

Memories Of
Mansons Landing
2005

Smelt Bay
&
Reef Point

Smelt Bay and Reef Point:

Stories and Pictures from:

1. Ginny and Bruce Ellingsen
2. Lambert Family
3. Dolly (Jeffery) Hansen
4. Maryann (Parry) McCoy

*Additional Chronological History of Smelt Bay from early 1900s at the back of the binder.



GINNY AND BRUCE ELLINGSEN

Bruce and Ginny Ellingsen

In conversation with Dianne Hentschel and Doreen Thompson

I had been in Europe for about a year and was planning to go and work in Australia when I heard about an overland bus tour from London to Nepal. A New Zealand girl cancelled, and I had four days to make arrangements to go. Ginny and I met on that trip. She was on her way from her home in England to a job at the British Embassy in New Delhi. After she left the tour, I went to work in Australia for 13 months.

Ginny:

The only reason I came to Cortes was that Bruce and I decided to marry. I was in Australia at the time. The Canadian government insisted that we get married within 3 months of my arrival. I was the mother of a child of nine months, so Bruce had to hitch me up straight away. I came on the P & O liner, Canberra. Bruce met me in Vancouver. We drove up to Redlands on the Sechelt peninsula where we were married by the Reverend Green, the same man who had married Bruce's parents, May and Elmer. The same day we went to Powell River where Bruce's sister Shirley Cole had a reception for us. The next day we took the water taxi to Cortes Bay.

The first place we lived in was a little two-room cabin which we rented from Oliver and Mary Ward in front of what is now Hollyhock. Bruce carried me across the threshold. The cabin was really basic but beautiful. The first morning we woke up the tide was in and there was a seal swimming right in front of the cabin. I thought that was marvelous.

The day after we got there Bruce had got a job lined up with the hydro surveying crew before we had power on Cortes. It was February and I was left in the cabin with a woodstove with a small fire box which had to be feed every 15 or 20 minutes. I didn't dare let it go out because I couldn't light it. I was a bit hopeless at the time. All the same I thought it was an adventure. When I first arrived, I was caught up in the romance of it in a way. It was so remote and so different from everything I'd know n. We were married in February '69 and the ferry arrived in November. Before the ferry, we had to go to Lund for groceries in a little 12-foot boat. Once when we were coming back, little David was sitting in the boat and the waves were higher than he was. He just went absolutely catatonic. Danny just kept saying, "are we going to sink? Are we going to sink?"

I thought Cortes was absolutely beautiful. I never had any regrets about coming here. And sometimes even still coming back on the ferry, I just have to pinch myself. I'm a girl from the industrial north of England and here I am living in paradise. I came from a small industrial town not too far from Leeds where I did my nurse's training. As my dad used to say when we visited England, "Out of the land of milk and honey, into the land of muck and money."

After we moved from the rented cabin, we bought a trailer that came from Teakerne Arm and set it up beside May and Elmer's down at Hague Lake. We packed up and went to

Garden Bay on the Sechelt Peninsula for six months where Bruce had a real estate job. Then we moved back into the trailer.

We used to come and visit George and Eva Freeman at Seaview Ranch which we now call Reef Point Farm. I remember we always felt so welcome here, probably partly because of the huge glasses of home-made wine they'd pour out. I began to feel very warm towards this place. When Grandpa Freeman died in 1970, Eva said she couldn't possibly live here on her own. She'd rather live closer into the community. We had a lot above Hague Lake. Through the summer of 1970 we built her a home on that lot as a down payment for this property. In those days this property was valued at \$30,000.

With the house as a down payment we paid her monthly for the rest of her life and it was a very mutual arrangement. Eva Freeman was a character. She used to come and stay with us a lot. She and I got on very well, partly because we both came from England.

She used to love to tell stories of being the eldest of 13 children and the responsibility of being the oldest daughter.

We moved in here in 1970. There were some very old outbuildings that the Lamberts had left here and a little farmhouse that Eva and George had built. We were very happy for six months and then in May 1971 the farmhouse burnt down. We lost everything except for some little things I managed to save. Bruce was away for the day. I was a very fussy housekeeper in those days, and we'd had friends for dinner the night before and had a fire in the fireplace. I cleaned out the ashes that morning and put them on top of the compost in the plastic garbage can. I remember that I couldn't get the lid tight on top of the garbage tin. I remember thinking that I must ask Bruce to empty it because it was too full. What we think happened is that some of the ash wasn't quite out. It was a very windy day and it blew onto some cardboard boxes near it. I was painting in the kitchen and David was sleeping and little Dan was with me. All of a sudden, I heard an explosion outside and the little shed attached to the house was already engulfed in flames and blowing onto the house. I tried to call for help but the only number I knew by heart was May and Elmer's and they weren't home. By this time the house was so smoky that I had to run outside in order to see another number in the phone book. By the time I got back in again the phone line had burned out. I ran out of the back door with Daniel and put him in a safe place in the orchard. Then I went back for David. I couldn't get out by the same door, the fire was going so fast. I had to run out by the front door and put these two screaming children at a safe distance from the fire.

I picked up the hose and this little dribble dropped out of the hose. I immediately knew the house was gone. What I was worried about was a forest fire. And of course, I thought it was all my fault because I felt I'd been careless with these cinders and put them in what was obviously an unsafe place. I ran up the road. I thought, "Well, maybe someone's walking or hunting in the woods." It was like a nightmare. My legs felt like lead as they do when you're running away from something frightening. I was carrying David on one hip and dragging Daniel along with the other hand. Luckily, Gunnar Hansen, who was Bruce's partner at the time, was working at the sawmill, which we had situated up in the north corner of the property. He was working there with his twelve-year-old son, Jan.

They heard me screaming and came running down.

Gunnar said, "Well, let's just save what we can." We foolishly threw everything out of the windows, not realizing that the heat of the house would incinerate everything outside nearby. I thought I would save the children's crib and all the little toys and the little woolly things my morn had knit for them. I threw those into the crib, and I got that a safe distance away. Gunnar grabbed the TV and I grabbed my marriage license which Bruce always teases me about. Now we have a list of things we would grab if it ever happens again.

Gunnar said, "You've got to go and get help." I didn't know how to drive in those days. They had a little mini. Jan was twelve and he drove weaving up the road to Elmer's gravel pit, now Robbie's gravel pit. The nearest house was the Marcou's house. Louise was boarding several men who were working at Teakerne Arm. They were just having coffee. It was a nice relaxed Sunday morning. They just rose like one person and rushed out. In those days the fire truck was just a little pump. Orville Harris had a fire tank truck for his M&B logging operation. They ran to get that.

The boys were screaming they were so terrified. Someone took me down to Uncle Wilf s. I stayed there. I didn't come back until the next day. The bush telegraph worked so well that by the time Bruce got there, there were forty people all fighting the fire. It had already spread to all these outbuildings.

Bruce:

When I got to Manson 's wharf to deliver the fellow I was out on a real estate appointment with, Howard Barton came out of the store and said, "Bruce you'd better get home, your house is on fire. Of course, I go flying home with all sorts of things in my mind. When I got here there were all these people keeping the fire under control. But by then the house had already burned to the ground floor. The next day I went into the woods and found fist-sized pieces of charred wood that had blown into the forest. We were just fortunate that a few days before we had had a good thunder shower that had wet everything down well. Otherwise we could have lost the timber as well.

Ginny:

People were so kind to us. Within hours people were bringing boxes of toys and things. The person who gave me the most useful box was Mrs. McCoy, who was David McCoy's mother. She gave me a box with things like tea towels, toothbrushes, a calendar, a comb, just basic things you need for living. We stayed with May and Elmer for three weeks. The people we had rented the trailer to were moving in three weeks so after they left, we just moved back in. We got the foundation for our present house poured that autumn. The next year from April to July 1972, Gunnar and Bruce worked for three days a week on the house and three days a week on the sawmill to keep some money coming in.

Bruce:

I had foolishly just reinsured the house for what Grampa Freeman had for fire insurance – \$7,500 on the house and \$2,500 on the contents. That didn't go any way to hiring a contractor to rebuild. So, Gunnar and I got the house framed up and to the lockup stage by the beginning of July and then Ginny and I and the kids moved into the basement. There was a chimney flue down there and the stove was in the basement to do the cooking on. I had the main floor livable by the beginning of November and then we moved upstairs. We had gone down to May and Elmer's twice a week to wash our clothes, get water and have baths.

We had had a lovely Fall. On November first when we moved upstairs, the heavens opened but we were warm. We've been here ever since except for the six years Ginny was in Victoria when the kids were in high school. We had four fine sons who all enjoyed growing up on Cortes.

Ginny:

We went to Victoria so the two older boys and later the two younger could go to high school. When we first lived there, I worked as a cook for \$7 an hour in a B&B Hotel. It worked fine because I was boarding kids from Cortes – Erin Robertson, Mike Christian, and Janet Guthrie. I had the money from the boarding allowances as well as my job. Bruce stayed up here.

The orchard:

In 1978 we started the orchard. At first, we did all the tree clearing and we had a huge bum pile as big as the house. Robbie did the actual ground clearing, got the stumps out and big rocks off and then we rock picked for months. Jack Parry brought his little tractor out and pushed some of the medium sized rocks over the bank. We had to do all the fencing and the irrigation system. When we got the trees, we planted about 800 the first go round. The trees were tiny little year-old whips. Elmer dug the holes for us with his backhoe – in his usual generous way. The holes were absolutely gigantic. 30 people came out to help us plant over two days and it was mainly filling in these holes in order to get a mound on which to perch the tree. At least the soil got nicely churned up.

We've changed the orchard quite a bit. We had to get rid of the trees that couldn't do well in this climate. We got rid of all the peach and apricot trees. Wanting to do it organically we couldn't deal with the peach leaf curl without using pesticides. The Macintosh apples were the first to go followed by some others. We probably have about 12 of the original 20 varieties we planted.

