

*Whaletown
Photographs
&
Stories*

*Whaletown
1937 to 1949*

Cortes Island Museum and Archives



VOLUME 2
1931 - 1949

BUTE
RANCH
ORCHARD

(GORGE
MARINA
CAMPGROUND)

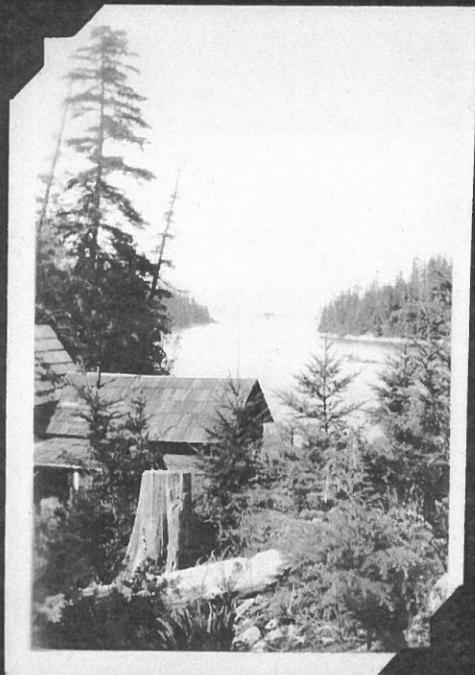
Picnic in Uncle Charlie's orchard
199



July, 1931,



Gwyneth
&
Alice
in the
apple tree,
Burnside,
Aug, 1931



Hooker's, Colter's Bay, Aug, 1931.



Institute Picnic Gorge Harior

BUTE RANCH
ORCHARD

July 1931

1
MRS

①



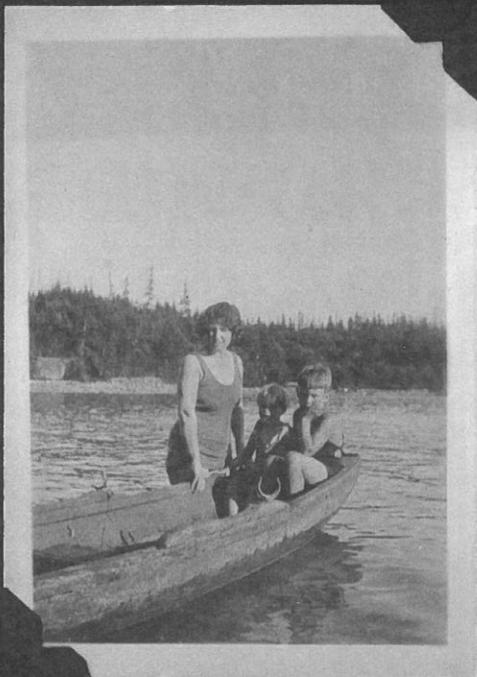
Annual Regatta
at
The Lodge
Gorge Harbor
July, 1931,

②



On
Duncan's
launch
after
the
swim

③



Meg
(Robertson)
Shaw with
her
children
Alice &
Donald

④

In the
harbor at
Whaletown.
July, 1931,
Margaret
Alice
Donald,



The Diving at the Regatta July, 1931

① ④

CORNEILLES LODGE (NOW DON BAILEY'S HOUSE '99)



Bute Ranch

1914

(BUTE RANCH ENCOMPASSED AREA FROM MARINA
TO BEHIND GORDIG + VAL CARR'S HOME '99)



The Log Cabin, at Bute Ranch
in which Charlie lived while building the
Big House before marrying Jennie in March 1905

Uncle
Jim's
house
1909

In 1906 Jennie was selling
bread, butter & eggs from
Bute Ranch to tourists

butter... 25¢ / lb

eggs 35¢ / doz

119 fruit trees had been
planted at a cost of \$25.00
-diary of C. Allen.

MRS

As a boy, DAD (ED TOOKER) USED TO WORK HERE
PEELING POTATOES AND OTHER VARIOUS TASKS FOR
"MOMMY" ALLEN FOR 50¢ A DAY - WALKING TO
AND FROM COULTER BAY DAILY, 3 MILES EACH WAY.
HE ALSO WORKED IN THE GARDEN, SPLIT WOOD
AND PICKED APPLES
- TARI (TOOKER) CHAISSON



HOME OF CHARLIE + JENNIE
ALLEN & DAUGHTER ELSIE



Uncle Charlie's house built 1904-5
Bute Ranch,
GORGE HARBOUR
(NOW SITE OF FLOATHOUSE RESTAURANT '49)



Winnifred & Donald. Aug, 1931,
overlooking the lagoon



Mother in her garden
"Burnside", Aug, 1931,

"Richen's
Field" at
middle left
(now site of
McGuire home)
199



"Burnside" from the bluff, to the south.
Aug, 1931.



Picnic at Looker's July, 1931,
Coulter Bay



Institute meeting at Mrs. Ballantynes
"GYPSY HILL" July, 1931,



Donald Winnifred Gwyneth,
Dorothea, Alice,

Donald + Alice Shaw with
cousins Winnifred, Dorothea and
Gwyneth Robertson.



Picnic at Elsie's, Aug, 1931,
Gorge Harbor,

② (GYPSY HILL IS NOW
the home of Bill Thiel '99) 6 MRS

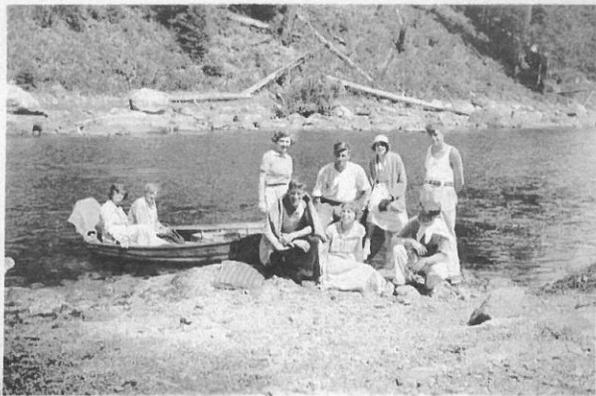


Portaging the boat in
Rankin & Dunc,
Robertson



Boat in.

Von Donup Salt Lagoon 1932



Mrs. Blake's party.
MRS BLAKE WAS PAT ROBERTSON'S MOTHER

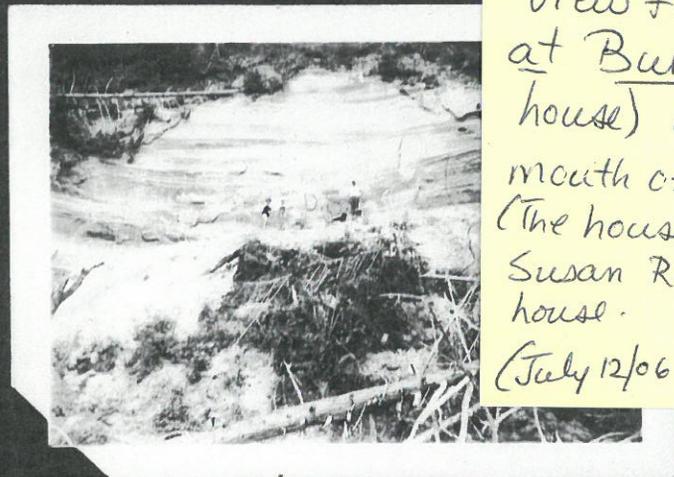


Lunch on island,
Salt lagoon.

PICNICS WERE THE MOST OFTEN
PHOTOGRAPHED SOCIAL ACTIVITY OF THIS ERA.

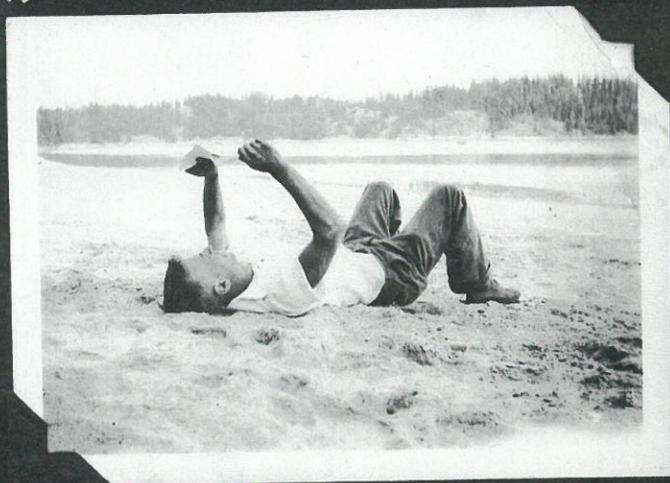


From the front porch.
OF MEG (ROBERTSON) SHAW'S HOME
ON WHALETOWN BAY

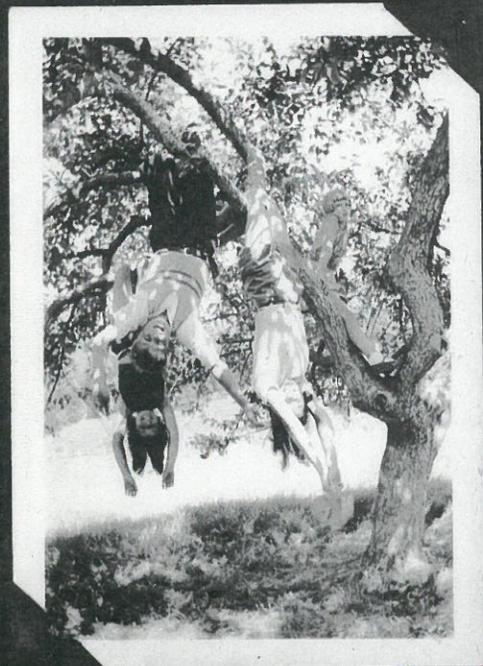


Not the view from
Meg's porch. It is the
view from the ^{porch of} old house
at Burnside (Her parents
house) looking out the
mouth of the lagoon.
(The house before David &
Susan Robertson's present
house.
(July 12/06 Maween Johnston
-Meg's granddaughter)

The Clay bank - Mary Is.



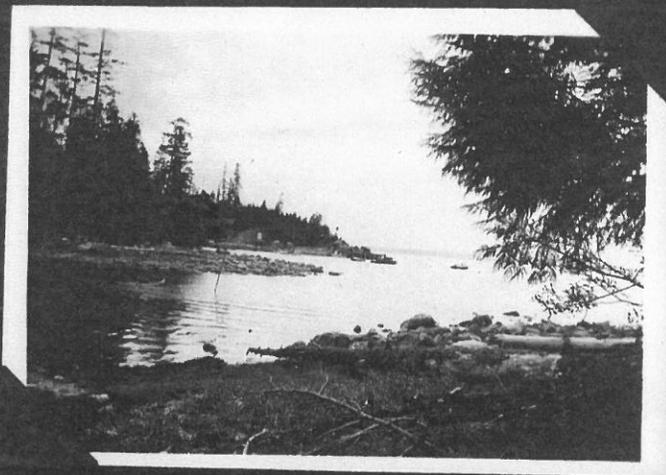
Taking life easy
on the sands at Mary Is.
BEFORE THE LONG ROW HOME!



After dinner exercise,
BURNSIDE



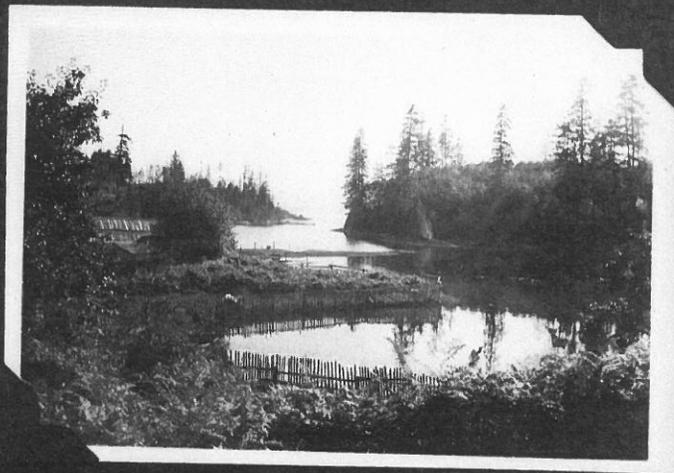
"The Gorge".



Whaletown bay.



Burnside



The Lagoon.

My recollections of Cortes Island during the 30s.

My name is Valerie Thomas (nee MULCAHY) Born January 14th, 1926 in the Rock Bay Hospital. My father at the time was Forest Ranger, and we lived at Thurston Bay. My father in his wisdom decided that he and a friend of his who was his engineer on the forestry boat could do well, buying a garage in San Francisco. My father being the manager and the engineer looking after the rest. Unfortunately, it was at that time that the big Stock Market crashed, and they lost everything. We arrived back in Canada in time for the big depression. And consequently, arrived on Cortes Island about 1932, or about then.

The schoolhouse was at the intersection where the road went down to Coulter Bay. We lived with my mother's brother and his family (Bob Black, his wife Nellie, and my cousin Doreen. We lived in a place called Stoney's (which I presume had been built by someone named Stoney in previous times. Anyhow it was small two-bedroom shack, which we shared. My uncle and my father worked for a small logging outfit run by Mac Evans and Percy Belson. They used the Barrett house up at Barrett Lake, and used it for living quarters and the men that worked for them, ate there also. They were logging near Carrington Bay and the logs were dropped down a flume to the water. I have never heard of any Carrington Bay railway - don't know why there would be any need of it!!

Peter Police lived on the lagoon, and Peter taught my mother how to make home brew beer and also showed her how to pick dandelions when they first came up in the spring and they made a beautiful salad, with olive oil and lemon dressing! We still eat these to this day. Our families (the grownups that is) had many parties at Peter's and all of us young ones would be bedded down to sleep in the attic. Irwins lived down at the foot of the hill from Stoneys and they lived in a log house built by someone called Borden who must have lived there at some time.

During our stay on Cortes, we lived in various places. 1. Stoney's (for a short time) 2. Stranges 3. Redlands 4. Marleys I doubt if there was any rent paid in those days!

My first teacher was a Mr. Long (who I thought was ancient then!) then Mrs. Irene Wood and then Mr. Willaway. I visited Mrs. Wood when I lived in Victoria. She lived in Oak Bay in a big old house, and was very active in the Cat's Protection League, and her house was used as a sort of holding house for cats wanting to be adopted. Well, it was quite an experience - she had at least forty cats in her house, and her whole back yard had been netted in, so that the cats could go out but only in the back yard. She just recently died and I believe was in her nineties.

When we lived at Stranges my father used to row over to Read Island to work for the Malcolm Brothers, and would row back on the weekend. My mother and I slept in bed with a rifle (my mother was nervous about clamdiggers or whatever, coming into the bay,

but I'm sure could never had shot anyone!!) In those days people were really desperate and dug clams for a living!

We used bugs for lighting at nite on the roads. My mother and I used to go to the old Church Hall where my mother would play bridge, and then we would walk home in the dark, with just a "bug" to lite our way.

Mr. & Mrs. Reid ran the local store. He was a character and very amusing. On boat days on Sunday afternoons everyone would gather to wait for the boat - to get their groceries and their mail. And usually there would be ice-cream w h i c h was a real treat!! Some people would order their groceries from Woodward's, and Mr. Reid, being both postmaster and storekeeper would know who was bypassing his store, and they would not be very popular with him.

There was never a road from the far end of the Gorge to Whaletown while we were there.

Just a trail of sorts. It still amazes me when I come over and drive the Island and see the blacktopped road!! Not in our time!! There were two cars - one belonging to the Beatties and one to Mac Evans and Percy Belson. We walked everywhere. We even walked to Squirrel Cove to a dance. And to Mansons, but not very often. Went mostly by boat.

Ken Slater was my uncle. He was married to my aunt (my mother's sister) and they lived with us at Stranges for a period of time. My cousins Barbara and Douglas now both live in Victoria. Barbara's mother died when she was very young 9 years old or so. She remained with her father and her brother - in fact looked after them! It was not the best of times for a young child.

When we lived at Stranges, our nearest neighbour was Mrs. Helwig, who lived in the next bay over. She had three children, Lily, Henry and Mona. Mrs. Helwig was a jolly person and Mr. Helwig worked on the railroad back east, and only came home a couple of times a year. I became very friendly with Lily, as we were about the same age. I always remember Mrs. Helwig sitting in the kitchen reading love stories in a magazine that her mother sent her from Scotland. And the chickens strolling through the kitchen!! But it was a friendly atmosphere. It must have been very lonely for her, when I look back. I know that my mother found it very lonely too.

This is very disjointed, and you will have to pick out the interesting parts. If I recollect other things, I shall send you more.

Sorry it is so disjointed, but I am just jotting down, as I remember.

Valerie Thomas (MULCAHY) April, 1999

X-From_: jwthomas@oberon.ark.com Sat Mar 13 19:42:48 1999
X-Sender: jwthomas@oberon.ark.com
Date: Sat, 13 Mar 1999 19:39:50 -0800
To: Mileton@oberon.ark.com
From: jwthomas <jwthomas@oberon.ark.com>
Subject: Whaletown History
Mime-Version: 1.0

I have received A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION Opening Windows on Whaletown. I am going down to Victoria on Thursday, and staying with my cousin, Barbara Nicholson (nee Slater), and we will go over what we can remember of the history as we saw it. My maiden name was MULCAHY, and I arrived in Whaletown about 1932 and left in 1940 to come over to Campbell River to attend highschool. My other cousin Doreen Olmstead and I are about the same age and remember a lot of things, but they will probably be a bit disjointed at times. Anyhow we will get our minds together and write down all we can remember. We both look back on our early childhood in Whaletown with fond memories. The dirty thirties which they were. No one had any money and we were all in the same basket. If you had to go on welfare (called relief then) you worked on the roads, what there were then!!! We never rented - we just seemed to take over an empty house. I don't think there was such a thing as rent. The first house we lived in and shared with two other families (relatives) three bedrooms! was a small place called "Stoney's" (*) and I presume someone by the name of Stoney must have originally built it. It was made of the felts from the mill at Powell River, the outside covering, and we spent a winter there, and was it cold???

Then we spent some time at Redlands (belonged to Robertsons, on the trail between the Gorge and the old school (original school which we attended) Anyhow I won't bore you for now!!! Looking forward to seeing the museum.

