

GAWNE Family Journal

By Edith and Jim Gawne

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The Thundering Herd

John Bain Littlejohn and wife Mary arrived in Naramata in 1918 followed by the Munro family and Sammet family; later the Gawne family in 1921 and John Littlejohn family - all related and known as the Thundering Herd. Grandfather Littlejohn was a retired British Soldier. He tried the chicken business, which failed, then the strawberry-growing business. It failed too but he never gave up trying new ventures.

The Gawne family arrived in Naramata, BC in May of 1921 from Madison, Saskatchewan. They had lost their store, Post Office and Pool Hall to fire.

James and Edith had five boys, Mac, Bud, Bill, Doug and Clifford. Clifford was born in Penticton in 1922 and died in infancy.

Having arrived so late gave claim to having the rockiest land in the district. There was one very large rock in the centre of their orchard. It is still there today. Mr. Gawne had a 1921 Model T Ford. The Lawrence Family came to Naramata after WWI and bought George Cook's place with the big rock and Jim Gawne bought it from the Soldier Settlement Board as the Lawrence family walked away from it.

Edith Gawne writes:

There were no roads in the 1920s, only trails. The first day, we only made fifty miles while coming cross country to the town of Empress on the Saskatchewan-Alberta border. We got into some low-lying land and got stuck. We had to use the butcher knife to cut the soil off the tires as we jacked them up.

We stopped at the town of Empress the first night. Then at Maple Creek next. During the day, we camped and cooked the most of our meals. As we came into the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, the weather was much warmer. We spent a day by St Mary's River. As we approached Medicine Hat late in the day, it was a lovely sight for all the lights were burning. They had lots of cheap natural gas and never shut it off.

We settled in a hotel there. There were no motels then. Then we had supper. Then gave the children a bath. It was the first time they'd seen a bath tub and they thought it was great fun to see water coming out of a tap. Especially hot water.

Next morning we came through a place called Seven Persons. This was good range country with plenty of cattle. The trails were rough so we could not make much time. But we were in no hurry. When we got to Taber, they were building a Mormon Temple

there. It was a beautiful building with ground being planted to trees.

The next stop was at Lethbridge, a railway division so it was quite busy. We were now in the real foothills and getting into the part that played a large role in the time of Louis Riel. We made an overnight stop there. Then the following day we spent some time at McLeod (pronounced McCloud). This was the first place the mounted police had their barracks in the days of the Indian uprising. We stopped at Pincher Creek, another historical place of interest. We were now in the Waterton Glacier International Park. The country was changing. No more rolling prairie. Then we went through the mountain towns of Coleman and on to Natal and into coal mining country. Towns we saw included Blairmore where there was a large sanatorium. The town of Frank where the mountain had split and buried the whole town. A train had passed through Frank just a few minutes earlier.

The country was now quite hilly and frequent stops had to be made to fill the radiator which would heat up. There were no road signs to guide one then. Of course, there was only one road through the mountains heading west from Calgary. Once could only go so far and the road stopped completely at Golden, BC. So you shipped your automobile from Golden to Revelstoke, further west, on a railway flat car. At Revelstoke, automobile roads began again.

Jim Gawne writes:

When we were approaching Cranbrook BC in our Model T there was as steep hill with a sign saying: "Stop. Caution. Go down on compression only." So I hoped for the best. It must be remembered that this was in the days of the Tin Lizzie, the Model T, with its narrow tires. However, we made it.

We stopped for the night at Cranbrook. The country was so different. We were enjoying the trip. And with no difficulties. The next day, we reached Creston. At that time, there was no road through the south of the province, so you had to go up the lake to Kuskanoonook, taking the boat up Kootenay lake to Nelson. We had to wait a day for the boat since it went up one day and came back the next. After we got settled on the boat, we decided to dress up and go into the dining room for dinner. We put the children to sleep (we thought) in the lounge. First Bud showed up in the dining room, then the others, we had to have half orders for them. It was their first experience of waiters, silverware and all the trimmings.

When we arrived on the boat at Nelson late at night, it was pouring rain and Nelson sits on a hill. The ship's purser told us where we could get accommodation but it was so dark, we could not find our way so we sat in the car for the balance of the night. In the morning, we found ourselves sitting in front of the hospital. We then had to find a restaurant to get breakfast.

Edith Gawne writes:

From Nelson, we went across the US border to Northport in Washington State. This was all mining country with large smelters. Bud developed a heavy cold, we stopped overnight there. The following day, we decided to start off again. It was a Sunday and everyone seemed to be at a ball game. When we got to Paterson on the Canadian side, we could not get back into Canada as we had not cleared with US Customs. The Canadian customs man said how he could put Jim in jail for infraction of this and that. So Jim said "Okay. Are you going to feed my family while I am in jail?" He got in touch with the US Customs man who admitted not being on the job, so off we went on our way.

From Paterson, we went up the mountainside to Trail. It was not very large then. The smelter had been long built. Before that, all minerals went down to Northport. The hill between Trail and Rossland was very steep and one had to put water in the radiator often. I was trying to make a meal but I couldn't get the water to boil. Someone came along and said with this altitude, it took a long time. We came through the Doukhobors country which was very interesting. Doukhobors are a religious sect who emigrated from Russia to BC to escape religious persecution. Their settlement was brilliant. They had a wonderful settlement.

Kootenay Power Company had a large dam which was supplying the electricity to the east Kootenays but, since, has served all the south border country and the Okanagan Valley.

Grand Forks was very prosperous then. The Doukhobors had fine orchards, grew grain, ran cattle, and their communal house was well kept. Their way of life, which had women doing the work of animals, seemed strange to us. Years later, we came through this same border country and saw the fruit trees there and across the line were killed from the fumes from Trail. Greenwood and Phoenix were both mining towns and at their high point. They later had to close with the drop in the price of copper.

The wagon and automobile trails were very narrow all through the border country. At another place where we made a stop, Rock Creek, a great deal of gold had been taken out of the creek bed.

All around Bridesville was grain growing. Then we came on to Anarchist Mountain and one could look down onto the Okanagan Valley below with Osoyoos Lake and, to the south, the USA. A single trail wound round and round to get us down the mountain.

There was nothing at the village of Osoyoos then but the Customs House and the ranch of the Haynes family who had been there for many years.

A few miles north of Osoyoos, the town of Oliver was just starting up. While there were a few buildings, most everything was dry sage brush. We stopped for a cup of tea and asked our direction. The lady said: " You will come to a slough full of water. Give the car everything it has and head right through!" How right she was. As we came around by the lake, (Vasseaux Lake), the road was very narrow and cut out of the rock with an opening to get through and on to the village of Okanagan Falls. The road was so narrow, there were places to go in to let others pass. As we came out of Okanagan Falls and saw Waterman Hill ahead of us, we wondered how we would ever get up it.

We should have stayed over another night. Going through the flats at Kaleden all we saw was dust and sage brush. The road from there to Penticton was only the width of the car and twisted around the hillside. Here we had our first trouble: the lights gave out, then the bands on the brakes. We had to get one wheel on the edge of the trail to get down the hill to the flat at Dog Lake (Skaha Lake) where the Penticton airport is now.

It was after midnight when we arrived at Dad Littlejohn's early in the morning of May 24th after ten days of travel. Here begins another chapter in our lives.

The following day, May 25, Jim went into town and got lumber to build a house. We had been offered a place at Chilliwack near Vancouver. In those days, to get to the BC coast by car, you had to go to Wenatchee in the US then that way around to Everett and Bellingham. Their roads were no better than those in the Okanagan so we decided to stay here. Ernie Sammett had bought three lots and given a post-dated cheque. He had rented the adjoining lot, the McDowell lot, which was bearing fruit.

So we arranged with Ernie to take over his three lots and then rented one on which we built our house. The lots were still in their native state: rocks and pine trees. Lots 2-3-4-B. DL 207

As soon as the house was liveable, we moved in. Bought a cook stove. Had our camping things. Bought some beds, etc. from a neighbour, Jim Williams, not knowing anything about bedbugs. All the houses in the early days seemed to have them and we had quite a time to get rid of them.

Granddad Littlejohn had a fine cherry crop which we helped pick.

All our money was going out and none was coming in except for the house payments (from sale of the house on the prairies) which bought the groceries. We were still in time to get a garden in. Also, to raise some chickens. Then we bought a cow.