Keeping the orchard going has been quite a struggle. Bruce always worked full time at other things, either oyster farming or building. I had the four boys and we always had a big garden. So, keeping an orchard of this size was a struggle but it's still there. Whatever gets done on it we do it. Now our younger son, Tor, is here. He is a farmer at heart. He brings up seaweed and raises pigs and chickens. When Trygve and Laura lived here, Laura was a formidable force in the garden. We also belong to an organization

called WOOF, Willing Workers on Organic Farms. We get young people in the summer, who, in exchange for room and board and treating them like a member of the family, do five or six hours work a day. We've met some fabulous young people through that organization.

Much of the area that we took out of trees has gone into gardens. Including myself, there are now seven women gardening here – Barbara Buffington, Donna McLaren, Stephanie Asbeck and Nori Fletcher, among others. Bruce does the rototilling and plowing and brings the water to the edge of the garden site.

Before we took over the farm the original pre-empters had an orchard, goats and some chickens. Freemans had chickens and sent eggs to Vancouver. They also sent eggs on the Unions Steamship.

Bruce:

When Ginny and I first moved up here together I surveyed for the power lines and then spent the better part of a year working on a crew, clearing the transmission lines.

Then Gunnar and I started our sawmill in 1971 and ran that for two or three years and then people started asking us to build homes for them. Jan ran the sawmill for a while. Then he was on to other things. We sold the sawmill to a guy off island and carried on working together until the mid-eighties. It was a very pleasant working relationship. We built about 15 houses on Cortes until the slump in the eighties.

Ginny:

Then Pat Harrison approached Bruce to go into oyster farming in Redonda Bay and put some money into it. It turned out to be a disaster. We mortgaged our property and put money into this venture. Gerry and Ann Bown did the same. Bruce and Gerry struggled at the oyster farm. Pat was the business manager. The business went bankrupt and Gerry and Bruce were taken to court. It was hideous, we didn't get the money back we put in and we had the huge expense of a court case. I took a refresher course and went back to nursing because we were desperately poor. It was a difficult few years, very insecure. I was lucky to get a good job at Victoria General Hospital and enjoyed working with a great team of nurses. I did find the 12-hour shifts and heavy work challenging as I was 50 by this time!

Just before the business went bankrupt, May and Elmer put some money in for oyster seed for the spring to keep the business 'going. When the operation fell apart up at Redonda Bay, Elmer and May a few of their friends went up there and moved a couple of the oyster rafts down to Gorge Harbour. They got involved in the court case by taking this company property away. Although it legally wasn't theirs, they felt they had put the money in. The oyster floats were getting heavier and heavier and starfish were getting into the oyster seed. It was really a little flotilla of seniors who went to rescue these oysters. I had a foreboding about this. I didn't think they should do it. It was the only

time May has ever been short with me. She said, "If you feel that way, Ginny, you should just keep out of it." So, I did.

But it was a disaster, even though everyone could understand why they had repossessed the seed, it was still stealing. The lawyers we had originally got in Campbell River advised them that it was their seed, but it didn't sit well with the Judge in Victoria. As for the lawyer we eventually got in Victoria, he shall remain nameless. Andy and Sue came over from Victoria for one of the days of the trial. That day our lawyer put on a terrible show, and Sue leaned over and patted me on the shoulder and said, "Is he drunk, Ginny, or under drugs." He was actually going through a divorce and had been taken to task by the bar association for misusing some trust funds, so we didn't choose the right person,

Bruce:

After that fiasco Gerry Bown and I started our own oyster business and ran it for 11 years up in Thompson's Bay north of the mouth of Von Donop Inlet. It was hard work leaving at 7 in the morning and coming back at 7 at night in all weather. We were using a 26-foot boat with a flat bottom plywood hull. It was really good; it would plane 2 tons of oysters with an 85 hp Yamaha outboard motor. It was long enough that it would ride over the tops of the waves even in choppy water.

Ginny:

When Bruce and Gerry had the farm, I would go up for weeks at a time to help out when they needed it. Once I was up there working with Aaron Ellingsen. I've never known rain like it, it was a solid sheet coming down. No shelter whatsoever. I remember looking up at Aaron and we just broke into hysterical laughter thinking we're so mad to be working in these conditions. It was fun, and I could really see the attraction of working at a simple straightforward job where you could work all day and think about something else.

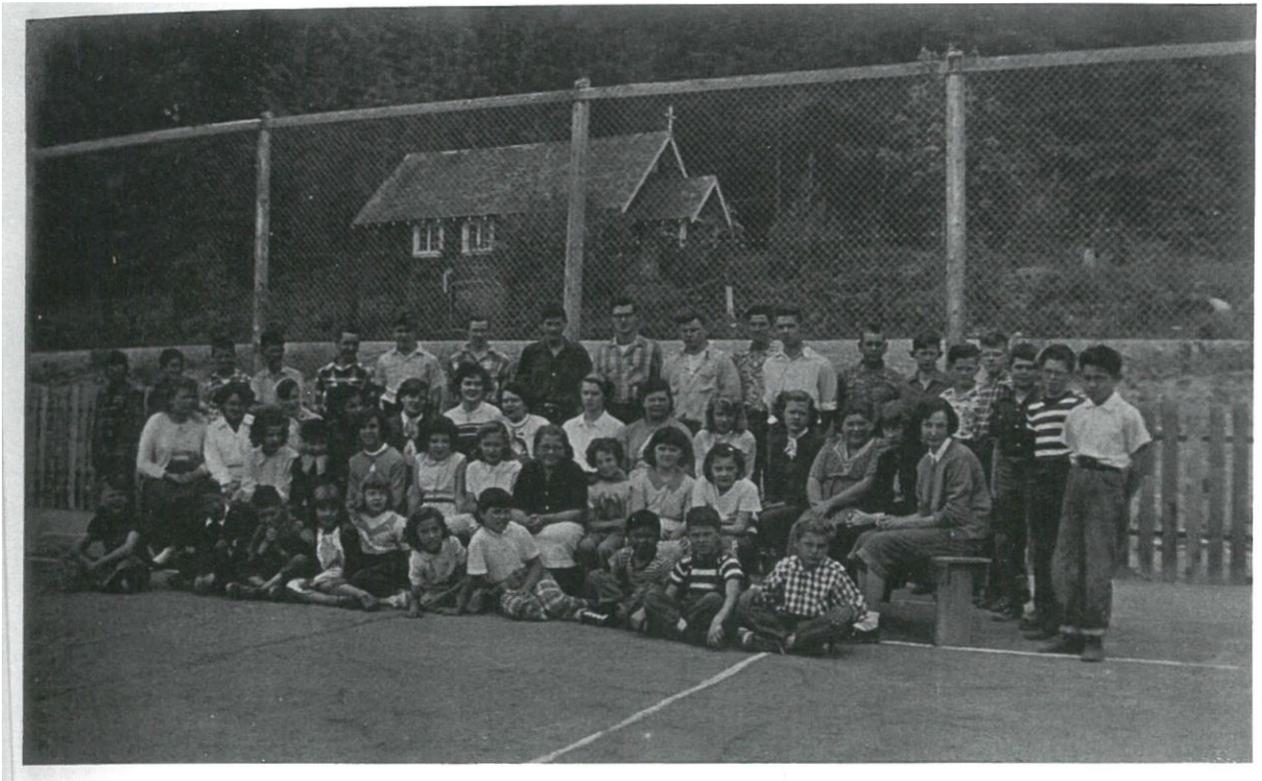
We only went back to England twice in the first 20 years. In 1974, we took the four boys. I don't know how we did it as the boys ranged from 6 years to 6 weeks old. In these later years I consider it a great privilege that we can afford to go back every few years.

We started the B and B in '86. In 98 we renovated the boys' room and put an ensuite in. Then a few years ago we renovated our own bedroom so we could have two B&B rooms. But we're only doing one room this year. It came down to bathrooms. We don't want to share our family bathroom with people we don't know.

Ellingsen Family History:

Mike Manson started out with a preemption at Linnaea. But later lived on Hernando in the big house at Stag Bay.

MANSONS LANDING SCHOOL



Back L–R: Bob Milton, Bert Hansen, Jim Guthrie, Jim Hansen, **Bruce Ellingsen**, Ron McKim, Mac Calwell, Dennis Hansen, Eddie Layton, Roy Anderson, Bernie Layton, Danny Hartman, Andy Ellingsen, Harvey Smith, Gerald Anderson, David Guthrie, Terry Herrewig, Kenny Summers, Leslie Forrest

Next row: Judy Martin, Judy Hansen, Judy Jeffery, Janet Anderson, Gail Herrewig, Shirley Ellingsen, Sharon Herrewig, Beth Martin, Lilian Rexford, Carolyn Reedel, Joyce Martin, Marjorie Rexford, Sharon Forrest, Helen Morrison

Next row: Doreen Guthrie, Charlotte Armstrong, Sheila Musclow, Lynette Landry, Diane Reedel, Linda Rexford, Jenny Armstrong, Diane Parker, Nancy Layton

Front: Teddy Hansen, Charlie Jeffery, Johnny Hansen, Wendy Hansen, Joyce Parker, Nancy Dyner, Maryann Perry, Eddie Sharkey, Bert Summers, Wayne Becque

— 1956 —

Education:

Shirley (*Bruce's sister*) had gone through all her high school with Don Levy who was an exceptional teacher. Shirley graduated as the top student in the Campbell River School district. She went on to the University of British Columbia.

Mom and dad had encouraged us to go to university if we were so inclined. They thought it would give us a good start in life. So, we all went. It wasn't like now where you'd consider leaving it alone, ending up with a debt of \$70,000 against you. In those days you could work your way through with summer jobs.

I chose to come back herein 1968 rather than stay out in the real world. I think it was meeting people in poorer countries in south east Asia who were poor but much happier than people I was rubbing shoulders with in Vancouver. They were much more willing to share with you and had an open-door policy much like I had grown up with on Cortes.