Val Thomas (nee Mulcahy) cousin to Roberta (Black) Allingham and Doreen (Black)Olmstead and Barbara Nicholson (Slater) Will get back to you.

My email address is jwthomas@oberon.ark.com as you see. My phone number is 287-8518. Campbell River

(*) Stoney's did live there. The house was Powell River canvas over a wood frame.

continued overleaf

[I] Received your email. We lived in the Marley house, after we lived at Redlands. Also knew Mrs. Whiting, and her son Basil. He joined the Canadian Navy just before the outbreak of war. I was going to school in Victoria at the time, and remember showing Basil how to use a telephone, which he had never used, living up on Cortes. He was on the first Canadian destroyer, that was torpedoed by the Germans in the Atlantic. The HMCS Ottawa. I had sent a letter to Basil and it came back, with the usual "killed in action".

Mrs. Whiting, I believe, went back East and talked to some of his mates. Apparently, they were torpedoed by a German sub, and those who were in rafts were machine-gunned to death. Very sad. He was her only son, and had never seen too much of life. We never knew when she came to Cortes, with a man who claimed to be Mr. Whiting, but I think that some people felt he was quite a bit older than her, and had perhaps been her father. She was a very nice person, and in later years stayed with us in Campbell River, as she had been diagnosed with breast cancer! There were two families living in Marley's, Bob Black and his family, and my father and mother and myself.

We also lived in a place called Stranges. owned by the Malcolm family. Stranges had been built by an Englishman, called Charlie Strange, and he had a small sawmill, and built the house from lumber. He had two unmarried sisters who came out from England to live with him. I would expect it was quite a shock when they arrived out to Cortes and found out how isolated it was. They brought trunk loads of beautiful clothes, and hats, and I'm sure were never worn on the Island. We moved into Stranges with the Ok of the Malcolms who were logging there at the time, and owned the property, I guess. Anyhow the Strange girls must have been ardent gardeners, and must have bought plants from England, as when we moved in there, there were primroses, the size, I have never seen since. There was ivy overgrown all over the trees, and holly hocks, moss roses, and maiden hair growing down to a creek, with laburnum trees on each side. When I look back, it was really quite beautiful. The Malcolms had to cut down the trees, to let a little light into the house. It was huge, compared to other houses on the Island with a huge attic on the top. Anyhow, I believe one of the sisters when mad in Essondale. (poor thing was probably suffering from depression!) and that's all I know. But when we moved in, as children of course we opened the trunks, and when I think of the wonderful things in the trunk, now. I just wish our parents realized what value they might have had. There were Ladies Home Journals of the late 1800's and I read them all. But sadly, they all disappeared, and who knows what happened. I look back on that part of our life with regret, that we didn't have the sense to know what we had!! Anyhow I am really rambling but was putting down just what I can remember!

--Val Thomas

Ishkutown Days - 1930's

My remembrances will parallel Nel's in many instances.

I attended the Ishkutown school for grades 1-2-3-4-8 and took grades 9-10 by correspondence. My teachers were Mrs. Long, Mrs. Woods & Mrs. Trillway. Our playground equipment was a fallen log for a good bounce and a cedar limb for a swing!

We lived in many a shack; squatted in I should say - Moon Bay, Barrington Bay, Stevens & Marleys. We did rent Alan Robertson's summer cottage & Len Ruckers "Oidkurd House" - across the road from Robertson's summer. In 1939 Dad, Bob Black, bought a piece of property at the Ishkutown end of the Gorge. One winter while there, I can remember walking on ice from shore to Dad's boat which was anchored in the bay. That year I had a set line just outside the entrance to the Gorge. Dogfish bones were wanted for their oil - it was war times.

Dad's two brothers Bill & Maurice Black were logging in Robertson Lake - just north of Van Dooop - in 1925 when I arrived on the scene. From there we moved to Iaha, then back to Carter where Dad worked for Percy Belson & Mac Coors at Barrett Lake. He also logged - his own show - in the Gorge on land just passed Kendrick's. From there Dad, Mom & my sister Roberta moved to Squirrel Cove and later to Refuge Cove. I was in nurses training in Vancouver.

The "Depression" years were hard times for most, but we were never hungry even though our diet was very B.M.S.C. - lots of porridge and potatoes. New clothes were a rarity but Mom always had something new for us to start the school year - home sewn of course.

As mentioned we walked everywhere - even to dance at Squirrel Cove AND HOME - by trail with a "lug". Our "lugs" were usually made from a Tobacco box, bailing wire handle & stubby saddle - actually a good light and a hand warmer to boot.

When Val & I were young teenagers, Mrs Gladys Ballantyne tried to impart some "culture" into our lives. She didn't succeed with piano lessons but did teach us to play badminton - a game we have played for many years.

There is no connection to the Blacks that lived at the mouth of Fox Denap and our family. Also no connection to the Okolotauan Olmsted and Martin's family.

I'm enclosing a note from "Bobby" Ballantyne, Ramona Vanstone (Finnie) and Val Thomas (Malcsky). The pictures are mine and Ramona's. The large photo is a local ^{Okolotauan} group including Mom (Bellie Black) and for fun I've included a snap of Mom on her 90th birthday. She will be 94 this September. I would appreciate having all the photos returned.

Sorry this is such a "mish-mash", but hope it will lend a touch of feeling for those days. They were hard times in many ways but also very good days of freedom, simple pleasures and of thought for neighbors.

We hope to be able to attend the opening of your museum in June. In the mean time we wish you Good Luck & admire you for all the effort you are all putting into this great project.

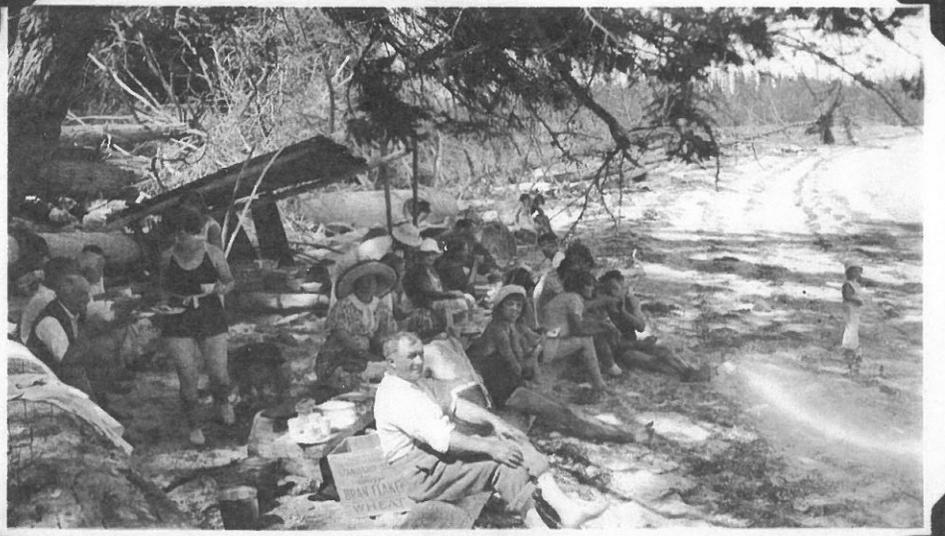
Sincerely,
Dorcas Olmsted
(WEE Black)



Meg + Uncle Harry rowing.



Alan Greene, in centre, Mary Is.



Uncle Harry - (foreground) Mary Is. spit

SHARK SPIT ON MARY (MARINA) ISLAND WAS, AS IT STILL IS, A POPULAR PICNIC SITE. ALAN GREENE IS REV. GREENE OF THE COLUMBIA COAST MISSION - MORE THAN JUST A VISITING MINISTER, HE WAS FRIEND TO ALL.



ERNEST
DORIS
KEN
GLADYS



KEN
GLADYS
MRS H-B
DORIS
ERNEST

1933.

PATRICK
(CHILD)



G.H.B.

A HOUGHTON -
BROWN PICNIC
ON RING ISLAND
CELEBRATING
GLADYS HOUGHTON -
BROWN'S 22ND
BIRTHDAY.

JULY 23, 1933



VAL
BALLANTYNE
AT
GYPSY HILL

H.H.

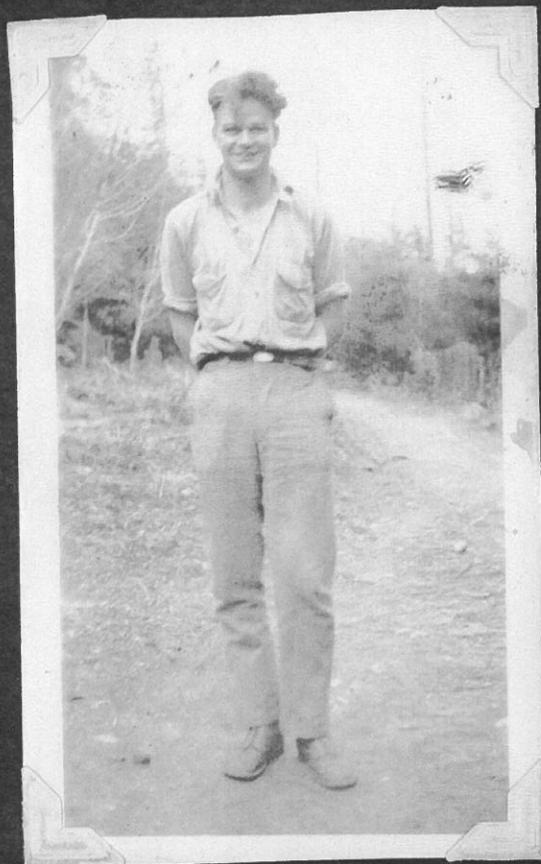
GLADYS
BROWN,
HARRY
HUCK





VALLERY B. + GLADYS BROWN

VAL BALLENTYNE
FROM
GYPSY HILL



MYSELF
HARRY HUCK

1933

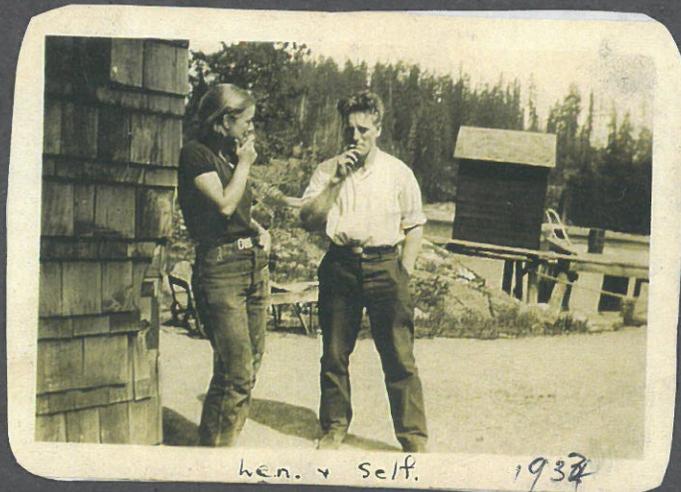
(THE BROWNS (HOUGHTON-BROWNS) LIVED ACROSS
GORGE HBR WHERE RICHARD GODFREY NOW LIVES '99)
GLADYS TAUGHT SCHOOL AT SQUIRREL COVE
IN 1930.



GLADYS + DORIS BROWN



Harry & The Slaters - out fishing



Ken. & Self. 1934

① HARRY REKERT
KEN + BARBARA
(BLACK) SLATER,
SON DOUG

② GLADYS H-BROWN,
LEN RICHENS,
WHALETOWN TRADING
POST.

1934.



Me. Bobby. & Pat. 1934



Bobby. Pat & I. 1934



Self. 1934

BOBBY CORNILLE, PAT _____ +
GLADYS H-BROWN VISIT LOGGING SITE
IN WHALETOWN WHERE BILL BALLANTYNE
& HARRY REKERT WERE FALLING TREES LIKE THESE!

GLADYS HOUGHTON-BROWN,
WITH BROTHER PATRICK IN BOAT,
GORGE HARBOUR 1934



Rachel Houghton-Brown receives birthday congratulations from her daughter, Mrs. H. Rekert — by wire on the occasion of Rachel's 100th year.

100 years no problem

I have gone through life with verve and action, Finding God's earth so full of attraction,...

So wrote Rachel Houghton-Brown in a poem on the occasion of her 97th birthday.

Her latest poem, written on the occasion of her 100th birthday, is entitled "Count Not the Years". It's easy to see why when you consider how many of them there are to count. And Mrs. Houghton-

Brown is too busy to waste any of her time with such a time consuming and unprofitable exercise such as counting. She's too busy writing.

"I'm writing a book on my memories of Ire-

land and the people and the way they spoke before I moved to Canada," she said last Friday prior to her 100th birthday party at the Extended Care wing of the UBC Health Science's Centre. Mrs Houghton-Brown left Ireland in her 19th year.

Let's put that in perspective: she was 27-years-old on the eve of The Great War in 1914.

"The language of Ireland always became the language of whoever conquered it," she says. In reference to the more recent history of the land, she adds: "The people of Ireland never wanted to learn good English. They wanted to keep their own language and not that of the victor."

Her project, which she adopted in her 93rd year after taking a creative writing class at the university, was to record her memories of Ireland in the tongue of those who lived there at the turn of the century. The method is to write prose essays concerning her own life there in the brogue she became accustomed to hearing as a girl. She has the stories she has written thus far bound in a book

with her poetry, which includes such titles as "Count Not the Years", where she states fearlessly:

When I "Cross the bar, grieve not". It's but an open door,

revealing truths.

Truths that are greater than all the universe.

And what does it take to see through a century with wits intact? According to Mrs Houghton-Brown, she managed by not drinking, smoking and having remained true to her Christian faith. And

oh yes, it also had something to do with attitude. Not getting overly wrought up about life's problem's. There had to be a catch.

Her birthday party last week, which featured cake, ice-cream and champagne (no—she didn't drink any) was capped by the recitation of a speech she'd written for the occasion, and which was read by physio-aide Richard Staffer. In it she said: "If I ever lose my zest for life old age will catch up with me." Not likely.

Happy Birthday Rachel.

AN "UPDATE" ON THE HOUGHTON - BROWNS ON THE OCCASION OF RACHEL H-BROWN'S 100th BIRTHDAY IN 1987.

WFM



JACK WELLS ABOARD 'YVONNE' 1932



FRANK & LEN

LEN RICHENS (R) FRANK TOOKER (L)
WHALETOWN WHARF 1932

THE CAR BELONGED TO LEN.

by Mary (McLean) McMillan
When I first came to Cortes Island, it was very different to what we now have. The roads out of Whaletown were wagon trails, one leading to the Gorge and one out to Carrington Bay, with a branch going out to Coulter Bay. The cars, were a stripped-down truck owned by Rankin Robertson and borrowed and used by all and sundry, and an old model T, the property of the store proprietor. Access to Squirrel Cove was by footpath and you walked it. It ran along the side of the Gorge and the scenery was compensation for the walk.

Our Hall, built jointly by the Community and the Columbia Coast Mission, was on Carrington Bay Road. It housed a chancel at one end, closed off from the main hall by large folding doors. These doors were kept closed, and opened only on days when church services were held.

We had an agreement with Rev. Allen Green, that we could dance into the small hours Sunday morning, but must leave the hall clean and ready for church services.

Our access to Campbell River, was by fish boat, and very great adventure. For Vancouver, we had the old Union Steamships. It was an all day trip, but the Union served excellent meals, and the lounge boasted a piano, and there was always someone aboard to play it. It was a real fun trip.

The Island did have a telephone line, one, with 28 subscribers.



MRS

WHALETOWN WHARF FROM
THE DECK OF A UNION
STEAMSHIP

①

REC'D FROM
GLADYS (HOUGHTON-BROWN) REKERT
1999.

Cortes Island Days

I first saw Whaletown in 1927 when I went up from Vancouver on the Union Steamship to spend the summer holidays with my family who were living on Marina Island {always referred to as Mary Island by all the locals}. My dad had gone up there with the rest of the family to manage the fox farm on Mary Island. My family name is Houghton-Brown, but we were always called the Browns. My dad was Ken Brown. I had not gone up with my family, as I was in High School in North Vancouver and there was no High School on Cortes Island.

The trip up to Cortes on the Union Steamship was most interesting and exciting. It took a full twenty-four hours, and called in at every small outpost on the coast, some with such enchanting names as *Red Roofs*, *Bliss Landing*, and *Halfmoon Bay*. At every stop they unloaded mail and supplies and a host of unexpected goods. I watched a horse being unloaded, and a crate of chickens, and a boat and a sewing machine. And of course it picked up mail and whatever goods the settlers wanted to send down to Vancouver.

The starting and stopping and whistle blowing and the shouts and banging continued all night. The ship went into narrow dark little inlets, tooting its horn and circling its beam of light to finally rest on a small float or perhaps on a row boat out in the channel where a man waited to have his mail and groceries unloaded into his boat. Then the ship would manoeuvre slowly and carefully out of the inlet and on to its next port of call. I was so intrigued by all the activity I stayed out on deck all night, watching in wonder.

On this trip I met two very pleasant people, Mrs. G.G. Ballantyne, and her son Bill, who were to become my lifelong friends. They were on their way up to their new home on Cortez, a house which Bill and a friend had built on a slight hill which Mrs. Ballantyne named GYPSY HILL. They lived there for several years.



My family stayed only two years on Mary Island, and during that time had very little contact with people on Cortes. However, Whaletown was our post-office and shopping centre, so we knew Mrs. Thompson, who ran the store and post office, and who was fondly referred to as "My God Mary", as almost every expression coming from her began with "My God", and her son Leonard, who was called Len Thompson, but who, he told us, was adopted by Mary, and his real name was Len Richens. Len owned the only car on that part of the island, but it was only used for very special occasions. There were only a few miles of rough dirt road anyway, one as far as the Gorge and the other going up past Robertson's and the church and school and petering out somewhere beyond Borden's. We also knew the Breezes, as they lived to the right of the entrance to the Gorge, and we were familiar with "Uncle Bill" Robinson, who lived with Mary Thompson and who had the job of lighting the beacon at Mary Island Spit every night, and turning it off every morning. He always rowed down.

When they lived on Mary Island my father ferried his three children Ernest, Doris and Kenneth across to Gorge Harbour float from where they walked a trail to the school house. After school they'd walk back to the Gorge where he'd pick them up and take them home.

