
PUSHMAN Family Journal

By Janet Laurel Macaulay (nee Pushman)
(b. circa 1904)

The Westward Bound Saga

The Pushman Family Journal, a History, Family Tree and Directory of the Pushman and related Families.

Preface:

The following story recounts the adventure of 35 members of the Pushman, Roe, Davies, Hughes and Noyes families who, in 1911, moved from Ottawa, Ontario to the Okanagan Valley, British Columbia. This story covers the period from April 13, 1911 to 1914 and was written by Janet Laurel Macaulay (nee Pushman) in October 1984 during her 80th year. Laurel's recollections also provide background information on many family members.

April 13, 1911

The great decision to move from Ottawa to the Okanagan Valley was made after many discussions with friends who had lived there and called it "The Valley of Sunshine and Health." My father and Grandfather (John Hutchings Pushman and John Pushman respectively) had for many years suffered from hay-fever and bronchitis.

Thirty five of our relatives including ourselves decided to move to the Valley. The CPR (Canadian Pacific Railway) provided a car for the families living quarters and one car for all our household belongings. The families who travelled west were the Pushmans, Roes, Davies, Hughes and Noyes including Grandmother Emma Pearl Roe (Waddle). We set out on April 13, 1911, my birthday, I was quite sorry to leave old friends but quite excited over this new adventure, as never before had so many close relatives been together on a long journey.

The train accommodations, as I recall, were reasonably comfortable. Our passenger car had the usual pullout tables for dining and bunks for sleeping. At one end of the car was a small kitchenette adequately furnished (though) I really can't say the ladies were too happy with the accommodations. Our mother had planned thoughtfully and our meals were adequate. As everyone knows the bunks pulled down from the top of the car. At one end of the car there was a small closet for extra clothing.

The train stopped at intervals to take on water. (At one stop) everyone went out for fresh air and we were told we could climb the long stairway to the top and view "The Great Divide." None of us knew what 'the Divide' was but we were soon to learn. Up we went and were enthralled by the vastness of the mountains at that great height. Incidentally, I never did understand just what was divided. The view was glorious and we lost sight of time and didn't realize our twenty minutes was up and to our amazement the train had

departed without us.

Horrified, we were lost souls, all five of us. However, someone realized what had happened and a hand-car was sent back for us, needless to say we were a very subdued group. We soon forgot our fright, as we were fascinated by the two men who were propelling a flat car along the rails by using the teeter-totter method, up and down, up and down. We were in disgrace and had to apologize to the conductor who solemnly gave us a lecture on how to behave while travelling. We had a chosen bodyguard thereafter.

At last we arrived at Sicamous Junction, BC and we were told the name originated with a Scotsman who, when he saw a huge animal in the nearby woods, exclaimed "sic-a-moose!" Our next stop was Okanagan Landing where we first saw the beautiful lake with mountains on both sides. The lake, I believe is 100 miles long, approximately 3 miles wide and it is a beautiful clear green. It has been said that the depth of the lake's bottom has never been recorded.

There were two large lake boats that ran from (Okanagan) Landing to Penticton, 100 miles apart. We were scheduled to travel on the *Okanagan* which had a large dining room and sleeping cabins. There was plenty of deck space where we could enjoy the beautiful scenery. The water was so clear one could read the *Vancouver Daily Province* paper, which was lying on the lake bottom, from the second deck.