When Hadden Skelding, the guy I went to work for after I returned from travelling, died six months after I started, the guy that took over was different in the way he managed the office. I thought if I stay here and do this I'll be stressed and going to the pub to drown my sorrows on Friday nights. I thought about Ken and Harold and my dad and Alf Milsted and I thought if I came back here, I'd have a better quality of life. It wasn't long after that that Ginny and I decided to be married. I encourage people nowadays if they don't know what they want to do they should travel and then go and try a job out before they go and take the training.

Bruce on Cortes:

When we were living in Von Donop Inlet from 1946 to 1950 we went out once a week to Squirrel Cove Store to get the mail and groceries and often we visited the Freemans at Manson's. In 1950 we moved to Manson's Lagoon. We lived on the Lagoon in 1950 and 51. When we moved up to Hague Lake, the MacKenzies moved from Von Donop to the lagoon and I came down to visit them.

When we lived on the Lagoon morn and dad shopped at Manson's Landing store. Then when we moved up to the lake, we cleared a garden pretty fast. I remember that us kids had to pick all the rocks out of the garden area. We cleared half the area there is now, picked the rocks out and threw them over the fence. Then when Elton Anderson wanted to clear a right of way for George Hawkins, he traded some land with mom and dad. The new piece was the area where we'd thrown all the rocks. Then we had to clear out those same rocks.

On boat day we liked to go on the Cardena and buy comic books. Once we bought water pistols, filled them on the boat, and ran around the Cardena squiring each other and maybe others.

I travelled to Vancouver on the Union Boat twice. It seems to me it was late in the day when we left Cortes. I remember going under the Lion's Gate Bridge in the dark and seeing all these cars going over. Then coming into Vancouver and walking up Granville and seeing all the different colours of cars. Then continuing up Granville to a smoke shop where a guy came out and lit up a cigar. The smell of cigar smoke brings that

memory back so vividly. Then one time visiting Vancouver I remember walking up Hastings, and I'm sure I saw a man, probably a war amputee, who had no legs and was walking on his hands.

When we moved from Von Donop I was going into Grade 5, Shirley in grade 6 and Andy in Grade 3. I moved from a school in Von Donop with an average of 10 students, to a three-room school in Manson's with 65 kids. The year Shirley graduated, Don Levy decided to leave Cortes. The new teacher, Ray Chapin was sick, so Fred Morris and I decided to go over to Campbell River for grade 12.

Other students I remember in Mansons school were Roy Anderson, his younger brother Gerald, Amy McCartland, Ron McKim, Larry Borland , Fred Morris and Judy Jeffery . My first teacher in grade five was Ms. Halicosky. She was nasty. I got the strap from her twice. Once for not bringing my paint box for artwork. Once for keeping the ball from the girls. I remember trying to get back at Ms. Halicosky. I was staying with Bert and Judy Hansen at the lake one night. I remember the next morning when we were waiting for the school bus to come, I found a robin that had been shot. I plucked this little robin and took it to Miss Halicosky and told her it was a baby grouse and she should cook it up. She thought this was a wonderful Idea. Some other so and so spilled the beans and I was in hot water. Miss Halicosky lived at cabin number 6 at Mansons. She was rumoured to be sweet on one of the Union Steamship skippers. Every time the boat came in, she would take a tum around it. We used to tease her about that and run around the cabin banging on the walls until she came out.

For the high school grades, we had Don Levy. He was an inspired teacher. One of the things I enjoyed about him was his interest in extracurricular involvement, badminton and writing plays for community Christmas celebrations. He also oversaw the teen club. I remember going to Port Alberni for a teen town conference and to Penticton.

Once a week for a number of years. mom and dad ran a Friday movie night at Manson 's Hall.

Elmer:

Dad arrived on Cortes in 1935. He was interested in doing an apprenticeship with Harry Middleton in his machine shop in Squirrel Cove. That's what led to him and mom meeting. They met at a Mansons dance.

Dad did some logging on the south end with Buster Christiansen and Stan Anderson. They dumped into the Lagoon. They might have been hauling for George Freeman. In the middle fifties mom and dad and Wilf Freeman built the farmhouse at Freemans which Ginny and I later lived in until it burned down. I was helping on that. My job was to nail tin can lids over the knotholes in the sheathing to keep the wind from blowing through the house.

One winter, dad and Cal Campbell trapped. They used my grandpa's license and trap line which ran from Sutil Point all the way to the Gorge. Dad had a little workshop next to the house. I remember seeing mink and otter and raccoon skins being stretched on boards. I remember dad talking about being out in the boat one day with Cal Campbell who was a crack shot with a .22 rifle. He could hit a mink running on the shore while he was standing in the boat.

Dad also logged with Stan Anderson. In winter he used his cat for plowing snow. When he started plowing, he would keep going until all the roads were cleared. One time he plowed for 30 hours straight getting snacks and fortifying drinks from some of the homes he passed.

After he finished logging, he bought the gravel pit from Oliver and Mary Ward and he started delivering gravel for people. He had the backhoe for digging ditches and working on septic systems.

Wildlife:

When I was growing up there were known to be cougars, but few people saw them. I remember Mary Ward saw one once down by Grandpa Hayes place on Bartholomew Road on the way to Cortes Bay.

Then more recently when the kids were little, I thought there was a raccoon in the plum tree that the dog was barking at. I grabbed the 22 and went out and shone the light under the grape vine where a bear growled at me. The dog ran back between my legs. The bear fortunately went in the other direction. I could hear him going over the fence into the orchard area. The kids were mad because I hadn't got them up to see this bear. Then three weeks later I got up and saw the bear out of the corner of my eye climb over the gate by the corner of the house heading for the compost pile. That time I did call the kids.

Two years ago, Ginny and I found one ewe just lying as if she had collapsed forward. She was our oldest one so we thought she might have died of old age. The next night a ram and another ewe had been killed. There was no doubt. There was wool pulled out all over the place. The wildlife officer came over and they tracked a cougar and got it up a tree over by Eagle Acres. They had shot it, but it was caught in the limbs of the tree. The officer climbed the tree and the closer he got the bigger this animal looked. He was hoping it was really dead and not just unconscious, but he prodded it and it fell out of the tree.

We didn't have any trouble until May when another cougar came back and took a lamb. I was out on the far corner of our place toward Andrew Weil's property. We went in the trail and I saw the cougar bounding away from me. So, I called Dennis Newsham and he came with his two dogs. We tracked and shot the cougar. (We're pretty sure the first one was a young cougar because the first cougar that was killed had lines on the inside of its front legs. These lines disappear at the age of two.) This one was the mother cougar

C.R. 13892

date: 1972

col. May Ellingsen

Dept. of Highways screening plant which screened 2000 yds. of 3/4 minus gravel donated from Gravel Pit on Sutil Point Road. Gravel used for black top from Mansons Ldg. almost to Bartholomew Road.



C.R. 13891 (lower)

date: 1972

col. May Ellingsen

Sand screened and some oversized rock. This was the first development of the kind at this Pit. Later the Dept. brought in a crusher and bought and processed 15,000 yards of gravel for the roads.

ELMER'S GRAVEL PIT



teaching a young one how to hunt. I guess she figured catching sheep inside a fenced area was an easy thing to do.

We haven't had any trouble since that time. Ginny:

Another cougar story. Several years ago, I was working in the garden when I heard a tremendous commotion from the hens. I ran up there thinking a hawk was after them. Funny really, I was looking up into the trees and sky and the hens were going crazy. Suddenly I looked down and there was a cougar pacing up and down outside the chicken wire totally focused on chicken dinner. I beat on a metal bucket to scare her away and she eventually turned to the forest. Later that same day she came back. I saw her walk south and ran through the B & B room onto the deck to watch her. Phil, a young man staying with us, grabbed me back. There was the cougar, just feet away, looking at me though the fence. For a split second my eyes met those of a truly wild animal. That moment he stayed with me. Quite indescribable. The most beautiful eyes I ever saw.

LAMBERT FAMILY

Thomas Lambert - ORIGINAL OWNER OF REEF POINT FARM - SOLD TO GEORGE FREEMAN → BRUCE ELLINGSEN

RETROSPECTIVE

The 1916 electoral list names Tom Lambert as owner of the South East 1/4 of section 2, Cortes Island, now Reef Point Farm.

In 1866, one year before Confederation, Thomas and Mary Lambert, great grandparents of Tom Lambert, travelled from their home in Yorkshire in the U.K. by ship, to arrive in York Township in Toronto. They had with them their two children, Nathaniel and John. John grew up in the Toronto area and married Ellen Maria Stewart in 1887. After the tragic death of Ellen, John moved west to B.C. along with his thirteen-year-old son, Tom, and the two of them ran a freight business in Vancouver with a horse drawn wagon. In 1907 they moved to Cortes Island to try farming. The two men joined others on Cortes Island in their plan to send produce to Vancouver on the Union Steamships.

In 1913, at a fancy ceremony in Vancouver, Tom Lambert married Gertrude Mundigal, stepdaughter of Augustus Teuber of the west end of Gunflint Lake. They had two sons, Stewart born in 1914 and Russell several years later.

Logging and clearing government roads proved to be a good way to supplement their farm income, so John and Tom Lambert formed a company together with Carl Doering, (half-brother of Gertrude Lambert) to engage in these. Logs were sold to an agent in Vancouver. Tom would also take his team of horses to Powell River to earn cash doing contract work for the Powell River Company or hauling shingle bolts at Sliammon.

The Lambert 's very close friends, the Padgetts, who arrived on Cortes in 1904 to settle at Smelt Bay. were also from Yorkshire U.K. They brought the first goats to Cortes Island to provide fresh milk and meat for the settlers. Herbert and Patty Padgett left Cortes in 1910 to operate a chicken farm on Texada Island at which time they sold their herd to the Lamberts. It was descendants of these that formed the herd owned by the Lambert 's in Paradise Valley in Powell River years later. In 1926, with constant urging from the Padgetts who had moved on to Paradise Valley, the Lamberts joined their friends there. Between 1926 and 1931 the Lambert men met the requirements for pre-emption of the Paradise Valley farm.

