
ARMOUR, Catherine Gemmel

By Cathie Armour
B. 26 November, 1919
D. 25 July, 1997



Childhood Memories of Catherine (Cathie, Kay) Conway (nee Armour)

This is not a story, just an account for the interest of our children and their children.

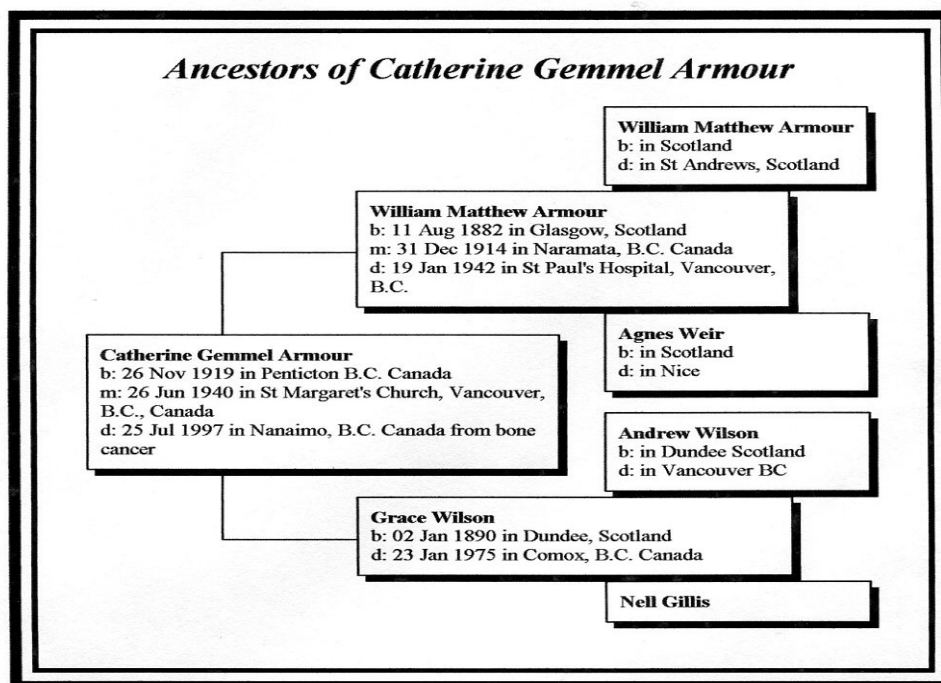
I was born in 1919 in Penticton but lived all of my unmarried life in the Okanagan Valley in the interior of BC in a little town called Naramata situated on the east side of Okanagan Lake. This account covers the years in the '20s and early '30s while I was still in elementary school. It really covers less than eight years of my life, taking into consideration the years when I was too young to remember.

Things are dated in my mind as happening before or after Agnes died, electric lights and getting a car. Electricity and being able to drive to Penticton made a great change in our lives.

During the years immediately before the Great Depression, times were pretty good, prices for fruit were up and it was then that we could afford to enlarge the house, buy a car and go on car trips. The effect of the stock market crash didn't reach us until about 1931. The incidents related here do not cover these depression years.

Written in Campbell River, BC

In the years 1987 & 1988



Husband: William Matthew Armour

Born: 11 Aug 1882 in: Glasgow, Scotland
 Married: 31 Dec 1914 in: Naramata, B.C. Canada
 Died: 19 Jan 1942 in: St Paul's Hospital, Vancouver, B.C.
 Burial:
 Father: William Matthew Armour
 Mother: Agnes Weir
 Other Spouses:

Wife: Grace Wilson

Born: 02 Jan 1890 in: Dundee, Scotland
 Died: 23 Jan 1975 in: Comox, B.C. Canada
 Burial:
 Father: Andrew Wilson
 Mother: Nell Gillis
 Other Spouses:

CHILDREN

1	Name: Agnes Anderson Armour Born: Mar 1915 in: Married: in: Died: 11 Jan 1926 in: Naramata, B.C. from Pneumonia Burial: Spouse:
2	Name: Grace Elizabeth Armour Born: 30 Jul 1916 in: Died: in: Burial: Married: in: Spouse: B Haines Married: in: Spouse: Martin Wiebe
3	Name: Frances (Ella) Eleanor Armour Born: 21 May 1918 in: Died: 2001 in: Prince George, B.C. Canada Burial: Married: 1934 in: Spouse: Ian Wiseman
4	Name: Catherine Gemmel Armour Born: 26 Nov 1919 in: Penticton B.C. Canada Died: 25 Jul 1997 in: Nanaimo, B.C. Canada from bone cancer Burial: Married: 26 Jun 1940 in: St Margaret's Church, Vancouver, B.C., Canada Spouse: John Arthur Conway
5	Name: Margaret Wilson Armour Born: 29 Nov 1923 in: Died: in: Burial: Married: 08 Jul 1950 in: Vancouver, B.C. Canada Spouse: Edward (Ted) Smirfitt
6	Name: Born: in: Married: in: Died: in: Burial: in: Spouse:

The house.

There were five girls in our family, Agnes, Grace, Ella, me, (Cathie) and Margaret. We lived with our parents on an orchard in Naramata. At 27 years of age, Dad had emigrated from Scotland in 1909, going to Calgary for a short while before coming to Naramata. Mother came out from Scotland in 1911. She was eight years younger than Dad. She came to live with her brother, our Uncle Andy. Mother and Dad were married in Naramata and went to live on the orchard which Dad had newly planted. They didn't have electricity or indoor plumbing, though they had running water in the kitchen.

Our little house had two bedrooms, front room, kitchen and a storage room which we called the 'wee' room. This was where the trunks were kept, clothes hung up and all the odds and ends stored on a shelf above the trunks. Lots of interesting things in the trunks and on that shelf. We always called the living room the 'big' room, though other people called theirs the parlor. There was also a screened-in verandah on one end of the house and a screened porch at the back door. This was where the wash tubs, wash board, small tools, work jackets and boots, etc. were kept.

The house was all finished in and out, shingles and horizontal siding on the outside. Inside in the kitchen there was dark green burlap on the walls up to the chair-rail and above that was a shiny wallpaper patterned with Dutch scenes in blue and white. The ceiling was varnished V-joint. The floor was covered with linoleum, but I cannot remember it other than worn. It must have been new at some time but I just seem to remember the brown area where the pattern was all worn off. The kitchen was heated by a big coal and wood stove, and a heater was in the 'big' room, standing on a tin pad with a worn-out pattern on it. No heated bedrooms in those days. In the summer the heater was taken out, the stove-pipes taken down and put out in the



verandah. A gold-coloured tin plate filled the empty stove-pipe hole.

The bedrooms were wallpapered over beaverboard. Beaverboard was a sort of compressed cardboard and if we weren't careful it could be easily bashed in. Mother and Dad's bedroom had a lilac colored pattern and the girls' room had pink. Four of us slept in one room, Ella and I slept in one single bed and Grace and Agnes in an other. Margaret, the baby, was in a crib in our parent's room. Mother and Dad had a three-quarter white enamel and brass bed but I remember when they got a new brown enamelled double bed with a spring-filled mattress and their bed was put into our room for Grace and Agnes. After Agnes died, Ella and I got that bed, Grace one single bed and the crib was brought into our room. There was also a washstand in the room, not much room for anything else. Later on we had a dresser with a mirror. The mattresses on these first beds were cotton filled and very saggy, just ordinary springs on the bed frame, no coil springs. We all slept under Hudson Bay blankets, some red, some brown and Mother and Dad had heavy grey ones. I recall that the red ones were pretty thin and had probably belonged to Dad ever since he arrived in Canada. We also had cotton covered quilts which were quite lumpy. One of us^{had} a sateen covered feather quilt, I remember the feathers all poking through the ticking. But I don't recall any of us being cold at night, once the bed warmed up, even though in winter the frost was thick on the window panes.

In the big room, there was congoleum mat on the floor, the walls were papered with a brown-toned scenic wallpaper. There were lace curtains on the windows. Furniture was pretty sparse; Mother and Dad each had a rocking chair, there was an old green divan with springs and straw poking through. We had a buffet in golden oak and a big black piano; a music cabinet on which the gramophone sat. A bookshelf on the wall held the Books of Knowledge, the big Doctor's book, Birds of Western Canada, and a few novels of the day by Rex Stout, Jack London, Edgar Wallace, etc. Later on there was a four-shelf bookcase with glass doors which Dad got at an auction. With the bookcase he also got a set of classics, more



than a dozen books by world renowned authors.

The buffet in the livingroom held a number of items Mother and Dad valued. Dad's gold pocket watch was kept in the little narrow front drawer , also a little case lined in velvet held four little silver teaspoons, Dad's Waterman's fountain pen and ever-sharp pencil, and a small matchbox with a set of rattles from a snake. The glass fronted china compartment held a Japanese tea set and a few odd dishes. Mother didn't have 'family' china or silverware like a lot of women had. A cut-glass fruit bowl sat on the top of the buffet. On the little shelves at either side of the mirror stood a pair of vases (one of which I broke) and a couple of little black lacquered china dishes with lids, painted with pink flowers. They held little odds and ends like cufflinks, buttons, shirt studs, etc. There were small china keepsakes depicting different British scenes which sat beside the black dishes. I think the black ones had been sent from India where Dad's brother was teaching. In one side compartment there were a few fancy glasses, and a couple of bottles of liquor, brandy or maybe sherry. We weren't allowed to go in there or touch those bottles. In the opposite side compartment some linens were kept. In the long bottom drawer there were more linens, the best ones (damask table cloth and napkins) wrapped up in blue paper to help keep them from yellowing. Also there was a stuffed rattlesnake skin, lying its full length in that drawer! One of Dad's friends had had it skinned and stuffed.

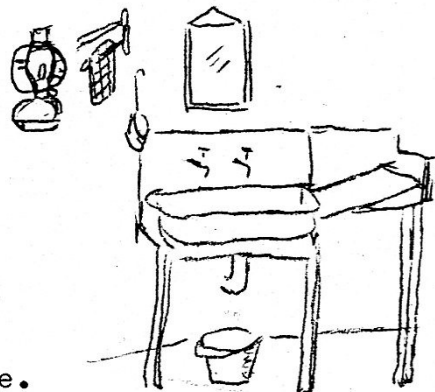
We ate in the kitchen at a big square table covered in oil-cloth when we were all little, cotton table cloths later on. Everybody had pantrys in those days, no built in kitchen cabinets. The pantry was just off the kitchen and kept all the food stuffs, flour and sugar barrels, which held fifty and a hundred pounds respectively, the bread mixer and the dishes, pots and pans. We had a trap door with a recessed handle in the floor and steps leading down into the cellar. Anything which had to be kept cool as well as the canned fruit was kept in the cellar. I remember everyone being warned, "Don't come into the pantry, the door's up!" The pantry also had a little window with a shelf where Mother set pies to cool.

The kitchen stove was the main item in the kitchen. When the weather was really cold we hung around the stove with the oven door open. A kettle of water as well as the sad irons were always on the back of the stove. The tea-pot sat on a little shelf at the side. The warming oven above, kept meals warm, held a tin for eggshells (for the chickens) and one for ends of bread drying for bread crumbs or bread pudding. It was also a place to dry mitts or socks, and a place to let bread dough rise.

An apple box sat in the corner of the kitchen. It held current papers - The Country Gentleman, Country Life, Eaton's and Simpson's catalogues, and the papers from the Old Country. A Singer's treadle sewing machine was also in the kitchen, usually with the head up for ready use for patching or stitching.

We were without an inside toilet or bath until I was either eight or nine. We bathed in a big galvanized tub on the floor beside the kitchen stove in the winter, or on the bedroom floor during the summer weather. There was lots of hot water and red Lifebuoy soap. We didn't have thick absorbent towels, they were terrycloth but pretty light. In the winter with the fire on we were never out of hot water. The tank got so hot it gurgled and boiled and had to be run off. During the summer the fire would have to be put on purposely to heat the tank. I remember one winter the water pipes froze outside so we had to carry our water. Someone came around with a barrel on a sleigh pulled by a horse and we got it in buckets. Then it had to be heated on the stove for baths, dishes and washing clothes.

We had a white enamelled sink and a grey enamelled dipper hung beside it for drinking. Beneath the sink was a slop bucket which was emptied daily, thrown down the gully. Everyone with a gully used it for a garbage dump, covering it with ashes. There was a dump north of Naramata, but no garbage pickup of course. We didn't have a large amount of garbage then. There were very few cans or cartons, so garbage consisted mainly of vegetable

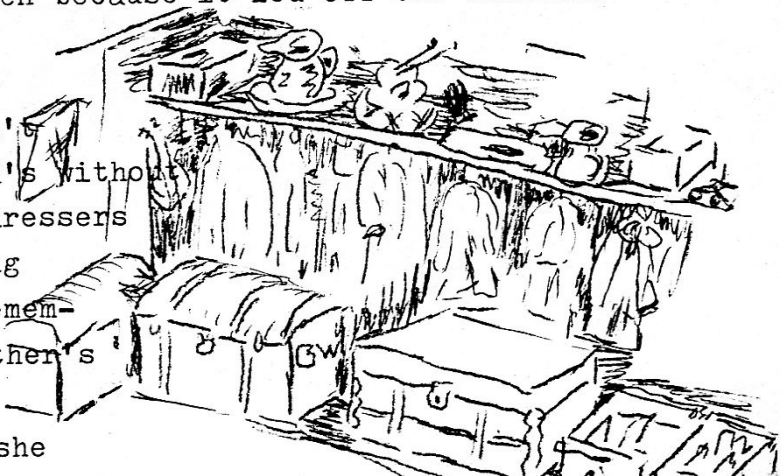


peelings, tea leaves, etc. Dad shaved at the kitchen sink, his razor strops hung on a nail by the pantry door.

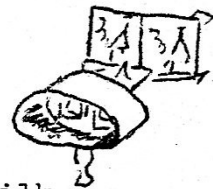
Our outside toilet wasn't very far from the backdoor. (It was moved around when a new hole was needed.) We never called it by any other name, some people called it the 'outhouse' or the 'biffy'. And we NEVER had the proverbial Eaton's catalogue in ours. Mother cut the Vancouver Province newspaper into squares and they were hung by a cord on a nail. Newspaper wasn't slippery like catalogue paper. We could always tell when Dad had been to the toilet, there was a strong smell of pipe tobacco smoke left behind. Each bedroom had a chamber-pot beneath the bed for use at night.

Before electricity we had coal-oil lamps, and for a little while we had a Coleman gas lantern. I remember Mother carrying the coal-oil lamp and the shadow it cast on the walls when she came into our bedroom at night if one of us had a bad cold or an ear-ache. It seemed one of us had an ear-ache every winter. Mother's remedy was to partly fill a stocking with salt and heat it in the oven then put that on our pillow under the aching ear. I guess it helped. For colds we always had the camphor-oil treatment and flannel around our neck, chests rubbed with camphor or later on when we had the travelling Rawleigh or Watkins man call, we would be rubbed with their medicated ointments. A remedy for sore throats was a bit of turpentine in a teaspoon of sugar.