One of our neighbours had purchased an orchard through the Soldier Settlement Board. He was a green Englishman. He had a cow and when Jim asked him if we could get milk, he said help yourself. We only got some as we needed it, so they went out with a cream pitcher.

This fellow advertised in the English papers to teach young people fruit-growing although he was as green at it as they were. He would have the furrows numbered and they had to stand at either end of the furrow and he would holler "Water in No1!" When it came time to pick, some of the young chaps would climb the trees and shake the limbs, then they would pick the fruit up off the ground. The fall bruised the fruit, making it worthless and he did not last too long at fruit-growing.

That year was known as the RED INK, since the growers were owing the packing houses when they came to settle up. Many got fed up and left, especially those on Soldier Settlement Land.

In December, our fifth son, Clifford, was born. I was so thankful in the days ahead that I had welcomed him.

The following February, Jim bought a team, wagon and plow and went out doing custom work for which he was paid \$5.00 a day for man and team and he had to feed the team out of that. The two little ones were playing with an old hatchet and Doug chopped off one of Bill's fingers. It was some time before I could get word to where Jim was working to get him to a doctor. They had to take him to the Hospital where they kept him for a few days as he had got infection from the old hatchet. As they were short of help, I had to stay with him and have the baby too as he was nursing. I didn't know that at the time there were several cases of sleeping sickness in the Hospital. Shortly after we were again home, I was worried about the attacks that the baby was having . Mother thought they

were convulsions.

On Easter Sunday morning, Jim and Dad had gone to Church when Clifford took a worse attack. As soon as they got home we went into the Doctor who said "maybe he has sleeping sickness - there's so much of it around." For several weeks Clifford hovered on life and death. He never really recovered and for seven years I kept him home.

We took turns sleeping at night (as) for a long time Cliff couldn't sleep. As he got older he would go up to the irrigation ditch and sit for hours with his hand in the water. It must have soothed him. Close to the house there was an ant hill where he would sit and let the ants crawl over him till he was black with them. Bill had a soul of patience with him, but unfortunately, Bill missed a lot of school while looking after Cliff, because I had to work in the orchard and later in the packing house which we operated.

One time we had gone into town leaving Clifford with Bill and Doug. Jim Williams was burning prunings and in the excitement they lost Cliff. When we got home everyone around was looking for him. When the older boys, Mac and Bud, got out of school, the Scouts organized search parties. Bob Munro had gone to town and saw something in the bushes on the avenue. Mr Bartlett later said that a little boy had come into the Post Office, but as Cliff had no speech he could not find out who he was. We never left him again. Mrs. Dan McKay was good to take him sometimes, but Mother or my family never offered to look after him, to give me a rest.

At this time we bought a cow. There was no dairy at Naramata and Mac and Bud had to take milk down in the School Bus to people. I made canvas bags with straps over their shoulders to put the jars in. Gerald Williams ran the School Bus which also was used for the hauling of fruit to the packing house. He had a body which fitted on the truck and had long plank seats. At the back of the body there was quite a space so our dog, Jack, would wait till the Bus was ready to take off and then jump on the back. Fortunately, one day the dog was home when the cow had lost its calf and was running all over, quite demented. I could not go outside, so I called Jack into the house and put a note around his neck. Then I tried to send him to find Jim who was working over at McLeod's. But Jack went down to the school and Jack Millership heard him scratching at the door and found the note. He gave this to the teacher who then told Mac or Bud to go and find their Dad.

The first year we were here, Mrs. Symons who lived on the Centre line, (now called DeBeck Road) which was the only way to the village of Naramata then, had a couple of cows and on the way to school, the boys had to take them and tether them out. Instead they would take them to the cemetery and pick them up on their return from school. Miss Skillings and Miss Allen both had horses and they would (send) pupils to change their tethers. Generally, it was Bud and Jack Millership who would ride them and then say that the horses had gotten away with them.

My sister Winnie, (Mrs Sammett), was far from well so her husband Ernie sent her to the prairie to live with our sister Maggie for the winter. Between us and the Munroes, who had a hard enough struggle to keep a family, Ernie Sammett managed to get a meal a day and existed on apples and the filthy home-brew (booze) he made.

That was the year of RED INK, when every grower who had shipped to the Okanagan Union Growers, the OUG, got a bill instead of any returns (money payment in return for their crop). No one had a dollar and many got fed up and left the valley, especially those on Soldier Settlement Land. They just walked away and left it. The Field Man was hard put trying to collect their payments, till a moratorium was put on to try to keep them on the land.

Jim Gawne writes:

The winter of 1922, I dug a large basement up on the upper lots and put a top on it. In the spring we moved into the basement as it was beautiful and cool for sleeping. We used a chicken house as a kitchen. Until in the early fall, we were able to take the house apart and rebuild it over the basement. At that time, Winnie wanted to work in the packing house. As her twins, Peggy and Jackie, were too young for school, Winnie brought them here. With Douglas and the baby in a carriage, they would play under the trees making mud pies and floating bits of bark in the irrigation furrows.

What a chore it was to water in those days and so necessary! One had to go up and down the tree rows and then the moles would have a run (tunnels under the soil) which you would have to plug with sod, then get the water running again. Spraying was very primitive in those days and so not a great deal of spraying was done. Our first sprayer was a barrel on its side on a stone boat. (A stone boat is a sled made of wood planks pulled by a single horse). It had a hand pump which you worked back and forth, while with your other hand you directed a long hollow bamboo pole with a nozzle. Dan McKay used to borrow it and he always made his wife do the pumping. (He figured she didn't cover the limbs with enough spray when she held the bamboo nozzle, so he confined her work to pumping).

Chess Brothers, the fruit brokers on Water Street in the city of Vancouver, came into the Okanagan Valley trying to buy apples and

they offered the sum of fifty cents a loose box. That was like Manna from heaven to the growers. As Dad Littlejohn (Edith Gawne's father) was the chief factotum in making the deal, Naramata got most of the business and after the "Red Ink" of the previous crop, every orchardist wanted in on the deal. However, each orchardist had already signed a document in which the orchardist agreed to only sell the crop to the Co-operative, which could then, presumably have the power to fix the retail price at a high-enough rate to ensure a profit for the growers. Each grower agreed to never sell even a single apple to another buyer, private or public. But the starvation of the previous year caused most to break their word with their Co-op and boot-leg some fruit to the Chess Brothers but try not to get caught doing it.

Needless to say, a lot of windfalls went into the bottom of the boxes with a nice top. (The grower would put unworthy apples in the box bottom, with attractive apples on top). The women and children all helped out on the deal. Mr. Frank Loveday was the Co-op Packing House Manager at the time and would roam the road trying to catch the boot-legging going on. Norman Mitchell or 'Pat' as he was known, was the most congenial and best-hearted man one could find and he did the Packing House hauling with his truck. He also did some of the night hauling and I did the hauling for Mr McLeod who did his own packing and could legally sell to Chess Brothers. Harry Staklard was the field boss, so he rode in the back of the truck and would say if caught that this is McLeod's fruit. In those days, each grower owned their own orchard boxes with their initial in red ink on the end of the box. This practice was discontinued after the coddling moths got so bad and the Associated Growers were formed. The fruit hauling trucks would proceed to Poplar Grove where the loading was done. If Mr. Loveday would pop out of a side road, they would speed up, shut off their lights and head down a side road and circle around.

While waiting on the trees coming into bear, we rented several other orchards from absentee owners who were tired of putting money into them. We bought one of the orchards and rented the other for a number of years, then let it go to a tax sale. We also held a lot of what was called raw land which one could not get water on. I cut most of the native pine off it for years and sold the wood. This was all cut by me using a hand-powered cross-cut saw, then I split the logs into firewood and hauled the firewood to a buyer. Sometimes it had to be handled half a dozen times before hauling it to the village and then I only got \$5.00 per cord of wood. It was well-earned money.

Around the summer of 1923, some of the bad corners on the road (from Naramata to the town of Penticton) were to be straightened. I got on with a team and scraper. Many local men were glad of the work, for some it was to work off their taxes.

At this time we had a tree of sour cherries which had been planted in 1912 by George Cook who had brought the trees from Michigan and there seemed to be every variety and description. We had made the sour cherries into cherry juice but the juice had gone to wine. Unknown to us, my son Bud was bottling it and selling it for 25 cents a bottle, doing a good business with the road gang until the boss, Bill Miller from Peachland said "I hope you haven't much more of the stuff the men are getting high on." So that was the end of Bud's business venture.

