COQUITLAM: 100 years

COQUITLAM 100 YEARS

Reflections of the Past



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COQUITLAM 1891 1991 100 YEARS

DISTRICT OF COQUITLAM

Some excerpts from 'Coquitlam –100 years'

"I scrubbed the clothes on a washboard. We always boiled our clothes after they were washed to bleach them. It was considered very bad housekeeping to hang clothes on the line if they weren't white." – *Reta Stickney Frost (1910)*

"In 1914 granddad was appointed chief of police and was paid $75 a month, good pay in those days." – *Antonio Pare*

"I was my own woman long before it became fashionable." – *Reta Stickney Frost (1920)*

"I wanted to get into something that was always going to be around. I figured there would always be children, and children would always want bicycles." – *Cap Hobbis (1935)*

"Lightning once hit the big steel electrical tower at the corner of Blue Mountain and Como Lake Road. Mrs. Turner was knocked unconscious from her chair, and Mr. Ruzicka, who had a mushroom farm on Como Lake Road, said all the steel towers lit up like Christmas trees!" – *Elsie Winter Van Leeuwen (1930's)*

(continued on back flap)



REF-HIST 5

The 1200 block of Brunette in the early 1900's.



This is a book of memories, first-person stories told by Coquitlam's earliest residents. These men and women have reached back through the years to recall the people and places that were important to them.

These stories may not always be historically accurate and sometimes the grammar isn't perfect, but the character of these early pioneers shines through as they recall Coquitlam's past.

COQUITLAM 100 YEARS

Reflections of the Past

One hundred
years of history as told by
the pioneers themselves who recall
taming the tree-filled wilderness
the warmth of a growing community
and the many cultures which
formed what is now
Coquitlam

DISTRICT OF COQUITLAM
BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA
1990

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Telephone: (604) 526-3611

DISTRICT OF COQUITLAM

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR



Coquitlam, 1990

The publication of *Coquitlam – 100 Years* is a splendid tribute to past and present residents of the District of Coquitlam.

I congratulate our Pioneer Tales Book Committee on a job well done. Members of this volunteer committee, chaired by Mr. Ted Nikiforuk, have given unselfishly of their time to research and record Coquitlam's colorful history.

We also offer our thanks to the many Coquitlam pioneers and family members who were interviewed. They have provided a truly fascinating look at early life in Coquitlam.

Coquitlam – 100 Years not only provides us with interesting reflections of our past, but will be a literary legacy of our centennial.

LOUIS SEKORA

DISTRICT OF COQUITLAM

REEVES AND MAYORS

REEVES

R. B. Kelly	1891-1896
E. A. Atkins	1897-1903
Ralph Booth	1904-1908
D. E. Welcher	1909-1910
James Mars	1911-1913
L. E. Marmont	1914-1916
C. W. Philp	1917
L. E. Marmont	1918-1922
Georges H. Proulx	1923
R. C. MacDonald	1924-1941
J. W. Ollivier	1942-1944
L. J. Christmas	1945-1966

MAYORS

L. J. Christmas	1967-1969
J. L. Ballard	1970-1971
James L. Tonn	1972-1983
Louis Sekora	1984-

DISTRICT OF COQUITLAM

MUNICIPAL COUNCIL, 1990



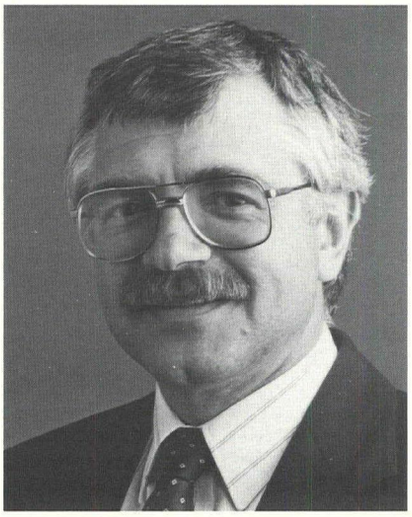
Front row, left to right: Ald. Jon Kingsbury, Mayor Louis Sekora, Ald. Eunice Parker.
Back row, left to right: Ald. Dave White, Ald. Brian Robinson, Ald. Walter Ohirko, Ald. Bill LeClair.

COQUITLAM PIONEER TALES BOOK COMMITTEE



Front row, left to right: Kathy Bach, Ted Nikiforuk (chairman), Stan Pukesh.
Back row, left to right: Craig Hodge, Pat Cooper, Larry Rose, Charlotte Lonneberg.

MESSAGE FROM THE CHAIRMAN OF THE PIONEER TALES BOOK COMMITTEE



Directing and coordinating the publication of *Coquitlam – 100 Years* has been a challenging experience. It has also been a most rewarding one.

First, I want to thank the members of the volunteer Pioneer Tales Book Committee, who gave freely of their time for three years so that Coquitlam could record its history for its centenary. They are Kathy Bach, Pat Cooper, Craig Hodge, Charlotte Lonneberg, Stan Pukesh and Larry Rose.

Mayor Louis Sekora and members of council were extremely supportive of this unique project, providing us with the encouragement and resources to produce a quality book. Municipal clerk Ted Klassen provided ongoing liaison between the project and the council.

Special mention should be made of the following:

> Ray Mitchuk, a former Coquitlam alderman who first introduced the idea of the District publishing a book to commemorate its centennial;
> Michael Sone, Laura Brown and Reg Romero, who provided editorial assistance and guidance to the Committee during the production of this book.

We wish to thank the many other people who have helped with the publication of this book. They are:

> The many Coquitlam pioneers, family members and friends who came forward with their stories, recollections and, in many cases, long-forgotten photographs;
> Our contest judges: author and school teacher Steve Bailey, community newspaper editor and Pioneer Tales Book Committee member Pat Cooper, and School District 43 trustee Louella Hollington;
> Centennial Senior Secondary School principal Bill Melville, and school staff Barry McDell and Paul Odermatt;
> Centennial students (class of '88): Erinn Burridge, Leah Kitamura, Shi-Lin Chan, Emiko Morita, Shannon Aldinger, Mercedes Dunphy and Paul Donnett;
> Centennial students (class of '89): Heather Mattson, James Wilson and Lori Inkster;
> Writers Ed Cosgrove, Hazel Postma and Leslie Gillett, who conducted interviews of pioneers, and Darlene Jansson and Margaret Carter, who provided transcription services;
> Committee member Craig Hodge, who coordinated the photography, with assistance from Simone Ponne and Emilie Hrysio, and the following Coquitlam residents who assisted with the assembling and copying of historic photographs: Mme. Bibiane Finnigan, Mrs. Carrie LeClair, Ms. Mildred Koch, Dogwood Pavilion coordinator Jill Rowledge and committee member Charlotte Lonneberg;
> Anne Russell, who wrote the *Beyond 1950* section, and Barbara Rose, who researched it.

Through Library Director and committee member Stan Pukesh, the Coquitlam Public Library provided meeting space and other valuable services, while the New Westminster Public Library and its librarian, Alan Woodland, made available archival material on historic Coquitlam events.

Thanks also to the Vancouver Public Library, the B.C. Hydro library, Toronto Dominion's TD Payroll Services, the Riverview Historical Society, and the Port Moody Heritage Society for their assistance.

The time spent by so many in preparing this book for publication has resulted in a recorded history of Coquitlam – then and now – as we enter our centennial year. Again, I thank all those who made this book possible, and sincerely apologize to any contributor whose name I may inadvertently have omitted.

TED NIKIFORUK

Chairman, Pioneer Tales Book Committee

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gratefully acknowledge the following organizations and individuals who provided
photographs for *Coquitlam – 100 Years:*

New Westminster Public Library
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Greater Vancouver Regional District
Fletcher Challenge
Vancouver Golf Club
Centennial Secondary School
B.C. Hydro
Lourdes Church

Don Cunnings
Dorothy Dearden
Craig Hodge
Doug Johnson
Basil King
Marjorie Kurucz
Suzanne Merrick
Ken Oakes
John Symonds
Norman Wesley

And all the pioneers who provided photographs to
illustrate their stories.

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CHAPTER I

1891–1900

The history of Coquitlam is the history of its people – from the first forays of the Coast Salish Indians seeking the bountiful harvest of berries, fish and game to explorer Simon Fraser, who paddled past the shores of Coquitlam in 1808 having successfully charted the mighty Fraser River.

Next came the settlers who traded with the Hudson Bay Company, then the loggers, farmers and pioneers working in the woods, elds and mills.

The Royal Engineers – who were responsible for pushing through North Road and developing what became the young province's capital city of New Westminster – returned to England in 1863, but many of the soldiers remained behind to homestead in Coquitlam.

Small sawmills operated along the banks of the Fraser. In 1889, Frank Ross and James McLaren built Fraser Mills, the largest and most technologically advanced mill of its time, capable of producing 200,000 board feet per 10-hour shift. The mill, which cost $350,000 to build, drew its water supply from Como Lake.

Early pioneers used trails running from Port Moody to the Fraser River as well as North and Clarke Roads. Water was fetched in buckets from nearby creeks until residents realized rapid development threatened their supply.

The Coquitlam Water Works Company was formed in 1887 with a mandate to supply water from Coquitlam Lake. The company was later sold to the city of New Westminster. It wasn't until 1890 that a 14-inch pipeline was installed, running from Coquitlam Lake down the Coquitlam River, south by Riverview, around the Horn and along Pitt River Road to New Westminster. Residents of Westminster Junction – the name given to the area now encompassed by Coquitlam, Port Coquitlam and parts of Maple Ridge – tapped into this line for their water supply.

The first form of religious service in the district was held in a Roman Catholic parish located on the Indian Reserve in an area known as Cranberry Bog.

As more settlers continued to put down roots, a decision was made to incorporate. On Aug. 22, 1891, the official Municipality of Coquitlam – covering about 44,000 acres – was born. The first reeve was R. B. Kelly, councillors were A. A. Atkins, James Fox, S. W. Selman, James Morrison and J. Shennan. Schoolmaster R. D. Irvine was appointed the first district clerk at a salary of $50 per annum, and James Morrison of New Westminster was the municipal solicitor.

The provincial government returned half of that year's taxes, and a road-tax bylaw raised some money for the new municipality's coffers by requiring every males between the ages of 21 and 50 – who didn't otherwise pay taxes – to pay an annual road tax of $2. Operating expenses of that first year totalled $263.23.

Overleaf: Fraser Mills, one of the most advanced mills of its time, provided the employment base for a new settlement on the banks of the Fraser River. This picture of Fraser Mills, taken before the turn of the century, looks north up King Edward Street towards what is today Coquitlam.

Wanda Carriere Frey

Alice Ross Carriere Heckbert, mother of Wanda Frey, was born in the Coquitlam area on April 25, 1884, seven years prior to the incorporation of the municipality. She was the one of the first – if not the first – of Coquitlam's native daughters.

Her parents were homesteaders John and Sarah Ross. Mr. Ross was the first operator of the CPR's original Pitt River Bridge, a wooden structure with swing span. Mr. Ross had a demanding job; commercial traffic on the Pitt was heavy in those days, and his duties included opening the bridge by hand. A new bridge was built by The Foundation Co. Limited in 1913.

Alice Ross Carriere Heckbert – or Nanny Heckbert, as she was affectionately called in later years – was married twice. She and first husband Arthur Carriere had two children, Bob and Wanda.

A couple of years after she was widowed, she married William Heckbert, and the couple raised Wanda and Bob, and the children's half-sister Myrtle Heckbert. In 1935, the Heckbert family settled in the Ranch Park area of Coquitlam, near Dewdney Trunk Road.

Wanda Carriere Frey was born Aug. 5, 1912, in her grandmother's house in New Westminster. Her father, Arthur Carriere, died when she was six.

She married Charles Johnson in 1929. The couple, who had two sons, moved to Port Coquitlam in 1936. She married her second husband, Victor Frey, in 1969. Mrs. Frey, who still resides in Port Coquitlam, has five grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

Mrs. Frey remembers her mother as a kind and generous woman who never allowed herself to be defeated by the numerous difficult situations she faced throughout her life. Nanny Heckbert survived the devastating San Francisco earthquake and fire of April 18, 1906, and looked after her son who was confined to a wheelchair from age nine.

During her life, Nanny Heckbert received many honors for her devotion to her family. She was more than 104 years old when she died on Sept. 1, 1988, at Hawthorne Lodge in Port Coquitlam.

My mother was born in 1884 in the Coquitlam area, at the foot of Pitt River Road, where the Pitt River enters the Fraser. She often told us she was born on the banks of the Fraser River. She was one of the earliest pioneers born in what was to become Coquitlam in 1891.

Her father John Ross came here from Wales, and her mother Sarah Bailey was born in Fort Langley. My grandmother was the first white baby born in Fort Langley.

After my grandparents were married, they homesteaded in what is now Port Coquitlam. I remember my mother and I once drove towards the end of Pitt River Road, where Harken Towing now is, near the Fraser River. She pointed out some fruit trees, and told me that's where the old homestead was.

My grandfather was the first bridge tender for the CPR on the Pitt River bridge where it crosses the Pitt River, where the Wild Duck Inn is now, and that was why they lived at the foot of Pitt River Road. He had

The 1200 block of Brunette in the early 1900s.



to open the bridge by hand. My mother was not born in that house by the bridge, but about a mile down stream from the bridge, where there was some housing. There was a big ship yard there. It (Coquitlam Shipbuilding and Marine Railway Co. Ltd.) was along the shore line, between the bridge and where the Pitt River meets the Fraser.

When my mother was growing up, the nearest town was about two miles up the road. That was Port Coquitlam, which was Westminster Junction in those days. She once told me she used to see all kinds of wild animals in the bush when she walked to town.

My mother was only four foot eleven, but she sure was active, active in the church, and she always had company in our home. She loved having company, and that would entertain my brother too, who was in a wheelchair. They had company from early in the morning to late at night.

She had dark brown eyes, and her hair was kind of auburn when she was young. She was always smiling, always laughing. She was always kind to everyone, always willing to lend a helping hand.

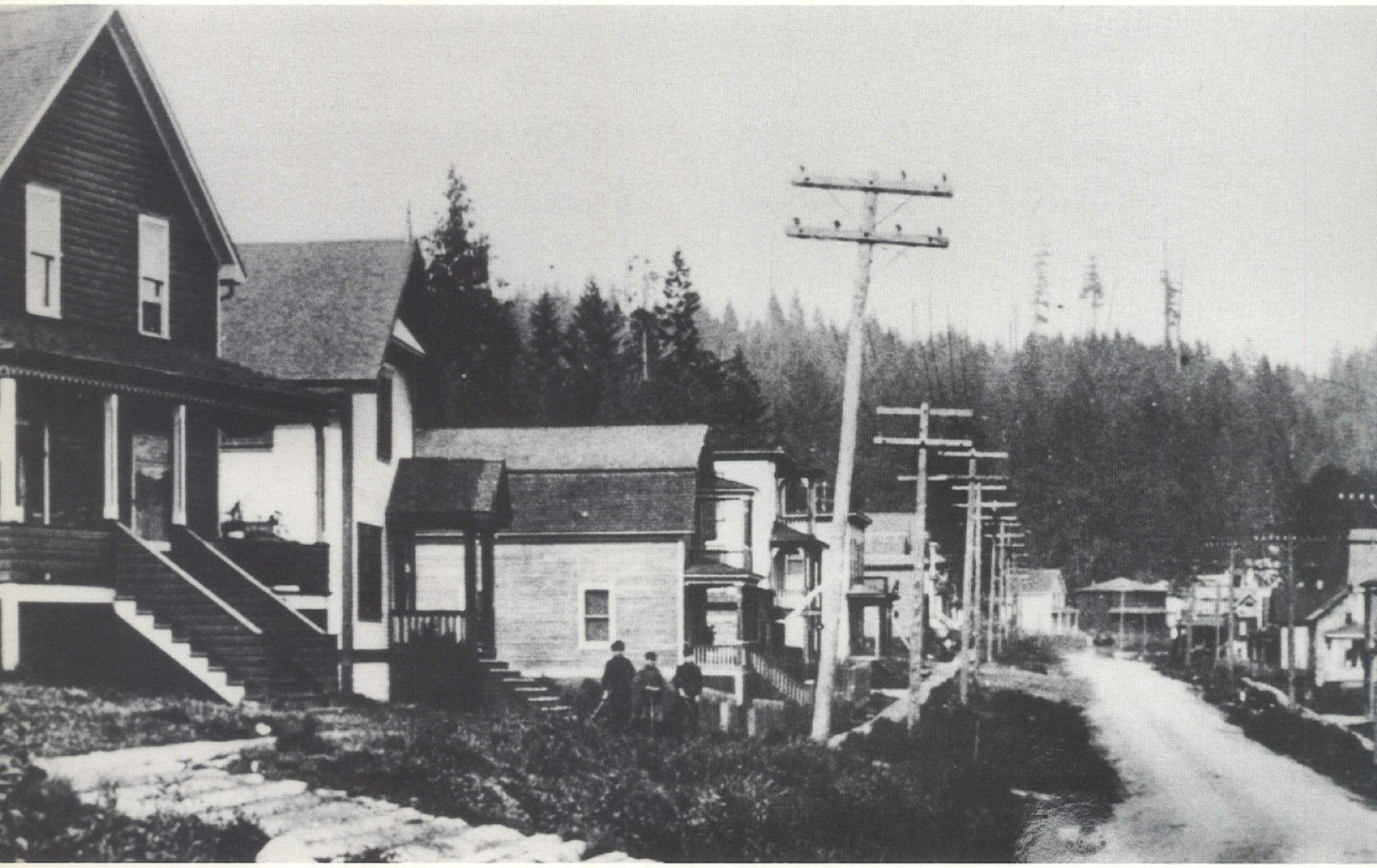
My mother married Arthur Carriere, who had a barber shop in New Westminster, down by the tram station. Dad had two other barbers working in the shop with him.

Dad was eager to live in the U.S. because a lot of his friends had already gone down there before him. So he decided he wanted to go. My brother, Bob, was two years old at the time, and I was not even born. They went by train to San Francisco; that was a big trip in those days, especially with a young child.

They were living in the Mission district of San Francisco at the time of the big earthquake in 1906, and it was very frightening. My mother lost my father in the confusion, and for two weeks she did not know whether he was alive or dead. She had to leave not knowing where my father was, and my father did not know what happened to Mother.

She had met another couple who had a store, and they piled a wagon full of groceries, bedding and things they needed, and they kept pulling the wagon up the street. But the police would come along and send them in a different direction because of the fires and explosions. And my mother had a little two-year-old boy with her.

I think it was the Red Cross that helped them, that put her on the train to Yuba City, and from there, the Red Cross again sent her home to my grandmother in New Westminster. My mother wrote my father a letter and sent it to San Francisco by general delivery, and the letter got to him. Dad wrote back to my grandmother, saying he was alive, and that's how my mother found out he was all right. He came back up here, and after that, he started his barber shop on Main and Kingsway in Vancouver, in the triangle



Brunette Street in 1915.



Members of the Maillardville Band march down Brunette Street.

building with doors from both streets.

We lived in a house on 16th Avenue in Vancouver while my father had the barber shop. He died when I was six years old. Then my mother married William Heckbert two years later, and they lived in my father's house until (Mr. Heckbert) decided he was going down to the States.

So they moved us to Grandma's house in New Westminster, where I was born, and Mr. Heckbert went to the U.S. – I don't know exactly where – then came back, and decided he was going to stay here. He was not an American; he was a carpenter from Prince Edward Island.

Our family moved back to Vancouver again, and we lived there for a while until we returned to Coquitlam in 1935, to the Ranch Park area.

Mr. Heckbert died in 1939. My mother just stayed in the house and looked after my brother, who had rheumatoid arthritis from the time he was nine years old and was confined to a wheelchair. The only movement he had in his body was his shoulder, but he could feed himself with a long-handled spoon and fork a friend made for him.

My mother looked after him for 58 years. She was quite petite but she would lift him in and out of the wheel-chair. I would help lift him and dress him, and I accom-panied him a lot because that was the only way he could get around. He had a school teacher friend in Vancouver, and she used to come out to the house and teach him.

Sometime in the '40s, I started him off with Carriere Kennels, raising only Irish setters at first. The kennel became well known for its Irish and English setters, and German pointers, all hunting dogs. My brother was not able to do the heavy work, of course, so he hired people to clean out the kennels. But he would order the food and look after the dogs and take them to various dog shows. He always had a concession at the dog shows.

He went to shows in Victoria, in the Interior and down to the States. I would often go with him. The kennels folded when he died in 1962.

My mother was always very neighborly, and was well known in the area. Everybody called her Nanny. She would always have something to eat for anybody who came by.

The house we lived in was up from the railroad tracks, and the hobos used to get off the trains, and they would come up by the creek, which was on our property. They would then come up to the house and ask for things to eat, and my mother would always give them something. I remember that well. The hobos would have bonfires down by the river. Times were very tough during the Depression years.

My mother was named Mother of the Year in 1959; she was chosen because she had looked after an invalid son all those years. It was a bit of a surprise for her, although a large bouquet and floral arrangement had been delivered the night before, and a CKNW truck was seen in front of the house.

She sure was thrilled. CKNW came around at seven in the morning, and my mother's neighbor and my uncle made breakfast for everybody. I had cooked five chickens for lunch, so all my cousins came in, and there was dinner for my mother at the White Spot restaurant in Oakridge, and the mayor of New Westminster was there.

My mother received a diamond-studded wrist-watch, a mink stole, a washer and dryer, and a $200 wardrobe, all from companies in New Westminster.

She had been nominated by a childhood friend of hers from Lulu Island.

After my brother died, two women came along and rented the cabin and kennels, then finally moved away. My mother continued to live in the house. Mother then sold the place, and she lived with me off and on for three years, until she decided she wanted a place of her own.

She got a place close to my son, who lived in Port Coquitlam just across the highway from us. She loved children, and wanted to be near her great-grandchildren. Her eyes were starting to go, but she continued to babysit now and again for Dr. Heffelfinger and his wife, whenever they went out for dinner.

Dr. Heffelfinger was our family doctor for 39 years, and he still is. They had a regular babysitter, so my mother just did it whenever she was called. She sure enjoyed the children. I was going t hrough her things one day, and I found pictures of the Heffelfingers' daughter and two sons.

When my mother was no longer able to look after her place, we all used to go over and try to clean up, and she would get upset. It was hard.

She was back living with us when she decided she wanted to go into a home, which I did not want her to do. My daughter-in-law came and took her to Hawthorne Lodge, because I just could not. She must have been 93 years old then, because she was in the lodge for 10 years, going on 11.

I took her shopping two or three times a week, and would take her with me whenever I would go out. When she turned 100, she received a telegram from the Queen, silver coffee spoons from city hall, and a lapel pin from the mayor of Port Coquitlam. She was over 104 years old, and half way through her 105th year, when she died on September 1, 1988.

Otis Munday

George Munday, grandfather of Otis Munday, applied for "homestead entry" of 150 acres in Coquitlam in 1888. Mundy Park now occupies this land.

After receiving the grant around 1895, the family continued to reside in Sapperton, and there is no evidence that any of the Mundays actually lived in the municipality.

The Dominion Crown grant, or homestead, was actually in the name of Otis Munday's grandmother, Constance Jane Munday; the pre-emption had been transferred to her through an "assignment" sent to the Dominion Lands Office in Ottawa, along with a $2 registration fee. Otis Munday (who is known by the nickname, Otie), has been the unofficial historian of the family. Over the years, he has sought answers to a number of questions about the property.

Mr. Munday wrote the District of Coquitlam in 1971, but some of his questions were still left unanswered. He even visited the Mundays' ancestral home of Chilbolton, a village in Hampshire, England. There, he learned that the common spellings of the family surname were Monday, and Mundy. Still, Munday was always used in Canada.

George and Constance Munday, and their first four children, emigrated from England in 1869, settling in Owen Sound, Ont. Four more children were born there. The family moved to California in 1877, then to Sapperton. Three additional children brought the total to 11, seven boys – Otie Munday's father, James, included – and four girls.

The Munday family was linked through marriage to the McLeans, who in 1853 arguably became the first European settlers to homestead in Coquitlam. Annie Munday, 17 at the time, eloped with Donald McLean, 24, one of two sons of pioneers Alexander and Jane McLean. They rode to Bellingham together on a grey horse, and were married there on April 10, 1880.

They likely were forced to do such an act – rare in those days – because of religious differences. The



George Munday, owner of the land that is now Mundy Park.

Mundays were Anglican, Alexander McLean a staunch Presbyterian, and Jane McLean an Irish Catholic. If the George Mundays acquired the Coquitlam homestead anticipating that the property would appreciate once the municipality was linked with the railroad, they would be disappointed. When the CPR spur line was built, land values remained static, and all Otie Munday's grandparents received in return for their investment was their name, albeit misspelled, on Mundy Street, Mundy Lake and Mundy Park.

Otie Munday was born Nov. 23, 1908, in New Westminster to James and Maud (Anthony) Munday. He had two sisters.

After attending McBride and Duke of Connaught, he worked his way through UBC and Normal School, then accepted a teaching position in Kispiox and Stewart, returning to New Westminster in 1936. He retired in 1967.

Otie and Florence (Murphy) Munday raised two children and have seven grandchildren. The couple lives in New Westminster.

On May 25, 1895, my grandfather, George Munday, received a Dominion Crown grant, or homestead, for this property in the name of my grandmother, Constance Munday. The application for the 150-acre grant had been made in my grandfather's name, but by the time it was granted, the land had been transferred into his wife's name.

The family did not move to Coquitlam, choosing to stay in Sapperton, where my grandfather was a lather, and a former brick maker. The property was about three miles from their home.

The Munday boys – there were seven, including my father – used to walk out and do the required work for pre-emption.

Why did my grandparents buy so much land in Coquitlam? I just gather that all the people thought the area would really be worth some money when the railroad came in, but that is what they all say. So they pre-empted the land with that in mind, and my dad told me that as far as he knew, my grandfather was not interested in farming at all.

Around 1902, the land was sold to a Mr. White, a real estate agent, and changed hands again in 1910, when it was purchased by a Stanley James and a W. R. McLeod. The property was then subdivided, but only the lots facing Austin Road were ever sold, and the balance of the subdivision reverted to the Municipality of Coquitlam for taxes.

I asked the engineering department at Municipal Hall once for information on Mundy Park, and this is what I learned: D.L. 359 was first subdivided under plan 1415, after being surveyed January 9, 1910, by Frederick Marsh of Vancouver, into 26 lots of about five acres each, and one of about 10 acres.

The subdivided property was registered March 9, 1910. Coquitlam's reeve then was D. E. Welcher. Eventually, the land went back to the municipality, and Coquitlam later made a park out of it. Why it became Mundy Park, instead of Munday Park, is another story.

Mundy Road was officially known as Munday Road between 1891 and 1893, so I wrote and asked the municipality how, and why, it had been changed. Frank Pobst, the municipal clerk, wrote back and said minutes were being checked to determine when the change was made. He also said a 1971 bylaw officially named the park surrounding the lake, Mundy Lake Memorial Park.

After taking the train from California, and a boat to New Westminster, my grandparents and their family – (there would be 11 children in all) – lived at 862 Columbia St. in Sapperton, which later became 433 Columbia. According to the B.C. directory, they moved to 323 Knox St., also in Sapperton, in 1913.

As a lather most of his life, my grandfather built houses by nailing laths, which were thin wooden strips about four feet long, on to the studs. Plaster was then applied over them, on the outside.

When he first arrived in 1877, he worked as a bricklayer, and brick maker, on the construction of the B.C. Penitentiary, making the bricks right on site, with clay from Glen Creek.

This creek separated the penitentiary from the asylum, now known as Woodlands School. My cousin, Myrtle Hamilton, who is now at the Normanna home, as a little girl lived only two doors away from my grandparents, and told me something about them. She knew my grandmother well, having spent every Sunday there for dinner and having slept over many times. "Grandma was a wonderful person who helped everyone, sick or in trouble, and she never scolded or punished. I could do no wrong with her. I do not remember much about my grandfather, except that he was very quiet with the children."

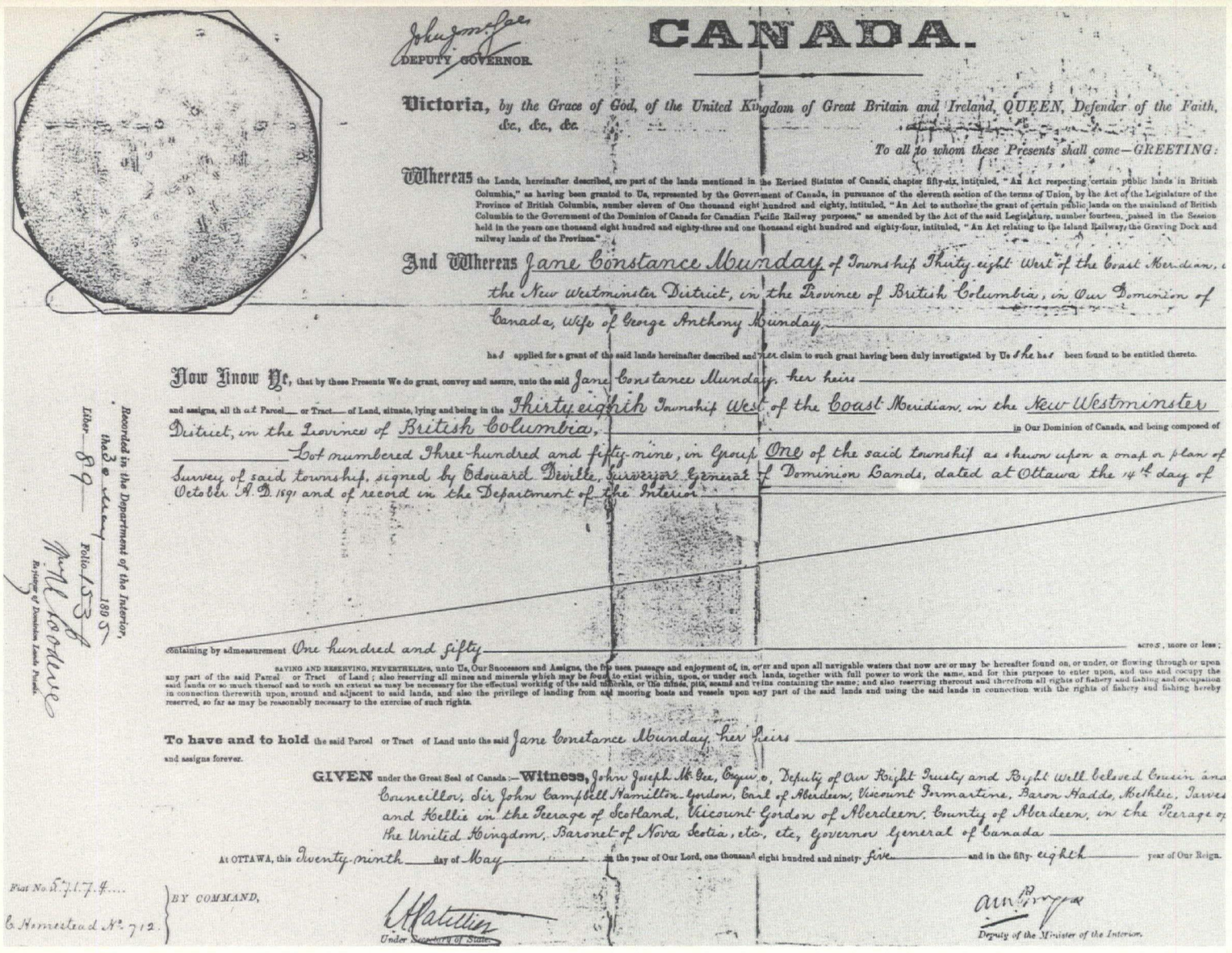
The George Mundays often visited the Donald McLeans, who had a farm on the Pitt River, between the CPR bridge and Pitt River Road. Myrtle told me that one trip they made in the winter time, before leaving, my grandmother covered the house plants she loved with sheets, to protect them from the cold. But they stayed over an extra night, and came home to find all the plants frozen.