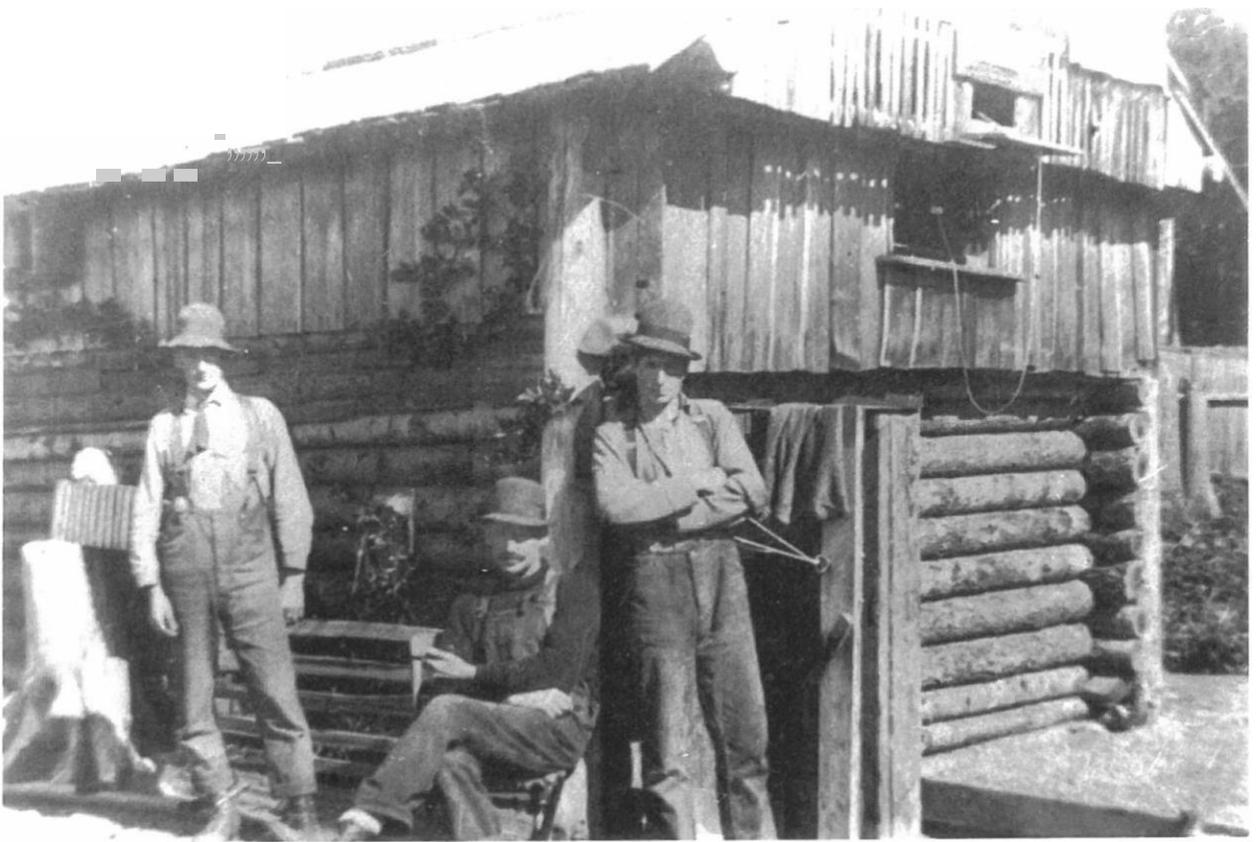
In 1928 Tom Lambert bought the first panel truck in the area and delivered goat's milk to families in the Powell River townsite. At one point he had one hundred milking goats, but then came the dirty 30's and the herd declined.

Tom Lambert 's son Stewart and his wife Barbara still live in the Powell River area today.

The above information was all derived from Barbara Ann Lambert 's book, "IN PARADISE" published by herself in 1998.



TOM, GERTRUDE, STUART AND BABY
RUSSELL LAMBERT, WITH DOG BINGO C1918



C.R. 13727 (top)

date: 1910

C R. 13729 (bottom)

Lambert homestead at Sutil Point where they took up pre-emption in 1908 and proceeded to clear the land and build and stock the place. See pigeon loft -top upper r. Tom left., John cent., & Stuart r.

They had goats, chickens, pigs, horses and planted an orchard and berries. Bottom picture shows them busy putting up a picket fence.



LAMBERT FAMILY

John Lambert was one of a number of people who came to Cortes to take up a homestead after 1900. His choice was a place in the Sutil Point (then known as Reef Point) area and he came in 1908. His nearest neighbours were the Padgett family at Smelt Bay.

Besides being closely located and now having much the same lifestyle to deal with, they also shared the bond of having originated in Yorkshire, England, where both had roots in the textile business. Mr. Padgett's father had owned and successfully operated several woolen mills while John Lambert's father Thomas had made shuttles for hand looms until power looms and new techniques eliminated the need for his skills and led him to emigrate with his wife and year-old son, John.

The family lived in eastern Canada where Thomas first sold handmade wooden dolls and then bought farmland in what is now central Toronto. He was not especially successful at farming, but the family stayed long enough for John to grow up, marry and have a family of his own. After his wife Ellen died in 1901, John moved west to Vancouver, British Columbia, where he and his son Tom established a delivery business which they operated for six years before John decided to move to Cortes Island. Tom joined his father in 1909 but for a time while John was by himself, he kept a diary which gives some insight into his way of life at the time. This excerpt from his diary is for the year 1909 - as follows:

Sunday, March 21, 1909.

Fine day and warm. I went down to John Manson's, got 5 dozen eggs. Albert Lambert was down. I went as far as Padgett's with him. Mr. & Mrs. Padgett came down with their boy Rex. They were here for dinner.

Tuesday, March 23.

Fine day and warm. All is well. Mr. Padgett helped me start my incubator at 102 degrees. I put in 121 eggs to start with.

Thursday, March 25.

Fine day. Boat went down late to-night. Shot a deer this morning. John Manson and Dan McDonald were over after boom chains. I sent a letter to Tom today.

Sunday, March 28.

Fine day. Rain at night. Albert baked bread. Albert found a hen I could not find for two days. Albert went to work Sunday night to the logging camp. Johnson's son Jack came for dinner.

Monday, April 5.

Fine day. Work on woodshed. Mr. Padgett came down for me to help him with his boat. The worst Northwest wind since I came up here.

Thursday, April 8.

Fine day. I went to the wharf with Mr. Padgett for oil and I sent down a registered letter to Tom. Got some clams and came home. All is well with me.

Tuesday, April 13.

Rough night. Fine day but windy. Planted some potatoes and small seeds. Mr. Padgett was down. Had 50 eggs, all with good chicks but they died on the last day. I think the shells were too dry.

Thursday, April 15.

Fine day. Northwest wind at night, very rough. My little chicks are doing well. The weather is still cold. I started the incubators going with 130 eggs; 80 of my own and 50 to make up from Padgett.

Friday, April 16.

All is well but stormy, even a little snow. Three boatloads full of Native Indians went by but the storm drove the back.

Friday, April 16 (cont'd)

from Cape Madge to the reef. After the storm they made it again.

Thursday, April 22.

Fine day. Mr. Padgett and myself went after cider.

Monday, April 30.

Last day in the month. Fine day. Cleared land.

Monday, May 3.

East wind, rough night. Worked on cutting a trail. Only 68 eggs left in the incubator. Something must be wrong. I can't tell what the matter is with the damn thing at all. My wife Ellen died eight years ago today.

Thursday, May 6.

Only 21 chicks hatched. A bad hatch, too hot I think, as they died in the shell at hatching time.

Friday, May 7.

Fine day. Albert came down for a drink. We went out fishing, got two dog fish; I rendered the liver and got about two thirds of a pint of oil. Also caught a cod and flounder.

Sunday, May 9.

Lots of rain and a good job too for my garden. Stated the incubator going today with 120 eggs. 18 eggs from Mike Manson, white leghorns, 50 eggs from Padgett and 52 of my own. All is well.

Tuesday, May 11.

Cleared land all day. Went out shooting at 5 o'clock. Came back with a fine buck at 7 o'clock. A good fat one.

Friday, May 14.

Fine, just a little rain. Put up meat in jars. Worked around the house. Tested the eggs at night, took out 1+, they seemed to be doing well.

Saturday, May 22.

Fine day, boat late. I went to the wharf with Mr. Padgett. I got oil, wheat and flour. Albert came back with us. I tested my eggs at night, they tested out about 78%. That is the best I have had yet. A record breaker tonight, 12 chicks out of 12 eggs. The weather is very dry, no rain.

Friday, May 28.

The 19th day for my eggs. About 15 came out tonight.

Saturday, May 29.

A good hatch on the 20th day. The hatch was over at night. I got 82 chicks out of 93 eggs. That is the best this year. So far, this year, hatched 122 chicks. Albert came down for the mail. It rained all day, off and on.

Sunday, May 30.

Fine day. I have two hens with sore eyes. Albert and me went to see Padgett at night time. The chicks are doing well. I set a broody hen on 15 eggs.

Tuesday, June 1st.

Rained all day. Chicks doing well. Worked on chicken house all day.

Monday, June 7.

Fine day. I got a buck this morning, a big one. I salted it at night.

Friday, June 10.

A fine day. No rain yet. I work on well. Missed the boat as she was early. I got a coon in the trap at the well.

Monday, June 14.

Fine in the morning, rain at night, a good thing for my garden! All is well with me. I was out shooting tonight. I got a shot at a deer but missed. It was my fault this time.

Tuesday, June 22

Fine day. I went to John Manson's and got some wheat. I was out.

Sunday, June 27.

Real high tide. I got a shot at a deer, hit *him*, but he got away. Albert took Tom's letter down for the Monday boat as she won't be up July 1st on account of the holiday.

Thursday, July 1st.

A holiday - but not for me. I work all the time up here. I brought up the wheat from John Manson's (by boat). I got a can of oil, paid \$1.25. Caught two cod but lost the tackle on the way home. A heavy sea tonight.