Our 'wee' room was a dark little room about six by ten or eleven feet with a tiny window in one end. It didn't get any light at night from the kitchen because it led off our bedroom. It was a great place for playing hide and seek. There were three trunks and we didn't ever go in to Mother's or Dad's without permission. Being short of dressers or chests of drawers, clothing was kept in the trunks. I remember that in the bottom of Mother's trunk was a pretty pale blue taffeta evening dress which she



had once worn, a little narrow waist about eighteen inches. There was also a black ostrich plume which she had worn on a hat; a fur hat and a big fur muff, a bit moth-eaten. The tray of the trunk held her underwear, stockings, etc. Dad's trunk contained, among other things, a big flag of Scotland with the red lion on it, a box of shinplasters (twenty-five cent paper bills), a Scotch wool tam-o-shanter, and his Masonic Lodge things. In the other trunk we kept our clothes and we didn't touch anything that belonged to another. We each also had a toy box (an apple box). It held our paper-dolls, crayons, colouring pictures, books, etc. A big rag bag also sat on the floor. (Nothing was ever thrown out, even if it just became a floor rag.) A big base horn stood in the corner for awhile. It belonged to someone else but Dad had played it in the Summerland band. Up on the shelf, above the hooks and nails where coats and clothes were hung, there were many odd things. There were Dad's old skates, old skinny things that were screwed on to boots, a pair of ladies high button boots in an olive-green shade, a big plain white pitcher and basin that belonged on the wash-stand, a mandolin, white enamelled bedpan, stereoscopes, tambourine, brass spittoon, flowered lamp base, a box containing our games, a box of Christmas decorations, Kodak folding camera and Dad's darkroom equipment, a cretonne covered basket containing balls of wool and some long hat pins. There was a box of old pictures which included popular sepia coloured photographs as well as a tintype. We loved to get down the stereoscope and look through it. The stereoscope was the forerunner to the Viewmaster. Our cards were all pictures of Belgium and France in brown tones. There was also a flat tin box of coloured silk pictures. These were about three by five inches and came out of tobacco or cigarette tins. They were pictures of Napoleon, Wellington and the battle of Waterloo, besides others. As well as these silk 'cards' there were small paper cards, smaller than

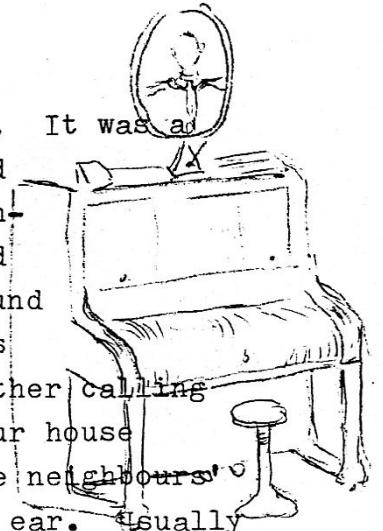


to-day's baseball cards, with pictures of soldiers and sailors in regimental uniforms from different nations. The Austrian, Polish and Turkish uniforms were very colourful. These kinds of things were very novel to us, we didn't have National Geographics or T.V. to make us aware of the rest of the world. There were cards of things which we did have around us - cards of birds and flowers. These were also about three by five inches. I don't know what they came with, maybe baking powder. They helped us to identify the local birds and flowers, though Dad had taught us most of them. Also on the shelf was a battery-operated gizmo for giving electrical shocks. Dad had Bell's palsy in earlier years and had used this contraption. Way down deep in my memory is a recollection of a brass helmet which we used to put on, with slits for eyes and mouth. I think it must have belonged to someone else and then was returned because it wasn't there in later years.

Behind the door Dad's guns were hanging on the wall. There was also a bandolier with shells in it, that hung from the same nail. Also a sword, or maybe it was a first world war bayonet. Dad wasn't in the army but he had a young friend who returned and I think brought this 'sword'.

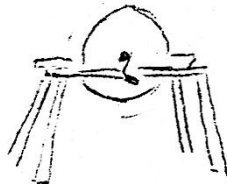
About the same time as we enlarged the house, adding a bedroom, we got electricity, a single clear lightbulb hanging in each room with the switch on the socket. When we came into the room in the dark we groped our way around reaching up for the switch. Mother usually carried a 'torch' in her shopping bag, to use when coming back into the house upon returning from Penticton. (Torch is the British word for flashlight.) With the electricity we got an electric powered wringer washer, then an electric iron and radio. When the kitchen was enlarged, the cabinet that had stood in the pantry was brought in and the pantry done away with. A bathroom was installed in its place. When the livingroom was enlarged Mother got her wish for a fireplace, with a mantel.

The piano was a focal point in our livingroom. It was a big upright, nearly black in colour, with a rounded cover over the keys. Almost every one in our neighborhood had a piano but none was like ours. We had a round piano stool that you turned around and around to get the height you needed. Every time one of us played it had to be adjusted and I can remember Mother calling to us to 'stop that squeaking' as it turned. In our house Dad played, it was the women who played most of the neighbours' pianos. He played by music but also could play by ear. Usually on a Sunday he would play the old Scottish tunes and sing in a good tenor voice. We stood around him and joined in. Mother often sang as she worked, and I remember her singing Margaret to sleep at night. The gramophone was played on Sundays, too. It sat on the music cabinet which had a shelf of heavy 78 records by Sir Harry Lauder, Caruso, band and martial music among others. The rest of the shelves held sheet music and music folios of Old Country songs, as well as the Canadian Hymnal. Grace started music lessons when she was about nine. A metronome sat on the top of the piano keeping time as she played. She took lessons for about five years. Ella had correspondence lessons and Margaret and I just picked it up from watching and listening to the others, not learning much theory.



Outside the house by the front lawn Dad had put up a high flagpole. It was painted white. I can remember the Scottish flag flying on some occasion but I do not recall seeing the Union Jack.

Another thing I remember that stood in the backyard was the grindstone. I can recall the sparks flying as Dad sharpened an axe, hoe or other implement. We would sometimes turn the handle for him, later he changed it to foot-power with a pedal.



The Orchard

Our orchard was approximately five acres. We had a row of Lombardy poplars planted as a windbreak on the north side of the house at the gully's edge. A big pine tree stood in the gully which was filled with wild rose bushes and saw-grass, a small spring ran through it part of the year. Alongside the road and dividing the lawn and the house from the orchard was a privet hedge. The orchard was flat for about a third of its length, then a gentle slope, finally divided by another gully.

Most of the orchards were on the bench lands above Okanagan Lake, the town was on the flats below and between us and the lake. Overlooking the lake, we could watch the Sicamous or Okanagan stern wheelers travelling up and down between Penticton and Okanagan Landing, stopping at all the villages in between. They brought mail, freight, carried fruit and passengers.

Gullies divided some orchards from others. These were mostly clay banks. Unplanted land was covered with bunch grass, sagebrush, cactus and lots of wild flowers. A few pine trees grew here and there. Orchardists were never called ranchers or farmers, usually just fruit growers.

Dad had planted mostly apples, Winesaps, MacIntosh and Jonathans. We had some Byng, Lambert and Royal Anne cherries, Greengage plums, Goldenglow and Blenheim apricots, Elberta peaches and Flemish Beauty pears. We also had quite a few one of a kind trees, an Early Red Astrachan apple, Yellow Russet apple, Italian prune, Egg plum and a little round reddish plum, that had a beautiful flavor but I can't recall its name.

Just about every orchardist was a novice at fruit growing and they all had help from the district horticulturist. He came around a couple of times a year with advice on spraying, picking, etc. Also there were publications that Dad used to get from the government, department of agriculture. He subscribed to Country Gentleman; and Country Life, I believe, came free from a grower's organization. They all contained information pertaining to fruitgrowing.

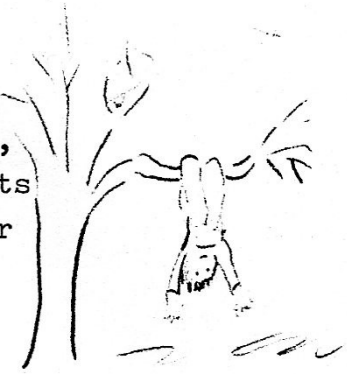
We also had bees. They were mainly for pollinating purposes, not for their honey. There was a neat bee hive about six by eight feet and maybe five feet high, which held the supers. It had louvres all around the top of the walls and a louvred cupola on top. I remember being fascinated by the comings and goings of the bees up the little ramp leading into the bottom of the beehouse. Mr. King, our neighbour, used to come and take out the honey. He had his smoke pot and a bee hat with the veil all around it. He had an extractor to take some of the honey from the combs. We usually got a few combs just to eat, comb and all.

The orchard was planted to a cover crop of alfalfa and we used to have a great time running through it and playing hide and seek. It was also full of bees and we got stung quite often. The remedy for bee stings was a dabbing with a wet bluing-bag (used for whitening clothes) to take away the pain, or maybe it took away the swelling.

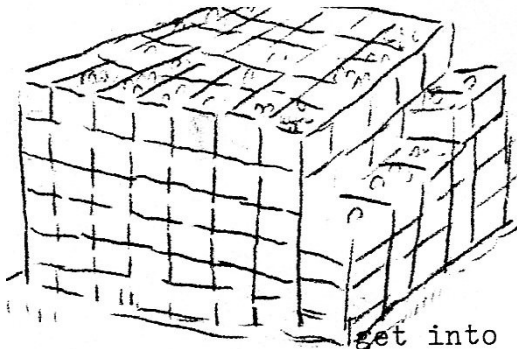
At first the orchard was irrigated from wooden flumes and ditches, or furrows. It was a problem getting water to all of the trees if your land was all hilly. Mother helped with the irrigating, which was quite time consuming and hot work, hoeing and opening up ditches from ploughed furrows. Moles would make holes in the ditches and down the water would disappear. So we were always plugging holes. As kids, we didn't mind puddling around in mud, etc. Later on, we got galvanized tin flumes which were a great improvement over the leaky wooden ones. When I was about eight or nine I was jumping over the raised tin flume and I caught my knee on the rolled edge and cut it to the bone. We had a car by then, and I had to be driven to Penticton to the Dr. and he put three clamps on the cut. This took place during the summer holidays, just before we were going on a car trip to Portland, and of course, I had a big bandage on and had to be careful that no one bumped my knee.

Our cherry trees that were of any size were growing near the house, and we had one favourite limb that we used for 'skinning the cat'. It had worn down to a nice smooth curve from

being swung on. We climbed trees in the early part of the season to get the first ripe cherries, they were always at the top. We always helped pick, too, even if it was just in a lard pail. The first fruits of the season tasted especially good, and I remember we used to get our first taste of cherries from a neighbour's place, the Myer's. Their trees were on a sunny slope right next to the road and ripened earlier. We were taught to respect other people's property so we never took very many or damaged anything. Except for Mr. King's we never even took short-cuts through other places.



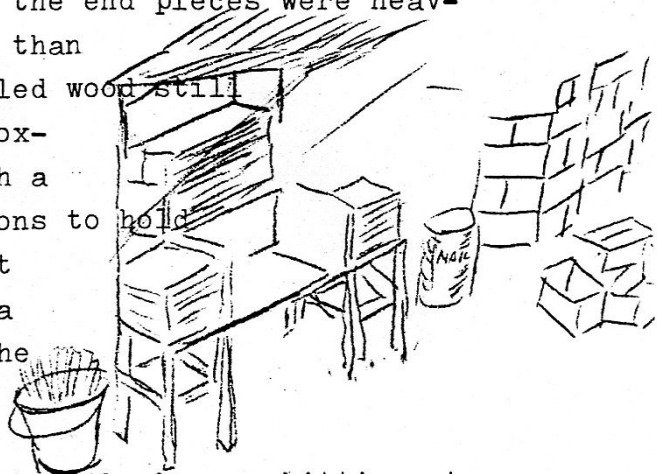
In the days before cold storage, the picked boxes of apples, piled in stacks, sometimes sat outside for a few weeks before being hauled to the packing house. This was the case with our biggest crop which was Winesaps. They were a winter apple, a



keeper, and were the last to be taken in, sorted, wrapped and shipped. Dad usually had quite a worry around Hallowe'en time, because some 'big boys' might topple some of the stacks. They did it to some growers. Also, at times someone's horses would get loose and get into the apples, and they could do a lot of damage. I remembering hearing horses race through the orchard at night, thundering by, and in the morning there'd be boxes knocked over in the orchard and Dad would be so angry. He had quite a temper. But if we couldn't catch the horses all we could do was complain to the owner and hope he'd keep them in.

In the early spring, before sun-up and while still in bed, we would hear the regular tap-tap of the box-maker in the distance. Young men would be making boxes for the coming season at someone's orchard. Every orchardist had the boxes made at the edge of his property. Bales of box shook, bundles of cleats, and kegs of nails would be dropped off from the sawmill and he was done in turn. Shook was the term for thin pieces of board

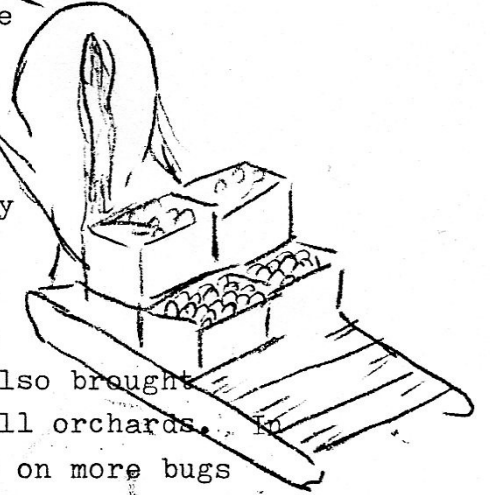
cut in the right dimension for boxes, the end pieces were heavier than the sides, the sides heavier than the bottom. The smell of the new milled wood still is in my memory. The men had their box-making stand, sometimes rigged up with a canvas to keep out the sun, their aprons to hold their nails and the box shook right at hand. They would slip the ends into a wooden frame, put one side on, then the other, finally the bottom nailed on with two narrow cleats which had been soaking in a pail of water, and they had the hammer hitting at those nails so fast you could hardly see it. They held the nails in their mouth, and four at a time in their fingers; they didn't miss a beat. As kids we used to help when they got to our place and stack the boxes in cases, three to a case, and pile them up. The piles of boxes used to make good 'houses' and we used to play in them with our dolls, or just pile them to see how high a pile we could make without crashing to the ground. Sometimes at noon or after supper when the box-maker was gone we would make up boxes ourselves and if we had made quite a few he would pay us. They got a cent a box and I guess they could make a good wage, for those days, making at least five hundred boxes a day, depending on how long a day they put in. Previous to the main crop boxes being made each year, the fruit-growers had a few of their own boxes, the same ones used year after year. They were heavier built. Dad's were painted an old red with a stencilled A on the side. Before the trees were bearing much fruit there wasn't any need for thousands of boxes. The packed fruit to be shipped was in a different kind of box.



Fall in the orchard was a busy, busy time when the apples were being picked. Mother picked alongside Dad, though she didn't use a proper picking bag, but a big piece of canvas tied around her waist. She couldn't stand the weight of a bag on her shoulders, so she held the canvas gathered in one hand and picked with the other. I remember the fruit boxes being hauled out of the orchard in the evening to the fruit-stand, hauled by horse and

stone-boat. We always got a ride. The stone-boat was just a platform on heavy wooden runners which made nice smooth tracks in the damp ground, and when the horse went fast through the alfalfa or sweet clover, the high bushes whipped our faces.

February and March brought pruning, usually after snow had gone, but a cold miserable job. Picking up the prunings was a job for all. The smell of their burning in the spring was in the air all around the countryside. Early spring also brought the acrid smell of lime sulphur spray used on all orchards. In the early years that was the only spray. Later on more bugs and diseases appeared and numerous sprays were applied.



Pre-school Memories

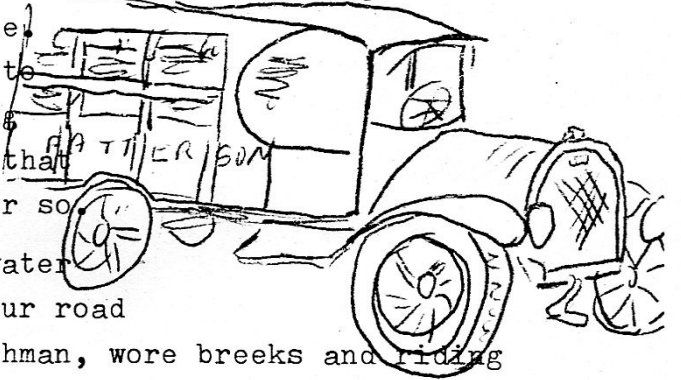
My earliest positive memory was when I was four years old. Mother came home from the Penticton hospital with a new baby, Margaret. There are four years and three days between our birth-days. A bed for Mother was set up beside the heater in the little living room, where it was warmer, and the baby was wrapped in a shawl and slept in a box beside her. This was late November.

Another early incident that took place when I was four was when I got pecked hard by a mother hen. I had been told not to go near her with her new little chicks but as she was clucking away at me I reached out to pat a chick and was quickly pecked on the knee. I had the scar for years. I also had a rooster peck me, painfully. We must have gotten rid of the chickens pretty soon after that because I remember going for eggs to a neighbour, Mrs. Myers, and carrying them home in a red lard pail. Tin lard pails were also used to carry milk from any of the neighbours, Myers, Raitts or Partridges; they all had cows.

I guess it was in the spring and I'd be five years old when I was allowed to walk down town for the mail. I remember wearing overalls and boots, going down the middle road hoping I wouldn't meet old Dave Good. He drove a horse and wagon and any time that he stopped at our house he would ask Mother if he could 'take Cathie to-day'. Only teasing, of course. But if I met him coming up the road he always put one foot over the side of the wagon as if coming to get me. I remember seeing him away down on Robinson Av., which was a straight road to town from the school. When I was about as far as the school I ducked into the woods and took the path from there to the Post Office to avoid him. I wasn't trusted with our P.O. box key (Box 12) and would have to ask Old Man Bartlett for the mail, my head coming to the level of the counter at the wicket. As postmaster, he knew all of the children and everyone in town. Also, I would never venture past the school if the kids were out at recess, I would hide at the top of the shortcut and wait for the bell to ring before running down. Otherwise, the boys would tease me as I passed by.