Edith Gawne writes:

Life had its light side too. In those days, the transportation was by a steam-powered sternwheeler, the *SS Sicamous*. The highlight of the day was the arrival of the Boat. It could be seen coming down from Peachland (to the north on the lake) and on a clear evening, when it entered and left Summerland, the whistle would echo from the hills. In the summer time, the children made their pocket money when the boat tied up by jumping off the pier, shouting "A nickel or a dime to see the sea dogs dive." The passengers lining the decks would throw coins.

Mr Pete Roe operated a Ferry which ran from Summerland to Naramata daily and most of the shopping was done there in Summerland.

Canon Solly and the Methodist minister would hold church services in the Naramata Methodist Church on alternate Sundays and all would attend the service. The Women's Institute was a very active organization and at Christmas, every child in the community received a gift with an orange and some candy.

The May Day holiday for the children was a real event enjoyed by young and old alike. The Ladies Aid generally served refreshments and each child got an ice cream cone.

They also had a Christmas tree at that season and the school children did their recitations and had a pageant. There was great excitement when the bells of Santa were heard. For years, Santa was the jovial Janitor at the school, Mr. Smith. He also was the local barber for a number of the children and all the boys got the soup-bowl treatment for their haircut.

At our house on a Sunday afternoon, all the family, men, women and children came for haircuts. It was OK in the warm weather as

they could be outside. But in winter, in a small house, the heater and the range were going full tilt to burn up the cuttings. That was life in the early Twenties.

Jim Gawne writes:

In 1926 we rented Mrs Hayman's lot which was mostly soft fruit. She made a stipulation that the fruit go to Colin McDonald who did his packing in his Dad's barn. We had a pickup truck and while I did the picking, Mum did the hauling. The heat was terrific so I would have to stop several times to fill the radiator with water as the car would be boiling over. There was a spring and a watering trough for horses which were mostly used then. This was across the road from where Bill June now lives. The boys all went down with chicken-pox, so in between trips, I would dash into the house and give them all drinks, bathe them with baking soda and then dash off for another load.

The following year, 1927, we bought one of the lots of the Soldiers Settlement Board. It had a large barn on it which we could use to pack fruit.

(Jim Gawne then successfully operated his fruit packing house. In a packing house, a fruit such as the apple would be sorted for size, color and quality. Apples that met a certain quality grade would be packed into wooden apple boxes with each apple wrapped in thin paper. All of the work and most of the sorting was, in those days, done by hand. The customers for this service were Growers who operated independently of the farmers' Co-operative groups).

Mac and Bud were now old enough to drive the team and help haul the fruit out of the orchard. We had a terrific apricot crop which with the heat was ripening up fast. We needed every person we could get to pack. In those days it was done in four baskets in which we put a long strip of paper, a layer of fruit and then another paper and another layer of fruit until the basket was full. Almost every woman and girl on the south benches learned to pack at our place. There was no running water then, so a pail with a dipper was used by one and all (to drink).

Edith Gawne writes:

The local boys also got their start in the orchards with us. The wages then were only 25 cents an hour. The only ones who received no wages were ourselves. Colin McDonald's Uncle, Henry Jenkins, had retail stores in Calgary and the outlying towns. When we had a car load of fruit, it was hastily shipped thirty hours by train to Calgary. So we were able to ship almost tree-ripened fruit which met with a ready market. For the outlying stores, we had to be down to the Sternwheeler on Lake Okanagan by 8 pm and have the fruit all labelled, ready for the pickup.

Later, my health got so bad that I almost cracked up. We had built a packing house and I had to run the grader for the packers. Son Bill had to be kept off school to look after Clifford since he was so patient with him. Jim and I would take alternate nights to sleep while the other looked after Cliff. The only thing that would soothe him was to rub his spine up and down and I still do it unconsciously.

One nurse in the Fifties said, "Why do you keep your hand and arm going back and forth?" Unfortunately, Bill is the one who suffered from not getting enough education. On the advice of the Doctor who said that one of us would have to go, we took Cliff to the coast and had to put him in a home.

The only way to get to the coast then was around by Wenatchee over rough washboard roads. To get over the mountains one had to wind around on a spiral road with the car heating up. It took one day to make it to Wenatchee, another to Bellingham and a third day to make it to Vancouver. I went over this same route with a grandson (Gerry) in 1970 and it was a four-lane highway, less than six hours from Penticton to Seattle in a modern car. The old landmarks are gone, though high on the mountainside there is a glimpse of snow sheds, where in days gone by, so many had lost their lives with avalanches. Now diesel and electric trains run through the mountains.

On arriving in Burnaby with Cliff, we got a hotel, freshened up and then wanted to see the ocean. Going downtown we followed the traffic and had to go all the way around Stanley Park to get back out. The following day we had to go to the Doctor's. We parked our car where the first tall building in Vancouver, the Marine Building, was since built.

In 1928, my family suffered their first break in the family when my only brother, Jack, died after a seizure only two weeks before he planned a birthday party for me. It was a blow to Mother and Dad, but harder for his wife, Flo, who was left to bring up five children and the youngest was only one year old.

Jim had bought more land which I was not in favour of since I felt it was time that we were getting a better home for the family.

Soon the terrible depression of the hungry 30s was on the country. Men, through no fault of their own, were unable to get any work and were riding the rails to the coast (sneaking a ride on freight trains) to get away from the cold of the Prairies. The BC Government built camps for single men all over the Interior. One was built at Naramata and Reverend M D McKee held evening services for them while the ladies served refreshments which was mostly home-made bread and jam but it was enjoyed by all. Weekly socials were held attended by residents and the camp men. Some wonderful talent was amongst them; some fine young men had to quit university for lack of funds in their families.

We kept the soup pot always on the stove because we knew that when the unemployed men hiding on the train reached the water stop of Arawana near us in Naramata, they had to get off the box cars and walk the seven miles to Penticton. The Penticton Police would not allow them to ride into town on the railway. Many a weary man enjoyed a bowl of hot soup and some home-made bread at our home.

In Regina, the unemployed were fired on and in Vancouver, when they went into the post office to get out of the cold, tear gas was used. It was a black eye for the Government of Canada under R B Bennett. The irony of it was that some of these same men later gave their services and their lives for a country that could not give them work or bread.

Life has its bright moments too. The highlight was going to town once a week to the silent movies. The Empress Theatre on Front Street had Mr Berry at the door greeting each person as they came in. Mrs. Dorothy Smyth was the Cashier, Howard St Clair the projector operator, Bill Emmerton at the Piano and Tim Sallis played the violin. Tony, the Italian, was the usher. Most of the people sat in the same seat all the time. When Dr. McGregor Sr got settled he would go to sleep, then Tony would tap either him or Dr White and off they would go.

The film was changed twice in the week. This was in the days of the silent pictures which cost 25cents for adults and 10 cents for children. The Saturday matinee was only 5 cents for children and Tony had a bad time then trying to keep them all under control.

Later, during the Depression, Tuesday night was dish night and no woman could miss getting a piece of a dinner set. To this day in the 70s, the odd piece can be seen.

At the time of the Blakeburn disaster at Coalmont where many miners died in an underground coal mine explosion, a benefit was put on one Sunday afternoon at Naramata. However, the Minister, Rev M D McKee told us at the morning service that he hoped none of his congregation would attend a picture show on the Sabbath day. How things have changed!

Another night, while waiting on the arrival of the boat, Rev McKee suggested that we go singing carols to get some money for the Christmas entertainment. We visited several homes and at one some of the songsters visited the kitchen where they were given Cheer. Later at the Hughes home, it was very warm and the cheer was taking effect when one man insisted that we sing the Bird on Nellie's Hat.

Before Church Union, all services were held in the Methodist Church, on alternate Sundays there were Methodist and Anglican services which were attended by the majority of residents. Out on the North Bay where a mill once operated, they held the Sunday school picnic which was enjoyed by young and old alike. May Day was the highlight for the school children, with dance, drills and the crowning of the Queen and her attendants. The Ladies Aid served tea and ice cream. The scene for the Maypole and other dances was the grounds around the school under the shady trees.