In 1929 the family moved across to Cortes and lived in a house called "the Marley house". I have no idea who the Marley's were. The house was not far up from the Gorge, and quite near the home of Mrs. Whiting and her little boy, Basil. Our nearest neighbours then, apart from Mrs. Whiting, were Henry Saunders and his wife and daughter and mother-in-law, Mrs. Ballantyne and her son Bill, "Smitty" Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Pool and Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Allen.

In 1930 my parents bought the "Barret-Leonard" place in the Gorge on the south side about half way down between the entrance and the Lodge at the south end. There they made a very comfortable and lovely home and garden. Of course there was no way to reach it except by boat,

and as my father was away fishing in his gas boat the rest of the family used row boats. We didn't think it was a hardship. Everyone rowed. None of the young men on the island [except Frankie Tooker] had a gas boat. And when you docked your row boat, you walked.

We had no near neighbours. At that time here were very few houses on the Gorge, just Breeze's at the entrance, then our place ,then at the south end the Corn^{Corneilles}eilles who operated the Lodge. Along the east shore there was Bernie Allen 's, and Kendrick's, and that was all until you got the the Gorge float.

WE didn't have running water but we had a well with a pump. and no electricity, so we used coal-oil lamps and gas lamps. We did have a record player, and eventually we got some sort or radio that we had to listen to with ear phones, one person at a time. But we made our own fun.

The early years of the 1930's were the years of the Great Depression, and there were a number of unemployed young people living around the Gorge. I had taught one year at Squirrel Cove in 1930-31. I used to row down to the Lodge, leave my boat there, and walk across the Island every Sunday afternoon. Then on the following Friday, right after school, I'd walk back with my little "bug"light on a dark rough little trail, to the lodge, get into my boat and row home for the weekend. After the one year I had lost the job to a favoured young man. I remember most of the names of this jobless lot. They were Bill Ballantyne, Harry Rekert, Nell Rekert, Rankin Robertson, Dunc Robertson, Harold Huck, Bert MacLean, Elizabeth [Bobby] Corneille, Mabelle Corneille, Jimmy Austin, Jack Munro, Gladys H-Brown, Ernest H-Brown, Kenneth H-Brown, and Dick Reekie. We all got along well and enjoyed one another.

I don't remember whose idea it was, but we decided to form a Dramatic Society. We called ourselves the Gorge Harbour Young People's Dramatic Society. Bill Ballantyne was the President and I was the Secretary. Anyone could join. We had a great deal of fun in this group. The only meeting place was one of our homes and we took turns. Our first venture was a play entitled "Burglary at Brown's", a comedy, which we put on in the Whaletown church hall. It was well received and everyone had a good time. Of course there was dancing and food after.

It was during this time that we all pressed for a Gorge Harbour Hall where we could give our performances and have our own dances. In no time at all the whole community adopted the idea and the Gorge Hall went forward by leaps and bounds. I don't know where the lumber came from but I know that everyone in the area took part in the building of it. The Corneille girls and I made and dyed burlap curtains for the windows.

With great excitement we put on our next show, mostly skits, songs and dances, at our own hall. We even provided the music for the dance afterwards, Bill Ballantyne playing the piano by ear {Mrs. Ballantyne had donated her piano to the new Gorge Hall}, me standing beside him singing the songs because he wasn't sure of some of the tunes, and Mr. Saunders playing the violin. I also played the ukulele part of the time. And the ladies provided the lunch afterwards. There was a great crowd. People came from Squirrel Cove and from Manson's and other spots, and a good time was had by all.

Other social activities we took part in were group hikes to visit Peter Police because he enjoyed company and he was a good entertainer. I think in later years Peter moved down to live on the Gorge, but in those days he lived somewhere up beyond the end of the road past the school and then through a trail. And we hiked to Barret's lake where we fished and always caught trout to cook over an open fire. We climbed Green

5

Mountain. and the cliff at the side of the Gorge. And we went in a group to dances at Manson's Landing, going in one boat, either my dad's or Corneille's, in the daylight and staying all night to come home in the daylight. Manson's had a nice big dance hall some distance up the road from the wharf, and an energetic piano player, a Mrs. Petznick, so we always had a great time. We also went to Mary Island Spit frequently to picnic and bathe and have a clam bake.

I left Cortez in 1935 to go to a teaching job, and I think that by 1937 all the young people had dispersed and found work somewhere, except Harry Huck and Dunc Robertson, and perhaps they did too. I did visit it again twice in the 1940's, and hated to leave it. Gorge Harbour was my favourite place in all the world. My parents sold their place in 1947.

I forgot to mention Ken Slater. We knew him and his wife when they first came to the island. They didn't have any money but they had a row boat, and Ken and Bea used to go out fishing in it. I know Bea died young, I think at child-birth, but I'm glad to learn that Ken became a successful boat builder. And we all knew and loved Mrs. Tooker. I knew the Gregson's, too but I didn't know he was a painter. And I knew the Byers family. I think they lived near the Squirrel Cove school. I saw them at all the dances.

In my time the store and postoffice were in one room. There were no mail boxes. Len just sorted the mail and handed you what came for you. There was no library and no vicarage, no electricity or running water, no telephone except the one at Whaletown store. There was a very lively and hard-working Women's Institute, but no Men's Institute. And there was a beautiful Cedar tree at the crossroad, not a stump.

I don't know anything about the pitch-gathering industry, but I have two little stoneware jugs that my brother found in the woods and I was

6

told that they were saké bottles that the Asians carried at their work. The Weiler's were long after my time, but I have three very lovely silk screens Mary made of sea birds, that were given to me by the Ballantynes, who were friends of the Weilers.

*Gladys Rebert
(Haughton-Brown)*



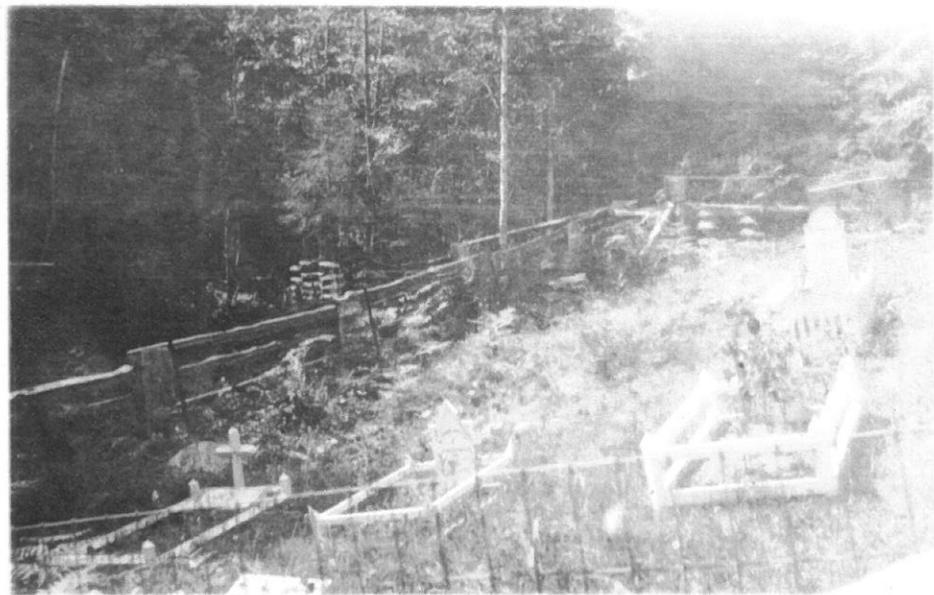
WHALETOWN
TEACHERAGE + SCHOOL,
COULTER BAY RD
1932

WHALETOWN
CEMETERY 1932

BEHIND THE CHURCH HALL

"AS LITTLE KIDS WE NEVER WENT
ALONG TO THE TOILET AS WE WERE
SCARED STIFF OF THE CEMETERY
OUT BEHIND THE CHURCH. THERE
HAD TO BE GHOSTS LURKING ABOUT!"

- PEGGY (MUNRO) ANDERSON



WFH

Gorge Harbour Hall - a history

Early in 1932 interested people of Gorge Harbour and Whaletown held a meeting and decided it was time to build a larger hall than the Whaletown "Church Hall" which had been built in 1920 on the site of the original Whaletown school. (Located where the road turns down to the ferry landing and passes the old cemetery.

"The Gorge Harbour Community Hall Society" was formed and duly registered under the Societies Act in Victoria. Numerous "bees" were held to procure the logs, etc. for the foundation, rafters, and shakes for the original roof.

In the spring or early summer of 1932 a garden party was held at Breeze's Point at the mouth of Gorge Harbour to raise money for lumber. Eighty dollars was raised (mainly from the crew of the government buoy ship "Berens" which was working in the area. Construction, led by Charley Allen, soon started.

Early in 1933 (approximately the second week of February) more funds were needed and a 'cabaret' was held in Gorge Harbour Lodge, loaned for the occasion by Mrs. S.E. Corneille. Dunc Robertson and Bill Ballantyne moved the Ballantyne piano down from 'Gypsy Hill' via stone-boat to the Gorge float where it was loaded onto a log float and towed down the harbour by Dunc's boat, the "Seagull". (The piano was never the same again, but survived to be played for the many dances until it was retired in the late 1940's)

In the summer of 1933 an open air dance was held on the ship-lap floor to raise more funds. By the fall of 1933 the present floor was completed. (Did you ever wonder, as you tried to waltz across the floor, why it wasn't done right? It seems that the only man who was familiar with the correct method of planking a dance floor by beginning at the edges, mitering the corners, and working in to the middle was told he was crazy, and walked off the job.) The roof was on and an oil drum heater built and installed, a "powder room" was curtained off in one corner and the hall was lined with bread cartons which were expertly calsomined by Mr. Tooker.

A variety show was organised by the G.H.Y.P.D.S. (Gorge Harbour Young Peoples Dramatic Society) and the first dance was held. The music being provided by the G.H.Y.P.D.S. some of whom had formed a 'sort of' orchestra. (The orchestra was paid one-third of the collection after the expenses were paid. This was usually nil!)

The "Great Depression" was declared officially over when the 'cleaners' after the opening show and dance found a 'tailor-made' cigarette butt - the first seen in several years!

The hall was used for basket ball badminton, dances, wedding receptions, etc. Then there was a bit of a lull during the war years.

Soon after the war the Community Club was formed and new life injected. The shake roof was replaced, kitchen and dressing rooms added, and a light plant installed.

Renovations have taken place over the years. The bread carton walls became varnished and painted plywood, lighting plants came and went and were replaced by Hydro, the old oil drum heater became a modern oil heater, and the old floor re-sanded, but still laid wrong.



George Beattie, Charlie Allen's son-in-law donated the land on which the original part of the hall was built.

Since this article was written extensive renovations have taken place.

*WE NEED PICTURES
OF THE HALL
BEFORE RENOVATIONS.*

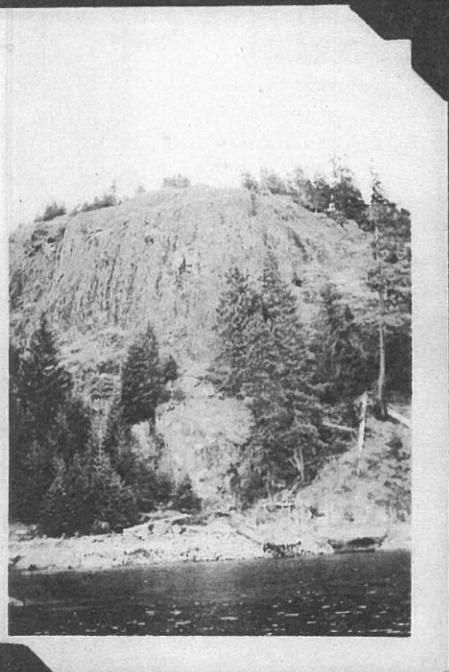


C.R. 13909

date: Aug. 3, 1937

col. Pat & Duncan Robertson

Bobby Corneille & Bill Ballantyne wedding party.
Taken at Corneille Lodge (their home) Gorge Harbor.
Back row, L.-R. Harry Rekert, Nan Brown, Pat Blake.
Mid row, L.-R. Laurie Barber, Mrs. Rekert.
Front row, L.-R. Mrs. Ballantyne, Bill Ballantine,
Bobby (Corneille) Ballantyne, Mrs. Corneille, Mrs.
Venables. Mabel & Reg Smith's dog Ben in foreground.



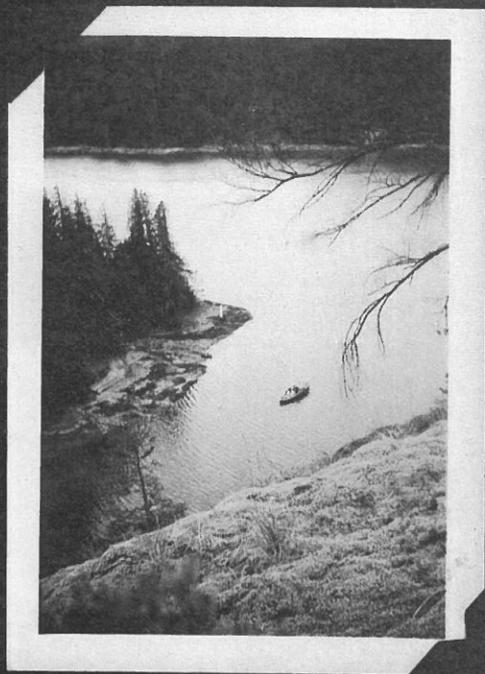
"Looking up"



"On top"



"down below"



"Looking down"

Picnic at Von Donop Creek Cortez Island on Dunc's boat 1939.

Picnic at



Front



Mary Is. Spit
Aug 1939



Back



Baseball after supper

SHARK SPIT - MARINA IS.



LUNCH TIME ABOARD
THE 'SEA GULL'



↓ THE ROBERTSON'S DUG-OUT
AT SHARK SPIT



PICNICS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A MAJOR SOCIAL ACTIVITY - HERE THE ROBERTSON FAMILY & FRIENDS ARE ON AN ANNUAL PICNIC EXCURSION TO YON DONOP LAGOON - ARRIVING ABOARD DUNC'S GASOLINE LAUNCH 'SEAGULL' THEY FLOAT THE ROWBOATS IN THROUGH THE NARROWS (SOME YEARS THEY WERE CARRIED) IN THE FIRST TWO PHOTOS - AND COME OUT AGAIN ON THE EVENING TIDE - LAST PHOTO.

M.R.S.



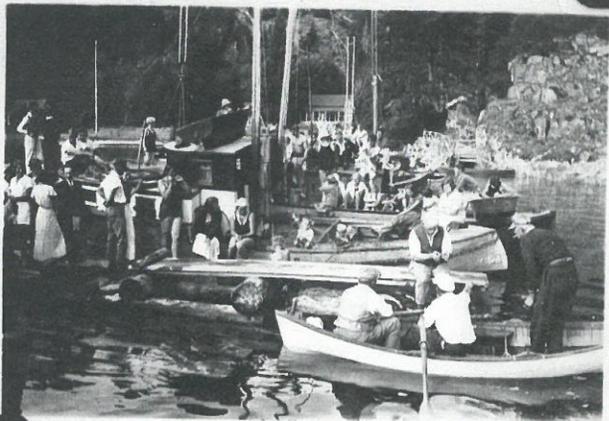
GORGE HARBOUR RESORT / REGATTA

JONES + CAVERNAUGH STARTED THE RESORT AT THE EAST END OF GORGE HARBOUR IN 1927. THEY MADE A BUSINESS OF BUILDING RESORTS, GETTING CLIENTELLE, THEN SELLING OUT AND TAKING THE CLIENTELLE WITH THEM. CORNEILLE'S BOUGHT THE RESORT IN 1929, LIVING IN THE LODGE (NOW BAILEY'S) IN SUMMER & THE GREEN HOUSE (NEXT TO FULTON'S) IN WINTER, MOVING THE HEAVY COOKSTOVE BACK + FORTH WITH THEM.

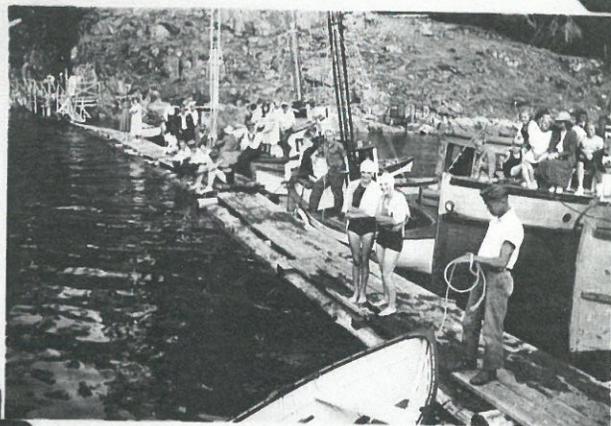
THE REGATTA WAS HELD IN MID-SUMMER, PEOPLE CAME FROM ALL THE ISLANDS AROUND AND FROM THE REST OF CORTES - BY TRAIL FROM SQUIRREL COVE, BY BOAT FROM MANSON'S + WHALETOWN. SWIMMING RACES, BOAT RACES AND DIVING COMPETITIONS WERE HELD - RANKIN ROBERTSON CONSISTENTLY WON THE 440 YD RACE UNTIL HIS NEICE, WINNIFRED, BEAT HIM.

A POT-LUCK EVENING MEAL AND DANCE (TO THE MUSIC OF A WIND-UP GRAMOPHONE - OR ELMER'S ACCORDION IF WE WERE LUCKY!) WOUND UP THE DAY - AND THE NIGHT.

- BOBBY (CORNEILLE) BALLANTYNE



Uncle Harry & Dad judging.
Regatta at Carnielli, Gorge Harbor 1935



Winnifred & Bobbie after swim race.