Once I broke a vase that Mother valued. It was one of a pair of yellow vases with grey and white designs and they sat on little shelves, one on each side of the buffet. She had gone to Penticton with the Kings (neighbours) and I decided to dust the living room. I knocked one over and it broke. When she came home I didn't tell her, I was so ashamed and I had hidden the pieces out in the grass under the cherry trees by the front verandah. Later, she discovered what had happened but I don't recall getting a spanking. (And we weren't immune from spankings!) I suppose that guilt feeling has remained all these years.

There was only one other child near my age living close by. When Ella started school and I was without a playmate I sometimes played with a little boy, Gordon Patterson who lived in a house across the gully from us. Pattersons weren't there long. Mr. Patterson ran the jitney for a while. The jitney was a bus taking people to Penticton, picking up and delivering anything needed. The occupants of that house seemed to change every year or so.



I recall one of the earliest water bailiffs, Mr. Green, riding along our road on a white horse. He was an Englishman, wore breeks and riding boots.

Older people in those days would be called, in a friendly way, Old Man this or that, i.e. Old Man Rounds or Old Man Salt-ing. It wasn't in a derogatory sense. Old women were the same - Old Man and Old Lady Littlejohn. This term was attached by our parents to people a generation older than themselves. Others were called by their initials like T. I. Williams, I don't know what his name was, and J.M. Robinson -- 'old J.M.' he was called.

Neighbours

Each of our neighbours brings back a different memory. No two people or houses were the same and some little incident I recall makes a separate recollection. I can't lump them all together just as 'the neighbours', each has his own character. The first generation of orchardists were of different backgrounds and came from all over the British Isles or the States. The next generation, the sons of the first settlers, had more in common.

We had many neighbours. Most orchards were just five acres, not many more than ten, so houses weren't too far apart. Our closest, just a few hundred feet away across the road, were Mr. and Mrs. King. I think they were the only ones that Mother called by their first names, Bob and Laura. Dad called other men by name but Mother never did. The Kings weren't always there the year 'round. They also had a house in Penticton, and most winters were spent there. Mr. King was a carpenter and would find work there. They had a daughter about Grace's age and two older boys. I remember Mrs. King as a raw-boned masculine type and her hair in a boy's bob. For all her appearance she was sick a lot of the time. Bobbed hair just 'came in' in the early twenties. Mr. King was a stocky sandy-haired man who was plagued with hay-fever during the summer.

Their one-storey house was newer and bigger than ours, painted white with green trim. They had an inside bathroom. The kitchen was quite bright and sunny with shiny linoleum floors. They had a ceiling-hung clothes dryer and an ironing board in the wall. (Mother ironed on the table for years.) The pantry off the kitchen held their sink as well as cupboards. They also had a phone, the wall kind that you cranked. We didn't have a phone, and never did as long as I lived at home. Off their kitchen was a big cool verandah covered with vines. A Winnipeg couch sat out there.

Outside the back door stood a barrel to catch rain water. When you went through that door you were in their summer kitchen.

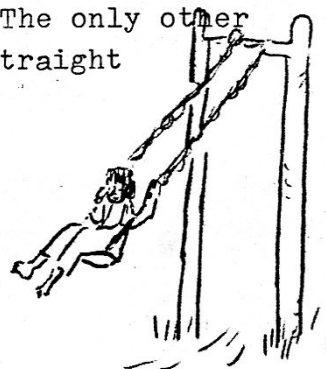
It always had its own distinctive smell of coal-oil because of the summer oil-stove. There was also a hand-powered washing-machine and laundry tub. Mr. King had a couple of bins set up to pack cherries from. When the orchards were young, a lot of people packed their own soft fruits and found their own markets.

In the parlor they had a big round dining-room table covered with a green damask cloth with a fringe on it. In the middle of the table was a net sort of doily with little beads all around the edges. On the floor they had an Axminster rug. They had a horsehair filled couch covered in red velour; and a piano which Mrs. King played as she sang, and Myrtle, their daughter, also sang. I remember hearing, from our place during the summer when doors and windows were wide open, Mrs. King playing and singing. Once when she was coming to visit and dad was at our piano I remember Mother saying before she arrived, "Don't ask her to sing!" She had a high soprano voice which evidently mother didn't care for. I can still see Myrtle King when she was young, doing the Charleston. She was a 'modern' little girl with short hair and spit curls.

Sometimes we had our hair cut at Kings but I can't remember whether it was Mr. or Mrs. who did it. We sat on a box on a chair out in their summer kitchen with a towel around our neck. It was just a simple cut, but I don't think Mother's scissors were good enough for hair cutting. We all had straight hair, except Margaret, she had blonde curls.

One time, before they took us to Penticton to get our pictures taken by Mr. Stocks the photographer, we had a bath in their big tub. One after the other. The highlight was being washed with Palmolive soap instead of Lifebuoy. Lifebuoy didn't hurt us but Palmolive had a much nicer smell. The only other soaps I'd heard of at that time were Ivory or straight castile. Mother used castile on the baby.

Kings also had a big high swing which was quite an attraction for us.



They had a car before we did, a touring car, and we used to get a ride in it occasionally. Sometimes Mother or Dad got a ride to Penticton for groceries. I remember once going for a Sunday ride and Mrs. King 'took a turn', (as it was called in those days). She suffered from epilepsy. Mother told us not to pay any mind, she'd come out of it. Mr. King stopped the car and in a few minutes she recovered. Once, as she was leaving our house, she had an attack and fell to the floor, Mother just held her head and helped her up after a minute or so. That was my first experience with anything like that.

The Partridges.

Mr. and Mrs. Partridge and family lived just down the hill, 'beyond shouting distance', as the old saying goes. Mr. Partridge was a grey-haired rawboned man who always wore a felt hat, and smoked a pipe. There was always a blue haze around him. Most of our neighbours smoked pipes, except Mr. King. Partridges were an older family than ours with two girls and two boys, their youngest boy was Grace's age. They had been prairie people, and didn't arrive until after the first world war. They also had a car before us, which their girls drove, plus a flat deck truck. They kept cows and chickens. Lots of times their cows were allowed to roam along the sides of the roads. Orchards were all fenced in, and there was alfalfa growing outside of the fences. It was quite a scary thing for me, probably for my sister too, to go past those cows on the way to school. If we avoided the road we usually took, between our two orchards, and went instead past Partridge's house on the other road, we had to run the gauntlet of getting past their airdale dog, who always ran out and barked at us. Sometimes we wouldn't come upon the cows until we were half-way to school and then it meant climbing through the fence, either barbwire or page-wire, into the orchard and out again beyond the cows.

I think Partridges were more affluent than us. They had sold their wheat farm before coming to Naramata. Besides, Mother

said that Mr. Partridge gambled. I believe he played the stock market as well as playing poker. He was also a great bridge player. Dad could play bridge, but Mother didn't play cards. Where she was raised they didn't have cards in the house. We never got the cards out on Sunday! Dad would make up a foursome at Partridges the odd time. Mr. Partridge 'liked a drink', too. The only time any drink was brought out at our place was at Christmas or New Year's. Mr. Partridge always came by for a New Year's drink. Dad had a bottle of brandy on hand which was kept for the holiday and also Mother used it on top of jams and jellies to preserve them. That was as close as she came to spirits.

We heard our first radio broadcast at Partridges. One evening we all went down and heard something through an earphone, I can't remember what or even if it was intelligible. I think that was just a crystal set, not a big radio. I remember standing around waiting to take our turn.

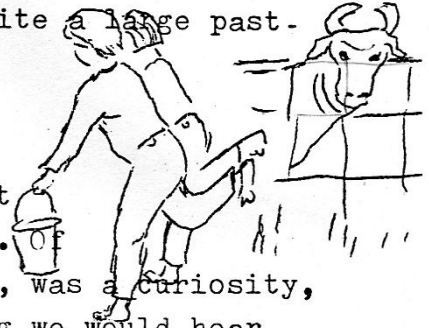
They had a low sprawling house, with a screened verandah on three sides. Verandahs kept houses cool in the hot summers. They had a lovely garden. On opening the gate you went under a trellised archway covered with roses. Most people had flower gardens. We had good soil in Naramata. Kings also had an archway as did we. Ours had little pink roses growing over it. Partridges had a long out-building containing chicken house, cow barn and a shed where they packed their cherries. Both Vera and Dot, the daughters, did the packing.

Dot sometimes cut our hair, straight bangs, even all around, half-way up the ear. Later on when we had a car we went to Mr. Campling, the barber, in Penticton, then we had it 'shingled' at the back.

Raitts

Mrs. Raitt lived a few hundred feet north along the road from us. I know she had five in her family, older than us, we never saw Mr. Raitt, he worked in the states, I believe. Most

of the time we just saw the youngest daughter, Eleanor, with her. Eleanor was a mongoloid, but we knew her then as just not being 'quite right'. Mrs. Raitt kept a cow, she had quite a large pasture. Part of the time we got milk from her. I remember looking at that cow and being glad there was a fence between it and us. It used to come running when we went by, probably just curious but we were little and thought it was coming after us. Of course, Eleanor, being different and not speaking, was a curiosity, too. Sometimes she would get lost. On an evening we would hear her mother calling her, and if the calling went on and on everyone knew 'Eleanor is lost again'. I remember Dad and Mr. King going out to look for her and coming home after dusk, she'd been found unharmed away along the road somewhere. They moved from their first little house into a house on the orchard across the gully from us. Eleanor would come to their edge of the gully and watch us in our yard, and being kids, we would yell at her and she'd get mad. That was really cruel. She spent hours singing and swinging on a big high swing in their yard. Poor girl.



Myers.

Mr. and Mrs. Myers lived up on the hill above Partridges. They had a two-storey house built on a high outcropping of rock. There, a big pine tree by their back porch. It was an open back porch with a railing around it. We used to get milk from them, too, and eggs. There was a hill to climb to get to their porch and as we approached we'd hear the piano playing. Their daughter, Alice, played and taught piano. Grace took piano lessons from her, later going on to a Penticton music teacher. I don't ever remember being asked into Myers's house when we went for eggs, but who could blame them? We were probably covered in clay dust, bare feet and all. Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Myers's mother, lived with them. She was tall with snow-white hair worn in a braid on the top of her head. We could see her from the doorway, sitting in a rocking chair in their kitchen. They were church going people, very active in church affairs.

Auntie Annie.

Auntie Annie was Mother's only sister. She and our cousin, Bert, came out from Scotland after the first World War, in which she lost her husband, Bob. She had a very small pension and had to work to get by. She lived for awhile in a small house across the road from Myers's and picked fruit in different orchards. She was scrupulously clean and careful. Her clothes lasted for years and years. I recall a tan belted-cardigan that she seemed to always wear. Besides remembering her and Bert, I can still smell the odor of mothballs when we went into her little house, and hear the ticking of a mantel clock she had brought with her from Scotland. Bert had a meccano set and tinkertoys and a framed collection of butterflies which all interested us but couldn't touch. Auntie Annie looked after us when Mother was in hospital for Margaret's birth. She lived in that little house for a few years, and I don't recall her moving but by the time I started school she was living in a house in the town and we didn't see her so often. Soon after we got a car she moved to Penticton because by that time Bert was out of elementary school and going to grade nine in Penticton.

Miss Gordon

Miss Gordon lived down the road from us, between our place and Ritchies, a gully dividing our orchards. She was a middle-aged single woman and had been a nurse up in the Canadian north. She was very kind and loved animals. She was short, wore glasses, grey hair in a bun, with wisps of hair escaping and falling about her face. She wore a long khaki skirt and khaki shirt, and rubber boots. As well as having been up north, I think she had been a nurse in the Great War. With not having any Dr. in Naramata, she was called upon occasion to administer first aid.

She had a dog called Rinty (RinTinTin). She had at least half a dozen cats, who slept all over the house, even on the kitchen cabinets. She worked very hard in the orchard, running it by herself. In the summer we went to her place to pick red and black currants and gooseberries. I don't remember a charge for them. She always gave us magazines and papers for Dad to read. She had stacks of reading material on chairs, tables, boxes and

stools. She also kept goats and would give us a drink of goat's milk which we didn't like but couldn't refuse. She needed the goats for milk for all of her cats, I guess. People knew she was kind-hearted and took advantage of her, dropping off unwanted cats or kittens. As wekk as giving us a drink of milk she would hunt for her small pruning shears in her untidy porch and then cut off a few of her beautiful roses to give to Mother.

She had a lot of problems irrigating her place and was forever coming to Dad to complain about not getting her fair share of water. Some people did steal irrigation water at night, opening up their valves causing the pressure to drop, so maybe her complaints were legitimate.

The Kennedys.

Though they didn't live close by, Mrs. Kennedy was a friend of Mother's. She was neat and lady-like, the type who wore a high-necked dress with a cameo at the neck, her greying hair in a bun and a fancy hat with a hat-pin through it -- and she powdered her nose. They had a big two-storied house and a lovely flower garden. I think they were English. Mr. Kennedy loved his flowers and took prizes for them at the flower shows. I think you would call him a gentleman farmer. Mrs. Kennedy and Mother visited each other for afternoon tea on a nice day. She also helped Mother with sewing problems as she had been a dressmaker before coming to Naramata.

They had a daughter and a son, both older than us. Charlie, the son, had one of the first cars and Mother would call to us to get off the road when she heard it coming. The dust rose up in clouds as he went by! Mr. Kennedy's mother came to live with them and they cared for her for years, even when Old Lady Kennedy became senile and bedridden. Mrs. Kennedy was a very kind and caring person.

The Crosses.

The Crosses were near neighbours to the north. They were

English and had two older girls. Mr. Cross was another pipe-smoker, a little dapper man. Mrs. Cross was a taller, staid looking person always 'dressed up'. I don't recall her working in the orchard. She was another pianist and sometimes taught singing. I believe she had been a milliner. In the early thirties Mr. Cross, Mr. King and Dad went into partnership and started packing and selling their own fruit. As kids we never visited Crosses very often, as we did other houses, taking wild flowers, asking for magazines, etc., we never felt at ease with them.

Monros

Mr. and Mrs. Dunc Monro weren't near neighbours but I think that because they were Scottish they were friends, in a way. Most of the others were English. Old Dunc Monro was a hard worker and a heavy drinker. Both Dunc and his wife worked like fiends on their rocky bit of orchard. He had a couple of work horses, and Mother and Dad said that he thought more of them than his wife. He would do plowing for Dad and sometimes hauled out fruit. He also had beautiful flowers, roses, gladioli and flags. When there was a flower show on in Penticton he would leave at four o'clock in the morning with his horse and wagon and his prize blooms. And they did take prizes! He had lots of blue ribbons. But he would get drunk after the show and arrive home Sunday morning and proceed to beat his wife. I remember her coming into our house early in the wee small hours after running in the dark to escape from him, and wanting Mother to hide her under the bed. She was sure he'd follow her. After a couple of days when he had sobered up he would come and she went back to him. She worked like a man. They didn't have any children. Their next door neighbours were the Morrows. They kept a couple of Shetland ponies, a rarity in Naramata. They also had a black South African man living with them. I think he was someone Mr. Morrow had worked with in Africa. He was a short little man and people called him 'the black Scotchman', he went by the name of Morrow.

Jimmy Craig

Jimmy was a middle-aged bachelor, from Aberdeen I believe. He didn't live very close but he used to walk over on a spring evening just to sit and talk. He didn't usually visit during the fruit season. In the winter he went to Vancouver, returning after the cold weather was past. He liked to argue and could carry on all night, if Dad would argue with him, on the subject of religion mainly, though he wasn't a church-going man and didn't have much use for those who did go. I guess what I remember clearest about him was his false teeth clacking up and down as he talked, and his funny self-done hair-cuts. After we got the battery radio, then the electric one, he loved to sit and hear 'Amos and Andy'. He hated to miss that program.

Another person I'd like to mention because he was different, was old Mr. Weaver. He wasn't an orchardist. He lived down town and was bookkeeper for the water district. He was a short little Englishman. We'd see him walking to work with his goldheaded cane and top-hat, tail-coat and he wore spats. He had a neat little white beard, and smoked a cigar. He wore a 'hard' collar with a silk mauve-coloured cravat with a gold ring around it. He was always very natty and perfectly groomed, an oddity in our little country town.

Most of the neighbourhood men ignored us girls, I don't think they bothered with children at all. It was just the women who were friendly with kids, men of that era were too busy making a living. Mr. King was the only one who noticed us. He would always say, "How are my boys to-day?"