There were no passengers for Kelowna so Summerland, a small town on the western side of the lake, was our first docking. It had a general store, several other small stores, a church and some homes. The hills rose steeply up to the orchards that were widely separated on the surrounding hills. As I recall, the land was a sandy soil, no grass, lots of sage brush and, here and there, widely separated bits of rough grass existed and delightful rock-roses grew near the rocks. They were short stemmed, a beautiful pink or rose with five petals to each bloom (to this day, I never see wildflowers that I don't look, hoping to see again a wild rose). We would put them on our Sunday hats and filled deep saucers with them for our dining table. Many of the fruit trees were small but were heavily bearing. Mother bought a small lot, seven acres of fruit bearing trees. There were peaches, pears, Bings (cherries), tartarines and Queen Annes (yellow with pinkish skins), apricots, plums, apples: Snows, Winter bananas, Pippins, Cock's orange and Macintosh. The drinking water came from the hills of west Summerland, also the water for irrigation, flowing down the hills in flumes which were wooden, three-sided troughs built on stilt-like supports. The fruit had to be transported from the orchards to the boats by horse and cart (until the Ford cars arrived). We loved to slide down the hills in the fast flowing water in the flumes. We visited our school friends in that fashion.

After settling our grandparents (John and Janet Pushman) in their small home in the hills, our family went across the Lake to Naramata (an Indian name for the small daughter of the Chief, from years ago, which means "The Smile of God." As we disembarked at Naramata we were met by two gentlemen who had promoted this enterprise. We were driven a short distance to a beautiful property by the lake surrounded by lawns. The house was large in length with verandas, beautiful lawns and many lovely flower beds. There were two substantial cottages on the property at a reasonable distance from the big house for families to use until their own homes were built. We were shown the surroundings. (The two teenage girls were very fond of my young sister and often took her driving in their pony cart).

We were pleurably entertained by the large family and enjoyed swimming in the lovely clear sandy-bottomed lake. Our home was finished in short order so we moved in after a month's enjoyable stay at the big house. The town and surrounding country side were a big disappointment. Except for the scattered orchards, the country was rather barren. Here and there were well cared for properties. One has to remember this was principally a fruit growing Mecca. We, who never intended growing fruit, developed our property into lawns with flower beds. There were many trees but none were hardwood.

The town was spread out and there were few large buildings. There was a long main street and there were few sidewalks. The roads were fine soil (dry) but scattered around were lovely fields of grass and flowers. Across the street from our place was a large field of what we thought were many bushes of holly. However, it turned out to be Oregon Grapes. The leaves are similar but the berries are navy blue. We used the leaves but painted the berries red for our Christmas decor.

Our house being ready for occupancy we settled in to make it homelike. The living room ran the width of the front of the house with a large fireplace that was the gathering place at Christmas. There were twenty-five of us that first Christmas. The three-foot log was ceremoniously brought in by three of my uncles.

The dining room had ample space for our family gatherings and when mother had her tea parties and bridal showers the whole living room was festooned with *spirea* (white bridal wreath). There was a large kitchen, butler's pantry, five bedrooms and a smaller room intended for a bathroom, if and when water pipes were installed, which I might add didn't happen in our time. We also had a large linen closet. There were small verandas off each bedroom that were *verboten* to us kids. There were lawns on both sides of the house filled with flower beds here and there. The *spirea* hedge ran around three sides of the house against the fences. Daddy was a rose

fancier and he cultivated beauties around the house. The verandah was wide and ran across the front and curved around one end which eventually became the children's summer sleeping quarters. It was screened in at the curved end and had a screen door with a lock.

One night when Dad and Mother were out and the door was not locked, a drunk got in and was about to take Grace (Pushman), my wee sister, away. My young brother Stewart (Pushman) grabbed his Buster Brown belt and hit him over the head. The man dropped Grace and ran. Fortunately, the town's one policeman was walking by the house and caught him.

My eastern cousins, one by one, came to visit and mother always had a lovely party for the girls. The verandah was just perfect for dancing.

Before I get too far into my story, I must mention beautiful Okanagan Lake with its clear dark green water, sandy bottom and sand on almost every shore. In places there are huge rocks where there is no habitation.

At that time the towns were few and far apart. At the head, Okanagan Landing, followed by Kelowna, Peachland, Summerland on the (west)shore of the lake and on the east side, Naramata. Nine miles south is Penticton at the end of the lake.