Saturday, July 3.

A fine day. I went to the wharf for groceries and mail. I bought new gun and nails. Albert came back at night.

Monday, July 19.

Fine day. I went to the wharf and got a sack of wheat from Mike Manson. Paid him \$2.50. I met Dan McDonald going to the wharf.

Sunday, July 25.

Rain. Albert and another man came down. Went to see Padgett at night.

Sunday, August 1st.

Fine day. I went to the sermon at night.

Wednesday, August 4.

Fine day. Work on trail all day.

Saturday, August 7.

Fine day. No work on trail. Went to the wharf. Got two bags of feed for the chickens, one bag of flour and butter.

Monday, August 9.

Albert and another man came down yesterday. Stayed until this evening. We all then left for Newman's camp to do some falling.

Wednesday, August 11.

Fine day. Worked in bush.

Saturday, August 14.

Rain all day, no work, I sent a letter to Tom and went down to the wharf myself. Came home at night and made bread.

Sunday, August 29.

Fine day. Came home. Went to work at night time. I work at Newman's logging until October 18th, 1909. I made \$168.00. Thursday, October 21. I work on the well all day. Stuart and Albert went to town (Vancouver). I got my cheque for road work. I made \$15.00. Altogether I have made \$41.60 on the road this year. Expecting Tom home soon.

Tuesday, October 26.

Tom and myself went fishing. We got 55 salmon. We salted down 50 of them. A fine night.

Saturday, October 30.

We had a concert at the schoolhouse. I dug a new well, three feet of water.

Sunday, October 31.

The end of the month. Fine day. All is well with me.

.....

This ends the excerpts from John Lambert's diary. But a little more than three years later he was involved in an incident worth noting here.

He was a passenger aboard the Union Steamship "Cheslakee" which sank at the Vananda, Texada Island, on January 7, 1913, with tragic loss of seven lives, one of which was Miss Mary Pepper, the teacher of Cortez Island School. John Lambert escaped without injury but lost a horse.

and wagon as well as his luggage which contained a revolver and ammunition, a flashlight and alarm clock and supply of cigars and tobacco besides his clothing.

An account of the accident was carried by "The Daily News-Advertiser" as follows: Dated: March 13, 1913.

"The Cheslakee" sailed from Vancouver on the night of the 6th of January last at 8:45 p .m. , a full cargo being carried on the main deck of an approximate weight of 45 tons, a passenger list of nearly 100, a full quantity of coal, water and stores being on board, the mean draft being alleged to be 9 feet 4 inches. The sea and the weather conditions were moderate and the vessel arrived at Van Anda, Texada Island, her first port of call, at about 3:25 the following morning. There she discharged a few packages of cargo and one or two passengers, leaving this port at 3:45 a.m., after which she proceeded on a north west by north course towards Powell River, the wind being about east by south at the time. About nine or ten minutes after being on course, the vessel was struck on her starboard beam by a heavy squall of an alleged velocity of 50 to 60 miles an hour which had the effect of listing her over to an angle of about 25 degrees to port, in which position evidence shows that she took quantities of water on to her main deck. The pilot who was in charge of the boat at the time, the master being below, put his helm apart, bringing the wind on to the port side, which, according to the captain, who come on to the deck in the meantime, and to other evidence, had the result of bringing the vessel somewhat more upright and , under the circumstances, the captain considered he was justified in returning to Van Anda. But the vessel, reaching the shelter of the land, she again listed to port and before she could be properly secured to the wharf, filled and sank, causing the drowning of seven persons."

Interestingly, on this occasion, the Union Steamship Co., maintaining that they were not insurers of freight, paid nothing for the loss of a horse and wagon that John Lambert was bringing home.

He did receive 50.00 for his personal effects which, besides his clothing, included a flashlight and alarm clock, revolver and ammunition and a supply of cigars and tobacco.

John cleared and improved tis land and with help from his sons Tom and Stuart planted a good-sized orchard including grapes, raspberries and loganberries as well as the chickens and livestock and garden. He lived and worked on his property until 1926 when he moved with son Tom and his family to live in Paradise Valley in Powell River area.

*For more information on the Lamberts
ask to see our copy of "In Paradise" by Barbara Ann Lambert.*



DOLLY (JEFFERY) HANSEN

Resident: SMELT BAY 1916–2012

Dolly Hansen* in conversation with Doreen (Huck) Thompson, Sue (Bone) Ellingsen, and Dianne (Theal) Hentschel, January 24, 2005

I moved to Cortes Island with my parents in 1925 from North Vancouver. The eldest of six children, I was the only one born in England. I took some ribbing about that-the only limey one in the family. My sisters were Lillian, and Betty, and my brothers, Baron (who married Nellie), Charlie (who died in Ramsey Ann when he was 18, and Freddie who was killed at 18 during World War II.

We started out at Seaford and moved to Chris's Lagoon two months after we arrived on Cortes. We went to school t Seaford during the first two months and then went to the one room school at Mansons.

In that one room school there were eight grades. It seemed like about one kid to a grade but there must have been a few more. Among the students were the Hayes, about 6 of them, 4 Jefferies, Ralf Morris, the Pickle boys, Michael Herrewig, and later on there were Hazel and Etta McKay. The school was only one room with a woodshed attached.

Mail day was a big deal when we were kids. The Union Boat would come in and if it was foggy, we'd all be down on the wharf banging on tin plates. The boat would blow the horn and the whole bunch of us would be down there to help them navigate. There used to be a waiting room down there, we'd all be waiting there for the boat in bad weather.

Before the store was built, Mike Manson had a trading post in the Lodge. The Ladies Guild was held in what used to be the store. Later that shower picture of me was taken at the lodge. I think Mike Manson built it and raised his family there. They had their Golden anniversary there. That was the big thing when we first came on the island. I remember that. Of course, other social things took place at the Hall. The Hall and the Church were well established when we came in 1925.

When we came, the Morris family owned the house that later became Cold Mountain, then the Wards owned it and they sold to the people who developed Cold Mountain.

* Dolly (Jeffery) Hansen



The Jeffery
home at Chris' Lagoon

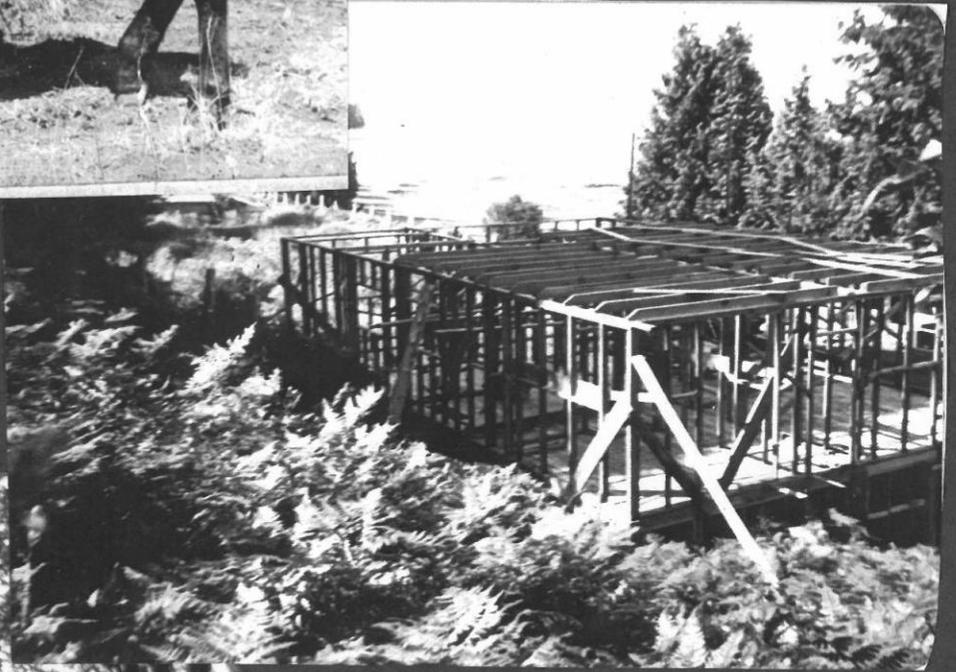
MAIL DAY, 1943





Dolly's father as a Boer War Soldier

Building the Jeffery home at Smelt Bay,
c 1940



I left school at 14, about 1929. It was during the Depression and I went to Vancouver to work. I met Peggy Newsham there. She came up to Cortes with me for a visit, and never wanted to leave. She just loved it.

In 1938 I married Harold. I was 22 years old. They had a wedding shower for me at the Lodge at Manson's Lagoon and I was married in St. James Church.

About that time my dad got Smelt Bay through the soldiers' settlement. He fought in both the Boer War and the First World War. He built the "brown house" which the Gordons live in now.

Harold worked in logging away from Cortes until about 1952. We started out in Ramsey Arm. While we were living there, Dennis and Jim were born in Campbell River. We went from there to Melina Cove in Prideaux Raven, and later to Salmon Bay in Toba Inlet. We lived in float houses in the logging camps.

We came back here and settled more or less permanently about 1952. We lived in Cortes Bay while Harold logged in that area, built a house and towed it around to Smelt Bay. Ted was born in Powell River while we were in Cortes Bay. (I was down there a month and a half, and I was fed up after that time. Transportation wasn't good). After we moved to Smelt Bay John was born in Comox. I stayed with Etta Byers that time.

We had eight foster kids. Wendy was our adopted daughter. We adopted her at 3 years old and after that we had the foster kids. Dolores, Billy Gary, Wayne Burnett, Victor Lorantine, Dwayne Scott, Melvin, Dell and Jeff came when he was 18 months. We didn't treat them any different from our own kids.