PIX of the
Rop'n Balls



Supper in front of Lodge



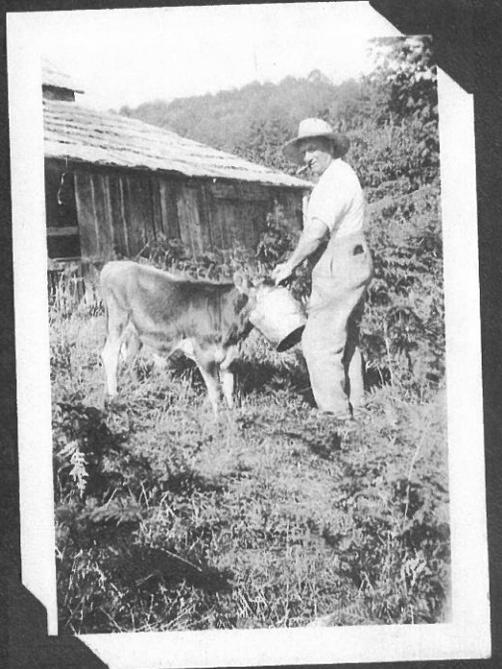
Rankin just dived.



Whaletown

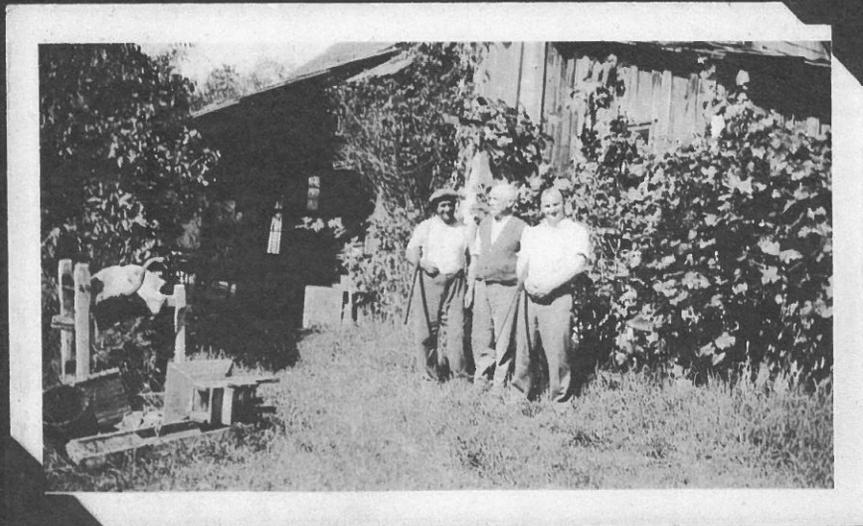


Wharf.



Uncle Harry.

Burnside
1935



Uncle Harry,
Dad,
& Bill Whyte



WHALETOWN CHURCH HALL



What we called the Church Hall was built by the joint efforts of the Columbia Coast Mission represented by the Rev. Allen Green and Rev. John Antle (pioneers in missionary work) and the voluntary labour and help of the local residents. The hall had a chancel at one end, closed off from the main portion of the hall by big double doors and the main hall was laid for dancing. When not used for dancing this floor was covered by a large sheet of heavy canvas. The old hall was torn down many years ago, but the memories of the fun we had there linger on.

MARY (MCLEAN)
MCMILLAN



Margaret (Rita) Saunders, only child of Henry and Madge Saunders married Hemming Ogren on May 23rd, 1937 at Gorge Harbor. With them are Bill and Bobbi Ballantyne. Hemming passed away Sept. 30th, 1995 and Rita Nov. 27th, 1997.

*"Rita Saunders Ogren was the prettiest
girl on Cortes"
- Dorothea Carter, W.N.E.*

WHALETOWN CHURCH/HALL 1936.

CHRISTMAS ON CORTEZ ISLAND

Often, at this time of year, I think of the many Christmases I have had. One of the happiest memories is of the Christmases on Cortez Island. These were the depression years and any social function was a major event. The celebration of Christmas in 1936 stands out as an example of the Christmas spirit taking hold of an entire community.

When the Women's Institute announced that they would have a Christmas tree, a hot dinner for everyone in the community, and a dance, there were immediate and numerous offers of help.

Young men promised to get the tree and build a dining table with long boards and trestles. Other men volunteered to provide wood for the cook stove and heater and to fill and look after the gas lamps. Girl Guides offered to make dozens of poinsettia flowers and to festoon the church hall with cedar wreaths.

A list of the names and ages of the children was made and an institute member who was going to Vancouver was given the task of buying the presents for the children. An order was made out to be sent to Woodward's for enough vegetables and meat to feed sixty people.

One dear old lady offered to make a "real English" pudding. We were delighted and told her we would supply the fruit. She said, "No," that she would like to make this donation to the party. And Mrs. Allen said she would make the sauce. "I got some rum. Sauce ain't no good without a bit of rum." A trio of musicians said they would be glad to play for the dance.

The day before the event the "Rendezvous," the Columbia Coast Mission boat, was at the wharf so we were sure of having the Reverend Allan Greene, our beloved pastor, as master of ceremonies. The hall was beautifully decorated. A table covered with white paper from the Powell River Company was in readiness down the length of the hall and a lovely tree stood in the corner decorated with yards of tinsel and coloured bells.

Now, the day of the party was here. Four women took over the kitchen early in the day to make final preparations, to cook the roasts and make salads and set the table.

By five o'clock everything was ready and the people started to arrive, Mr. Greene welcoming them at the door.

Suddenly, we realized the pudding had not come yet. Two young men were sent to Miss Strange's home to help her carry it. We expected it would be quite heavy --- a plum pudding big enough to serve sixty people. In a few minutes, the boys returned. Miss Strange was here, they said, and here is the pudding. They handed over a little three pound pudding pail not quite full. We were filled with dismay. We had been telling people about the lovely desert they were going to have and here we had a little pudding not big enough to serve twenty people let alone sixty. But, Mr. Greene, who was standing by, seemed a little amused and not the least concerned reassured us, "It will be enough, I'll make small servings and serve it as long as it lasts."

The guests were seated. A group of busy women in the kitchen filled the plates which were then passed around by

the boys and young men. Mr. Greene at the head of the table kept up a cheerful and jolly conversation and as soon as all the plates were served, he asked the Blessing and everyone began eating. It was a very happy crowd and a delicious dinner.

When it came time to serve the pudding and sauce, Mr. Greene did a noble job. He placed the pudding and a stack of saucers in front of him. He carefully put a teaspoon of pudding in the middle of the saucer and smothered it with sauce. Everyone seemed quite happy with it. I expect they thought it was so special that it had to come in small amounts. Perhaps they thought this is the way they do it in England. We, who were responsible for the menu, gave a sigh of relief.

Dinner over, the schoolteacher had a group of her pupils sing carols. Soon the adults joined in and the old familiar songs of joy and thanksgiving rang out. During this time, the table was taken apart and put outside and the chairs were placed against the walls.

In the lull in the singing a joyous sound was heard --- the jingle of bells coming nearer and nearer. The children were bursting with excitement. Now the portly figure of Santa appeared in the doorway. "Ho, ho, ho, Merry Christmas everyone." His voice sounded a little like Mr. Greene's, but he was much bigger. He was certainly much fatter in front. The children were in the land of magic. Santa stood by the tree and called out each child's name, shook hands and gave a present. The children were delighted. "He knew my name!" One little girl of four with a doll tucked under her arm held out the other arm and whispered in awe, "Santa held my hand."

After a delightful interval of unwrapping presents and having them admired by all, babies and sleepy children were tucked on to the long bench in the kitchen and the dance M.C. took his place at the piano and announced the first dance. The music started up and the floor was soon covered by dancing couples.

Dancing continued until midnight when coffee and cake were served. People visited with one another and the children who were awake played with their toys on the dance floor.

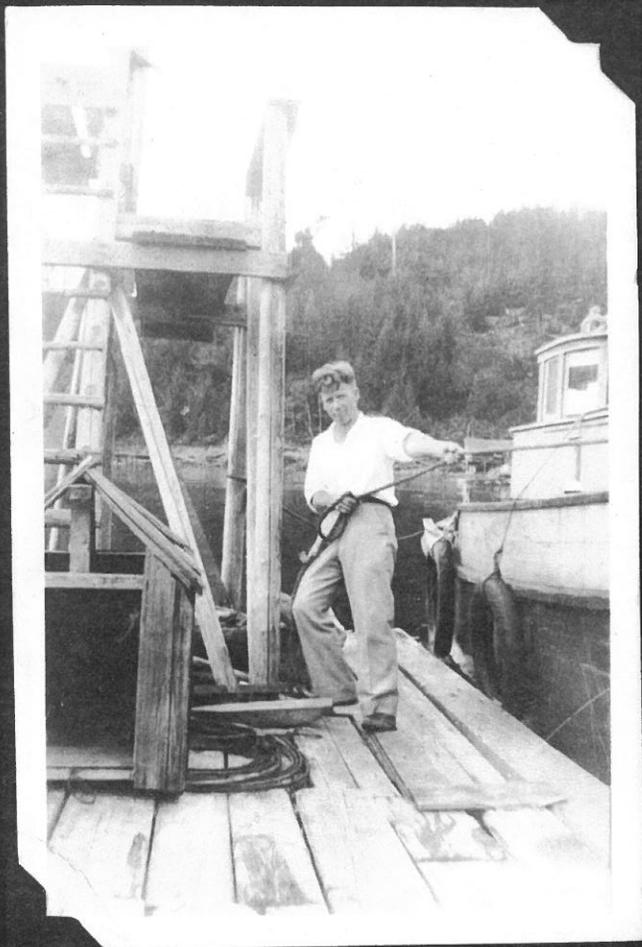
Mr. Greene then called the gathering to order. "Now, dear people, it is Sunday morning and we will have our Christmas service. Will the men please put the chairs in place and open the doors to the church section."

The doors were opened and an altar with candles and flowers was revealed. Our pastor appeared in his surplice, prayer book and hymnals were handed out, and the beautiful Anglican church service began.

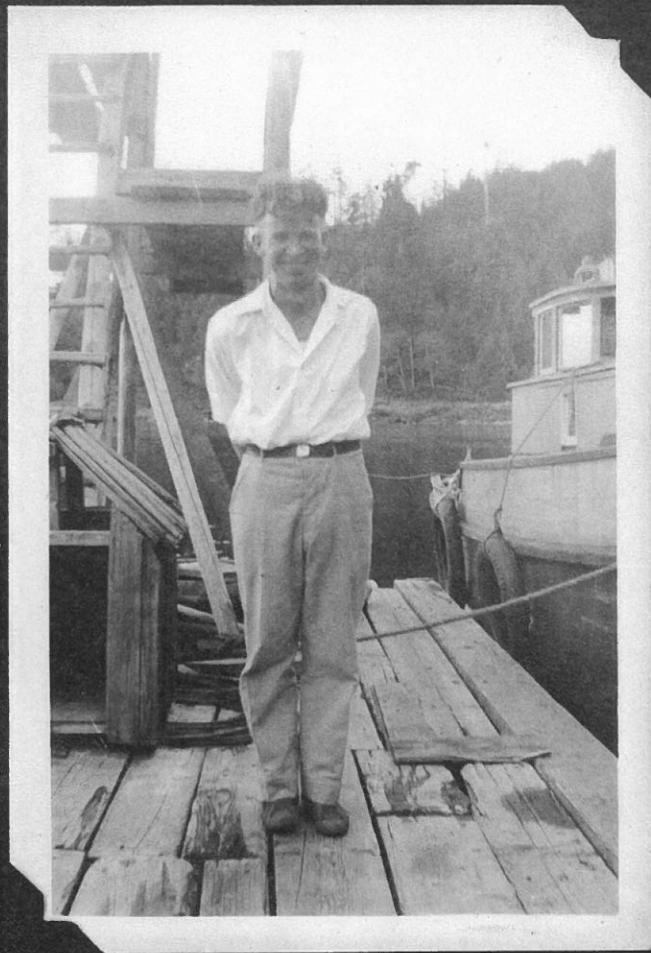
After the service, sleeping children were bundled up and carried by loving parents, goodbyes and Merry Christmases were exchanged, and an evening of warm friendliness and joy had come to an end.

Rachel Houghton-Brown.

in 1982
Written when she was 95 years old.



Duncan
on
the
dock
at
Cormicilles
July,
1938.



GORGE HARBOUR
LODGE
ANNUAL REGATTA



HARRY HUCK ON
HIS BOAT 'YVONNE'
1938 MRS.



HEADING FOR A VON DONOP
PICNIC ABOARD DUNC ROBERTSON'S
'SEAGULL' 1939
ETC



first "home" at whaletown
BUILT BY PAULINE FINNIE !!

RFV FINNIE HOMES



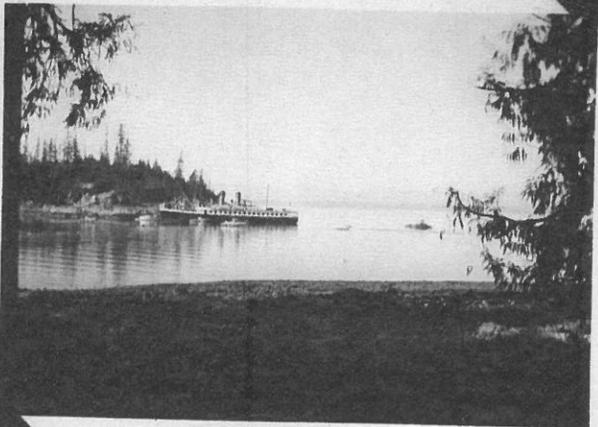
1938.

IN THE GYPSY HILL GARDEN D50
Bobby Ballantyne Sheila Nellie Black
Peter Anya Berta

PAULINE + HENRY FINNIES HOME AT
HELL'S CORNER IS NOW FONTAINE'S.
PREVIOUS OWNERS WERE THE ASHBYS, LAYS,
+ THE KEN OLMSTEADS.



"MY FATHER WAS WORKING BACK EAST.
DURING ONE 'AWAY' INTERVAL, MOTHER
BUILT A HOUSE ... A BEDROOM AT EITHER
END CENTERED BY A KITCHEN, DINING + LIVING
AREA ... CUPBOARDS + A SINK. WE CARRIED
WATER BY THE BUCKET ... BUT IT RAN OUT! THE ROOF SHED RAIN
AND THE WINDOWS LET IN SUNLIGHT AND OPENED & CLOSED. IT WAS A
RUSTIC COTTAGE, BUT NO WAY A SHACK!" - RAMONA (FINNIE) VANSTONE



BOAT DAY 1939

Ramona Vanstone
#334 -390 South Island Highway
CA1v1PBELL RIVER, B.C.
V9W 1A5
Telephone (250) 287-3423

March, 1999

Sixty four years between the dates, and forty plus years since I last visited Whaletown.

I lived there for about five years, 1936-1941 and visited back and forth for the next ten years.

I was the second daughter of Henry and Pauline Finnie. My sister Elaine married Len Richens (April, 1940).

When we came to Whaletown I fell in love with the place - rock bluffs, red holed arbutus trees, wild spyrreha in bloom. The air was warm, the sun shone from a sky of blue - the water equally blue; to the west were the Vancouver Island mountains capped with snow. It was beauty and peace after a winter in Vancouver, a period of fog and noise and ugliness.

People smiled and were pleasant and friendly, neighbours in the truest sense of the word. Our nearest neighbours were the Robertsons. Mrs. Robertson encouraged my love of books. She turned me loose to read any of the books, so I read. All of Zane Grey's westerns, then switched to a wonderful series of novels based on the American Revolution; books on travel, on astronomy, India, Africa - a whole world opened for me. The only stipulation Mrs. Robertson made was to elicit a promise that whenever I came across a new word I would look it up in the big dictionary, read it, learn to pronounce it, use it three times, and it was mine forever. I still look words up, but not with the frequency I once did.

Mrs. Robertson did the most exquisite cross stitch embroidery, especially lovely were the cross-stitch puff comforters usually done on satin.

Mrs. Tooker lived at Coulter Bay. Most Friday nights some of the local young people walked the trail to her home. Sometimes we danced to records played on a crank style gramophone, we sang, and we played card games or board games - and we talked. Saturday night usually was dance night at the Gorge Hall, the Church Hall, even at Manson's Landing and Squirrel Cove. Where possible we'd be lucky enough to boat - but often times we walked; in gum boots, carrying our good shoes and sometimes our dresses in bags. No plastic then, so it would be a small suitcase or duffle bag or a pillow case. Occasionally there was a "real" orchestra but mostly it was volunteer talent - piano, violin, accordion. Sometimes a banjo or guitar. She danced to slow dreamy waltzes, sometimes with the lights turned low, and to polkas, schottises, and some of the new "fun" dances from England - the Lambeth Walk and the Boomps-a-daisy.

There were impromptu ball games on Sunday afternoons, men, women, and kids of all ages gathered in a pasture and stamped -out bases. It wasn't baseball - we used a soft ball and underhand pitch, but it was fun.

Mrs. Tooker was the librarian. She had started it some years before. It was housed in a small building and was open on Saturdays (I think). It was located near the wharf so was easy to access by anyone coming or going.

The Columbia Coast Mission brought more than church into our lives - Rev. Allan Greene later Canon Greene. Somewhere in thirty-nine or forty we had a resident minister - Rev. Addison. There were Christmas parties and movies.

My father was working back East (and engineer on the C.N.R.) He returned to Whaletown several times a year - during one away interval, Mother built a house. It wasn't big - a bedroom at either end centered by a kitchen, dining and living area. There were cupboards and a sink. We carried water by the bucket, but the water ran out - the roof shed rain and the windows let in sunlight and opened and closed. It was a rustic cottage, but in no way a shack!

Mother had the basic skills, and she was an artist, so the small house was charming. Several years later, they built a lovely house. I visited that house but never lived there. Somehow, I still think of the little shingled cottage as "home."

I remember picnics at the Spit on Mary (Marina) Island - climbing up the white cliff to carve names or initials.

Climbing the rocky bluffs at the entrance to the Gorge - finding what appeared to be a cave. I'm no longer sure what we found (or pretended to see) but I have memories of old bones, possibly human - and a scary white snake. We were young and our imagination was a wonderful thing.

A few years earlier we would probably have fantasized about shipwrecks, pirates . We weren't quite that young.

Most of this was more than sixty years ago-I'm having visual problems, arthritic hands and a memory that isn't what it should be.

Names and faces drift through my thoughts, memories of friends of youth and happy times. I'm sad and in some ways shamed that so much of this times is vague and half forgotten. People who meant so much to me, happy times and lovely places.

The Cedar Stump - a crossroads meeting place - bulletin board, place to post messages. The current edition of the WHALETOWNIAN was posted there. It contained news of local interest, gossip items - often funny, but never malicious. We all thought we might be able to name the editor of this broad sheet - but to my knowledge, no one ever did. Maybe it will remain the unsolved mystery of Cortez!