Sometimes, the McLean daughters attended dances in New Westminster and would stay overnight at the Munday home. Myrtle also visited the McLeans herself, her usual transport being with a farmer who brought milk to town.

Everybody knew about my grandparents' parrot, Polly, which learned to imitate Myrtle's mother, Annie, whenever she called her daughter. Needless to say, Annie took a dislike to Polly. When a telephone was installed, Polly soon learned to imitate my grandmother ordering groceries.

Polly was kept on the front veranda, facing Columbia Street, and when my sister, Thelma, walked by on her way to Sapperton school, Polly would say: "Cora's late for school," which was her favorite expression at the time. Polly stopped talking when my grandmother passed away.

My grandparents' family were very musical and had their own orchestra, and played for dances in the district. Their combined living and dining room accommodated two squares for dancing. My father played the violin, and his brothers and sisters played the piano, cornet and piccolo.



CANADA.

DEPUTY GOVERNOR

Victoria, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, QUEEN, Defender of the Faith, &c., &c., &c.

To all to whom these Presents shall come—GREETING:

Whereas the Lands, hereinafter described, are part of the lands mentioned in the Revised Statutes of Canada, chapter fifty-six, intituled, "An Act respecting certain public lands in British Columbia," as having been granted to Us, represented by the Government of Canada, in pursuance of the eleventh section of the terms of Union, by the Act of the Legislature of the Province of British Columbia, number eleven of One thousand eight hundred and eighty, intituled, "An Act to authorize the grant of certain public lands on the mainland of British Columbia to the Government of the Dominion of Canada for Canadian Pacific Railway purposes," as amended by the Act of the said Legislature, number fourteen, passed in the Session held in the years one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three and one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four, intituled, "An Act relating to the Island Railway, the Graving Dock and railway lands of the Province."

And Whereas Jane Constance Munday of Township Thirty-eight West of the Coast Meridian, in the New Westminster District, in the Province of British Columbia, in Our Dominion of Canada, Wife of George Anthony Munday

had applied for a grant of the said lands hereinafter described and her claim to such grant having been duly investigated by Us she has been found to be entitled thereto.

Now Know Ye, that by these Presents We do grant, convey and assure, unto the said Jane Constance Munday, her heirs and assigns, all that Parcel or Tract of Land, situate, lying and being in the Thirty-eighth Township West of the Coast Meridian, in the New Westminster District, in the Province of British Columbia, in Our Dominion of Canada, and being composed of Lot numbered Three-hundred and fifty-nine, in Group One of the said township as shown upon a map or plan of Survey of said township, signed by Edouard Deville, Surveyor General of Dominion Lands, dated at Ottawa the 14th day of October A. D. 1891 and of record in the Department of the Interior

containing by admeasurement One hundred and fifty acres, more or less;

SAVING AND RESERVING, NEVERTHELESS, unto Us, Our Successors and Assigns, the free uses, passage and enjoyment of, in, over and upon all navigable waters that now are or may be hereafter found on, or under, or flowing through or upon any part of the said Parcel or Tract of Land; also reserving all mines and minerals which may be found to exist within, upon, or under such lands, together with full power to work the same, and for this purpose to enter upon, and use and occupy the said lands or so much thereof and to such an extent as may be necessary for the effectual working of the said minerals, or the mines, pits, seams and veins containing the same; and also reserving thereout and therefrom all rights of fishery and fishing and occupation in connection therewith upon, around and adjacent to said lands, and also the privilege of landing from and mooring boats and vessels upon any part of the said lands and using the said lands in connection with the rights of fishery and fishing hereby reserved, so far as may be reasonably necessary to the exercise of such rights.

To have and to hold the said Parcel or Tract of Land unto the said Jane Constance Munday, her heirs and assigns forever.

GIVEN under the Great Seal of Canada:—Witness, John Joseph McGee, Esquire, Deputy of Our Right Trusty and Right Well beloved Cousin and Councillor, Sir John Campbell Hamilton-Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen, Viscount Formartine, Baron Haddo, Methlic, Tarves and Kellie in the Peerage of Scotland, Viscount Gordon of Aberdeen, County of Aberdeen, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, Baronet of Nova Scotia, etc., etc., Governor General of Canada

At OTTAWA, this twenty-ninth day of May in the year of Our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five and in the fifty-eighth year of Our Reign.

Plat No. 5.1.7.4....
& Homestead No. 712.

BY COMMAND,

Under Secretary of State.

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

Recorded in the Department of the Interior, this 3rd day of January 1895
Liber 89 Folio 153
Registrar of Dominion Lands Patents

Copy of the original deed for the land bought by George Munday. That same land is now Mundy Park.

All the Mundays attended St. Mary's Anglican Church, and after church, my sister and father often walked to my grandparents' home for Sunday lunch. Every Saturday, they went to town, and came back loaded with groceries from Adam's store, at 701 Columbia.

My grandmother was a hard worker. She was a washer woman at the asylum in Sapperton at first,then became the janitor at Sapperton School on Kelly Street, just one block from their home. One of the boys went to school there and helped her sweep the floors after school.

My grandmother was a diabetic in the days when it was not considered a disease. She always had soda water on hand, and loved sweetened Eagle brand milk. Liquor was prescribed for her condition, and my sister said it was hidden in a commode in the bedroom. My grandmother went into a coma and died at 70, on April 25, 1913.

The house in Sapperton was a very large home, and after my grandmother had died, Constance, the daughter, was brought in to look after the family. She had a husband and two children. The oldest boy had four of his five children living there, so it meant a house full of children looking after the grandfather.

I don't remember much about my grandmother, and I was only six years old when my grandfather suffered a stroke, so I don't recall all that much about him, either. He was left paralysed, and unable to speak. I can see him, sitting in the front of the kitchen stove, with his dog beside him.

Each night, the boys picked him up, and carried him upstairs to bed. I often wondered why they had to carry him up; I thought he should be able to walk up on his own. One day, he kept pointing to the kitchen stove to tell the boys to put wood on the fire, but they paid no attention, and the fire went out.

Everyone has said that my grandfather was a real honest person. In 1882, he was listed as a lather, and a brick manufacturer, but for most of his life, he was a lather contractor. His employees were his sons, most of them, and one grandson. My grandfather died on June 12, 1915, at age 72.

My father was the executor of the estate, and I recall the meetings he had at our home, but I didn't know what they were for. The will dealt with a five-acre property on Columbia Street, which was subdivided in 1916 into 20 lots, of which only one was sold, for about $300. No one else wanted to buy one, and finally, the city got them back for taxes.

There was nothing in the will about my grandparents' Coquitlam property, because by then, it had all been sold off, although Mundy Park would not be opened until many years later.



CHAPTER II

1901–1910

The 20th century dawned bright and clear in the fledgling Municipality of Coquitlam and was marked by the rapid growth of Fraser Mills and the area immediately north that became known as Maillardville.

Spurred on by a guarantee from Ottawa that the river channel would be dredged and cleared, Fraser Mills re-opened the business in 1903, but it was another three years before the first ship docked at the yards and loaded up with lumber. By 1908, the little mill town boasted 20 houses, a store, a post office, a hospital, office block, barber shop and pool hall, and it took four police officers to maintain law and order.

The following year, the first contingent of 110 French Canadians from the lumbering industry of Quebec steamed into town aboard a special company train to work at Fraser Mills. The company had set aside one-acre lots and organized construction of homes as well as a hotel to accommodate 300 people. In June 1910, a second train arrived, and the two groups of French Canadians created a settlement north of the millsite. A a schoolhouse and church were among the first buildings to be constructed. Father Maillard, a young oblate from France, was instrumental in the formation of this community.

With wages averaging $35 a month and the attractive offer from Fraser Mills of quarter-acre lots and lumber to build a home on long-term loans of $5 a month, the population grew rapidly. Community spirt was fostered through a variety of activities, including baseball, hockey and lacrosse, the formation of a French Canadian band and the many religious festivities centred around the church.

Fraser Mills wasn't the only industry in town – the Dominion Match Factory and a paper plant on North Road flourished during the early 1900s. With steady employment, residents turned their thoughts to recreational activities and established a park between Guilby Street and North Road where farmers fathered to exhibit their produce. This later became the site of the annual Agricultural Fair.

Transportation links improved with the creation of a railway line connecting New Westminster and Vancouver in 1907, the same year the federal government built a railway bridge across the Fraser that accommodated vehicular traffic on an upper deck. This bridge remained in use until the construction of the Pattullo Bridge in 1936.

Parents grew tired of sending their children to school in Sapperton and petitioned Victoria for a school. The result was The Little Red Schoolhouse, shipped in sections to the Blue Mountain area and bolted together. Miss Dorothy Eldridge was paid $50 a month to teach 29 pupils who walked to school using Smith Road. Millside School, a two-room building built to accommodate children of mill workers, opened in 1907. Three years later, the East Coquitlam School was opened for settlers in the district's north-east sector.

Essondale Hospital (now Riverview) opened in 1910, operating out of a hay barn on 1,000 acres on the north bank of the Fraser. Sixty patients were admitted that first year and were largely responsible for the farm work needed to provide food to both patients and staff. The institution reached its zenith in the 1950s when it boasted more than 6,000 patients and was the main source of income for many hundreds of Coquitlam residents.

Overleaf: early settlers used horses to help clear the land. These workers have just spent the day clearing the Vancouver Golf Course property. This picture was taken shortly before the end of the decade.

Alice Johnson Lefebvre

The Waltons and the Johnsons were the first homesteaders in east Coquitlam, near the present Eagle Ridge subdivision, adjacent to the eastern end of Port Moody.

Born in 1910, Alice Johnson Lefebvre was the adopted daughter of Fred and Lucy (Walton) Johnson.

Mrs. Lefebvre's father and her uncle, Bill Walton, bought the property along Johnson Road in the early 1900s and named it Mountain View Ranch. Walton Avenue and Johnson Street were named after the pioneering families. The men in both families built a house on that property.

Alice was a baby when her parents, three brothers and a half-brother moved into their three-storey house in 1910.

She was raised in an extended-family atmosphere, as other family members eventually built homes on different parts of the property.

Alice Johnson married Thomas Taylor in 1932. They had three children, Lucy Margaret, George Edward and Katherine Alice.

The firstborn, Lucy, is now Mrs. Robert Firestone of Maple Ridge. She collaborated with her mother on the following story.

After the death of her first husband, the then-Mrs. Taylor married Earl Lefebvre, a pilot who owned a private airplane in which the couple travelled extensively. Aside from a fascinating account of her life in early Coquitlam, Mrs. Lefebvre tells about the lobbying for services by residents in her area.

At latest count, Mrs. Lefebvre – she is still very active and drives a car – has eight grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

Her story won honorable mention in the Pioneer Tales of Coquitlam contest.

Mountain View Ranch

We, the Waltons and the Johnsons, were the first homesteaders in the area (of northeast Coquitlam where Johnson Street now connects Glen Drive with Walton Avenue). Our house was three storeys high, and was completed in 1910. We moved in in June, when I was three months old.

When my Uncle Bill (Walton) came home from the gold rush of 1898, he and my dad planned to buy the property. They purchased Section 11, T.W. 39, Lots 1, 2 and 3, between 1900 and 1905, from Bob Darrell. Uncle Bill had a lifetime lease on the land, which they named Mountain View Ranch.

Every winter, when the men had no work, they went by horse and wagon from Sunnyside, Port Moody, where the family was living, to clear the land and build the home. My dad and Uncle Bill, Uncle Tom, brothers Archie, Jim and George, and half-brother Alf, worked clearing the land and felling trees to build the house. They hewed the logs with broad axes.



Alice Johnson received her early education at Glen School.

On the property, there was an old shack that was built for a trapper who had a trap line along the creek nearby. Near that shack, someone had planted a chestnut tree, a tree that grew until 1933. They roasted a lot of chestnuts from that old tree, and later also fed them to the pigs.

The shack itself was a place to rest, eat, and sleep at night after a hard day's work. To pull out big stumps, they used an Australian stump-puller with block and cables. They hauled the logs down to Crabbe's mill. The man at the mill cut the logs into lumber in exchange for some logs for himself.

Besides building the house, they also built a log blacksmith shop. The bottom part of the house was all logs, while the top part was rough lumber cut from the logs at the mill.

Later, the outside of the house was covered with shingles and painted yellow, with wine-colored trim. The inside of the main floor was lined with cedar V-joint, and the top rooms were covered with rough lumber with cheese cloth tacked on them, then covered with wall paper.

My half-brother, Alf, was given five acres for helping with the clearing and building of the house. He then built a house for himself and wife, Edith. They lived there for 60 years, across the road from our house.

When my dad was living in Port Moody, he worked

at the sawmills and on the roads. He also fished. He had asthma quite bad, and had to leave the mill work. After moving to our new house, he worked up at the Pitt River bridge, on the CPR tracks. He walked that distance every day, and back. He would leave home at 5 a.m. Uncle Bill also walked to Port Moody every day; he was foreman on the Barnet highway.

Uncle Tom did the garden work, planting a big garden of strawberries and vegetables. He also planted a lot of fruit trees. They traded vegetables and fruit for groceries in Port Moody. We hauled dead fish from the creek to fertilize the gardens.

Uncle Tom also had lovely flower beds. In spring time, we ate dandelion leaves and lamb's quarters, a weed, as well as small shoots from the hops. That was besides all the good vegetables from the garden.

Our outhouse was a fair distance from the house, and at nighttime, we had to carry a lantern to see the way. Inside the outhouse, the spiders would run up and down the walls when the lights came in.

Our toilet paper was old catalogues and squares cut out of old newspapers. The outside of the outhouse was covered by climbing honeysuckle and roses. The trellis that the hops grew on was attached to the outhouse.

To start with, we had one horse, one cow, three pigs, and chickens.

They built a big gate with turnstile at one end so the animals could not get out. We had to walk our cow seven miles to breed her.

We had a smoke house to cure the hams and bacon. The remaining pork was put in big barrels of salt water; when the mixture had the right amount of salt and water, you could float a potato or an egg on top. We put eggs in big crocks with a mixture of water glass to preserve them for winter use.

The steamer we used to cook the Christmas puddings in was about three feet high and had three shelves, all with slots in them. It would hold 10 to 12 puddings. The bottom held about four inches of water, and when more water was needed, it would whistle. Steaming time was about six to eight hours. When puddings were cooked and cooled, we hung them from the kitchen ceiling to keep them dry.

We had a root house with walls and roof about a foot thick with sawdust. It was good insulation. We kept all our fruits and vegetables in there. We kept our cream, milk and butter in a big hole in the ground, where it kept nice and cool. Our water system was a good spring. We carried water in pails to the house.

In 1916, I started school at Glen School on the Old Port Moody Road. My first teacher was Miss Isabel Bolton.

In 1922, the Peace Arch was completed between Canada and the U.S. All the children were honored by having their names sealed in a capsule at the arch. During the building of the Coquitlam Dam, they had a small train as well as a stage coach running up there. One of the horses got lame so my dad bought her, a beautiful grey mare called Gypsy. We used her for plowing and for trips to Port Moody and Coquitlam. All the children around rode on her back.

Grandmother had passed away in her sleep at the age of 76, in 1916. She always said she did not want to ride in one of those fangdangled machines – a hearse – when she died. Her wish came true, because the undertakers could not get the hearse to go, so they had to come with their horses from New Westminster.

My Uncle Bill went to war in 1915 with the Westminster Regiment, and Jim joined the air force in 1917. George joined the Westminster Regiment in 1917. He came home very sick with the 'flu.

My half-brother, Alf, had the first Model T Ford in our area in 1919. It was a big step over the old horse and wagon to go shopping. We all enjoyed going for rides in it, but the tires used to go flat a lot, because of the gravel roads.

In November 1919, Uncle Tom passed away. He had had a bad accident while clearing land. I went to call him for breakfast, and found him dead in his bedroom. In December 1919, my dad got the bad 'flu after the war; he passed away on January 17, 1920. Shortly after his passing, my mother and I got the 'flu, which left her an invalid until her death, in August of 1933.

We had water pipes put in the house around 1920. For lights, we still used coal oil lamps and candles. Johnson Road was named after my dad, and Walton Avenue was named after my uncles.

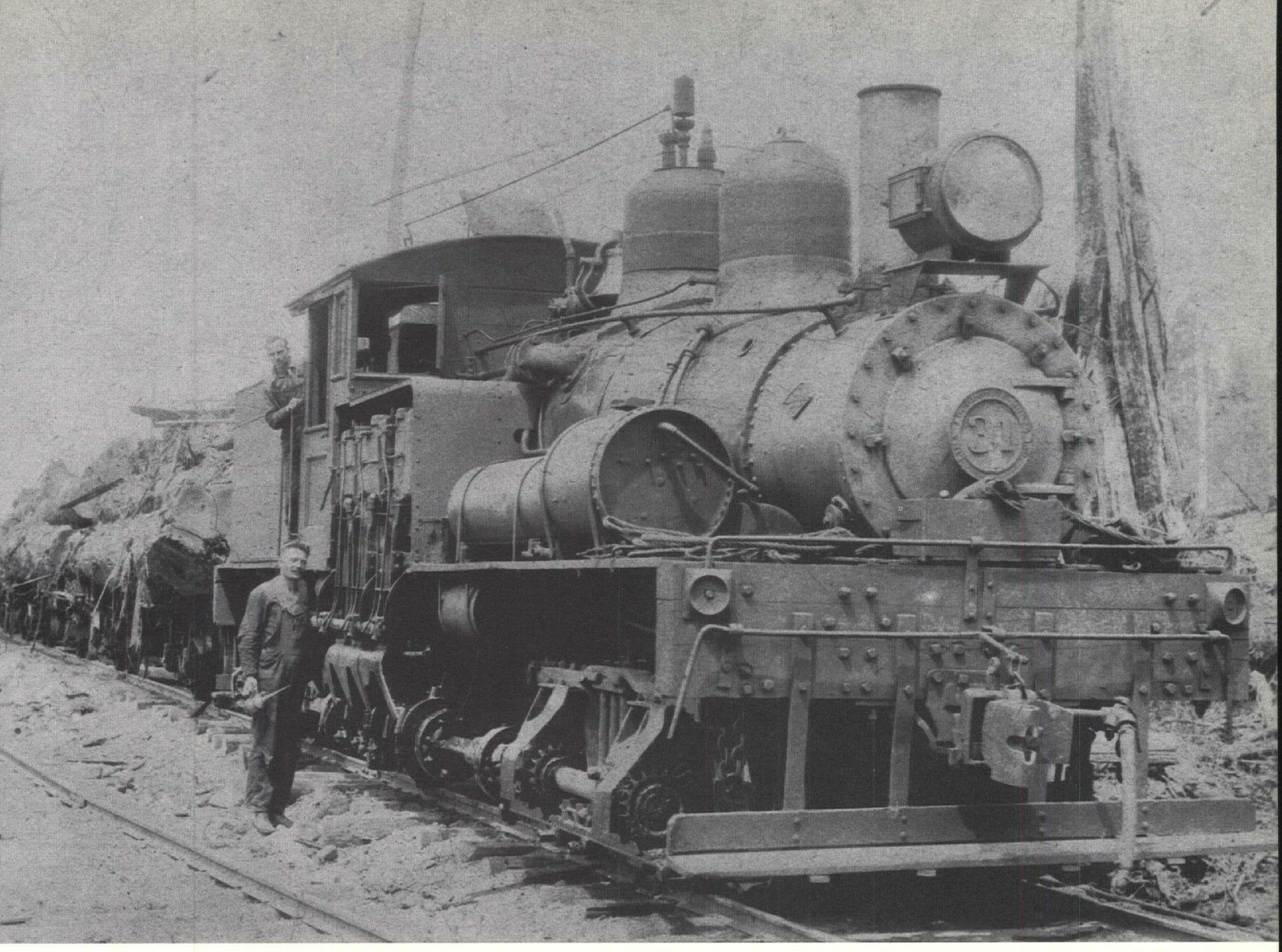
In 1920, Sig Hage Timber Co. built a railway grade through our property. My uncle and brothers worked on it; it went miles up into the bush. My half-brother, Alf, was the locomotive engineer. Jim was the brake man, and George and Uncle Bill worked on the railway tracks.

There were often two trains hauling big logs to McNair's Landing in Sunnyside, Port Moody. After the logging and slash burning, we used to go and pick pails full of small blackberries for jam and jelly. Oh, so good! Sig Hage Logging Co. shut down in 1924. On December 6, 1924, a banquet was held for all the workers.

My brother, Jim, married Laurel Pickard – she was my school teacher – in September 1920. The following year, my mother sold Mrs. Wake five acres and a two-bedroom house. She was a First World War widow from England with four children.
She married Mr. Bain in 1922, and had three more children. We all loved her, and called her Gramma Bain. She was a wonderful friend to my mother, and would often stay with her when I had a day out.

In 1923, my mother traded five acres of land near the creek for a Wee MacGregor gas saw from Mr. Fred Lucas. It was sure better than the old crosscut saw. It could cut logs from one to three feet across.
I hauled the big blocks of wood home with the horse and sleigh. We split all the blocks to dry, and later piled the wood in our big wood shed. I also milked cows, fed the calves and pigs and chickens, and churned butter. We traded our butter and eggs for flour, sugar and other staples. Summertime, I helped to haul in the hay.

Around the 1920s, the Dollar Logging Co. logged on Dollar Mountain, later called Burke Mountain. There was a bad train wreck when the brakes failed on a train coming down a steep grade. The engineer jumped against a bank, fell back under the wheels of the train and was killed.



Train hauls logs from Burke Mountain to Burrard Inlet in Port Moody. The railway crossed Johnson Road near Glen.

We all walked up to see the big wreck; we had to walk miles. We could hardly see the engine, because it was partly covered with the twisted logs. Later, my half-brother, Alf, became the engineer; he hauled the logs to McNair's mill in Port Moody.

Between 1925 and 1930, we had to let a lot of our property go for tax sale. We kept 10 acres. There was no work; the decade was called the Hungry Thirties. We had Coleman gas lamps in 1925. One day when I was lighting the lamp, it went on fire. Mother said, 'throw it out,' so I threw it out into the rhubarb patch.

Around 1930, we had our first Marconi radio; to operate it, we used a car battery. We then retired our old wind-up Edison cylinder, and the disc gramophone. On June 7, 1932, I married Thomas Taylor. We were married at home because my mother was an invalid and could not travel. For our wedding reception and dance, my brothers set up a lot of batteries to give us extra lighting over our gas lamps.

My mother passed away of cancer in August 1933, and I inherited the property. On Friday, the 13th of October, 1933, I had my first child, Lucy Margaret, and named her after my mother. My son, George Edward, was born February 5, 1937. Lucy started school in 1940, attending the same school – Glen school – I had gone to. There, they had to use the same old outhouse and a well with a pump, as I had to.

In the basement of the school were three-foot lengths of wood in long piles, an ideal place for the boys to play, and hide. The wood kept the big heater going; around it was a metal shroud, and in the wintertime, the kids would hang up their coats and mitts to dry.

My husband, Tom, and my brother, George, cut and hauled big cedar poles out of the bush to sell to the B.C. Electric Co. In 1936, I gave George two acres facing Johnson Road to build his home. He married Doris Wake in September 1936.

Tom joined the army, the Westminster Regiment, in 1940. He was stationed in Vancouver and Weyburn, Saskatchewan, then moved back to the Vancouver Hotel. I carried on with the farm, milking cows and feeding the calves, four pigs, chickens and horses.

I was also expecting my third child – Katherine Alice was born on April 5, 1941. After her birth, I had to have two blood transfusions, one from my husband and one from my sister-in-law, Laurel Johnson. All of

my children were born in the Royal Columbian Hospital, the nearest hospital to us.

We were all put on rations between 1944 and 1946 – gas, sugar and meat. During the Second World War, we all saved tin foil, and turned in old gramophone records. I knitted socks, mitts and head covers for the navy. We also made bandages and food hampers to be sent overseas.

In 1945, we had to sign a petition to pay for all the light poles and wiring. It cost us a lot to wire the house. We only had drop lights, and no switches; only afterward did we get the lights.

I remember running from room to room, turning lights on and off. We all had a big party. We had to pay extra, though, on our taxes for years. We could not get the electricity earlier because of the shortage of copper wire due to the war.

I remember when we purchased our first washing machine, a Connor. Before, we used to heat the water on the stove, and use the old scrub board. We also bought a Victor radio. My brother Jim and his wife Laurel bought us an electric iron, which I still have.

In 1947, Tom and I and Jim and Laurel built a turkey house for 1,000 birds. Tom hauled all the poles for the house and pens. We peeled all the poles. From our first sale of birds, we purchased our first fridge. We had the turkey farm for five years.

During the big flood of Coquitlam and Pitt Meadows in 1948, George, then aged 11, got on his horse and helped Art Kennedy of Pitt Meadows drive his herd of cows to our place. The bull and calves were brought by truck. They had to haul green feed for them every day; we all helped with the milking. They were at our place two to three weeks.

We all applied for water in 1950, but our local councilman, Bert Smith, turned us all down. We had a big fight with council, and the Glen and East End Rate-payers Association was formed. Its main purpose was to get water up Johnson Road. We had to pay so much per foot for pipe. We also had to pay for water pipe on our taxes for several years. And we had to pay for the paving of Johnson Road.

I took in foster children in 1960, after all my family was married; we had a big house and lots of animals to love.I started with two boys, Douglas and Robert Stewart, aged seven and eight. Later, I had several more boys for a short period. They still remember me on my birthdays and at Christmas.

Uncle Bill died on February 28, 1952, at age 89. He was our uncle, and like a father to us all. My brother, Jim, passed away in April 1960. A wall of cupboards fell on him while he was demolishing an old house. In December 1963, my husband Tom passed away. On a terribly foggy day, he slipped and fell at work, then had a heart attack.

I married Earl Lefebvre in December 1964. He made an air strip on the old railway grade, and used it to take off and land his Piper CFJSY aeroplane. He worked on the Bennett dam at Hudson Hope, and would fly his plane home on holidays. We travelled all over B.C. in the Piper.

Earl built a single-place plane, a replica of the Spitfire, and flew it out of Pitt Meadows airport. He sold that and his big plane, the JSY and had plans to build a two-seater so I could go along. We also converted a transit bus into a motor home so we could take our foster sons to Lillooet, where Earl worked for six months.

I had six Shetland mares, and a beautiful Shetland stallion. The mares all had foals in the spring, so I sold the colts for Christmas presents. In 1968, Earl worked as a heavy-duty mechanic for the Burnaby garbage department.

He retired in 1974 so we could do some travelling. We had plans to go across Canada. But I slipped and fell off a pile of hay, breaking my wrist very badly. I had to have several different casts on. The doctor wouldn't let me travel, as my circulation was very poor.

We sold our house in March 1975, and moved to Maple Ridge to a two-and-a-half-acre hobby farm. I had lived on Johnson Road 65 years, so there were lots of happy memories and also a lot of sad ones. The old homestead is there no more; in its place is a new subdivision.

Donna Jacobsen, nee Johnson, and her daughter Catherine still live on the northwest corner of the old Mountain View Ranch. She is the granddaughter of my mother, and is my niece. My brother, Jim, helped her and her husband build their home.

Lillian Pickton Emerton

When William Pickton (father of Lillian Pickton Emerton) bought 10 acres of land in 1904 along the old Pitt River Road on the gentle slopes of what was then called Mount Coquitlam, Essondale was yet to be built at the crest. A thousand acres had just been purchased by the provincial government, and the West Lawn building was scheduled to be opened in 1913.

The Pickton family was the first to settle the area opposite the present gravel pit in what is now known as the Dartmoor Highlands subdivision.

Born at Royal Columbian Hospital in 1908, Lillian Pickton enjoyed a happy childhood on the farm.

An emigre from London, England, Mr. Pickton arrived in Hamilton, Ont., in the late 1890s; his wife, Theresa, followed in 1899 with their first-born son.

From Ontario, Mr. Pickton went to Winnipeg for work before moving to British Columbia.

Mr. Pickton was on his own in Vancouver and New Westminster for four years, working for the CPR and planning for the move of his family. He then bought the Coquitlam property.

Lillian Pickton Emerton, who at 81 still drives, married in 1927 at age 19. The Emertons raised a son and daughter; there are now four grandchildren and 11 great-grandchildren. Members of the extended family live in Vancouver, Toronto and Australia. Mrs.



Thomas Wesley owned a general store where Lillian Pickton purchased a treat of ice cream on her way to New Westminster.

Emerton currently lives on Kelly Street in New Westminster.

She fondly remembers her family life when she was growing up. Money was scarce, and everyone in the family worked hard. But the family still shared many fun times, and there was never a shortage of love.

My dad came to Vancouver around 1899 – he got a job there working on the railway – and got to know a real estate man in New Westminster, a Mr. Buchanan, and through him got property (in Coquitlam) on old Pitt River Road in 1904. He built a one-room shack on the hill, and started to ranch on the 10 acres of land. My mother would have come out here with the first of the children four years after my dad.

I was born at Royal Columbian Hospital in 1908. I had two younger brothers. One died when he was six months old, and the one closest to me drowned when he was 21. Two others died as babies, so there were five of us. My sister was eight years older than me.

When my dad built the shack on the property – he worked in Vancouver three or four years before buying it – there was nothing out there, absolutely nothing. The closest place we were to any habitation at all was Esson-dale, where there was one small hospital building; there was also a post office there.

Essondale (hospital) itself was never locked up like it is nowadays; the patients roamed – they used to walk down to our place – but they never bothered us in the least. We were never scared of them.

When I was growing up, Pitt River Road was just a dirt road out as far as our people lived, and just bush all the way. We had only neighbor – the Peers across the road. There was the Booth's farm and the Brehaut's farm, but they were closer to New Westminster from where we lived. We were much further out than that.

My mother had to walk all the way out with all those kids to a one-room shack, and it was in the cold weather too. She was not pregnant again but she had just lost one in Vancouver due to a convulsion – there was one more in between, and I was the next – but somehow, they managed.

The original one-room shack up on the hill that held all of us – it burned down one night, many years later – was built of shiplap, the cheapest wood you could buy then. The wood did not come from our property; my dad brought that out, and it was all he could afford.

We had to clear the land ourselves. I can remember when we were kids, we were always clearing more land; we would have so much cleared, and then there was always more. The wood that was cut down was always used as firewood; we needed it for heating and cooking, and that was a good way for us to get it.

The one big room that was originally built was turned into two bedrooms and a living room, as the shack was always being added on to. They built a big

lean-to at the back, and that had a big kitchen and pantry, and eventually a toilet, but that was not until 1925.

When the upstairs was finished, the boys all slept up there. We were sleeping three to a bed most of the time. We had running water in the house by 1920 and later on, the toilet. The water was piped in from the well, with only a little hand pump on the porch. We just had a sink at first for the water to run out underneath.

Hot water was heated on the stove, a big wood stove with a water tank on the side. We kids crawled into the one tub every Saturday night. The little ones always got the clean water, and the older ones had to put up with the dirtier water. Then, at a certain age, we girls were allowed to have our baths in the bedroom.