The year Agnes died.

Agnes was just eleven when she died. I had turned six but I hadn't started school. She developed mastoids, inflammation behind the ear, and the doctor in Penticton couldn't do anything for her. No penicillin or sulpham drugs then. Dad and Mother took her to St. Paul's hospital in Vancouver. They went by train, taking Margaret, who would have been two, with them. The other three of us were taken in by Mr. & Mrs. Kennedy who lived about a mile north of us. This was in the cold of winter, before Christmas. I slept with their daughter, Colina, who was probably about sixteen. I remember being scared and lying awake in her big bed. Ella and Grace slept upstairs. They went to school during the day. I was alone with Mrs. Kennedy all day. She was a very kind person. They had a round dining room table covered with a dark green cotton damask cover with a wide fringe. The ink bottle and pen usually sat on the table, as well as papers and magazines. She gave me paper and a pencil to draw with, and I wasn't to touch the ink. But, one day I did and I spilled the ink on her good cover. It made a big stain and I quickly covered it with the papers. She was very vexed when she discovered it. It ruined the cloth, naturally.

Being winter, there was snow on the ground and on a Saturday we went sleigh-riding down their driveway leading to the house. At the bottom of the hill was a deep cement cellar-well, with a low curb around it. Ella came whizzing down and couldn't stop. She went up over the curb and fell into the cellar-well and broke her arm. So off to Penticton she had to be driven and have it splinted and put in a sling. Poor Mrs. Kennedy, who was a nervous type anyway, had about enough of us. I guess this was after four or five days. We were shipped down to our Auntie Annie's who lived down town at that time. She didn't have room and besides she was very crippled with rheumatism that winter, so after one night there somebody else offered to take us. A young newly married couple, Les and Dot Smith (nee Partridge) made room for the three of us. We slept on their parlour floor. We had Christmas with them. I remember one day Dot sent me to school with Ella, just for the

afternoon. (Ella and Grace had come back for lunch.) After we got to school, I was allowed to sit in with the grade ones, I was sick, (probably with fright) and Grace had to take me home.

I remember the day Mother and Dad and baby came back from Vancouver, without Agnes. We had been taken to our house, to await them. Mr. Partridge brought them from the train station in Penticton. Agnes had died of pneumonia. Mother always said they'd left the window wide open in the hospital, causing the pneumonia, but it could have been from the anaesthetic when they operated on her mastoids. I can still see Dad sitting in his rocking-chair by the heater after the funeral and the tears running down his cheeks. It was the only time I saw him cry.

The School-house

The school I attended was Naramata's third school. The first two had been down in the townsite. About 1923 the new two room school was built half a mile from town. It was what we called 'the big school' and the others were no longer used as schools. It was built high on a basement which contained a coal and wood furnace. The previous buildings had been heated with a heater. Boys' and girls' playrooms were on either side of the furnace room. Each side also had a big pot-bellied heater, lots of windows and the indoor washrooms. This was where we played in the winter when it was too cold outdoors, ate lunches and generally congregated in poor weather. There were big wide doors that were open during summer and the sunshine streamed in.

The school-rooms above held grades one to four, and the 'big' room held grades five to eight. In later years, most grade eight students and some grade sevens were bused to Penticton. There was an average of thirty children to room. The teacher in the 'big' room was also principal.

Leading up to the front of the school were wide steps and double wide doors. These stairs were only used by the pupils for fire drill, and by visitors to Christmas concerts, etc. the school inspector and the visiting school doctor who came once a year. The fire hoses were kept just inside the front doors and I can remember our two lady teachers and the bigger boys trying to wrestle with the hoses. Usually the old janitor was there for fire drill, so he had the job of folding them all up again. But we had one alarm which wasn't a drill, the chimney had caught fire and the janitor wasn't there. It was put out quickly with help from a nearby house.

The stairs which were used by the classes to enter school were

on the east and west sides, again one for the girls and one for the boys. In summer weather when the hand bell was rung we all lined up outside, the smallest children in front, and everyone had to be in a nice straight line and quiet before we marched in. In winter the line-up was on the stairs inside the school. Everything was nicely varnished, nice smooth banisters, the floors all oiled, the brass door handles and fire hose nozzle all shone. At one time, when I was in about grade three, there was a man teacher in the 'big' room for a year. I think it was he who started the ritual of playing The Colonel Bogey March on the gramophone when we all marched into class. I think this was only on Friday afternoons, and it was a big treat. We'd march right up the stairs into the room, around through the cloakrooms then to our seats. The gramophone was in the hall. I guess it was the first thing that taught us to keep time to music.

At the north end of the school and inside the school rooms were the cloakrooms. Two doors led into each cloakroom. It was a very good idea in the design of a school which I think should have been kept. The registers in there kept all of our coats, toques, scarves, mitten and rubbers dry for wearing at the end of the day. Also the cloakroom was where the naughty kids were sent for talking or fooling around.

On Mondays the blackboards in the rooms were always nice and clean. The rest of the week they were cleaned with the blackboard brush which left them chalky. But on Mondays the janitor had cleaned them over the weekend with an oiled rag.

On Monday mornings we were all led out for the flag raising, putting up the Union Jack. Usually one of the big boys had the honour of pulling on the ropes. During the week, old man Smith, the janitor, raised the flag himself. On Fridays we all marched out at the end of the day, standing at attention and saluting as the flag was lowered, and singing God Save the King.

Sometimes in the winter the water pipes froze, so, of course, the toilets weren't working, and we had to use the outhouses, one on either side of the coal shed behind the school. Another thing

about the inside toilets, was that they were automatically flushed. Every half hour or so when we were in class upstairs we would hear the big 'woosh'. I remember that if I had to leave the room, I wouldn't put up my hand to be excused until after they'd flushed, I was scared it would flush while I was using it. You could also tell by the sound of the tank filling up whether they were about ready to let go. We only had an outdoor toilet at home, and I wasn't used to that 'new fangled' contraption. But I was pretty timid about everything anyway.

The side school-yards and lawns were segregated, same as the basements. The boys played on one side and the girls on the other. The girls were always tattling on the boys if they came and disturbed the hopscotch, jacks, etc. Other games were skipping rope and O'Leary, played with a ball. At the back of the schoolyard where the bigger kids played baseball or scrub, some of the girls joined in with the boys. Also playing 'Anty-I-Over" the coal shed was co-ed. There were always some activities going on at recess and noon. We went home for dinner, so didn't very often get in on the noon games. The big kids played PomPomPullaway or Prisoners' Base on the front lawn. Kids didn't seem to hang around doing nothing. They were always playing games of some kind. One other thing, we weren't called 'kids', we were always 'children'.

The School Janitor

In my earliest years at school the janitor was old Mr. Smith. Old Man Smith everyone called him. He was a kind old Englishman who never missed a day's work. He was short, slight, grey-haired. He always wore a felt hat, tie and vest with a watch-chain across the front. The school rooms were always warm in winter when we got there in the morning. He wheeled the barrows of coal ^{from the} shed at the back of the school into the basement for the furnace. Sometimes the big boys helped him. A fire was kept going in the pot-bellied stoves in the basement playrooms so it was warm when we came down at recess. He kept a few candies in his pockets and when he returned to school after lunch the children would run to meet him, hoping to be one of the lucky ones. The children loved him. He played games in the basement with them, 'old Mr. Bear' was one where he tried to catch the children as they pretended to tease him. When he walked around the school-yard he always had a little group of the small children following him. He'd have someone by the hand and I can still remember how rough and chapped his hands were from handling coal, sweeping cement walks and floors and from picking up papers from the school-yard which was covered with cinders. THAT was a hard surface to fall on, lots of scraped knees and elbows. Mr. Smith helped attend to those, too.

Outside in the spring he kept the lawns and flower beds just beautiful. He usually gave us a few seeds to plant flowers. The front walk was lined with bridal wreath and there were a couple of big red and pink weigelia bushes at the corners of the lawns, also pyracantha bushes with their prickly branches, which helped keep children from trying to run across the flower beds. The beds on the boys' side of the sidewalk were never as nice as the ones on the girls' side, because they kept chasing across them and stepping on things.

We had some flowers at home, but Mr. Smith introduced us to salpaglossis, portulacca, alyssum and California poppy, among others. During the hot summer when school was out, the poppies made a great show. It was Old Mr. Smith who gave us, I think, our first love and appreciation of flowers and gardening.

He had a blind wife, who was very seldom seen. She didn't get out except when he was with her, or when their little granddaughter, Gwennie, stayed with them and helped her around. Mr. Smith's own yard was just like an old country garden, full of flowers. He had a greenhouse in which he grew all his own plants. I remember, among other flowers, his tall delphiniums. Sometimes he'd bring a bouquet of flowers for the school-rooms.

He was also Santa Claus at Christmas concerts. We always knew it was him but that made it all the more special because we all loved him.

School Days

We were always away from the house early, hoping to be the first ones at school. Mother would check to see if our elbows were clean and check behind our ears, give us a kiss and make sure that we had our books, and we were off. We took 'the middle road' which was not travelled by cars, a wagon trail between the orchards. In the fall the sweet clover lining the trail was above our heads with lots of bees and orange-and-black caterpillars in it. Then we would run along the side of the clay banks about ten or fifteen feet above the road. It was touch and go when we came to a part where the clay had slid away and we'd have to jump. Further on there was another short-cut which took us over a steep hill, looking down on the school. It was too steep to walk, we had to run down it. It was also a very hot walk up at noon when we went home for dinner, or when we went up it after school. In the winter, of course, it was very slippery, deep drifts formed when the wind blew the snow, and we would walk on the crust without falling through. In the spring after it thawed the trail would be heavy gooey mud, in which we would sometimes lose our rubbers.

Miss Baillie was my teacher from grades one to four. Miss Skillings from five to seven. We always started out with the Lord's Prayer, and while we were still standing she checked our hands and nails. I don't remember what happened to children with dirty nails, but the ones with clean nails for a week got a star on a chart.

In Grade one we had little mahogany coloured desks. We made letters and numbers with split peas, and among other things I can remember the smell of the white paste and using construction paper to cut out things, and weaving paper strips into mats. I only stayed in Grade one a short time before being passed into Grade two. When Ella came home with her reader, I had learned along with her, and also learned her arithmetic. Leaving Grade one, I had to leave the little desks and sit in old double desks, which held two pupils. It was nice to get a tidy person along side who kept his or her books and papers nice and neat. And also one who didn't want to borrow



your eraser or pencil. Anybody caught talking asking to borrow was sent to the cloakroom. We had to get permission to sharpen a pencil at the sharpener on the teacher's desk, or to leave our seat for anything. Work was written on the blackboard and while the teacher was attending to another class, we were busy at our books.

In the first grades when we were learning to read we were given a 'marker'. It was a slip of construction paper about one by three inches to be held below the line you were reading. It helped to keep your eyes from straying to the line below. After grade two most children didn't need them. But I can still see some of the slower readers with a finger under each word (sometimes a dirty finger) and the teacher handing him or her a marker. You could just feel the humiliation they felt, being treated like a grade one pupil.

On Fridays we usually had a spelling test of all or most of the words we had learned during the week. A full length, narrow piece of foolscap was handed out and the teacher called out the words. If you got a perfect paper it was thumbtacked to a board on Monday. The same with writing, our papers would be given a star and tacked up if they were good enough. I think that by being in a room with three or four grades it was an advantage. Whatever the higher grades were learning was inclined to sink into our subconscious and it was familiar when we came to take it up ourselves.

The scribblers we had to begin with had pictures on the front of them and on the back cover was the tables of weights and measures and the multiplication tables. It was a couple of years later that we had scribblers with a shiny, solid coloured cover. It think it was in Grade three when we started with a pen. It was a long, shiny, red wooden McLean's pen and there was an inkwell in every desk, which the teacher filled up from a big bottle of ink. New pens were long, but some, before the end of the year, were just little stubs from being chewed while you sat and pondered. I think it was in about Grade seven that I got a fountain pen and an Eversharp pencil for Christmas. Ballpoint pens didn't come on the market until after World War two.

We learned writing the 'McLean' way, whether pencil or ink, and

we had the McLean writing book in which we copied the right form of making the different letters with a 'free hand'. Before the end of the year we took a writing test which was sent away to McLean's (we never did know where) and if we passed we got a writing certificate presented at the year end ceremonies.

Ink was hard to handle at first. We all had very inky fingers, from dipping the nib too deeply into the ink, some had blotchy books and sometimes we got ink on our clothes. We were provided with a small oblong blotter about three by five inches and that had to last until Christmas when we got another to start fresh in January. Sometimes the pen-nibs became very scratchy and we'd hear them right across the room.

I imagine everyone can still remember the smell of new books. The school provided the text books in the elementary grades, but we didn't necessarily get a new one. If a new edition came out or if a new grade had more pupils than the previous year another book would be ordered from the Department of Education. The school cupboard held a few library books, old editions of text books, drawing paper, boxes of chalk and ink, etc. Our parents supplied our pencils, crayons and scribbler in grades one and two. In Grade three we had ink books, ruler and eraser and in either three or four we had paints. I did Grades three and four in one year, and then I was in the same grade as Ella. I don't think we were allowed erasers in Grades one or two. If we didn't do it right the first time we did it over again, not rub it out. Our paints, of course, was Reeve's water colour box with just the three primary colours. We learned to mix them to get the other colours. On Friday we got painting. Someone in the class got the privilege of handing out sheets of drawing paper about six by eight inches. In the spring or fall we drew and painted flowers or maple leaves. In the higher grades we drew designs with ruler and compass and painted them. Some Fridays we had music, singing and even a bit of harmony. Miss Baillie taught this to both rooms of pupils. Maybe on alternate Fridays we did exercises, standing in the aisles, touching our toes, deep knee bends, etc. In the spring we had exercise sessions on

the lawn. We got lots of exercise really without that -- running up and down the hills to school twice a day.

During the winter, at the end of the day, if things had gone along quite fast and no problems, the teacher would read a story to all of the pupils. We would be required to sit with our hands behind our backs, no fiddling with pencils, etc. and we listen entranced. I remember one story, The Little Match Girl. It was read just a couple of pages at a time. I think Robinson Crusoe was another story she read.

We were encouraged to press wild flowers and leaves, label and paste them in unlined scribblers. At the end of the year there were prizes given out for the best collections. I think that the teacher bought some of the prizes for this kind of thing, with her own money.

We were taught respect and courtesy and learned what discipline was. When we asked or answered a question in class we always stood up to speak. When any visitor entered the room, for example the inspector or the schoolboard chairman, we were told, "Class rise", and we remained standing until we were told we could sit down. The teachers were always called "Miss ..." and when requesting anything it was, "Please may I have" For minor disobediences like not sitting up straight or whispering we might get the pointer across our knuckles. The pointer was a round piece of stick the teacher used to point at things on the blackboard. It was never far from her hand. Getting sent to the cloakroom was another disciplinary action. The strap was used occasionally. On some children, frequently! Throwing rocks was a bad habit one boy used to have. He was teased, no doubt, which precipitated it, but the poor kid got the strap repeatedly.

The district school inspector came about twice a year. Sometimes the teacher knew in advance and had us on our best behaviour and our desks in clean order. I imagine the teacher was more nervous than we were, because it was her teaching that was really being inspected. Usually we would be dismissed early so he could speak with her. That was a big treat, to get out early. Once a year we would be given intelligence tests. Everyone in the school had to

take the same test and we went as far as we could with it and were graded accordingly. That was something else that broke the routine.

Once a year the school doctor came and checked our tonsils, adenoids, ears and eyes. The doctor who came to our school was dark-haired and dark-bearded. He was scarey looking to me. I remember Mother saying that he had had erisiplis which made his skin tender so he couldn't shave. (There was a coloured plate in our Doctor's book of a man with erisiplis).

One other thing which broke our routine one year was the Circus. The P.T. Barnum circus came to Penticton. We saw posters pasted on the big barns and sides of buildings away ahead of time. The school bus which transported children from the south bench (southern district) to school, picked us all up and took us to see the big tent, elephants, clowns, etc. It was really something for us to get a ride in the bus, as well as to see the circus. T.I. Williams owned the bus and it was driven by Ace Eastman.