One night when Dad and Mother were out and it was still daylight, my brother, a visiting cousin, little Grace and I decided we would like to climb up on the roof. The only way was by our grandparents' balcony. We scrambled up the slanted roof, Grace hanging onto one of us and we reached the top safely. We were singing and prancing around until we spied our parents running down the road screaming: "Don't move!" I shiver to think of it now. That balcony was *verboden* from then on.

I had no girl cousins my age, all the boys were 10, 11, and 12. I did so want to be part of the gang but I couldn't play baseball or football, so I decided I would find something to do to keep busy. I decided to make a pair of stilts. I told Daddy, but he couldn't help me except to find two long pieces of wood about 1" thick and very long, way over my head; and then he varnished them dark brown. I sawed off two thick triangular pieces of wood to make the steps. I then found an old but very strong belt of Daddy's and cut straps and nailed them to the top and bottom, hoping I had put them in the right place for my feet. I made strap handles and nailed them to the top of the stilts. I wobbled around a bit on them, thinking I would break a leg but everything was fine. I had the finest pair of stilts in town, oh boy.

Uncle Fred (Roe) was a scout master for Naramata and Penticton. As he lived in Naramata, he often invited his troop for lunch at my Uncle Gerald's (Roe) hotel (Syndica House). I was the only girl in their age group and the niece of the scout master, so I was very popular and always had lunch with them. The boys used to bring me candy, gum and pop until mother put a stop to the fat-producing goodies. I still remember the two nicest scouts: Wallace and Bill McConnachie. Uncle Fred built a soft drink factory (one-man) and always supplied sherries for mother's soft drinks when she entertained. Needless to say, all his nieces and nephews drank up his profits.

Two of my uncles bought boats to be used as ferries between small towns at our end of the lake. Uncle Gerald splurged and bought a real covered yacht, the *Trepanier*. It was special. He did quite well as it was convenient to rent it out to people in the nearby towns. Uncle Peter bought an open yacht, the *Skookum*, for general use. It was handy for shopping in Summerland and Penticton, a great advantage for the town's people. There was a college in West Summerland, up in the high hills. The young students liked to take boat trips on weekends.

Grandmother Roe had a sister in Peachland 17 miles from Naramata on the west side of the lake so she would visit with Auntie May (Dorland). When Peter chartered his boat to the college young people, I went along a few times and felt so grown up with the college crowd. When I was in Peachland I met Auntie May's husband, Mr. Hugh Dorland. He and a friend were interested in grafting peach and plum trees. Years later, I was introduced to nectarines, a grafting of peach and plum trees.

Uncle Gerald lived in California at one time and met Annette Kellerman, one of the first famous swimmers. She sent me a doll's 'Annette Kellerman' bathing suit via Uncle Gerald. He was very good to me. Every birthday he would send me something. He also sent a complete set of cast iron Kitchenware for my doll's house. I received doll's dresses, hats, corset, petticoat, etc. and the doll to go with them, everything was removable. My friends and I cleared out an area behind the house to have space for the kitchen and other furniture he sent me. I used to send or rather take him a long-stemmed pink rose on his birthday every year. He was the only bachelor in a family of fourteen.

Aunt Clara Davies was the eldest of a large family. There were five girls living: Clara Davies (Roe), Frances Noyes (Roe) and Emma Louise Pushman (Roe), my mother. As for the boys, there were Peter Roe, Robert 'Bert' Roe, Frank Roe, Gerald Roe and Fred Roe.

The other children had died in infancy.

There are many tales to tell, but this one I like the best. Grandfather John Pushman, one cold afternoon went to call on one of his buddies, a mile or so up the school road. He didn't return for dinner and as I knew the road he usually took, donned mother's long fur-lined coat and started out. He was chatting happily with the school janitor, his only friend of his age.

