wonderful and experience, but really the best and happiest were the Mountain years. I want to gather up the old gang and play rummy until 3AM. I want to slide another curling stone down the ice. Go bonspieling with three other gals out on a lark and order the most outlandish drink in the place and the bartender giving us one drink with four straws – 'Ladies, it's too early in the morning.' I want to go to the Tulameen cabin. I want to go to Keremeos and fill the car with fruit and tomatoes to can. I want to walk to the store and Post Office and ask for my mail every day. I want to live where I know everyone. I want to mutter at Carl Stenvold for once again filling my newly shoveled path with snow. I want to be able to go tom my neighbour for a cup of sugar and a cup of coffee and I wouldn't even mind if I had to pull porcupine quills out of the dog again. So many memories and happy years and we'll keep making more and more and look forward to new ones.

I think we are finally putting down permanent roots. Our moving anr traveling days are over. We have four grand and wonderful and joyful grandchildren. Also beyond counting many honorary grandchildren who call us gramma and grandpa. Our cup runneth over. So now a newer and slower pace – and we are enjoying it. So, so long, sayonara, farewell, cheerio, see you, keep in touch, come again, good luck, peace be with you, God speed and God bless you.



Mine rescue banquet in Hope 1958



Christmas at the Knowles' 1953. Back: Dave Ogren, Bill Melynchuck, Tony Bogner, Frank Bogner, unknown, Dick Horncastle. Front: Tom, Robert, Laina, Grant, John



Laina by school



Robert skiing Copper Mountain area 1957



The strip mine



Paul Planidin and class of 1957



Grant, Robert, John



Dorothy & Albert Wells,  
Elda & Pat Burns



Babe Kirby, Laina, Peggy & Margie McKinnon



John Hungle and Tom return from moose hunt



Robert being presented with ski trophy



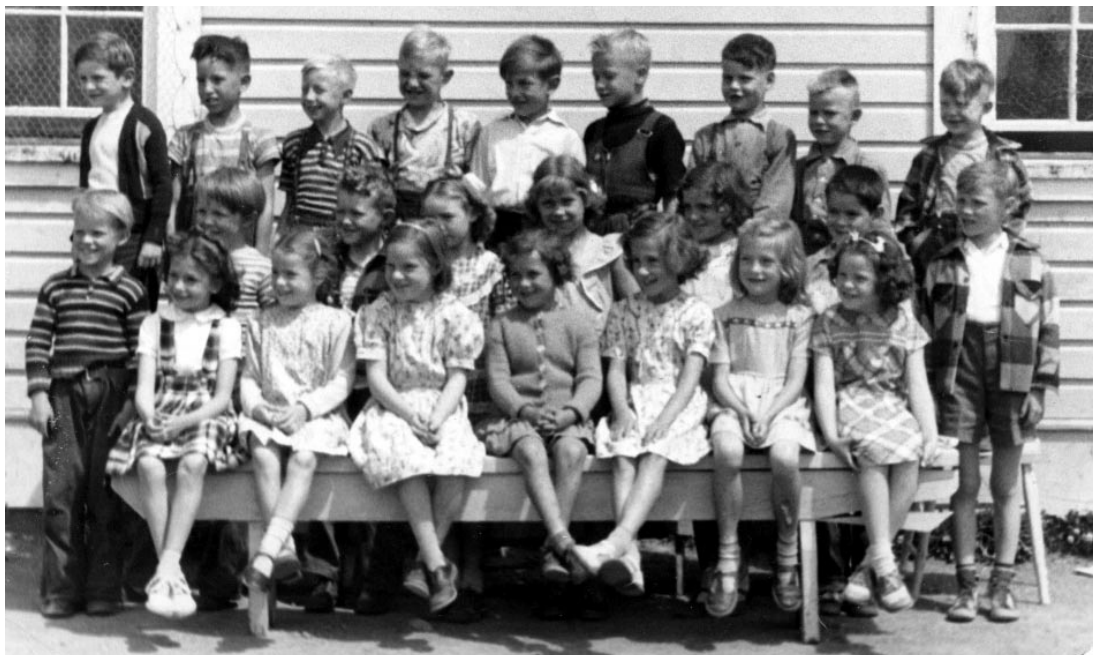
Beard growing contest 1950.  
Ralph McMillan,  
Johnny Duvall,  
Denny Parsons, Tom  
Knowles, Len Rash,  
Gordon Begon



Knowles residence - Upper Red Eagle - 1948-49  
First home, first winter



Picnic on the Hedley  
road



Class photo 1949 - Robert standing at right front

# KOOF TINOFF

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submitted by Peggy [Premorokoff] Koch, niece

Family Name: Koof tinoff  
Father's Name: James [Jim] Andrew  
Mother's Name: Anne  
Daughter's Name: Anita  
Grandmother's Name: Anastasia [Babushka] Koof tinoff  
Jim's Occupation: Worked at the Crusher and then Night Watchman  
Copper Mountain Address: 609 Logville  
Length of stay in Copper Mountain: Mid 1930's until the 1950's

## MEMORIES:

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**T**he Koof tinoff's moved to Copper Mountain shortly after the mine reopened. Uncle Jim [my mother, Polly Premorokoff's brother] came from Brandon, Manitoba. He came to find a job and a house. Auntie Annie and Anita followed shortly after.

The Koof tinoffs settled in Logville. Originally they had a three room house – kitchen, front room and one bedroom. When my grandmother, Anastasia Koof tinoff moved to Copper Mountain, Uncle Jim built another bedroom to accommodate her. The house was unique. The kitchen was lower than the rest of the house – a sunken kitchen – sort of. The outhouse was in the backyard. There was a woodshed with a small storage area out back. There was a fence around the entire property. The yard was always kept very neat – we didn't get to play in it very often – probably why it was so nice.

Auntie Annie had a very old washing machine. She had to pull a lever back and forth to make it agitate. It used to be fun for us to have a try but I'm sure it wasn't exciting for her.

Anita was like a sister to my sister Pearl and myself. We lived close by and spent a lot of time together. Anita came on holidays with us because her family never had a car. Pearl and Anita were born a month apart. Pearl was born in September and Anita in October. The cut-off date for enrolling in Grade one was September 30th, so, Pearl started school a year before Anita.

Babushka [our Grandma] came to live with Uncle Jim when we were all quite young. She was a beautiful Russian Grandmother who spoke very little English but understood it fairly well. She spent the day at our house with Mom and the nights at Uncle Jim's. She used to card wool, spin it and then knit it into socks. She would tell us Russian Fairy Tales. We couldn't understand her all the time but it was a special treat to snuggle up to her and listen. I was the only grandchild she ever spanked. I very nicely told her what she could do in Russian [funny how we picked up swear words so quickly] when I got into the Christmas candy. I think she was so shocked at what I said she gave me a good smack on the backside. Was I surprised, this was my beloved Babushka! The elevation at Copper Mountain was too high for her and she got frequent nosebleeds so she moved to Vancouver near my Uncle Fred. We missed her terribly.

Our two families always spent special days together. Christmas was at the Koof tinoff's and New Year's Day was always at our house. It was a good way of sharing the holidays. Us girls always

felt special when Uncle Jim would give us a small glass of wine or some apricot brandy in celebration of whatever special occasion it was.

Anita married Pete Markin while living in Copper Mountain. They had one son there and another son and daughter when they moved to the coast. Anita passed away shortly before her 40th birthday.

Uncle Jim and Auntie Annie moved to Allenby and then to Hedley after the mine closed. Uncle Jim bought the Hedley Motel.

When Auntie Annie died, Uncle Jim moved to Princeton. He passed away in 1985.



Ann Koofinoff with Anita and Peggy & Pearl Premorokoff



Anastasia Koofinoff, Babushka of Anita, Pearl & Peggy.



Anita & Pete Markin with son, Peter.



Ann & Jim Koofinoff with first grandson, Peter Markin (first birthday).





# MILLER

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submitted by KAREN (MILLER) COUSINS

Family Name: MILLER

Father's Name: WILLIAM (BILL)

Mother's First Name and maiden name: NADINE (DEANIE) WENERSTROM

Other Immediate family members: Sister MARY-LOU - Brother BILL JR

Father's Occupation: ELECTRICAL SUPERINTENDENT

Address: Lived in 3 different houses - last house was staff house above store (3rd from left)

Length of stay at Copper Mountain: 1942 (2 years old) to 1957 (16 years old)

## MEMORIES:

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**E**arly childhood: I was a second generation Copper Mountainite. My father and his family lived around Copper Mountain and Allenby for many years. Several members still live in the Princeton area. I was born in Princeton and lived in Allenby until age 2. We then moved to Copper Mountain and our first house was in South Townsite. Located above the Tennis Courts, it was the 3rd from the right. The people on the left were Negrins (they baby-sat us) while Macdonell and Olsens were to the right. Friends of the family named Muir lived at the far end. Katherine and Jack. They had a daughter Karen and son Gordon. The Olsens on the other end were an older couple who were like surrogate grandparents. She baked the finest cookies in all the land. After we moved out, the "Smith's" moved in (10 kids). The house was a three bedroom one and I used to wonder how they fit every one in. I believe they were there for the duration of their stay at Copper Mountain.