The highlight of the winter was the school Christmas concert. We practiced for weeks, it seemed. Our mothers made costumes for the fairies, wise men, elves, etc. The tree was usually put up in the 'big' room, and the concert held in the 'little room' (primary). On the day of the concert some little girls would come to school in the morning with their hair rolled and tied up in rags to make curls. It would be combed out before the concert. Benches were brought up from the basement and lined up across the back of the room for parents to sit on, and along the walls for pupils who were not participating. Also some parents squeezed into the small sized desks. A dark green curtain was hung on a wire across the front of the room while giggling performers got assembled and arranged 'scenery' behind it. At a couple of concerts Mrs. Languédoc played the piano to accompany the carols and singing. I remember her as having eye-glasses attached to a long black ribbon. Miss Baillie conducted the singing. Usually Winnie Sammet played a piece of the piano because she was taking music lessons. One year I was a fairy in a play, Mother made me a costume out of white cheesecloth, tinsel around the wings and a piece around my hair, and I carried a wand with a star on the end of it. Kathering Aikens was the lead fairy

and she held a sparkler! Some of the boys were in the Story of Christmas as the three wise men, and some did recitations. Recitations took care of extra children who weren't in plays. But some boys were much too shy to recite and were absolutely tone deaf and couldn't sing, so they were allowed to just watch.

Old Man Smith was dressed as Santa and came in with his sack of goodies. We all knew it was him as he handed out oranges and candies to all of the children, preschoolers, too. I remember once getting a red net Christmas stocking containing a few little toys or games (made in Japan). Our gifts to each other were distributed during the school day, not at the concert. Names were drawn out of a hat, and gifts couldn't cost more than five or ten cents. The concert was quite an event, not only because we were performing, but because very seldom were we out with our parents at night. I remember the whole family coming back into the house together after dark. Then the heater would be stoked up and everyone got warm before going to bed. It was hard to settle down after all the excitement.

On May 24th the Mayday celebrations took place. One of the earliest that I remember was held down at the Naramata Hotel, out on the lawns. That year Mrs. Aikens taught us old country dancing, and I was dressed in a long old-fashioned dress, mauve patterned, and Ella was dressed as a boy, with white stockings and white britches. Her hair was powdered and pinned back with hairpins. Aikenses had a private theatre where touring companies came and put on plays, and they had a lot of period costumes. I remember we danced the 'Roger deCoverly'. I think I was only in the one dance. The next Mayday that I remember was at the school but I wasn't a participant. I was never in the Maypole dance, nor a flower-girl or princess. We had races after the dancing, sack races, three-legged races, wheelbarrow and thread-the-needle races. I won that once, with Albert Millership holding the needle. I received a book; we liked to read, so that was good. The afternoon ended up with everyone having icecream which had been brought from Penticton, the container sitting in a tubfull of salted ice. The final round-up was a tug-of-war between the men from the north and south benches.

At the end of the school year parents were invited to attend the handing out of certificates, etc. I can remember once getting a certificate for perfect attendance. I think that Agnes had perfect attendance up until the year she died. There were also certificates for proficiency and deportment. These were awarded by the department of Education. The School Board donated money towards prizes of story books, for the best in different subjects, arithmetic, spelling, etc. I never did win anything for academic subjects, I was always competing against Ella and Winnie Sammet, one or the other was always first. This also was the time we got our McLeans writing certificates; just about everyone qualified for that.

I remember one time going to the school in the evening with Mother and Dad to hear a spelling bee. I must have been only four or five. Agnes and our cousin Bert took part in it. I can still see them each standing at the end of a line of pupils but I can't remember who won, they were both the last to be standing. In a spelling bee if you missed spelling a word correctly, you sat down. The words started out fairly easy and ended up difficult. Bert was a top student all through school and so was Agnes as far as she went.

I can remember going to only one birthday party when I was young. I never had a party, and Ella only had one. Her birthday is in May and so her party could be held on our lawn. But this other party was at Aiken's, it was Katherine's birthday. She was in my grade at school. They were well-to-do people, had servants and a cook. It was a costume party, and from somewhere we borrowed a black and pink clown suit for me. Ella was dressed as a black cat. Mother made her costume. Katherine was dressed as a Chinaman in an authentic silk Chinese outfit, a black skullcap and pigtail over her blond hair. One of the games we played was working our way through an empty room with string strung every which way across it. It looked like a spider's web. Everyone had an end of string and had to follow their string and roll it into a ball. Another unforgettable thing about the party was their Chinese cook. He had a long, black queue and wore a little black skullcap. He was out in a little building, butchering or cutting up meat, and he pretended to come after us with

this great cleaver. I SUPPOSE he was just pretending but he scared me! Mr. and Mrs. Aikens had travelled to China and in fact to quite a bit of the world. At those times Katherine was put into boarding school.

A fad which made the rounds for a few years was autograph albums. In about grade seven, all the girls had them and our friends and teachers wrote a verse and signed their name. We added to it in later school years, then I guess the fad passed. I still have mine.

Meals

There wasn't a very big selection in those days, as long as you got enough to eat that was the main thing. For breakfast in winter there was always oatmeal porridge, sometimes we had cream of wheat for a change. But Dad always had oatmeal! It was made the night before in the top of the double boiler and sat on the back of the stove all night. We had brown sugar on it and rich unpasteurized, unhomogenized whole milk. Nearly a third of the bottle was cream. We had toast made on the top of the stove. Some people used a wire toaster but we just used the stove top itself. Toast was always buttered, margarine hadn't yet made an appearance. We had lots of homemade jam or jelly - rhubarb, apricot, raspberry, strawberry and gooseberry jams, crabapple, red and black currant and bramble jelly. Mother and Dad drank tea. In later years Dad had coffee. Sometimes we had postum to drink. We seldom had cocoa, though Mother used cocoa in baking. In summer we ate cold cereals, puffed rice, puffed wheat, bran flakes and shredded wheat. We never ate corn flakes. I don't think we even had those cold cereals until we had the car and started to get groceries in Penticton. I don't recall the little general store in Naramata run by Mr. and Mrs. Rushbury as carrying new-fangled things in cartons. Most things were sold in bulk or in sacks. The only tinned things that I can remember were corned beef, GoldSeal salmon, condensed milk and Pacific canned milk, Postum and cocoa. We had all of our own fruit preserved in jars in the cellar.

In the early days Dad would get a ride with Patterson's jitney to town, maybe once a month, to pick up some meat. I remember Ace Eastman who drove for T. I. Williams delivering meat on a Saturday night. When Grace started going to Penticton school on the school bus, Mr. Munro, the driver, would pick up meat at the butchers, and she would bring it home. I recall that Kings and Partidges used to bring meat to us too. Sometimes we would get a piece of venison when a neighbour had gone hunting. The odd time, a roast of beef or pork if someone had butchered. We had chicken when someone was killing off a rooster or old laying hens.

We had a lot of homemade soup, with lots of carrots, dried peas, onions and barley in it. Lots of milk puddings, sago, tapioca, rice with raisins, ground rice and cornstarch. Those were all made in the double boiler. Mother made custards and bread puddings, too, served with jam. She was a great believer in eggs and milk for growing children. In the winter she made a roly-poly apple pudding steamed in a floured cloth in a pot of boiling water, or a steamed 'spotted Dick', suet pudding with raisins. There was lots of applesauce and canned fruit, too, for supper desserts.

Later, after we got the car, we used to have Jello, though Mother had a hard time getting it to set in summer heat. No ice-cream until we got a refrigerator, which was considerably later. She made pies too, apple, coconut cream, raisin, custard, rhubarb and lemon. But she thought pastry was too rich for the young to digest so didn't make them very often.

Dad would have bacon and eggs and fried potatoes, but Mother didn't believe fried foods were good for us. We ate eggs in an eggcup or had poached eggs. (I can remember getting the top portion of Dad's boiled egg!) We had lots of stew and mince. Mince was (is) a Scottish dish of ground beef cooked with water, some onion, and thickened a bit with lots of mashed potatoes and carrots you had a wholesome meal. We had fish, too, some smoked finnan haddie, or the 'tail end' of a halibut. I can't remember having salt cod although it was a staple food for winter in some families.

We had a garden with enough vegetables for summer use, peas, beets, beans, carrots, Yellow Bantam corn, and lettuce. Before winter Dad would buy sacks of potatoes, turnips, carrots and onions. We had dried peas and beans, which had to be soaked overnight before use. We never tasted tomatoes until the thirties. I don't think it was an 'old country' vegetable so Mother didn't accept tomatoes for years. Nor did we see celery or broccoli. In the summer we had salad made with lettuce, hardboiled eggs and homemade salad dressing. If we took supper to the beach it usually was egg sandwiches, cheese or cold corned beef, sometimes a lemon-

cheese sandwich, and lemonade to drink. Fresh fruit for dessert.

There was plenty of hard cheese, then later on, Velveeta cheese. We often had baked beans with Boston-brown bread, or macaroni and cheese for supper. We also got bread and milk with a sprinkling of sugar. We didn't have spaghetti, and the macaroni was in lengths which had to be broken up. Elbow macaroni came later. There was lots of homemade bread, and when later we had 'bought bread' it was still unsliced. Mother baked a lot of cookies. We always fancied Mrs. King's or Mrs. Kennedy's cookies, because they sprinkled sugar on theirs. We also had cakes and biscuits. Mother never used a measuring cup or spoon, everything was a 'pinch' of this or that. Having no counters, baking and cookie making was all done on the kitchen table. She had a special pastry board for rolling out pie crusts and cookies.

In summer, of course, we were always eating fresh fruit. Sometimes we had an orange in the winter, Japanese oranges at Christmas time. We had apples to eat all through winter.

Before the onset of winter, Mother would 'put down' eggs. The chickens usually stopped laying during the cold weather, so she would buy twelve dozen eggs and preserve them in a crock full of a liquid called 'water-glass'. These eggs weren't suitable for boiled or fried eggs, as the shells got thin and the yolks broke easily, but they lasted us through the winter for use in puddings and for baking.

Before the start of canning season we'd get a hundred pound sack of sugar. Sometimes this wasn't enough and more would be needed. Canning and jam making was a hot job. No Certo in those days and it took hours sometimes for jam to thicken, and poor Mother standing over a hot stove in the summer heat!

For preparing meals back then there weren't the types of casseroles and oven dishes that we have now. Oven meals were all baked in enamelled 'basins', pies in enamelled or tin pie plates. Mother used an enamelled frying pan and mostly aluminum or enamelled pots and a heavy enamelled roaster. Double boilers were in use often, especially handy to cook with on coal and wood stoves.

I guess cast-iron pots and pans were used by some but we never had them. Copper 'boilers' were used by people to heat water when they didn't have a hot water tank.

To keep food cool in summer we had a crock set in the cold, running water in the orchard flume. We placed the milk and butter or meat in the crock. The butter wasn't kept firm but it didn't melt into a puddle of oil like it did sitting in the kitchen. Our cellar was handy for keeping things a bit cooler. If a bottle of milk standing in cold water had a cloth over it, it seemed to help keep it from souring, though sour milk could be used in cooking. It wasn't wasted.

Summer Clothing

During the summer holidays, clothing didn't amount to much. Summer in the Okanagan Valley was usually hot and dry. My play clothes were either khaki coveralls, trimmed with red, or navy ones, buttoned down the front, with long sleeves and a buttoned drop seat. I remember Grace and Ella also wore khaki outfits, their's consisted of a long-sleeved over-blouse and knee-length bloomers. We played bare-foot all summer long.



Our school dresses were home-made from cotton print. Mother cut out and sewed without a pattern, and usually it was a gathered skirt sewn on to a waist top with a Peter Pan collar. It had short sleeves. I remember begging Mother to make me a sleeveless dress and as she became more modern we did have them. We only had two dresses for school. As soon as we came home from school we had to change into our play clothes. One dress stayed clean or reasonably so all week.



When I was very young, we had white lawn dresses for Sunday School. They had tucks and gathers, eyelet or lace trim, with half sleeves. We each had a wide coloured sash tied in a bow at the back. I think our Sunday dresses came from Scotland. White petticoats and stockings, black patent shoes and straw hats completed our outfits. I remember that the spring after Agnes died Mother dyed our hats black. Our black patent shoes were kept shiny with lard.

Organdy was a popular material for fine blouses or fancy dresses back then. It was a stiff, usually pastel, thin fabric. Raw silk, (natural colour) was also used for 'best dresses' or blouses. When I was about nine I remember having an orange-flowered voile dress with a big wide cape collar. Mother bought me a pair of black patent shoes with shiny buckles on front. I still wore them the next year when they were really too small for me, because I loved them so much. Ella and I both had the same kind of

dresses and with them we wore black velvet blazers and orange knitted silk berets. When I was about eleven, I think, beach pyjamas came into fashion, flowered print, usually, with wide flared legs. They were the fore-runner of slacks and pants for women.

For bed we wore nighties in the summer. I don't remember having pyjamas until I went to work and bought them myself. Our nighties were made from Japanese cotton crepe, light coloured, light-weight and durable. Cotton crepe didn't need ironing. They were just straight up and down shifts and as we grew they still fitted but were just a bit shorter. Clothes didn't matter much to us when we were young.

At home Mother wore cotton house dresses all year round, adding a cardigan in winter. She wore cotton stockings in summer, wool in winter. I have an early recollection of her wearing a dust cap. It covered her hair and kept it clean, especially when sweeping the floor. There was lots of dust around from our dirt roads, clay soil, and it got tracked into the house. And in those days, when women wore their hair long and in a bun, it wasn't likely to get washed as often as it does to-day. She always wore a hat when dressed for 'going out'. Mother never wore make-up, tho' in the twenties women did. They bobbed their hair, threw off their corsets and shortened their skirts.

Dad always wore khaki drill for work, never blue denims. Khaki pants and shirts. (Also khaki handkerchiefs for work). In summer he wore a white cotton 'paddy hat'. He always wore boots, never shoes. Except for tennis no adult ever wore running shoes (sneakers). He carried a pocket watch, usually in his pants watchpocket, but in winter when he wore a vest it might be in the vest pocket. It was kept under his pillow at night. I can remembering him winding it every night at bedtime.

We had canvas running shoes, (T-strap and a button) but we didn't wear them to school because rubber soles 'drew' your feet, Mother always said. (Whatever that meant!) After I graduated from boots, I had black Oxfords. I can still remember the toes getting so scuffed that the cotton lining showed through. Then they were sent to the shoe-repair and new toe pieces sewn on. Boys wore black canvas running boots, white rubber toe pieces and a round white

patch over the ankle bone.

We each had a jewel box. I received mine for my tenth birthday, a square black laquered box with a coloured design. We had glass beads (we didn't call them necklaces) but I also remember Ella and Grace having real coral beads, little uneven bits of coral strung together. We also had pearls which were sent to us by our grandparents. I recall Mother having a string of amber beads.

Spring and Summer

Early spring would find us looking for the first pussy willows. It was almost a ritual, and we knew just where to look for the earliest ones. When the snow had gone and the sun was shining we would find the first buttercups. As all of the flowers took their turns in blooming we knew special places to find them. We gathered huge bouquets and would take them around to the neighbours. They were always very kind and would give us a cookie or a magazine. Some magazines had a children's section with paper dolls to cut out, but it was mainly just the glossy coloured pages that got our attention. We could cut up pictures into odd shapes and put them back together again like doing a jigsaw puzzle.

I can remember the catkins on the Lombardy poplars in the spring and the smell of the trees coming into leaf. We had a row of them on the north edge of our orchard, planted as a wind break along the side of the gully.

Dad was chairman of the Naramata Water board. He took his job very seriously and spent a lot of unpaid hours at it. In the spring he would hike up to the Big Dam back in the hills to check on the water level and to the Little Dam up at Chute Lake. The Big Dam trip meant he had to stay over night. He took a piece of canvas and a blanket and his haversack with some food, a lard pail for boiling tea, and sometimes his shotgun. I remember one time during a summer trip it thundered and lightnined and Mother was worried about him. That night I crawled into her bed because I was scared of the lightning. We got a lot of thunder storms during the summer, but I don't recall them doing any damage, a small forest fire maybe but nothing too threatening, in those years. Once I recall Dad coming back from the dam with a grouse and a rabbit skin. He must have eaten the rabbit. Margaret, the baby, got the little piece of rabbit fur. It was nice and soft to touch.

Sometimes he brought back flowers that we didn't get at the lower, drier elevations, yellow and pink ladyslippers in particular. He knew the names of all the flowers and the birds, and we learned from him. There were lots of bluebirds, robins and meadowlarks

around the orchard. And crows, not in abundance like they are now, but we always had our little rhyme when we saw them in the sky, "One crow sorrow, two crows joy, three crows a letter, four crows a boy."