Our school supplies were running short and we didn't have a supply in our grocery store. The older children decided that we would skate over to Summerland and replenish our stock. For the first years since we arrived in the Okanagan, the lake had frozen over, 3 miles across and 17 miles its length. None of us were good skaters and we were soon skating on our ankles. A tired and apprehensive group, "whatever will our parents think of us" but we had our supplies. Suddenly we saw a crowd of our parents coming towards us with arms out-stretched, glad to see us safe. We were practically carried home. After that experience, we were happy to skate on the old mill pond, "Tugs-of-War" supplanted "Safaris-on-Ice".

There was a large general store, with two stories on Main Street. The top one was used as an entertainment centre. There were plays put on by Vancouver companies and occasionally an adult dance was held there too. Also, along the beach was a sort of club house used for Saturday tea parties and occasionally, dances. There were several cabanas where we would change for swimming. For a small town it was quite pleasant.

Grace was a small child with a large vocabulary. One day having dressed for the party, she stood in front of Mother's Cheval mirror and turning from side to side said "I shall cause a commotion." She was only three years old but she loved flowers and would wander off sometimes and we would find her admiring someone's garden. She always called them her garden. Later in her life, when she retired and went to live in Victoria, she planted a very lovely balcony garden utilizing every inch of space. It was commended by the garden club for her unusual arrangements and the beautiful and colourful birds also loved it.

The young girls of the community formed a flower committee for arranging flowers for the church. They not only used their family garden, but went into the woods where there were unusual flowers and shrubs, which made clever arrangements. One in particular, was a shrub about a foot high, with a feathery clusters of bloom which had a perfume similar to Lily of the Valley. The senior girls at school were allowed to arrange window boxes of wild flowers, a window to each row of students. Near the school, the woods were full of lovely plants that were accustomed to sunshine in the woods. They flourished in our boxes, as the windows faced the morning sun. We thoroughly enjoyed this task and we were rewarded at the close of the year with prizes.

When writing of our play area behind the house, I neglected to mention that in clearing out a play area, I must have cleared out a patch of Poison Ivy for, one morning, Mother woke me to say that I was covered with that miserable rash. It was examination time and, though bound up, arms face and hands, I still had to write my Entrance Exam. It couldn't have been a good paper because when I started school back in Ottawa, I was not allowed to go on to High School, but was put back a grade. Provincial rules vary, apparently.

There was only one church in town, a 'congressional' church, which really embraced all denominations. As previously mentioned, the young girls formed a flower committee and enjoyed gathering the flowers for the church front. The minister was from Summerland and he preached alternatively in the two towns. His name was Mr. Fallis, a very fine gentleman. It was very interesting to meet him many years later, when we were living in Lindsay, Ontario at the home of his cousins (the Misses Fallis), who were friends of our family. Life can have such pleasant surprises.

On the east side of the lake there were rocky shorelines and only one orchard and some farm equipment, which was owned by a gentleman named Mr. Matt Wilson who had cleared a large area high above the lake on which he had an orchard and some farm animals. Somehow, he cleared out some rocks and built a boat-house and even had a small beach. He was a fine gentleman and enjoyed entertaining his Naramata friends. He had an excellent housekeeper and he entertained frequently at dinner and usually had specialties to offer. Mother and Daddy were often entertained at his home. On one occasion after a delicious meal, Mr Matt announced that he had a special treat for his guests, after which his housekeeper brought in a large bowl of lovely red apples. "Now," he said, "I want you to taste these apples I have grown and then in turn tell me what you think of them." With one accord, all the guests pronounced them "DELICIOUS" and I believe that was the origin of the Delicious apple which is well-named. The Delicious apple was eventually grown in Ontario or Eastern Canada. In my opinion, the Eastern variety cannot compare with the Western fruit. The Eastern variety is less juicy and not as sweet.