The Experimental Agriculture Station across the lake from us in Summerland annually held a field day for the valley. Lunches were brought and enjoyed by all. Later, they ran races for all ages of children, horse shoe pitching and tug of war for the men and nail driving competition for the ladies. I was next to a woman of large proportions and her children kept shouting "come on Ma, don't let that little squirt beat you" while my children and others from Naramata kept urging me on, shouting "Don't let that fatty beat you" which she did!

The Women's Unity Club had a clubhouse on the lake which was the meeting place for most of the social activities. No local girl was married without a community shower. The Women's Institute was very active then, doing many things for the betterment of the community. Costumes were made for the May Day and Christmas parties and assistance was given when required. Then they assisted with the Crippled Children's Solarium on Vancouver Island.

The need of a Community Hall was voiced and the site of the original school was given to the district. When several old buildings in the village were torn down a hall was built with the material and with all volunteer labour. Later a card room and a kitchen were

added. This hall served the community from 1935 until 1970 when it too was torn down. Many happy times were spent at meetings, dinners, and during the War of the 40s, card parties were held to raise money for comforts for the soldiers.

The winter of 1935, the lake froze over as far as Peachland and all the children in the south had a wonderful time skating on the ice. That year Jim was appointed President of the Board of Trade and with the executive we put in a great deal of time and work with the provincial Government to obtain the land known as Brodie's Flats in Naramata along the lake shore for a park and sports ground. Jim went to Victoria at his own expense to talk to the Members of the House who then gave the property to our community.

On July 1st a Sports Day was organized. Since most of the boys had horses, racing was enjoyed along with Baseball and other sports. This was the beginning of many enjoyable times and the May Day proceedings were later moved to our new lakefront park.

That year, Jim, with his class of Sunday school boys, cleaned the grounds surrounding the Church, planted a lawn and the Maple Trees to beautify the United Church.

That same year, I was appointed President of the Ladies Aid, which office I filled for many years. With the Ladies Aid, we put on the first Charity Turkey dinner served at Naramata. What a lot of work it entailed. At that time each lady serving a table had to bring her own dishes and cutlery. A program followed dinner which was enjoyed by all.

Conditions were very bad as far as returns to the growers were concerned. Many growers were selling to independent houses controlled by the Nash Combine. They financed the growers and when their ledger accounts were totalled up, the majority of the growers had nothing coming.

The growers went on a protest and demanded: "A cent a pound or on the ground!" Violence took place several places in the valley. Some growers were lying on the railway tracks to prevent the cars from moving. From this protest, the Combine Inquiry was launched and several of the larger companies were fined heavily. After this inquiry, BC Tree Fruits, a grower-owned organization, was formed and everyone had to ship through the Central Agency. So that put a stop to our packing house business.

Fruit growing entails a lot of hard work. During the winter, the pruning has to be done, the pruning wood hauled off and burned as such piles are a harbour for pests. Then there is cultivation (ploughing) of the soil as soon as spring weather permits. Then you need to do spraying which is almost always a headache. At spray time in the spring, it is almost always windy, so it is a case of start and stop. Start and stop. All this time, the farmer has to irrigate the trees then "thin" the fruit, such as apples and then pray we get no rain during cherry-picking. At their moment of prime ripeness, cherries are easily destroyed by rain drops falling on the cherry skin.

Cherries are the first crop of the season. By the time cherries are over, the apricots are coming along. You have to train your inexperienced help to understand they have to pick fruits like apricots and peaches selectively for color and maturity. What a headache. The day is hot, you have a heavy picking bag held up by straps around your neck. When you have filled the bag, you empty it by untying the ropes that hold its bottom together, the bottom loosens and the fruit tumbles into the wooden box you are holding the bag over. Gently, now!

Peaches are picked in the same manner as apricots. They have to be spot-picked. You are carrying a heavy weight as you fill your picking bag, moving weighty ladders around frequently, putting up with the summer heat and scratching from the irritation of the peach fuzz. Climbing and moving ladders is anything but an easy task. Later in the summer, the same skills (are needed) for picking apples and pears. Plus the job of collecting the boxes of fruit and hauling them to where the packing house trucks can pick them up. In those days, we did all this the hard way, every box had to be hauled by hand.

In spite of all the ups and downs, we had a good living and made work for many others. During our years of fruit growing, we have been frozen out several times, hailed out and have had to replant several times, which all takes money and water fees and taxes go on, crop or no crop.

In January of 1936, King George V died and the Duke of Windsor was proclaimed King Edward VIII. Later a real tempest started in Britain, when it was discovered that Edward was having an affair with an American woman not yet divorced. There was such a rumpus that the British Parliament forced him to abdicate and leave England.

That winter, along came another cold spell. The Kootenay Power Co. lines went down and for six weeks all the South interior segment of BC from the Kootenays to the Okanagan Valley were without power of any kind. What a scramble there was for any type of heater or coal stoves and lamps. No light, no radio, no washing machines and those with electric stoves had no way to cook anything unless they had a fireplace.

There were no picture shows, no Church Services and people had to make their own entertainment. The Board of Trade put on a concert in the community hall with local talent. You had to bring either a lamp or a lantern if you possessed one until they located and borrowed two gas lamps from the school.

The Government moved a herd of Elk into this part of the country. It didn't take the Elk long to come down from the hills and into the orchards to eat the fruit on the ground. They did a lot of damage to young trees, scratching with their horns and breaking the branches. They also did a lot of damage to the fences of the Railway Company. The government declared open season on Elk (anyone was free to hunt and shoot an Elk) for a time, but there were still enough of them left to be a pest.

In the Spring, the wood ticks were very bad. They came off the animals like deer and elk and were also on the ground. Their favourite place to burrow is the back of one's neck and in the hair. Unless you burn them out, they won't go and caused a lot of pain. When we had horses, we used to have to check the boys every night before they went to bed. When Mrs. Earl Ritchie was in hospital, paralyzed, they were making arrangement to have her baby adopted. Then when a nurse was bathing her, she saw what she thought was a mole on her back and mentioned it to the doctor. When the doctor examined the swelling, he discovered a wood tick in Mrs Ritchie's spine which had caused the paralyses. The tick was removed and Mrs. Ritchie was cured.

Everyone in this part of the country had the mining fever. We were going to build a new home, but the money for it went into mining stock. More went in than ever came out. It was a good dream while it lasted and we were not the only ones to lose money. Jim and Colin McDonald were doing custom spraying, working like mad to put more money into stocks.

Asparagus grew all over the orchards and many of the local boys gathered it to sell in town for spending money. Another time, we had an abundance of tomatoes and soon enough a 'stop order' on shipping them, so Bud took the wagon and team and went around selling them. Bud got his first job with Bill La Lever, herding sheep. When he came home, the smell off Bud of sheep was terrible. That job didn't last long. Doug and some other boys decided to go wood cutting. They lived in a cabin somewhere in the hills, but by the time they bought their supplies, the work of cutting, splitting it, etc, they never got paid for it. They gave up that venture.

Jim Gawne writes:

Stewart Davidson was living on the Simpson place, (which later became the orchard and ranch of son Bud Gawne) but Stewart had hay fever bad and wanted to get away from the valley. I paid him his equity and took over the balance owing. There was a good house on the property which Bud later moved into and got married that spring.

Edith Gawne writes:

Granddad Littlejohn had been to Vancouver where Mother was having treatment for her eyes. He went to a doctor for a check-up and the results were far from favourable so when he returned, he wanted us to buy his house so that he could move to Penticton. We would have been better off to have built a new one rather than remodel the old house; but we moved into father Littlejohn's house early in October.

A few months previous to this, Maggie, my sister, passed away on the prairie and myself, Dad Littlejohn, Jackie, son Mac and Bert Munro went back for the funeral. Dad took Meg's death badly. I had only got back from the prairie when we got word that Clifford was far from well, so Jim went out to the coast. Walter Powers was not well also, so Sarah got Jim to take him to a specialist in Vancouver while Jim was there seeing Clifford. Jim and Walter Powers came back on the CNR railway to Kamloops then down to Kelowna and finally took the *Pentona* Sternwheeler on the lake to home.

In the spring of 1938, my Dad, John Littlejohn, suffered a stroke from which he never recovered. He had stayed on the orchard too long, climbing those hills. Mother was quite a problem. She immediately sold their house and moved from place to place like a lost person. Dad had left her everything, but she went through her money like water with nothing to show for it.