My dad had pigs and cattle, horses and chickens, you name it. I can remember, there were always oodles of fruit trees and lots of potatoes.

We had a big vegetable garden; the garden was in kind of a low spot, so I guess it must have been damp. There was a creek on our property. We always had a good well too. Eventually, the well was up on the hill, and we would pipe the water down the hill, and Mom had a pipe pump at the back door. We used to drag the water with a bucket in the early years.

We had a good life; we were a happy bunch of kids. I think we had fun, far more fun, than the kids have now-adays. There were enough of us kids that we could make our own fun. One can look at it as though it was a lot of work – it was for my mother and dad – but we had a lot of fun too.

Actually, in those days, women seemed to carry as much (of the load), if not more, because they had to care for all the children The men never looked after children then – but in a big family, the older ones always looked after the younger ones, and I think that was wonderful.

My mother preserved by the hundreds (of bottles) fruit and all that. My mother would sew our clothes. And she worked with my dad, always. She worked in the barns and she worked in the fields and she worked in the garden. I can remember she always had a great, big pot of soup on the stove; she had to have something to feed us.

I have heard lots of people say they went to bed hungry at night; I never remember being hungry. We always had lots, never seemed to be short of things, and nobody went hungry. For breakfast, there would be a huge pot of porridge cooked for the kids.

The kitchen table was big, with a big bench right along the back, and then chairs in the front. My dad always had a big chair at the end, where he sat. My mother was always busy feeding the youngest one, whoever was the baby of the family at that time. We all had to do our share, especially the older ones.

All the clothes we wore, my mother made, or they were hand-me-downs from somebody she knew. Lots of flour-sack, and lots of sugar-sack clothes. Good old flour sacks in those days, you know. Everything – panties and underwear, too – came in those cotton sacks. I think all the kids had that. My mother would bleach the sacks all lovely and white, and all the print was on the bottom of your pants, if you were lucky, or it was all bleached out. My mother scrubbed all our clothes on a board out in the middle of the porch, at the back, just an ordinary old laundry tub, and she dragged the water down by hand.

We all had our chores. The boys would be outside working with my dad, and the girls would be helping mother. The girls in those days worked mostly in the house, and I worked outside weeding gardens. We all had to dig in and do our bit.

Neighboring farm belonged to Thomas Wesley. Today, it is the Cape Horn Interchange.





The Pickton family farm along what was then known as Pitt River Road. This road today is Lougheed Highway.

We had fun in those days. We would have animals coming right down to the back door. I can remember my mother going out at night with a broom, and there was a bear that had knocked against the door, and she was out with a broom, and my dad was yelling at her to get back in, because it was a bear.

We roamed the woods and everything up there, and we were never frightened of animals or anything.

In the early days, when we were really little, my parents would take the horse and buggy, and we would go on a Friday to New Westminster, to the farmers market. We thought that was great. We would load up pigs and chickens into the wagon, to be sold at the market.

We did all our grocery shopping in New Westminster in the early years. In later years, we would get some it in Maillardville. There was the Proulx store there, and the Petts had a butcher shop, and they used to come out and get the order from Mom and bring it out.

Christmas was just crazy. We always had a great Christmas celebration with a tree that hit the roof; we were lucky to get it into the house. Early in November, my mother would have us sitting around the kitchen table making things to hang on the Christmas tree; we used to just love this.

The whole flock of us would sit at the table, take out paper and stuff, and make decorations. We would also decorate the house with large paper chains. Everybody hung up stockings, always, and you always got something, a Japanese orange possibly, or some candies in the toe of your sock, and one toy.

Christmas was always so long in coming. Everyone sang songs. We did not have a piano, but my dad used to have an accordion, and then we had one of those old record players with the big horn on it, and the records. We played records at Christmas until we were blue in the face, and sang along.

You do tend to be spoiled by the older ones, especially at Christmas. I can remember my one brother, the eldest one – he was working by this time – coming home loaded with stuff. I can remember getting a nice doll from him.

When my sister was working at Glulam Products Ltd. – she was about 16, and I was eight – she

brought me a great, big teddy bear. My children had it, the grand-children had it, and now the great-grandchildren have it. So my old teddy bear is still in the family.

We were not really a church-going family, and yet when we were very young, I can still remember there were gifts from (a parish). When my parents moved out (to Coquitlam) and had all these kids, we had our prayer first thing in the morning. I did go to Sunday school at St. Catherine's down in Port Coquitlam.

Then later on – it was not until we were quite grown up – when my mother was able to get out from under the load of kids, she started attending St. Mary's Anglican Church (in Sapperton) again. I was married in St. Mary's, so I continued to go there with my mother.

When I started school, I went to Millside; my brothers had all gone to Millside. But by the time I was in the fourth or fifth grade, they had built that tiny school at Essondale. All the younger ones went to Essondale. There were only about 13 children then, and that was when the school was full.

We walked to Millside from where we lived. There was a pipeline over the back, but that was right through solid bush, just a trail that we walked through. Mundy Road itself was not there then, just this trail up and over Dawes Hill, which we used to call Old Pipeline. That was quite a climb (from Millside school) right through all that bush. There was an old bachelor who had a homestead up there and he was the only one I knew that lived there. He was right up on the peak of the hill.

We always had shoes to start school, and then we went bare foot all summer. Then when we started school in the fall, we jammed our feet back into our shoes again. All summer, we never put a pair of shoes on. We just loved it; now, you couldn't walk around without any shoes. There wasn't any broken glass then, nothing like that. The worst thing you could do, I remember my dad telling us, was step on a board with a rusty nail.

My second-oldest brother joined the army in 1914 – he was born in 1899, so he was only 15 – when the First World War started. He and the Peers boy, our neighbors, who was just a few months older and palled around together, just took off and joined the army. The mothers did not know anything about it.

They went overseas, imagine, and my brother was only 15! They both came back; my brother was wounded, the Peers boy was not. My oldest brother couldn't pass his medical to join up.

When we got sick, there was doctor if you waited long enough, but you pretty well doctored yourself. We were a healthy bunch of kids, and as a child, I never knew what it was like to go see a doctor, or anything. The very youngest child was born with a heart condition, but he never saw a doctor. No doctor that would travel out that far, anyway.

The only time I remember seeing a doctor was towards the end of the First World War, and there was a very bad flu epidemic, and my sister and brother closest to her took it very badly. The doctor did get out here then.

I guess my dad, or some other people, had gone to town to try get a hold of a doctor. Not that they could do much, since they did not have antibiotics, and my sister and brother were very, very ill. I can remember us tiptoeing around the house, being very quiet, because we did not expect them to live.

But they did. They survived. My mother went through a lot, but it did not seem to faze them in those days.

Although we had nothing as far as money was concerned, there was plenty to eat, and we were a very happy household. My dad was very strict with us, and when he got angry, we were scared and we stayed out of his way, that's for sure. But there was a happy feeling in our house.

My dad was killed by a car in 1927, the year I was married. There were so few cars in those days, and yet he was hit by one on the highway. He was in hospital for about a month before he died of gangrene; that wouldn't happen today because of antibiotics. My eldest brother, who was off logging, came home to look after the ranch.

I quit Essondale School when I was in senior class there – it was called senior third, approximately Grade 12 today – and went to work keeping house and looking after the kids for a family in Maillardville. My brothers had also gone to work right out of school, and my two older brothers went into logging right away.

After a year, I went to work at Swift's, and that's where I met my husband. We went together for four years, and when we were married, came here (to a house on Kelly Street in New Westminster) and have been here ever since, never moved. I have been here 63 years, and I don't intend to move.

Married women did not work in those days because that was considered taking away a job from somebody else. So I had to quit work. When I was working, I earned only 39 cents an hour. That was a low wage – 50 cents an hour was considered fairly good – but it was amazing what you could buy.

I think my husband eventually did get 50 cents an hour. He sometimes was a commercial fisherman, but fish sold for five cents each, $5 for a pail, so you couldn't make much. Then he finally got a job at the distillery and worked there 35 or 36 years, until he retired.

We had two children, a son and daughter, and have 11 great-grandchildren now. As we were growing older, I was wishing we'd had more. But we went through the Depression, of course, and could not afford more and properly give them the things you wanted to give them.

My mother continued to live on the farm on Pitt River Road once all the kids were gone. When my eldest brother married, he also lived there for a while, then bought some property across the street. There was a tiny little house on it, and my mother wanted to be on her own, so she moved into that little house across the way.

She was happy as can be about having all those kids and she always said that if she had it to do over again, she would do the same thing. She felt that she had had a very good life. She was with us for a year here until she died. She was 87 by that time.

Reina Dicaire Anderton

Jean-Baptiste Dicaire, grandfather of Reina Anderton Dicaire, was probably the first French Canadian to see Fraser Mills – the town site and the sawmill – and the wooded area that was to become Maillardville. A lumber inspector, Mr. Dicaire came out here by CPR train in 1904 when word reached Hull, Que., that good wages were being offered for skilled mill workers.

Following a brief stay at Fraser Mills and environs, he returned East, and in 1909, he led a contingent of 110 French Canadians to British Columbia. Some stayed in Port Moody and some continued on to Fraser Mills. Among the group were his wife, Josephine, and their sons, Jean-Baptiste, Arthur and Wilfrid. The younger Jean-Baptiste was to become known as Johnny, and later, as Mr. Maillardville.

Johnny Dicaire married Regina Gagne and lived and worked in Port Moody, where their son was born. The family then moved to Maillardville after Mr. Dicaire landed a job at Fraser Mills as a shingle sawyer. Four daughters, including Reina Dicaire Anderton, were born there and raised in the rambling family home on Laval Square.

Reina Dicaire Anderton was born in Maillardville on March 13, 1923. After leaving school, she cared for Grandmother Dicaire for several years, then worked at the Royal City cannery. She married Robert Anderton in 1942, and the couple had two children. Mrs. Anderton has four grandchildren and has lived in Surrey since 1956.

Following Mrs. Anderton's story are recollections offered by her cousin, Maurice Dicaire.



Johnny Dicaire in 1916.

Jean-Baptiste Dicaire, my dad, was born in Hull, Que., on Jan. 12, 1892. He was 17 years old when he came to Port Moody on the train with his family, and a bunch of other people from back East.

My grandfather, who was also named Jean-Baptiste Dicaire, had come out a few years earlier, because he was a lumberman and he wanted to see what things were like. He liked the looks of it, I guess, because he went back and organized a few people who were not content with things at home.

He came back with his own family, and many others. I don't really know where they first lived in Port Moody, but I think it was on the side of Barnet, closer to the railway tracks. They worked in the mills there. My brother, Jean-Paul, was born in Port Moody.

My family then moved to Maillardville, and all four of us girls were born there. We lived first on Marmont Road, then on Laval Square. We were brought up in a big house there, lived there through our childhood and got married from there. We had a good life.

My father was called Johnny by everybody, and became known as Mr. Maillardville because he just loved people, and he was out all the time, doing things. He was always so busy. Dad was such a lovable man, and he just loved his family. We'd always be doing something.

If somebody had to give me a father, then he gave me one of the best in Dad. Whenever he came in, he just had to hug you and kiss you hello, then kiss you good-bye. He gave that quality to his children too. Mother was more reserved. She told us one day she had to be strict, because Dad was so soft.

I know that when I was small, Dad had to go away to work because he'd been blacklisted at Fraser Mills. He could never get a job there again.

He was a strong union man, and he did not believe in scabs, I'll tell you! He was blacklisted because he refused to cross the picket line. This was after the strike of 1931. I remember those days, with the Mounties on their horses; it was frightening, really.

Dad worked with East Indians down at the mill and was proud of the fact he could speak a little with them in their own language. The East Indians and the Chinese had their own quarters down by the mill, and we never saw any of them living in Maillardville. We used to see these great, big bonfires down there from our balcony, and we knew another Hindu had passed away.

Dad was the kind of man who loved us so much, every time he went away some place to work, he had more tears than the kids did. He was a shingle sawyer, and he got jobs with Mr. McKercher, worked years for him, mostly at the foot of Fraser Street in Vancouver, after he'd been blacklisted.

He had to live away from home when he was working there, and that was a bad time when he would come home, and have to leave again. Mom used to do all his laundry and pack his bags again, and we knew he was ready to go. Those years must have been so long for him.

He always seemed to be a happy-go-lucky person, though, even after he was out of a job, and he always had a car, from before he was married. He would take us to Kitsilano, Second Beach, all over.



Regina and Johnny Dicaire, in front of their Maillardville home. Standing at the top of the stairs is Johnny's father, Jean-Baptiste Dicaire. Picture was taken 1918.

Not many people had cars then, so if they wanted to go somewhere on a picnic, say Boundary Bay or Birch Bay, or to the beaches in Vancouver, they would hire a wood truck and sell tickets for two bits each, I think it was. The truck drivers would often join us while waiting to take everyone home.

Where my dad learned square dancing, I'm not sure. Just came natural to him, I would guess, maybe from seeing others do it. He and Mom were good dancers, and loved all kinds of dancing. Dad used to clog dance, something like a tap dance, but I don't know whether it was French Canadian or not.

My father once belonged to a band, but that was a long time ago, when I was a baby. He used to call the square dancing at Columbia Hall in New Westminster, right on Columbia Street, not far from Mc and Mc. He would run the place with Harry Tidy. He also ran the Elks Hall with Dave McWatter; it was just off Eighth Street, in New Westminster.

They used to have square dances on Brunette Street as well, and little local dances at Tremblay's Hall, but these did not seem to go over too big, not too many people. I guess a lot of people weren't into square dancing in those days.

Dad called the squares all over the place, but in those days, they didn't travel all that far. He was in New Westminster, Port Moody, Mission, places like that. He was a talker and always had to talk to people. I remember, he was interviewed twice on television, on CBC, I think.

They talked to him about his life, how he actually came out here with Father Maillard. He was unusual in that he spoke English and French equally well, so he was often called upon to be a spokesman for Maillardville. His French was not from Paris, it was just plain French, and it had no twang to it or anything.

Dad was proud of being fluently bilingual. We spoke French at home, but if there were any English-speaking people around, we spoke English. Mom and Dad believed it was bad manners to converse in French when English-speaking people were around, and vice versa, of course. All us girls ended up marrying Englishmen!

After Dad retired from the mill, he opened up a billiard hall on Brunette, you know, where those stores were, facing the Woods Hotel. They were just on the back part of the street, and there were stores down in the basement, too. He had that business quite a few years.

He was a great community man and served as presient of the old-age pensioners of Maillardville for 15 years. I don't think Foyer Maillard, the pensioners' home, would have been built if it hadn't been for him. He was instrumental in getting it going. It's an intermediate-care place, with nurses on duty all the time.

He was often asked to speak at the local French immersion school. The teachers would phone him up, and say: "Mr. Dicaire, could you come and speak to the class in French?" So he used to go, and have a good time, and when he came home, he used to tell us what awfully nice kids they were.

What did he look like? Well, he was not too tall, got a little more robust as he got older and wore glasses later in life. He was always neat and well dressed, always wore a tie, suit and coat if he came over for supper. He always liked a nice tie for Father's Day.

Dad was very good at sports. If he had been a bit bigger, he might have played hockey for the best teams back East. He was a wonderful skater. He loved the ice rink and he loved lacrosse. He played these sports in Maillardville until the kids were born.

He once told us that when they were kids back East, they would build little skates out of two pieces of wood, just like bobskates, and they would skate around the house, on the hardwood floor. That's how they learned to skate when they were small.

Dad was active until the day he died, in 1978, at 86. When my mother, who had heart trouble, used to lie down after lunch, he'd go to the Dogwood to shoot pool, and talk. He got sick quite suddenly. They said his heart had just failed him, and had been failing for a time. He knew us until the end and just went to sleep.

My dad went to the Lourdes Church every Sunday – we all did too – but he was no fanatic about it. They gave so much money every month, and things like that. We had our first communion, second communion, and confirmation at the church.

We all went to the French Lourdes school, in the middle of our block, in Laval Square. My older brothers and sisters went there longer than I did. Dad's brother lived directly below us, and Mom's sister was on the corner, so the whole area was like family, and it was nice.

When I went to Millside School, I was kept back a few grades, because I did not know any English words



Johnny Dicaire, centre row, far right, with prominent Maillardville residents.

at all. I was supposed to be in Grade 3 at the convent, but was stuck back in Grade 1, and that was rough. Not that we were dumb, or anything, but we were just placed back.

My memories of Millside are nice, otherwise. We learned English very quickly, but we stayed friendly with the kids that stayed at the convent school too. The reason we switched, I think, was because my parents could not afford it, being Depression time, and the big strike too.

I remember, we had a lot of Chinese boys and girls at Millside. Their dads all worked at Fraser Mills, and they lived down there. One of the Chinese men would drop them off in a great, big truck every morning, pick them up at noon for lunch, bring them back, then take them home again after school.

We walked there and back, and Mother knew how long it took, and if we dallied around, she would ask us where we'd been. We would ask Dad if we could do something, and he'd tell us to ask our mother, but we'd say it was no use. He wouldn't say anything, because he knew Mom would overrule him.

Our recreation as kids was hitchhiking, four or five kids, to the Pitt River bridge and swimming there in what we called Pig's Hole. The water was very clean. We'd go skating at Como Lake in the wintertime, later at Queens Park in New Westminster by bus. Or we'd walk to the city limits on Brunette and catch a street car and go to shows.

New Year's Day was always open house at our place, and the house would be full of people. When we were kids, we used to sit on the stairs going up – we had a big house – and listen to the party for hours, until we were made to go to bed. People would bring musical instruments with them, like the mandolin.

There would be three sets of quadrilles to live music, four if you put one in the kitchen. You had all hardwood floors then, except for the kitchen, which was linoleum. Our house, which was the first one Dad owned, was big enough for my sister's wedding reception.

The Depression years were bad for us. My mom would mend our clothes, but they were always clean because she was a very neat, clean person. We didn't go hungry, but we didn't eat much fancy stuff. We ate a lot of fish. There was a house on Cartier, you could pick out clothes people had donated, and get some fish.

My dad was such a proud man that we would feel bad that he was on relief and had to dig ditches. He was blacklisted by then, and he could not get a job until later. It was harder for them than us. I remember this nice coat of Mom's – she'd had it for years – because she would never buy anything for herself.

We enjoyed going over to Grandpa and Grandma Dicaire's place for parties; we'd sing all these French songs. Grandma Dicaire had a very nice voice. So did Grandma Gagne. But Grandpa Gagne was quiet compared to the Dicaire side of the family. They were all proud of their French-Canadian heritage.

That street just off Schoolhouse Road named after Dad, Decaire Street, I don't know how it got to be Decaire instead of Dicaire. There was a mistake made somewhere, but it really doesn't matter, because everybody knows it's Dicaire. The street was dedicated long before Dad died, and he was pleased.
He figured the Dicaire name was the same for his brothers, Arthur and Wilfred, so the street was not just named for him, but after the whole family, who'd been in Maillardville so long. The billiard room at the Dogwood Pavilion is named after Dad too, and there's a plaque there in his honor.



The Booth's dairy farm supplied milk to residents in the region and was a popular picnic site.

Maurice Dicaire

Born in Maillardville in 1924 to pioneer parents, Maurice Dicaire was the grandson of Jean-Baptiste Dicaire, believed to be the first French Canadian to see Fraser Mills. Maurice Dicaire's father, Arthur, was one of three Dicaire brothers, and his mother was a Hammond; the two families lived in Laval Square, within yards of each other.

Maurice and Rita (Boileau) Dicaire live on Merritt Street. Now retired from Fraser Mills, where he was a shingle sawyer and saw fitter, Mr. Dicaire works in his garden and enjoys fishing with his youngest grandson, Richard.

My grandfather, Jean-Baptiste Dicaire, was a surveyor who was one of the first settlers to see B.C., maybe in the late 1800s, and again in 1904. Birth certificates and church records show the family name was Dicaire, not Decaire. But Decaire Street, where Millside Road used to be, was named after the family.

My father was born in Hull, Que., and came to Coquitlam in 1909. My mother was born in Rockland, Ont. I was born in Maillardville in 1924 and had two sisters and a brother. After my mother and father were married, they lived near my grandfather and grandmother Hammond. The Hammonds and Dicaires were neighbors.

Grandfather Hammond had 10 cows, a horse, a barn and lots of grass. The farm was their home. When I was a boy, I used to take the cows out every day, walking through the lanes on to Marmont Road, to where Mackin Park is now. My job was to milk the cows, take them to graze in Mackin Park, take them home, then milk them again.

The milk was delivered to Pacific Plywood, and Fraser Mills, for five cents a pint, or 10 cents a quart. I got paid $2.50 a month, plus room and board, from my grandfather. Grandpa Dicaire had two lots near Millside School. He had an orchard there with 10 trees. Some were apple and pear trees, and two were cherry trees.

I used to spend most of my money on movies. The biggest thrill was to head to New Westminster to the old Edison Theatre for a show. This was a big thing for us. Cost 10 cents to enter, as a child. Since my father worked in the shingle mill at Fraser Mills – he worked there 45 years – almost every day, my mother would walk down to the mill and give my dad his lunch. My uncle also worked in the shingle mill, putting in 48 years there.

I used to fetch balls at the Fraser Mills baseball diamond; the players would usually give me a nickel. I didn't play much baseball myself. I played some soccer in school, and lacrosse with the Sapperton and New Westminster teams in 1938.

My grandfather Dicaire used to lend us these beautiful bobsleds. They were long and could fit

several people. We used to slide down Marmont Road, 10 of us on one bobsled at times. The road wasn't busy because cars couldn't get up the hill.
One time, we slid down Schoolhouse Road; it was the fastest ride we ever had. We never thought we'd be alive. In the days we rode the bobsleds, Blue Mountain Road went only as far as Austin Avenue.

My family was lucky enough to have flush toilets, but our neighbor next door was not so lucky. He had an outhouse. Every Hallowe'en, we tried to bring that thing down. We would try to tip it over any way we could. It got us into some trouble.

Later on, we bought land near the Brunette overpass, across from the plywood plant, where we used to play. Our neighbors were the Hammonds and the Boileaus. Behind us lived the Thomases, and on the other side were the Pares. Next door were the Croteaus, with Grandpa Hammond on the other side.

My uncle used to take us to Bowen Island all the time. We also had a lot of fun going to picnics, sometimes to the Booth's dairy farm. When I was eight years old, my family would wait at Municipal Hall for the lumber trucks to pick us up.

They used to take us out to White Rock every Sunday for a picnic. We would have tug-of-war, sack races and arm wrestling. My best friends at the time were the Pare boys – Raymond and Laurent.

When I was 16, I got a car, a 1932 green Dodge convertible with balloon tires. But it didn't take much for us to have fun. We would make do with whatever was around. A stick became a sword, for instance.

During the big strike at Fraser Mills in 1931, we used to irritate the RCMP. We'd throw stones at their horses so they used to chase us. It got really dangerous at times.

One of the jobs I had was making sausages and delivering groceries for Mr. Thrift's meat market on Brunette. On the other side was Filiatrault's general store, and kitty corner was Pett's meat market.

I could never understand why there were so many stores in that area. Beside Mr. Thrift's store was Tremblay Hall. All the marriages took place there. The shoemaker, John Graveline, was well known in town.

I went to Millside School for five years, then to New Westminster College, which was all boys. I used to walk to Swift's packing house to catch the tram. We did this just to save a nickel.

Company homes near Fraser Mills. Sidewalks were made of wood so they would float during spring floods. Picture was taken in early 1900s.



Stuart Windblad

With company houses in the Fraser Mills town site, the company store and the paternalism typical of employers of the times, Fraser Lumber Co., forerunner of Canadian Western Lumber Co., was like one big family when Andrew J. (Snap) Stewart, grandfather of Stuart Windblad, arrived in 1905.

Mr. Stewart and an assistant wrote a diary – similar to a family record – between 1905 and 1912, and again from 1912 through 1931. Faithfully noted were milestones such as marriages, births and deaths in the town, happenings at the mill and even the occasional comical incident.

Starting with an item on his own appointment as "foreman for the cutting of all orders" in 1905, the Stewart diary comprises an early history of the single most important industry in Coquitlam.

Snap Stewart – the nickname was in deference to his sprinting ability as a youth – was one of many Americans the recruited for management and skilled positions in the early years. He had advanced to general mill foreman by the time he retired, in 1941.

Of Scottish-Spanish parentage, Snap Stewart worked on sail boats up and down the West Coast, then became the tally man in charge of loading cargo ships at the Port Blakely sawmill on Bainbridge Island, directly opposite Seattle. Before burning down, that mill was the largest in North America; Fraser Mills was ranked fourth at the time.

Mr. Stewart met his wife, the former Hannah Elofson, while working at the Port Blakely mill. The Elofson family, Norwegian immigrants, were homesteading on Bainbridge Island at the time. Snap and Hannah Stewart later moved to Bellingham, where Mr. Stewart became the mill foreman.

They raised three children – Andrew Jr., Frances and Florence, who was to become Stuart Windblad's mother. His father, Victor, the son of Swedish immigrants, worked as a saw filer at Port Blakeley for a man named Flynn; both were to relocate at Fraser Mills, where Vic Windblad would in time succeed his boss as head filer.

A good athlete in his youth, Snap Stewart also played baseball and was one of the Americans who introduced the game to Fraser Mills.

Born at St. Mary's Hospital on March 8, 1922, Stuart Windblad was raised at the family's company home at 52 King Edward Ave. His family moved from the town site to New Westminster in 1942. Like his grandfather and father, he also worked in the lumber industry all his life. However, his connection to Fraser Mills was limited to vacation stints in the filing room as a teenager.

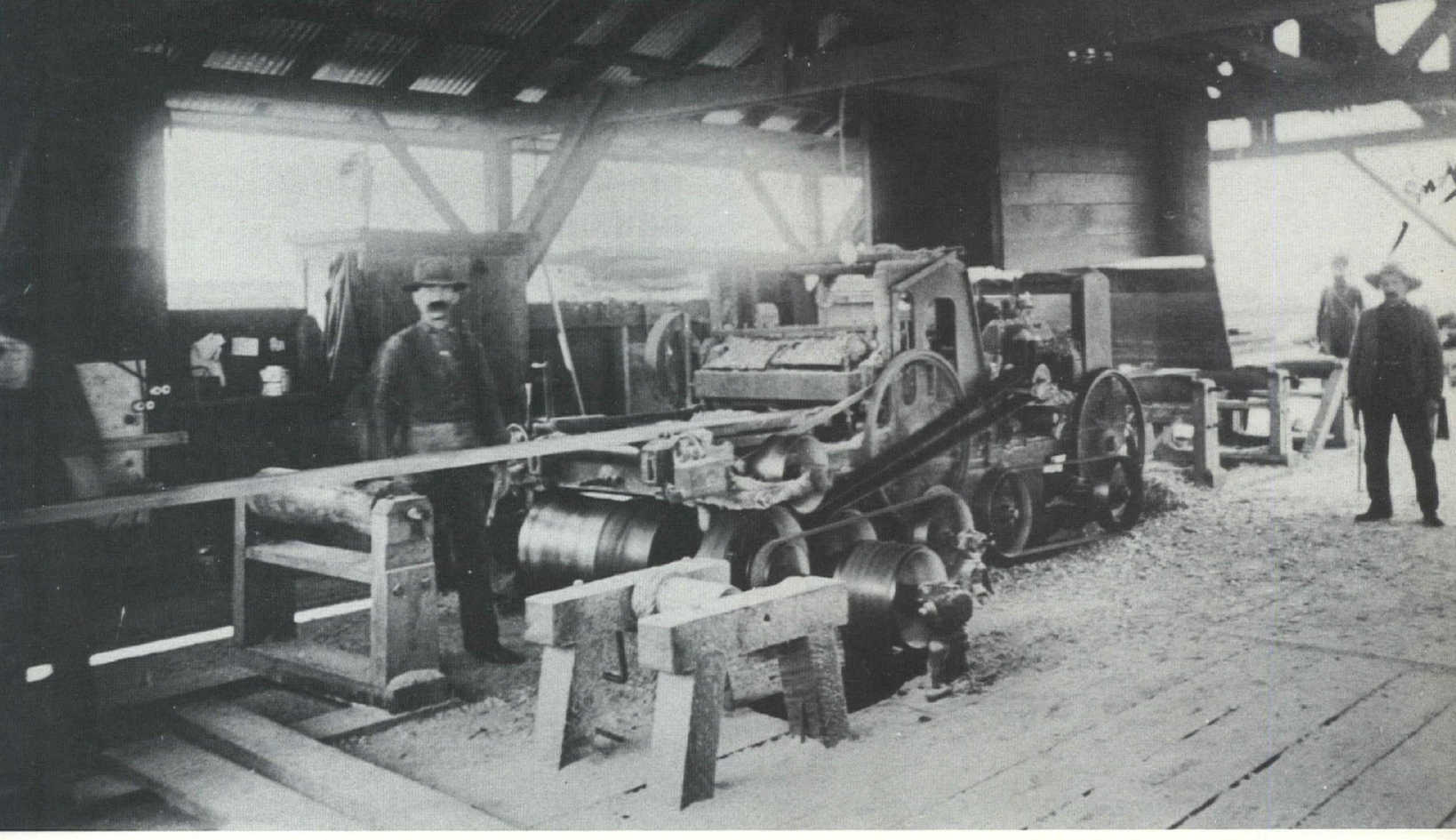
Mr. Windblad married the former Ellen Greenall of New Westminster; they raised two sons and a daughter. They have seven grandchildren and have lived in Surrey the past 35 years.

My grandfather's diary, which was written in long hand by himself and an assistant, has just about everything that happened in Fraser Mills – workers who were hurt, workers who quit, workers who were hired, and workers – Thomas, Gagnon and Josak are mentioned – who had just been married. Births and deaths in the town site are also recorded.

The diary says the first rail car was loaded with lumber on June 10, 1912. The mill was shut down for

Victor Windblad, centre, was head filer at Fraser Mills in 1918. He was the father of Stuart Windblad.





"Snap" Stewart stands beside machinery in the saw mill. Photo was taken in 1907.

a halfday on Sept. 18, 1914, when W. S. Rogers, the original general manager, died. He was succeeded by H. J. Mackin.

The first night shift started on March 10, 1917. On Nov. 2, 1920, wages were cut 10 per cent, and by 20 per cent on Dec. 1.

April 24, 1917: "Started third rig." This was a significant development in the sawmill, where there was a long-side rig, a short-side rig, and a pony rig. I think the pony rig had just been added, maybe because a lot of the small stuff was being left in the woods, or they were running short of trees.

The long side was a single-cut rig, used for cutting things like mast timbers; the short side would double cut smaller logs; and the pony rig was for the small logs, which might have been thrown out before, or left behind by the loggers.

The Fraser Mills hockey team lost the championship game on Sept. 25, 1915. August Gay, a baseball player from the San Francisco area, was hired on Nov. 27, 1915, to work at the mill, and play a little baseball on the side for Circle F. He quit about a year later.

My grandfather came here from Bellingham, where he was the foreman of the sawmill. He was at the mill in Port Blakely before that. He was named the cutting foreman at Fraser Mills in 1905, when he started his diary. He later became foreman for the whole mill.

My grandfather might have had something to do with starting the Circle F baseball team at Fraser Mills. He played baseball himself. We lived at 52 King Edward Ave., near the crown of the hill, and he lived a couple of doors away. The higher you were in the company, the closer you were to the top of the hill.

He was quite a drinker and he would often arrive home from the Elks Hall in New Westminster a bit tipsy. My grandmother was gone by that time, and the housekeeper would call us when he pulled up in front of the garage and tried to get in. I don't know how he ever drove home some nights. Dad would go over and help him into the house.