I probably never will see Cortez again - possibly for the better. This way I can hold to my memories, enjoy the illusions that were a part of youth, and not have those memories shattered by the harsh realities of sixty years. I'm glad I Jived in that time and place. I know that I have omitted many wonderful people - they were all important to my life, but I am beginning to think one should write these things as they are happening. If not, time and memory are tricksters, and it is difficult to be certain of the "who, where, and when!"



①

Picnic to Surge Narrows
Dunc's - Frank's boats.



②

On the way home.

① Robertson's, Tookers + friends, with
Dunc Robertson + Frank Tookers boats tied
together headed for a Surge Narrows
picnic and ② returning home.

③ Picnic at Green Valley after
walking to Squirrel Cove via the
Coulter Bay - Carrington Bay -
Green Valley - road/trail system.



③

Picnic at Green Valley
1939 to 1941

BACK

IN CAB: RANKIN ROBERTSON
FRONT: ALLEN, ALICE, DOROTHY ROBERTSON
PEGGY NEWSHAM -----



THE OLD TRUCK AT BURNSIDE
1939



BOBBY CORNEILLE, VAL BALLANTINE, GLADYS
H-BROWN - AT GYPSY HILL GHB

1940



RENDEZVOUS,
WHALETOWN BAY WITH MEG
SHAW'S COTTAGE IN BACKGROUND
BURNSIDE BUILDINGS AT HEAD OF LAGOON



"SEAGULL" VON DONOP
1940

MRS

1940

1941



1941

VAL MULCAHY
PEGGY NEWSHAM,
WHALETOW WHARF



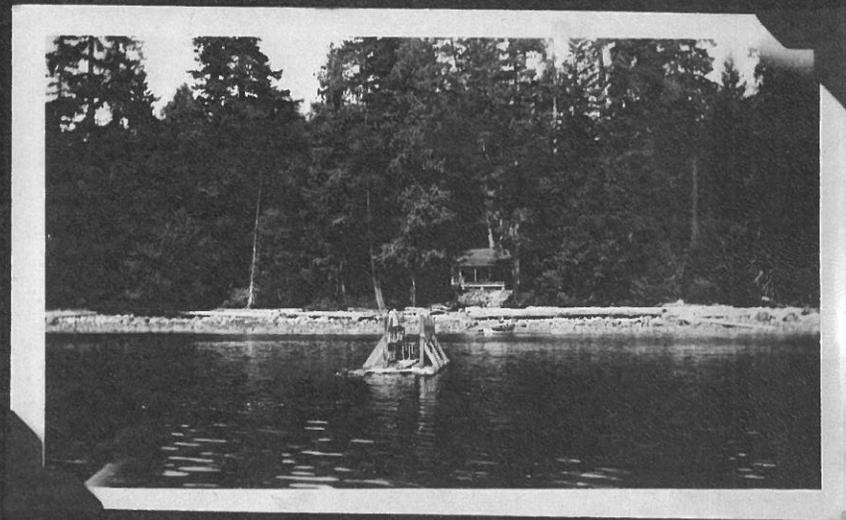
WHALETOWN FROM THANK GOD POINT, 1999
(TAKEN FROM SAME PLACE AS PHOTO BELOW)



Whalstown Bay, looking east off the bluff 1942



Burnside
"DOWN THE LANE" - ALICE
ROBERTSON - AND THE LAUNDRY



Cottage

August 1942.

①



Getting fire wood.

Burnside

1942

②



Huck's house
before it was moved to Whaletown.
Coulter Bay.

③



Pat.

Learning to drive the Fordson tractor

④



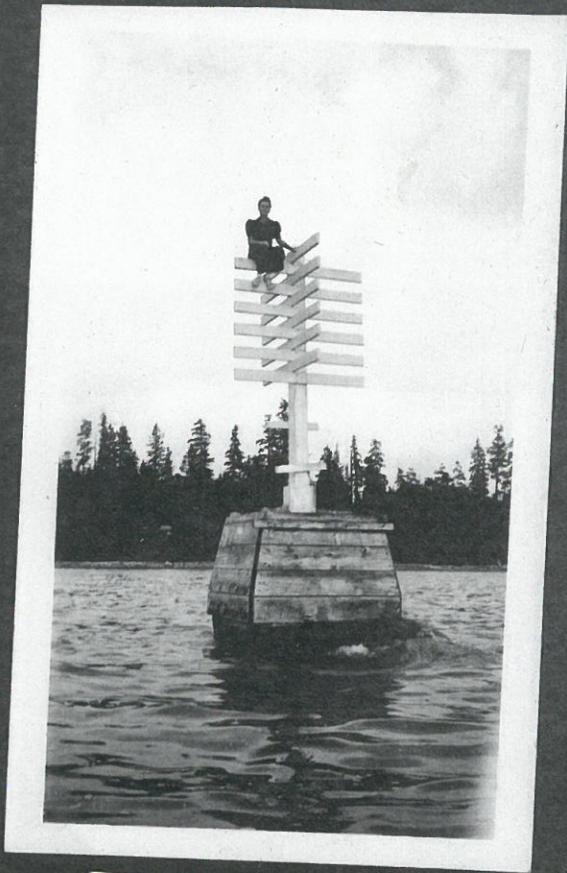
Meg,

⑤ Edith Huck in window
her sisters Marie & Clara McCulloch outside.



MEG SHAW AND ALICE ROBERTSON -
A VISIT AT THOMSON'S - (LATER
KNOWN AS MCKEES BAY, NOW
LANDRUM'S PLACE ALONG THE SHORE
TOWARDS SHARK SPIT

ALICE SHAW ON THE MARKER,
WHALETOWN BAY. 1942



WHALETOWN
WOMEN'S
INSTITUTE



LOUISA TOOKER

MRS SOWERY

↑ PAULINE FINNIE
↓ NETTIE MCGREGOR

↑ NELLIE BLACK

↑ PAT ROBERTSON
↓ ALICE (ALLEN) ROBERTSON

1943



KEN SLATER ALEC MULCAHY BOB BLACK
ON TRAIL BEHIND WHALETOWN TRADING
POST - ABOUT 1944



NOLA + DAVID OGREN - 1944

NOLA REMEMBERS:

"EVERYONE IN THE EARLY 40'S STILL WALKED THE TRAIL TO THE SCHOOL AT THE OLD SITE NEAR COULTER BAY" (FROM GORGE HBR)

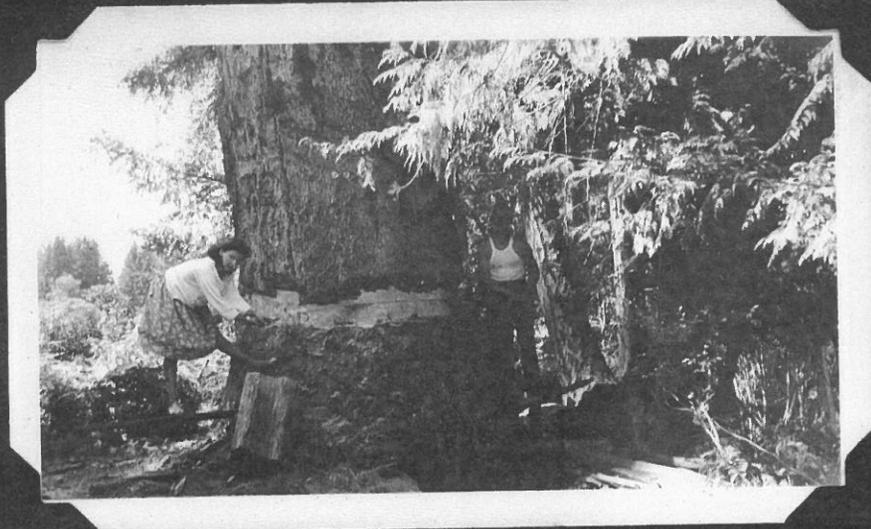
"A NEW SCHOOL WAS MOVED TO THE CEDAR CROSS ROAD AREA ... MORE CENTRAL ... (1950)

"MR FERGUSON WAS A POPULAR TEACHER .. HE PLANNED A TRIP TO VANCOUVER FOR THE STUDENTS ... SPONSORED BY CTOR ... ON EASTER VACATION ... IT MADE VANCOUVER SUN HEADLINES "STUDENTS FIRST TRIP TO THE CITY"

"IN 1951 A ROAD WAS BUILT FROM GYPSY HILL TO THE END OF THE GORGE TO CONNECT WITH SQUIRREL COVE - FROM THEN ON STUDENTS IN GRADE⁸ USED A SCHOOL BUS TO ATTEND MANSON'S SCHOOL"

"BOAT DAY WAS ALWAYS SPECIAL ... MRS TOOKER OPENED THE LIBRARY ... ONCE A WEEK ICE - CREAM TREAT " DAVID HELPED UNLOAD FREIGHT FOR A POP, AN ICE CREAM & \$1.50!"

ALLEN + DOROTHEA ROBERTSON STAND ON SPRINGBOARDS WHILE FALLING
AN OLD GROWTH FIR WITH A 'HAND FIDDLE' 1945



How did Cortez exist without Peggy Newsham? Somehow it survived until she arrived in 1936—fed up with working in the city of Vancouver, she was ready for a holiday, so joined her friend and co-worker, Dolly Jeffery Hansen to holiday on Cortez with the Jeffery family. Soon after her return to Vancouver, Peg. wrote Mrs. Jeffery enquiring about boarding with them—the \$10.00 a month board enticed Peg. back to Cortez.

She and Dolly worked for a logging camp in Manson's Lagoon, Peg also cooked in camps, baby sat—"a bit of everything—and I sure learned a lot". She heard of a job at Elk Bay, so Fraser Campbell took her up there—and left her there. However the lady of the house wasn't home, so Peg found her way to Dick Thompson's home and stayed awhile—Jim Thompson had just been born. She went back to work awhile at Elk Bay, but hitched a ride from Rock Bay to Whaletown with Mrs. Alice Robertson, (Mrs. David) and stayed with them awhile. Rankin was going overseas, so he asked Peg if she would stay with his folks, until he got back. She got \$5.00 a month, and he said he'd fix up a place for her on his return. Which he did—got a bunk-house from the Hucks, and put it on "hell's Corner". Ken Slater helped him fix it up—He and Peg had a disagreement about the sink's height—Ken wanted it 32" from the ground, Peg wanted 36". (Ken asked Peg if she wanted to be able to take a shower under the sink).

Now 36 years have gone by—Peg has been involved in the Women's Institute, The Whaletown Com. Club, and S. Cortez Com. Assoc., baking for and lending her support to all functions. She's baby-sat most of the

parents of the kids who still live on the Island—and has dog and cat sat too—everyone knows Peg.

OUR CORTES QUEEN

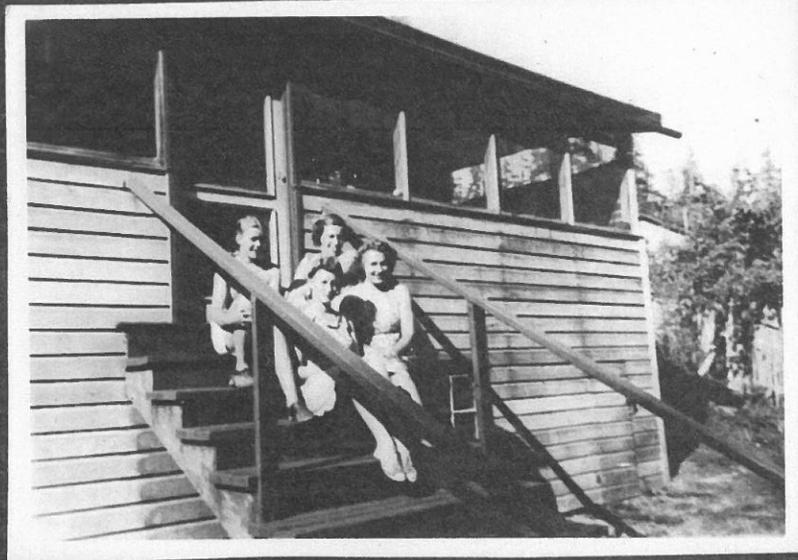


Dennis & Peggie Newsham

Allen, on the stumps.

Whaletown

Aug 1945.



- ① THE THOMSON PLACE SOUTH OF
WHALETOWN
- ② ON THE STEPS OF KENDRICK'S
COTTAGE, GORGE HARBOUR
- ③ BOAT TRIP TO SURGE NARROWS ON
MR. WEINER'S LAUNCH - WITH
WARTIME IDENTIFICATION NUMBER
ON SIDE OF CABIN.





1944 - Berta - Rita - Lori 1945
 PEGGY MUNRO + BERTA
 BLACK WITH DOLLS, RITA
 MUNRO HOLDING TARI TOOKER
 1945



← MR + MRS MCLEAN
 ↑ MARY MCLEAN 1942
 ACROSS FROM CHANNEL ROCK DRIVE

MILDRED SANDBERG,
 DAUGHTER YVONNE SANDBERG &
 TARI TOOKER HELD
 BY MADELINE GRANBERG
 EMMANUELSON, WITH
 MOM MRS SAUTERHAUG
 MAY 1946

MILDRED + MADELINE -
 WIVES OF IVAN. AARON WHO
 WITH MRS. SAUTERHAUG'S BROTHER
 -NYBERG - LOGGED IN GORGE HBR

1940'S
 62
 FTCLFR



JOE GREGSON ECT

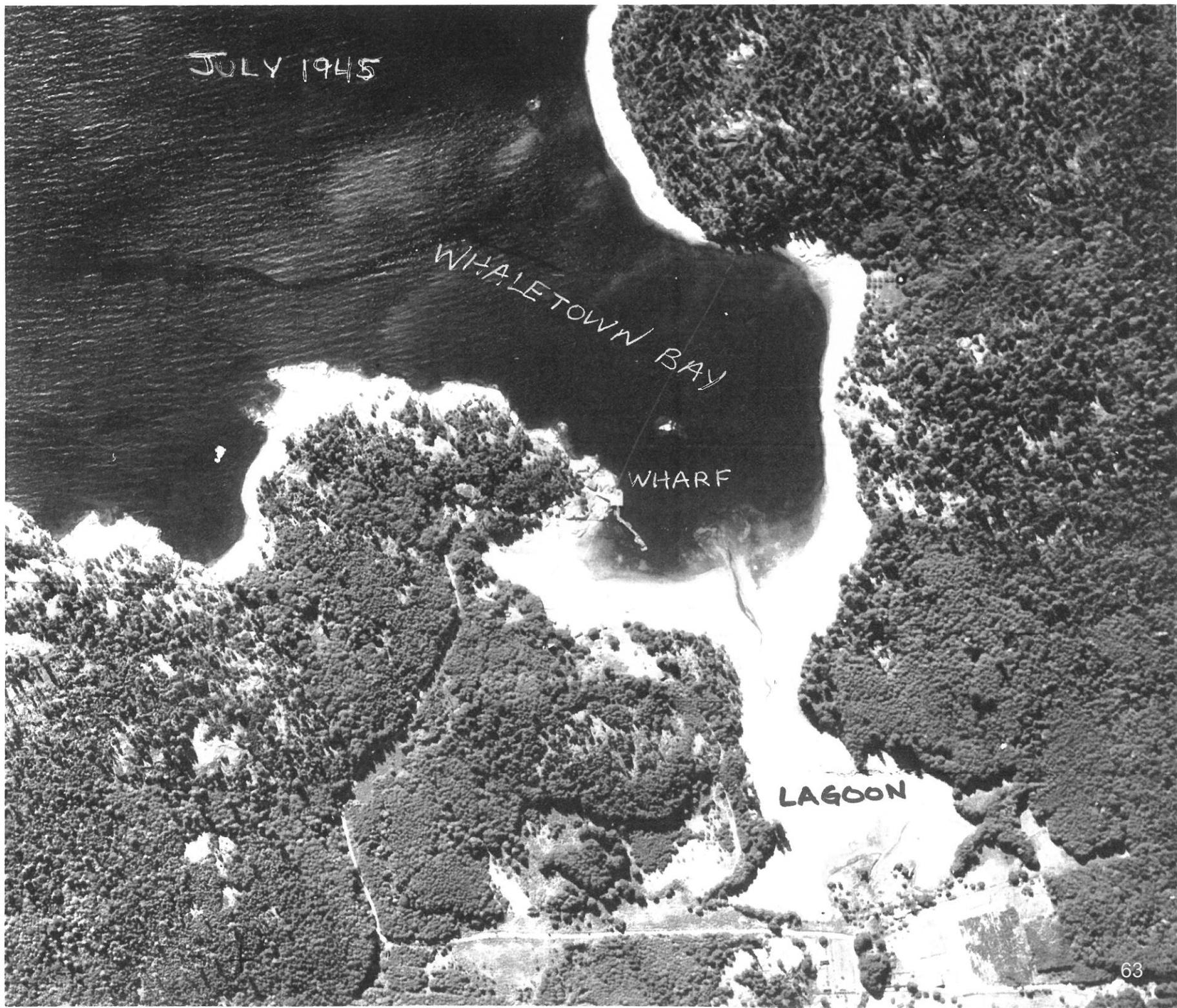
1940's

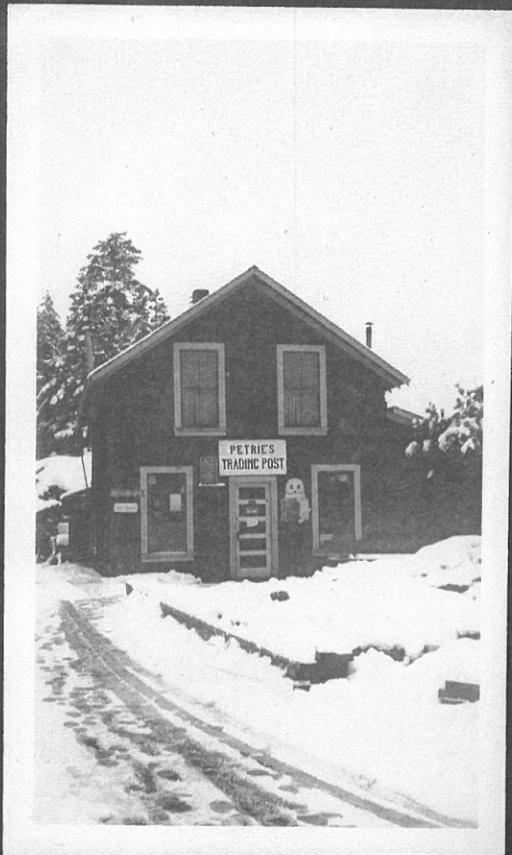
JULY 1945

WHALETOWN BAY

WHARF

LAGOON





WHALETOWN GENERAL STORE AS
 "PETRIE'S TRADING POST"
 1945

THE PETRIES OWNED
 & OPERATED WHALETOWN
 STORE FROM 1944 TO 1948.
 THEY WERE FOLLOWED BY
 CECIL + KAY STOBBS WHO
 OWNER-OPERATED FOR A FEW
 YEARS BEFORE HIRING OTTIE
 WEILER + JOHN NAGLE TO
 RUN IT. THE BERGMANS
 ARRIVED IN 56, [^]GEORGE
 FROST IN 1987



OLINE PETRIE; DAUGHTER
 JACKIE



TOM PETRIE KEN SLATER



"POP" AND MRS. ALVIN OLMSTEAD
1945

BOAT DAYS WERE THE HUB AROUND WHICH THE COMMUNITY REVOLVED.