A promotion for my father meant a new house (much larger 4 bedroom), the last house in south townsite on the right hand side (until they build a new one for the Ross's). This house had a basement and a furnace (coal). I was 5 years old when we moved . When I started school it seemed like a VERY long walk. I remember several families who lived in this section; my aunts Jean (Dunsmore) and May (Savage), the Hutchinson's, the Dodd's, the MacMillan's, the Blaylock's, the Stevenson's (my godparents) and Heather and Jim McCulloch who had two very wicked Siamese cats who used to like to chase dogs. Last but not least next door, the Kirby's, a large Irish family whose children also used to baby-sit for us.

The last house we lived in was above the store (I believe they were called "Staff Houses") . We were the 3rd from the left (store side). These houses were "Steam Heated" again with 4 bedrooms and a "crawl space" type basement. I was 10 when we moved here. We were less than five minutes from

the School. Whoopee! I was always late for school. Thinking I had lots of time and always leaving at the last moment. Here, I remember almost all the families who lived in the six staff houses above the store. The Lawn's, the Ross's, the Farni's, the Corrigan's and the family at the end for whom I used to baby-sit.

School Life: We had no such thing as Kindergarten in those days. Grade one was a separate building that included the nurse's residence and office. Mrs. Yard was the (Doctor) town

nurse who treated you for everything from minor scrapes to major mishaps, and was always more than willing to make house calls. She instilled in me a great respect for the medical profession that lasted well into my twenties!! I believe my first grade teacher was Mrs. Kaverly. Some of my most vivid memories are of the smells. Erasers that smelled so good you had to taste them. Paints, pencil lead and chalk also still bring back memories. I also remember the walk to school, it seemed such a long way and always a bully or two to try to outrun.

At age seven, on to the next seven years in the BIG school house. I was very impressed with the many roomed (well laid out) building. The building was almost like a split level (built on a hill as was everything else) with a large open area in the middle of the classrooms that served as an assembly area. There were 2 grades to a class and as you moved up in grade you made progress to the top level. I believe the high school was closed when I entered grade two (1948?). It surely must have been crowded in there with all 11 grades. One of the many teachers I remember was Mrs. Chase. Probably one of the best teachers I ever met. She had a soft spot for all her students. Another excellent teacher was Mr. Planiden. We were his first ever class (grade 7's & 8's) and we surely put him to the test. I was the class clown in grade 8 and he was very patient and much kinder to me than he should have been. Many years later I met him in Port Coquitlam where he was a much respected and well-liked Principal of the High School. Our School grounds were right next to the Glory holes. I guess probably our parents put the fear into us, but only the bravest would venture passed the fences. If the softball was hit over, most often it would never be retrieved. We also had a wonderful, but scary sleigh riding hill next to the school. I seem to recall that this road was a shortcut to Logville. Very steep!

Grades 9 and 10 of course were years of riding the school bus to Princeton. Bus driver, Mr. Frazer, was pretty tolerant of the rowdy bunch he drove twice a day for 2-3 hours. He was pretty good too at spotting someone (late) running beside the bus. We also had the privilege of using this bus to go to school dances in Princeton on Friday nights. Remember fighting for the back seat so you could neck undisturbed with your boyfriend!

Games Pranks and other fun\sports and hobbies: We spent very little time indoors, even though the temperature could at times be quite cold. In early childhood we built forts and played a lot of "let's pretend". Perhaps because we were a mining town we were also lucky because we were provided with a ski hill, community hall, and skating rink. The ski hill was located at the far end of south townsite, two steps from our second house. Naturally, one of my first Christmas presents after moving there was a pair of skis. When you live on a mountain you also have access to a lot of sledding. In the summer there was a dangerous but much fun tree swing at the bottom of the ski

hill. If you were careful (or chicken) like me you were OK. However, I remember many a young showoff with ensuing broken bones.

As we got older (and more sophisticated) we played a lot of games that kids nowadays have only heard of; games such as kick the can, red rover, and rounder (softball where 3 people are up and you stay till your put out then move ahead one position). Our last house was 2 steps from the skating rink. We spent a lot of time in the winter either skating or socializing in the "girl's room". These change rooms always had a pot belly stove going full blast. Who looked after them - I can't remember. In summer we used the skating rink to play touch football (at least our version of it). I also remember watching the Hockey games at the Rink - between Copper Mountain and Princeton.

Yes, we actually had stands in that rink. I spent a fair amount of time in the curling rink. Although I was too young to curl, it was fun to watch our parents and the pot belly stove was always a place to warm up.

I don't remember that I was very often bored - there was always something to do, either alone or with your friends.

Friends, lovers and characters: When we lived at the far end of south townsite I remember a Chinese gentleman in the summer would come up from Princeton with a horse drawn wagon load of fresh vegetables. My best friend at the time was Doris Jean Macmillan and I remember how sad I was when she moved away. I became friends with Diane Parsons and she moved away leaving me for a while without a "best friend". As I moved into the teenage years we began to hang around in groups. I became close friends with Diane Brown (Dolly Ash's sister). We did everything together. We kept in touch for several years. Other members of our group, to name just a few, were Fay Archibald, Darlene Partridge, Russel Sochan, Mike Hanshire, and Earl Sharp (who wrote to me for a while after he joined the Navy).

Community events: I remember May Day celebrations and the May Pole. I believe this tradition ended around 1950. Labor Day was a great celebration, with sports, games and lots of food. I remember that I was always very proud of my mother - she would win the ladies 100 yard dash every year. I can still taste the hot dogs! Halloween was another great time. We always had a costume party and contest at the community hall. Our biggest thrill on Halloween was to see how many outhouses we could tip over (probably the most wicked thing we did all year). We would cover as much of the townsite as possible with our trick or treating. Another event I remember well was the Amateur nights. An event where the town's many talented people would treat us, and of course there were always prizes. Some of the performances I remember were the Smith Family's (all ten of them) rendition of "Slap her Down Again Pa". The littlest one got to slap a shoe on the floor for sound effects. Dolly Ash had a beautiful singing voice and my mother played the piano for Stevie Stevenson when he sang "Cool, Cool Water." Bonspiels (all nighters) were fun mostly because your parents were conspicuously absent for two days, leaving you pretty much on your own to do as you pleased. Adults enjoyed their dances, but our dances were just as much fun. Only grades 7 and up were allowed in and many of the Princeton kids would show up. As a matter of fact, the first time I went out with the fellow I ended up marrying, was at one of these dances. I also remember savoring the fact that I could go and my sister couldn't (I was in grade 7 and my sister in grade 6), at least for one whole year.

Our community hall was one well-used building. In the winter at a large Christmas party, "Santa" would bring presents for all the kids. Brownies and cubs were held in this hall. My mother taught Pro-rec (a form of gymnastics) and I remember going with her. Hosting basketball, dances, shows and community events with a library in the basement, our community hall was an important part of our town. It was almost always open and something going on.

There was a smaller meeting hall at the base of the hill where I remember attending Girl Guides. I believe that this is where clubs would hold meetings and smaller groups could party (it also had a kitchen). The school, the community hall, the nurse's office, and the curling rink, all within a few steps of each other, were the social hub our town.

Just below this was the work place, the mine site with mill, electrical and mechanical shops. When I think back, it amazes me that as children we were allowed to wander through this area.

As long as you didn't cause trouble you could shortcut through it any time.

The third center of activity was the business area. A street, (maybe one block) that held a Grocery store, post office, small cafe, staff bunk house, pool hall, mess hall and butcher shop (run for many years by Mr. Kirby). Most teenagers have a "hangout. I guess if we had one it was the mess hall. You could get a large order of fries and float for .25 cents. We were allowed to sit and socialize for as long as we wanted (except at meal times).

Special family occasions: Our family Spent Christmas' at my grandma's and summers on the lake, but when I think of special family occasions, I think of all the things we did together in our close knit little community. Life never was nor ever will be a bed of roses, and there were bad times along with the good. Living in a small community means almost everyone knows almost everyone else's business. Some people don't like this, but it also means that in bad times, you have one very large extended family. When Copper Mountain closed down, my family moved to Allenby. I was there for 2 years then married and moved on. Over the course of the next 20 years I made something like 25 moves (my husband's job). I was never able to put down "roots". I have been in Kamloops now for almost 25 years, and although this now really feels like home, it's certainly not your "close knit little town".

We had one of the only phones in town - only because my father was one of the first to be called in emergencies (mine rescue, electrical outages, etc.). Looking back, I believe we had something very unique at Copper Mountain. We were more than a close knit community. Technology was such that we were often insulated against some of the outside world's atrocities (especially as children). No television, no phones, no Internet. Radio and the occasional visitor were our contact with the world at large. Furthermore there was little discrimination. Everyone had a job. People for the most part, dressed, talked and looked like us. Perhaps the only discrimination was your father's occupation. As a child, I remember that Logville seemed to be separated somehow. A distance from the rest of the townsite and without running water or electricity. Perhaps we felt a little smug with our electricity, running water and steam heated homes, but when I typed my fathers Copper Mountain memoirs for him, I learned that he spent part of his childhood in Logville. Lesson learned - the other side of the tracks is where we all live!



Miller family - Christmas 1952  
Mary-Lou, Karen, Bill Sr, Bill Jr,  
Deanie



May Day parade 1949.  
left to right - unknown, - Rash, Diane Parsons, Karen Miller,  
Mary-Lou Miller



Karen & Mary-Lou 1950



# PORTMAN

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Submitted by: Millie Portman

Father: Jack

Mother: Millie

Children: Joan Marion, Margaret Ruth

Time of stay in Copper Mountain – 1943 – 1956

## MEMORIES:

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Jack got work at Copper Mountain in February 1943. I wasn't very impressed with the place when I arrived in April with Joan by bus from Kelowna. I had been told that the snow was all gone. I was dressed for spring. I was in a terrible mood!! Jack took Joan and Ted Christie took my suitcase and they left me trudging up the road alone. It was night time and all I could see was all these shacks on both sides of the road. Things didn't look so bad the next morning. The Luxtons and McCallums lived across the road from us.