In 1919, just after my parents were married, they moved into a company house. Before that, my father boarded with the Spencer family – they had a chicken farm in Maillardville. Our next-door neighbor was Cromwell, the policeman, then my grandparents. Below us were the Josaks, McKinnons, Charltons, Gallaghers, and above, the Richters, McLeods and McCormicks.

The house was white with green trim and it was neither the largest nor smallest in the town site. Originally, there were three bedrooms, but one had been remade into the dining room. When the children were born – I had one older sister, and one younger – my father got the mill carpenter to add another bedroom, where the porch was, I think.

The house was partly lined with plywood, and there was no central heating, only a potbellied stove in the hall way. We burned mill blocks, but the fire would go out early, and the winters were much colder then, and I can remember piling blankets and my father's great coat on top to keep myself warm. Sometimes, the cold and condensation would produce sparkling frost on the inside walls by morning.

My mother cooked on a wood stove in the kitchen; coils from the boiler to the stove heated up the water. We would burn planer ends and mill blocks for longer fires. The wood was delivered by a team of horses in a wagon. One of my chores was to split the blocks in the wood shed out back, pile it up neatly and carry what was needed to the porch for my mother. Later

on, we got an oil heater which stayed on all night.

Every once in a while, the company would repaper the inside of the house, and repaint the outside. You could have any colors you wanted, as long as they were white and green, or green and white. Those were the company colors.

The poplar trees that lined King Edward Avenue probably attracted the caterpillars which plagued us during the summer months. They were all over the wooden sidewalks, and all around the houses, millions of them. My mother would sweep them up by the buckets and burn them in the kitchen stove.

Growing up in Fraser Mills was lots of fun. We'd sleighride in the wintertime on the wooden sidewalk, from the top of King Edward down, over the second slope not quite to the railroad tracks, about a mile run, I would say. We slicked up the sidewalk. A neighbor, Mr. Cox, would spread ashes because he feared for our safety, but some of the older boys would just cover it over with snow.

In the summertime, we went swimming at Popeye's dam, where the creek flows into the Fraser River, swimming in open sections created by the log booms. The current was so fast we were in danger of being sucked under. Harry Kerr, whose father ran the Edison Theatre in New Westminster, tried to swim to the other side once, and we had to rescue him with a boom pole.

We also played war with guns made out of clothes pins which could shoot rubber strips made from inner tubes. Halloween, we'd tip over wood piles and garbage cans. Some of the older boys would raid the outhouses in the flats, pull out the drawers used for the droppings – company wagons would come around to clean them out – and spread the stuff all over!

I remember getting my first bike, a CCM single speed, in 1936. I put a lot of miles on it. The alleys in the town site were dirt, and later lined with cinder from the mill's boiler room. I used to deliver newspapers along King Edward, and in Chinatown, where a different smell of food came from the common kitchen they had. I would also board the cargo ships tied up at the wharves, and sell newspapers there.

One day, a chum named Yves Gravelle was pedalling his bike quite fast to check the headlight, which was powered by a generator. He was bent forward over the light and ran smack into the back of a car. He hit the back window hard, and the impact threw him on to the roof. He ended up with a lump on his head the size of an egg.

To earn a bit of money, I used to raise fryer chickens, and sell them, hauling them around in a crate on my wagon. I would buy two dozen young roosters at a time from a woman on Marmont for, maybe, 10 cents each, raise them in the backyard, kill and pluck them, and sell them. I think I got about 75 cents apiece.

My father got on as a filer at the Port Blakely mill when he told the head filer, Flynn, that he would work for nothing to show that he could do the job. He also worked for Flynn at Fraser Mills at first, then became the head saw filer when Flynn retired.

My cousin, Eileen Johnson, and I would go into the mill from the back end, and get into trouble. I often delivered my grandfather's lunch when I was about 10 years old. I remember, my father took me through the mill when I was 13; I also recall visiting the Japanese labor boss, Togo, with him.

I started at Lourdes school around 1928, probably because my mother was Catholic, and went up to Grade 8. My grandfather had been raised a Catholic by his Spanish mother. Sister Bernard taught us, mostly in English.

I walked to school every day. Then I attended Central School and T. J. Trapp Technical School in New Westminster, getting there on my bike, or on the bus.

In the summer of 1938, when I was 16, I started working as a replacement saw filer for my father. The filing room was directly above the sawmill, and the saws were hoisted up from down below. We would swedge and shape the teeth, and sharpen them, and sometimes touch them up on the rig with a file without lifting them. We also worked on the edger saws, which were used to cut lumber, grinding and replacing teeth as needed.

Hanging high up in the trusses, in the rafters, in the filing room was a battered chair. There was quite a story behind it. One day, Flynn was sitting in the chair reading a newspaper when he got up to talk to a filer. Seconds afterwards, a saw broke, blew the door in and flattened the chair.

Now when a saw breaks, it uncoils like a whip and demolishes anything in its path. Flynn would likely have been killed had he still been sitting in the chair. He thanked whoever had decided his time was not yet up and suspended the chair as a reminder of how lucky he had been.

My grandfather had a Model T from as far back as I can remember, and my father also had one. We used to go to the beach in White Rock, an all-day outing, or to Everett, Wash., to visit the Johnsons, my Aunt Frances's family. We'd go there for Christmas once in a while, or they'd come up here.

The trip to Everett took almost five hours of steady driving. My grandfather used his Model T to drive to the mill with my father. Two people were needed just to get a Model T going. I remember, one would crank up the car in front, and the other would be on the seat, adjusting the spark.

There was a great deal of enthusiasm for Circle F baseball, which was played on a diamond below what is now Mackin Park, not far from our house on King Edward. The stands behind home plate were completely filled for the Sunday-afternoon games, and planks were laid on veneer blocks along the foul lines for extra seating.

My grandfather once played baseball, and so did Dad, who played for Circle F, and later became the team manager. I remember, I was sitting on the players' bench once when I got hit in the stomach by a foul tip. Almost knocked me out.

I took drafting at Trapp Tech, and after I graduated, I went to work for Valley Lumber, at the south end of Pattullo bridge, designing houses. I served three years going on four in the RCAF during the Second World War, and stayed in some facet of the lumber industry until I retired.



The original Minnekhada Ranch house. Picture was taken in the winter of 1920.

Margaret Pollard McLaren

People who made their home near Dogpatch, in northeast Coquitlam, were living in a forgotten part of the municipality.

Dogpatch Hall was the nickname for Meridian Heights Farmers Institute Hall, the community centre for the area. The Farmers Institute, with its stumping-powder members and women's auxiliary, long served as the lightning rod for all activities, particularly in the early days.

Born March 5, 1913 to Obe and Bertha (Brown) Pollard, Margaret Pollard McLaren has lived here all her life, save for a few years in Vernon after she married Stuart McLaren in 1937.

Her parents had moved to Coquitlam in 1907. And at the top of the hill along what is now Pollard Road – it was named after the family – the Pollards homesteaded on 40 acres.

Mrs. McLaren had three older brothers – Adrian, Donald and Ralph – and a sister, June, nine years younger. The boys went into the logging and oil industries.

Margaret and Stuart McLaren raised five children – four daughters, one son – and have seven grandchildren. They also have one great-grandchild.

Around 1907, my parents started homesteading 40 acres at the top of Pollard Road. I think you had to do a certain amount every year to retain that land and had to pay a certain amount.

My father had a series of jobs – carpenter, kind of jack-of-all-trades – whatever came up. I believe he was working at Minnekhada as a carpenter when the big fire came through. That was in 1914, soon after I was born on the homestead. Terrible fire.

It started behind Minnekhada, down the mountain road there, and before my father could make it back to where we lived, at the top of Pollard Road, the fire had just jumped a mile at a time and it was coming right through. They saved our house, but even the garden vegetables were burned. My mother took the children and went to someone else's until the fire was under control.

At home, my dad was very practical, very innovative. We had kerosene and coal oil lamps. And we had outhouses – everybody had those. But he would go ahead and do things. For instance, he said he didn't like to carry water, and he didn't like anybody else doing it.

There was a creek at the back of the house, so he fixed up a water system where the water would run down into a tub, and we didn't have to carry it. Later on, he put in a car-motor pump and a dam; that way, we could pump the water up to the house. My dad also used to hunt; there were quite a few deer around.

Just about everybody had an outhouse, but I believe in the Hawthorne house they had the indoor plumbing and all of that, even back then. The Hawthornes, who were friends of ours, later moved to the Island.

I think illness was the worst time years ago. I remember the flu that came around, the epidemic in 1918 and 1919. We had everybody in the house ill at once, and had to keep up the wood fire. I remember Mrs. Hawthorne again. How they came all the way over from the Island, I can't remember, but they brought this soup, and so on.

At that time, you did the best you could at home; unless it was very, very serious. You didn't go near the doctor because it was so expensive. We were quite isolated up here, but I don't remember that there were any real emergencies. I think if it was anything too bad, we'd get Mr. Hammond – he had a team of horses – and he'd take you out.

We always had a very nice Christmas; my dad was very enthusiastic about it. I imagine it must have been pretty hard, though. Christmas, Dad would stay up until all hours after we'd gone to bed, and then, they'd decorate the tree, so we'd see it in the morning.

We had candles on the tree, so we couldn't have the tree lit for more than a short time Christmas morning. We had friends – two bachelors – and we often had them over for Christmas. Another friend, Mr. Willstrom, would come out from Vancouver by train.

We'd go through the Eaton's catalogue, and if you had a bit to spend you'd pick out what you were going to buy the others for Christmas.

You'd have to get your main supplies from Port Coquitlam; we had ours delivered. There was a Grant's store somewhere near where the Commercial Hotel is – I don't think it's the Commercial any more – somewhere in that area, on the north side.

I can remember Johnny Wingrove had a delivery truck. He used to deliver the groceries; they used to be left down here, just where the dip is across. The road was really bad.

See, we lived at the top of the hill up here, and there were no houses beyond that, either. So they'd be left there, and the whole family would have to get out and carry them up – a month's supply. And feed – we had a cow – and hay. Sacks of grain. We didn't have horses, so you got around on a bike.

I can always remember the Hammonds – I think they came from back East, I'm not sure – as some of the first people I knew. My brothers and the Hammond boys all chummed around together. Then the Cullums came, and the Matthews family from Vancouver.

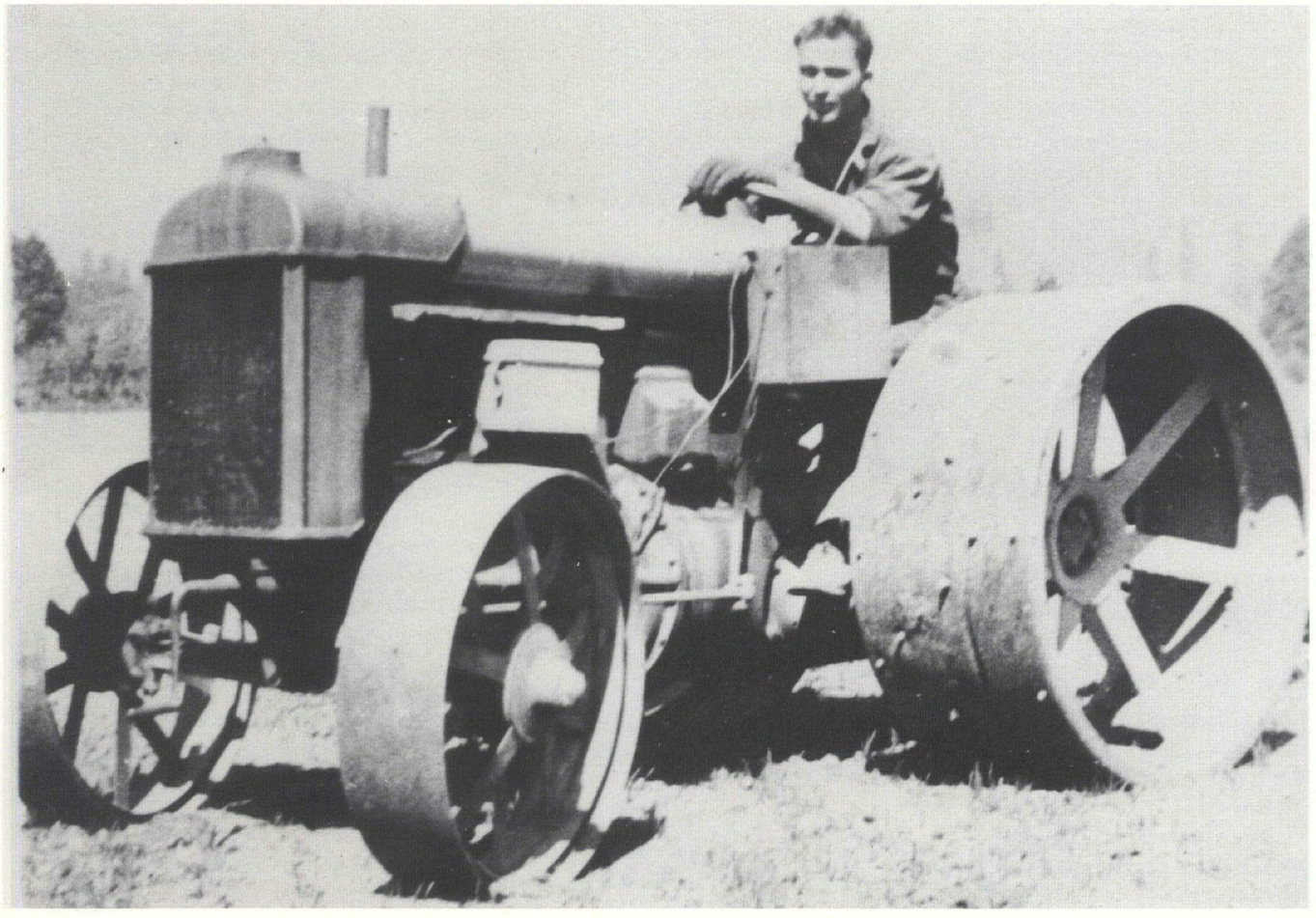
We were supposed to be six years old to go to school, but some started at five to keep the school open – there had to be eight students at least. I don't think I was one of those. We didn't wear uniforms; we just wore what we could scrape up.

East Coquitlam School was a one-room school, so you heard everybody's lessons and you were all prepared by the time you got to the next level. The teachers were Miss Lang, Miss Terlander and Miss Bowden. We walked to school.

There was a big stove to heat the school toward the front and centre. We would always have a Christmas concert. Not long ago, I was talking to another girl who had gone there, and she said, "I think we learned more at that little school than they do now." You got more individual attention. I really enjoyed school.

I think maybe I finished Grade 4 at East Coquitlam, then went over for grades five to eight at Victoria Drive School. It was also one-room, but much larger

Farm worker at Minnekhada Ranch in 1936.



– there were more children as more families moved in. We wrote government exams so you could go to James Park High School in Port Coquitlam. Down in the city, the schools were different from ours – it wasn't all under one. They were recommended, but we had to write our exams. I did pass and went to James Park; high school went to Grade 12, and I think I stopped in Grade 11.

Women didn't work much in those days – there wasn't much for them. I think I did go out and do housework, look after children, and different things.

There was a small community at the end of Quarry Road, where people had come out in the '20s. Nobody came out in the early '30s because by then, times were really hard. They lived in houses, not shacks. And there was a little store at one time. It was better during the Depression to get out of the city, especially if you had sons; you wanted to get them out because you didn't want them hanging about town.

I think things were nicer then than now because everyone knew everybody else, and there would be parties. You'd go, and your parents would know where you were and the people you were with. Oftentimes, they'd have little parties at Victoria Drive School – local musicians were used. I think the ladies all took sandwiches or cakes. All that was arranged beforehand between them.

It was really something to go to a show. When I was growing up, there was a show in Port Coquitlam. Sometimes, a party of young people would get together and walk down, then walk home again.

No, my father wasn't in the (First World) War – he worked at the ship yards down in Port Coquitlam – but after the war, times were very hard. It seemed to be a hard time all through here. He worked at carpentry, odd jobs and in the woods – they'd bring out shingles. I guess they hauled them down in the back ditch and floated them down to the river.

In the early '20s, my dad got on with the government as a caretaker of the dikes, and he stayed with that until he retired. He worked here and in Pitt Meadows. He patrolled the dikes and he would have to watch out for any leakage.

He would also settle disputes between people running their cows – there was always some kind of row. I think he worked for Old Man Jenkins – he was called that although I don't know that he was older than my father was – who was an American.

My father always spoke of Mr. Jenkins in very high terms; he was the owner of Minnekhada when I was a child. There were smaller houses on Minnekhada, and the lodge was not there in those days. Nothing quite as imposing, but there was another nice home – I don't know who built it – closer to this area.

My father remembered hearsay about Count Constantine Alvo von Alvensleben farming the Minnekhada around 1907, when it was owned by his friend, Count von Brockhauser-Mittlefelde, I believe. Count A. used to ride around on a horse, and he expected the people who worked there to tip their hats to him. It didn't go down very well.

Burke Mountain was a new name for us – I don't know where that came from. We never had a name for it; some people called it Dollar Mountain when the Dollar Logging Co., was logging it. Innis Creek has a different name now, but I'm not sure what it is.

Victoria Drive was divided into the upper and lower roads for a good many years. Cedar Drive was Back Ditch Road to us; that was just down below here. It's been built up so much more, in the last few years, especially. And we finally did get a good, paved road in.

That was always a bone of contention; my dad fought for better roads for years. The last time I talked to him – this was a few days before he died – he said, "Oh, I hear they're going to fix the road. Well, keep after them, keep after them because you're paying your taxes and that's all we get."

The Farmers Institute seemed to be the only organization for a while, with the Ratepayers Association later on. Farmers Institute seemed to take a lot on its shoulders – I wasn't in the auxiliary because we lived on the ranch, and it was quite a ways to go.

So I didn't really have too much to do with the Farmers Institute, but my mother was really involved. She used to make quilts and sell them – they would raffle them off. They raised a lot of money doing that. This would have been more in the '30s.

Dogpatch, this area became known as, because of a few elderly gentleman that were characters that came from the Interior. People from outside used to think it was quite a lark to come to the dances out here. They're the ones that started calling the place Dogpatch because, I think, there were two or three older people here that maybe looked different from all the rest. It didn't go over well for the people that had worked hard for the hall. It all started up as sort of a slang and then it really stuck.

At one time, there was a very good singer in the neighborhood, and the girls would compete to play for him when he sang. The mothers would then get mad at each other. Most everybody had a piano and an organ by then – the Collinses, the Matthewses and the Davids. The Davids had an orchestra. I had an organ.

I got my first radio not too long after I was married – it was nice to have some music. We bought that radio and paid a little bit each month on it. Cost $35 or $40, something like that. My husband would cut wood at night by lantern after work, so we wouldn't have to buy wood, and we could then afford to pay for the radio. Batteries were about $6 and would last about a year.

My sister, June, married Arnold Campbell, and they lived on Pollard Road for years and years. His family came out to Coquitlam from Vancouver during the '30s. His mother was a great worker in the women's auxiliary of the Farmers Institute and at the Anglican church in Port Coquitlam.

My mother and dad moved away from here to Port Coquitlam in 1955 after living on the top of the hill for 47 years. Dad died in 1956. My mother lived in Port Coquitlam until her death in 1982 – she was in her 95th year.

There was a lot of work, but I don't think my parents thought it was a hard life. They enjoyed it. People were pretty independent then and wouldn't let anyone know if they needed help.

Stuart McLaren

Minnekhada Farm, where Stuart McLaren worked when he first came to Coquitlam in 1934, had a long history of failure. The estate in northeast Coquitlam had been owned in earlier years by Count von Brockhauser-Mittlefelde of Germany, entrepreneur Harry L. Jenkins, a U.S. lumber baron, and others. Constantine Alvo von Alvensleben tried to farm the acreage in 1907, with no success. Jenkins built a beautiful home and set up an intense farming operation. But when he fell ill, the land was sold for taxes. Various owners in the 1920s also failed in their efforts to develop the area.

The name Minnekhada, given by Jenkins, was derived from the Sioux words mini, meaning water, and kahda, to rattle.

Eric W. Hamber, later to become lieutenant-governor of B.C., purchased Minnekhada in the early 1930s and built a handsome Scottish hunting lodge, various farm buildings and stables, and the Celtic towers at the entrance. Mr. Hamber was interested in Minnekhada only for hunting birds, riding and playing polo.

He was content to leave the low-lying lands as a swamp, and even created a marsh, complete with blinds, to attract ducks.

His wife, Aldyen Hendry Hamber, was interested in farming and instigated the building of dikes and a drainage system. Subsequently, Minnekhada finally became a viable farm operation.

Another B.C. lieutenant-governor, Clarence Wallace, bought Minnekhada for an undisclosed amount in 1958, adding a swimming pool and a Japanese garden, among other improvements. The Wallaces sold Minnekhada to the provincial government for $2.3 million in 1975.

Today, the estate is the Minnekhada Regional Park under the umbrella of the Greater Vancouver Regional District.



Minnekhada Ranch in 1936.

Born Dec. 1, 1915, on a Langley farm and schooled in that municipality, Stuart McLaren came to Coquitlam in 1934, when jobs were scarce. He did manage to find work tending stock at Minnekhada Farm, which, as he recalls, was not a happy place under the Hambers.

In 1937, when Stuart McLaren was still a Minnekhada farm employee, he married Margaret Pollard. The couple then moved to Fintry, near Vernon, where Mr. McLaren became a herdsman for the pure-bred Ayrshires owned by Capt. Dunwater, a real estate magnate.

At the onset of the Second World War in 1939, the McLarens were back at Minnekhada, building their present house on Victoria Drive on Sundays off. They moved there in 1947. The McLarens, who have five children, still live in the house and hobby farm they built.

I came to Coquitlam around 1934 and finally got a job at Minnekhada looking after a few cattle, some chickens and doing some general farm work. What is known as the courtyard now was full of ponies, saddle horses and race horses, and on the farm area, there were beef cattle, sheep and a couple of dairy cows. I lived in the bunk house initially – there was an old bunk house that used to accommodate about a half-dozen of the farm workers. Then we moved for a while to a small place that we rented; then a home became available on the farm, so we moved into that.

Minnekhada employed quite a few day workers then – carpenters, painters. The head carpenter got 50 cents an hour, while the rest of the carpenters got 30 cents; farm work was 30 cents an hour. We used to get monthly wages – $30 a month. I got $5 extra for living off the place, so my pay was $35 a month.

When the Hambers bought Minnekhada, the principle idea for the area was hunting, and not farming. Mr. Hamber was only interested in his hunting, so the place was almost a swamp. There was no drainage in those days, and when you went to bring in the cattle, you always wore hip gum boots. The cattle would be out on the slopes, and there were sloughs to cross.

But Mrs. Hamber turned the place into more of a farm when she became more involved in it. Then it started to look a bit more like a farm and it was quite a productive farm. They added swine, went into purebred Guernsey cattle and enlarged the existing herd of beef cattle. The cows and pigs were sold commercially.

They had about 30 brood sows, so there were a lot of pigs at any one time. They used to grow potatoes and peas commercially, too – the peas were sold to the cannery. Eventually, they hired a new foreman, Jack Hilliard, and he got us into more of a farming aspect.

Mrs. Hamber was a lady of the first order; you

couldn't find a nicer person anywhere. And her mother, Mrs. Hendry, was a real charming person. Mrs. Hamber had a pet deer and tried to get a few more, but they couldn't take confinement, so she finally turned them loose. A favorite, Misty, would still come back for visits.

In the mid-1930s, Mrs. Hamber had drainage ditches put in and drained the place. About 30 to 35 men were involved in the drainage line at the peak; we had ditch diggers and carpenters making underground drains. They put the dikes in the lake so they could control the water level.

What was known as dikes were all board walks across the vast area of swamp land. Although the pheasants and ducks were migratory, in those days, it was legal to put feed out, and the ducks were in there by the thousands. Mr. Hamber would be out there two or three times a week during the season.

The rest of the year, the Hambers were just out on weekends and occasionally through the week. There was always a party on Sundays, entertaining guests. I think they had one adopted boy, but he was never out.

They had just finished the lodge when I came in 1934, and hadn't moved anything in yet – they were just in the process of finishing it. There was nothing there before but bare rock. It took them a long time to make up their minds where they wanted the lodge. The lodge cost Mrs. Hamber about $50,000, and the story was that Austin Taylor tipped her off on the market, and so she made the right investment and took the $50,000 out of one turn of the market. So the lodge was paid for right there. Even so, Mr. Hamber complained he was losing money.

Mr. Hamber wasn't too particular, in fact, about having the lodge there. There was a house near the lake – it was called Jones's shack – and that's where he'd go to change, and so on. It was kind of his headquarters when he was at the place.

The farm was pretty well set up for riding purposes; it was used agriculturally, but it was still laid out so that everything related to the riding, and the horses. There was a galloping field, there was a field maintained for jumps and so on, and there was a polo field.

They played quite a bit of polo – the same players all the time. The field, located between the buildings on the road, was kept like a lawn the whole time. In the summer or in better weather, they'd be playing polo, and there would usually be one or two riding parties a week.

The roads were not too bad at all in the winter although they were gravel and dirt. When the Queen came to visit, that's when Hamber, from his own pocket, blacktopped the road from what was known as Twin Bridges right to the lodge.

The royal visit was quite a deal – I couldn't put a date on it. There were about 100 people along with the Queen, and she went all over the ranch. She stayed for the day, and they had a reception for her at the lodge.

The taxes were so high that Minnekhada wasn't a moneymaker. This one day, Hamber was kind of disgruntled with everything and wasn't in the happiest frame of mind. He told me that at one time, he'd lost $50,000 for a year's operation. That was a lot of money in those days.

I don't think anybody actually enjoyed working there – you worked 10-hour days, Sundays, weekends. You had stock to look after and you got one day off a month, for $30 a month. That was reasonably good for the '30s, but even then it was a meager existence.

There was quite a bit of work for quite a number of people on the Minnekhada at its peak. That's when all the buildings went up. I still remember they got the best shiplap to build – they paid $9 a thousand for the shiplap, delivered. That was expensive for those days, but at today's prices, it was just a pittance. There was no plywood in those days, and shiplap was the main building material. They were using good-quality shiplap for sheep pens, where other people would want it for houses. Others would use shims.

A shim is a piece that comes off a log, an inch, on one end and tapered out, so it's pretty well waste. It was all waste lumber. Nowadays, it would be burned, but we would get loads of it and sort through it for usable pieces for building a house.

We moved to Vernon for a a while after we were married in 1937. But when the war came in 1939, I was back working at Minnekhada. It was still a stock farm and it was still owned by the Hambers.

I built this place (house on Victoria Drive) when I was working seven days a week at Minnekhada and got part of Sundays off. We had a gas lamp, and I'd work by that – it made for long days. Didn't have much time for hobbies, just work.

There wasn't much in the way of recreation anyway,



Lt.-Gov. Eric Hamber and his wife in 1939.

nothing as we know it today with all the rec centres. If you had any house parties or anything, you made your own fun.

For mail delivery, we had a community box on the corner; originally, we had to get our mail in downtown Port Coquitlam. Then we had a mailman, George Miller, and he would deliver to the box down the street.

This road terminated here – there was no road beyond here. There had been a rough road, but it washed out or burned and it was never replaced. So for a good many years, this was the end of the road. The roads were always well maintained in Port Coquitlam; I think I only missed one day of work in all those years because of bad conditions.

Everything was roads in those days, and our roads were terrible compared to today – there were no paved roads in the area. They weren't really paved until the 1950s. Ditches all over the place. Roads were the main thrust for the Ratepayers Association, which is still functioning.

When we first came here, Coast Meridian stopped right at the Buy-Rite store. There was a pig farm on the south and a poultry farm on the north side of the road. The coho salmon used to come up and spawn just about where the Buy-Rite is now.

We didn't often go to Vancouver and we didn't use the buses too much. We had to go to downtown Port Coquitlam to get a bus to New Westminster. The bus station was where Golden Ears is, roughly in that area. It was about 20 minutes to Essondale, depending on traffic.

We're still on our own wells. A dug well. When we first came here, we had to haul water from the creek at the back. Occasionally, the wells dry up in the summer. They keep promising running water, but it's not here yet.

No electricity when we first came here, so you had no electric pumps or anything like that until later. The electricity came in about '49. We used to have quite a time with power outages – if the wind came up at all, you knew the power was going out.

When we tried to clear land in the spring, a few fires would break out – used to be quite a few small fires. Just volunteer fire fighters. The forest rangers would be in charge and summon everyone. Most fires were of a short duration, possibly a day, and then it would be under control.

There was once a brush fire on Quarry Road – see, at that time, there were very few trees on the mountain. So this fire was basically a burning patch because this whole area was just scrub.

The big fire of 1914 had pretty well taken care of the mountain as far as the timber went. There was the odd patch of evergreen, but it was pretty well just logs and burned scrub and mosquitos.

In the worst part of the Depression, quite a few people moved to this area from Vancouver and Burnaby and so on, and they had a meagre existence. At least 10 families in this general area came so that their children wouldn't have to grow up in the city.

In the little valley before you got to the quarry, there was a settlement in there. Property was about $15 an acre.

This whole area was combed by people taking shakes and trying to make a living as shakecutters. The houses on Quarry Road were mostly of used lumber, shakes outside with shake roof; some had chimneys, others just ordinary stove pipes. They wouldn't come anywhere near the building code, even in those days. It was a struggle for me to go from single to married in 1937, still having the same wage and all, but in those days, everything was possible. You couldn't be too concerned about whether you could afford anything or not; you just had to go ahead and worry about it after.

You couldn't buy anything on the instalment plan because there was no room in your budget for instalment payments. We'd save up for furniture and such, and pay cash. Lots of hand-me-downs – nothing to waste.

When the Credit Union started, there were about a half-dozen chartered members. That was a big help in the area – it came sometime in the '50s. After you got involved, it was a real assistance to your money problems.

I think that for the $5 membership that some people had to make a couple of instalments to get it paid. The savings eventually few, a dollar here, a dollar there. My brother-in-law, Arnold Campbell, was one of the initiators of the Credit Union; he got the idea from the Essondale Credit Union where he was a member.

I remember one of the first loans to one of the chaps lived there on Pipe Line Road – this Shwartz guy had to buy a horse, and the price was $75. I was on the credit committee then, and we debated long and hard whether he could haul enough stuff out of the woods to pay for this horse.

Finally, we granted the loan, and it turned out really good. That was the first loan, and after that, it caught on – people would take small loans, $50, $100. Mostly it was for home building. Wasn't until quite some time later that anybody thought about financing an automobile or something like that.

The directors would meet in a different house each month until we rented an office downtown, part time. Ernie Cooper used to be our secretary-treasurer; the Credit Union then built its own downtown office, but got to the point where it couldn't afford full-time help.

It was taken over by the Westminster Credit Union and flourished after that. I was a director for 21 years. It was good in that you got to know people in the community.

I went to work at Essondale in the mid-'40s. Quite a few of the residents here worked at Essondale, the prime employer, along with the CPR.

About the time I went to Essondale, the Farmers Institute was rebuilding the hall at Dogpatch. Community interest was kind of lagging on the hall, and it was just about to the point where it should either have been fixed or torn down.

During election time, we'd try to get representation in this area, but it was like the tail trying to wag the dog. This was a forgotten area. You couldn't get any improvements to speak of – it was a real squabble.