On one occasion in which our whole town took part was the arrival of the "Kickinies" (a type of fish) about the middle of September at dusk. On both sides of a wide fast flowing creek, bonfires were lit and most of the townspeople gathered. Suddenly, the creek was a solid mass of fish, swimming down the mountain creek to spawn. The men filled their large nets and tossed the fish on the ground, meanwhile the women with their long skirts, fashionable in those days, spread their skirts, gathered up the fish and tossed

the fish on the other side of the creek. The fish were similar to rainbow trout in size. Large barrels were brought out drawn by horses and the barrels were filled with the fish to be salted for winter use. They were about 12" long with scales and a delicate pink flesh. We feasted on them before the salting began. It was quite a sight to see so many men and women in the stream filling their nets and long wide skirts, catching their winter supply with no effort, just a picnic, everyone having fun. The migration lasted only one night. We never found the source of the stream and never saw a fish in the lake afterwards.

There were many tales of the Ogopogo in the lake, but I never heard of anyone seeing it closely. Maybe it is still looking for its mate, haunting the Scottish waters and lochs.

So often, great plans do not materialize. Many people went to the Okanagan with great hopes of health and a wonderful climate only to find nothing on the land they had paid for in advance but sage brush and fine soil.

Mother and two of my uncles were the only ones in our group that had fruit bearing trees on their property. Bare land in most places, no houses and no one to build them. One uncle was fortunate enough to have paid for a large fruit bearing orchard. He also bought out a non-paying grocery store which he enlarged and had supplied with provisions from Vancouver, adding clothing suitable for the area. Mother and another uncle were fortunate in their fruit bearing orchards. Mother's lot was only seven acres but it was bearing fruit at the time. I have already told about my two uncles who bought boats, and did a prosperous business as the only transport business in town.

There came a summer when the abundance of fruit was beyond the packing and storage building on the large dock and could not handle all the fruit and so it was dumped in the lake. Some of the fruit was salvaged by the towns people. The children were most helpful, as they all could swim and were quick to save a great deal of the melons and most of the hardier fruit. Those who were in swimming needed no lunch that tragic day.

There were no roads from the head of the lake to Penticton in those days. The only transportation was by boat. More people were travelling, so the CPR started to lay tracks from the main line down through the mountainous area to Penticton at the south end of the Lake. This was done by grading from the main line to a branch line running southwest for some miles then turning and running a lower line back some miles down the mountains (switchback method). It would be clearer to say the railway ran back and forth each time at a lower level, I'm no engineer, eventually reaching Penticton which is situated in a level area. [*the Kettle Valley Railroad, built between 1910 and 1915, was not a CPR spur line*]

The chief engineer (*McCulloch?*) became acquainted with some of the towns people who had entertained him while he was working on the spur line. My parents were among the friends who had made him at home. He invited a number of these friends to a luncheon at the lower construction camp. It was all uphill and very rocky, but it was a pleasant change and the promise of a fine lunch. They all enjoyed themselves and eventually started the long trek home. One of the guests had a small dog who had followed them on the upward trek, unknown to them. On the way home, the dog made himself known in no uncertain manner as they walked out of a tree area to a stony, or rocky spot where covering a large boulder were hundreds of crawling snakes, rattlers to be exact. The dog was frantically barking his head off. Fortunately, the guests were able to get away safely, I never heard what happened to the dog.

With the closing of the Packing House (*1914?*) and the fruit growers loss of crops, brought on a very serious situation. One by one the growers had to leave their property, a complete loss of money for the land and producing fruit orchards taking only what was absolutely necessary to start a new life. My father's business folded as did most other companies. As there was no means of shipping the fruit out to the rail road centre, the crops were lost.

1914

The war contributed to the situation, by father's business folded as did many companies elsewhere. We decided to return to the East. One situation I neglected to mention, that a great hindrance to Canadian fruit companies was that the State of Washington, immediately south of BC had a warmer climate and more sunshine. Hence, their fruit was shipped two weeks ahead of our crops and flooded the market.