Our first house was in Lower Red Eagle. We had no electricity but did have a small pump in the kitchen. We all had outside toilets. Our next home was a big house in Central Townsite. We lived next door to the Arthurs, he was the policeman at that time. Then we heard that Ernie and Marg Jorgenson were selling their house in Logville and moving to Vancouver. So Jack and I bought their place. It was a beautiful log house and we loved it. There were lots of kids for Joan to play with. Bill & Polly Premorokoff lived next door with their two girls, Pearl and Peggy. Down the road were the Koftinoffs, Thompsons, and Bill & Anne Birdenie. Our first and lasting friends were Norman and Genevieve Larsen and their son Larry and also Roland. I have some great pictures of the kids playing house with Joan. In the house in Logville we had a water pump at the kitchen sink. There was a large back room for washing and storage. We were also lucky enough to have a chemical toilet!

There was a public 'water hole' where everyone packed wash water and bath water, etc. We hauled it with sleighs or wagons. We loaned our electric washing machine to Gertie and Jim McKinnon who lived near the mine buildings. I used to go over from Logville with my washing and Joan on a sleigh right over the Glory Hole. There were warning signs but no one seemed to pay any attention to them.

Before I had moved to the Mountain, I had seen the movie 'How Green Was My Valley', where when a siren blew it meant there had been an accident in the coal mine. So when the siren blew down on 3170, I got a terrible fear and ran out into the street thinking there was an accident in the mine. No one else was outside which I thought was strange until Jack explained that it was a warning of a blast and you were to stay inside your house because of possible flying rocks.

When we moved to Copper Mountain, we brought our Springer Spaniel dog with us. He was a wonderful dog. He followed Joan everywhere. He never took his eyes off her and if we missed Joan for a few minutes, we just had to look for Pat and there was Joan. Later on we raised Chesapeake dogs.

World War II was coming to an end. I was in the Princeton Hospital awaiting the birth of our second child. We got word that my only brother was in Germany and was missing in action and presumed dead. My Mom and Pop were visiting me in the hospital when Bill Gourley from Copper Mountain phoned down to the hospital and told us that my brother was wounded and in hospital. My Mom and Pop thought Bill Gourley was very kind and considerate to phone. The war ended on May 6th. Marg didn't come along until May 23rd – Jack's and my 5th Wedding Anniversary.

There was baseball, softball, hockey and curling. Twice a week there were movies at the Community Hall. On Sundays a lot of the kids went to Sunday School at the Hale's house.

There was a Strike at the mine. I can't remember too much about it. When the strike was over we bought a small house in Lower Red Eagle. It was a two-roomed house with a pantry and cellar. I don't remember where we got it but we got another two-roomed house and with the help of Mr. Campbell [Pop], they put the two houses together. They took both roofs off and made one roof over both. Later we got a rolled rock siding and covered it. We thought it looked nice.

On holidays, like Labour Day or the end of school etc, the whole community got together for a giant Sports Day. When any of the girls were married or anybody leaving the mountain, every one got together for showers or going away gifts.

A lot of Copper Mountain people had property at Tulameen and built summer cabins. My parents from Westwold spent a lot of time with us at Tulameen. One year we got some lumber and my Pop built a nice verandah around two sides of the cabin. Our Legion always held a wonderful Sports Day at Tulameen. We had parties and poker parties. Our favourite watering hole was at the Coalmont Hotel. Jerry and Lizzie Brown owned it. They were a wonderful couple. They had a son, David.

Jack spent two seasons at Granduc working for the Granby Company.

Jack had his hunting every fall. Once Tuffy Corsi and Jack allowed Ann and I to go with them. Alec Pectin came, too. Ann and I were in charge of getting the food. They didn't give us much time and I, by accident, picked up coffee beans instead of ground coffee! We had to go out to Aspen Grove for a cup of coffee the next morning. I certainly was quite popular for awhile! It rained all the time we were there. But it was fun! We also had many fishing trips to Salmon Lake in the Douglas Lake country.

We had a curling rink and those were the days when we prayed for cold weather as we only had natural ice.

There was a huge tree on the hill across from the store and café and pool hall. The electric crew from the mine decorated it for the Christmas season. It was beautiful. Any one having a picture of the tree in its full regalia, could they please send us a copy as no one seems to have taken a picture.

The girls had Brownies and Guides. There were lots of kids in Lower Red Eagle. Mearns lived next door. Davidsons lived across the road. Craigies, May & Dan Howe, Archibalds, Storehaws, Moffats, Ronnie Crawford and Schells also lived down the road.



My Mom had a heart attack in June 1956 and passed away. I was devastated so that was when we moved.

When we left the Mountain we moved to Westsyde in Kamloops. We joined a Rock Club and became Rockhounds, so we mined a much more interesting way.

Jack passed away in 1978 and our daughter, Marg in 1996. Joan lives in Vernon.

Now there is over a dozen of us ex-Copper Mountainites who meet once a month for lunch and to catch up on everyone's news. We just love it.



Jack and Millie hitchhiking





Copper Mountain ball team. back row: Stan Cieslikowski, Bill Gorley, Bunny Barabash, Noel Paul, Luke Kirby, Tom ?. front row: Adam Barabash, Vic ?, John Duvall, Otto Barabash, Jack Portman, ?, Roy Lambert



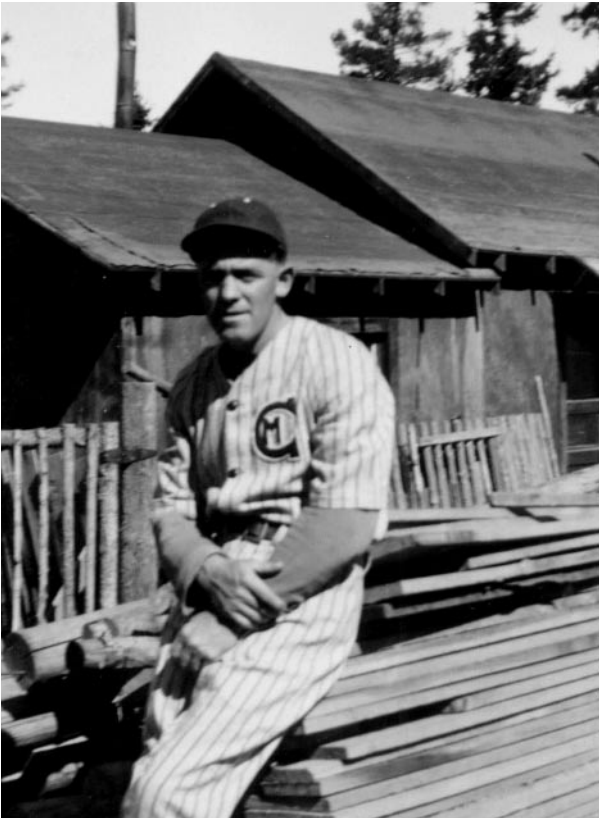
Gertie Wright, Pearl Premorokoff, Marie Wright, Anita Koofinoff, Rickie Schmidt, Joan Portman, Peggy Premorokoff



Joan shovelling snow



House in lower Red Eagle



Jack 1947



Joan and Margie



Margie, Joan, Millie



Margie, Pearl Premorokoff, Joan



Jack, Millie, little Joan



Margie, Joan



Margie, Joan and catch from  
Salmon Lake



Larry Larsen and Joan with cat



Al Dunsmore and Jack



The Blunder house at Tulameen



Mine strike of 1946.



Millie's family.  
Joan center front row, Millie on her right.



# PREMOROKOFF

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Submitted by Peggy [Premorokoff] Koch and Pearl [Premorokoff] Bostock

Immediate Family Members:

1. William [Bill] Premorokoff
2. Polly A. [Kooftinoff] Premorokoff
3. Pearl Jean Premorokoff
4. Margaret [Peggy] Premorokoff

Bill's Occupation: machinist

Polly's Occupation: Housewife

Pearl's Occupation: Store clerk and engineering office clerk

Peggy's Occupation: Theatre ticket seller, butcher shop and store clerk

Copper Mountain address: 607 Logville

Length of stay at Copper Mountain: Polly & Bill 1940 - 1957, Pearl - 1940 - 1954,

Peggy - 1940 - 1956

## MEMORIES

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**T**he Premorokoffs came to Copper Mountain from Brandon, Manitoba in 1940. Bill came a year earlier to find a job, house and arrange for the arrival of the rest of the family.

Bill purchased a log house in Logville where they lived until they left Copper Mountain. It was a four room house with a big back porch and a small screened porch in front. There was a root cellar dug under the floor of the back porch and an attic the size of the main house. Mom washed clothes, canned etc. in the back porch that was heated in the winter. On a cold winter day, the attic was a cozy place to go and look through boxes of old toys and papers. There was a trunk up there that held old pictures and clothes that had come with the family from Brandon - a real treasure chest. The house was heated by a wood and coal stove that was used to cook on. The stove had a reservoir on the side that kept the water at just the right temperature to wash. Water had to be packed from the water hole and heated in a copper double boiler before the clothes could be washed. Rain water that had been caught in a barrel was used when it was available. The house was very comfortable even though Mom and Dad had to work so hard to get everyday chores done.