Richard Whiting

Greenhouses – which today would be called nurseries – were big business in Coquitlam from the turn of the century until quite recently, when the Kenny nurseries closed. The Whiting greenhouses on Rochester and on Cottonwood, the Pollard greenhouses on Rochester and Como Lake, and later Kenny's, were the giants, with a number of smaller operations throughout the district.

The greenhouse operators raised flowers, vegetables and bedding plants, and sold them mostly in Vancouver and New Westminster. Cucumbers and tomatoes were the favored vegetable products. Flowers such as chrysanthemums were also shipped to the western provinces as far east as Saskatchewan.

Richard Whiting, whose family moved to Coquitlam in 1907, was born in the family home in 1911. His father, Wallace Whiting, built and operated greenhouses on Rochester Road in Burquitlam, next to the Pollard nurseries.

Mr. Whiting, a gardener from England, also served as a Coquitlam councillor (1914-19, 1923-24).

Richard Whiting's mother was a member of the large Love family, Burnaby pioneers who made history by arriving in Port Moody aboard No. 374 on May 23, 1887, CPR's first transcontinental train to reach the new western terminus of Vancouver.

Her grandfather, George Leonard, was a Gastown cobbler, and when the great fire of June 13, 1886, razed the frontier village, he reportedly buried his precious shoemaking tools and covered himself with a wet blanket. There were 11 children in the Love family.

Wallace Whiting followed his two brothers from England to Burnaby when he was 16; they established greenhouses heated with little stoves.

Wallace Whiting lived in a little shack with coal oil lamp near the greenhouses, and to get his future wife's attention – she was working in the main house for the new owner of the greenhouses – he purposely broke the lamp glass and went to the house for a new one.

Richard Whiting met Edna, his wife since 1935, on a blind date. She collaborated with her husband on the following recollections. The Whitings, who raised seven children, have 14 grandchildren and 14 great-grandchildren. The couple currently lives in Port Coquitlam.



Annie and Wallace Whiting in front of their Rochester Avenue home in 1934.

My parents, who were married in 1902 at St. Barnabas Anglican Church on 10th Street in New Westminster, came to Coquitlam in 1907. They had lived in Burnaby first. When my dad came back here from England, they built a house on Rochester Road. I was born there in 1911.

They moved to Rochester in 1907, and the house is still there. Not much else, though. My dad built greenhouses, did gardening all his life. Mind you, in the wintertime, there was nothing to do, so he did some gardening just for himself.

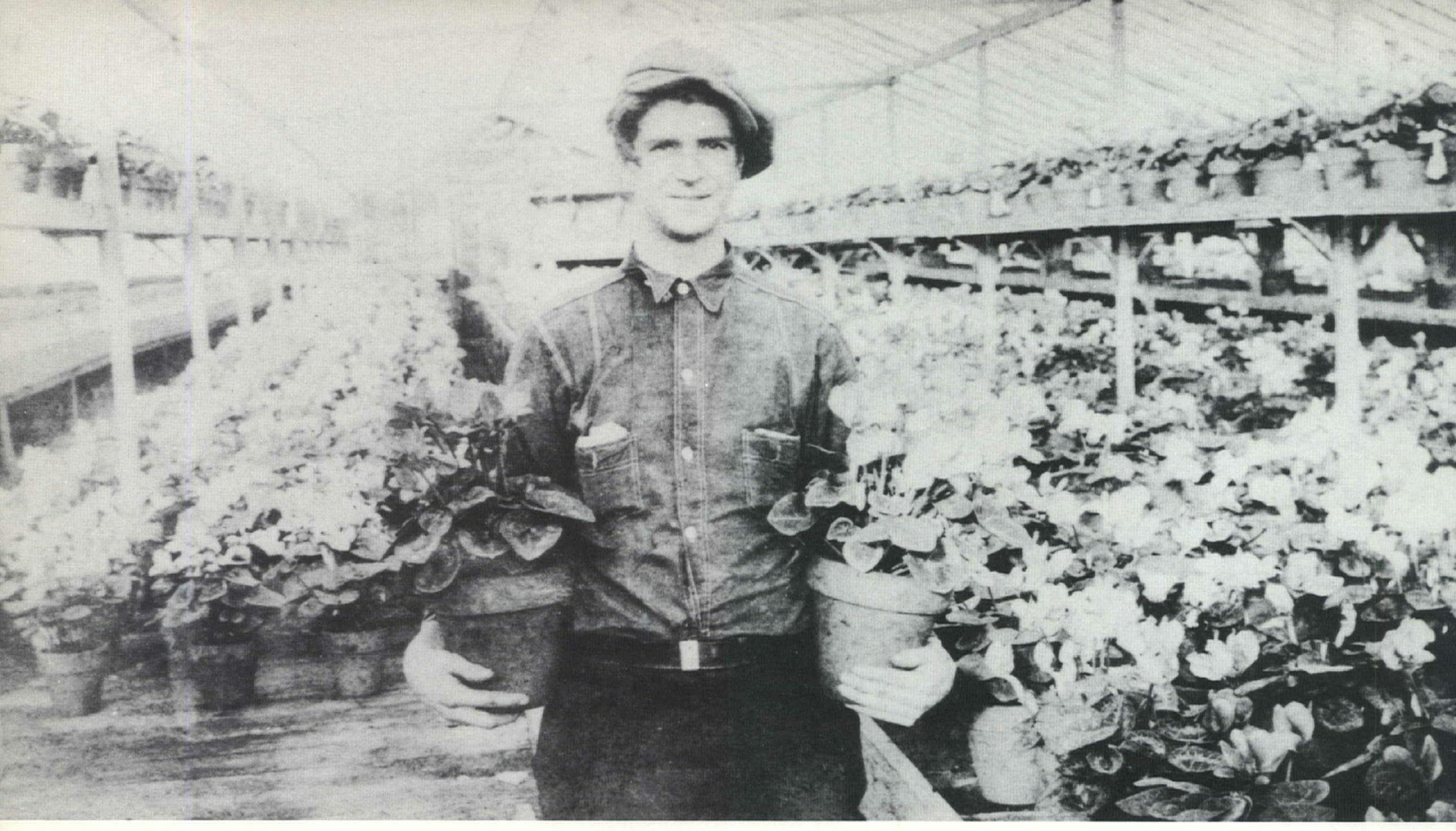
Between him and the next fellow, Mr. Shaw, they had five acres. And the Pollards had 10 acres. Pollards's went from Rochester right through to Austin.

In 1925 or '26, my dad bought a brand new Star touring car. They started going to California for four or five months during the winter. They went for the first time in 1925, just for something to do. They drove about 125 miles a day.

I went to the Little Red Schoolhouse, Blue Mountain School, over on North Road, about where the Burquitlam Mortuary is now. Two rooms in the school. My next school was at the corner of Marmont and Austin. They just tore it down. About 1925, I went to (Trapp) Tech in New Westminster. That used to be the old jailhouse.

When Dad was on the council in Coquitlam – about 1915, or something – he was on the board of works, and they paved the road from North Road up to the Vancouver Golf Club so all the people could play golf. The Burnaby Lake interurban line used to come from Vancouver to Sapperton, and he'd go up Hume Street, and there used to be a wagon to take the guys to the golf course.

There was a Burquitlam post office right at the foot



Richard Whiting in a greenhouse at Rochester Avenue in 1922.

of Cottonwood, now on the North Road side. They just tore it down recently. There was a flower store and a big greenhouse that had a little store in front. Before they built that, a room in the house was the grocery store. They brought stuff in from New Westminster.

If you wanted anything else, it was always right into Westminster. New West was our main shopping. Everybody went into Westminster Friday, which was market day. You met everybody in town. You know, if you didn't have anything to do, you always went down there and you met everybody under the sun on Columbia Street. Now you could walk down Columbia Street and you wouldn't meet anybody you knew.

Most people walked to Sapperton then. Used to be all wooden sidewalks and out here, all bush and no street lights. Wood sidewalks all the way up North Road. They kept them all in repair.

There was one up Rochester to Blue Mountain, and one up Austin Road to about the golf course and, I think, one up Smith Road. They didn't plow the roads, they plowed the sidewalks because there was more traffic on the sidewalks.

Good sleigh riding in the wintertime.

All our kids had their schooling at Austin Road School, which was torn down recently. Our little grandson started his kindergarten there, so three generations of our family went to that school. When I was about 14, Dad would go to market in Vancouver, at Main and Hastings. I'd go with him in the car.

In those days, Como Lake Road went as far as Sir Charles Best School. And in there was the garbage dump. We had no garbage pickup. You took your own garbage up there whenever you were ready to.

Gatensbury went into Como Lake, and the greenhouse up there kept going for 60 or 70 years. Como Lake was just a mud hole, and it was all grown over. You could just see the lake, that was all. When it was frozen over, we'd go skating on it.

The first job I had after school was at the distillery. I was there only a week or two when my two brothers and Dad built another greenhouse. So I went and took the job my brother had at our cousin's greenhouse, helping. I worked there for quite a while, until about two years after the war started.

Grew mostly flowers, bedding plants in the springtime. Lots of cut flowers. Two bits for a five-pound basket. They grew a lot of cut flowers for wholesale houses. My cousin didn't want my brothers because they couldn't get along, with my dad mixed in there. So one took over a store in Vancouver, and the other two went into one greenhouse, and I went into the other.

At one time, we used to order seeds right from Europe. After the war started, they were hard to get. A salesman from Switzerland used to come all the way out every year and get the orders.

That stopped during the war. Then the duty on bringing them in from the States went so high, and you couldn't rely on them – you couldn't get half the amount ordered. I said if maybe we could have gone one more year, we might have made it because things started booming again, but when you've got three little mouths to feed. . .

So I started working in boiler rooms in the mills, McNair's in Port Moody for about a year, then River Road for about a year, then Westminster Shingle Mills. Powell River bought them out, and MacMillan squeezed Powell River out. I worked over 30 years for MacMillan Bloedel in the boiler rooms.

I met my wife on a blind date. When we married, we moved to Coquitlam, to Austin Road. The house is still there; it's across from Denny's. We rented it for $10 a month in 1935. During the Depression, you could rent great big homes with four and five bedrooms for $10 or $12 a month.

When my dad moved back into Burnaby, we moved over to the Rochester house. It was a bit bigger, two bedrooms upstairs and two down, with a living room and kitchen. Wood stove. Never had an electric stove until 20 years ago.

I worked at the mill starting in 1943, so the wood didn't cost us anything. I would pack it home in the trunk of my car every night. At that time, they were glad to see you clean the wood up and get it out of there. I took early retirement.

My wife did all the laundry in a wringer washer; we didn't have a dryer, so we used a clothes line. She did all the sewing for the seven children, as well as the baking; she never went out of the house to work. Our oldest girl was 14 before she had a bought coat.

Coquitlam had a May Day for many years at Blue Mountain Park. We all worked on it. I'm not sure why they disbanded it. You knew everybody that was working, and then we'd have a real day up at the park. We had Maypole dances, races, hotdog stands. We had a parade which left Municipal Hall, went along Brunette Street to Blue Mountain and then to the park, and half the cars would boil over going up the hill. Blue Mountain was the worst road, all the cars chugging and boiling over.

The banquet was held at the golf course; this would be around the late '40s. All the PTA groups and the Boy Scouts were involved. Before that, they had the Agricultural Hall, a community hall, down where Christmas Manor is now.

They had their exhibitions every fall; all the community went there. Everybody would put their fruit and vegetables on display, just like the PNE, but on a much smaller scale.

Lillian Pollard

Harry Pollard, father of Lillian Pollard, left his home in Manchester, England, to see the world. A bookkeeper, Mr. Pollard immigrated to Canada. He first went to London, Ont., before moving to the small Ontario town of Kenora. Later, he moved without his family to British Columbia; his wife Sophia and the two girls – Lillian, who was five or six years old, and baby Geraldine – followed later.

Greenhouses were big business in Coquitlam at the time, and Mr. Pollard first built three of them on the 10 acres he bought on Rochester Road next to the Whitings, who were in the same business, and the Shaws. He also built a home for the family.

The greenhouses prospered, and Mr. Pollard soon had eight. Flowers and vegetables were being shipped all over the West. Mr. Pollard named his 10-acre spread Ligedael – pronounced ledge-dale – taking the first two letters of his four offspring: Lillian, Geraldine, Daines and Ellison, the latter two boys born in Coquitlam.

Mr. Pollard died of a heart attack in 1921 while at work. He had provided well for his family, and Sophia Pollard was able to carry on with the greenhouses for many years. Ligedael became known throughout the West for its fine chrysanthemums.

Lillian Pollard, who worked in real estate and insurance in New Westminster, is now retired. Daines Pollard currently lives in California, and Ellison lives in Chilliwack.

Following Lillian Pollard's recollections of her family life in the early days, her younger sister, Geraldine Pollard Charlton, recounts her memories.

We moved to Rochester (Road in Coquitlam) in 1908. I was born in Toronto, the eldest of four children. My dad was a bookkeeper, and he always wanted to go West. He kept on getting positions through Travellers West and then he came to New Westminster. It was something he had been hankering after for a while.

My father worked for Cunningham Hardware, and Mr. Cunningham owned a lot of property in New Westminster. He found us a little suite at the corner of Sixth Street and Front Street, right there on the river, and that is where we landed. We lived upstairs in the block.

My parents then bought 10 acres of land that went through from Rochester to Austin, standing timber. I can just remember a little cleared spot with a little shack on it. The man who owned the property had used the shack as a tool shed. There was a fair trail into there, and that was it.

At that time, my father was wanting to go even further west – he said the Hawaiian Islands would be all right – and my mother told him: "I have followed you right across the country, and I am not going off the continent." They thought this was God's country, just wonderful compared to living in Ontario.

My mother thought she would like to have her father come out, so my grandfather arrived, and my mother said to him: `I think we'd better get a piece of land, and we'd better anchor this man, or he is going to take off.' That's how they bought the 10 acres in Coquitlam.

Well, we could not live in the tool house, and so they built this lean-to, like a chicken house, and we moved into it. My grandfather wanted to raise chickens, I guess, and they thought the lean-to would do as a chicken house later on.

Then it poured rain. And it rained so hard the roof leaked, and the water just poured in on all of Mother's good furniture. The contractor had to come out and put a cottage roof on it, and from there, the house grew four sizes around it.

I venture to say that that house is still standing, of

course, and I venture to say that the front part of it is still under boards because we just built around it, over it and under it. There were not four children at this point. This was 1909, before my brothers were born.

They were clearing the land then, and they were so frightened we would get in a stump hole and disappear that they put a little picket fence around the little yard to keep us in. I don't know how many acres they would have cleared – the front part, anyway – and the first thing they did was put in a garden.

East Indians were contracted to clear the land. These men with turbans on were new to my mother – she had never seen anything like that – and she happened to look out the window one day, and they had picked up my little sister out of her pen. They had her in their arms. Mother was terrified and she went to the boss man, and he said: `Oh, no, they won't hurt her. They all have little children in India, and they just want to look at her.'

So that was a lot of work to clear the land, build a house, raise a family and go to work. Well, my dad never did any of the work; it was beyond him. My grandfather did quite a bit of it. By 1909, my grandmother came out, and they built a house on the same property, and they were right next door to us.

And life seemed to go on from there. Everybody got along well. So my mother would do some of the gardening, and Grandpa would do some of it – he was a farmer in Ontario – and he would do the farming. Ten acres was quite a patch, but we did not do anything with the back half for a long time. Great for the kids, but we did have boundaries. We were not allowed too far afield because of the animals. My mother tells the story that she went blackberry picking one day and she happened to look up, and there was a bear standing on the end of a log.

This area of Coquitlam was all wild country in 1908, all farming area with three- and five-acre farms. We were just a quarter of the way up (Rochester). There were people called Baker down the road, and they had been there quite some time. The Bakers and another family further down were the only ones on the road, and the closest people to us.

Then the Whitings came not too long after. They had five or seven acres. They were fine working, honest people, very fine people. They worked hard, and they gardened, and they put up greenhouses. Eventually, my father had greenhouses put up, too, and we had 5,000 feet of glass there.

My father decided on the greenhouses when an enterprising young man named Tidy said to him: `Why on earth don't you build greenhouses up there? We'll rent them.' See, the Whitings had greenhouses at that time, so this young man said he'd just be using our land.

So my father had three of them built at first, and that's how it all started. Then the young man went broke, and my father had to get rid of him. At that point, he had to advertise for a grower who was responsible for all the crops. All my father did was watch the finances.

At one time, we had eight greenhouses. In the

East Indian workers were contracted to clear the land. These workers are clearing the land for the Vancouver Golf Course in 1914.



winter, we had carnations and chrysanthemums, and later on, tomatoes and cucumbers. They had a man who looked after all that and he had a couple of hired help. The greenhouses became a business; we sold 'mums all the way to Saskatchewan.

My father continued to work downtown (at Cunningham Hardware) and he was not a part (of the greenhouse business). To get to work, he used to walk to Sapperton at first. Then he got a horse and buggy, and he took the horse in every day. Then eventually, of course, he got a car as things progressed.

My father worked at the hardware store right through until he passed away in 1921. He died very young. He went to work one morning and took a heart attack, and that was it. There were four of us at that time, and that was hard, but he had done very well.

I first went to the Little Red Schoolhouse – I did not start school until I was seven – but I did not go very long. Miss Cripps was my teacher at first, and then they had a young man come, and his father used to come with him. This always used to amuse me no end. Anyway, he was not any kind of teacher, and my father, being an Englishman, was very strict on education, so he decided he wanted to send me to (a New Westminster) school.

But you had to own property and pay taxes, you know – that's true even to this day – so my father knew Mrs. Gilley on the school board, and talked to her. Gilley Bros., were the coal people in those days. She advised him to just buy a lot somewhere under deal-for-sale – "you don't have to pay cash for it" – and become an owner. "Then you can send your children to the city school," Mrs. Gilley told my father. So he bought a lot on the swamp down on 11th Street, and we went to McBride school. That was a mile-and-a-quarter walk every morning. But we went there and we went on to high school in New Westminster from there.

My mother really had her hands full with the children; besides, she had to look after the farm – the chickens, ducks, turkeys, cows. The greenhouses were doing very well by that time, and we had to help out there. My father put up a cottage for the hands, and one of the wives used to help my mother around the house.

I guess everyone was as self-sufficient as possible; everybody got in and did things. We had our chores to do. There was wood to be put in the wood box, wood to pile, and kindling to get up. When you have a wood stove, then you have ashes to clean.

Our parents were very good to us and they saw that we had enough pleasures as well as work. I was the eldest, but I did not feel I had too much to do. I think you are happy when you have things to do. We laugh about it now, but the old saying, "I did it all myself" – and we did – made us appreciate things a great deal more.

We had very good friends to play with. We had the Whiting girl, and next to them were the Shaws. When we went to McBride school, we made friends with the city children, the same when we went to high school there, so we had half a city life – the best of both worlds.

We still climbed the trees, ripped our stockings and got the dickens for it. I can remember wearing my father's pants to go blackberry picking – common sense – and everybody laughed because my father was such a big man. My mother was slight.

We got our water from our well at first – pumped it by hand – and every morning, one of the fellows would come and pump the water upstairs. Well, pumping from the basement to the main floor, actually, because we had a two-storey house by then. There was a big tank down there. We had an outdoor facility at that time.

We had a big house, yes – it's still there – but we did not really have a view because of all the bush across the street. We could see Sapperton only from our upstairs window.

We had lamps then, and it was a long time before we got electricity. And it was not B.C. Electric, either. Once the electricity came in, we got an electric pump for the well. We also got other electrical appliances, which made life much easier.

We did not think anything of walking. We would walk up to St. Stephen's in the morning for Sunday school or church, then walk back for the evening service. Later on, we played badminton twice a week and we walked up there, first to the Agricultural Hall on Austin Road, then to the church hall.

We walked to school in fine weather, and if it was terrible, if it was pouring rain, the chap that ran the car for the greenhouse would come and get us. I went from McBride to Duke of Connaught, then to Trapp Tech. Most of the kids went to high school then, and many went on from there – we had nurses and teachers in Burquitlam, so many must have gone on.

After I graduated from high school, I spent five years at home helping my mother with the younger two children, then went to work in real estate and insurance in New Westminster. I worked for the same man until I retired. My mother was able to carry on when my dad died, renting out the greenhouses. My grandfather had passed on by then, but Grandma was still there and she was a big help for Mother, who always had a babysitter. My father died so young it was really tough going. I often think how privileged I was to have known him, whereas my brothers were too young, just little boys.

The Depression must have been a bit tough, but we managed all right, I think; Mother was a very careful person, and I was working. I can remember once a week, my mother would feel that we needed recreation. She would say on a Friday night: "Get home, get your chores done, and we will go to a show." If you got there before six o'clock, you got in for 15 cents, and so she would get in the car and hurry us up. I imagine we did not have all the things we wanted because we had to curtail things. You sort of forget about these things until you are asked about them.

I still lived at home when I went to work. My sister stayed home until she got married in 1929 – she never did work – and instead of taking a piece of the family property, she bought some a mile up Rochester, where she still lives. That's about when the area started to open up.

Rochester, which used to wind around the stumps at first, was paved. I remember when there was a mile-long pathway that I walked to work on. The Henderson brothers put the road through, renting the end part of our chicken houses and living there while the work was going on.

I remember when they were blasting, they put trees up against our windows, the men themselves would light the fuse, then run and get underneath their wheelbarrows. That was as far as they got. Rochester was paved only up to Blue Mountain at that time.

We operated the greenhouses until 1949, when they were sold. Too much responsibility. The flowers were being shipped as far as Edmonton, Calgary and Saskatoon, the same with the tomatoes and cucumbers. We had two or three big flower stores in Vancouver too, of course, and had a chap who delivered in a car.

We sold the whole thing in 1949, including the big nine-room house, and then my mother and I bought this place (in New Westminster). The grounds with the orchard were too much to look after with me working. The greenhouses had become quite a big business.

Geraldine Pollard Charlton

Born in Kenora, Ont., in 1906, Geraldine Pollard was the second daughter of Harry and Sophia Pollard.

Geraldine Pollard was married in 1929 to Cyril Charlton, who worked in the office at Fraser Mills; the Charltons designed and built a spacious home on a lot about a mile from the Ligedael greenhouses on Rochester Road.

The Pollards raised three daughters: Mary, Donna and Jean. Mrs. Pollard is now the grandmother of 12.

Recently, Mrs. Charlton sold the house on Rochester she had lived in for more than 60 years and moved to Langley, where she lives with her oldest daughter.

We finally moved into our house (on Rochester Road in Coquitlam) about 1908, and I was about two, so I do not have that many memories. What I do remember is that they built a cage for me; it was like a playpen.

My brothers came along after that; they were both born down here, on the Rochester property. My brothers were born at home. They had a doctor come around; he came in a horse and buggy. My older

The border between Maillardville and Fraser Mills in 1910. Millworkers' houses in background.



brother had bronchial asthma, so he was in bed most of his young life.

My father had the nursery. We sold flowers and a bunch of plants in the spring, and flowers, cucumbers and tomatoes in the fall. We had a vehicle, a truck, for the flower deliveries.

As kids, we used to pick the cucumbers and tomatoes, and get them ready for shipping. They had to be picked in the early hours of the morning to get them on the freight to Vancouver. We did not do it all that often, of course, because we were going to school.

In the earliest time of the spring and in the fall, the whole thing used to be chrysanthemums. Everybody wanted chrysanthemums for Christmas. They were pretty – all yellow or all white, you know. It was so pretty to go into the greenhouse, the rows and rows, the built-up beds, and the whole bed would be yellow or mauve.

Then my father died, and my mother could not handle it, so we hired growers – we used to call them growers – for the greenhouses for two or three years. The nursery got passed on to the kids, but nobody continued on with it. The younger boy was only nine when my father passed away.

My father died in 1921; that was hard on the family. My sister was still in high school, and with two young boys to look after, it was not easy for Mother.

I went to the Little Red Schoolhouse on North Road, just above Cameron, quite a walk up the hill. Then we went to McBride school, at the top of the hill from Royal Columbian Hospital, a long way for little legs but, well, it did not hurt us. We used to get tired in the spring and fall because it was warm and it was a long walk.

Going was all up hill, so it was nice coming back. It was up hill coming back only from the Brunette bridge home. We did not have to walk in the rain, either coming or going, because the greenhouse truck used to come and get us. When I see the kids now . . . they do not walk anywhere, any distance.

We had to get going fairly early in the morning, all in a row. It was a long day at school – from nine 'til 3:15. We had nice lunch buckets and we took our sandwiches for lunch. We went to a reunion at McBride (recently) – there were about 3,000 people there – and we had a ball; it was wonderful.

Except for school, we went into Sapperton very little, and when we got out of school, we had chores to do, so we had to get home. Mother liked to know that we were there; it was four o'clock before we got home. We had chickens, geese, ducks and cows – we had two cows – and that was Mother's responsibility. She was from the farm, and she liked that.

So we always had fresh milk, and when the cows were not giving milk, we used to walk way up from where we lived and then walk down Blue Mountain Road, down there to a farm to get milk. I used to go every night to get milk because it was not delivered in those days.

I carried the milk home in a bucket without spilling any. We did that for months when the cows were not giving any milk, but I do not honestly remember complaining about it. I remember, my mother used to feel sorry for us through the winter time because it was dark, and not many street lights.

We used to make our own fun because there was not anything out here. Everything that was done you did yourself, but we had a good time. We used to have the Agricultural Hall down on this side where the Vancouver Golf Club is, and they used to hold exhibitions there.

All the entertainment for the community was at the hall. They had a band in there, and we used to play badminton there twice a week; we used to walk right up there after a day's work. We also played at St. Stephen's Anglican Church. At some time over the years, I think the Agricultural Hall burned down.

After McBride, my sister went to Duke of Connaught high school, and I went to (Trapp) Technical School. Once I finished that, I got married. I met my husband at a friend's Christmas party up on North Road. We had a long courtship because he did not want to get married until he had built a house.

I was too young when we met, so I did not mind waiting to marry. In the meantime, I stayed home and helped my mother with the younger boys. She needed the help.

Our house took four years to build, and when it was finished – in 1929 – we got married.

We bought eight lots for $50 a lot (up Rochester Road from the family house), and we just lived on two. It was just forest then. They had to clear it – yes, the women used to come up too – and we used to keep the fires going when they were burning the junk.

My husband worked at Fraser Mills – he started at 19, and was there until he retired – and because he was working nights, he would work on the house during the day time. He had to go to work at five o'clock. That's why building this house took four years.

My husband was not a carpenter, but he had brothers who were carpenters, and they used to come out on the weekends and tell us what to do for the rest of the week. The same way with the plumbing. We did not have any electricity for two years after we were here – we had water – and we used gas lights. I hated those things because they made funny noises.

I used to take my husband to work – he worked on the books in the Fraser Mills office – if I wanted the car, and then go get him at two o'clock in the morning. Before we were married, he would get up about 10, work on the house until two o'clock, and then get ready for work; he had to work 10 hours a shift then. Later on, he worked the day shift.

We designed together the house we wanted. Everybody says it is a big house, but actually it is not. It is beautiful. We have the downstairs, and we have two bedrooms upstairs. We had a garden for a few years, but we had trouble with the animals – rabbits and that eating the produce – and the ground was not that good. It was a just a stone hill.

When we first came up here (in 1929), there were not any houses. Way down here, about the corner of Blue Mountain, there was a house, then there was not another until Dansey. Otherwise, there were no neighbors. Just the Erickson family down here.finally sold the lot next door to the Butlers.

Then buildings just seemed to pop up everywhere. You never got to know anybody because people never stayed put long enough. People now just come and go. The people across the street from us lived there for 35 years. At one time, you used to know everybody.

We raised three daughters. When the girls were little, we were in the Depression, and it was bad. My husband had to go on reduced hours and reduced wages too at one time – he got 35 hours and $85 per month. He did not use his car – we used it only on weekends for shopping if we did – and it mostly just sat in the garage.

When I look back on the Depression, I cannot believe that it all happened. Our garden did not produce, but the neighbors were very good, sharing whatever they had. In those days, they did that. Then came the war and ration books. But you coped. People do not pull together any more with the same sense.

I remember I would take the children for a walk, and I never got very far because people would come out and have a look at the baby, and talk. Pushing a buggy on that road – it was not paved – was really something. Sometimes I would go down to Mother's, but that was a long haul home pushing the buggy. Mother used to come up here as well, and help out. When the Depression was on, we never went anywhere, so lots of times Mother would drop by and say: "Go out to the show. I'll look after the kids for you." I never had a babysitter for my children, except for my mother.

As a young mother, when I wanted to pick up supplies I could always get the car, or I used to take a bus into town. The bus stopped right outside the door, so that was fine. We did not have a telephone at first, but my second daughter was sick with acidosis when she was two, so that was what made us get a telephone.

The girls all went to school on Austin and Nelson first – the fire hall is there now – and then to the high school. They used to walk, of course. But that was not quite the hike that I used to do. I had so few people to walk with, but when our girls went to school, there were kids from all over.

My sister and I are the only ones in the family left around here. Everybody else is scattered. My sister and I have always been close – we never fought as kids because Mother would never let us – and she comes out here and spends every weekend with me.

Kenneth Charlton

Although he was scheduled for delivery at Royal Columbian Hospital, Kenneth Charlton could not wait, and he was born at the family's company home at 101 First Street in Fraser Mills in 1919. His parents, Jack and Minnie Charlton, had emigrated from England, settling in the townsite around 1908. Trained as an accountant in England, Jack Charlton became a timekeeper at the mill.

Kenneth Charlton worked at Fraser Mills while he was a student, piling lumber during the summer vacation for 25 cents an hour. And before going off to war, he worked as a permanent employee in the plywood plant. After the war, he married and bought a lot on Rochester Road and built a house. Kenneth and Mary Charlton have been married for 45 years.

Mr. Charlton gives us some different perspectives on Fraser Mills and Maillardville. As one of the few non-Catholic anglophones who attended Lourdes School – Millside School was invariably full – he offers an outsider's insight into that respected French-language institution.

And as a longtime resident of King Edward Avenue, he looks at Fraser Mills from the executive point of view.

The Charltons had two sons; one, Mike, lives just a few doors away. They have two granddaughters and still live at 931 Rochester.

I was born in Fraser Mills in 1919. I arrived early, but I don't think there was any problem because there was a doctor present. I believe his name was Scott. He used to live practically next door and he took care of things, so they tell me.

My dad was an accountant. I think he used to teach school at one time back in England. But he was trained as an accountant and became a timekeeper at the mill; now they are called paymasters. I lived in Fraser Mills all my life until I moved up here (into a house on Rochester).

We lived at a place at 47 King Edward Ave., where Mackin Park is now. I remember that as a kid I planted two chestnut trees, oh, just two little guys, and when they cleared all the houses out down there, they left those two trees standing.

One of 'em died, oh, about four or five years ago, and just last year they had to take the other one down. I used to walk by every once in a while and pat it and say, 'Come on, get better,' but it didn't.

The main school down there was Millside, and apparently, from what I gather, it was full. So I was enrolled in the convent up there in Maillardville. And I think I was there, oh, two years anyway, maybe three, until I could get into Millside Public School.
I wasn't a Catholic, but there were several of us that spent two or three years in the convent school there.

The nuns were very nice. The only problem I ever had there was that if you misbehaved in class, they used to put you behind the organ and shove it against the wall, and you stayed there until they let you out.

Once, when I was behind the organ, I got messing around and took the organ apart. I think that cost my dad a few bucks. But outside of that, I was very pleased to be able to go there. I learned the Catholic faith sort of thing, you know, you automatically got into it. The rosary and the holy water, and all the rest of it – it was very interesting.