NOTES FROM CHARLIE ALLEN'S DIARIES - WHICH INCLUDED WEEKLY TRIPS TO "BOAT DAY" - GIVE SOME INDICATION OF WHAT WAS SHIPPED OR RECEIVED, WHO WAS TRAVELLING, AND THE VAGARIES OF THE SCHEDULE. "BOAT" IN CHARLIE'S DIARIES, WAS ALWAYS CAPITALIZED, GIVING FURTHER INDICATION OF ITS IMPORTANCE TO THE EARLY SETTLERS.

SEPT 1904 - FRIDAY "Went over to meet the boat as Nellie was going down" (TO VANCOUVER)

SATURDAY "Nellie did not get away yet - Boat will be in again sometime to-night"

(THE BOAT DID NOT TAKE ON PASSENGERS IF ITS SCHEDULE WAS TAKING IT NORTH OF WHALETOWN - PASSENGERS BOARDED ON ITS RETURN TRIP)

SEPT 1906: "took 2 deer, 10 dozen eggs, 14 rabbits to wharf - Wilf came back on the Boat - 1/2 ton of wheat, 13 bales hay, 2 sacks chicken chop, 3 bundles lathes, 1 barrel lime and a piece of round iron came up on the Boat"

JAN 1909: "Strange's circular saw came on Boat"

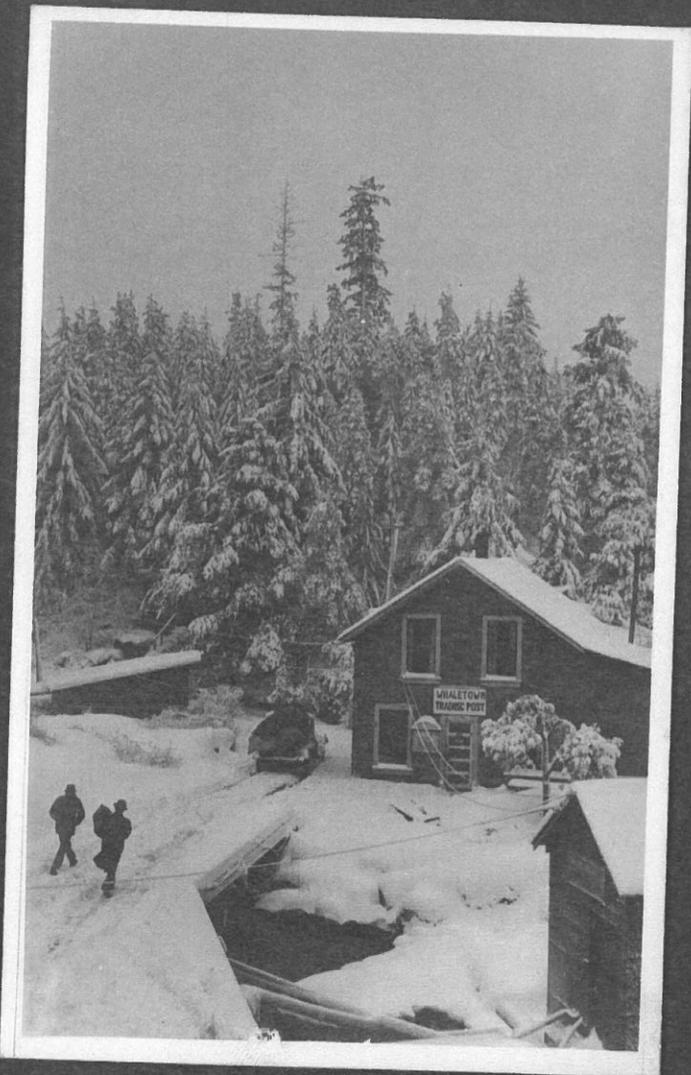
JAN 1910: "Miss Bland arrived to teach school"

IN THE 1930'S BOAT DAY WAS STILL AN EVENT. VAL (MULCAHY) THOMAS REMEMBERS:

"ON boat days on Sunday afternoons everyone would gather to wait for the boat - to get their groceries and their mail. And usually there would be ice-cream which was a real treat! Some people would order their groceries from Woodward's, and Mr. Reid being both postmaster and storekeeper would know who was bypassing his store, and they would not be popular with him."

TIMES HAD CHANGED - THE BOAT WAS NO LONGER ARRIVING IN THE VERY EARLY MORNING.

IN THE LATE 1940'S AND EARLY 50'S ICE-CREAM WAS STILL A BOAT DAY TREAT - PEGGY (MUNRO) ANDERSON REMEMBERS: "Boat day and the Union Steamship was a weekly highlight, a time for meeting and socializing with friends & neighbours while waiting to pick up mail & groceries. In summer we looked forward to ice-cream. Since dad had "Munro Logging" and mom cooked, there was always a large order from Vancouver Supply. When we were little us kids loved those big boxes which became cars, boats, houses or whatever our imaginations led us to."



WHALETOWN TRADING
POST ON 'BOAT DAY'

POST OFFICE IN ITS
ORIGINAL 'ACROSS THE ROAD'
LOCATION.

SOME SAY THIS PHOTO WAS
TAKEN IN 1954.

G.D.



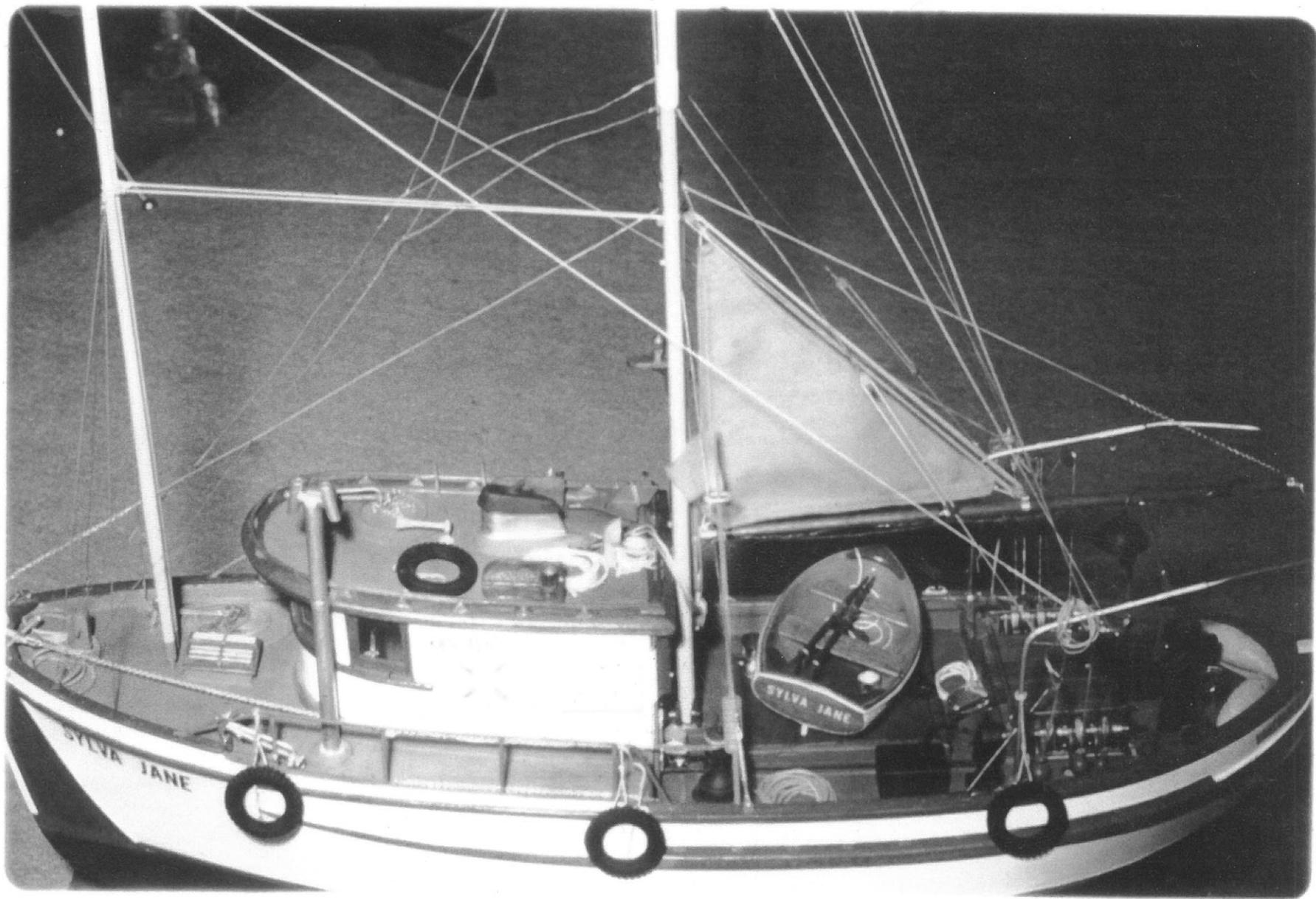
DOWNTOWN WHALETOWN, 1949



67



WHALETOWN STORE
SEPT 1946



KEN SLATER'S "SYLVA JANE" BUILDER'S MODEL
1944005



REG WELSH WORKING ON 'SYLVA JANE'

N.K.S.



N.K.S.

REG WELSH
WORKING ON
THE 'SYLVA
JANE'



NKS

THE BAY THAT USED TO BE
—between the Whaletown Post Office and the Library,
is no longer.

Progress has claimed it for the use of the increased traffic that finds its way to this part of the Island.

What better way was there to dispose of the fall-out from the dynamiting done at the rocky corners of the road from the cut-off at Gun-Flint Lake right down to the Whaletown wharf....even that narrow corner by the small white church was pushed back. The short hill down to the library can now accommodate two cars instead of one!

All that is now needed is HARDTOP.

But what about that little Bay, THE BAY THAT USED TO BE....the site of a ship wright's workshop and a ways big enough to build from the keel upwards, the well-known 34' troller, "Sylva Jane".

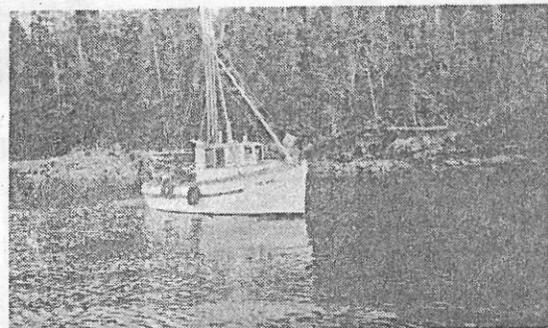
None other than KEN SLATER was the builder and REGGIE WELSH THE OWNER OF THIS BOAT.

For months, (I was going to say years), as we walked to the wharf, we watched the progress of its building. You know this experience isn't given to many! It always amazed us how KEN, well over six feet, could weave his way in and out of that hull. REGGIE, in contrast, was, and still is, a short fellow and the ship was built for him...not KEN!

And time moves on. For, where the proud SYLVA JANE rested upon the ways, cement barriers and parked cars await those who are using the Library, getting their mail, buying some groceries, or just "rubber-necking" around the wharf and floats.

How do we, who live here, feel about all these changes? GREAT!!.....Too bad it took a pot of unused snow-clearing taxes to make it possible. Such is life on Cortes!

R. M. Boaf's

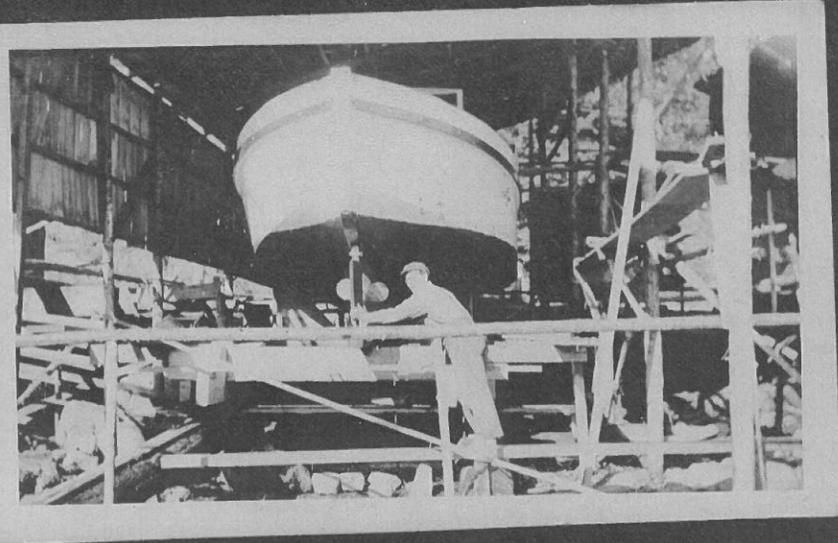
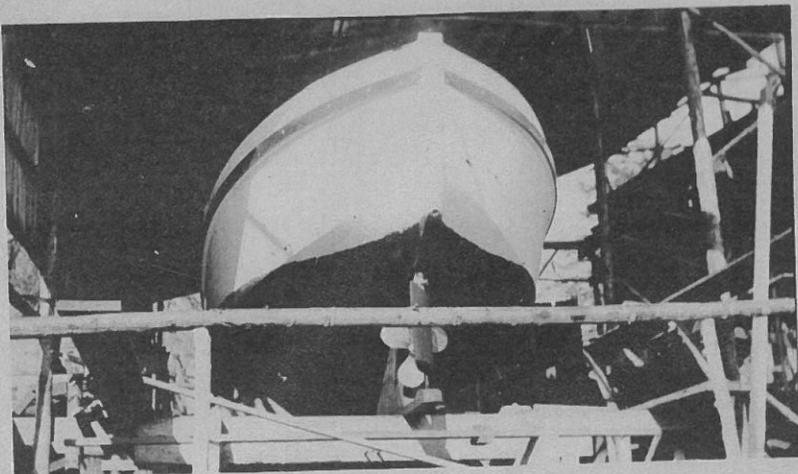


PHOTOS BY
KEN SLATER,
SHIPWRIGHT.

1946⁷⁰

LAUNCHING THE 'SYLVA JANE' FROM KEN SLATER'S BOAT-
YARD, WHALETOWN BAY 1946

K. SLATER, PHOTOS .





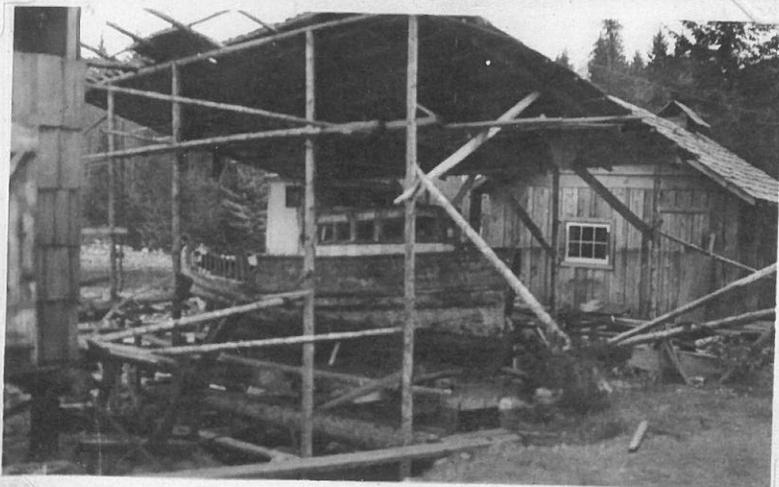
SYLVA JANE, HEADING HOME

SW



REG + SYLVA WELSH
WELSH ABOARD AN
EARLIER TROLLER
HH

KEN SLATER'S BOATYARD
WHALETOWN



REPAIRING MATT GERARD'S
BOAT - BEFORE



- AFTER -



ED'S second section
ED TOOKERS BOOM

KEN SLATER'S BOATYARD



HARRY HUCK

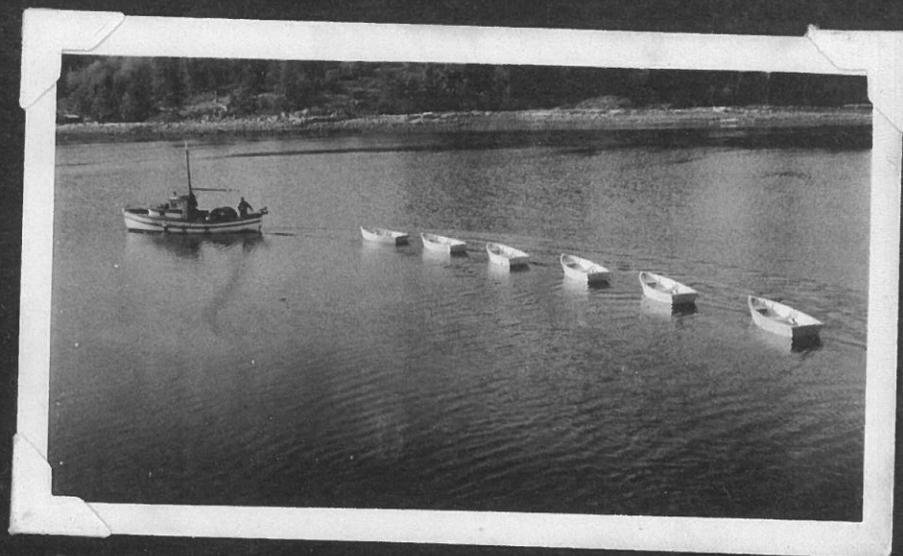


KEN SLATER TELL



KEN SLATER

LATE 1940'S



SKIFFS ON THE WAY TO MANSON'S -
SOLD TO JACK SUMMERS FOR USE
AT THE CABINS AND ON THE LAKE

KEN SLATER -
BOATBUILDER,
FISHERMAN,
ARTIST -
SEEN HERE AS
A FISHERMAN.