**BILL:** Dad was a machinist at the machine shop. By choice he worked the afternoon shift for many years.

He loved to fish, and would spend hours at Tulameen rowing a boat and fishing or fishing in the streams and rivers around Princeton. Although he liked catching fish, he didn't like eating them.

After the war the family purchased an Austin. Was he proud of that car! It was 'black maroon' - black in the shade and maroon in the sunlight. He loved the confusion the colour caused and the bets people made on what the real colour was. He built a little log garage for it and lined it with cardboard on which he recorded the mileage after each trip [much to Pearl's chagrin until

she learned to disconnect the speedometer cable whenever she took the car out]. He kept that car so clean, the shine of the paint started to wear off. When he traded it in on a brand new shiny red Volvo [the fifth to be sold in BC] he was so scared he'd do the same to it that he used a nanette brush with great care.

One of Dad's proudest moments was when Scottie Thomson's Morris broke down at Voight's Camp. He asked Dad to help him bring the car home. Well Dad towed that car with his Austin right down the main street of Copper Mountain past the Pool Hall and right up the store hill for all to see. Dad's chest just puffed right up and Scottie was just a-cursing all the way.

Dad loved to smoke cigars and a pipe. He never smoked them inside the house. The sweet fragrance of his pipe - Sail tobacco - was really quite pleasant. The smell seemed specially nice on a very cold crisp day.

Dad had very big thick fingers but he could do the smallest tasks. He had no trouble tying a fly on his fishing line or putting the tiniest of pieces together to fix a watch.

Dad was a hard worker. Many hours were spent cutting wood for the winter. He was very creative and tried to make life easier for all of us. He built a chemical toilet in the back porch. He also made a drain for the household water. He carried water from the water hole with a yoke on his back - this allowed him to carry two buckets at a time.

Dad was transferred to Allenby when the mine closed down and then to Phoenix [outside Grand Forks] in 1966. They lived there until Bill passed away in September of 1971.

POLLY: Mom took an active part in the community. She belonged to the Red Cross and helped by rolling bandages, quilting and knitting socks. She joined the PTA. She also helped out at the bridal and baby showers.

Mom canned every kind of fruit she possibly could. Being from the prairies where fresh fruit was not plentiful, she thought she had died and gone to heaven when people would bring their fruit from the Okanagan 'door-to-door'. Our root cellar was full of canned fruit. Mom loved to pick the fruit herself. Dad hated it. She loved picking strawberries and always conned us into picking too. She would say 'Look how big and juicy this berry is'. We would look and taste and she'd have us hooked.

Mom loved flowers. She had sweet peas and nasturtiums growing out front of the house. There were hops that grew up the front, too. The hops served two purposes. They gave the porch shade and also stopped some of the dust from coming inside. Dad and her had a little vegetable garden out back. They had lettuce, carrots and radishes. Rain water caught in a barrel was often used to water the plants.

Since we had no electricity for such a long time. Mom had a gas washing machine and a gas iron. We also had coal oil lamps. I was always terrified of these appliances as I had started a terrible fire on our back porch by lighting a candle and setting it down by some gas. My Grandmother picked the bowl of flames up and threw it outside. Some men came and threw sand on the fire in the back porch. Grandma burned her hands so badly she could not feed herself. Mom also burned the curtains in the back porch. To this day I'm frightened when a gas lamp is lit.

Around 1950, electricity came to Logville just before Christmas. It was such a big event. That

Christmas was so wonderful! We had lights on the Christmas tree, we could read in bed for hours, we got an electric toaster, fridge, mix master, clock and waffle iron. That was the slowest waffle iron. It took 25 minutes to cook each waffle. Mom was so excited about it but Dad couldn't stand it - wanting breakfast 'right now' and being a real pancake man - he gave Mom a bad time about it. So, she started having a friend over, usually Kay Stieb. They would start around ten in the morning, cook the waffle, wait, talk, wait and have a great visit. It could take ALL day. Mom could 'have her waffle and eat it, too'.

.Mom was a beautiful knitter. When Grandma Koofinoff lived with Uncle Jim, she would spin her own wool and she and Mom would knit socks with the yarn. She knit sweaters for Pearl and me as well as items [baby outfits and bed jackets] to sell through Doerflinger's Store. She also loved to crochet but knitting was her favourite passtime. When we were young she sewed clothes for Pearl and I on a [it was old even then] treddle Singer Sewing Machine.

After a rainy day, Violet Nelson and I would go to the old pigpen site to pick shaggy mane mushrooms. We would pick big paper bags full and take them home to our moms. Mom would fry the mushrooms in butter. She would put a clean dime in the pan as well. She claimed if the mushrooms were poisonous the dime would turn black. She said she never saw it happen but then again we never got sick. Dad claimed he would see spiders all over the walls after eating them though.

In 1954, Mom was diagnosed with a very rare skin disease called Pemphigus. She was put on a new drug at that time called cortisone. She had to take the medication the rest of her days, [31 years] it saved her life. She had to take many other forms of medication to counter act the side effects of the cortisone. They called her 'Mrs. Pill' at the drugstore.

Mom was a gracious hostess, very alert on how every guest was making out at meal-time. The first time I brought Dave [now my husband] home for dinner she was at her best. Everytime Dave looked like he was almost finished eating, Mom would offer him more food. He didn't want to hurt her feelings so he took more. We were going out after dinner and Dave upchucked his supper right outside our fence [good thing there was snow and we could cover it up]. I almost choked I laughed so hard. Mom calmed down - just a little after that.

Mom had two clothes lines out back that she would use all year round. In the winter when the temperature would be below zero, the clothes would freeze stiff as cardboard. The best to see were Dad's long-johns, straight and stiff being pulled in. Mom would bring the stiff clothes in and hang them on the line in the back porch. What a wonderful fresh smell they had! Nothing added to today's detergents or fabric softeners could match that smell.

When Dad died, Dave built a suite for her at our house in Kamloops and she lived with us until she passed away on her 75th birthday on September 29,1985.

PEARL: See 'Bostock' write-up

PEGGY: I was 1.5 years old when I moved to Copper Mountain. I went to the Copper Mountain school until the end of Grade 8 and then went by bus to Princeton High. I was a member of the first class to graduate from the Princeton High School along with Pat Gimbel, Pat Arnott, Mary Lou Archibald and Jim Soukeroff.

One of my favourite passtimes in the winter [besides scrounging around in the attic] was to sit

in the rocking chair, feet on the oven door reading a good book. It was so cosy!

First Aid was taught during the evenings at the Communiy Hall and it seemed like everyone took the course. After the first lesson, I came home and argued there were such things as weins and wessels. Dave Ogren - a Swede with a pronounced accent - was the instructor. Competing in teams of five in the First Aid competition was an exciting time. Not only did we compete but we won several times.

One Hallowe'en, my friend Shirley Stieb and I got a little over-zealous and went on a toilet tear. First we painted tar around the toilet seat at the Sikora's. Then we pushed Johnny [Bully] Zawrucha's toilet out onto the road. We had a great time but were a little sheepish when others got blamed.

Going to Princeton High was kind of exciting but we missed out on the sport's program that was so important at Copper Mountain. Sport practises were held after school and that meant trying to find a way home. Riding the school bus was a 'real experience'. The girls rode up front and the boys sat [played, fought etc.] in the back. I always sat with my friend Pat Gimbel. We would work on our homework, study, memorize poems, and sing. Austin Fraser was our bus driver - the best we could have had. He had such patience with us - a Great Guy!

My first job was working in the butcher shop with Mr. Kirby. I was so scared that first week. Mr. Kirby was really very patient and made me feel relaxed. One day he was looking all around for something and finally asked if I had seen the kidney he had put on the counter. Indeed I had and it had been ground up into the hamburger - my job. At the time I didn't understand why he snickered to himself all day.

The best part of going to Princeton for me was meeting Dave Koch. Dave lived in Allenby and went to school in Princeton. We started going together in Grade Eleven and were married on July 12, 1958. Dave joined Canadian Telephone & Supplies in Burnaby as an apprentice and worked for them for 4 1/2 years. After a big lay-off at the telephone company Dave took X-ray training at the Royal Columbian Hospital in New Westminster. After he graduated he took a position at the C.S. William's Clinic in Trail. In 1969, he became the manager of the x-ray department at the Royal Inland Hospital in Kamloops. He worked there until his retirement in 1994.

After graduating from high school, I attended UBC and became a teacher. The first year away from home was pretty traumatic for a girl from Copper Mountain moving to the big city of Vancouver. It was a real cultural shock and I was so homesick! When I came home at Christmas and saw the big tree by the community store with all the lights, I didn't think I'd ever want to leave the Mountain again. But leave I did. I taught in Surrey, Coquitlam, Trail and Kamloops until September of 1989 when I was diagnosed with rheumatoid arthritis and was unable to continue.

Dave and I still live in Kamloops where we enjoy fishing, golfing, traveling and now fifth-wheeling. We are avid hockey fans and support the Kamloops Blazers. We have two daughters, Dana and Colleen who were born in Trail.