Clifford passed away on his fifteenth birthday from pneumonia. It was a release to our minds as I always used to worry about who would take care of him if Jim and I were taken. We brought him home and he is resting in the little cemetery in Naramata with all my family.

The boys were all past the horse and bicycle stage. It was a case of who could get out first after supper to grab the car. Mr. McFarlane used to say when he sent out the bills, "Why didn't Jim come in kicking?" But as I did most of the paying of the bills, a lot of them he didn't see. Mac was working in the Occidental Packing house in Penticton, Douglas decided to quit school without our knowledge (during Grade 9) so he went to work also.

On the evening of September 3, 1939 on our wedding anniversary, we were playing bridge when the radio announced the sinking of the *Athenia*. That was the start of World War II and also the end of the Depression. All the governments seemed to find money for war supplies. Later a train went past with recruits. The irony of it was the same unemployed men who had been so badly treated were the first voluntary men to enlist. A large banner decorated the train coaches saying "We are going to hang our washing on the Siegfried Line: (Germany's defensive line opposite France). How rapidly men and women joined up! Help was going to be a problem in the orchards.

Son Mac had married the previous spring and moved into our former house on the hill. We were now Grandparents as Bud and Kit had a son, Buddy. Both sons were working at the Occidental Packing House.

Some growers were far from happy about the overhead at the Packing Houses. The Browne Fruit Co. was one of those involved in the inquiry. Mr Browne approached several growers to buy him out and form a new company. They agreed if Jim would come in with them as President as he had the knowledge of packing and shipping. (*Jim Gawne had started an independent packing house in the late 1920s in Naramata on one of his orchards*).

For fourteen years, Jim served as President without salary, while Mr Browne stayed as Manager for six years. Then after the war years, the Union costs all along the line cut down on returns. When the new manager let things get away from him, Jim resigned as it was taking too much of his time.

We were just ready to pick cherries in June when the boys all went into town one afternoon and never came home that night.

There was Bill and Douglas, Bob Munro, Gilbert Wiseman, Albert Millership and Dave Littlejohn who had his mother's car. We were all worried. The next morning, Willie Munro, who drove the school bus, located them in town where they had all enlisted. They came rushing home for their supper as they had to leave that night for Vancouver. That evening, a full train load left Penticton with local lads who had nothing but the clothes on their backs. And that was all they had for weeks as there were not enough uniforms for the number of recruits they were getting.

War or no war, the cherries had to be picked and it meant that I had to go into town every morning for school students who were allowed to work in the orchards. First we had to get up early and go and change the sprinklers as furrows were a thing of the past. Lengths of aluminum pipe which fitted together with a sprinkler attachment were used now. They had to be moved over the tree rows twice daily. First one had to go to the end of the line, shut off the water, then moved the pipe over, row by row, rejoin it and turn the water on again. Jim would do that while I would go home to get the breakfast. After all this I would head to Penticton for the pickers.

The government brought girls and women in from the coast and the prairies. A lot of them thought they were coming on a picnic. They didn't know that they had to climb ladders, let alone move them in heavy cover crop. Some of them were hopeless. One girl when we checked her, had picked cherries without stems (destroying them) so they were culls. The girls would eat too many cherries and drink too much water until they were sick and I was on the go daily taking them back to town.

They brought in Doukhobors who were good workers if they wanted to work. But they got in groups to have wild parties all night long, getting drunk and their morals were far from desirable.

Fortunately, Bud and Kit, with Mac's wife Marjorie, helped out with the apricots and peaches. Then we got another couple and built a cabin into which we welcomed David and Julia Smith. Dave Smith was a pilot of an old-time bi-plane. Julia Smith was a wonderful person; she knew the trees as well as we did and could be relied on to watch over green help.

Doug's regiment, the Seaforth Highlanders, were transferred from Vancouver to Calgary where Douglas later transferred to the Calgary Tank Regiment which was being formed. Bill came home for his first leave; he had no work clothes and was not interested in the orchard anymore.

Douglas and Mabel had decided to get married so we decided to have the wedding here at our Naramata home on our Wedding anniversary. Mabel and I had to get the license as Douglas would not be home in time to get one.

Dad was taking Mabel to Kelowna to meet Doug who was coming from Calgary on the train. On the way, they stopped at her Aunt's in Summerland to invite the Aunt to the wedding. She thought that it was Dad that Mabel was marrying said, "Why don't you marry a younger man?"

After the wedding, Douglas and Mabel went off to Calgary.

The local boys were glad of someplace to go away from army barracks, so they all came home at Christmas. Son Mac and Marjorie's first daughter, Muriel, was born that fall. The Powers, who were coming out here for dinner, had stopped at the Hospital and found Marjorie very ill. I phoned the Doctor who had not gone to see her, it being Sunday. He called back to say that she had gotten a chill with a fever and was very ill. He asked if we could get a special nurse to care for her. Fortunately, Isabel Munro had just graduated and offered to go in. There was only one nurse on duty with several patients in the case room so she was glad of the help. When Marjorie was able to come home, her mother was busy working in the packing house, so I brought Marjorie and the baby here.

Later, one of Dad's sisters, with her daughter, came out from England, to escape the war, thinking that she would keep house for us. They had lived in a city and did not like the country life. Between the way things turned out, it caused all of us a great deal of unhappiness. They moved into town and when the war ended, they went back to England.

Douglas was moved down to Ontario with the Tank Corps for training so Mabel had to return home. Her father was remarrying, so she came out to stay with us for most of the summer. She was a real help in the house.

Mac and Bud were both good box makers and they went out to Vancouver to work at it there. Kit and Marjorie followed them. Then later, the boys went up to Prince Rupert to make boxes. Mac was stricken with Diphtheria and was very ill in Hospital there for some time. We were never told about it until I was at Power's Flower shop in Penticton and Sarah Powers, my friend, said that Marjorie had ordered flowers from their shop to be sent to Mac in Hospital at Prince Rupert. I contacted Marjorie at her parents where she was living while working in town. She said that she had been notified. At this point, Bud decided to come home and we were glad of his and Kit's help.

When Mac was able to come home on the boat, he was put in a cabin with an airman who was recovering from Scarlet Fever, which Mac then contracted. The train conductor wired Dr McGregor in Penticton to meet the train. Dr McGregor took Mac to the Overtons in Penticton (Mac's wife's parents) who would not let him in the house, so Dr McGregor brought Mac home to us. At the time I was away at a shower for Gladys Partridge and she was in bed with a bad cold. When I got home, Dad said that Dr Mac had put Mac to bed with scarlet fever. Someone raised a fuss and we were put in quarantine. Dad could not get near him, but I had already had scarlet fever as a child. Mac was home for six weeks and still had terrific pain which the doctor insisted was from diphtheria. All through it, he never complained. Myself, I was so tired and some nights felt that he needed more care than I could give him. Overtons would not let Marjorie visit him.

One morning, Mac was so bad that I told the doctor to come quick or it would be too late! We got the ambulance and got him into Penticton Hospital to get intravenous feeding. Dr McGregor was worn out himself, and said that he had a young friend of his coming to help him. Mac was the new Doctor's first patient and when the new doctor checked him he called Dr McGregor into the hall and said "You are treating him for Diphtheria. He has Rheumatic Fever." So the new Doctor took over. Shortly afterward, Dr McGregor suffered a bad heart attack from which he never recovered. He was a war casualty on the Home Front.

On the evening of May 23, there was a disastrous flood in the valley affecting both Naramata and Penticton among other places. The rain was terrible. Eventually, the bridge to Naramata was washed away. The only way to get to the village was by boat from Aiken's Point, until a temporary bridge was built on the old road by the cemetery. The following day was the May Day in Naramata and of course, it had to be cancelled. It was not held for the remainder of the war years. That time I did not have to make the flowers for the May Queen and her attendants, as I always did for over thirty years. And for thirty-five years, I provided the flowers for the United Church every Sunday.

Penticton fared far worse from the flood. Many had to move out of their homes and in some cases, they had to be rescued by row-boats. Again the power was off. Trees and boulders coming down the creek put out the bridge on Eckardt Street and several houses close to the creek were washed off their foundations. After the flood, the town was a real mess.