KEN SLATER - BREAK TIME WHILE FISHING
"UP NORTH" FEEDS A PET DEER ON THE FLOATS
AT PORT NEVILLE.

DEER HAD
A RED RIBBON
AROUND ITS
NECK TO
WARN HUNTERS
THAT IT WAS
A MUCH-LOVED
PET



NS

75

WHALETOWN PLACE NAMES.....places mattered, places had names.....some have slipped into obscurity, some are still recognized, all deserve to be remembered. Starting at Coulter Bay, heading toward the Gorge:

LONE STAR RANCH...the name given to Frank and Louisa Tooker's homestead in Coulter Bay

GREGSON TRAIL....Coulter Bay to the Gregson homestead near Carrington Point

TIBER TRAIL...went from Coulter Bay to Green Valley

BRAESIDE...the Middleton homestead on Sawmill Road, aka CHERRY'S

CHURCH HILL...the hill with the ferry road turnoff...the church hall stood next to the old graveyard...site of Whaletown's first school

HAMMOND'S POND.....once a pond in the woods behind the Hammond property, Dunc Robertson scythed or burned the grass off of it in the fall to make a large skating pond for neighborhood kids....the pond is now part of the Raven subdivision along Olmsted Road

BURNSIDE...the Robertson homestead at the head of Whaletown Lagoon

THE SIDEWALKS...a string of floats used as a short-cut across the lagoon

HELL'S CORNER....the "S" bend in the road near Whaletown Lagoon. Back in the thirties there was some hanky-panky going on in the homes across the road from Burnside. Mr. F was sneaking out to see Mrs H.....a terrible situation to have across the road from a lady who had been a Baptist missionary, giving rise to the name "Hell's Corner"

THE SHORTCUT....ran from the edge of the lagoon (across from Fontaine's gate) to the bottom of the CLINIC HILL

RICHEN'S FIELD....along the SHORTCUT, Richen's Field was used for baseball games before the new school yard was cleared and levelled for a playing field.....unused, it soon became an alder patch and is now part of a subdivision. McGuire's house is in center field.

RICHEN'S POND....was in the upper part of the field, across from the school....the site of many a frog-hunting adventure at lunch hour

SCHOOL HILL.....still has a school at its top, but no students.....to-day the schoolyard at the top of the hill is used year round by neighbourhood kids, a lively farmer's market happens on summer Saturday mornings, and an art gallery has given new life to the building that is now called the old school but is really the new school (being the third and last school in the Whaletown area)

CEDAR TREE....CEDAR STUMP....THE CROSSROADS.....an evolving name for the corner near the school where tourists stop to read the signs and decide whether to go to Whaletown wharf or to less interesting parts of Cortes. The Cedar Tree, and later its stump, was used as a bulletin board proclaiming community events, as a launching pad for "THE WHALETOWNIAN", Whaletown's first newspaper...most often credited to Mary McLean (who became Mary Tucker then Mary McMillan). Messages were left pinned to the tree, things enroute to new homes were left there for pick-up....these

included a very heavy old wooden pedestal table being moved from a Gorge Harbour home to a Whaletown one. That table is now in Vancouver. To-day the Cedar Stump is more apt to be referred to as "the bus stop"

COUSIN'S HILL....a left turn at the CEDAR STUMP brings you to the bottom of COUSIN'S HILL....the Cousins family once lived at the top...does anyone know anything about the Cousins other than that they owned a horse?

CORYDALIS...the John Pool homestead, named for the flowers that grew there, later re-named CHANNEL ROCK for the rock in the channel between Cortes and Shark Spit on Marina Island

COUGAR HILL...we assume was named for a cougar or cougars once seen here and is the downhill following Cousin's Hill....kids on bikes first mastered the SCHOOL HILL then learned to pedal like hell to make it up Cougar Hill which was always more fun to go down

BUTE RANCH..the name Charlie Allen gave to his Gorge Harbour homestead, now the site of Gorge Harbour Marina

REDLANDS....the Robertson pre-emption at the top end of Robertson Road

SCHOOL TRAIL...from Robertson Road to the second school on Coulter Bay Road

GYPSY HILL....just past the Robertson Road intersection (which in very early times was called KEYS CORNER (but we don't know why), Mrs Ballantyne dubbed the hill on which her house stood GYPSY HILL because she felt like a Gypsy living there when she came here, jobless and footloose, in the thirties

HARLEQUIN HOUSE....Pat and Dunc Robertson's original home on the Gorge...where tourists flocked to Pat's summertime teahouse

SMITTY'S SWAMP....is a wonderful swampy meadow, teeming with wildlife, on the old Freddie Smith Homestead across from Dunc Robertson's place

GORGE HARBOUR TRAIL...wandered along the shoreline and through the woods from the Ballantyne place to Corneille's Lodge at the east end of the Gorge, also known as the WATER TRAIL

GORGE HILL....forever remains the Gorge Hill, whether it is going down one side or up the other.....

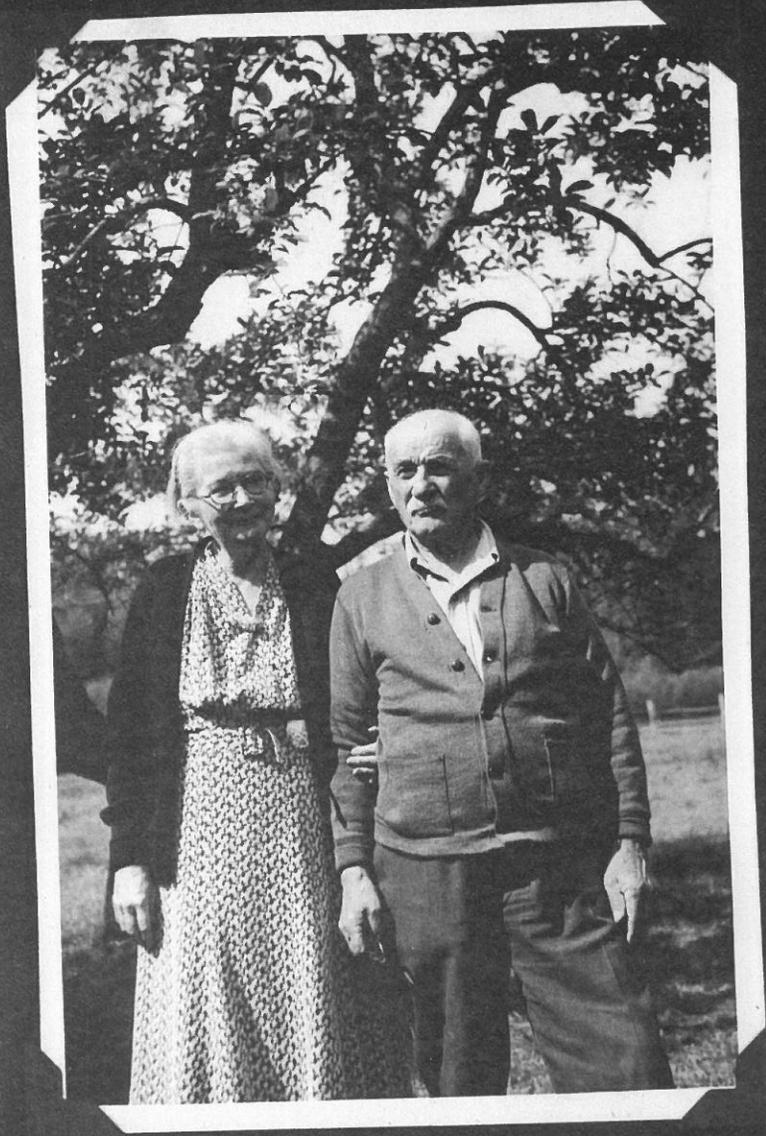
.....returning to the CEDAR STUMP and travelling towards Whaletown Wharf:

CLINIC HILL.....it may have once had another name but since 1951, when the clinic was built at its foot, the hill going down to the church has been called the CLINIC HILL.....great for sledding back when it was gravelled and traffic was practically non-existent on a snowy night

CHURCH HILL.....also called the LIBRARY HILL, for awhile there were two churches, though the old one was used only as a hall when the new one was built in 1950....the last hill before the wharf and the bustling centre of activity that is the town of Whaletown

.....please feel free to list any that have been missed.....77.....

-on our interactive window in the archives room



Mr & Mrs. David Robertson



Mother's birthday Party
Burnside, July 1946.

78125

1946

LATE 1940'S
LAUGH • STORIES TOLD TO
US ABOUT "THE
FASTS"

From the brown house behind the
whaletown store in which he had been
now resided. It was a dandy party,
the drink flowed freely, the company
was most congenial and the tide was in.
One inebriated guest quietly excused
himself from the raucous festivities
and spent some time in the bathroom.
Upon emerging he looked sicker than ever
and quite sober. Too than ever
suddenly he explained that he had been
flushing away his false teeth in
he'd pressed the lever around in
sick little enough money would face
being days it was a party with
those days - what on earth had to
proportions it was not only had with
his wife (who was not partying with
him, on the morrow, he also had to
tell her of his loss, he also had to
in his eyes, the lady of the house saw a
who knew all about its plumbing saw a
solution to the problem. In the
morning, when this tide was low, they
could simply climb over the bluff
to the end of the party-goer. And so it
was done; the lost teeth went home late
the next day with his teeth - much late
bleached, boiled and disinfected, firmly
in his mouth!!

WNG



1946 EARTHQUAKE -
ALMOST EVERYONE WHO COULD
BOARD A BOAT WENT TO MARSHALL'S
ORCHARD ON READ ISLAND TO SEE
WHAT IT HAD DONE. I RECALL
GOING THERE AS A SMALL
CHILD - LOOKING DOWN INTO
THE BOTTOM OF A HUGE
HOLE & HAVING AN ADULT
SAY 'YOUR MOTHER LOST SOME
DISHES IN THIS', FOR A
LONG TIME I WONDERED HOW
MY MOTHER'S DISHES GOT
INTO THE BOTTOM OF THAT HOLE!

DOREEN THOMPSON.

Surprise Move

1946..EARTHQUAKE HITS THE ISLANDS
That's true. My family and I were in
the mission house about 10 A.M. when
everything began to shake..the pots
rattled on the kitchen stove the
door jams rocked and confusion was
the order of the day. Right or wrong
we all ran outdoors and waited the few
seconds for it to stop..

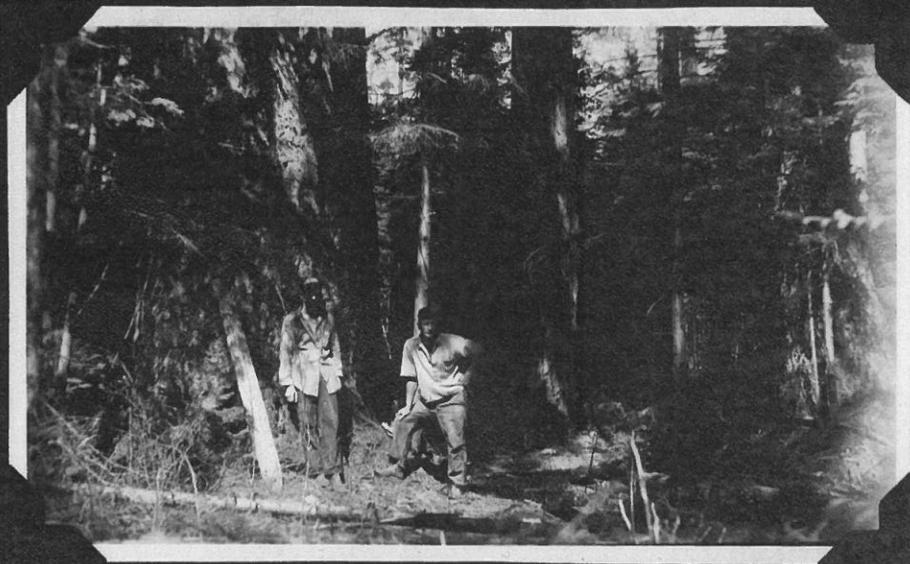
Every time I travel to Heriot Bay
I see some of the evidences of that event.
Right at the end of Rebecca Spit are
what's left of about twenty trees
whose roots were shook up and exposed
to salt water. It didn't take them
long to die. But what's left still
stands to mark some of the direction
of this quake.

Its centre was right in the middle
of Harry Marshall's orchard on
Read Island. The orchard was at the
end of a long cleared field. As you
walked towards it the impression was
that you could plough right to the
end. As you got closer you could see
that part of the field had dropped 12
to 14 feet. I understand that the spot
has now become a lake.

Houses and buildings on Quadra and
at Campbell River lost their brick
chimneys..Men who were in their boats
at sea reported that the feeling was
as if someone had suddenly reversed the
gears while the engine was dead ahead..
Fortunately no-one was injured and the
overall damage was not great..but happen
it did.

- R. M. Boas.





Rankin & Duncan,
Logging on
Burnside,
1947,



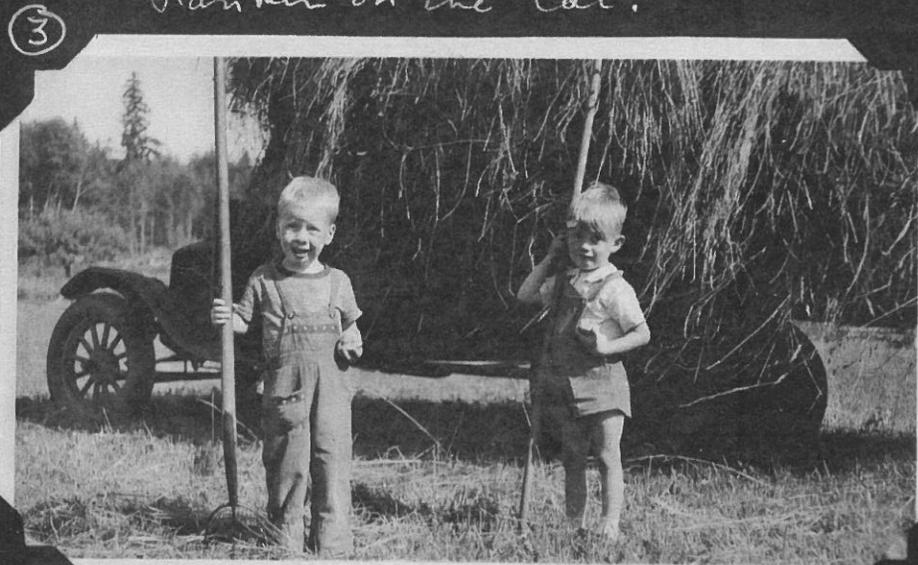
WHERE DID ALL THE OLDGROWTHS GO?
THEY BUILT HOUSES IN THE CITY AND FED FAMILIES ON CORTES!



The log dump.
Rankin on the Cat.



Dunc, Allen, George Beattie,
Andy, Dennis, Rankin,
1947



Two young farmers.
ANDY + DENNIS

① THE LOG DUMP ON BURNSIDE
WAS WHERE THE FERRY LANDING
IS NOW ('99)

② ③ HAYING ON BURNSIDE
DUNC ROBERTSON WITH SON
ANDY, ALLEN ROBERTSON,
GEORGE BEATTIE (~~ROBERTSON~~
RELATIVE) DENNIS NEWSHAM

WHALETOWN
WHARF
1948



THE TED MARTIN FAMILY
HOME BEING TOWED TO
WHALETOWN, 1948



LOOKING DOWN THE CHURCH HILL -
TED MARTIN HOME AND ROOF OF
KEN SLATER'S BOATYARD BEYOND
THE LIBRARY

THE WHALETOWN CONNECTION --- 1947
a true tale of travel and adventure told
by Frank Hayes

Back in 1947, several years before the road connection between the east end of the Gorge and Gypsy Hill was put in, and many, many, years before the Gunflint Lake - Gorge Hill "shortcut" was built, it was possible to drive from Manson's to Whaletown. Possible but certainly not recommended.

Loggers had just built a cat road up from the camp at the head of Von Donop Creek to Alf Layton's place at the top of Squirrel Cove Hill. A challenge. Somebody had to be the first to make it through in something other than a cat. Why not us?

We left from Blind Creek, heading out on our adventure in an old model "T" Ford owned and driven by Dave "Duke" Trowsdale, with Rod Griffin, Lorne and Chuck Musclow and myself as passengers. Blind Creek to Squirrel Cove was an adventure in itself in those days...salal brush down the middle of a road that had nowhere to pass an oncoming vehicle. Passing was a back-up-to-a-wide-spot effort. The car going uphill got to back up...unless the one coming down had just passed a wide spot.

Making our way through Squirrel Cove and up the hill on the other side we turned off at Laytons...headed into new territory. Not only were we the first to try out the new connector, but also the first to incur Alf Layton's wrath by crossing his property without permission. A road was a road.

Even a new catroad was a road...not a good road, certainly not a smooth road, and that hill down into the Creek...scraped down to rock bluff. I don't know how we expected to make it back up out of there. But forethought is hardly part of a good adventure. At the head of Von Donop we got onto the truck road just above the camp...crossed the bridge at the top of the waterfall near the beach...headed up along the creek that runs out of Barrett's Lake....crossed an uphill fore 'n' aft bridge hugging the curve of a bluff, with a long drop to a gully below....passed the next waterfall and a long swampy area punched with fore 'n' aft logs along the edge....crossed a shorter fore 'n' aft bridge across the same creek and soon came out by the lake. For 'n' afts were built for logging trucks..huge logs, flattened on top, one for each track in the road with a gaping space in between...wide enough to swallow a car, they added a little drama to the adventure.