Polly & Bill Premorokoff ready to go shopping in Penticton



Peggy & Dave Koch



First New Year's Eve Dance. Pat Arnott, Shirley Stieb, Peggy Premorokoff, Pat Gimbel



First Aid team: Pat Arnott, Peggy Premorokoff, Pat Gimbel, MaryLou Archibald, Shirley Stieb



Copper Mountain Grads of 1956. Pat Gimbel, Peggy Premorokoff, MaryLou Archibald, Pat Arnott, Jim Soukeroff, Mr. Arnott



Bill Premorokoff working underground on the skip



Pearl, Peggy and Anita - Storeshaw's house in background



Polly in front of our Logville house #607



Pearl and Peggy in outfits made by their mom Polly



Grade 1 or 2. Teacher: Mrs. Chase. Back row: Dale Stewart, Gordon Anderson, Freddie Boudreau, Garry Tappay, Jim Soukeroff, Melvin Buckmaster, Carl Bey, Richard Frances, Stanley Olafssen, Tommy Archibald, David Stewart. Middle row: Orville Gordon, Russell Stewart, Roger Hutchinson, Louise Murphy, Violet Nelson, Maxine Ash, Mary Pellick, Helen Wanke, Joey Nelson, Willie and Peter Pellick. Front row: Vera Vane, Florence Hale, MaryLou Archibald, Gloria Ryder, Carol Parsons, Mary Stewart, Beverly Ardel, Pat Arnott, Peggy Premorokoff, Lily and Paul Bey.





# THE SWEDBERG FAMILY

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Oscar and Agnes were married May 27, 1926 in Nelson, BC. They moved to Copper Mountain sometime in the mid forties with seven of their children, Betty, Carol, Jack, Dorothy, Helen, Joe and Larry. Steve and Cheryl were born in Copper Mountain.

Betty and Carol were both married in Copper Mountain.

When the mine was dismantled, some of it was sent to Granby, PQ. Oscar went there to assemble the new mine.





# THOMSON

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Father: William (Scotty)

Mother: Ida

Children: William (Bill), Shirley, Robert (Bob)

## MEMORIES

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**W**hat I remember? Of course starting to put this in writing I begin to think mostly of my own family and how we lived. I guess I have a love/hate relationship with the town.

I remember the winter skiing and sleigh riding, skating on rinks and ponds, curling rinks and dances and movies, school and basketball.

I remember summer baseball, tennis. Going to Tulameen, Penticton and Bromley Rock on dusty roads.

I remember spring, wild flowers, lady slippers, Johnny jump-ups, hiding overshoes on the way to school and trying not to get my shoes too muddy so I could put them back on, on the way home. Riding bikes through the mud puddles,, playing in the swamps and laying on the old logs watching the frogs and salamanders play with all the other swamp critters.

My years in Copper Mountain were approximately from 1936 – 1953, a long while ago. Since the town has not been there for many years it is hard to try in my mind to go back to how it was. Also since I have left I have not lived near anyone I know from CM so there have not been long gossip sessions on the subject. Most of my gabbing was with Mom and my brothers and of course my dad when he was still with us.

Things I didn't like were things that happened after I left. The mine closed soon after I left and there was no where to go HOME. Where are my roots? Dad went to Grand Duke and Mom ended up at a mine out of Hope working in the mess hall. I went there for a few days one summer while I was still in training. It wasn't my home. When I graduated from Nursing school, Dad was still in Grand Duke and couldn't come to my Grad. Mom was there but I missed him. By the time I was ready to get married they were living in Hope. To me there was nowhere to get married. Didn't most girls go home for that? So my family and friends that could, came to Victoria. To a hall (NOT the community hall) to celebrate. Over the years Mom & Dad made their home in Hope and we had many great times with all our family visiting and catching up with the News. It became almost like coming home.

It was during this time that I came to realize an awful thing. Now I was the stranger, the outsider wherever I went. I got to thinking about kids who came to CM when we were all in our own little world, not putting much effort into making them welcome. They just fitted in. I must say I probably missed a lot, as my kids say, I go around with my head in the sand half the time not knowing what goes on. (If they only knew I didn't miss as much about their goings on as they thought I did.) But maybe I was the same back then.

I remember living in Logville. No electricity, the LOG HOUSE our Dad built, outhouse in the

back yard, pump at the kitchen sink (a luxury). Most of our neighbours did not have a pump. They packed water from the Water Hole. They had buckets they could attach to wooden carved yokes. Mr. Premorokoff and Mr. Koofinoff were the ones I remember best. I remember Mom pumping water to heat on the wood stove so she could hand wash our clothes on a scrub board and hang them out to dry. In the winter they came in frozen and were finished up around the stove. I remember Mom trying to grow sweet peas and asters in poor soil and pumping water to keep them alive. I remember coming home from school on the day Mom baked bread, made cinnamon buns with raisins. The best ever. She would time them to be coming out of the oven when we got home from school. I remember going down to the root cellar to get eggs out of the water glass. What a slimy mess! We always had jars of home canned fruit, and jam etc. That is where we stored apples, potatoes and carrots.

I remember when the 2nd WW was over and we got new bicycles. Soon Mom got a gas washing machine. Talk about going up in the world! Mom still had to pump water, but her knuckles were not raw any more and the clothes just as clean. Dad had to cut a hole on the log wall so the exhaust pipe could go out. We always had to be sure it was not plugged with snow on the outside so we didn't get carbon monoxide poison on the inside.

Dad would cut, split and pile wood for the fire all summer. As Bill & Bob got old enough they gave him a hand to get enough for winter. They cut the trees down, packed it in on their shoulders in manageable lengths and then sawed it into the fire box lengths and split it. Some people in town had a fellow come to the house with a truck to cut it up, but not Dad. The man could hook his truck wheel up to the saw and get the job done in no time.

We had a little area at the side of the house that Dad made a small golf course on in summer and would pump water to freeze over for skating in the winter. Since we were a bit away from the town site, I am sure this was in aid of keeping us happy at and we were. He built snow houses in the winter, jungle gyms for summer and sleighs for winter. We had a barrel up high on the back of the house. We could pump water into it and leave it until it was warmed by the sun (half the neighbourhood kids) then let it shower down on us and into a big bath tub as a pool. I still have some pictures of that odd assortment of friends.

We were allowed out after supper to play. We were all friends in the area. Howes, Kallenbergs, Nelsons, Steibs, Premorokoffs, Koofinoff, Archibalds, McGiverns, Wrights are the ones I remember off hand. We would play anti I over, war, kick the can, hide and seek and ball. Have bonfires in the back yard and bake potatoes, and play spin the bottle. Rode the old wagon with the Howe boys with absolutely no control. Skiing and sleigh riding was right out the door.

The weekends were wonderful with so much to do and no one worried about us coming to any harm.

I remember the quilting. Mom had several ladies from logville come over and made quilts. Mom would make cream puffs with real cream. What a treat! The husbands were usually on shift work so it was a social time for the ladies. Shift work also required the children to be quiet around the house so Dad could sleep during the day. I remember Dad & Mom going to Penticton to get a new car – I think a Morris Oxford. Bob got to go with them, but Bill and I had to go to school. Boy were they excited and proud to drive it home. I also remember Dad having a hard time getting gas and tires during the war. He found he could trade his liquor coupons for them. Mom and Dad both had ration coupons even though they didn't drink. It was like currency to the people who wanted them. Of course like everyone else, we had coupons for

other things we did use; tea, coffee, sugar and meat.

I remember the Corsi dairy – milk and cream, and the cream freezing out of the bottle in winter, like ice cream if you could beat your brothers to it – or Mom.

The Company did a lot for the workers and their families providing the facilities for all kinds of functions. Movies on Tuesdays and Fridays costing adults twenty-five cents a show and kids paid ten cents on Tuesday and got in free on Friday. This was to discourage them from being out late on a school night. They provided uniforms for all kinds of teams – hockey, baseball, basketball etc.

I loved to drop in and visit Mrs. Yard, the town nurse. She would let me look at all the ‘stuff’ she had to work with and to taste the cough medicine even if I didn’t have a cold. She had huge bottles of the stuff. I remember the Public Health nurses coming to give immunization injections when they were recognized as a benefit to the public. They came to our house in Logville to do the kids out there the first time. Needles and syringes were boiled on the stove to be sterilized. I remember the Doctor coming up from Princeton to have office hours twice a week.

I remember riding my bike or running down the big hill to get the mail at lunchtime and take it home to Mom. Getting fresh veggies on Tuesday and Friday because that was when they came to the company store. I remember Mr. Bamforth, the postmaster, letting us stamp mail at Christmas when we would wait for him to get the sorting done. I am sure he did it just to keep us busy and out of trouble. Of course he was always Santa at the big Christmas Party in the community hall each year. Handing out presents and candy to ALL the kids under the big tree. I remember the big tree in town that the electricians used to put the lights on each year. I remember being part of the School Christmas concerts, going to get a wild Christmas tree for our house and the first year we got power and were able to have lights on it. Cook toast in a toaster and make waffles. Mom got to give up the gas iron she used then and on to an electric one. Our family got a fridge!

I remember Mr. Bower, the principal of the school starting up Scouting and then the Girl Guides got going. I remember going to camp in Tulameen . A big treat to go on the train. I remember Mr. Elliot another school principal rigging my French test to make sure I passed. I remember Mr. Turner, the principal, of the Princeton school, recommending me in Math and I didn’t have to write the government exam and I managed to pass the rest and get my Grade 12. I remember the bus rides to Princeton for my last year in school. Being allowed to eat our bag lunch in the back of the Traveller’s Café, because this was the COOL thing to do. They were nice enough to let us go there if we bought a drink of something. I remember walking home in the snow on a clear night because the bus got stuck. It was great! We were on our way home from a basketball game.