On the nights of Water Board meetings down town Dad would come home after we were in bed. (He walked there and back carrying a coal-oil lantern in the winter.) We'd hear him talking in bed to Mother and we could tell by the tone of his voice if things had come to an argument with the rest of the board. He was very knowledgeable about the engineering part of the dam, amounts of water, the laying of pipes, etc. He had quite a temper and things could get quite heated. In the morning after a meeting, sometimes, a couple of the neighbours, Mr. King and Mr. Partridge would come over to find out what went on. He would get mad all over again telling them about it. We would be told to 'go and play'. We never were allowed to listen in on adult conversations. The problems usually concerned water distribution. Some people had sandy soil and the area where we lived was heavy clay loam. The sandy soil could take water every few days and still not be enough, which deprived the other areas. But the whole district would have to foot the bill for more pipelines, etc.

Dad was also on the school board. I guess money problems, paying the teachers and janitor were the biggest problems there. And the teachers had some complaints about truancy and parent interference when pupils were chastised. These problems would be brought before the board. So enemies were made when the board took a stand against some family.

Dad was also a Justice of the Peace. The odd time he had a official paper to sign and witness but I don't think his job entailed much more. He was also on the Board of Trade. Maramata was an unorganized district, and the Board of Trade took care of post office affairs, the bit of wooden sidewalk and the one electric street light and I guess was go-between for village and provincial or federal responsibilities.

Summertime found us playing outside for most of the daylight hours. Ella and I were constantly together, there being no other girls of our age nearby. We loved the clay banks and got white with

clay dust running up and sliding down again, and making roads and little houses in the banks. We would take hikes, feeling the thrill of being high up on the rocky hills behind the orchards, picking flowers and stirring up red ant nests. I can still smell the red ants when they got mad and raced around after being disturbed. When we returned from a spring hike Mother would search our heads for woodticks. If one was found starting to burrow into the hairline at the back of our necks, a touch of coal-oil usually made it come out. We'd play anty-i-over the house, throwing balls against the side of the house and catching them; cricket- with a bat made out of box shook and wickets made from cleats stuck in the road; see-sawing - a plank over a saw-horse; skipping, jacks, bouncing ball games like O'Leary; leap frog; walking on stilts, hide and seek, and chasing a hoop down the road with a stick. We each had our own ball, and while we were playing if it got lost down the gully or in the wild rose bushes, we hunted until we found it. We wouldn't have got another one.



Being all girls in our family, dolls were a great pleasure. We walked them, dressed them, made houses in boxes, had tea parties and sewed clothes for them. Besides our baby dolls we played with celluloid dolls. The Kewpie doll was popular, a little doll with its hair shaped up to a point. We had them from six inches high to little tiny ones which we bedded down in small match boxes. They were quite ingenious. They were flesh colored with molded faces and had movable arms and legs, perfect little replicas of babies. The only bad thing about them was if you accidentally knelt or pressed down on them too hard you made a dent in them. Then you got a pin and tried to pry out the dent. We made clothes for them, too. Paper dolls were a great source of pleasure. We'd cut them out, and they had cardboard stands glued on the back to keep them upright, and tabs on the clothes to hold them on. Some of the magazines had a page of paper dolls to cut out.

Something else we had in summer were parasols. These were made in Japan and were very colorful. They open'd and closed and had a really strong odor of varnish. (They're still available fo-day.) We used them to walk with our dolls and played under

their shade on the lawn. Also we took them to the beach. No one thought, in those days, that they had to have a tan. We got brown from being in the sun and when it was too hot, we wore hats and used our parasols on the beach. Ladies always shielded their faces from the sun.

Even though we were little girls, we didn't mind getting dirty. We played mud pies when we were smaller, climbed trees and on to roofs and regularly had skinned knees, stubbed toes and scraped elbows; got slivers in our bare feet and stepped on rusty nails; got cactus stuck in our ankles and got cherry juice all over our faces. We were as bad as boys!

Sometimes on a spring evening Mother would take the baby for an outing in the 'sulky' (this one was wicker, a push-cart), and we would run along with her. Alongside the road was the old wooden water pipes carrying domestic and irrigation water. They would be twelve or fourteen inches in diameter. They were on trestles across the dips and hollows, whereas the road went down one side and up the other. We used to run across these pipes much to Mother's horror. One slip and we could have fallen quite a distance in some places, other trestles might be only two or three feet off the ground. To stop them leaking these pipes were all gummed up with tar. It would have been melted before it was applied and then it hardened. We liked to find a nice hardened tar-drip to chew on. Another thing we chewed on was a hardened bit of gum from a pine tree. We never got regular chewing gum. Sometimes Dad would go along on these walks if he wanted to check on the pipes, or go to the intake to check the water flow. After a day's work of irrigating, pruning or thinning he would sometimes go to a neighbor's just to have a talk. Men would stand out in the yard or sit on an apple box discussing problems of the orchard.

My first recollection of 'swimming' was splashing around in a wooden tub on King's property. It was an oblong one, about six feet long which caught the water from a spring, and I suppose it got reasonably warm in the hot sun. It cooled us off in the hot weather. It wasn't until after we got a car that we went to the beach. That was usually on a Sunday afternoon or evening. Dad could swim and he taught us how. At first, we wore the navy cotton swim suits, then

I remember getting an up-to-date black woolen one which was a lot warmer than the cotton ones which hung loose and clammy when wet, and left you standing around shivering. Our first experience at swimming was with inflated water-wings. At the time, I thought they were a new invention but maybe they weren't.

We all belonged to the Brownies and Girl Guides. We met on Fridays down town in Naramata in the old school house. We learned to tie knots, first aid, semaphore, build a fire and do drills. Some learned how to knit and do 'cat's tail' which was spool knitting; we already knew how to do that. In the good weather we went for little hikes and learned about the flowers and trees. And the first year that I went to camp I'll never forget. Brownies at that time didn't go to camp but our leader doubled as Guide leader, and since the camp was being held in Naramata, she allowed her oldest Brownies to go. I wasn't quite old enough, but since Ella was going I was allowed to tag along. I remember how homesick I was. It blew up a thunderstorm and our tent blew down in the night. I can still see the lowering of the flag in the evening, singing taps and the lightning flashing around, and the girl in front of me with her hair standing right on end. And the food! The Guides did the cooking themselves, and the first meal we had was a plateful of gooey rice, just rice! Mother didn't cook rice as a main dish, we always had it for dessert as rice pudding. I think Mother and Dad came and got me after a couple of days. Later camps when I was a Girl Guide, I did enjoy.

We attended Sunday School quite regularly. In the spring I can remember the smell of the great field of baby's breath (flowers) across from the United Church. Sometimes, depending on who our teacher was, Sunday School was held in the mornings at the same time as church, but if the teacher wanted to attend church service, it was held in the afternoons. After we had the car, Mother and Dad went to services and Dad's voice would be heard all over the church in the hymn singing, he sang tenor and had a good voice. But they didn't attend regularly, and he had a 'thing' about becoming a regular member; he wanted to



worship without any restrictions. Naramata being very small couldn't support a young minister, they usually had old retired ones who were paid a pittance. Sometimes their tired old monotonous voices put people to sleep.

Miss Baillie, our school teacher taught Sunday School one year, at least, and on occasion Mrs. Kennedy taught, if she wasn't the church organist on that day. On Mother's Day we usually picked a purple lilac from Mr. King's bushes to pin on our dresses - never a white one, white was only to be worn if your mother wasn't alive. The only child we knew who had lost her mother was Gwennie Smith. We always wore our hats inside the church, and took five cents for the collection plate. And we never went anywhere without a clean hankie, preferably a nice one kept just for Sunday School.

One time I remember a travelling missionary came to church and in the evening he showed lantern slides. The slides were of Japan. I remember Mt. Fujiama, projected on to a white sheet rigged up as a screen. That was quite an occasion.

At Christmas time there was a concert, and they used the same program we'd had at school. It never went off as well though, because half of the school children didn't go to Sunday School and our school teacher would be away on holidays. A few extra items were added to the program and one I remember in particular was an elderly lady of the congregation giving a recitation. She was a big-bosomed lady with glasses and she recited 'How the Water Came Down To Ladore'. It was exceedingly long and everyone thought it would never end. We recognized the poem from the Books of Knowledge. I think it took up about three pages. It was quite a feat of memory work, but tiring to listen to.

At Sunday School when we had memorized a particular passage from the Bible, i.e. the Ten Commandments, 23rd Psalm, or the books from the Old or New Testament, we were rewarded with a colored picture or poster of a biblical scene. Some were large like the posters the kids now-a-days put on their walls. We pinned them up on ours.

Sunday was a day of rest. Mother made Sunday dinner but unless something just had to be done, dad didn't work. If cherries had to be picked, no day of rest. If rain threatened and they were ready, they had to come off. After we had the car, we went for Sunday

drives, sometimes to O.K. Falls, to Penticton or over to Summerland where Auntie Nell and Uncle Andy had bought an orchard. The roads were very rough, gravelled and washboard, and the road to the Falls, especially, had very sharp corners and we crawled along the sidehills. The horn was sounded at every turn, because roads weren't really wide enough for two cars in lots of places, but there were passing spots along the way. The Summerland road was just one corner after the other along the claybanks beside the lake. It was extremely dusty. The dust could be seen a long way off before you passed the car. In fact we could see the dust from the Summerland road across the lake from our house. It billowed high. One place people used to drive to was the Experimental Farm, at West Summerland. That was up quite a treacherous hill, steep and twisty. But it was a pleasant place to picnic - lawns and flowers. Churches and organizations held their summer picnics there. There was an added bonus sometimes, seeing a train come over the long, high trestle bridge near the gardens.

Monday was wash day, though when the baby was small, everyday was wash day, with nappies and nighties to be done. Hot water would be carried out to the back porch where the galvanized wash tubs sat on boxes, one for washing and the other for rinsing. Blueing was used in rinse water for the whites. It was a time consuming and physically hard job. Scrubbing towels, sheets, pillowcases and men's work clothes, etc. was hard on the wrists and arms. Up and down on the wash board, (corrugated aluminum or glass), using a bar of soap and wringing by hand wasn't kind to the skin either. The washboard was also hard on buttons if you didn't watch (but not as hard as the wringer washer was). Sometimes tea towels and dish cloths and handkerchiefs would be boiled in lye in the copper boiler on the stove to clean and sterilize them. The copper boiler was a huge big pot that took up half the stove. It was copper so it wouldn't rust. Then clothes were hung on the line to dry in the breeze and sun.

Tuesday was ironing day. Cotton clothes came off the line all wrinkled. There wasn't any 'permanent press' then, all shirts, dresses, petticoats, pillowcases, table cloths, etc. would have to be dampened down and usually rolled up over night for the next day's

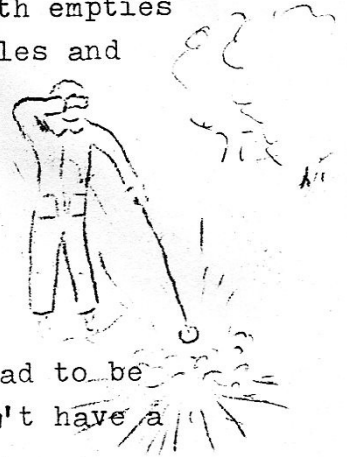
ironing. Even after we got an electric iron, it wasn't a steam iron and the same dampening process had to be followed. The sad irons were heated on the stove and in the summer time this meant putting on the fire. Ironing was laid out and done flat on a blanket and sheet on the kitchen table, we didn't have an ironing board. Freshly ironed clothes were hung on the clothes horse to get thoroughly dry. Our clothes horse was like a folding screen, three sections with dowels across. Winter time didn't see so much ironing. Our winter skirts got sponged and pressed each week, they were all wool flannel or tweed and weren't washed.

We had a few chores to do, though not like kids on farms where there was stock. Washing the dishes was our responsibility, an argument always erupting as to who's turn it was to wash or dry -- especially when the porridge pot was involved. There wasn't any detergent then, just a bar of Sunlight soap. We had to make our beds on weekends but on school days we left the beds turned down to air (also aired our nighties), and Mother made the beds later. On Saturdays we swept and dusted throughout the house. We polished and dusted the buffet and piano, being very careful with the ornaments. Doors were panelled and needed dusting as well as the varnished windowsills and baseboards. We liked cleaning windows with BonAmi as well as polishing the brass doorknobs, tidying up the magazine box, and putting clean cloths on the buffet and piano. We did the floors with an oiled floor mop. The smell of O'Cedar oil still is with me. In the winter time the heater might need to be blackened and the chrome polished, (not chrome but nickel-plate) and the mica windows in the heater door had to be cleaned, being very careful not to put your finger through them.

In the summertime we picked up chips or small wood to lay the fire for supper before Mother came in from the orchard. We also filled the woodbox beside the stove. We burned slab wood for a fast fire. We'd get a load delivered from a Penticton sawmill. It was easy to split. Apple or poplar wood produced a steadier fire, if Mother was baking.

We helped with the canning and jam making by stemming cherries, pitting apricots and peaches; bringing glass sealers up from the

cellar and carrying down the sealed fruit. We also helped in the orchard, though not on a regular basis. We picked, put boxes under the trees still to be picked, covered full fruit boxes with empties and considered it all fun. We picked up prunings into piles and carried them to be burnt. Burning prunings had a nice pungent smell, and the coals left after the fire were just right for roasting apples. We shielded our faces from the heat as we held the apple on a stick over the coals. They usually turned out black and we burnt our fingers and tongue but we said they were good.



We went to the neighbours for eggs and milk. Milk had to be fetched every day, we had no refrigeration. Since we didn't have a phone we delivered messages when needed.

We didn't have organized activities to take up our time and didn't need them. We didn't get any allowance or expect to be paid for what we did.

I clearly remember the day we got our first car. We kids were about a quarter of a mile from home watching and playing around where the West Kootenay & Light Co. were busy digging holes and putting in poles, stringing wire to bring the electricity to our part of Maramata. A shiny black Model T car stopped and the driver asked us where Mr. Armour lived. That was Dad, of course, so the driver told us to hop in ^{and} show him the way. He was Jim Johnson, salesman for the Ford Garage, in Penticton. He took Dad for a ride and showed him how to drive and I think that was all there was to it. Sold!

On Saturdays, after we got the car, we always went to town (Penticton). In summer when the fruit was being harvested we went right after supper, shortly after 5 p.m., the stores being open on Saturday nights (the only night they were open). In winter we went earlier in the afternoon. Dad would give Mother a cheque for \$10 which she usually cashed at the Overwaitea Store or the Bank of Montreal. That bank had a double set of concrete steps and down each side was a wide smooth sort of concrete bannister. We had fun sliding down that bannister. Mother got the groceries for the week at the Overwaitea. Grocery shopping in those days wasn't self-serve as now. The man behind the counter measured and bagged sugar, tea or ground your coffee. He brought everything to the counter as you

read from your list. He reached up to a high article on the top shelf with a pole with a hook on it. When all of your groceries were on the acounter, he tore a piece of brown paper from a big roll, centered your groceries in a pile and folded up the paper around them into a neat parcel, tying it all with a length of cord which came off a cone-shaped roll. Paper bags big enough for groceries weren't used. There were little bags for brown sugar or candies, etc. These bags and lengths of cord were all saved in a drawer in the kitchen. Our groceries for the week might come to \$6.00. The meat market was next to the Overwaitea. The grocery stores just sold groceries not meat or hardware, etc. I think there were three meat markets in town but Mother dealt with Mr. Green. He always wore a straw boater hat, which was the trademark for butchers in the Old Country. Meat was wrapped in white butcher paper, also tied up with a string. He would tie the knot and with a ~~swap~~^{wrap} around his finger and a yank, the string was broken. It fascinated us. At that time a three to four pound roast cost about 65¢.

While Mother shopped, Dad would find other orchardists to talk to. You'd see them standing on the sidewalk, talking politics or fruit prices, smoke from their pipes making the air blue. Sometimes we could hear Dad from half a block away when he got irate about some ~~subject~~. Grace, our oldest sister, usually found some friend her age and they'd walk up and down the couple of blocks seeing who else was in town. For a couple of years she took her music lessons on a Saturday afternoon from a Penticton teacher. Ella and I and Margaret usually accompanied Mother. After the grocery shopping we'd go to Miss Little's bakery. She was a nice, smiling, dumpy little Scotch woman. Besides baked goods she sold penny candy. We'd get one or two cents worth and choose from chocolate teddy bears, licorice, flat red, green or yellow suckers, marshmallow candies or others. The teddy bear lasted the longest, it was made of some red hard candy under the chocolate and you could suck on it for ages. There were also little satchels of pink popcorn with a favour inside, for 5¢. Later came CrackerJack. Sometimes when we went to town in the evening, Grace would be allowed to go to the picture show, so we wouldn't leave for home until after nine-o'clock. We usually got a 5¢ icecream come before we

left town.