We had a big family, so we had a big garden. There was lots of stuff we canned, and we had animals too. Lots of milk cows and beef. Harold used to go cod fishing every spring until there wasn't any cod around. And we had seafood. The only one of all our kids who did not like oysters was Ted. When we had oysters, he had to cook himself an egg. We had 250 chickens up here. One night a mink got in with the chickens and killed 125 of them. We buried them. Mr. Freeman was perturbed with us because we didn't let him know because he said they could have eaten them. Apparently, the mink does just what we do, bleeds the chickens. We didn't fancy them.



up: Etta McKay and
Dolly, the bride-to-be, at shower
held at "The Spit House."
left: The Wedding Day,
Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hansen





1940's :
Harold and Dolly's
floathouse, Cortes Bay

A gathering at Granny Jeffery's,
Smelt Bay





BETTY'S HOUSE
HAD TO BE MOVED
BACK FROM THE
ROAD.



BETTY JEFFERY
2005



Betty Jeffery's house
had to be moved
back from the road.

1940's



Going for the mail, late
1940s.

Nellie (Smith) Jeffery
(plaid jacket), Mrs.
Fulgham, Morris Nelson,
Henry Jeffery, Harry
Morris

We sold some of our eggs and some milk to whoever wanted it. We used to pasteurize some of our milk for Laurie Freeman when he was a baby. We had our chickens and cows up here on the hill and our garden down near the house on Smelt Bay road. Our chickens were called Black Ostrolabs. They were kind of a heavy bird, nice ones. We never had a surplus of eggs. We had a big enough family of our own to go through a lot of eggs., and then our extended family and neighbours – Nellie, Betty, my Uncle Harry Morris, Eddy MacKenzie, Mrs. Lowes in the Brown house, and Jack and Lilian Parry. Across the road from the brown house were May and Wilf Freeman. Since we were the ones who had the most kids a big garden, and animals was the most sensible way to go.

Harold was still logging at that time with Ken Hansen, George Freeman and Wilf, and Art and Frank Hayes.

In his retirement years Harold picked salal. I picked it for a few years too. But Harold picked it for years until about two years before the end. Most of the salal areas are gone now, due to timber growth, people moving in or logging. Harold was good at picking salal, he pruned it. When he came back the next year it had grown back in. When I started picking, salal started out at 23 cents a hand. A hand was a pound and a half. We used elastic bands to tie it. They want it pretty accurate because they have to get 20 bunches in a box. We tried to pick cedar boughs and ferns but that was more difficult.

For entertainment I was secretary of the Ladies Guild for a while. We had boy scouts, cubs, girl guides and brownies. My morn started the Women's Institute about 1926. The Mansons branch of the Women's Institute went for a while, but then they changed it to the Ladies Guild of Saint James. I wasn't around at the beginning but joined the Ladies Guild when I returned.

In the summer we used to have big community picnics at Smelt Bay on the first of July called 'the barbecue'. The name existed long before we had the piece of equipment called a barbecue. They used to dig a trench, build a fire in it, wrap meat in cloth, throw it on the hot coals and bury it until it was cooked. That was why they called the picnic the barbecue. They were a lot of fun.



1950s

Betty Jeffery and Ella Lowes, on
the wharf and at the coffee shop.



For medical attention we had to fly to the River for emergencies. We only had one accident. Once when Jim backed the tractor up to pull the boat up from the shore, he didn't know that the brakes weren't hooked up. He went down over the bank. Fortunately, Harold was down on the beach at the time and pulled him out before he was pinned by the tractor. He just broke a couple of ribs.

We were fortunate we didn't have more medical emergencies, because with all those boys what one didn't think of the other did. It is only recently that I discovered that years ago Harold had helped Jeff build a tree fort up in that huge tree which is way up over the bank. If I had known about that there would have been no fort up there.



HAROLD HANSEN

Mr. & Mrs. Jeffery came to Cortez in 1925 after losing their home in North Vancouver to fire. A friend told them of a great place at Seaford to raise a family so, sight unseen, Mr. Jeffery bought the place. Access to the place was by trail or boat. The only store was at Squirrel Cove. Mrs. Jeffery was quite disillusioned so soon moved to Squirrel Cove and then to Manson's Ldg. Mrs. Jeffery was a great community worker. She formed the Womens Institute and soon had the ladies organized and were very active in many social events - picnics, Fall Fairs dances, Saturday night whist at the Hall and bridal showers and Xmas Parties with Rev. Allen Green. Dolly Jeffery arrived at the Seaford school when I was in Grade I, she was in Grade III. We became friends and we have been good friends ever since. Dolly had two sisters, Lillian and Betty and three brothers, Baron, Charlie and Fred.

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MARYANN (PARRY)
McCOY

MARYANN McCOY'S STORY (NEE PARRY)

In 1925, my grandparents, Mary A. Jeffery and Henry Jeffery came to Cortes. They had been burnt out in North Vancouver and lost everything. Grandpa saw an advertisement in a Vancouver newspaper for a furnished place for sale in Butler Bay. They moved there, then later moved to Squirrel Cove where they rented from Mr. Jardine to be closer to school and store. Next they moved on to Chris's Lagoon where they bought property and remained until the early '30's. Next they moved to Smelt Bay, where Grandpa bought the whole bay. Each one of his children, Baron, Charles, Dolly, Lillian, Freddie and Betty was given a good-sized piece of property to build on.

My mum, Lillian, went from Chris's Lagoon to Refuge Cove to baby-sit the Tindall children and ended up meeting my dad, Jack Parry who was working at the store for the Tindall's. A romance blossomed and they were married in Powell River at Dad's uncles place, called Parrys Ville. They lived in Refuge Cove and my brother Bobby was born in 1942. Then Dad took the family to Egmont where he worked in the store, then back to Refuge Cove to work for Doris and Norm Hope in their store. I was born in 1945 while they were living at Refuge.

Next Mum and Dad bought a little house from Mrs. Flo McKay which was on a float. We lived in that house pulled up near Art Hayes's place until we moved into a small house on Grandpa Jeffery's property at Smelt Bay where we stayed while my dad built our house to the north of the brown house (Grandpa's place). To the south of Grandpa was Auntie Dolly and Uncle Harold, then Uncle Baron and Auntie Nellie, then Auntie Betty and then Auntie Mary and Uncle Harry Morris, who was Granny Jeffery's brother.

In the early 40's, after moving permanently to Cortes Island my dad became a fisherman and logger. His boat was called the "Treasure Island" and it was a gillnetter. He also did odd jobs for Jack Manson and Arne Haukvik. He would row to Haukvik's from the dock at Manson's and sometimes I was allowed to go with him. My mum would always listen to the radio channel where the fishermen chatted.

In the early 40's my dad built a two-bedroom house with a proper indoor bathroom and hot and cold running water. We had a kerosene fridge, wood



stove, gas lantern and later a light plant and T.V. Mum used a bicycle rim to get reception. We were able to get channel 12 as well as 3 other stations. Cartoons were a bonus for all the kids in the bay. We had an old gas washing machine and Mum hung the clothes outside or over the stove to dry. Mum used to make bread dough and set it on top of the stove over night and next morning after Dad had the stove going it was baked. To this day I like the smell of home baked bread! Mum did lots of canning--- venison, other meat, fish and vegetables. Oysters, clams, and seafood were plentiful on the beaches and in the local waters. We had a big vegetable and flower garden, and there was lots of water in Nigger Bill Creek. A fellow known locally as Nigger Bill (also as the sunshine Swede) had a cabin where Granny Jeffery's house was before the Jeffery's moved there.

My younger brother, Wayne, was born in 1955 and one of my chores was to baby-sit him after school for an hour or two. I had to peel vegetables for supper and do the dishes. There seemed to be a lot of coffee cups and I also remember cleaning up the cigarette rolling machine every night. I'm sure that's what cured me of smoking and drinking coffee. Boy there were a lot of dishes when Mum had tables from one end of the house to the other when we had family special occasions at our house. We were a close-knit family and have lots of treasured memories – picnics at Hank's Beach, Smelt Bay, Marina Island, Mitlenatch, the Maple Tree, and Manson's Lagoon that included the whole clan in Smelt Bay.

In the summer I would go swimming with my cousins in front of May and Wilf Freeman's, (Don and Mary Thompson's now) and when we were called to do our chores or for supper, we said we couldn't hear, so Auntie Dolly bought a bull horn. I'm sure you could hear it clear to Manson's, so, no more excuses for us. I used to bake cake and cookies, and one time I put in yeast and salt. I was only 10 years old, but it was an expensive mistake, since all the supplies had to come on the steamship. Later Jack and Ev Summers had a fair stock in the store at Manson's. I remember my older brother making lemon pie, but no one told him you didn't need to knead the dough. Boy was it tough. But the filling was yummy.

SCHOOL MEMORIES

In 1926 my mum and her family went to the old log school that was where the Sunset restaurant is currently. It was still standing when I went to

JACK PARRY (PLAID SHIRT)



school, but I went to the new school. When my older brother Bobby and Freddie Morris, Jimmie and Dennis Hansen, Joan and Judy Jeffery went to school there was a short yellow school bus. Then when I started there was a big one. I was disappointed that I never got to ride the small one. We had to walk up the hill to catch the bus. Ernie Guthrie drove the school bus the entire time I went to school on Cortes, grades I to I 0. I went to Max Cameron School in Powell River for grade 11. At this time the girls wore mostly skirts or dresses to school.

I had lots of friends at school. Some of them were Del Burnette, Marge and Linda Rexford, Gail Bergman, Susan Bone, Vera Laurentief, Jacki and Tari Tooker, Nancy Pyner, Sandi Sharpe, Barbara Parker, Darlene Sharkey, Jenny Armstrong, Doris Hartman and Nancy Layton. There were more boys than girls in school at this time. You had to do sports with them. I remember football. It was rough and you could end up at the bottom of the pile if you got tackled like I did. We walked everywhere or rode bikes or horses.

I remember when tar was put into the furnace ducts and everyone having to vacate the school. One time someone put a tack on Mr. Tomlinson's chair, and we all had to stay after school until someone owned up to it. The boys used to throw salamanders in the girls' washroom and there was lots of screaming. I had May Freeman, Mr. Tomlinson, Mr. Winter, Mr. Miller, Janet Fuller, Bev Matthews and Mr. Gowing for teachers. Mr. Levey was principal.