I remember my first job (after babysitting) working in the Company Store with Vera Byer and Mr. Chapman. He showed us how to tie the parcels and knots properly. Vera of course showed me all the special stuff under the counter wrapped in brown paper. Some of it was a real revelation. I also had a job at the mess hall for awhile. Making lunches for the miners, and serving up the cafeteria style food. I used to make Mike Silovich the best milk shakes. Mrs. Tappay caught me at it and asked Mike if he ordered a double, he said yes and got me off the hook. As with many students studying, I was offered a job when I got my month vacation each year from nurses’ training. It sure helped me get through the years with the stipend we got as working students.

I remember Dorothy Houston walking part way home with me after school. It took ages as we stopped to talk so often. I remember walking home down the power line trail and seeing the sun on the hoar frost. I remember meeting a bear on my way to town in the mornings. We were both scared.

I am surer even then parts of society used drugs but it wasn't in school. Alcohol was a NO, NO. I can remember some of the boys talking about making some kind of pumpkin concoction for high school grad. I never heard if it turned out.

I remember belonging; feeling and being safe and free to do so many things children can not do these days. Small towns are nosey and know your business – good and bad. If it was bad, they tried to help you. If it was good, they praised you and most of all they cared about you and what happened to you.

## **WHAT DO I REMEMBER ABOUT COPPER MOUNTAIN?**

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Submitted by W.W. [Bill] Thomson

- eldest son of W.D. (Scotty) and Ida M. Thomson
- brother to Shirley and Bob
- Came to Copper Mountain in 1936
- Left Copper Mountain in 1954
- Married my wife Flo in 1956
- three daughters
- three grandchildren
- one great grand daughter
- Retired from BC Forest Service and now living in Kamloops.

### **Memories**

Nice people and good times!

My first memory of Copper Mountain is living in a wall tent with Mom cooking on a stove outside while Dad built a three-room log house. Two more rooms were added later on. The logs were chinked with a mixture of sawdust and glue.

Living in Logville where the kids all played together .

Like the time all the kids had chicken pox. There was no use putting us all under quarantine, as we all had the chicken pox or was it measles?

Sleigh riding down the hill in front of the house. Someone would put stove ashes on the icy road to help the cars. The kids would scrape the ashes off and pour water on hoping it would freeze over.

Going down the hill hunting grouse sometime with the BB gun, sling shot or 22, at any time of the year.

Going to the Community Hall to see a cowboy and Indian movie, then playing cowboys and

Indians all week. Sometimes it was war movies but no one ever died.

Walking to school, rain, snow or shine. Being chased by a goat or the odd bear.

Being chased home from school by someone who wanted to fight you or chasing someone home because you wanted to fight them.

Cutting firewood with my Dad with a swede-saw while the neighbours had the buzz-saw come in to cut their fire-wood.

Town was the company store, school and Community Hall.

I remember going to the store/post-office near Christmas hoping for a parcel

Going to the store and seeing all the good stuff to buy.

Skating at the skating rink with the big stoves in the change rooms. Someone always peeing in or on the hot stoves. Try it sometime and see what happens.

The Community Hall had movies, Christmas concerts, parties, etc. It also had a Library downstairs. Daily papers and magazines were brought in on a regular basis, such as Life, National Geographic or Esquire. Esquire was the Playboy of the time. None of the kids looked at Esquire as it was only for the miners.

School was hard but looking back the teachers were wonderful people. I wish I could thank them all again and again. Maybe next time around I will try harder to be nice to them.

No one in Logville had electric lights until about 1952 or running water. There was a well and people packed water to their homes. Some used wooden yokes. However, Dad dug a well in the basement of the house and installed a hand pump.

Skiing is another good memory. With three ski jumps and lots of hills and lots of snow, many a day was spent skiing. We had old wooden skis, bamboo poles and rubber boots.

Going to Princeton shopping was a big deal. We would get our allowance and head for the Variety Store or movies if Dad would let us.

Another group of people at Copper Mountain were the men from China. Most were cooks in the mess hall. Dad would sometimes go to them for a haircut in their room in the bunkhouse. What a neat place to go. They had pictures of China on the walls, soldiers and some children. The best part was the ginger candy and once in a while on special occasions we would be given fire-crackers. The men were always nice but I don't remember there ever being any women.

You could sometimes sneak a cookie or pie from the mess hall as long as you brought the plate back.

There was one Chinese fellow that I remember who came to Copper Mountain. His name was Louie. Louie would come up from Princeton selling vegetables. He drove a four-wheel wagon pulled by two horses. Kids would hang on the back for a ride and try to sneak some veggies. The problem was, Louie had a long whip. One time he jumped off the wagon and chased my sister, Shirley down the road. She could sure as hell run — but so could Louie.

The Girls of Copper Mountain – There were no ugly girls in Copper Mountain. Some were maybe a little young, a little old, a little fat or a little skinny, but they were [are] all wonderful and good looking. I still see some of the girls once in awhile. They sure bring back many good memories and smiles.



Shirley Thomson



Thomson log house.



Merl & Ed Howe



Lenny & Terry McGivern (1944)



George & Mrs. Douglas



Thomson Family at christmas (1950's).  
Note beautiful varnished logs on inside of house.



Scotty



Bob & Bill



Ida



Shirley, Scotty, Ida, Bob with dogs



Shirley, Bob, Bill, Twoey



Shirley



# TRUAX

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Submitted by Annie Truax

## MEMORIES:

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In 1909, John Horrocks [a.k.a. 'Lanky', because he was born in Lancashire, England] came to British Columbia, Canada with his nephew John Gillham. Regrettably there are few details about his family in England [or my Mother's], other than his sister and John Gillham's wife and sister who came to Canada at a later date.

Dad and John lived and worked in the same mine in Michel, BC for a short time before coming to Princeton to work in the coal mine. Dad also worked as cook's helper during the building of the Princeton railway tunnel about 1910. My Mother, Mary, my sister Polly and I arrived from England in January 1911 to live with Dad in the house he built near the tunnel.

Dad served with the Canadian Army overseas from 1915 – 1920 [approximately]. He worked in the mine in Princeton when he could. He also did homesteading with his long time friend, Bill Buckroff in D'Arcy, BC where they sold cord wood around town. Bill remained a friend of the family, boarding with us when he lived in Princeton.

My first school had two rooms with double desks. My first teacher was Miss Blake. I remember a very long walk to school – very cold in winter! Later teachers were Miss McMurray, Miss Johnson, Miss Bently and Miss Hardwick. The school was enlarged as the student numbers increased. I don't know how many rooms it finally had.

In 1915 my sister Polly [christened Mary] married Michael [Denny] Mullin. He was a bartender at the Tulameen Hotel when it was owned by Mr. Kirkpatrick. Denny was a good prospector who filed a variety of claims, selling one [copper] in Copper Mountain and two [gold] in Hedley. He and Polly had four sons; Jack, Ed, Ike and Bob [who have always lived in Princeton], and a daughter Marge who lives in Surrey. My nephew and niece, especially the eldest boys spent much of their time visiting Grandma Mary. I lived at home till I was married so I was with them a lot. This loving, close knit relationship continued after my marriage and still exists. Even though some of this 'loving' can exist only in heartfelt memories.

Denny and partners Jack Davis and Bob Schulli, sold coal claims of theirs to the Wilson Coal Company [later called 'Pleasant Valley' Mine which ran for several years].

My first short-term job as a teenager was at the Cosmopolitan Store. It was a general store with groceries, hardware, men's work clothes, and much more. Then I worked about 5 years as a switchboard operator in the telephone office. For the first one and a half years it was government owned. There were three of us operators working eight hour split shifts covering 24 hours a day. The technology in those days was very different from today. Our job entailed pressing and holding the keys down with one hand while turning a handle with the other hand to ring each number. It was a usual routine to call the customer to ensure that the call went through. Often the whole procedure had to be repeated.

We used to answer all manner of telephone requests while on the job. Some were; ‘What time is it?’, ‘What was the baseball/hockey score?’, ‘How about going out on a date?’ Ged Lyal, the pharmacist, regularly brought us an extra large chocolate bar and asked for a wake-up call to announce the time of arrival of the train at the station [3:00 or 3:30 AM] – probably regarding picking up deliveries for the drugstore. Gifts of chocolates were also plentiful on special occasions – especially Christmas.

When BC Tel bought the telephone company in 1927, there were changes. It became strictly business – less pay, one day off a week, no more trivial or extra information given out to customers. I can’t remember for sure but I don’t think the chocolates were so bounteous anymore.

I bought my first car in late 1927. It was a lemon. I turned it in losing my \$75.00 down payment. I bought a great Chevy in 1928. I have always liked cars – especially fast ones! Our 1950 Ford was pretty good, too!

Austin Truax and I were married in 1931. I quit my job then because female employees of BC Tel were required to be single. Austin was living with his family in Copper Mountain at the time. He and his dad worked at the Copper Mountain mine until its closure in 1929. Austin worked for BC Tel awhile taking part in the cross-Canada installation of telephone lines. He returned to the mine when it opened again. We moved back to Copper Mountain in February 1937.

We went through hard times during the depression years, as did many others. Austin worked at various mines, including Hedley, Nelson, and Tulsequah [northern BC] – mostly in the steel shop where he was noted to be proficient. Before we lived in Copper Mountain we lived in very meager cabins. One had only one room [and no electricity or indoor plumbing].

Copper Mountain was a very special place for me. Austin and I were active in curling and First Aid, Austin winning several cups in bonspiels, [I won one cup, too]; and doing well in mine rescue courses taught for awhile by Sammy Gould. I won cups in first aid competitions as well. I enjoyed this very much.