The flood had come down Government Street and Eckardt Avenue and went right through the United Church basement taking tables and chairs away. They were washed four blocks down the street. Some of them turned onto Nanaimo Avenue and got stuck in the entrance to our friends, the Powers Flower Shop. This actually saved their greenhouses from a lot of flooding. We spent a great deal of time helping Walter and Sarah with sandbags trying to keep the water out.

We had to rescue my mother from her little house on the corner of Martin and White in Penticton and take her home to Naramata with us. In 1942 we could have bought this little house for \$800. Some years later this same property brought \$10,000 for the lot alone.

Son Douglas had Scarlet Fever while in London, Ontario and after he was out of Hospital, he got leave to come home. Shortly after

his return to Ontario, his Tank Regiment went overseas arriving there on July 1st, 1941. Bill had transferred to the Engineer's Regiment and went overseas later in the year.

Prosperity came for a few years during the War, but the government took so much in income tax you could not save a thing. During the early years of the war, many people came to the orchards to escape war service and thus the price of orchards rose considerably and many places changed hands several times. With the labour problem and lack of proper help, Jim decided to sell some of the property to our sons Mac and Bud so that relieved us of some of the work.

Doug's wife Mabel bought herself a little house in town and in December, Gerry was born. Shortly before that, the Dieppe raid occurred with the Calgary Tanks taking part. Some 300 tanks were landed on the beach in front of the seaside town of Dieppe in France. All but 11 of the tanks were destroyed by German artillery guns. Doug Gawne's tank survived. We were really worried until we got an airmail to say that Doug was back safely in England.

More grandchildren were coming along. Bud and Kit Gawne's son, William Sydney arrived in July of the same year. On August 30, 1942, the Rev C R McGillivray baptized all the grandchildren: Albert Michael, Edith Jean, William Sydney, all Bud and Kit's; Muriel Marjorie and Gerald Douglas. The service was held at our home and Dad was a proxy for Douglas who was overseas.

We were sending fruit to the prairies and in return, got turkeys which I canned to put in parcels to send to the boys overseas.

To raise money for the soldier's comforts, we had weekly bridge games between Naramata, Poplar Grove and Penticton. Jim played for Naramata, Mrs Pearson for Poplar Grove and Mr Whimster Sr for Penticton. However, it looked as if the war was coming to an end. In Italy the people were getting tired of war and hung Mussolini as a traitor.

One night at the picture show, we spotted our son Bill in a newsreel of the war somewhere in Holland, building a Baillie bridge. When we told the film operator, he ran the film over again for us to see it.

We had a new power sprayer with which Bud and Mac did the most of the spraying which was a help. It was still a dirty, messy job hauling the hose through cover crop and often the gun leaked and ran all down one's arm.

At this time we decided to remodel the house and put an upstairs on with two more bedrooms to replace one downstairs. Downstairs, we enlarged the dining room and extended the side porch. This called for more furniture. Jim gave local carpenter Bert Spillar a free hand to do the alterations and he sure made a botch of the outside appearance which we later changed. He put a little porch on the front. Julia Smith used to say it looked like a back house put on the front. Neither Spillar or his helper brought lunch, so I had to feed them. They would never offer any ration coupons so I stopped putting sugar and butter on the table.

We received a letter from the wife of an old friend in Manitoba telling us that he had had a nervous breakdown. She wondered if he could come out for a change as he had spoken so much of us. What we didn't know was that she was getting him out of her way for a while! We dreaded having him in that condition. He would go up into the orchard and eat ripe peaches all day long. Between the fresh air, the fruit and being away from his worries, he slept like a top. But it meant one more person for me to cook and wash for and he had no ration books. He was to be with us one month before his wife wrote to find out how he was. After she wrote, the Church Board granted him another two weeks holiday and then he was able to go back to his Church.

The invasion on the continent took place in June of 1944. Daily, we heard the casualties list with the names of many young men we knew. Two of our nephews in the Air Force, John McPhee, a tail gunner and Jackie Sammett, a pilot, paid the supreme sacrifice.

We got our first letter from Bill who had had some harrowing experiences while in Belgium and Holland. No wonder that he came back a nervous wreck.

Mac's wife Marjorie had been working in the orchard in the heat while expecting again, so we had her here a lot. The house was a real mess with the alterations but one good thing was that she and Bob McLean, our minister friend got along together.

At this time, Jim was on the Board of the Grand Forks Sawmill which several of the packing houses had bought to be sure of getting shook (wood) for apple boxes. Six of the board members went over monthly to the mill and from all accounts, some of them had quite a time of it. Jim and Bill King from Kaleden did not drink but the others made up for them!

Mabel and Gerry and myself went along on one of the trips. Gerry kept saying "When are we going to get to the United States?" It was quite a letdown for him when we told him that we were already in the States. He could not see any differences. Jim and Mabel went to the picture show, where most of the audience were Doukhobors who had worked in the orchards in Naramata. All through

the show, they kept up a conversation, while eating sunflower seeds, popcorn and potato chips. I took Gerry for a walk around the town as there was a beer parlour under our room in the hotel and the noise was terrible.

On our way home, we went up to the ghost town of [Phoenix](#). There was only one building left standing. It had a large veranda and on the door was an old fashioned bell. Mabel pulled the bell and then heard footsteps! She came rushing off the veranda saying that the place is haunted. "I can hear foot-steps." But an old hermit came to the door. He had been living there alone for over forty years. He had gathered every kind of leftover item until the place was stacked with them. He had originally been in the British Navy and years before he had been sent out to the Naval Station at Brockton Point in Vancouver.

He told us all about the early days of the mine, and described where each building in the town had stood. After a chat and giving him some fruit, we left to visit the old cemetery. At the turn of the century, there had been an epidemic of some kind so all the graves were all about the same time. However, time makes changes. A new growth of trees had grown right through the graves, pushing the headstones aside.

The cenotaph was still there with its flag staff and remnants of the flag. It was 1920 when the town closed down.

The summer of 1944 continued with the same old grind: up early to change sprinklers and haul boxes for the picking. Eventually another year of hard work was over. I had a bad fall and hurt my knee which laid me up for some time. Dr. Emanuel was going to cut the cord behind my knee when the swelling went down. Instead, I went to Dr Flora Barr for treatment. In the meantime, Kit and Mabel helped out.

Mac and Marjorie's daughter Deanna was born in October, 1944 another grandchild.

The weather turned quite cold with lots of snow. We had a group of the nurses out for turkey dinner; Jim went into town for them and Mac took them back. The end of another year, 1944, with all its ups and downs was approaching.

In 1945 I had been cleaning up the garden when I got a thorn in my thumb. It gave me a lot of pain. After this, we had gone down to Oroville, Washington for sugar. While crossing the border, we saw them put the stars and stripes to half-mast. It was later in the evening when we heard of the passing of President Roosevelt.

The following day we went to Kelowna to buy a new disc for the plough. I was quite ill with a bad fever. The Dickins were with us and Orca took me to a drug store to try to get something. The Druggist said "get a doctor at once, you have blood poisoning." By this time, it was up my arm. We went straight to the doctor who said to Jim, "you hold her arm while I lance it." Instead, Jim turned green and got out in a hurry! Those waiting in the doctor's office said he was completely green. I had to go to hospital and have heat lamps on night and day to check the poison.

May 7, 1945. A RED LETTER DAY. PEACE WAS DECLARED

May 8, 1945. VE Day with everyone celebrating

But the fruit growing work still must be done. And soon it was cherry time.

1946. We were notified that a troop ship had landed and that son Bill was amongst the returning men. However, we were unable to go to Sicamous or Salmon Arm to meet him at the train as many parents did because we had to attend funeral services for Mary Munro. Mary had been nursing in the hospital in Prince Rupert and was overly-tired with the long hours. She had taken a sleeping pill to get some rest and when they called her for duty, they found she had passed away in her sleep and she was only in her early twenties. Vera Tinker was living in Prince Rupert so she attended to the arrangements.

However, the family were all at the bus in Penticton to meet Bill. Five years can make a lot of difference in all our lives. Some of the grandchildren had not been born when he left. Bill himself was quite a wreck after the experiences he had had after five years of army life, it was quite an adjustment for him. What he enjoyed most was tomato ketchup and good meat which the men had not seen for years. We had ration books for sugar, tea and butter but we had never known what it was to be really short of anything. Living so close to the border, one could go down to Oroville until some greedy ones went too often and were running a black market. Then one was restricted from crossing too often.

We got Bill an old model car which was all one could get at that time.