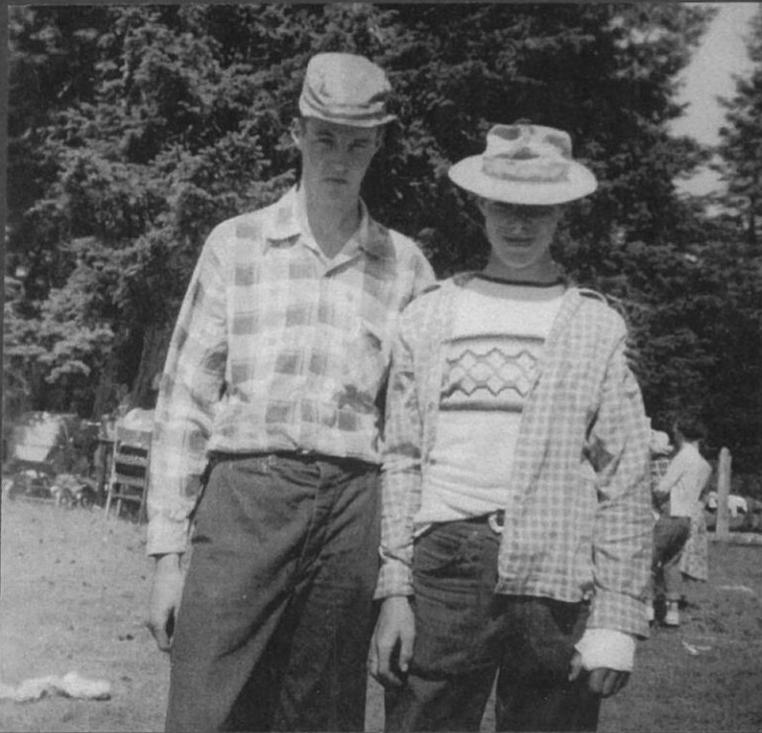
I remember one sports day when I was trying really hard to win the cup. They needed one more person for the older group relay, so consequently that person got one more point than I was able to get. To make it fair they gave her the cup but I got a medal. I was really pleased because the cup was only yours for the year, but the medal you kept forever!

The kids all went to Hector Graham's confectionery store. He had some pretty dicey books and calendars he was always trying to show us. We were more interested in seeing our boyfriends as they weren't going to school at that time, but they hung around at Hector's at recess and lunch-time.

We had a band directed by Pearl Graham and we played for concerts.



NEIGHBOURHOOD PICNIC C1950



MAC (Norman) CALWEL AND
BOB PARRY, AT SMELT BAY PICNIC
C 1956

MEDICAL SERVICES

I remember Dr. Chen, Dr. Gordon and Dr. Depew coming from the Quinsam Medical Clinic to Whaletown teacherage for clinic day in the 50's and 60's. Dr. Gordon discovered my mother's illness in 1956. The doctors came once a month.

COMMUNICATIONS

We had a telephone. There were about 6 people on each line and there was usually someone on the line when you needed to use it. Some people listened in on conversations and some people left the receiver off the hook and you had to walk to their home to get them to replace it. One person in particular was always on the phone and people complained and the person kept getting put on another line. Eventually they were given their own line! After Dave and I were married Dad hooked up the old wooden phone from their house to ours so mum and I could talk back and forth with no-one listening in.

Dave and I received a telegraph when we were married.

TRANSPORTATION

Dad used to go to Campbell River in his boat to get supplies when they weren't ordered from Woodward's to come on the steam ship. He took me and my brother, Bob, to Campbell River in the boat to get our teeth done. Billy Burnette was with us one time and it was really rough on the water, so we went on deck for fresh air. I went to reach for the mast when the boat lurched. Mr. Arne Haukvik was with us and he caught my coat and saved me from going overboard. I was really frightened. From then on, the only way to get me to go on the boat to get my teeth fixed was to dangle a strawberry short-cake in front of me.

Bob Langdon used to come into Smelt Bay with the floatplane to pick someone up or drop someone off. Mum used to travel by air, because she didn't like the rough boat rides.

My Uncle Art used to come up on the steamship to Manson's, and also my Grandpa Parry. We kids in the bay were always excited to see someone new come to Cortes.

My Dad had a 1946 Chevy truck and he gave everyone in the bay a ride to get mail or groceries.

The Dronsfield's were working in the post office. Mr. Fretwell used to work on the roads with Benny Beaulieu. They always used to stop for coffee in the morning in different places.

COMMUNITY HALL

We used to have Christmas parties when Santa Clause came, bringing each child an orange, candy cane, a small toy (usually a rubber doll or a game), and sometimes some hard candies. We also had Halloween costume parties with prizes for best costumes. One time I had a Dutch paper costume and was standing by the heat register when someone sent a firecracker up the vent catching my outfit on fire. Elton Anderson wrapped a blanket around me and quickly got it out. I was lucky!

I remember that year there was a contest to see how quickly the men could diaper a rubber doll. There was Jim Pyner, Elton Anderson, Jack Parry, Elmer Ellingsen and Harold Hansen. I think Jim Pyner won, and the blanket under the dolls was the one used to wrap around me to put out the fire.

We had Teen Town at Manson's Hall. I used to make chocolate cake with green or purple icing for the dances, which tasted really good. We also had picture shows, which were shown by Elmer Ellingsen. I remember "Blue Hawaii" with Elvis Presley in 1959. We had bowling, dances that the whole family went to, Christmas and Thanksgiving pot-lucks and Christmas concerts at the hall.

I gave Jack Cowan a ride one day and he said he never forgot me up on stage singing a western cowboy song. I aimed my gun at the audience and it

was just supposed to click, but David Ward and Dennis Newsham had put caps in it. Apparently, I jumped about a foot in the air and everyone roared with laughter. I think I was in grade 4 or 5 at the time. When I was in grades 7 and 8 the girls used to sing carols at the hall at Christmas.

I remember lots of weddings at the hall and church. Some that come to mind are Joan and Johnny Hewison, Judy and Robert Christensen, Maryann and Dave McCoy, Dianne and Jim Hansen, Wayne and Charlene Parry, Judy and Dan Bell, Dale and Jo-Ann McCoy and Ian and Susie McCoy. There have also been lots of 25th and 50th anniversaries and 50th and 80th birthdays.

SMELT BAY PICNIC GROUNDS

Grandpa Jeffery owned the park from about 1936 and he started the July 1st picnic and the 24th of May picnic. I remember trying to catch the greased pig at one of the 24th of May picnics. There were also log sawing contests and nail driving contests. I remember the year of Centennial Sam, with Cortes Queen Sheila Musclow, and Princesses Goldie Harpman and Tari Tooker. There was a parade with cubs, scouts and Brownies, and there were prizes for best decorated bikes. My Uncle Art helped me decorate mine.

Nancy Pyner and I got prizes.

We used to have Easter egg hunts around the maple tree at the park when we were kids. I remember there were lots of pink lady slippers and blue bells out in the grass. All of the kids in the bay played baseball or 500 at the picnic grounds. My dad and Uncle Harold bought the park area from Grandad and then it was sold to the government for a park. Dad used to hang his fishnet in the old barn that was at the picnic grounds, and he would mend the nets there.

One sports day I was sitting on one end of a light green net when a couple of boys from Stuart Island twirled the net with me in it around and it got

tangled. It took quite awhile to get me untangled – and we were supposed to be participating in sports day!

THE FIESTA

I remember the Fiesta at Manson's Landing on the spit. Granny Jeffery was crowned Fiesta Queen. There was lots of food and crafts for sale.

CORTES LODGE STORE

I used to clean the cabins at Manson's and put lie down the outhouses. I also helped clean the lodge, babysit, and worked in the coffee shop to earn spending money. When I was 15, I took orders and waited tables for Mrs. Lowes who was cooking. The Dickson's, Collin's, Jorgensen's, Jenkin's, Gray's and Bernard's all came up in the summer to the cabins, along with many more. It was nice to meet new people and through the years some of them moved to Quadra and Cortes.

ST. JAMES ANGLICAN CHURCH

Granny Jeffery, Mrs. Lowes, Mrs. Sherman and Mr. and Mrs. Haukvik and other old timers used to go to church most Sundays. They kept the church up and painted it. Mrs. M. A. Jeffery planted the oak tree in the church yard. We kids went to Sunday school. I remember doing paper mache figures. We were also in on the work bees at the church. Rollo Boas christened me in this church. Other ministers at the church were Mr. Titus, Trevor Williams and Don MacLean. Trevor Williams married Dave and I, and his wife sang at the wedding.

My Grandmother, Mary Jeffery, started the Women's Institute in 1926 and then the Ladies Guild. My mum belonged to the Ladies Guild and after I was married, I was the treasurer of the organization which paid for a new roof for the St. James Church. In 1987 a new Women's Institute was started and I was treasurer again for three years. I was also president of the Women's Institute for three years. They are now called the Island Women.

FAMILY SOCIAL LIFE

Mum often had someone for dinner. Jack Manson might come or Arne and Winnie Haukvik to share dinner with us and then watch a hockey game. Sometimes Gladys and Otto Ellingsen would come for tea and cake after bowling Friday night. Mum and Dad frequently had family get together's at our house, and as I already mentioned there were always picnics with all the family in Smelt Bay and other families such as the Ellingsen's, Pyner's, Pickle's and Newsham's were sometimes included.

We had a lot of things going for us as kids. I went to Brownies which was led by Nellie Jeffery and Peggy Pyner. There I learned to mend socks by putting them over a light bulb and to knit. I later went to Girl Guides which was led by Mrs. Hynek. We used to go to Hernando Island selling Girl Guide cookies. There was Teen Town, square dancing, Bowling and shows. John Wheel led the junior forest wardens and after he left, I helped John Christian with it when my kids were older.

I thoroughly enjoyed growing up on Cortes. I have lots and lots of good memories. I was married here to David McCoy. We had three boys, Dale, Ian and Reo, and five grandchildren – Mitch , Jamie, Colby, Harley and Sabra. Our kids are 5th generation Cortesian's on the Jeffery and Robertson side and 4th generation on the McCoy side.