I can still pretty well rhyme the names off from top to



Row of homes on King Edward Avenue. Picture was taken in the early 1900s from Brunette Avenue, looking towards the mill.

the bottom (of neighbors on King Edward Avenue), but there have been a few changes. Oh, they started out on the corner with McCormick, the big house on the west side of the street. Then the next house was a McLeod, Mr. and Mrs. Earl McLeod. He was the boss in the shingle mill and also quite a sportsman. He used to handle the New Westminster Oil team. Next to the McLeods were people by the name of Richter; he was the head electrician at the mill. Then came Mr. and Mrs. Josok; they were Norwegians and had a son named Mel.

Mel Josok was my best man when we got married in the bedroom of our house in Fraser Mills. See, my mother was an invalid for 13 years after suffering a stroke. She wanted to see us married, so we arranged for the reverend to come out to the house and we had the ceremony right in the bedroom.

After that was McKinnons, and then the Charltons – me, my mom and dad. Next was Gallagher, the treasurer in the office at Fraser Mills, the chief accounting treasurer.

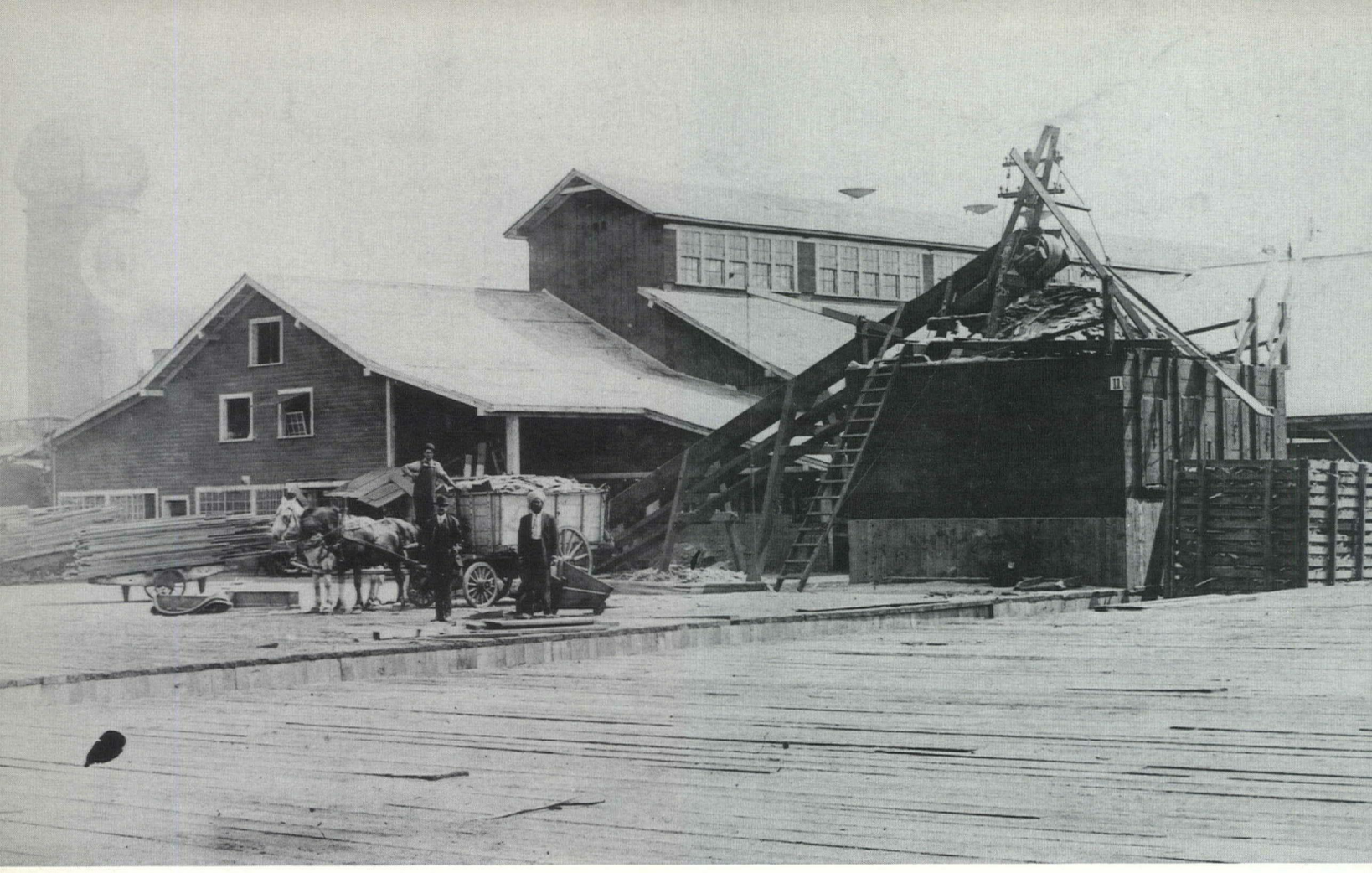
And next door to him was a fellow name of Jones – Jimmy Jones. And that was a tragic deal, that was. On a Christmas Eve, at 12th Street and Eighth Avenue in New Westminster, somebody went right through the stop sign. Somebody, I don't know who, he didn't stop, I forget the fellow's name now, ran into Jones's car, and both were killed. Jones didn't have a family. The lights were left on in the Jones house for a few days (after he was killed). It was eerie. Christmas lights, you know, you walked by and you just got that awful feeling. That must have been just before the war, but I still remember.

Fraser Mills was one of the best places I could have been brought up in. Yeah, it was quite a place. Take the racial groups. As one person once told me, he says, 'Fraser Mills is like a United Nations.' Gosh, you had English, you had Scots, you had Welsh, you had French Canadian, Norwegian, Swedes, Japanese, Chinese, East Indian – you name it.

And you were brought up with all these different ethnic groups with their different cultures. Never thought much about it. You played with 'em, you played sports with 'em, you went to school with 'em – you know, it was just marvellous. I think I had the type of parents that said, 'There you are, kid, just go out and play.'

I'll never forget that day, during the summer holidays, when I went down to the mill to apply for a job. I wasn't too pleased about having to go to work as I was having too good a time, going swimming, things like that. I remember I was supposed to see Mr. Jones, whom I knew, but when I saw him coming, I hid.

Then I went home and said I didn't see Mr. Jones. The next day, I went down there again, and I was nailed. I worked there all summer, 25 cents an hour, piling lumber. But I'll tell you, I never had so much money in all of my life. That was a lot of money. You sure were happy to see those paycheques.



Workers at Fraser Mills depend on horse-drawn cart to move materials around the site. Picture was taken at the back of the planing mill in 1923.

But back to school again, and when all that was over, I did go to work permanently at the mill, for a while in the plywood plant down there. I shuffled plywood around for a few years until the (Second World War) came along.

The war started just when I hit around 21 years old and was ripe for it, so away I went and spent five years there. I came back to the mill after that. Worked for two years, then got away from Fraser Mills and went into the insurance business. I figured it was about time I got out of the mill.

Fraser Mills was quite a place. God, you had a lot going on down there in the early days. You had everything from deeply religious people, teetotallers, to bootleggers and alcoholics.

We had a laundry down there, in the Chinese part of the townsite, right beside the mill. The fellow's name was Tom Fook, and he operated this old laundry. He used to do the linens for the office. Anybody wanted laundry done, you took it to Tom.

But Tom also used to have a sideline. He would take a great big white sheet and get on the B.C. Electric tram down there which ran into Fraser Mills; it used to take you into New Westminster. Tom would take this old sheet with him, then come home after a trip to the liquor store.

He was pretty well loaded with all these bottles so that anyone in Fraser Mills who required a bottle of rye, or whatever, well, they used to go up and knock on Tom's laundry door, any time. In other words, he was the local bootlegger.

In addition to Chinatown, the Japanese community, the East Indian community and Greek area was on the other side of Fraser Mills towards the New Westminster side. I just faintly remember the houses as I must have been pretty young, but there was quite a number of Greeks. They all worked in the mill too.

At one time down there, just before you went into the mill, there was the general office where all the brass was. Right across the road from the general office was the Fraser Mills general store. And like any other general store in those days, they had everything from a needle to an anchor. You could buy anything there except booze.

A fellow by the name of Old John Stewart ran the store as long as I can remember. Across the railway tracks from there used to be a big bar – I don't remember that it was ever opened – but there was a big building there. But as far as I can recall, it was always closed up.

Down in the East Indian community, they would have cremations down where it was real windy, down beside the river. On Sundays, we used to see all these wagons, trucks and cars going down the main street, and we always figured, `Oh, oh, something's going on down there.'

You could see all the people involved were East Indians with turbans. We used to take off along the railway tracks down there. I can remember some of the funeral pyres for the cremations; they always had a wonderful supply of wood, you know, from the mill. Baseball was the big rage about that time, before the

war, probably around the Hungry Thirties; the Fraser Mills team used to have the big Circle F, you know, and they played, oh, some of the big American teams like Seattle. They also had the Vancouver Home Oil team and a Japanese team called Asahis.

The games were played mostly on Sundays, and they built a long ball park down there, where Mackin Park is now. And you should have seen the crowds that used to come down there on a Sunday. Just filled the whole city right up, parked all over the place. Sometimes it was wet, and the place just became a bog, cars sinking up to their axles.

I was only nine or 10 years old when I got the job putting up scores on the score board. Fraser Mills 1, Seattle 0, you know, that sort of thing. Fraser Mills did very, very well. I just can't tell you how many they won, but I think they got the championship once, maybe more.

When I left the mill site and came up here (to Rochester), I bought this lot – would you believe it? – for $250, and I had to borrow a few bucks to make the full payment. I built the house with an inside bathroom, but it had only a wood stove; we were fortunate, though, as next door had an outhouse. We've been living here ever since.

Harold Schiefke

Although the Ross McLaren Sawmills, forerunner of Canadian Western Lumber Co., at Fraser Mills, was established back in 1890 beside CPR's Millside Station, it wasn't until around 1909 that the operation finally became economically viable. Then began the influx of mill workers into Coquitlam.

The company recruited workers – mostly management personnel – from established U.S. mills in Bellingham, Everett and Port Blakely on Bainbridge Island, opposite Seattle. Skilled French-Canadian workers were recruited by priests in eastern Ontario and Quebec. Chinese, Greeks, Norwegians, East Indians and Swedes were also hired, mostly as laborers on the green chain.

Harold Schiefke, one of four children, was born in 1911 in the Fraser Mills townsite, which was then still part of Coquitlam.

When he graduated in 1927 from T. J. Trapp Technical School in New Westminster, Harold Schiefke began what was to become a 29-year stint at Fraser Mills. As safety director and fire chief, he became familiar with every nook and corner of the operation and recalls his days at the mill in great detail.

Because Fraser Mills seceded from Coquitlam on March 25, 1913 – Port Coquitlam had broken away only 18 days earlier – the newly incorporated village was obligated to provide its own fire and policing services. Volunteer firemen from the mill protected both the plant and the houses in the growing area. When Crown Zellerbach took over the mill in 1955, managing director Maurice Ryan and sales manager Bill Mackin bought a mill in Clinton. They hired Mr. Schiefke to run it. He was there 23 years before retiring to Burnaby.



Harold Schiefke stands in what was formerly his garden during a springtime flood. Flooding was an annual occurrence.

Dad came here from Bellingham in 1909, and worked at Fraser Mills as a millwright. At that time, pretty near all the people that worked at Fraser Mills came from the States, like Everett and Bellingham. The ones in Maillardville came from Quebec. Most of them were experienced because there were mills where they were from.

I was born in Fraser Mills in 1911. My sister was born in Bellingham; she was the only one born before my parents came here. She settled in Revelstoke. The rest of us – three boys, including myself – were born in Fraser Mills. We all went to Millside School, a two-room school.

Canadian Western Lumber Co., was the biggest lumber mill in the British Empire, I believe. British-owned at that time. There was a shingle mill, plywood mill and sawmill. At one time, the sawmill cut a million feet a day!

Fraser Mills had the first plywood plant in B.C., I believe. The plywood was first made with glue from Swift's packing house, and came from the cattle they slaughtered. I used to help Stuart Aldridge, and we would go twice a week and get five-gallon cans of



An impressive arch, built in 1912, greeted visitors to Fraser Mills at its King Edward Street entrance.

blood from Swift's. They would mix preservative into it. After that, they got into supposedly waterproof glue.

Fraser Mills was a pleasant place to live and a good place for kids too. Everybody knew everybody, that kind of place. The townsite at one time had a great big arch built about 1912, I think. I remember it was still there when I was a kid. I was told it was built when the Prince of Wales came to have a look at how Jolly Old England's money was doing.

We lived in the Fraser Mills townsite – you had to work at the mill to live in the town site. You paid a very nominal rent. You burned wood from the mill and, later on, sawdust. Lighting was supplied by the company. The lights went out at one o'clock at night. Every once in a while, you got your house redone – painted and wallpapered.

Quite a few of the townspeople took in boarders. Some of the houses were three bedrooms and some were two bedrooms, and some single. After we got married, we had what they called the honeymoon place – a bedroom and kitchen, and that was it. Later, we got into a bigger house.

I worked at the company store when I was in high school. I also worked for Dr. Cannon, looking after the dispensary and hospital. He was the company doctor. He would leave me the phone number where he could be reached. I actually gave out some medicine too. Before him was Dr. Scott, and after that it was Dr. Sinclair, who lived in the townsite.

Millside School was actually paid for by the company. And from there, you went to Duke of Connaught High School in New Westminster; that's where I went, or to T. J. Trapp Technical School, also in New Westminster.

When you went to Trapp, you hated the ones who went to Connaught, and vice versa. We used to get into fights on St. Patrick's Day. We had a lot of fun.

Millside was two rooms when I started around 1917, two teachers. One was for the juniors on one side, the rest on the other side. There were about three classes going at the same time, so if you were smart, you could listen to what she taught the other ones.

My teacher was Miss Parker – she was the last one I had – and the other was Miss Brethour. They were pretty good, not too toughnosed. When the school got kind of overloaded, they sent some of the kids to Richard McBride in Sapperton. It was paid for by the company.

We had a woodshed at Millside, so when it rained you played inside. If it was nice, you played outside on the playground. There was no playground as such, but we made one. The creek ran through the school yard. You brought your lunch, and everybody would trade, just like kids today.

We used to fight sometimes with the French kids from Maillardville. Going to school, they'd outnumber us and throw rocks at us, and we'd retaliate when we had the numbers. Still, Fraser Mills was a good place to grow up in as a child.

At that time, Fraser Mills was a municipality with its own council, its own hospital, its own mayor and its own chief of police. They had a hotel for the single men to live in. The Fraser Mills police had a car, but most of the time they took the bank statement into the bank, and that was about it.

I don't think the police chief in Fraser Mills ever arrested anybody. You didn't worry about people stealing things; doors were left open.

The company store was a general store where you

could get clothing, mitts, gloves – anything you used down at the mill – shoes, women's clothing, drugs and liniments too. When I was a kid working in the store, I used to deliver – take orders for ladies' dresses and yard goods, and deliver them.

Above the company store was the meeting hall. That's where they held their elections for reeve, councillors and all that; it was all done by acclamation. You had to own property in Fraser Mills, and of course, the company owned all the property. They would say, well, you got this and you got this, and you're now this and you're now that. You'd better agree.

The Oriental townsite, which had a fence that went around it, was outside the mill property. There were Chinese, Japanese and East Indians. They all worked at the mill. Everybody worked together, and there was no racial strife.

The Oriental workers were all sort of separate in the mill. There were the shingle mill Chinese, mostly packers. There were the dry kiln Chinese, mostly piling lumber. And the Japanese mostly worked in the power house.

The Oriental section had its own cook houses, and also had a gambling den which I frequented, playing fan tan, Chinese lottery, and crown and anchor, a dice game.

Everybody at that time fished, especially during the Depression. You could catch fish in the Fraser River, right off the booms at Fraser Mills. We used to fish down there and catch all kinds of fish – trout and the odd coho. Right off the log boom.

We also used to catch fish in what was called Booth Creek. It's not there now, but it came through Booth's farm; the salmon used to spawn there. People from Westminster used to come out and fish the creek. Once, when I was a kid going to Millside School, Police Chief Pare came to the school and gave us a lecture on leaving the salmon alone.

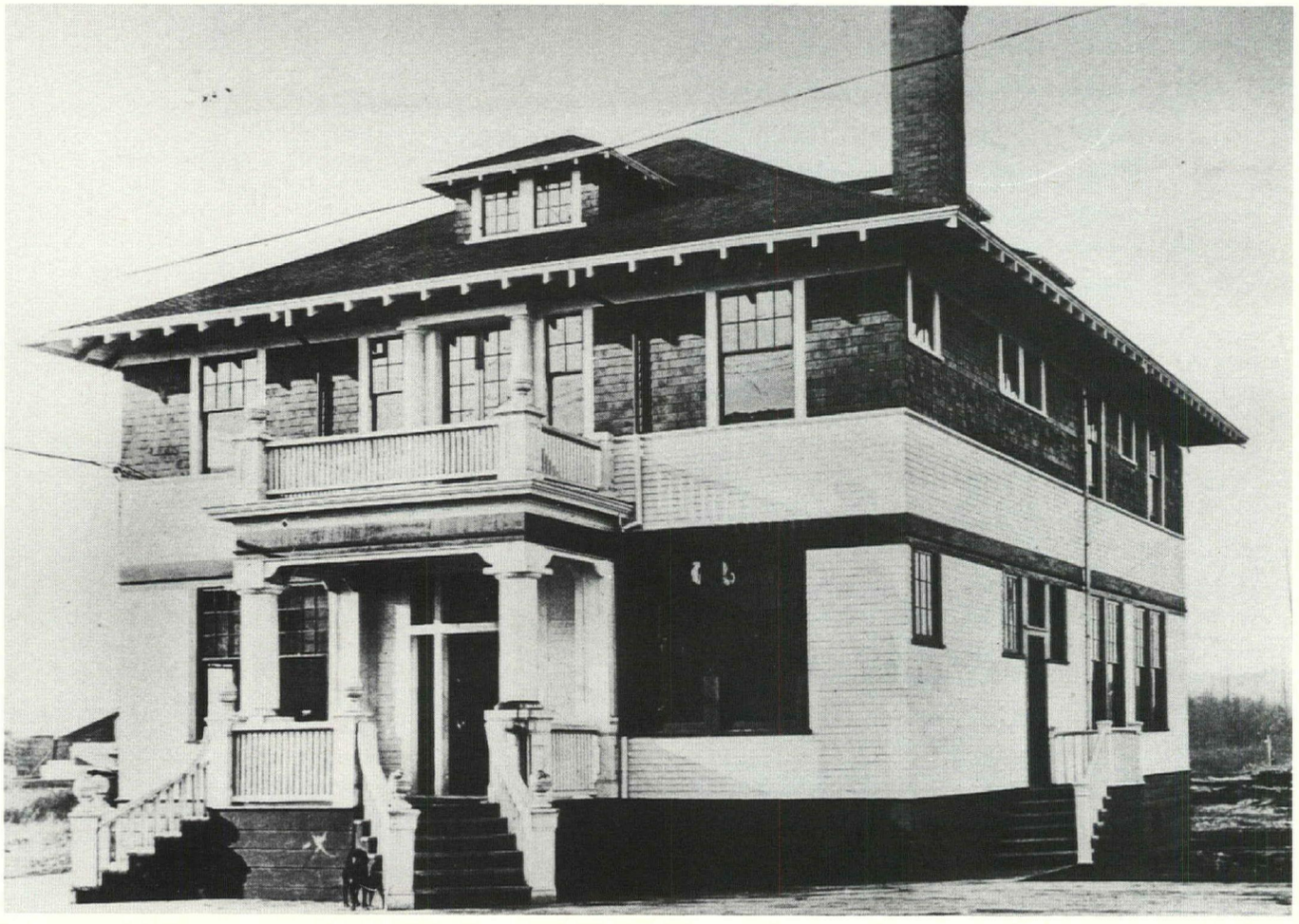
I started working at the mill in 1927 when I was still living at home. When I finished high school, I went straight to the mill – my first fulltime job. My brothers worked in the mill as well; they retired from there and got a pretty fair pension. There were up to 2,500 working there.

The street car came from Westminster – the fare was seven-and-a-half cents at that time – and brought the workers in. They came through Sapperton. Some came on bicycles, some rode the street car, which stopped at the packing house.

There, you had to pay for another ticket to go to Fraser Mills because it was beyond the city limits. And quite a few people in those early days – during the Depression, that is – would walk, rather than pay for the other ticket.

At Christmas, you visited around – everybody knew everybody. The company never did give Christmas bonuses. They used to say, "We pay two cents an hour more, so we don't have to give a turkey. Buy your own." They paid the going rate plus a little bit. For a while, we used to have Christmas parties in the old

First head office at Fraser Mills.



Russell Hotel in New Westminster, but pretty soon we thought that's not much good, we'll have them here. We got use of the club house at Fraser Mills from the manager of the company, Maurice Ryan.

We prepared the dinners ourselves. The women cooked the turkeys at first, but after a while, we had them done out. But we did all the vegetables ourselves. The personnel manager, Bill Fenton, always kidded the folks about there being a few bones while he was serving. After a while, we would relent and serve him. It was quite a deal, the company Christmas party, a fun deal.

I worked in production, worked on an edger; then I ran a resaw, actually the big steam-engine drive on a resaw. Then I got to be safety director. They had safety committees, and I was secretary of the safety committee, working my way up to that. I worked all around the mill and knew everybody.

The safety record at Fraser Mills was good. Management was very strong on safety. They had an association, the Lumbermen's Association, whose safety director would come out to the mill and inspect it. He would then go straight to the manager, and talk to him.

Some of the jobs at the mill were a little better than others. When the union got in there, of course, they were all standardized. At one time, way back in the early days, Orientals got less money; then when the union came in, they got the same as everybody else.

I worked right through the Depression, but they were tough times, like I say. The mill slowed right down to three or four days a week, but never stopped. Wages were 25 cents an hour for the single men – I had no family at that time – and 27 cents for married men. Of course, you could buy six loaves of bread then for 25 cents.

A lot of people would come in and pay, or try to pay, to get a job. There was the odd one who would take the money to get someone working, but not many did. Things perked up a bit towards the end of the Depression because they were shipping to the United Kingdom market.

The big deal then were three-by-nine paving blocks. They would be about 40 feet long because that was the easiest way to ship them. Then in England, they would cut them into little blocks. They also shipped railway ties to the U.K., five-by-10s called sleepers.

When we organized the fire department at the mill, a fellow by the name of Jimmy Jones was the first fire chief. When he got killed in a car accident, I took over as fire chief. We had some good-sized fires. Before there was an actual fire department, they'd blow the whistle and with the foreman helping out, there would be nobody left in charge. When I took charge, I had help allotted from the different departments. Whatever I asked for, I got. The equipment was mostly all there, all laid out – stand pipes, hoses, everything. And everything was sprinklered.

The biggest fire I remember was at the Oriental townsite, where one of the Japanese places burned down. We had a big wind storm that day, and there were these two burners – one was a sawmill burner, the other a shingle burner – with sparks flying from them.

That's how the Japanese house caught fire. At that time, the Japanese were invading China, so the Chinese were not too friendly with them. They didn't help much. The mill was still operating as we were out there fighting the fire. Anyway, while that place was burning, the slab piles caught on fire.

Then some more sparks from the Japanese place set fire to the logs in the water. So they had to go and put that out too and that's the first time they ever shut the mill down, to my knowledge – things were so bad they shut everything down.

We had another fire in the plywood plant – started just about quitting time over the dryers. They'd just get too hot. Anyway, we had it out with the 286 sprinklers and 12 hoses, but a halfhour later, we had the thing going again. It was touch and go, and it could have gone either way, but we were lucky.

We moved out of Fraser Mills into Coquitlam, into a bigger house, before we left for up-country. We bought the property off of the Booths, who had the dairy farm. The old Booth house is still there. When we bought the property, Bill Booth mentioned I used to steal apples from him when I was a kid.

Marmont Road had only the odd house. At that time, Mr. Marmont was the reeve; after him, it was R.C. MacDonald. The main street in Maillardville was Brunette, which went up to Millside School. Then there was Laval up around the church, Marmont Road, and that's about it.

Fraser Mills had all wood sidewalks, and when the flood came, well, they raised up and floated.

The big flood was in '48. Everything in the house was floating, and the mill was shut down for a long time. I went down to Lulu Island to sandbag as a volunteer.

We skated on the Fraser River when it froze over in 1931 and we also used to skate on Como Lake or at Fry's Corner. We hunted where the industrial complex is by the Port Mann bridge. That was all swamp; we used to go duck shooting there. Ducks and pheasants. There was also a lot of grouse.

Sometimes, when Stuart and I were delivering groceries, he would go off to play in a football game. I could just barely reach the pedals on the Model T, but I would drive up to Sapperton Park on Braid Street, while Stuart would be in the back with the canvas down, changing into his football gear. I guess we figured we were fooling Old John Stewart, but you didn't fool him because when I got back, I got 50 cents knocked off my $1.25 pay.

We'd go into Vancouver only the odd time, taking the interurban tram. You would sometimes work overtime before the night shift got going. It was extra money, and we used it Sundays when we used to go to Kitsilano Beach by tram. Or have a big treat of fish and chips at the Only, right next to the tram depot in Vancouver.

We had a Model T when I was young – I did most of the driving – and the first Plymouth that came out in 1929.

There was a better sense of community then, I think. I have always felt the days when we were growing up in Fraser Mills and Coquitlam were really the good old days.

Arpha Lepitre Van Berkel

High voltage transmission lines near and through Coquitlam were humming with hydroelectric power as early as 1903 when electricity from No. 1 power house at Buntzen Lake first reached Vancouver.

After the Coquitlam tunnel was completed in 1905 under the direction of B.C. Electric Railway Co., general manager Johannes Buntzen, and No. 2 power house was built, electricity was also transmitted to New Westminster and Burnaby along Pole Line Road, now Sperling Avenue.

Similarly, Western Canada Power Co.'s hightension lines from Stave Falls actually slashed across the municipality. But only industries in what is now Port Coquitlam had access. In the midst of this abundance of electricity, Coquitlam's early pioneers continued to use gas and coaloil lamps.

When Maillardville finally did get electricity – thanks in part to Arpha Lepitre Van Berkel's father, Samuel Lepitre, and his friend, Oswall Valliers – the power would arrive by a roundabout route from New Westminster, via Brunette.

Burquitlam residents would have to wait another decade or more. And at that time, potential customers would have to buy their own power poles. This eventually led to the lengthy and difficult campaign by Reeve R.C. MacDonald to have electrical rates equalized for all municipalities.

Mr. Lepitre, who might have been called an electrical lineman today, also wired the rebuilt Notre Dame de Lourdes Church – the original had burned down on Christmas Eve, 1913 – almost losing his life while doing the voluntary work.

Samuel and Regina (Gauthier) Lepitre were married in 1915. They raised nine boys and five girls, including Arpha, who was born in Port Alice, B.C.

Arpha Lepitre married Hubert Van Berkel and had seven children. Now widowed, Mrs. Van Berkel lives in the Wildwood mobile home park. She has 12 grandchildren.

Her story won honorable mention in the Pioneer Tales of Coquitlam contest.



Regina Van Berkel and son, Sam, in front of their Maillardville home in 1918.

My grandparents and their seven children, including my mother, Regina, took a boat in 1909 from Rockland, Ont., up the Ottawa River, to Ottawa. There, they first visited their cousins, who had a shoe store, staying with them overnight, and the next day, they went by street car – these had no roofs – to the CPR station. The family boarded the train and were five days and five nights before they finally reached Fraser Mills, on Sept. 27, 1909. When they arrived, the houses the company was building for the people were not ready, so they all lived on the train for a couple of weeks.

Because there was not enough water on the train, they carried it from a nearby Chinese laundry. When the four-room houses were finished, the pioneers moved into their homes. My grandfather worked at Fraser Mills and was in charge of the Clydesdale horses that carried the lumber in the yards. He worked 10-hour days at 20 cents an hour.

My grandfather then bought a half-acre lot for $75. This money was deducted from his pay at so much a month, and the lumber to build the house was also bought in this way. The lot was on Brunette Street, then known as Pitt River Road. Nothing had names then, only numbers on the lots.

Every night after supper, my grandparents and their two oldest sons would go to the lot and clear the vine maples, and the under brush. When the clearing was finished, my grandfather started to build the house. The family moved in on Dec. 24, 1909, Christmas Eve. What a beautiful day to move into their new home!

My mother was 13 years old then; the oldest, Bertha, was 18, Valeda 11, Claudia, nine, Georges, seven, Paul, five, and Jean, two. Gratia and Claira were born in the new house. The house had four rooms at first, and then, the kitchen was added. There was a hall at the side that my grandfather rented out for dances, shows and parties.

My mother and some of her sisters and brothers started school above the store in Fraser Mills. Sister



Samuel Lepitre, father of Arpha Lepitre Van Berkel.

Alex and Sister Emilie, from les Soeurs de l'Enfant Jesus, walked out from New Westminster every day to teach them.

After they died, Sister Augustine, Sister Bernard and Sister Therese came out to teach.

After a time, the company built two duplexes behind the houses at Fraser Mills. There were no walls inside. These duplexes were used for the school. The church in Maillardville was ready in 1910; on top of the church lived the teaching sisters, until 1912, when the convent was built.

My aunt, Gratia, was born May 17, 1910, in Maillardville in the family home and was baptized by Father Maillard the same day. She was the first baby girl baptized in Notre Dame de Lourdes church. Aunt Claira was born at home in 1914. Jean and Gratia made their first holy communion at the Lourdes Church.

In 1914, my grandfather went off to the First World War, and was mustard-gassed. He was recovering in the army hospital in London in September 1916. Although he lived to 87, he was never well after coming home with a medical discharge. My grandmother died at 75.

Uncle Paul started work at age 13 in Proulx's grocery store, delivering groceries, cleaning up and looking after the horses. One day, Mr. Proulx wanted Paul to work overtime, but when Paul refused because he was not getting paid extra, he was fired and went to work in the dry chain at the mill, sorting lumber for 15 cents an hour.

When Mr. Proulx went to Paul and asked him to come back to the store because his horses weren't being looked after properly, they argued over pay a little. Finally, Mr. Proulx agreed to $35 a month, and Paul went back to the store the next morning. He worked there until the family moved to Alberta in 1919.

My mother went to the convent school until Grade 3 or 4, then worked as a house maid. When she took sick, her sister, Valeda, took over. When my mother was well, she went to work for another family, and when she turned 16, she worked in the kitchen at the convent in New Westminster.

She was working for the Eddy family in New Westminster when she was married, in 1915. My parents were married at Notre Dame de Lourdes Church, and my Uncle Paul was the altar boy at the wedding. They moved into a house in Maillardville, where their first two children were born.

My father was born in Cookshire, Que., in 1881 and came to Maillardville as a single man in 1911. He had not yet been confirmed, so when the bishop came out to Notre Dame de Lourdes Church, he was confirmed, with my grandfather as the godfather. He was working at the veneer plant with another fellow named Bouche; they were batching together.

My father then worked for my grandfather, driving the horses from the bush to the mill with shingle bolts. In 1912, my father and my uncle through marriage, Oswall Vallier – he was married to Aunt Bertha – went to work for the electrical department for the city of New Westminster.

At first, New Westminster had gas lights, and my father and Oswall would go around in a gooseneck truck, lighting them all by hand, one by one.