Later, Jim and I got the first new car to come to town; a Buick. We then took off for a well-earned holiday. We went up to the Cari-

bou as far as Prince George and had plans to go through to Prince Rupert. However, a traveler told us that the road was in bad shape around Terrace and we would have to turn back. On the return trip, we stopped at 100 Mile House for lunch. This was the home of Lord Martin Cecil, quite an eccentric. I was sitting in a chair and the waitress said, "That is Lady Martin's chair you are sitting in." Not knowing who she was I said, "If it will hold her, it will hold me."

We then stopped at the town of Williams Lake where a large rodeo was being held. We saw a drug store called Rife's Drug Store and on inquiring we found that it was the same Rife who had the drug store in Brock, Sask. in 1910. He had sold Jim our wedding ring in 1912. Unfortunately the father was at Vancouver with his wife for medical attention.

We went out to Vancouver by way of Spence's Bridge and had a few days there before returning by way of Wenatchee. That was when the Blewett and Stephen's Pass were very winding, twisting roads.

On our return, Bill went out to Vancouver for his discharge. On Armistice Day, 1945, we prepared and donated a roll of honour for the local boys and girls who had served in the Second War.

Mabel had bought herself a house on Ellis Street and we were there for dinner on Gerry's fourth birthday when she was notified that Douglas would be home shortly. Bill gave her help to paint the sitting room. Since neither of them knew much about painting, they had as much on the floor and themselves as on the walls. Mabel went to Kamloops to meet the troop train on the main line. Gerry came out to stay with us. It was quite an event for him to meet his Dad for the first time after five years of age. All the family was on hand for turkey dinner to celebrate the occasion. How fortunate we are to have the boys come home again and have the family all together. Bert and Bob Munro and David Littlejohn are all back again. It is very hard on my sister Winnie to see the boys return and her only son who was in the Air Force as a pilot never to come home, being killed in action.

The government started to build houses for returning married men on the flats, on what was Bird's pasture. Bill started to work on the construction there. Douglas started work on the Post Office then, later, with the Customs Service. Douglas and Mabel decided to enlarge their house on Ellis Street in Penticton and made many alterations.

1946. Early in the spring, Stanley Dickin and Jim were out collecting money to stucco the Church. I decided to bring the sewing machine downstairs, but I slipped and fell down the stairs with the machine coming crashing after me. The only thing that saved me was that I fell around the bend of the stairs. However, the machine caught my ankle and I was pinned unconscious for some time. Later, I had to get my ankle out and get to bed by crawling there. When Jim returned later, he wondered why the house was so cold until he found me out cold on the bed.

Doug and Mabel went out to Vancouver for his discharge in 1946. Bill decided that he wanted some land, so we had a survey made and sold one part of one lot to him through the DVLA. We were in the midst of the usual rush of spring work: spraying, disking, getting the sprinklers out, etc.

On July 9th, Bill rushed downstairs shouting: "Sammett's house is on fire." Winnie parted with nothing, so her attic was crowded with everything. In the terrific heat, combustion had started the fire. The neighbours with spray machines managed to save the lower floor, so the Workmen's were able to get a new home with the insurance. Winifred and her husband had moved up from Oregon and taken on the old place while Winnie and Ernie were building up on the highway because there were too many memories of their son Jackie in the old place.

At the time, sister Winnie was at the coast for treatment of a breakdown that she had suffered with Jackie being posted as missing for so long. Jackie was later confirmed as killed in action.

Bill had an accident and cut his leg badly so was in Hospital for a few days at the same time that Buddy and Jean were in having their tonsils out. The heat was terrific and the poor kids were really miserable as there was no air-conditioning in the old Penticton Hospital. Later when they were able to come home, I had them here for a while as their parents had no fridge yet. When Kit had to go to hospital for Nancy's birth, husband Bud took the children over to Beaverville to their Grandparents. With the picking, I had too much to handle to look after them too.

After the crop was off, we went for a holiday. First we went out to Victoria then up the island to Port Alberni, through the beautiful Cameron Lake and the stand of Douglas Fir, then on to Campbell River where the rain came down in sheets. Jim got a severe cold with a touch of pneumonia. When we went back to Nanaimo, we had to sit for hours on the dock before we could get on the ferry.

On November 2, Bill got married to Goldie Margaret Drossos of Hedley. Their wedding was very quiet which was what Bill Wanted. As he had not started to build, he and Goldie lived in a rented house down in the village of Naramata.

In November, we had another expense, a new tractor. Christmas season was coming along, the first one where we had all the family together including grandmother. She was getting very frail and her mind was going back to the past. She thought that she was back in army life and had her bedding all rolled up for kit inspection. Life didn't hold much for her anymore. Mother was writing too many checks so the Bank Manager advised us to get power of attorney. So sister Maynie and I took over her affairs. She had really gone through a lot of money after she had sold her home, Dad's car and anything of value. Winnie got from her the best of her furniture, silverware, etc. but would never take Mother, making the excuse that her health would not stand it. As neither Maynie or Winnie drove, I got all the running around to do.

We had to bring grandmother out here as she was so unsettled and far from happy where she was and now that the woman could not get her to sign checks, it was a different story there. We got word of a vacancy in a Salvation Army home in New Westminster so Maynie and I took mother out and stayed a few days to see her settled.

The weather was very bad with snow and cold. On our return the train was stalled for 14 hours in the Cochilla (sic) Pass (Coquihalla) until a relief train could dig us out. What an experience! The dining car had to limit the food to feed the passengers. While waiting for the train, Jim contracted a terrible cold and had to be in bed for several weeks. The Executive of the packing house board of the United Fruit Growers had to come out here to hold the annual executive meeting.

We were notified that Grandmother was going out and getting lost which was disturbing the others. We had to go and get her.

Maynie and Winnie went this time because Jim was sick. Dr Emmanuel had got a vacancy with Mrs Pearl Howard in a private home where Mrs Howard provide everything. So, fortunately, grandmother settled there.

Gerry had his tonsils out. After he went home, he had a bad haemorrhage and had to return to the Hospital. When he was discharged again, we brought him out here to be quiet. However, Kit was helping pick cherries and so the children were here in the daytime. We discovered Gerry and Billy out on the lawn playing with sprinklers, so Mabel decided it was home for him.

The valley was just into cherry picking in the summer of 1947 when along came a stop order. There was no movement of express because of a railway strike. That was before the Rogers Pass connecting BC to Alberta by highway was opened and all trucks had to go through the states and then back into Canada, thus making freight very costly. At that time the heat was in the 100 degrees. It lasted for nearly a week and everyone suffered from the loss.

Marjorie's parents, Mr and Mrs Overton were returning from a trip in the Caribou. Just outside of Merritt, Mr Overton suffered a heart attack and was in hospital at Merritt. Marjorie had to go over to stay with her mother while the girls, Muriel and Deanna, stayed here. Mr Overton passed away from the attack.

Goldie won a boat for herself and Bill in a raffle. However, it almost cost them their lives. They were out on the lake when a storm came up and they lost their oars. It was beginning to get dark. Fortunately, George Raitt was out fishing and wondered why they were not moving towards shore. He came out to see why and gave them a tow back to shore with his motorboat. Needless to say, they didn't keep the boat after that experience. Bill traded it on a truck.

On Sunday August 9, 1947 Arlene Ada was born to Douglas and Mabel. Then the following Sunday, August 17th, Leonard James Gawne was born to Bill and Goldie. In September, all four of our sons had their children baptised in the Naramata United Church by Rev R A McLaren

Mac and Marjorie	Deanna Marlene
Bud and Kit	Nancy Ann
Bill and Goldie	Leonard James
Doug and Mabel	Arlene Ada

After the crop was off, there was the usual Fall work of hauling off props (wooden poles placed under branches that are heavy with fruit to prevent it breaking) putting sprinklers away, disking, then pruning No let up to work. In the evenings, there were bridge games.

In the spring of 1948, we went to Vancouver, taking Kit along with us as she had not had a holiday in a long time. When we were out of Chelan, Kit said, "There is a patrol car following us." He put the siren on and we pulled over wondering what we had done. He said, "You are only doing 45 miles an hour and that is too slow. You are just as much a menace as the one doing 80." What a laugh! The first time we were checked by a highway patrol.