My father, for many years, was employed by Senator W C Edwards who owned a large lumber business in Ottawa. His business was very extensive and when war was declared, Mr Edwards wired Daddy to please return to his former position as Secretary-Treasurer of his company. My father didn't want to leave the Valley where he and Grandfather were enjoying good health. However, after many pleas by the Senator, Daddy decided to return after war was declared. The Honourable William Cameron Edwards was a lumber manufacturer, capitalist, legislator in the House of commons and Senate and a noted stock breeder. He died in 1949 at 105 years of age. [*More likely, his dates are 1844-1921*]

This was quite an undertaking for my parents as they couldn't sell our home and he had his parents to care for. He decided to take our grandparents, my brother Stewart and me back East, while mother put the furniture in storage (the livery stable attic), all except for the piano, silver, crystal, two antique chairs and a few precious belongings. She then took Grace and went to Vancouver to bid good-bye to all her fond relatives. They remained there for three months, while Dad took the rest of us by train to Ottawa (from) where Dad's brother Alex took our grandparents to his home in Flint, Michigan, where they remained until their deaths in the early 1920s.

[According to Alex's daughter Myrtle Pushman, it was Aunt Ruth, wife of R George Pushman who in fact took John and Janet to Alex's farm in Atlanta, Michigan in December 1917]

Daddy set out to find a home for his own family of five. Meanwhile, Stewart (Pushman) and I were farmed out, you might say, with uncles and aunts. We were all mutually fond of them and remained with them until Mother and Grace came back. Dad chose a comfortable home for us near a public school and incidentally near the Rideau Canal where we could skate and where most of you who read this have read about and seen pictures of during the centennial celebrations (1967). I lost two years of schooling as the educational systems were quite different between the Eastern and Western provinces. As I was put back two years, it took me some time to accept the unfairness.

Mother and Grace returned from Vancouver to our newly furnished home, a place where Mother could place her precious belongings. The remainder of our furniture which we left in storage in Naramata, was gradually used by neighbours. The house we loved in Naramata lay idle and finally, it burned though we never heard what caused it.

We soon adjusted to our new surroundings but missed the life in the lovely Okanagan Valley, our friends and the perfect weather. Daddy was again associated with the lumber company where he remained until his death at the age of sixty four in May 1935.

Our life in the valley was a very healthy and happy experience in early childhood and has long been remembered. This tale would not be complete unless it mentioned those that remained in Naramata. Mother went west to visit several times and enjoyed being with her two sisters Frances Noyes (Roe) and Edna Hughes (Roe). Most of the young people went to Vancouver and California. One or two settled happily in Seattle and one family remained in Kelowna. Communications between East and West gradually dwindled. At one time we had relatives in Winnipeg, Brandon, Regina, Moose Jaw, Vancouver and Victoria; families were large in those days. It is unfortunate that the large family lost track of one another.

I failed to mention Uncle Frank Roe and Uncle Robert 'Bert' Roe and their families. Uncle Frank was the only one to visit us in BC. He lived in Montreal with his dear wife Grace (maiden name unknown) and son Gordon Roe. On our return to the East, we became very close to both families. Uncle Bert had three children: Florence Todd Roe, Mae Roe and Charles Roe. I became very close to my Roe cousins.

It was through Gordon Roe that I met my beloved husband Donald Wood Ferguson Macaulay. Don and I were married on August 19, 1930. We have two daughters: Joan Louise Macaulay married Peter Kohal and Janet Kathleen Macaulay married James Peterson. Joan and Peter have two children: Robert Rankin Kohal and Karin 'Mia' Thomson (Kohal). Robert is named after his paternal Great Grandfather Robert Rankin. Robert is married to Hilary Segger. Janet and James Peterson have two sons: Donald Comart Peterson and James 'Jimmy' Peterson.

I never heard of a record of my fathers' forebears. I only know Grandfather John Pushman was English and was a don at Cambridge. He married my paternal Grandmother Janet Stewart who was born in Scotland in a town named Kenmore. She had one sister, Mary, and a brother Robert. Mary was married to Mr. Archie Robertson and Robert married Annie 'Mary' Campbell. They all lived in a small town near Ottawa called Kenmore after their Scottish home village.