If we went to Penticton in the afternoon during the summer, it was pretty hot. In the fall and winter (roads permitting) we would go to the matinee. The picture then was for kids and usually included a serial which kept us returning week after week. I remember one in particular, 'The Indians Are Coming'. Everybody screamed and howled during the scary parts. I think the matinee cost a dime.

When Ella was nine years old, in 1927, the Kodak Company gave a Brownie box camera to every child who's birthday fell in that year (who was nine years old). I recall us going into McKeen's Drug Store, next to the Bank of Montreal, to pick it up. (My husband also got one, which we still have.) Dad hadn't used his folding type camera for years and the box camera was a far handier, simple type to operate, so from then on we used it for taking snapshots.

About the first year after we got the car we took a trip to Seattle and Vancouver via Washington highways and home over the old Fraser Canyon road. Canadian roads were all gravel or dirt in those days. There were sections of roads through the States which were concrete. What a difference! I think Mother and Dad must have been very brave to travel with four young girls, carrying their food and bedding, clothes, etc., stopping in auto courts. Besides the personal end of a trip like that, there were the problems with the car which heated up in the hot weather climbing hills, numerous flat tires, patching tubes as you went, and pumping them up with a hand pump. When the engine boiled over, it meant taking a bucket and asking for water somewhere to fill the radiator again. Service stations were fewer and farther apart.

Another time, when we had a two door car (with windows!) we went to Portland and then up the coast to the westernmost point of the U.S.A. (Alaska wasn't a state then.) It was just a little place right on the Pacific, very picturesque, called La Push. I guess Dad either missed the sea or wanted all of us to see the sands and the sights and smell of the ocean. I remember him

taking us to Victoria because he wanted us to see the Parliament Buildings and the wild broom shrubbery in bloom. That would be nostalgia, because the broom was native to Scotland. These things must have made an impression, which was his reason for showing them to us, because I've remembered them all these years later.

Sacks

Used flour, sugar, oatmeal, salt and potato sacks were always saved. When we were little there was always a potato sack at the back door for wiping feet. First you used the boot scraper to get the mud off, then the sack. Later we had a cocoa mat.

Mother had pillow cases, sheets, aprons and curtains made from flour sacks. The kitchen curtains were strung on a cord, before we had curtain rods. Sugar sacks became dish towels, dish rags and face rags. (We never called them cloths.) The oatmeal and salt sacks were smaller. I kept my knitting wool in an oatmeal sack with a drawstring through the top. We learned to knit while very young. I knitted my first sweater when I was about eight, just plain knitting, a dark paddy green with tan cuffs.

We first learned to sew on used salt sacks, cut to handkerchief size. No Kleenex then! We learned to hem by hand and then to embroider, usually a little flower or our initial in the corner. This was when we were six or seven. I can remember poking our forefingers with the needle, as we never used a thimble.

Dresser scarves, pillow cases, tea cloths and aprons were made from flour sacks and embroidered. They had to be soaked and scrubbed, laid out in the sun to bleach to get all the printing off them. Then Mother would iron on a transfer. We wouldn't be allowed to do that ourselves, especially when we were that young because it was tricky work to keep the transfer from moving. Besides, it was done with a 'sad' iron, which was heated on the stove. We always had a couple of irons sitting on the back of the stove. Some children had underwear made from flour sacks, but as far as I can remember we never did.

Other uses for sacks was as bandages. Someone of us was always falling and skinning knees or elbows and needing a 'rag' put on. This was before the days of band-aids. When we got a sliver in our bare feet, a bread poultice in a rag got tied on overnight and in the morning the sliver was easily removed. Pieces of sacks were used for toe and finger bandages - called toe rags and finger rags. Bandages were washed, boiled and hung to dry. Little strips of cloth were used for cleaning our teeth, called naturally, 'tooth rags'.

These were used with salt and water, and then hung on the little arms of ^{the} towel rack. We were still pretty young, seven or eight, when Dad brought home a toothbrush for each of us. We still used the salt and water, not tooth paste, for a long time.

Sometimes we carried a lunch in a salt sack, if the weather was particularly bad and we didn't come home for our noon meal. In the summer, the salt sack held a piece of bread and butter and an apple for a 'hike' in the hills. Nothing made of cloth was wasted.

Winter Clothing

Getting dressed for outdoors in winter was quite a performance. First we wore 'marled' natural coloured long sleeved cotton and wool undershirts with a ribbon through the neckline. Then the same kind of long underpants. It was nice to put them on clean on a Monday when the ribbing was snug at your ankles and wrists. The pants didn't have elastic at the waist, but buttoned either side. We only got clean underwear once a week and by the end of the week the ankles were all wide and had to be folded over to make a neat look under our long camel-coloured wool stockings. I remember black stockings, too. On top of the undershirt we wore a 'waist'. This was a fleece-lined sleeveless, buttoned down the front vest-like garment. There were places for suspenders but we didn't use them. Mother sewed pieces of tape to the sides of the waists and these lengths of tape went through tape loops which had been sewn onto our stockings, then tied up. Mother didn't believe in tight elastic garters which would cut off the circulation. Then on with the navy-blue fleece-lined bloomers. Finally a skirt and sweater or middy top. Our skirts, all wool flannel, serge or tweed, were all attached to a camisole top, 'cause little girls didn't have waistlines' to hold up skirts neatly. Sometimes we wore tunics. I remember Grace getting a 'butterfly' skirt when they came in style. She was about twelve or thirteen. It was a bought one, of course, pleated all around in a coloured rainbow effect; when she twirled, it swung wide and high.

In snowy weather we wore 'leggings'. These were usually a pair of old stockings, a bit bigger size than our own, with the feet cut out and then pulled over our stockings. These were held up with 'elastics', we didn't call them garters. But they couldn't be too snug! If it wasn't snowy, we wore black boots, Blucher cut (low cut) Leckie's boots. On Monday morning they were always freshly shined. When it was snowy weather, we had black canvas overshoes with three catches on the front. Zippers weren't invented then. These weren't very waterproof. We all had toques and mitts, home-knitted. Sometimes the mitts were on a string. When the overshoes got covered in snow and the catches frozen, my wasn't it cold on the fingers getting them off!

A lot of our clothing came from our Grandmothers in Scotland. If they didn't fit, Mother cut them down to fit and we always wore hand-me-downs, except for our underwear which was new from Eatons or Simpsons.

When the winter catalogues came out in the fall, an order would go in and we'd order all the underwear and stockings, sleeping suits or yards of flannelette for nighties. We all wore sleepers when we were little, fleece-lined peach coloured with the feet in them and the drop-seat. Mother later made winter nighties, and even Dad had a winter nightgown but he mostly slept in his long underwear. Mother made slippers for us out of old felt hats.

The first coat that I remember having was a dark green blanket-cloth coat with a little round grey fur collar. I loved that coat. I think it was Ella's before I got it handed down. I used to like to get her clothes, maybe it made me feel older. I remember 'baby' (Margaret was called baby until she was at least two) had a white caracul coat, bonnet and muff. She wore 'up-to-date' tan boots, whereas I just remember ours as being black. We also had muffs when we were little, in preschool days.

The first coat of Mother's that I remember was a shaded tan and brown coat. In those days Eaton's sold separate fur collars and she had a big dark brown seal collar for it. She wore high black leather laced-up boots in the winter time. I guess women's styles changed quite dramatically in the twenties. She wore shoes in the summer, 'Enna Jettiks', with arch supports. Our Auntie Annie wore brown ~~high~~ boots all year round. She was bothered with rheumatism and had to keep her ankles warm. She picked fruit for Mr. King and she wore khaki drill or cotton britches as she was climbing ladders. They were better suited for that than a long skirt.

Dad wore breeks (breeches) in winter, sometimes. He always wore a cloth cap, and had a muffler under his mackinaw, and of course long underwear which he didn't change out of until well into April. Some men wore them all year round. He wore light cotton balbriggan underwear in the summer. Mother knitted his socks, and in the days before nylon, the heels and toes wore out pretty regularly

so there was always darning to be done.

Like a lot of British men he wore a suit vest over his shirt (he needed someplace to hold his pipe). A lot of the time he wore a cardigan. For best he had a three-piece suit, with his gold watch chain across the vest, and he wore dress black boots, which were always shined up before going to town. He had a warm grey winter overcoat for dress-up wear, and a best cap.

For work he usually had buckskin gloves. I guess he bought them from the store, but I remember some coming right from the Indians. They came to the door selling them. The gloves had that nice smoky smell, which stayed with them for a long time. His were just plain but the Indians sold elaborate beaded ones as well as beaded buckskin jackets.

I can't remember what other boys wore, but our cousin Bert, who was five or six years older than me, wore the Buster Brown type of pants, knickers banded below the knee and brown stockings and boots. Like British schoolboys he wore a 'jumper' (sweater) and a little cap. He was teased unmercifully by some of the bigger boys for his British look.

Winter Days

Winter days started out with hearing Mother or Dad shaking the grate in the kitchen stove, while we were still in bed. We burned coal and the coal fire lasted all night. If it was poor coal there were lots of 'clinkers' in it that didn't burn, but good Drumheller coal from Alberta, was nice and clean. Before the coming of winter everyone stocked up. Coal was delivered on a flat deck truck, usually from a freight car at the Naramata dock, brought in by barge. Once the lake was frozen, the coal had to be brought from Penticton. Dirty coal made a poor smoky fire, and besides not giving the heat, the flues of the stove and stove pipes had to be cleaned more often. There was lots of soot, and if it built up in the flues, the oven wouldn't heat up and baking would be a problem.

In winter we all got dressed and undressed behind the heater in the 'big' room. We had a box-seat behind the heater and there was usually a squabble as to who's turn it was to have the seat. We always kissed Mother and Dad good-morning as well as good-night. I can still see Dad standing with his back to the fire, hands behind him, soaking up the heat.

Every day the lamp chimneys had to be cleaned, usually late in the afternoon Mother did that job. She never trusted us kids to do that in case we broke them. The lamps were filled with coal-oil and wicks trimmed if needed. When she cleaned the globes, which she did with crumbled up newspaper, her wedding ring used to 'clack-clack' against the inside of the glass. We had two lamps, one for the kitchen and one for the 'big' room. One lamp sat on the kitchen table while we did our homework with Mother usually there to answer questions or ask us our times-tables and hear our reading or spelling. Dad read in the 'big' room beside the heater, in his rocking chair. He exchanged books with the neighbours. Later we had a library down town. Mother also had a smaller rocker beside the heater where she knitted, patched clothes, sewed on buttons or read us a bedtime story. She would read the Burgess Bedtime stories out of the Vancouver Province newspaper, or Uncle Wiggly stories from the Vancouver Sun. There was a different chapter printed every day. She told stories to Margaret which we also listened to, enjoying her stories which she made up as she went along.

She would sit and knit on Dad's socks or do darning. We learned to darn our own stockings at a very early age. Mother had a 'darner', a black round wooden ball on a handle that went inside the sock, with a clip around the outside to hold it taut. It made it easy for the darning needle to go back and forth, making a neat darn. It wasn't only the heels of our stocking which wore out but the knees as well.

After we had electricity and the radio, we listened to numerous favourite programs. KNX children's hour was one, with a variety of child singers and tap dancers, etc.; Amos and Andy, Fibber McGee & Molly, Fred Allen, Jack Benny, The Firestone Hour, I Love a Mystery, Major Bowes Amateur Hour, and One Man's Family were a few of our favourites.

Winter evenings also meant playing games around the kitchen table. We had Snakes and Ladders, Parcheesie, Old Maid, Authors, Snap, Tiddly-Winks and Dominoes. We each had a piece of black-board and Dad used to bring home small pieces of chalk from the school after a school-board meeting. And we had chalk rags, not a brush, to clean the board. We played tic-tac-toe, hangman, and What Have I got? which was a forerunner of the Battleship Game. We also played I Spy, and Hide and Seek. During Hide and Seek I can remember the bedroom door shut while we hid under the bed or in the tiny space between the bottom of the bed and the wall, and seeing the yellow lamp-light shining through the key-hole. Or we hid in the 'wee' room with no light except when there was moonlight shining through the little window. We'd hide behind the trunks and behind coats and clothes hanging on hooks and nails. Also we hid behind the pantry door or in Mother's and Dad's room, they were all unlit when we played.

Winter brought Christmas. We pored over the catalogues for days before. They weren't in colour then. Long before Christmas they would be all dog-eared and without covers. A parcel would come from Eatons and be hidden somewhere. Also in the fall, a parcel would come from the 'Old Country', tied up with lots of cord and sealing wax, the declaration slip glued on front. It was usually clothes. If it was from Mother's step-mother, she always said it

was stuff she picked up a rummage sale. There was no love lost there. Dad's mother also sent clothes and each year a Girl's Own Annual, a book of girls' stories. Quite often Dad would get a letter with a pound note in it which was a lot of money in those days, \$5.00 it was worth then, and that went a long way. Dad also received the 'Daily Sketch' paper from the Old Country. I remember seeing the return address, 'W. Armour, Glasgow.'

Christmas preparations meant making paper chains from red and green crepe paper, using homemade flour and water paste. We had a few red folding paper bells. The chains stretched from the corners of the big room to the middle, where the biggest bell hung. Dad cut the tree when we were little, but when I was eight or nine we went for it ourselves, trudging home with it on a sleigh, or, if there wasn't enough snow, carrying it so as not to break the limbs, and the smell of fir filled the air. We never would have dreamt of having a PINE tree! We had to go some distance to find a fir, beside a creek usually. It was always a tree that reached to the ceiling. We had a wooden Japanese orange box that held some baubles and when I think of it, quite tarnished looking tinsel rope. No lights, of course, when there wasn't electricity. And even after we got electric lights I don't remember having Christmas tree lights. We never did hang up our stockings, I guess it wasn't a custom with Mother and Dad.

Presents were not big or expensive. They were wrapped in red or green tissue paper tied with red string. Every Christmas we got a new box of crayons, eighteen, I believe there was in it. Our old ones would be in little bits by then and probably no red left, red being our favourite colour. We coloured pictures in the catalogues, funny papers and pictures in the Province paper on the childrens' page. Some neighbours saved us colouring pictures from the Winnipeg Free Press or other newspapers. Newspapers in those days always had a children's page. Everything was in black and white.

I received two 'bought' dolls, during my childhood, one a Baby doll with a china head and stuffed body, and later on another doll which was all composition of some kind. There was usually a book

for each of us, one of the Bunny Brown or Curly Top series, or maybe one of Thornton Buggess Bedtime Stories of Peter Rabbit, Jimmy Skunk, etc. Sometimes there would be a nice string of glass beads or a fancy handkerchief. And once, a small figurine of a dancing lady. The beads would come in a long narrow flat box, handkies in a flat square box. When we were very young we got loose beads to string into bracelets or necklaces. One year I got a little set of brass scales. Someone would get a tea-set, either painted tin or china. When we were around eight or nine I remember getting small pieces of yard goods to make doll clothes, with a bit of lace and ribbon. We learned to sew while quite young, so it was exciting to get a bit of new material to work with, instead of part of an old dress or skirt.

Mother usually gave us five or ten cents to buy a gift ~~with~~ for Dad and her. Usually a handkie for her, tobacco for Dad.

At Christmas time she made fudge and cocoanut-ice candy. This was a great treat. Sometimes we had Uncle Andy and Auntie Nell over for dinner. We kids cleaned and polished the silver-ware for the table. We'd have a turkey or roast chicken, dressing, carrots and probably turnips and potatoes. We didn't have tinned or fresh vegetables so it was just the stored ones which we had on hand. There was always a carrot pudding for dessert, with hard sauce or brown sugar sauce. We had Christmas crackers and wore the paper hats at the table, much delighted then as now in pulling the crackers. On New Year's sometimes we would go for dinner to Uncle Andy's and Auntie Nell's. Uncle Andy played the concertina, saxophone, violin and ukelele, so we'd beg him to play us a tune.

Getting back to dolls, I can remember my first doll. Mother made rag dolls from old clothes, stuffing them with rags, sewing on buttons or embroidering wool eyes, and wool (yarn) hair. I can vividly remember her making a black one for Margaret, with a red mouth, and as a baby she was really frightened of it. We used to tease her by pushing this black rag doll at her. Mean little kids.

We had an old Teddy Bear around for years, no legs and loose arms. It had belonged to our cousin, Bert, and we even played with

it after it lost its arms. It got put to bed with the dolls at night. There were no soft stuffed toys like there is now.