They had an accident in Maillardville around 1913, I think. They were looking for some booze when they wrapped the truck around a telephone pole. The lights in New Westminster did not go on that night.

My father helped install the first electrical wires from New Westminster through to Maillardville, around 1912. When Notre Dame de Lourdes Church was rebuilt after the fire in 1913, my father would go there in the evening, after work, and do the electrical wiring.

One night, he was standing on the tin roof and got an electric shock. They saved him by rolling him off the roof. He was okay except that afterwards, the back of his hand would swell up and hurt. The doctor could see nothing wrong, so he left it alone.

When X-rays came in around 1925, the doctor had a picture taken of the hand, and near the bone there was a piece of wire imbedded. After it was removed, my father had no more problems with his hand.

My father liked to play the harmonica at any parties he attended. He also taught step dances to the young folk and enjoyed a good game of billiards. He would play at Louis Boileau's pool hall on Brunette Street. In 1914, he and Oswall joined the army, but they were stationed on the home front and did not go overseas.

My oldest sister, Regina, was born in Maillardville in 1918, two years after my brother, Samuel. Then we moved to Alberta with my grandparents' family in 1919, returned to Vancouver later, and settled in Port Alice in 1921. I was one of 14 children – nine girls, five boys – and all of them are living today.

My grandparents moved back to Maillardville in 1936 and later settled in New Westminster. I married Hubert Van Berkel; we raised seven children – two boys, five girls – and by the time this book is out, I will have 12 grandchildren. I have lived in the Wildwood mobile home park on Cayer Street since 1983.



Excavation work for the Coquitlam-Buntzen Lake tunnel in 1909.

Rene Bouthot

With business booming at the Canadian Western Lumber Co., at Fraser Mills during the first decade of the 20th century, the company engaged a couple of priests to recruit skilled workers from Ontario and Quebec. On Sept. 28, 1909, the first wave of 110 French Canadians arrived at the Millside Station.

Among them were William and Ernestine Bouthot of Quebec, parents of Rene Bouthot.

Some of the recruits lived temporarily in a boxcar parked on a railway siding. Others took up quarters in shacks in the Fraser Mills townsite. Some returned to the East, homesick and disillusioned.

The French Canadians who stayed, bolstered by another wave of migrants the following year, founded the community of Maillardville, named after an early priest, Father Maillard. On pay-by-the-month lots supplied by the company, and with cheap lumber from the mill, they built big two-storey homes, many of which are still standing.

The Bouthots built a large wooden house in Laval Square, opposite Notre Dame de Lourdes Church. They raised nine children. William Bouthot's father

and mother lived in the same house.

Rene Bouthot was born June 29, 1933, at St. Mary's Hospital in Sapperton. He followed his father into Fraser Mills – Mr. Bouthot teamed and cared for Clydesdale horses there – and also worked at Swift's packing house and Canadian Forest Products before earning his papers as a steam and pipe fitter.

Later on, Rene Bouthot became a Cub master in Coquitlam. He and wife, Marilyn – they were married in 1955 – have three children: Renee, Timothy and William. The Bouthot family now lives in Port Moody.

I was born in 1933 in New Westminster, the youngest of nine children. My father, William Bouthot, came from Hull, Que., and my mother, Ernestine, from Levis, Que. They were recruited by a priest, Father Maillard, and came out here to work at Fraser Mills.

Quite a few came out; they settled in Fraser Mills first, then moved into Maillardville. All of the lumber – it was stamped Circle F – was supplied by the company for the houses. All nine of us children were brought up in the house on Laval Square my parents bought at a pretty reasonable price.

Maillardville was a very vibrant French community in those days. There was a hall down at Brunette and Laval called Tremblay's; boxing matches were held there. They had field lacrosse teams – I would go to the games – but no hockey teams back then.

There used to be a softball league, an industrial league, behind Fraser Mills where Mackin Park is now. That was about it for sports; not much organized sports at all in Maillardville, although the younger kids played a lot on vacant lots.

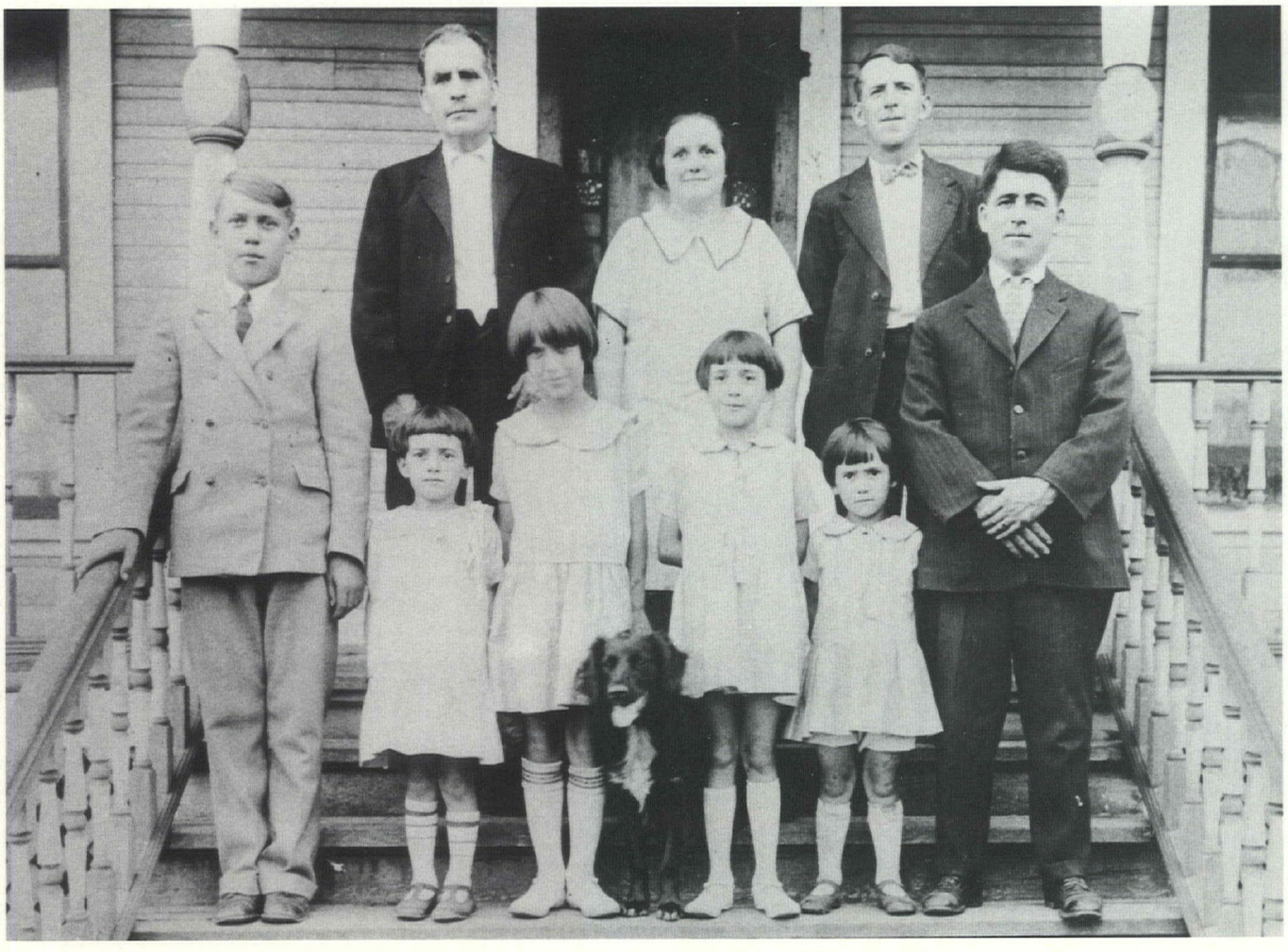
St. Jean-Baptiste was a very big day for French Canadians. So were New Year's and Christmas Eve. You would visit all the neighbors and celebrate on New Year's Day, a social event. The whole family – aunts, uncles, cousins – would get together, rent a hall and have a party. Christmas Eve was more solemn, quite religious.

My mom used to tell me that before I was born, they would walk to Port Moody to go to dances. Dances were about the only entertainment then. My dad used to play the accordion and tap dance; he always got something going.

The big attraction was going to New Westminster on weekends to shop or go to the movies. There was a street car when I was young, good service. My uncle had a wood truck, and sometimes he would clean it all up and put benches in, and we would all gather and go to different places such as Spanish Banks, Birch Bay, English Bay or Kitsilano Beach.

There were a few stores in Maillardville. There was Thrift's on Brunette, a meat market that was also a post office. Right across the street was Pett's meat

Bouthot family portrait in 1927.





The Bouthot house on the corner of Laval and Cartier in 1918.

market. I know there was also a liquor store around there years ago, at the bottom of Laval Street on Brunette.

There was Louis Boileau's pool room. I used to get my hair cut there; it was also a barber shop. Years ago, there were a couple of dairies, Booth's farm and Brehaut's, I think, two small dairies. We bought our milk from them in bottles.

We lived on Laval Square. And Pett's meat market on Brunette Street, across from the small post office and Thrift's, were just down the bottom from where we were. Trev's confectionery is still there. They were original settlers, and they've been there for quite a while.

Brunette was the main thoroughfare years ago; it used to go by Colony Farm. There was no Lougheed Highway then. The old municipal hall on Brunette – a lot of people worked there. Then there was the first Credit Union, Caisse Populaire, that went up in Maillardville. A fellow came from the Prairies and started that.

Millside School was around there too, one of the oldest schools in the district, I think. That was quite the focal point for us.

I remember when I was young, there used to be salmon run up that stream. It's all covered now.

A fellow would come around in the summer, and deliver vegetables, bread, and sausage. We had a Chinese fellow come around in a van, bringing salmon and vegetables with him. The ice man would come around and deliver as well.

Our Lady of Lourdes Church was the focal point for everything in Maillardville, and the convent next to the church was the centre of the community. The first priest was Father Maillard. He boarded at our house for a while, and he married my mother and father.

There was a Father Delestre – there is a street named after him.

Father Tec, Father Meunier – I don't remember all of them. Father Tec was the priest when I was born. The monks would sometimes choose one of us kids to go into New Westminster with them to help with their shopping, and you felt quite privileged if you were chosen.

The nuns were our teachers for Grade 1 to 8. There were a couple of English nuns. The nuns taught both French and English, but the first two or three years for me were all French. After Grade 8, you had to go up to the high school on Austin Road. The high school teacher would come down and give us exams to see if we were ready. We walked to high school and back every day.

I worked part time at the mill during weekends when I was in high school, cleaning up in the plywood plant and working on production. I forget what they paid me. My brother got me on after my father passed away. I only worked there a year, just enough to get me through.

They had horses at the mill to deliver wood all over the area; the nuns used to get their wood free, donated by the mill. They sent it up with team of horses. My father worked with the horses; later on, he loaded box cars. My brother, Manny, became superintendent for the outfit that inspected lumber.

My parents were in the first wave to come out here. A lot of French Canadians came out later from the Prairies to work in the shipyards and at the mill. They also worked at the plant Boeing set up on Lulu Island during the war, and at Canadian Forest Products, making plywood for Mosquito bombers.



Rene Bouthot in 1941.

Swift's and the mill were the two big employers; there was also Alaska Pine in New Westminster. I worked at Swift's for a while after I was married; I think everybody did at one time or another. I did general labor there, cleanup and such.

We used to make our own fun as kids. We used to play a lot in the bush; it was all bush around here. One time, I got lost looking for a Christmas tree just where Linton Street is. It was a big event getting our own Christmas trees on the flats around Lougheed, you know, behind Millside School. Or up around Como Lake and Lost Lake.

We would go swimming up at the pool at Blue Mountain Park; there was also a pool at Mackin Park later. Sometimes, we went to Lost Lake and we went to Red Bridge a lot. That was below Riverview, the old Bailey Bridge over the Coquitlam River. There was a sandy beach there, quite a popular area.

On St. Jean-Baptiste Day, there would be a big parade up and down the street to Laval Square, and up Cartier. I think the whole parish was in it. Someone was picked each year to be St. Jean, and you would be in the parade and carry a cross.

I picked cascara bark when I was young, and sold it to Buckerfield's in New West at 12 cents a pound, dry. We fished quite a bit down in the Fraser and Coquitlam rivers. We would catch the odd trout; there used to be a lot of trout in the streams.

We had only one policeman, Mr. McGarry, in my day, I recall. They were provincial police at the time, changing over to the RCMP around 1951. This one policeman lived in Maillardville. He just patrolled the streets; there wasn't much crime in those days. Eventually, they got a second policeman.

Even Austin was just a short street then, part gravel, the same as Como Lake Road. Our activities revolved around Blue Mountain Park, where we played played lacrosse and softball, and Mackin Park. There was a gun club on Como Lake for quite a while, skeet shooting.

I was still in high school when they started building the Lougheed Highway. That brought about a lot of changes. A bus company called Columbia Stage Lines went by our door, up over Dawes Hill, and on to Port Moody. We would go into New West for a Christmas party with the Eagles, as my Uncle Johnny (Dicaire) belonged.

We had over an acre of land in Maillardville with all kinds of fruit trees – cherries, pears, Italian plums. Everybody had fruit trees. You canned your own fruit. It was a very country, rural community then. My parents had a phone before I was born, unusual in those days.

My dad never owned a car in his life because there was no need for one. Everyone would walk to Fraser Mills to work. If you were sick, you walked down to the mill to see the doctor there. If you wanted to go to New West, you paid two streetcar tickets, only one to Swift's.

Years ago, there was a big market in New Westminster below the tracks where Army Navy is now, a real farmers market. Merchants from Maillardville would go and see all their stuff. There were auctions for chickens, cows and horses, everything you can think of – homemade products too. Once a week.

Swift's was one of the main employers at that time. There used to be quite a smell, you know, at the border between New Westminster and Coquitlam. There was also a distillery right on Braid Street where Woodward's warehouse is now; it was bought out by Seagram's, and they eventually closed it down.

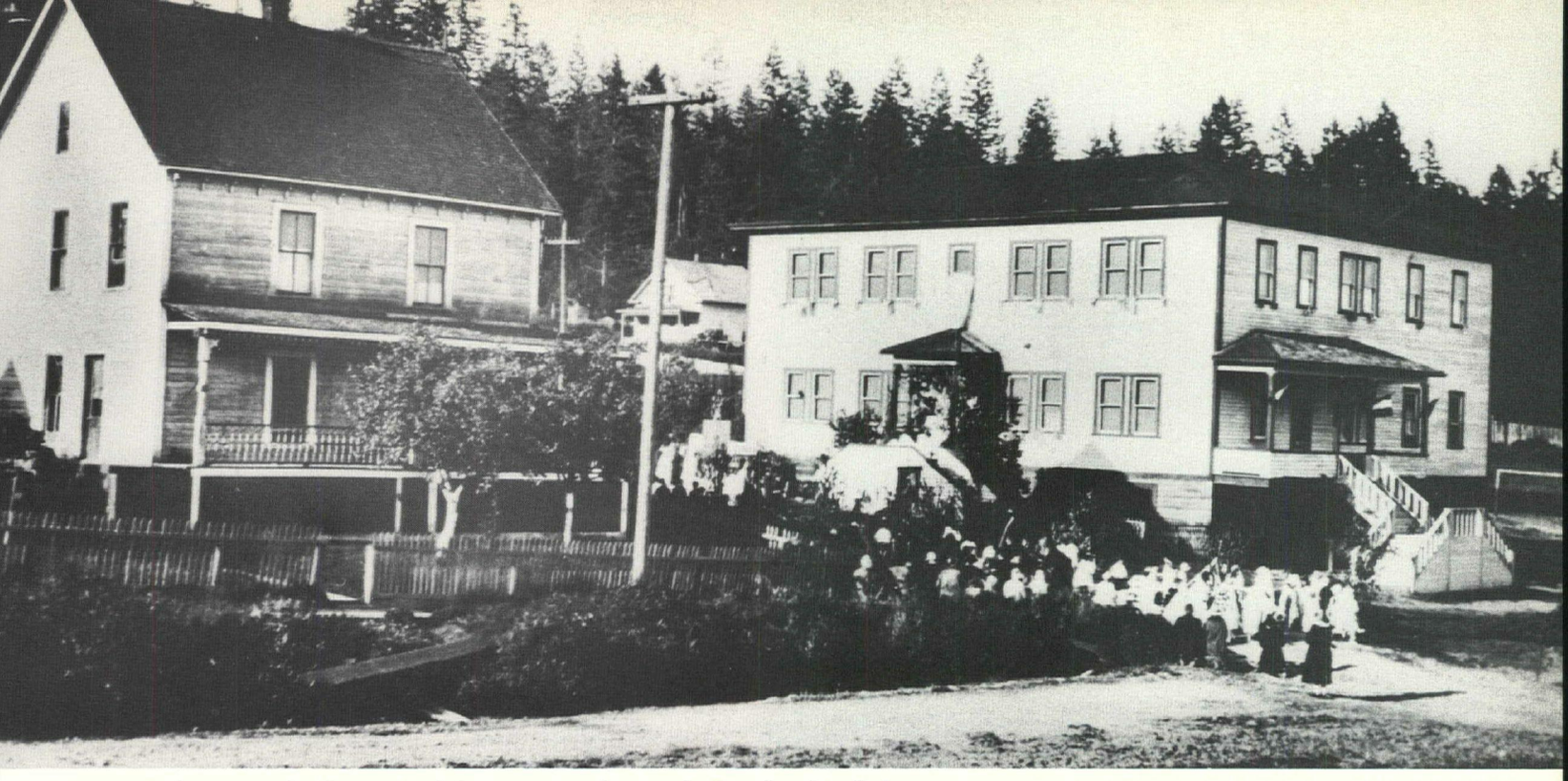
My grandfather worked at Fraser Mills for a while. So did my Uncle Johnny, in the shingle mill. He lost one or two fingers that I know of working there. A lot of people did in those days, I guess. Working conditions weren't as safe as they are now.

Fraser Mills manufactured everything from doors to shingles to plywood. They had two big sawdust burners. I was told once they used to supply some of the power to New Westminster from their boiler house. Everyone called it Fraser Mills, but the real name was Canadian Western Lumber Co.

There was a little Chinese community in behind there, and an East Indian community. Over on the flats. 6Judith Forst, the opera singer, was raised in Fraser Mills.

Along King Ed was the company town, of course, with most of the workers living there. There were a few Scandinavians. Farther along King Edward were the two big residences, one for the general manager of Fraser Mills, Mr. Ryan, the other for Mr. Mackin.

The big strike was before my time. I remember my aunt telling us how they prepared food for the men on



Our Lady of Lourdes Convent, right, was next door to the Bouthot family home.

the picket line. A lot of them, including my Uncle Johnny, were blackballed. He couldn't work there for quite a while following the strike.

During the big flood of 1948, they got us out of high school to work on the dikes at Colony Farm and Pitt Meadows. You had to fill sand bags. You worked around the clock and got good meals at Colony Farm – roast beef, mashed potatoes, you name it. They didn't pay you for this work.

The police would come around and collect us; we would rather be on the dikes than in school, anyway. It lasted a couple of weeks, I think. We worked on dikes in New West, Lulu Island and Surrey. Part of Fraser Mills was under water. All kinds of debris, dead cattle, parts of homes, came floating down the river.

Things are different in Maillardville now. You don't hear French spoken as much. Most of the older generation is all gone. The last time I was at church there – three or four years ago, I'd say – they were losing an awful lot of people. I guess the younger generation is moving on.

Most of the little merchants and stores along Brunette are all gone now. A few old families are still around. The house next door that belonged to my uncle is still there. So is our house.

Vivian Ostrom Bouthot

Vivian Ostrom, daughter of Swedish immigrants who came to Matsqui from Manitoba, started working at Mission Cannery at age 14. She was also a housekeeper before marrying Emmanuel Bouthot in 1937. One of nine children of a pioneer Maillardville family, Emmanuel Bouthot worked for many years at Fraser Mills. In 1954, he became a lumber inspector with the Pacific Lumber Inspection Bureau.

The Bouthots raised three daughters. They have eight grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. Now disabled by Alzheimer's Disease, Mr. Bouthot is confined to a Coquitlam chronic-care home. Mrs. Bouthot continues to live in the family home on Mundy Street.

I came out to Coquitlam from Mission in 1937 when I was married to Emmanuel. We were married in the rectory of Our Lady of Lourdes Church; we couldn't get married in the church itself because I wasn't Catholic.



Emmanuel Bouthot (second from right) and lumber graders inspect wood at Fraser Mills during the '50s.



Emmanuel and Vivian Bouthot with children Elaine and Diana, in 1940.

My parents were originally from Sweden. I was born March 4, 1914, in Manitoba.

My husband was from a pioneer Maillardville family and has lived here all his life. The Bouthots were among the first of the French Canadians recruited back East to work in the mill. Emmanuel worked at Fraser Mills until 1954, then became an inspector at the Pacific Lumber Inspection Bureau.

Before we were married, I guess when he was a teenager, Emmanuel caddied at Vancouver Golf Club, and to begin with, all he got was 50 cents a day, and then later, $1.50 a day. Golf was his sport; he just loved to play golf and did so whenever he could.

As a boy, he was interested in boxing and used to box at Tremblay Hall in Maillardville. I know that he also was a wonderful swimmer and saved two people for sure from drowning. I think they were swimming in Mundy Lake.

Emmanuel graduated from high school before going to work at the mill. He would have liked to have gone on to university, but the family didn't have any money. He was very disappointed that he couldn't go farther with his education.

My husband was a lumber inspector at Fraser Mills, and in 1954, he got a job for the re-inspection of lumber with the Pacific Lumber Inspection Bureau. He also taught people how to grade lumber. When he retired in 1979, he received a beautiful Indian carving of a raven and a plaque.

The first three years of our marriage, we lived with my husband's mother to save money to build a home. Then we built a house on Marmont and we raised three children there. We sold it in 1959 and moved up here to Mundy Road, where I still live.

When we first came here, there was only one house across the street and us. Mundy Road was very isolated then; it started to develop shortly after we moved here. I think the road was finished, but I'm not all that sure. The Port Mann Bridge hadn't been built yet.

But I knew the bridge was coming, so I thought it would be a terrific place with a view. There was a lot of noise, a lot of dust and a lot of confusion while the bridge was under construction. But now, we do have a great view. In the evening, the bridge is just like a Christmas tree.

We got our first car when Emmanuel got the job with the lumber inspection bureau. We went for a while to the eastern seaboard, living in New Jersey while my husband did re-inspections in New York state and all over. We were in the East a total of six months.

Johnny Dicaire, who was related to my mother-in-law through marriage, used to call the square dances in Maillardville and New Westminster. Johnny was active right up to the day he died. Emmanuel himself was a good piano player. He had a few lessons, but he preferred to play by ear.

We moved into our house on Marmont before it was finished; we didn't have a lot of money, so I didn't get everything at once. There were no windows at first and the basement was unfinished. We got the lumber to build the house from Fraser Mills.

We had a wood stove for cooking and a sawdust burner for heat. I don't remember how we got the wood or the sawdust. Came from Fraser Mills, I guess. I do know it was delivered. We had a bit of a garden.

I did my shopping on Brunette, a lot of it at the market right at the corner of Delestre and Marmont. It was a grocery store with meat. Most of the things I needed, I could find on Brunette. I walked everywhere because we didn't have a car for years after we were married.

I'd take the tram to New Westminster for anything that I couldn't get in Maillardville. We did all our clothes shopping in New Westminster.

That's the farthest I went. We walked from our home on Marmont to Fraser Mills, where we caught the tram.

My husband worked double shifts at the mill during the war. He would change off three months at a time for each shift. After that, they changed to one-month switches.

We didn't take any family holidays. After my daughter moved to Denver, Emmanuel and I did some travelling.

Zelire Lehoux Van Nerum

Hilaire Pare of Sherbrooke, Que., arrived in Fraser Mills in 1909. He was followed by his wife and two of their unmarried children six months later. Some of the married Pare children also came West with their families.

Alva Pare, one of the children still at home, married Richard Lehoux, an adventurous young man on his way home to Quebec after trying his luck in the Yukon gold rush. The couple met through a mutual love of music.

Zelire, the older of their two daughters, was born in Coquitlam in 1913 and has lived here all her life.

The Pare family was prominent in Maillardville. Zelire's uncle, Emeri Pare, was the first police chief and fire chief of Maillardville. Another uncle, Arcade Pare, was well known for the concerts he produced at Tremblay's Hall.

In 1929, Zelire Lehoux, 19, married Gustave Van Nerum, a Belgian immigrant. After working on farms in northern Quebec, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, Mr. Van Nerum was urged to come to Maillardville by a Belgian priest, Father Delestre.

Mr. Van Nerum worked at Fraser Mills. He also helped to establish Caisse Populaire, the Credit Union in Maillardville.

The Van Nerums were childless. Zelire Lehoux Van Nerum now lives in an apartment on LeBleu Street, only two or three blocks from the original Lehoux house at Begin and Brunette.

Mrs. Van Nerum's recollections are followed by those of her sister, Olive Lehoux Van Brakel.

My mother was from Sherbrooke, Que., and my dad was from St. Elzear in Beauce County. Her family came here to colonize British Columbia and also to work at Fraser Mills, which needed tradesmen. I was born in Coquitlam in 1913 and I have lived here all my life.

When the family first arrived, they lived in a little one room cabin in Fraser Mills. My grandfather did not work at the mill – he was an older man, in his 70's – but his four boys were all tradesmen there, and of course, the wages for them were very, very good.

They lived there for a while, but everyone in those days was so active and so energetic that they were working maybe 10 hours per day at the mill, I don't know. They were working long days, but still, they took time to cut down the trees and make a clearing for their homes, which they started building immediately.

Because my grandfather did not work at the mill, he did not get his wood here for his family. He was ahead of his time and had sent his boys to New Hampshire to learn English. Because of that and because they were tradesmen, they were welcome and got better positions than the others.

My father had gone from Beauce County to the Yukon for the gold rush, mining there for 10 years. He returned to Vancouver and he heard from these priests, Father Maillard and Father Garon, that there was this little French-Canadian logging settlement. He was on his way home to Quebec, but he decided to stop by in Maillardville.

My father was a very good singer and a musical man who played the violin. So was Mother. They met in the church choir; that was how their lives blended. They had a courtship of 10 months or so and were married in 1912. He was working for Fraser Mills then, but did so only for a little while.

My dad developed diabetes at the age of 40, and he became the first in New Westminster to inject himself with insulin, which he did three times a day. Later on, he worked at Swift's – my mother was the switchboard operator there although she did not speak English well – and then went to the distillery for a while.

They were living next door to my grandfather, then

Alva Lehoux gathers water from a spring in the 1200 Block Brunette in 1911.





The Lehoux house on Brunette in 1913.

were able to buy a lot from the mill through my grandfather – their lots were side by side – who was well looked upon because he could speak English well. This was at the corner of Begin and Brunette, where they are building all those apartments now. He and my grandfather built a large house there, on the lower drive.

My father was from a family of 13, and my mother was from a large family too, so they built this great big house with two storeys, and a wrap-around veranda. Big dreams, but there were to be just two children. I was the first, in 1913, and my sister came along seven years later.

I was just a little girl of seven, and here comes a baby, and she was just like a doll. And the day she was born, I cried and cried. My mother said: "Zelire, what are you crying about? We won't disown you or anything. Do you think you have lost your place?"
I said: "No, I am crying because I am so happy to have a sister." Of course, that made it easier for my parents; they thought I would be resentful after all that time. Every one of my friends had so many brothers and sisters, and I was always left without, so I was happy.

I went to Notre Dame de Lourdes School, the convent, and I was there about four years. And then I went to Millside School, finishing off there.

Like I said, my dad was very sick, and often he was not earning anything. In those days, there was no welfare, and you had to pay a tuition fee to attend Notre Dame because it was a private school.

My father felt he could afford tuition for only one, and he would give it to the younger child because she needed guidance in the faith and in the French language. The parish made exceptions for people who could not afford tuition, but my parents were very responsible, and they did not want that.

I did not mind at all. I was always quite easy to satisfy, and if my parents said so, it was okay with me. Half of my friends went to Notre Dame, and half to Millside, so I was not the only French kid there. But I still kept all of my friends at Notre Dame.

The families of all my relatives were so close they were like brothers and sisters to me, but they had to carry on too, so my family supported itself. My mother was a very good seamstress and she did a lot of that, usually late at night after working all day around the house.

My mother could sew things with any little fabric, and we would have new dresses and new attires. In fact, we were dressed better than others whose fathers were working. The girls were envious because we always had new dresses. My mother either used to sew them, or fix up hand-me-downs.

Because we had a large home, we took in boarders. My dad helped with the chores around the place, but he often had to relax because of the insulin. We had a half-acre, and we had a big garden; my sister and I sometimes went from door to door with a little wagon and sold fresh vegetables.

We had two cows, hogs and pheasants. The cows were occasionally pastured on our property, out in the back, but mostly, we had them at Mackin Park or behind Millside School, where the Chinese later had a sort of green garden. We would take the cows there in the morning to pasture them, and then bring them back home every night.

Because we had food from the garden, and clothes

my mother sewed, we never suffered much. In fact, we never suffered for anything. The church was the centre our social life, which was rich, and they had dances and bazaars to raise money, and picnics.

My mother and dad were very musical, and I had an uncle (Pare) who had a talent for directing concerts and that, and they would organize the spring concert, the fall concert and the Christmas concert, all community affairs. My parents sang, of course – they had a piano and violin – and they had beautiful voices.

Mother was the only one in Maillardville who had a piano because when her family came from the East, she said: "I'll go with you, but my piano comes with me." I think it took six months to get the piano here, and by that time, it had to go into our home. It was an upright grand, and a beautiful one too. The piano was also very heavy because everything was more substantial then, so heavy that I remember the great big, deep gouges the rollers made in the hardwood floor in the front room. Being the only one in town, the men used to come and carry it to the community hall and to the dance hall; not over sidewalks, but over muddy trails.

Took a lot of men to move our piano, but my mother was always pleased to lend it because it was money for the parish. With all that movement, the piano had to be tuned often, so they would have to go into town on the CPR and get the tuner out to fix it.

My uncle (Pare) was the fire chief and the chief of police in Maillardville. When I was growing up, I thought that was impressive and I would boast about it, like all children would. He was called the chief of police, but really, he was the first and only policeman in town. Did he have a lot of work? I remember there would be fires in these homes which were all built with wood, and there was no prevention or regulations. Many of them did burn, so the fire chief was busy. All the firemen were volunteers in those days, and they had to haul most of the equipment by hand.

As the only police officer, my uncle had more work than you'd think. He was like the family welfare officer. He would have to settle family quarrels like a counsellor; everything was combined into the job. My uncle was very busy, and it was quite a large region, but he was in his glory, and he enjoyed it tremendously.

As a child, I remember going to the east end (of Coquitlam) with my uncle in a horse and buggy. He was delivering something, and it took time to get there, so he asked my mother along to keep him company on the long trip.

Pretty well all the houses in Maillardville were built in that little section around the church. The boundary – actually, it was the forest – above the church started at Thomas Avenue, which wasn't developed westward. Once you got to Thomas on Laval, it was a great big barrier of forest. It was pretty wild. Mr. Marmont – he was our first mayor – lived about a mile into the woods. Schoolhouse was the limit to the east of the church, with the Brehaut and Booth farms there. From where we lived, at the corner of Begin and Brunette, well, as a child, I would not venture any further south than Fraser Mills, you know, King Edward Avenue. Hardly more than just a home here and there.