To return to the Roe Clan, if I may, the family was English but went to Ireland for an unknown reason. My Grandfather Robert Roe left his father's estate in Ireland to settle in Ontario. My mother had the book containing the family history for some generations. A cousin asked to read it and Mother lent it to him. He was a farmer and lived in one of the old Ontario stone homes. Unfortunately, the house burned and the book with it; it was quite a record. Uncle Frank Roe had a very large framed picture of Sir Charles Roe hanging in his den. The story of Sir Charles was no doubt destroyed in the Edwards Ontario fire. My sister Grace Sirrs (Pushman) was always interested in family history and when in England a few years ago, she visited Winchester Cathedral and saw on the wall a plaque on which was inscribed:

**In Memory of Sir Charles Roe
For his Bravery in the King's Guard
(signed and dated George Rex)**

I quote what I remember my sister telling me and she told me how excited she was to see it. Grace wrote information on the Push-

man and Roe families on scraps of paper or whatever she had in her handbag. It would never have occurred to her to buy a little notebook. I understand Grace's daughter Louise Rosen (Sirrs), who lives in Edmonton (since this was written she has moved to Vancouver), has a large box full of bits and pieces of information on the families. As she is a wonderfully busy gal, I doubt if she will have time to decipher Grace's notes, especially if Grace's writing is as poor as mine.

I would like to add these incidents to my story. Our immediate neighbour, Mrs. Reesor had two sons: Hedley, who went to Summerland High School and the other son, Gronway, who stayed in Naramata with his mother. He was very artistic and I often went in to watch him work. He was very musical and also very clever at creating small theatres and creating figures to move on the stage. The theatres were about one and one-half feet square. The front was decorated and he had colourful curtains which could be opened and closed. Gronway sat at a table with all his material, facing the back of the theatre. The floor of the stage had rows of grooves in the wooden flooring. He spent endless hours making his characters out of cardboard. For instance, he would draw, cut out and glue the figures (say of a girl) together, so that it would stand on the floor of the stage. I never found out how he moved his figures around on stage, but he did put on ballets, etc. The little figures were dressed by his mother; she must have been on stage when she was young. When he had a full cast of characters, he would put on a ballet and the little figures would move in formations. He never showed me how he moved the figures around. He always worked them around as if he had a magnet under the floor of the stage. I was fascinated and happy to watch him. He was completely wrapped up in his music and ballets. When we moved away, he gave me a stage and the little figures arranged in a ballet setting. Unfortunately, the stage was lost when we moved although it was well packed by my father and labelled 'perishable'. I mourned my loss. I often wondered what happened to that clever young man.

There was a very fine family who had a fruit farm far up in the hills nearer Penticton than Naramata. Mr and Mrs Aikens had two daughters, Cathie and Marie, who came to our school. [*The Aikins girls were named Katherine and Harriet Carroll*] Marie taught me to crochet a trimming for a petticoat. Yuck, me! By the time I had finished it, it was so big that it would fit around a horse. That was the end of my crochet efforts. The Aikens were very interested in the 'Little Theatre' movement and built a small theatre on their property. Mother and Daddy went up several times to see his productions. Years after, we had returned to the East, we heard that his theatre was written up in the *Vancouver Daily Province* newspaper.

I must tell you that my poor efforts to make a kitchen garden in the back yard was hardly big enough to supply me with lettuce, radishes and green onions for my lunch sandwiches for school. I used to trade my sandwiches with other pupils, whose mothers made theirs with jam and other goodies. My garden was the laughing stock of my relatives but I at least ate what I liked most and flourished.

Janet Laurel Macaulay (nee Pushman)

80 years

October, 1984

Post Script: Alex Pushman went to visit John (Jack) and Louise in British Columbia and went home to Michigan full of stories about Lake Louise (Alberta).