There were always many great entertainment and community events in Copper Mountain. We had electricity and the use of pay phones in the mine offices and store or in the bosses’ homes. There was plenty of fresh air, beautiful scenery, lots of white snow for skiing [enjoyed particularly by our son, George and good friends]. What else could anyone need? Except perhaps a swimming pool? One year the company hired a swimming instructor and a nurse to be at Tulameen – by Otter Lake. A large cabin was provided for them and the students who were in groups of 10 or 11. Each group had a 10 day lesson period. I volunteered as cook for some of the swimming sessions that were held during the two month summer holiday. The other volunteer mothers and I were kept extremely busy – baking bread and the works! Eventually the company helped by supplying extra food items such as cookies and buns.

George, our son, was born in 1935 and lives in Hope with his wife Valair. They have three grown children with families. Marilyn, our daughter was born in 1949 and lives in Kelowna with her husband Bob. They have two grown children with families. Austin, Dad and I moved to Hope in 1957 when the Copper Mountain Mine closed for good. We always missed Copper Mountain after we left. There are many fond memories.

Austin was born in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan on May 18, 1909. He died in Hope, BC on December 25, 1996 at 87 years of age. I, [Annie] was born in Lancashire, England on November 1, 1908 and I am still living independently in my own house in Hope at 92 years of age. I keep very active; cooking, walking with my dog, carpet bowling, playing cards, playing slot machines at Casinos, going to meetings for Golden Agers and still driving my car. John [Lanky] Horrocks was born in Lancashire, England in 1872. He died in Hope, BC, in 1961 at the age of 89. Mary [Beckett] Horrocks, his wife was born in Lancashire, England in 1870 and died in Princeton, BC in 1951 at the age of 81.

I remember Princeton well, visualizing Bridge St clearly along with all the shops and their owners. Perley Russell's store had everything with handles hanging from the ceiling – lanterns, pails, pots, pans and more! A dance hall was on the second floor of Mrs. White's furniture and kitchen ware shop [until the hall was condemned]. Angel Avenue was the affectionate name for the 'Red Light Street'. There was a garage [Service Station] where the Field's store is now. The Princeton Hotel housed the Bank of Montreal, a café and the telephone office. The Greasy Spoon Café was fine. A.E. Howse's store was a big dry goods store later sold to Wagenhauser, known as 'Wags'. Dr. Butler was the dentist whose office along with others was above 'Wags'. McConnell's made-to-measure suits were much in demand. Burr Motors and the silent movie show were busy. I had my horse shod by Jack Mitchell, the smitty, at the Blacksmith Shop that was attached to the Garrison livery barn. Charlie Thomas sold the nicest lot of chocolate buds for one nickel!

The racetrack was in the location of the present airport. I recall Bill Garrison and Joe Wigmore up on the stand watching the horse races, calling the races and declaring the winners. Burr Motors often donated one of their cars to taxi people to the racetrack, for 25 cents a person. They usually had to walk home because that one car was very busy.

Annie Truax passed away on October 3, 2001 in Hope, BC at the age of 83.



1991 - 50th wedding anniversary.  
Bob & Marilyn (Truax) Stack, Annie & Austin, Val & George Truax



Lorne Salmon, "Passionate" Mike Pesechnick, Austin, Tony Bogner



Annie and friends after bonspiel in Princeton.  
Annie at far right.



1947 First Aid competition at Allison Flats, Princeton.  
Beth Whitelaw, Annie, Marg Jamieson, Hilda Chase, Jean Petersen



Annie about 1928



Austin holding Marilyn with George and Tippie



? Jones, Patty Hambly, George, Shirley Reblin, Shirley Hambly, Maxine Ash





# WICKSTROM

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Submitted by Peg Wickstrom

## MEMORIES

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I was two years old when we moved to Copper Mountain from Penticton in 1925. Now being the only remaining member of our family, and the youngest, the first couple of years are very vague. No one realizes how important it is to have a family member with whom to share memories until it is too late! Since becoming a member of the Monday once-a-month group, it has given me so much satisfaction, even though all of them came after we left. Thanks so much for having me!

There were no company houses available (when we moved to Copper Mountain), so we lived in a four room house, shed attached, a huge screened-in verandah on two sides where we slept all summer, spring and fall and even during the winters if it wasn't too cold. No facilities, an outhouse and a pump several hundred feet from the house, coal oil lamps and, eventually, the supreme luxury - a gasoline lamp. We lived quite a distance from the school and I walked, of course, taking a trail which was shorter than by road. More than once, I had to walk through deep snow, to arrive almost in time for lunch hour! Of course we dallied a lot to shake the snow from the trees onto each other, making 'angels', the boys writing their names in yellow in the lovely white snow with 'you know what'. The school, consisting of two classrooms, a science room (lab), cloak rooms and boys' and girls' lavatories, had just been built that year, 1929, but the mine had closed and parts of the building were not completed so we had to walk to the outdoor privies of the old one-room school nearby.

By today's standards, you would say we were deprived but I don't remember being anything but happy, our lives were filled with outdoor games: Hopscotch, run-sheep-run, one or two-a-cat ball (depending on how many kids were available, skating, sledding and skiing on wooden skis with just a toe strap and a rubber band cut from an inner tube. Bob & Joey made a ski hill near the house and when we had mastered a snow-covered apple box as a jump, they concocted a real one from whatever they could find. Betty and I had 'play houses' everywhere, especially in a grove of trees which we divided into rooms with opened gunny sacks. There were many abandoned houses and bits of furniture lying around, so we were very elegant! I remember rolling a small, round, rusty cast iron heater from the Logville area, and when we got it home realized it closely resembled a flush toilet, so more gunny sacks and we created a bathroom. Betty, being the eldest, got to try it first and was rewarded with a soot covered bottom. That was a deep, dark secret for many years, but every time we were together, we'd literally roll with laughter over that escapade.

School, of course, was the biggest part of our lives, but each year the population dwindled until we used only one classroom. Louise Johnson was my first teacher, Mr. Wilway was the principal - he had a hook on one arm and I think had been injured during the First World War. He was a real tyrant. Mamie J. Gray was next for three years, then Bob Shannon who was everyone's favourite. His brother, Cecil, stayed with him in the teacherage. Bob and Cec, being the same age and taking Grade 9 correspondence, were good friends. They were almost always at our house for Sunday dinner .. many years later, I met Bob in Oliver where he lived, and he said he couldn't have survived without the kindness of some of the families. He was just out of

one year Normal School and grew up in Vancouver, so it must have been quite an experience for him.

Shortly after school started in September, we would start practicing for the Christmas concert, the highlight of the Social Season. Dad was always Santa Clause, we, of course, pretended we didn't know. Everyone got a gift, practically the ONLY one for some. The Granby committee donated, I'm quite sure, as well as the parents who could. Mother made a lot of the costumes, many of them from crepe paper. There were always the carols, a play, a drill, and little skits. How we looked forward to those winters!

We always had a school picnic in June usually on the football field near our house. Once or twice we walked to Voights' camp, a distance of two miles if I remember correctly. Dad used to put up ice, cut from a pond, and buried it in sawdust. With cream and milk from our cows, we had home-made ice cream, taking turns at the laborious job of churning (then we got to lick the paddles!). this was always a treat at our picnics!

There was nowhere to swim, of course, but Dad cleaned out a 45 gallon oil drum and every day he would fill it with fresh water and we would take turns dunking in it, a real treat on some of those blistering hot summer days. Once in a while we would hike down to where the crusher was at 3170, then on to a quiet spot in the river, but it was a long way back up the mountain so we were anything but refreshed. we also trekked down there during the wild raspberry season, every day while they were available. Mother would preserve them in jars and make jam, often the only fruit we had.

Mother belonged to the 'Ladies Aid'. I don't remember the purpose of the group but lots of crocheting, etc. was done and also probably their only social life beyond the family. There were whist drives once a week, we children learned to play at an early age as there was often a shortage of adults. Curling was a favourite sport for the men, I don't remember any of the women playing, but everyone skated and we often had an ice carnival sometime during the winter.

We were lucky enough to go to Penticton (where our grandparents lived) almost every summer, so we all learned to swim fairly well. We would go to Princeton in Gus Vladitich's car which arrived once a week with the mail. Mrs. Mulligan was the post mistress, dearly loved by everyone and mail day was always exciting - another gathering of the Copper Mt. families. Gus had a rooming house in Princeton so we would stay there until train time, then he would drive us to the station, always in the middle of the night, which made it all the more exciting.

I suppose this sort of life would seem very dull to people of this era, but I look back on these years very fondly and remember the few that are left. The Campbells, Angus and Ethel, and their son, Sandy, with whom I still exchange Christmas cards. Bud and Eileen McCallum and Jackie, my dearly loved playmate. The Park family - Ruth and I keep in touch by phone whenever I'm in Langley. The Leeds, Corsis, Evelyn McCallum (Jack's wife) and I have become remote but good friends since meeting at the first Copper Mt. reunion. There are not many left of my era, but the memories are very precious!

We left in 1935, for many reasons:

There was no work at all - Dad had worked part time in the steam plant after the mine closed, working towards his engineer's ticket; he had developed cataracts and was fast losing his sight;

we broke out in a rash similar to ringworm, so were not allowed to go to school (actually the result of the high mineral count in our water).

Enough was enough, so we moved to Princeton that winter. Quite a shock to go to a class of 30 or more from a one-room school, but we were able to catch up - thanks to our wonderful parents. I am now approaching 79 years, but I still consider those years at “the mountain” some of my happiest.