Winter brought a different set of chores to those of summer. There was always ashes to be taken out of the stove and heater every day. Coal scuttles to be filled twice a day at least. On Mondays the tubs for washing clothes were brought into the house, set on a couple of orchard boxes and the washboard set in place. Before we had electricity Mother did all the washing on a board, we never did have a hand-operated mechanical washer. Clothes hung out on the clothesline quickly froze hard as boards but with a wind blowing they usually dried. If not, they were brought in stiff, and hung on the clotheshorse standing by the heater or hung on the rope that stretched across the kitchen ceiling from one corner to another.

Outside on the back step most people had a boot scraper. In the spring when the snow had melted it was muddy; our soil being mostly clay, it was quite gummy. Some people didn't automatically take off their boots when they entered the house. We had one old man, Old Man Hock, who used to come in with his muddy boots, never even scraped them and when he left, there was a great pile of mud around the chair where he'd been sitting. He worked on the water pipes. If the pipes froze and burst he had to dig down and get to the source of the problem. Dad had tools and equipment for cutting pipe and rethreading it, etc. and the shovels and picks, tar and oakum belonging to the water district were always kept at our place. When Old Man Hock got wet and cold he'd come and have a cup of tea in the kitchen, and eat his lunch. If Mother saw him coming she tried to get papers on the floor in front of his chair. He lived alone, although he had been married, and had a son somewhere. I guess a little mud never fazed him.

Dad cut poplar for firewood after the apple picking was over. I can faintly remember him coming home with a horse pulling either a sleigh or stone-boat, with a load of poplar logs and us running to meet him. Whether or not it was our own horse I can't remember. I know that we did have a horse for a while but he sold it I don't know. The shed was originally called the barn, and I have memories of a horse collar and harness hanging there.

During summer one of us kids used to go and pick up the mail at the postoffice downtown. In the winter when school was in Dad went and got it, and before I started to school I remember going down with him through the snow. He carried a haversack over his shoulder which held groceries from Mr. Rushbury's store. Our mail came by boat down the lake if it was from the east, and up the lake from Penticton if it came from the west. We subscribed to the Vancouver Province newspaper for years and that came by mail. The Province was notably a Conservative paper and we switched to the Sun later on because Dad was a Liberal. What your politics were made a lot of difference as to who your friends were. People who emigrated from England were mostly Conservatives, and the ones who had been farmers on the prairies for years were Liberals. Dad wasn't a prairie farmer but he sympathised with the working class.

For a number of years we got our milk from the neighbours, buying it by the pailful. Then we started getting milk from Mr. Moyes, who had started a dairy business and delivered it in quart or pint bottles. We got two quarts a day (10¢ a quart, then it rose to 11¢) and it was left in a box by the road. If it wasn't brought in shortly after delivery in the winter, the cardboard cap would be pushed up and two or three inches of frozen cream would be standing above the bottle. Having no refrigerator this also happened when we kept the milk on the table in the back porch.

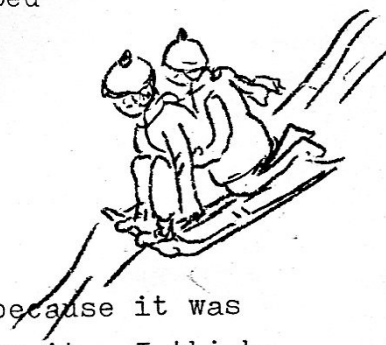
In winter we set traps for mice down in the cellar, or in the pantry. The field mice got under the house to keep warm. We could hear them run up inside the walls to the attic (no insulation in those days). So traps would be set up there, down in the cellar, or in the pantry. Our cats were pretty good mousers. We had three or four 'outside' cats. They didn't get into the house, were fed on the step and slept under the house, always finding some place to crawl through. They were kept mainly for catching mice and moles in the orchard. Mother didn't want a cat in the house as long as we had a baby or little one. There was the old wive's tale of a cat getting on the baby's face and smothering it. Our cats were mostly black or tabby, but in one of our batches of kittens later on, we had a pretty grey one, so it was kept and was called Smokey. He

was made a pet and a house cat, though he was always put out at night. After Smokey we had a part Persian with the distinguished name of Fluffy (!). During the hot summers Fluffy was a mess with great slabs of fur shedding off in chunks. Early spring brought lots of caterwauling as neighbour's Toms came around and sometimes the cat-fights were right under the house, waking us up. Also skunks came around and if one of those got under the house and a cat was there, there was a great stink for days.

In the fall and winter we would hear the coyotes howling at night. They would come close to civilization looking for food when the snow prevented them from getting it in the wild. Somebody was always losing a chicken or two. It was eerie hearing them when you lay in bed and listened to them howling. Now it's a nostalgic sound if I hear them in that part of our province.

We loved the snow. Bundled up in numerous layers of clothing we sleighed, made snow men and just generally played around in it. The snow in the Okanagan Valley is very dry and the air crisp and clean. When a north wind blew and sent the snow into drifts we had fun walking on the crust without breaking through. It seemed deeper in those years but I guess when we were small, twelve inches of snow came up to our knees and just seemed deeper.

Our main place for sleighriding was the middle-road, because there was no traffic there. We could start at the top and make it all the way to the short-cut if it was packed down good. It was a long way uphill to trudge back. It seemed a long way when we were small, probably a third of a mile. Ella had a little 'Red Racer' sled that went really fast. One of us would lie down on it and the other pushed from behind and then flopped on top, nearly knocking the breath out of the one underneath. Or else one sat and steered with the feet, and the other pushed and then knelt on behind. Our other sleigh was longer but the runners weren't nearly as fast. I remember the bob-sleigh that Arthur Hook and Roy Partridge had. They went down the main road at high speed because it was quite steep and packed well from cars travelling on it. I think



it was Art who once went right under a car, cars were built high off the ground in those days. The odd time we got a ride on the 'big boys' sleigh. One night we had a really good time on the hill by the Boon Wood. This was a dark and thick stand of firs and pines of maybe three acres. It was about half a mile from our place, but we didn't have to pass it, as a rule. It wasn't on the way to school. But if we were up that way we always hurried by expecting a bear to come out. The Smethurst kids lived high above the Boon Wood near the railroad tracks. They had a big family and we could hear all their excited cries as they played on the hill this one night. In the cold air sound travels far. We went to investigate and found them riding down on sheets of cardboard and tin, which worked wonderfully well and we had so much fun with them! I can still remember dragging ourselves home in the dark, late for supper and Mother wondering where we had gotten to. Then off came all the snowy leggings, overshoes and mitts, the snow clinging in little balls. Everything got hung up beside the heater or kitchen stove, the mittens all on the hotwater tank, pipes or warming oven.

We never did do any skating. There weren't any ponds close by and it wasn't until our teen years that we skated. Dad had skated in earlier years, across Okanagan Lake to Summerland once. The lake ice was usually pretty rough and in ridges but I guess we could have found some smooth areas to skate on if we'd had skates. But we didn't live near enough the lake in any case.

Travelling in winter by car could be quite hazardous even though we were only going twenty-five miles an hour. It was very cold in an open type car with snap-on celluloid side curtains and no heater! If you had to get off the road to go by another car you could be stuck. Roads weren't plowed very wide, and there were lots of hills and sharp curves at the bottom or top. You really had to have a run at the hill, looking first to see that no one was coming down. Of course, there weren't that many cars on our roads to begin with, so your chances of meeting somebody in a bad spot were slim. I can't remember cars having anti-freeze in those days, and Dad would drain the radiator when he got to Penticton and then fill it again at a garage before we came home. In the spring after the

ground had thawed there were quite a few deep mudholes to contend with on the way to Penticton.

So much for the pleasures and woes of winter!

Travelling Salesmen

We regularly saw the Rawleigh man and the Watkins man twice a year. They would come to the door with their black suitcases full of spice, extracts, and remedies for whatever ailed you. Mother always used their pepper, cinnamon and nutmeg, and vanilla and lemon extracts. But a little went a long way and she wouldn't make a purchase every time. She also bought their mentholated and mustard ointments for colds. I remember one of those salesmen had an invalid wife who sometimes accompanied him and she would be sitting out in the car. Mother would go out and talk with her. When there were so few vehicles on the road, we could tell by the sound who it was before they stopped, and I'm afraid that rather than tell the salesman she didn't need anything, Mother would send one of us to the door with the message. They were only trying to make a living and she hated to turn them away without an order.

Then there was the Fuller Brush man. Again, we weren't in the market for a mop or broom very often but he always left a sample brush anyways, usually a small vegetable scrubbing brush. We used his O'Cedar Mop and O'Cedar oil for dusting and polishing. I think they were bought from the Fuller Brush man.

A man came to the door once selling music lessons by correspondence. Mother and Dad agreed to this and soon Ella was taking piano lessons. She did quite well at it. I think there were twenty lessons. That was how I also got my start on the piano, following her lessons.

One time a man came around mending pots. If there was a hole in a pot it would be mended, not thrown out. Metal must have been more prone to wear through because often there'd be holes.

The piano tuner went from door to door. With lots of pianos in the community I guess it made him a living. I remember him tuning ours.

After the depression started there were people trying to sell other things, notions, silk stockings, anything to make fifty cents.

Childhood was a happy time, I knew no hardships. What I have related is how I recall it, how it affected me. I suppose memory plays tricks and things that I think I remember vividly might appear different to others around me. Childhood extended to eleven or twelve years, when I still played with dolls. I was young and wasn't exposed to sophistication in pulp magazines or T.V. and I didn't have parents who expected me to be grown up before my time. Young minds must be very impressive to have recall of all those happy times. I'm glad I was young in the era in which I grew up and feel very lucky compared to some of the years earlier and compared to the very short childhood that children in the '80s experience.

GLOSSARY

Winnipeg Couch - A simple couch having no back or arms, that can be converted into a double bed.

Axminster Carpets Ltd are an Axminster, Devon based English manufacturer of carpets, particularly the same-named Axminster carpets. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Axminster_Carpets

“Colonel Bogey March” is a popular march that was composed in 1914 by Lieutenant F. J. Ricketts (1881–1945) (a.k.a. Kenneth J. Alford), a British Armybandmaster who later became the director of music for the Royal Marines at Plymouth. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Colonel_Bogey_March

Anti-I-Over - It is played over a lower building that you can throw a ball over and be able to run all the way around it. You call out Annie-Annie Over and throw the ball over the building to the kids on the other side. If they catch the ball they can sneak around the building and throw the ball at you or catch you and tag you. You have to keep an eye open for them coming and beat them to the other side of the building. If you make it then that is your side but if you are tagged then you are on their side. There can be an even number of kids on each side to start with. When there are three-four kids on a side they can split up and some go each way and then you don't know who has the ball. If the ball is not caught then they can wait a moment to try and fool you and then holler out Annie-Annie Over and throw the ball back. If the ball doesn't go over the building, the throwers can yell 'Pigtail!', and then try to throw it again. The ball must be caught in order to run around the building after you. When the last kid on a team is tagged then that team wins.

McLean's writing style - <http://www.theglobeandmail.com/news/british-columbia/millions-of-canadians-followed-bc-principals-script/article4352963/>

The Little Match Girl - "The Little Match Girl" is a short story by Danish poet and author Hans Christian Andersen. The story, about a dying child's dreams and hope, was first published in 1845.

Erysipelas "red skin"; also known as "ignis sacer", "holy fire", and "St. Anthony's fire" in some countries is an acute infection typically with a skin rash, usually on any of the legs and toes, **face**, arms, and fingers.

Postum is a powdered roasted-grain beverage once popular as a coffee substitute. <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Postum>

Spotted dick - Spotted dick is a British pudding, made with suet and dried fruit and often served with custard. It is made from a flat sheet of suet pastry sprinkled with dried fruit, which is then rolled up into a circular pudding.



Kewpie doll - **Kewpie** is a brand of dolls and figurines that were initially conceived as comic strip characters by artist and writer Rose O'Neill. The illustrated cartoons, appearing as baby cupid characters, began to gain popularity after the publication of O'Neill's comic strips in 1909, and O'Neill began to illustrate and sell paper doll versions of the Kewpies. The characters were first produced as bisque dolls in Waltershausen, Germany beginning in 1912, and became extremely popular in the early 20th century.





Sad irons, also called flat irons or smoothing irons, are shaped pieces of metal that are flat and polished on one side and have a handle attached to the other, created for the purpose of de-wrinkling fabric. “Sad” is an

Old English word for “solid,” and the term “sad iron” is often used to distinguish the largest and heaviest of flat irons, usually 5 to 9 pounds.



Organdy or **organdie** is the sheerest and crispest cotton cloth made. Combed yarns contribute to its appearance.

The Little Match Girl

By Hans Christian Andersen

Most terribly cold it was; it snowed, and was nearly quite dark, and evening-- the last evening of the year. In this cold and darkness there went along the street a poor little girl, bareheaded, and with naked feet. When she left home she had slippers on, it is true; but what was the good of that? They were very large slippers, which her mother had hitherto worn; so large were they; and the poor little thing lost them as she scuffled away across the street, because of two carriages that rolled by dreadfully fast.

One slipper was nowhere to be found; the other had been laid hold of by an urchin, and off he ran with it; he thought it would do capitally for a cradle when he some day or other should have children himself. So the little maiden walked on with her tiny naked feet, that were quite red and blue from cold. She carried a quantity of matches in an old apron, and she held a bundle of them in her hand. Nobody had bought anything of her the whole livelong day; no one had given her a single farthing.

She crept along trembling with cold and hunger--a very picture of sorrow, the poor little thing!

The flakes of snow covered her long fair hair, which fell in beautiful curls around her neck; but of that, of course, she never once now thought. From all the windows the candles were gleaming, and it smelt so deliciously of roast goose, for you know it was New Year's Eve; yes, of that she thought.

In a corner formed by two houses, of which one advanced more than the other, she seated herself down and cowered together. Her little feet she had drawn close up to her, but she grew colder and colder, and to go home she did not venture, for she had not sold any matches and could not bring a farthing of money: from her father she would certainly get blows, and at home it was cold too, for above her she had only the roof, through which the wind whistled, even though the largest cracks were stopped up with straw and rags.

Her little hands were almost numbed with cold. Oh! a match might afford her a world of comfort, if she only dared take a single one out of the bundle, draw it against the wall, and warm her fingers by it. She drew one out. "Rischt!" how it blazed, how it burnt! It was a warm, bright flame, like a candle, as she held her hands over it: it was a wonderful light. It seemed really to the little maiden as though she were sitting before a large iron stove, with burnished brass feet and a brass ornament at top. The fire burned with such blessed influence; it warmed so delightfully. The little girl had already stretched out her feet to warm them too; but--the small flame went out, the stove vanished: she had only the remains of the burnt-out match in her hand.

She rubbed another against the wall: it burned brightly, and where the light fell on the wall, there the wall became transparent like a veil, so that she could see into the room. On the table was spread a snow-white tablecloth; upon it was a splendid porcelain service, and the roast goose was steaming famously with its stuffing of apple and dried plums. And what was still more capital to behold was, the goose hopped down from the dish, reeled about on the floor with knife and fork in its breast, till it came up to the poor little girl; when--the match went out and nothing but the thick, cold, damp wall was left behind. She lighted another match. Now there she was sitting under the most magnificent Christmas tree: it was still larger, and more decorated than the one which she had seen through the glass door in the rich merchant's house.

Thousands of lights were burning on the green branches, and gaily-colored pictures, such as she had seen in the shop-windows, looked down upon her. The little maiden stretched out her hands towards them when--the match went out. The lights of the Christmas tree rose higher and higher, she saw them now as stars in heaven; one fell down and formed a long trail of fire.

"Someone is just dead!" said the little girl; for her old grandmother, the only person who had loved her, and who was now no more, had told her, that when a star falls, a soul ascends to God.

She drew another match against the wall: it was again light, and in the lustre there stood the old grandmother, so bright and radiant, so mild, and with such an expression of love.

"Grandmother!" cried the little one. "Oh, take me with you! You go away when the match burns out; you vanish like the warm stove, like the delicious roast goose, and like the magnificent Christmas tree!" And she rubbed the whole bundle of matches quickly against the wall, for she wanted to be quite sure of keeping her grandmother near her. And the matches gave such a brilliant light that it was brighter than at noon-day: never formerly had the grandmother been so beautiful and so tall. She took the little maiden, on her arm, and both flew in brightness and in joy so high, so very high, and then above was neither cold, nor hunger, nor anxiety--they were with God.

But in the corner, at the cold hour of dawn, sat the poor girl, with rosy cheeks and with a smiling mouth, leaning against the wall--frozen to death on the last evening of the old year. Stiff and stark sat the child there with her matches, of which one bundle had been burnt. "She wanted to warm herself," people said. No one had the slightest suspicion of what beautiful things she had seen; no one even dreamed of the splendor in which, with her grandmother she had entered on the joys of a new year.