We stayed in Seattle with some old prairie friends of bygone days. Their brother-in-law was a collector of old cars. He took a picture of our Buick beside one of 1914. Mum was wearing a dress of over eighty years of age. We had a very enjoyable time, sight-seeing in Seattle. We had a real fish meal down on Fisherman's Wharf.

We then went onto Vancouver and spent several days there. Kit was at a medical specialist, getting her back checked. The Teacher's convention was in the Hotel Vancouver where Kit met one of the Naramata teachers who told her that Bill's new home had had a fire. The man laying the parquet wooden floors had been dumping the sawdust down the fireplace. Someone must have thrown a cigarette down also, which smouldered and then caught fire. Some people coming home late from town saw the fire and notified the local fire brigade who fortunately caught it in time. Most of the damage was from smoke and water. They had just installed an electric stove, which was badly blackened. Bill and Goldie were staying at our place while we were gone. They wondered where all the cars were going, not knowing that it was their house that was on fire!

When we phoned from Vancouver to see how things were, everything was under control so we did not need to return home. However, the weather was very wet and cold in Vancouver so we started home anyway. Jim was quite ill in Wenatchee and we knew that if we got him a doctor, he would have landed in hospital. So, between Kit and I, we did what we could and managed to get home where Jim got medication and bed rest for awhile.

We were now getting a resident Minister for our church in Naramata village and therefore had to have a Manse. Stanley Dicken and Jim went out canvassing and in one day, raised \$6000. The growers had plenty of money and would only have to pay it in income tax.

May 25, 1948. We had terrific rains with floods. The bridge on Ellis Street in nearby Penticton was washed into the lake. In the Fraser Valley, the whole countryside was flooded. The Navy was called in to rescue people from their homes and the livestock also. Homes and barns were completely wrecked and some of the stock was drowned.

Voting Day for the Federal elections. Mr. Jones of Kelowna was elected. He was a very fine, upstanding man, but he had no chance in the house, being one of a minority group. We really got ourselves involved in the new Christian Leadership Training School which the Rev R A (Bob) McLaren headed. They chose Naramata because they could use the empty Syndica House Hotel as a residence, while using the lower floor or the United Church for class rooms.

Rev McLaren and his family were taking a month's holiday before taking up his duties at the School, He had shipped his effects in by truck in our name . . . collect! Jim was away at Grand Forks and the man would not unload the effects without the money. He was also going to charge for the time he was held up. I had to phone Freda Nuttal, the President. Then we had to go over to Mrs Steel's home. She was the Treasurer, though she did not have enough funds. So we then had to go to the Church Treasurer to get the balance.

Later there was a real 'to-do' as we were only supposed to pay furniture, but the bulk of the stuff was what Bob had got from various churches and friends to start the school. He only had \$3000 given him from friends and the church in Vancouver to get him started as the Conference would not sponsor the project financially.

The following day the members of the Ladies Aid went down and *kalsomiled* (whitewash) the rooms and arranged the furniture.

Later, when meetings were held and visitors arrived, Mrs McLaren was unable to have them as she was expecting a baby very soon. So between the Nicholls, the Nuttals and ourselves, we did all the billeting and entertaining of visitors. Then Jim would take Bob all over the valley to introduce him and try to get support from other Ministers. But Rev McLaren got little support from other ministers. They did not want him coming to their charges asking for donations. That was my first knowledge of personal jealousy amongst the clergy.

As a secretary was not appointed, it fell to me to do the writing of the begging letters to groups and church ladies for donations of any kind to furnish the Hostel. Again, the local Church women had to turn out and clean and prepare the rooms for the few students arriving. They had been told that they could obtain work in the packing house, but some of them were not suited to that kind of work and were resented by the local help.

Several times, Jim and I had them up for an evening on the lawn with a sing-song and corn roast which they enjoyed. The Chataque was touring across Canada, sponsored by the United Church. They were to speak in Penticton and Rev Stobie had asked the ladies of his church to give them a lunch. I had attended their meeting when they discussed turning it down. So I told Rev Stobie to bring them out here and I would give them lunch. Some of the students came up and helped me with an abundance of vege-

tables and fruit. With that and a ham, it did not take much to make lunch. We made many wonderful friends from that visit, especially Dr (Reverend) Bob McLure who, years later, was Moderator of the United Church. Dr (Reverend) Agnew who had spent many years in China, sat out on the lawn looking at the lake and speaking of the serenity of our way of life after the years of conflict that they had come through. Dr Gerald Switzer, who had recently suffered ill health, wished that he, too, could spend some more time in the peace and quiet of our lovely garden. These, with other friendships, were enjoyed for many years.

The Board members were discussing the purchases of several of the buildings from the Army camp at Vernon, which was being partially demolished. They were also dickering with Jack Hannon on the purchase of several acres of land that he held in the village of Naramata. When it came time to close the deal, Bob McLaren tried to get him to take less than promised. Jack would not do this. As they had moved some buildings onto the property, the only way we would compromise with Jack was to sell the property to Jim. Jack said, "Jim is an honest man" so the property was in Jim's name for some time, until there was a proper Board of Managers.

One of the girls at the school was quite sick and there was no one to care for her. So I brought her home. She had a dreadful cough and Mrs Molvor, who was a nurse, said I had no right to have the girl with so many little grandchildren around. When she was checked, sure enough, she had tuberculosis. Several of the other students' parents objected to her presence and she had to leave. The poor girl had nothing, so we had to help her financially. The Board then insisted that a medical certificate was necessary.

Work must go on, there's never much let up in an orchard. Up early to change sprinklers, then boxes to haul out for the pickers, move ladders. One continual round of work and with the heat to contend with.

Another milestone in the lives of the children: Billy started school in Naramata, Gerry in Penticton.

We had heard so much about the new Hope-Princeton road which was being opened between Penticton and Vancouver that we took Mr Wiles and his friend and went as far as the road to Shakit Falls (Skagit, perhaps?). It will be wonderful to be able to get to Vancouver the same day, just about seven hours later.

We were nearly finished picking peaches and the year had been a good one financially for returns, so we decided to buy a small trailer and take a long holiday. Mac and Bud were going on a hunting trip so decided to take the trailer and try it out.

November, 1948. Big news on the radio telling of the birth of Prince Charles to Elizabeth and Phillip.

As we got in from church, Dr Emmanuel phoned to say that mother had a stroke and was in hospital. Sammetts were leaving the next day for California and he did not want Winnie upset so she left without knowing. Mother never rallied so we had to make the arrangements and had a family service in our home with Rev McLaren taking the service.

We had some work done in the house. A new floor was laid in the kitchen. Then we took off for our holiday with the trailer.

The first night we stopped outside of Spokane. We had quite a time of it, getting used to the pull of the trailer on the car. We passed through some very interesting places in Idaho, over a terrific mountain which we saw later in a movie, "The Long, Long Trailer". We did the same trip over the Snake River and Hell's Canyon. We spent a wonderful day at Lewiston where Lewis and Clark camped in 1865. From there, we went through the Nez Perce National Forest, then onto Pocatello, Idaho where we stopped for the night.

It was beautiful farming and lumbering country. At Soda Springs, 30 springs pour out of the hillside to make a marvellous sight.

From there we went into Oregon, then into Utah which we found very interesting. We spent a week in Salt Lake City seeing everything of interest. Took several bus tours and were fortunate enough to hear Alexander Shriners play the Organ in the Tabernacle. What foresight these pioneers had had. The city is laid out in a square starting at Temple Square and each street is very wide and numbered from one, north, south east and west. No matter where one wants to go, you can find your way.

Jim got talking to a Scotsman working in a garage and he met us at the trailer park and took us to see many places which we would never have known of otherwise. Their way of life may seem different to us, but they really attend to their young people and see that they get a wonderful education.

We left then for Las Vegas, one week in Salt Lake City guided by the hand of God, the next week in the city of sin and gambling. But there are plenty of interesting places to visit as well as the casinos. They are not for plain people like us but are interesting to see. Then we left through the desert for California. The heat was terrific and since there were no oiled roads, the dust was terrible. Going through Death Valley, we took the wrong trail and if I had not had a thermos of tea with us, I don't think we would not have survived. I thought of *the* tales we used to hear on the radio program "Death Valley Days." When we came out at Bakersfield and asked

for a cold drink, the Lady said 'You are lucky to be alive if you came through the valley trail. No one is supposed . . .

[the story at the Naramata Museum ends abruptly]