## **EXCERPT FROM ANNIE [MUIR] NESBITT’S MEMORIES**

Peggy [Muir] Wickstrom’s Mom

I went on a visit to Princeton, having met a member of the baseball team and became friendly with one of the other girls. At a dance at Allenby after the game, we both met our future husbands. Robert Muir and I were married in 1919 and lived in Allenby where Bob operated a confectionery store. We lived there for two and a half years and it was there that our first child, Robert Jr. was born.

Then we moved back to Penticton, and through some old friends bought two lots on Papineau St. and built our first home. Bob had a car. There weren’t many in those days and operated a jitney service between Penticton and Oliver, a new town named after the Governor General. Our three younger children were all born in Penticton, and as times were not good, Bob looked for another job which meant moving again. His work was at Copper Mountain. There were no houses available at first, so the children and I lived in Princeton until accommodation became available for us at some distance from the town site. We enjoyed our life there – lots of community spirit and involvement in sports, such as hockey. Bob and I both coached teams. I suppose that is why my interest is still so great in that sport. The big social event of the year was the school Christmas concert, in which most of the parents became involved. I made a lot of costumes, believe me!

In 1930 the price of copper dropped so low that the mine had to close and many of the families left. We had always kept chickens and cows and raised a big garden and Bob got a few days of work a month so we fared much better than people in the cities during those depression years.

One experience really stands out in my mind and though it’s laughable now, it was not funny at the time. Four year old Peggy went to the wood shed to get her sled and came face to face with a huge cat that was eating one of my prize chickens. She ran to get me and I grabbed a piece of stove wood and clubbed it to death. Only later did I find out I had done in a lynx. Our boarder skinned and cured the pelt for which I received \$40.00. If I had been more careful with my club, it would have fetched me more.



School days - 1929-30  
Peggy is third from right, front row.



Copper Mountain School 1930-31  
Peggy is sitting second left in front row.



Curling team 1929 -- back row - Angus Campbell, Sam Gould  
-- front row - Bill Harrison, unknown, Bob Muir



Flowers for the teacher. Joey,  
Peggy 1929



Muir kids with Rover and Bingo



Joey always hogged the seat.



Joey, Sandy Campbell, Bobby -- first skis



Grandma Nesbitt in sack race at 75 years  
of age.



Our house at Silver Dollar -- a shack by today's standards but a warm loving home. Dad just home from the war.



One of our many play houses.



Picnic at Copper Mountain 1930



Annie Muir (nee Nesbitt)



Big sister Betty taking Peggy and Joey for a ride. 1926

# STORY 1957 NEWSPAPER

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## PRINCETON

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**W**ay up on top of a mountain, 12 miles out of Princeton, a town is dying. Copper Mountain has been a very happy town, a safe town, a town out of the way of the world's troubles.

But the happiness and safety finished April 30, and the troubles began.

On that day the Granby mine which supported Copper Mountain closed down. Already half the houses are dead, their doors closed with plank shutters. By next autumn, the bear and the deer and the chipmunk will have Copper Mountain for their own again.

IT TAKES A WHILE for a town to die. Copper Mountain has been dying for four years now but her citizens didn't recognize the malady as fatal.

The company kept claiming that the ore was too poor to justify the operation, the union kept claiming that that was just a gimmick to hold down wages.

Copper Mountain's people are still sure that the mine will open again, when their houses have been raised to expose the ore beneath them, and a concentrator has been built to cut the cost of freight rates.

But their town will still be dead.

IT IS A PECULIAR town. To get to it one must go up and down one mountain, and up another. Almost straight up.

## MAGNIFICENT SETTING

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The road to it is paved, except up and down the mountains, where it is gravelled. They need that gravel for traction or they'd never make it.

The setting of the town is almost incredibly magnificent. Many of its citizens will never again be so close to heaven. From their porches they look out on mountains and river. At their backs are pine forests.

THEY HAVE NOT exactly tried to live up to this magnificence. The town of Copper Mountain is a frightful assembly of shacks, ugly from company buildings, and gingerbread monstrosities of company houses.

But the people of Copper Mountain have been leading an almost ideally happy existence. The old-timers among them are actually afraid to leave their mountain for the outside world.

IT IS DIFFICULT to determine exactly what gives Copper Mountain its flavor of enjoyment. Partly, it's the people. The misfits who couldn't stand the isolation got out.

All the rest of them like each other. They even like the boss. They get along fine together and help each other, and there is really no wrong side of the tracks.

## **FIVE MINUTES FROM WORK**

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Then they've been doing an awful lot of playing. Having developed no pride whatever in the appearance of their town, they have spared themselves the tasks of spading gardens, mowing lawns, painting houses, repairing fences. They have no civic responsibilities, and work is just five minutes' walk away from breakfast.

SO THEY HAVE had really quite a lot of time to play. And lots to play at. At their back is some of the best deer and grouse hunting in Canada, and quite a lot of elk and some moose. In the relatively close vicinity are 38 trout lakes.

They have a large and quite fine community hall, and a community league which plans parties and dances. Also a union which plans parties and dances. Also a Legion which plans parties and dances.

Then there's the pool hall and the skating rink and the curling rink and movies twice a week and splendid skiing. And a grassy forest all around for the children to build forts in.

And if anybody tires of these bucolic pleasures, he can always drive over the mountains to Princeton or Penticton and tie one on.

ADD TO THIS the fact that the shacks, on the inside, are really exceedingly comfortable and well furnished, and that their owners acquired them for from \$200 to \$800 apiece, with the palace of the place costing a vast \$1,400.

## **IT WAS EASY TO BE HAPPY**

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And that the weather is almost always fine, and the sun almost always shines.

It was easy to be happy in Copper Mountain.

And being happy, they were even good. Copper Mountain had no juvenile delinquency at all, and only such adult delinquency as contributed to the enjoyment of the neighbours.

But the pool hall is boarded up. The bunkhouses are boarded up—\$6.50 a month rent, it was, in the bunkhouse. The community hall is boarded up. The two churches are boarded up. The Smiths' and the Johnsons', and the Robertsons' shacks are boarded up. The Joneses moved out of the company house yesterday afternoon.

THE TRUCKS are in the streets loading furniture. The auctioneer from Penticton has been in and bought the assets of the Community Club. The assets were curling rocks and tennis nets and baseball bats and all the equipment of having fun. The Community Club got \$1352.8 and gave it to charity.

The movies finished in March. They closed the library and sold the books to Princeton last week.



The company store will go down in June.

LAST YEAR this time 1500 people were being happy on Copper Mountain. Now some thing like 400 remain and they are not happy.

It is especially unhappy in the six- room school. The children, by some instinct, cling especially close to Copper Mountain. Their mothers are staying on the Mountain till school closes, while their fathers go out to hunt for work.

But even at that the school population has dropped from 183 to 135 in the past month. They go with tears.

“I DON’T BLAME them” said school principal Paul Planidin. “When I first saw Copper Mountain I thought it was the dustiest, dirtiest, most desperate place in the world. “But I’ve been happy here. It’s the people inside the shacks. Maybe I’ll never be so happy again. And besides, our rent here for a four room suite and bath is \$25 a month, heat and water included.”

FRED CORRIGAN, in charge of the company store and cafeteria, said: “I have to keep on working till June, but there’s no fun in it now.”

## **CAFETERIA GOOD, CHEAP**

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“We did well here, you know. The meals in the cafeteria were real good, and cheap, and we tried to keep the prices in the store pretty close to Vancouver. Everything was booming and the people were all co-operative and happy.

We’re going to find it difficult outside. My family has a seven room house here for \$37.50 a month. Steam heat and water provided and just \$2.00 a month for electricity.”

“I don’t suppose,” he said sadly, “It’s like that in Vancouver?”

LOUISE ZEBACH works in the the cafeteria and her husband, Jack, is a watchman. They bought their two room shack—which looks like a modern apartment inside—for \$500 eight years ago. “It doesn’t owe us anything.” said Louise.

GEORGE CORSI came to Copper Mountain when he was six. He’s 44 now. He spent one year away—two miles down the mountain but he’s been there all the rest of the time. He bought his house for \$200 in 1938. He pays \$2 a month rent and \$1.50 a month electricity.

I’ll stay long as I can, he said. “I don’t know what it’d be like outside. It would not be like this. I’ve been happy here.

## **OFFICIALS PRAISED**

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“I keep hoping the company will give me a chance to go to one of their other properties, down by Hope or up by Grand Forks. Seeing as I been with them so long. I can do anything they say.”

MRS. ANNE Zawyrusha has been in Copper Mountain 13 years. She went to school there and

married there, and now she works in the company store. She was out for two years once.

“But it wasn’t as nice outside as it is here,” she said quietly. “My husband’s gone to look for work now. We have to leave. But we don’t want to. Nobody does.”

But shutters go up on the windows, and trucks grind for the last time down the mountain, loaded high with family furniture.

And last night somebody broke open the pay-telephone and stole the money box. It was so unusual and shocking that they could not, any of them, stop talking about it.

COPPER MOUNTAIN and her happiness and her goodness are indeed becoming a ghost, soon she will look out, blank-eyes, on nothing but bear and deer and chipmunk.

But perhaps the children who grew up there are fortunate. They knew paradise. They have to leave it now for the cold outside world, where you don’t like everybody and where there are wrong sides to tracks and where rents for a four-room apartment with bath are \$125 a month and they can’t come back again: you don’t come back to a ghost town.