The bridges behind us, we continued on around the lake, past the old logging chute at the head of Carrington lagoon, down through Peter Police's place, over Jameses Creek, past the remnants of the log house the Hills had started to build and abandoned to move to Read Island back in the early days, up Jameses Hill and on past the Borden place to come out on Coulter Bay Road, which was just a logging road then. Up by the old Whaletown School the road got a little better, we felt like we'd made it and headed triumphantly for Whaletown wharf. Just in time to have the wooden spokes in one wheel collapse and leave us stranded on the wharf with a three-wheeled Model "T" and no spare!

Those, though, were the good old days when the Union Steamships plied the coast...it was Boat Day and one of them, either the Lady Cynthia or the Lady Cecelia was at the dock. The captain took a look at our predicament and declared that as we were the first to make the trip from the south end of the island by car he would give us a free ride home. They put a sling under Duke's old Model "T", loaded us aboard, and dropped us off on the wharf at Manson's. That sure saved us a lot of walking.....pushing a three-wheeled Model "T"!



Byers, Whale Bay.
formerly 'Valley Ranch'



Whaletown, looking toward Robertsons
Jan. 1948



Whaletown, Jan 1948
with a pile driver at the wharf



Thompsons & Hucks homes in lagoon.
1948
Dick + Wilena Thompson + family
Harry + Edith Huck + family

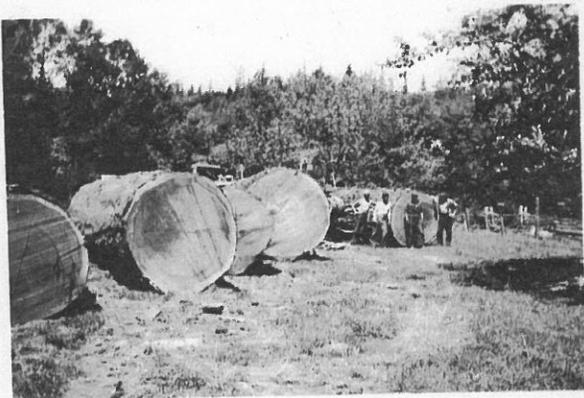
MRS



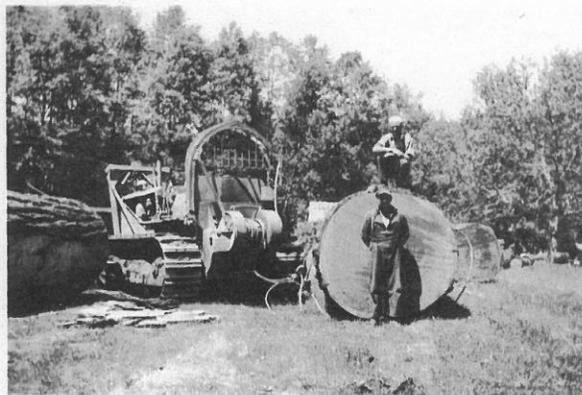
LOGGING AT BURNSIDE
1949



REDLANDS HOUSE



*ERNIE
FRANK TOOKER, STAN ANDERSON (HIS CAT) RANKIN ROBERTSON
AND JIMMY HILL LOGGING AT BURNSIDE, 1949





① MR + MRS BEASLEY LIVED NEXT DOOR
(TO THE SOUTH)

② REXFORD FAMILY C 1948 - LAWRENCE,
MATA, JEAN, LORA, LILLIAN, MARJORIE,
LINDA.

③ LAWRENCE ON VIOLIN - NOTE PICKET FENCE

④ VISITORS ARRIVE



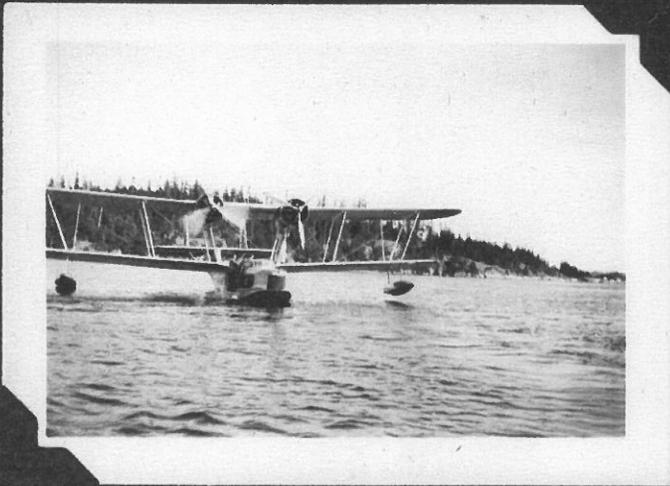
MID 40'S:
LAWRENCE REXFORD
WORKING WITH HANSEN BROS.
LOGGING ON MCKAY PLACE AT
GUNFLINT LAKE

TOP: FALLING TIMBER

MIDDLE: CAL CAMPBELL, JACK
PARRY (HARDHATS? WHERE
WERE THEY IN THE TOP PHOTO?)
AND LAWRENCE WITH 2-MAN
CHAINSAW

BOTTOM: LAWRENCE (HARDHAT!)
'MEASURES' A BIG FIR.





L.C.A.
plane
in
Whallōwn
Bay
1949



Boarding
the
plane
Sept. 1949.

By 1949 planes
were beginning to
replace steamers - a
faster way to get to
and from Vancouver.

The Carlyles with
daughter, Sharon,
board a Queen
Charlotte Airlines
plane for a trip back
to 'town' after a
holiday on Cortez.



Sharon, on L.C.A. plane, for Van.
.1949.

UNION STEAMSHIP AT THE DOCK - BYERS HOME (FORMERLY VALLEY'S RANCH)
ACROSS BAY.



WHALETOWN, CORTES ISLAND, B.C.



The lagoon. Dec. 1949.

1949.



The pasture, from kitchen roof.

TODAY (99) DAVID + SUSAN Robertson's house Burnsides Dec. 1949.
Sits where picture was taken from, Dorothea (Robertson)
Carter's home is down the lane; Doreen Thompson's home is at edge of "Hammond's"
field clearing across road - just to left of top of barn roof.



ROLLO BOAS
STANDS BESIDE
THE MISSION
SHIP 'RENDEZVOUS'

ON BOARD ARE:

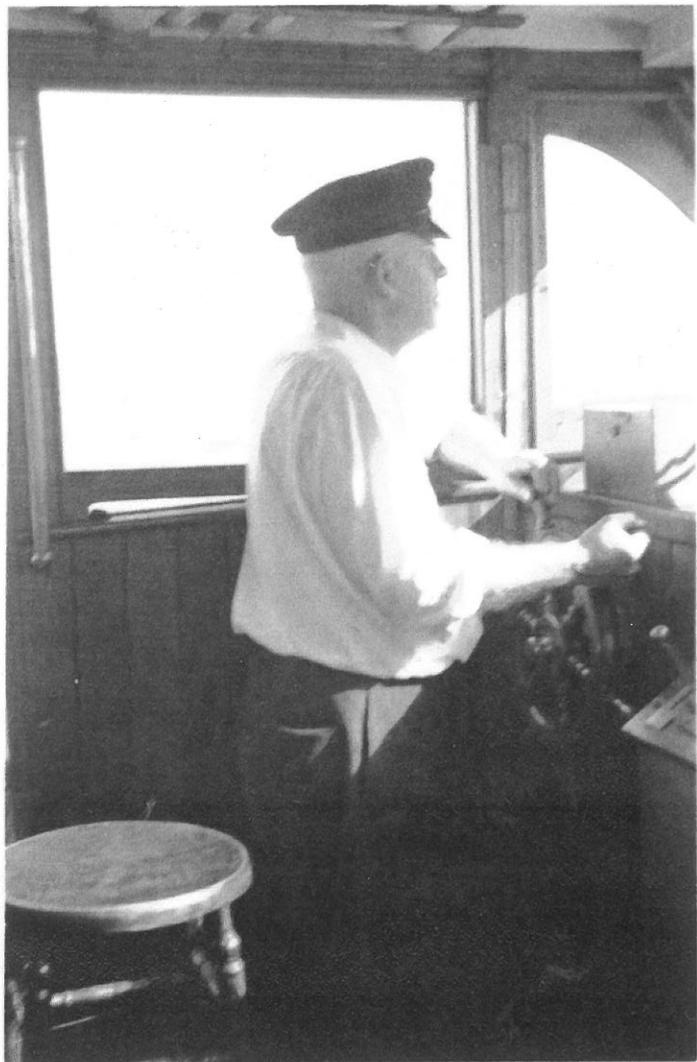
The girls in front of
windows are (L→R):
Louise Boas, Kathleen
Boas, ?, Yvonne Boas.
-girl 3rd from left &
boy are unidentified.



WHALETOWN WHARF

CATCH " 19-1999

DHT



ALAN GREEN AT THE HELM



TOM PETRIE, FISH BUYER



WAITING TO SELL THE CATCH 1949



WHALETOWN WHARF

- FROM THE DECK OF THE 'BOAT'
C 1946 - MIKE + VIOLET HE
HOUSE ON SHORE; RICHENS IN FIELD.
(HOME TO MANY DIFFERENT FAMILIES)



1949 - BOAT DAY !! AGAIN.



1949 - 50



SHIRLEY DEWAR ON HER WAY TO SCHOOL

WARRILOWN

At last we have come out from under the blanket of white which interfered with the scheduled dance at the Gorge Harbor Hall. However, a few turned up but not enough for a dance so Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Munro kindly offered the use of their home and a very enjoyable house party was held. Guests from other places were Mr. Bill Petrie, Mr. Dayton Haines, Mr. Bill Law, Mr. Henry Liske, Mr. Bill Ennis and Mr. Don Ennis. Local guests, Miss Sheila Walsh, Miss Barbara Slater, Miss Mona Helweg, Miss P. Newham, Mrs. L. Tooker, Miss Jean Hill, Mr. Jimmie Hill, Mr. Lawrence Haines, Mr. Pat Walsh Jr., Mr. Rankin Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. H. Ogren, and the Munro family. The party broke up in the wee small hours of the morning and was much enjoyed by all.





HIF ①

WHALETOWN WHARF 1949



HH ②

BOB LANGDON PILOTS A BC AIRLINES
'SEA BEE'

1948? 9?



BOBBY BULL —

DONNY BULL —

BOBBY
FERGUSON

WHALETOWN SCHOOL - COULTER
BAY ROAD

TEACHER AUBREY FERGUSON

⑧

GD



WHALETOWN, CORTES ISLAND, B. C.

1948

BOAT DAY

-from postcard



↑ ↑
Kathleen & Rollo Boas
↑

C.R. 13866

date: c 1949 ~~51?~~

col. May Ellingsen

Wedding picture for Maurice and Sheila (Walsh) Dufour. It was taken beside the Gorge Harbor Hall, Cortes Island, where the reception was held.

Front row L-R. kneeling: Rita Ogren, Elmer Ellingsen with accordion, Bill Petrie, Axel Tander, youngsters Leslie Sandberg, Myrna Dewar, Louise Boas, Yvonne Boas, Yvonne Sandberg. Further identifications are listed on reverse side of this page.



C.R. 13866

date: C 1949 ~~51~~?

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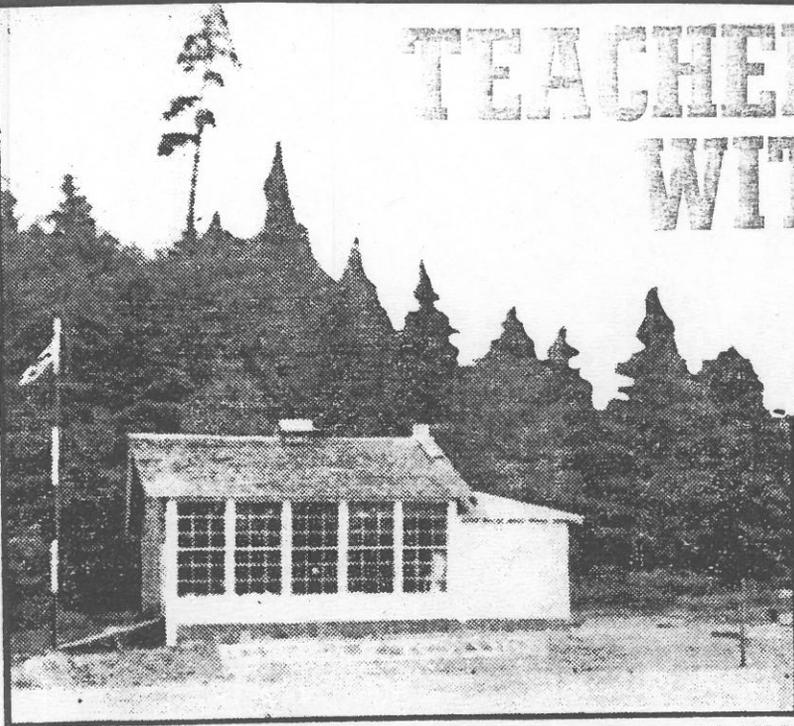
TEACHER IS EXAMPLE WITH ISLAND FARM

Free Press *Weekly*
FARMER

AUGUST 9, 1950

Article refers
to 1949 or earlier

by GILEAN DOUGLAS



● **WHALETOWN SCHOOL, CORTEZ ISLAND**

In these days of high costs and low school salaries it is a rare thing to find a rural school teacher who in less than three years paid off over \$2,000 in sickness debts, built up a farm home for his family of four and helped to bring a moribund school to life.

Yet that's just what Bob Ferguson of Saskatoon—now of Whaletown, Cortez Island—has done. His slender, dark-haired wife who was Ethel Crerar of Moose Jaw, has been right in there pitching every moment too.

Whaletown is one of the five principal settlements on Cortez Island, in the Straits of Georgia between the British Columbia mainland and Vancouver Island. It has some 65 families, most of whom are interested in logging and fishing. That is where the Fergusons landed in 1946 with Bobby and Gerry (aged 4 and 2), \$14 in their pockets and the aforesaid debts snapping at their heels. They found the school to be a dilapidated one-room building at a long-past centre of population which is now about two miles from most of the pupils' homes.

But this state of affairs didn't last long. Bob wrote out a list of things the school needed and asked for donations. He made a speech to the Farmer's Institute. Residents, school board and public health department co-operated splendidly and in a few months you wouldn't have known that freshly-painted building with its solarium windows and comfortable, heated cloakroom. Outside there was a well, new toilet facilities, a playground with new equipment where only bush had been before.

"When I first came here," Bob told me, "I found that the children had been badly neglected, especially in regard to phonics, tables and other fundamentals. No skills were developed and the children were left to their own resources when not actually studying or reciting."

Now education has become a pleasure instead of a drudgery for Bob's 15 pupils. He likes Cominco's idea: "No parent (or teacher) should spend all his time in the garden of a child's life digging up weeds; there is always the danger of scratching up flowers not above the ground." This seems to pay off too. Children who formerly got 10 in spelling are now breaking 100. Where it was difficult to get pupils to read before the class you now hear clear, fluent voices.

Probably circumstances should be blamed most for the poor conditions this school teacher found.

Not content with giving education a boost, Bob acquired 30 acres of land, several fruit trees and a sagging log cabin over 60 years old. He started right in to improve all of them.

The house has been propped up, a sparkling red and white kitchen added, the orchard and garden rejuvenated. The Ferguson milk bill for that first year was \$84, so they decided to buy a cow for \$100 and sell the surplus. Now Effie has a calf each spring and during the summer two pigs grunt roundly. Logs have been cut and sold to keep the wood lot healthy and the debt situation out of the red.

The Fergusons are lucky that they have no rent—now that their homestead is paid for—and can buy their food and fuel with labor instead of cash. But it hasn't been easy. Not long ago Ethel bought her first new dress in five years—and promptly went dancing in it! The last debt, was paid off over a year ago and now this energetic couple own 80 additional acres of lakeside bushland plus four shore acres just across from their home. They are planning to sell the farm at a good profit and build themselves a house on this waterfront land.

You can have an uproarious time, listening to their tales of the cow that ate their first garden, the pigs that got into the parlor and the

25 foot cruiser—built by Bob and their lone asset at the time—which a helpful friend allowed to sink at the dock under one of the ever-green playground's snow-falls. Bob will tell you too of the way his boy students 'shake' boards out of cedar bolts for their woodworking and how the girls embroider on home-bleached flour sacks. Painting at this inventive school is done on shelf fungus broken off nearby evergreens, dried and the base trimmed so it will sit on the table like a fan.

It's not hard to guess that 36 year old Bob is a gogetter from away back. While in Grade 12 at Saskatoon High school he won the A. H. Hansen gold medal for outstanding work in art, shot with the team that captured the Dominion Rifle championship, distinguish-

ed himself in sports and placed second in Saskatchewan in a bond-selling campaign. While at Normal School he won a lot of golf trophies and studied art under Fred Steiger, noted for his painting "Drought."

"I got a lot of help from people when I was young," said Bob, "and now I want to pay some of it back by helping others."

Bob's Normal year would normally have ended in teaching, but that was in 1932 when some teachers were desperately going out on government grants of \$400 a year and others were taking any jobs at all to keep themselves alive.

Bob decided the drug business was better than either plan and promptly got a position. In his spare time he wrote show cards and designed sport badges.

In 1939 the armed forces decided Bob wasn't tough enough for battle, so he went into Boeing's to work on the Catalina flying boats. Two years of that ran his health down badly and he found himself successfully back in the drug business in Vancouver. Then illness struck the little family again, debts piled up, the doctor growled about city living and Bob made up his mind that healthy Whaletown and his first love, teaching, were the solutions.



BOB FERGUSON

Cont'd

The Fergusons have come through it all with their flag of laughter flying. "God must be taking a hand," declared Ethel. "The help we've had goes far beyond anything human." But God helps those who help themselves and others—and that's what Bob and Ethel have been doing all their lives.

By the way, Bob's first name isn't "Bob" at all. One day he was making a badge for Chuck Nickason, the boxer, when Chuck asked what he was called besides Ferguson.

"Aubrey," was the disgusted reply.

The boxer gave the badge-maker a long look and then clapped him on the back.

"Hi, Bob!" he said.

"Hi, Bob!" they say on Cortez and it sounds mighty friendly.



● THESE ARE THE PUPILS

End of Whaletown Photographs and Stories
1931 to 1949
Volume 2