ADDITIONAL CHRONOLOGICAL
HISTORY OF SMELT BAY
LIFE AND EVENTS -
- FROM EARLY 1900s



C .R .13532

date: early 1900s col. Lambert

The Padgett home at south end of Smelt Bay. The small section on the right was the home of an elderly Norwegian lady named Mrs. Tell. She smoked a pipe and kept her tobacco in a pouch in the back of her coat.



C.R. 13549

date: early 1900s

col. Mabel Christensen

1.-r. Mr. Padgett and Mr. Hague feeding Padgett's goats at his place in Smelt Bay

1910-1929



C.R.13540

date: c.1910 col. Lambert

Padgett home at south end of Smelt Bay. Mrs. Padgett serving tea outside from her silver tea service.

l.- r. Mrs. Padgett, son Rex,
Gertie Mundigel, her half-sister Fadelma Deoring
and brother

Carl Deoring seated on ground.

1930's

*If you have pictures from this era, we'd like to
copy them.*

1940's

If you have pictures
from this era we'd like
to copy them

1950's



C.R . 13554

date: 1950?

T

col. May Ellingsen

Smelt Bay Picnic power saw contest. Carl Saterhaug with saw, Elton Anderson officiating. Standing in background: George Freeman, Herb Morrison, Henry Byers, Stan Anderson, Elmer Ellingsen, Jack O'Donnel unknown man in hat, Lil Parry, Margaret Morrison

Dorothy Black, Sharon Forrest with Marrison (daughter of Herb and Margaret), Isla Forrest shading her eyes, two girls next are unknown, Bill Hawkins in light cap, Harry Middleton Jr. and Morris Black with Larry Borland standing in front of them. Seated on ground: Lottie McDevitt in plaid shirt behind saw, Dennis Newsham and Peggy Newsham (right of Carl).



C.R. 13555

date: 1950

Ladies crosscut saw bucking contest. Jean McKenzie sawing. Carl Saterhaug officiating. Ronnie McKim

at Carl's ba9k and Hazel Hansen to right. Children in foreground and those behind them unknown .

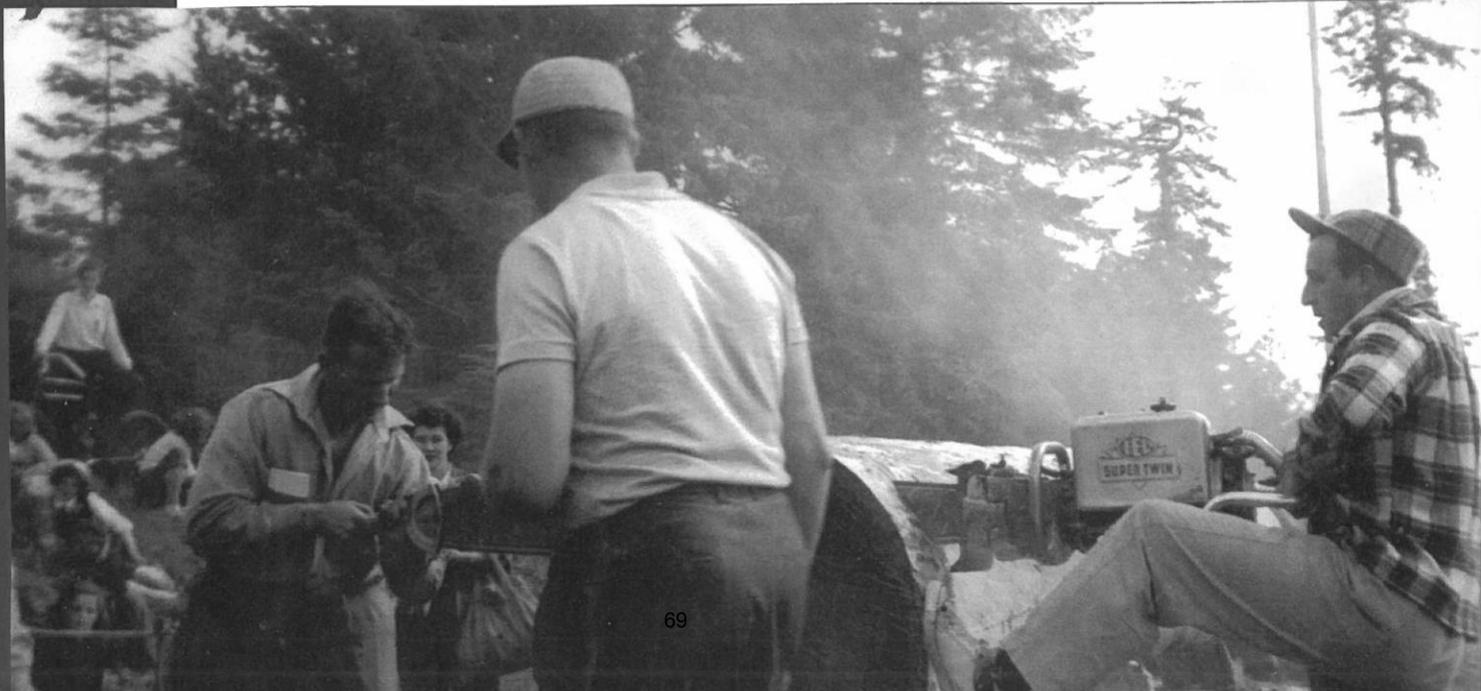
From end of log seated: Mrs. Fulgham, Doris Hawkins, Lottie McDevitt, Mabel Christensen, Eva Freeman, Marjorie Rexford, unknown. Standing behind Eva is Marjorie Griffin, next right George Griffin, unknown slightly behind Mary Hayes.

Picture taken at the Smelt Bay Picnic Grounds.



LOGGER'S SPORTS INCLUDED "BORING STICKS" AND "POWER SAW BUCKING" upper photo

lower photo: JACK PARRY IN PLAID SHIRT



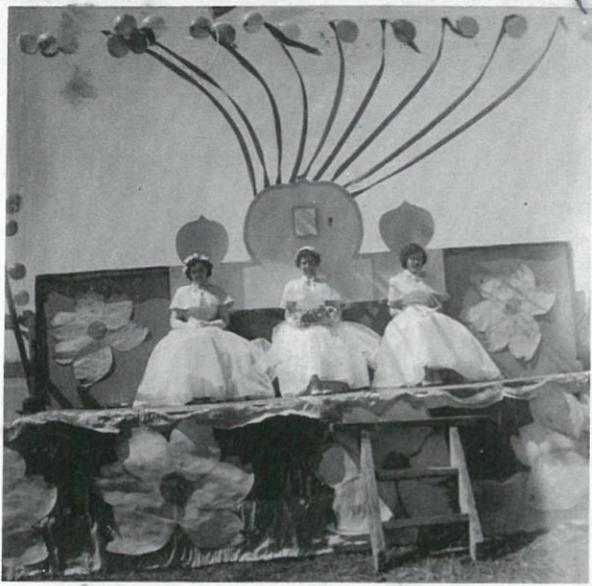


MANSONS SCHOOL BRASS BAND TAKES A BREAK BETWEEN CENTENNIAL TUNES.

FLOYDS PETERS, TEDDY HANSEN, ELMER PETERS, JOHNNY HANSEN, BILLY BURNETT, CHARLIE JEFFERY, PEARL GRAHAM (BAND LEADER), BERT SUMMERS



SOCIALIZING AND SALMON BARBEQUE
ON THE BEACH.



CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, 1958

CENTENNIAL QUEEN, SHEILA MUSCLOW,
REPRESENTING MANSON'S/CORTES BAY
WITH ATTENDANTS TARI TOOKER
(WHALETOWN) AND GOLDIE HARTMAN
(SQUIRREL COVE)

CENTURY SAM (ERNIE BARTHOLOMEW)
AND TRUCK DRIVER APPEAR IN LOWER
PHOTO (MAY 24, 1958)



MAY 24, 1958



BROWNIES, CUBS, BOY SCOUTS AND GIRL GUIDES LED THE PARADE. YOUNGER CHILDREN DID THE MAYPOLE DANCE



1960's

if you have pictures from
this era we would like to
copy them.

1970's

If you have pictures from this era, we would like to copy.'



EVA FREEMAN AT HER WOODSTOVE,
CORTES ISLAND DAY, C 1970

Eva Freemand at Her Woodstove,
Cortes Island Day, c. 1979



"PUT ANOTHER LOG ON THE FIRE...."



ALICE AND BILL THIEL WATCH OVER THE DESSERTS.

1980's

1990's



C.R. 13554

date:

col. May Ellingsen

Smelt Bay Picnic power saw contest. Carl Saterhaug with saw, Elton Anderson officiating. Standing in background: George Freeman, Herb Morrison, Henry Eyers, Stan Anderson, Elmer Ellingsen, Jack O'Donnel unknown man in hat, 111 Parry, Margaret Morrison Dorothy Black, Sharon Forrest with Morrison, Isla Forrest shading her eyes, two girls next are unknown, Bill Hawkins in light cap, Harry Middleton Jr. and Maurice Black with Larry Borland standing in front of them. Seated on ground: Lottie McDevitt in plaid shirt behind saw, Dennis Newsham and Peggy Newsham (right of Carl).

Morrison
(daughter
of Herb
and Margaret)



C.R. 13555

date: 1950

Ladies crosscut saw bucking contest. Jean McKenzie sawing. Carl Saterhaug officiating. Ronnie McKim at Carl's back and Hazel Hansen to right. Children in foreground and those behind them unknown.

From end of log seated: Mrs. Fulgham, Doris Hawkins, Lottie McDevitt, Mabel Christensen, Eva Freeman, Marjorie Rexford, unknown. Standing behind Eva is Marjorie Griffin, next right George Griffin, unknown, slightly behind Mary Hayes.

Picture taken at the Smelt Bay Picnic Grounds.

End of File