We had no cars in those days, so we did not go into Sapperton much. I do remember my parents going into Port Moody on a Sunday afternoon, over the hill, and there was what you call in French un petit sentier – a little path – and it was cut into the evergreens, and

Zelire Lehoux, age one, with her parents at the family home in 1914.





Zelire Lehoux's uncle Emeri Pare was the first fire chief of the volunteer fire department. Photo was taken in 1915.

you could not see the sky. The trees were just like an umbrella, and you would walk through there, and we would somehow reach Como Lake – it was pretty soggy around there – and from there, the path became a trail into Port Moody. Going down the big hill, the trail was so steep I remember sliding down on my backside.

We would start after Mass on a Sunday, visit some of our relatives in Port Moody, have lunch with them, then come back. That took the whole day. Many Sunday afternoons we would walk around the neighborhood, and people would sit on the porches and hail you in, and it was very pleasant.

Sometimes, I would go fishing with my dad – Mill Creek ran right behind our property, and it was all wooded – and I was always gabbing, and Dad would say: "You can come fishing with me, but you must be very quiet, or you will chase the fish away." I would try my very best to be quiet, but I would soon lose my good intentions.

All the streams up to the one at Booth's and Brehaut's would have fish, so we would go to Mill Creek, or any of the others. My dad would sometimes say to me: "I told you not to talk," but the water was so clear you could see the fish, and sometimes they were so quick I had to holler. Of course, that scared the fish away.

Near my uncle's home, where the first municipal hall was, there was a sort of tavern that would dispense draft beer, and the men would come home from work and go there to get some. In those days, they had pure lard in pails, and when the lard was used up, they would use it for beer.

They would come past our place with their little lard pails, and very often, they were the same persons. I think the beer was selling for about 10 to 25 cents per pail. I don't know because I never bought any in those days.

Because we were living on Brunette, and all the utilities such as water and light and telephone came out from New Westminster along Brunette, we were one of the first to have light. But on the top of the hill, like on Begin and all those places, they had coal oil lamps.

Fraser Mills hadits own power plant, and we would look behind our place at the settlement down there, and after nine o'clock there were no lights. It was as black as could be because they turned off the power plant so there would be enough power to start up the mill the next morning.

The same with water. They put it through along Brunette Street first. It did not go to the outskirts like Laval, they had wells. If the wells dried up in the summertime, and these people needed water for washing and that – they had large families and used a lot of water – they would come to our place.

My grandfather and my father had channelled water to our place from a spring across the street. Then they built a great, big reservoir to retain the water. It was never dry because the water came from the creek. After we got water piped into the house, we used the reservoir to irrigate the garden. The spring water was nicer.

My mother gave me a very good, charitable lesson I remember to this day. We had this water, and there was one little neighborhood girl who was not very pleasant. She used to fight with everybody and she used to call me names. So I told my mother one day that if she called me names again, I would prohibit her from getting water.

My mother said: "You can't do that because water is something that is God-given, and it is not for you to forbid her." So she kept calling me names, and I could not bear it, but I never told her she could not come for water. You know, that very same spring is causing some problems today.

I remember when my dad was working at the mill, they had these great, big gates at the corner of King Edward and Brunette, and I used to stand there and wait for him. Across the street, where municipal hall is, there was a sort of field and a tennis court. Only officials at the mill, like the manager and his family, and various other officials could use it.

I had a very happy childhood and a very happy life, not extravagant or colorful, but we were close to nature. We entertained ourselves. We had children in our backyard from all over the place, and my father, who was a great raconteur, and my mother, who never complained, welcomed everyone.

Christmas was fun. Getting a tree was quite an expedition. We would come home wet and soggy – it never failed – because we would fall into the creek. We did not have to go very far. There were beautiful little Christmas trees right behind us, little pine trees five, six, seven feet high, growing in the boggy turf.

When we got home – we always developed a cold after our expeditions – then Mother would sew these little decorations, and we would make things out of popcorn. She used to make everything. She would make us cardboard houses with furniture, all painted, pasted inside. Nothing was ever bought, but everything was just as nice.

I remember going to Mission one Sunday with my family on a sternwheeler up the Fraser River. There was a Catholic shrine there. I must have been four, five years old, and that was an exciting expedition for me. My mother had made this nice little embroidered handkerchief for me, with lace all around.

While we were waiting on the Fraser Mills wharf – some of the people were staying behind – I was waving with my little handkerchief, and somehow or other in all the excitement I dropped it and lost it in the wheel. I cried because it was a beautiful handkerchief.

My husband was a singer too, just like my parents. He worked at the mill all his years here except during the war, then he went to a war plant. He started the Caisse Populaire – he was with the group of organizers – and he was a very community-minded person. I was unable to have a family, so I took a commercial course in Vancouver and worked in the accounting department at municipal hall for 25 years.

We were happily married 51 years. When we got married, we lived in the same home I was born in, the same home where I was raised, the same home where we were married. When my parents died, we bought that big white house at Begin and Brunette and we continued to live there.

Olive Lehoux Van Brakel

Olive Lehoux Van Brakel was born on Nov. 28, 1920, in Maillardville, to parents Richard and Alva (Pare) Lehoux. She is the younger sister of Zelire Lehoux Van Nerum.

Olive Lehoux married Jack Van Brakel in 1951, and they had two sons, Richard, named after his maternal grandfather, and Jack, named after his paternal grandfather. Mr. and Mrs. Van Brakel have one grandson and one granddaughter.

The Van Brakels have lived in their present Rochester Avenue home since 1961.

My father was on his way back to Quebec from the Klondike gold rush. In order to return home, he had to land in Vancouver by boat from up north. From there, he went to the States to Yakima to visit an aunt, making his way back to Vancouver.

He visited a priest at a parish he had once gone to, and was told that there was a new French-Canadian settlement called Maillardville. So my dad came out to see this new place, and that's how he met my mother, a city girl who had come here from Sherbrooke, Que.

They were married by Father Garon in Notre Dame de Lourdes Church, one of the first couples to be married in the original one.

I was born in Maillardville in 1920. My uncle, Emeri Pare, was my godfather. He was my mother's brother and was the first police chief of Coquitlam.

There used to be a curfew back then in Maillardville, and he would walk up to young couples and tell them: "I'm going over to your mom and dad's, and you're coming with me, young man. We'll see that you never do this again. You're supposed to be inside." These are the things I heard.

I have many memories of people in Coquitlam. I remember Frank Spencer, who used to be station master at the little CPR station at Fraser Mills. They lived next door to us. I was friendly with their daughter, Evelyn, who has been married for years and lives in Wisconsin.

I remember being invited by the Pett family to listen to this newfangled invention called radio through ear phones. It was something!

I attended Our Lady of Lourdes parochial school. It was the Catholic school and it was also the French school. If we had enrolled in a public school, there was no way we would learn French until we were in high school.

The teaching sisters came all the way from St. Louis College in New Westminster. They would take the street cars from Sapperton, then walk all the way through the bush down here. At first, they went to Fraser Mills, teaching in a room above the general store. After school, they would walk all the way back to Sapperton.

I later attended Trapp Tech high school in New



Fraser Mills railway station in 1909.

Westminster because in those days, there were only two high schools there – Trapp Tech and Duke of Connaught. Now they have amalgamated them. I used to ride the street car to school with friends named Vivian Windblad and Frances Proulx.

Provincial exams are now 50 per cent of your mark, but back then, if you were a student going from private school to public school, the exams were 100 per cent of your mark. If you didn't get 60 per cent or better, you would fail. The results came out in the Columbian.

Louis Boileau's confectionery, barber shop and pool room was on Brunette, right beside our house. I used to get ice cream there. I would run after Louis Boileau's ice truck to grab handfuls of chipped ice in the summer. That was fun.

Mrs. Boileau would be on the confectionery side, while Mr. Boileau would be on the barber side and also looked after the pool room. They used to sell penny candy – you'd go there and get your jaw breakers. Being next to the store, my dad, who was quite neat, used to pick up all the wrappers.

After Trapp Tech, I went to work for an old establishment, W. S. Collister Ltd., around 1936, a women's store. I was 16 years old and earned $7 a week, great money at that time. I worked there seven years. From there, I went to work for another old New Westminster firm, M.J. Phillips, a store for men. I stayed there approximately seven years.

Once I met and married my husband, I stayed at home to raise a family. We had two sons. When they were grown, I went back to work for about 10 years for the provincial government, in the registrar's office.

The thing to do on a Saturday or Sunday was to drive to town. which in those days was New Westminster. We would sit in the car and park it, then watch the people go by the B.C. Electric Railway station. We'd buy ice cream down there; that was always a treat.

I also used to hang around with Noelle Leroux and my second cousin, Georgette Lanoue. Of course, my name was Olive Lehoux, so when people asked us our names, they thought we were joking when we said: "This is Noelle Leroux, I'm Olive Lehoux and she's Georgette Lanoue." Leroux, Lehoux, Lanoue. They never believed us.



Local residents gather in front of Louis Boileau's pool hall and barber shop. Picture was taken in 1920.

Rene Marcellin

The Marcellin family came to Fraser Mills in 1909 when Rene was nine years old. They were among the first of the French Canadians from the Ottawa River mill town of Rockland, Ont.

With three girls and four boys to raise, life in the Fraser Mills town site was hectic for Mrs. Marcellin. She became homesick for family and tradition in Quebec, and like many of her generation, she eventually returned to the East. Mr. Marcellin worked as a laborer at the mill.

After finishing school in New Westminster, Rene Marcellin learned how to saw shingles by watching others and became a sawyer at Fraser Mills. The pay was good, but the money went to support the family. Then on Sept. 17, 1931, a strike began. Work was not to resume until Dec. 1.

Rene Marcellin was actively organizing the union and had been elected to an executive position in the fledgling union. Consequently, he became one of a handful of workers blacklisted by the company. But Mr. Marcellin did find a job at the new MacMillan Bloedel plant in Port Alberni. Later, he worked at the company's shingle mill on Boundary Road.

Rene and Rachel (Pare) Marcellin – they were married in 1922 – raised two sons and a daughter. Mr. Marcellin now lives at Foyer Maillard and visits frequently with his old friend and former neighbor, Pete Boileau, and with his many grandchildren.

My family came here from Rockland, Ont. in 1909, when I was nine years old. There was my dad and my mom, three sisters and three brothers; I was the oldest. They came to Fraser Mills to better themselves. Things were not always rosy here, but it was just as bad back East; the men were getting paid $30 a month there.

Fraser Mills sent a priest to Rockland; they wanted tradesmen to run the big mill down there – millwrights, sawyers, pilers – and so they sent a bunch to Quebec, and they picked up the people they wanted. When we got here by train, we slept in a box car for about a week because the houses in the company town were not ready.

The company knew we were coming, but they were not quite ready. You could call the house we first lived in a shack; for that many people, it was pretty small. In those days, we all had big families, not like today, when you can't afford it. The workers on the big edger at the mill were getting about a dollar an hour, I think, and it went down from there.

We did better ourselves by coming here, but not everyone was happy about moving all that way. My mother was alone a lot with the kids back East when my father had to go to logging camp, but she got

Rene Marcellin, centre row, middle. Father Delestre is seated in front.



lonely out here, having been raised (in Quebec).

The kids usually stayed here, but many of the older folks went back. Not all the families came to Fraser Mills. A bunch went to Port Moody – the Chevaliers, one of the Pare families – but I'm glad we came here. My wife was a Pare from Sherbrooke – her old man was a millwright – and they came to Maillardville.

When I arrived here as a kid, there was not very much, only three houses on Brunette. That's all. Then the company started to sell land to the employees, those who wanted to build their own houses. Maillardville was all bush, just logging for the mill. It was a great place to be a kid – lots of places to roam around.

Yes, we worried about the wild animals around. Lots of bears up there; they used to cross Brunette Street. They get so hungry they fish for salmon, so I often see bears as far up as Brunette. I used to do a lot of fishing; the salmon would come up Brunette Creek, and we could get them by the dozen. They don't do that any more.

Fraser Mills always had Christmas for the kids. When Rogers was here – he was the first manager – he had this big tree there, all decorated. Then Mackin took over. He was an American too, but he was a different type. My own family had a Christmas tree, but not much else. When we were back East, we could not afford it, and Dad was not home at Christmas, anyway.

You know the folks those days, if you were Catholic, you were supposed to go to the Catholic school. Well, if you made a face at the mill bosses when you were going (to the school set up above the company store at Fraser Mills), they would slap you, and I did not go for that stuff, so I would not go.

So I went to Millside, an English school, for about two months, and then my parents put me in a French college by St. Mary's Hospital in Sapperton. I think it's still there. I walked there from Fraser Mills, morning and night, three miles there and three miles back.

I finished school at 18 and went to work for the Brunette box factory for nine cents an hour. If you were the oldest one in the family, you had to go to work as soon as you left school. We used to manufacture boxes for food for the army. When I quit – I wanted to learn to saw shingles – I was making $5 per day.

I was still living at home then. We were poor – everybody was – so it was different from being poor today. I did not know how Mom could feed so many mouths. My mother had no time to have a garden. No wonder she died so young. Tough life, but it was the same back East.

My mom and dad lived in houses at Fraser Mills all their lives, but they did not own them, just rented them. No, that's not right. My dad built a house in Maillardville through the company – he and Pete Boileau built it together – and Pete was our neighbor for about 20 years. He comes every week to see me.

They started building up Maillardville in about 1912, and it was interesting to watch. A British outfit owned the mill then, and they sold all the lots – they were big lots – for, maybe, $5. But the people who bought the lots did not really own them. When they came to get the papers, they did not know who owned what.

For groceries, Georges Proulx had a store on Brunette – it burned down once, but it's still there – at Laval and Brunette. And then the company had its own store, a big store, where we could buy food and such. Proulx's store was rebuilt after it burned down.

We used to skate on Como Lake in the winter; the winters are not as hard today as they used to be. We could skate on Como Lake for about a month every winter. We have seen a lot of snow here over the years.

Once I learned to be a shingle sawyer, I got a job at Fraser Mills, and I made good money. Most of the kids in my family went to work at a young age – we had to.

I never saw my pay cheque for two years; I had to hand it over to my dad. I was making more than he was because I was sawing shingles, and it was piece work. I cut the shingles on a machine – I learned how to use it just by watching – which had a carriage and two saws, one on the side and one on the front.

I went to a smaller mill for a while because they offered me more money. Cutting farm shingles was piece work too, which meant the more you did, the more you got paid. And it was a better mill to work for. I was back at Fraser Mills for the big strike of 1931.

And I was working at Fraser Mills when the union came in. The strike was pretty rough, pretty nasty. They had the Mounties out here. They must have had a bunch of tough guys in Vancouver that the Mounties knew, the ones that were always picking fights, because they were also out here.

Pritchett was the leader of the union; I was a member, and I was elected to a union position. I was blacklisted by the company because I was active in the union and I did not want to go back there anyway, so I left Fraser Mills after that.

A few other people, including Pritchett, were blacklisted. They picked anyone who was involved with the union for the blacklist. Things got so nasty around then, when the union was organizing, that my dad got laid off for two weeks because he did not go to work on New Year's Day.

The blacklist caused me problems for a little while. I had to work somewhere else. You could work for a little mill, you know, but you could not work for a big one. Then some fellow by the name of Burke was hiring for MacMillan Bloedel's new mill, a beautiful new mill in Port Alberni.

I was hired with three other guys from here. I did not like it there – Port Alberni was like a ghost town – and I told the boss that I was thinking about leaving. I knew the boss there. He said I had to give him notice because Port Alberni was a little out there, and it took some doing to find a replacement.

Well, I knew I was on the blacklist although nobody in the companies would ever tell you, but I asked him how come I could not get a job in their plant on Boundary Road, as I used to go by there every day. So he said he would see about that, and by the weekend I was down, I got a letter from head office in Vancouver to see the foreman at Boundary Road.

He hired me, but he started to ride me a little bit, so I stopped the machine, and said: "Look here, maybe you don't want me because I'm on the blacklist. I



Store owned by George Proulx, corner of Laval and Brunette.

know that. But if you don't leave me alone, I'm quitting." He never bothered me again. I worked there for 27 years, and retired from there.

You know, that was pretty nasty putting people on the blacklist when times were so hard. When a partner and I would apply for a job – he was also on the blacklist – when we went into the office, we would be told that two men had just been hired. We knew it was a lie because the foreman there that we knew told us the machine was still idle.

When Rachel and I were first married, I was working at Boundary Road, so we rented a place in Marpole. Finally, we came back to Maillardville and we built our own house on Begin Street. We had to build it ourselves; you don't see that any more. Lumber was cheap.Actually, I built three houses, including one on Alderson. I built that one in 1931, during the Depression, and I had a hard time, but it was a good house. I sold it.

You could get lumber for $8 a thousand board feet; now you pay $200 or more for the same stuff.

The important things in life, if you live right, are your family and your friends. When I was younger, we worked harder for what we wanted; now people don't want to work that hard. We were expected to work hard – you didn't notice you were poor because everybody was – and if you wanted something, you did it yourself.

In 1946, when both boys were still in the army, my wife and I went ocean to ocean in our old 1938 Chev, and we never had a flat. We went from here to Rockland – nothing left there – and visited family in Ottawa and Sherbrooke. We visited Quebec City, and drove down to Massachusetts, to Boston. Just the two of us.

My wife and I used to travel quite a bit and we used to spend a month every summer fishing in the lakes. She was a good fisherman. She died in 1964 – she was young then – and I've been single ever since. I miss her a lot.

Rodolphe Boileau

The Boileaus, one of about 75 families who arrived at Fraser Mills during one spring day in 1910, were among the second wave of workers recruited by the newly-reorganized Canadian Western Lumber Co. Ltd. The first group, almost all single French-Canadian men, had arrived in 1909.

Like the other heads of families on the special CPR train that brought them from Ottawa right to Fraser Mills, Remi Boileau, father of Rodolphe Boileau, was attracted by the promise of good wages.

Once the families were here, the company sweetened the deal with the offer of half-acre parcels of land, and lumber from the mill, for building houses in Paroisse Notre-Dame de Lourdes, later to be called Maillardville.

Born in the mill town of Rockland, Ont., about 20 miles from Ottawa, on Jan. 20, 1898, Rodolphe Boileau was12 years old when his family arrived here. He was the fifth of six children – four boys, two girls.

Rodolphe Boileau (they called him Pete) courted and married Lorette Bourgeault, who, along with seven brothers, was raised by her father, a widower. With the help of his father-in-law, a skilled carpenter, Mr. Boileau built a large colonial-style home for his bride, and there the couple raised their four children. This house, two doors from the church in the heart of Maillardville, still stands.

When the children were grown, Mr. Boileau and his wife bought a smaller house on the corner of Begin and Cartier. About five blocks to the west is Boileau Street, named after older brother Louis, who once operated a pool room and barber shop on Brunette.

Now retired from a working lifetime at Fraser Mills, Mr. Boileau's extended family includes "eight or 10 great-great-grandchildren, I'm not sure how many." In the following story, Mr. Boileau describes his family's arrival in Fraser Mills and the growth of the French-Canadian community in Mallairdville.

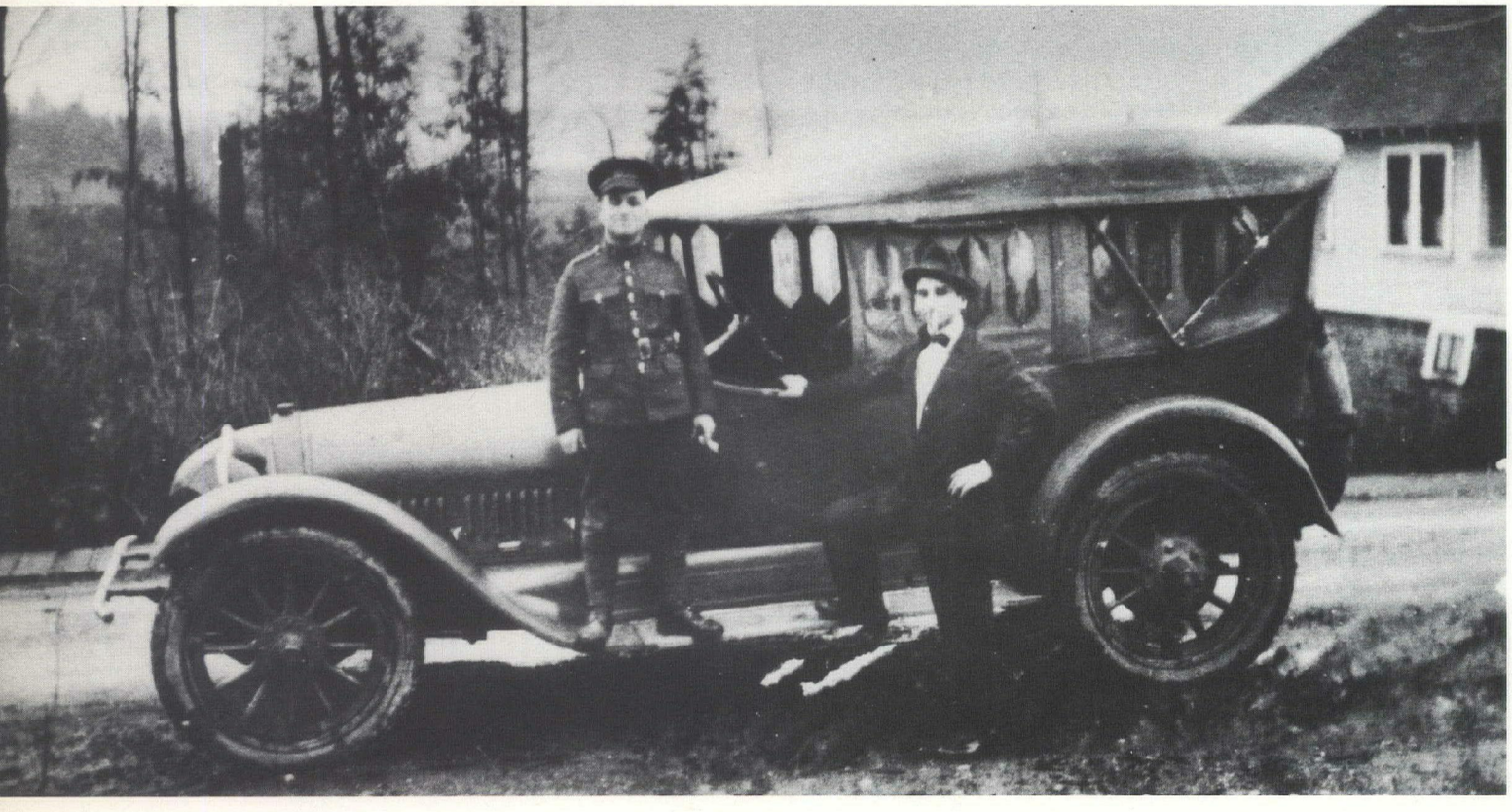
We first heard about Coquitlam from Gen. (A. D.) McRae, the president of the company who came to Rockland, Sherbrooke and Hull to organize a bunch of trained men to work in his mill.

We lived on the Ontario side of the Ottawa River in Rockland, which had two sawmills. My father worked six months at the mill in the summer, and was in camp six months in the winter. When the river froze, the mill couldn't operate. We lived in a small shack, all eight of us.

My father was making a dollar a day, hard to support a family. We were all scared about moving so far but the pay was good – $2.50 a day – a much better deal than we had. McRae got a bunch of us, maybe 75 families, and had a special train so we could bring all our furniture and belongings.

We got on the train in Ottawa. Took us five days, but it was just like a picnic. We all knew each other except for the people from Hull, and we had the whole train to ourselves. We brought our own food, and enjoyed ourselves. At stops like Winnipeg – we

Louis Boileau, who ran a pool hall on Brunette Avenue, stands with his brother Rodolphe. Picture taken in 1916.





Boileau home on Brunette Avenue.

were there three hours – we got off and bought more food.

McRae warned us there was lots of rain in Coquitlam. We arrived right at Fraser Mills – they used to have a connection in those days from New Westminster to Port Coquitlam. When we got off in the spring of 1910, it was raining. My father started working at the mill the very next day.

We moved into some kind of small house built for us by the company, quite a nice shack. There was a little town down below with lots of houses. Filers and head sawyers from Everett and Bellingham, all tradesmen, had houses there. One by one, they all went back. The houses were pretty well all the same, good little houses, some bigger than others.

There were few French-Canadian families before us. Some workers came out about six months before, all scared to travel so far, and were making good money, and living in Fraser Mills. They wrote back and told the others how good it was. Later on, about 15-20 years after we got there, some French-Canadian guys from the Prairies heard about the mill and came out.

Very few went back. It was a good deal; no work stoppage in the winter, better wages, too. At first, my father and two brothers – Louis and Joe – worked at the mill. Joe didn't like it there, and had a little education, so he went to work for the CPR in New Westminster as a car checker in the freight yards.

My father drove horses at the mill. There wasn't much machinery at that time; later, they got a little Ford truck. Quite a few horses there in a barn. They were hooked up to a little wagon for hauling lumber from the mill to pile them in the yard. Some of the lumber, big timber for export, went down to the docks where they were lifted into ships with a big crane.

At first, there were about 1,500 men working there, more when three shifts were on. Maybe about 2,000 men in all. The company had a store right in Fraser Mills where you could get everything you needed. You just ordered the groceries, and they delivered. You could buy a coupon for $5 or $10 at the office; we never used them, paying cash for our groceries.

When we first moved to Coquitlam, there was nothing but forest. Port Coquitlam and Coquitlam were all part of the same municipality, and there was no such place called Maillardville. Brunette was the main road in Coquitlam; if you wanted to go

anywhere, you had to take that road, which was not very good, muddy, but just horse and buggies in those days. We might see a car maybe once a year.

Only one small grocery store on Brunette then; we used to go to New Westminster for shopping. We took the train or walked to Sapperton to catch the street car. It took quite a few years for the street-car line to come out to Fraser Mills. Sometimes, we went to Vancouver by taking the tram from Sapperton.

We had a deal with the company to give us a half-acre of land for $200 or $250; the company also supplied all the lumber for building a house on Brunette, not far from the school house. Actually, they didn't give us anything; we had to buy it. Some families paid $5 a month; we paid $10, no interest, every month at the company office. We cleared the lot and built a big house, and in a year's time, we were settled.

We had to remove some big trees, I'm telling you, big stumps, so we could clear just enough space to build the house. We used dynamite to split the stumps, then burned them. Some of the big stumps would take 15 sticks of dynamite. We worked there in our spare time, mostly at night.

Cement cost too much, so we drove cedar posts into the hardpan, maybe three feet down, for the foundation. Like most of the houses built in 1910, this was a great, big one. All the families were big, too. We planted some fruit trees in the yard; my mother would make preserves every year.

We had a well at first, but it didn't take long to get running water. I used to carry water from the creek, clear water, for washing. When they widened Brunette to put in the water pipes, I saw them put in pretty near a whole box of dynamite, then use a steam donkey engine, like in the logging camps, to finish the trench. Later, we helped build board sidewalks.

We had coal oil lamps at first – we were used to them – but it didn't take long before we had electricity. We used the pantry as a refrigerator. The land wasn't too good for a garden, so my mother bought vegetables from a Chinese man, who called about every second day. I think potatoes were 50 cents for a big sack.

My father was a quiet man. My mother had two wood stoves in the house and liked to cook. She even took in some boarders. She made tourtieres, baked beans and ragout with her own family recipes. She even made her own bread. The traditional reveillon on Christmas Eve was always a big day for her.

We were lonesome at first being away from all our relatives back East, but we had a better life here. My parents knew it was best for us. Pretty near all the French Canadians were satisfied; just a few went back. The parties, you should have seen them!

Maillardville was just like coming home, all French Canadians. We had our own church, our own school where the nuns, the sisters, taught us – just like back home. Everybody spoke French. School lessons were in the French language, too, but the sisters also talked to us in English. That's where I learned to speak English.

I didn't like school, but I know the sisters did a good job of teaching. They were very good. They taught French as it was spoken in France. My children learned French and English, half and half, and went on to St. Ann's Academy in New Westminster, where they were at the top of the class.



"Father Maillard could put up a sermon like I'd never seen."

I remember the Notre Dame de Lourdes church being built (the second after the original building was destroyed by fire in 1912). The same church that is there now. First, they laid a cement foundation, then made the frame with lumber from the mill, and finished it with shiplap and tar paper.

All the social life in Maillardville centred around the church – card parties, bazaars for raising money – just like back home. Church was held in the basement, school upstairs. Father Maillard, a young man of maybe 25, was in charge of everything.

Father Maillard was from New Westminster, and at first, he came up only on Sundays. Soon he stayed here all the time. He was a nice man, not very strict, well educated. He could put up a sermon like I'd never seen. He was from the Oblate order.

I quit school and started at the mill when I was 15 or 16.

I had a tough time at school with no English, and all. At first I just cleaned up the place like all the other kids; I think the company just kept us busy as we were learning how to handle machinery. I made a dollar a

day. I liked working at the mill because I liked working with my hands. I enjoyed helping my father clear the land, and build the family home. The company put me in the planer mill, where I was taught how to handle the big plane. When the First World War started in 1914, you could move to any job at any mill.

I became a shingle sawyer in a Port Moody mill. I heard that they were making twice as much there by doing piece work. I was 20 or 21 when I returned to Fraser Mills as a sawyer. I was to work there until I retired at 65 with a pension; not much, just enough to live on until they raised it later.

There wasn't much for young men to do around Coquitlam. I missed hockey. We used to play in Hull, or skate on the Ottawa River, or make a rink in the back yard. We could play hockey every day in the winter 'til spring. We missed the eastern winters, all right.

About five years after we arrived in Coquitlam, they built a skating rink at Queens Park in New Westminster. We would go there and skate; sometimes, we would play hockey with the school team. I wasn't very big, but I was the best hockey player because I skated so much back East. We played a little bit of lacrosse, too. New Westminster was strong on lacrosse.

I was one of the first in Maillardville to have a car. I was 20 or 21, I think, and working as a shingle sawyer when my brother and I bought a Model T with a top you could put down. We paid $600 for the new car. You had to crank it to start; sometimes, I hurt my arm cranking. My father put up some of the money, but I was making enough to pay him back quickly. That was a lot of money in those days.

We could drive to Vancouver or to Harrison Hot Springs, to the big lake up there. The roads were so bad it would take us all day. I never had an accident because I drove slowly, not like today. We would go to Vancouver to see some vaudeville, maybe hockey at the Denman Arena, or lacrosse at Athletic Park.

In Coquitlam in 1910, there were no houses past the school. From here (Cartier and Begin) to the big packing house where the freeway is now, where New Westminster starts, there were two houses on Brunette. You know where all those trailers are now? Booth and Brehaut had dairy farms around there, with a few cows. Both families had boys around my age. They delivered milk by horse and wagon here and in New Westminster.

When I was married at 32, I had to get rid of my car. It was one of the first with a battery, and it was too expensive to run. My wife was a nurse. Her family – she had seven brothers – came here from Mattawa, up around Sudbury. My father-in-law helped me build a nice colonial-style house on half-an-acre near the church. Everybody thought I was crazy, but it was my wife's idea.

It was one of the nicest houses around. We raised our four kids there. Later, when my wife wasn't well, she said the house was too big, so we bought this one (at Cartier and Begin) from another guy, and remodelled it. This house was built in 1910. The guy before me built the concrete basement.

The Depression was hard times, but the mill never stopped running; the company borrowed money from the government to keep the men working. We didn't feel the Depression because we always had enough to eat. We just piled up all kinds of lumber. Our pay was cut down to $1.75 a day; single men had a dollar cut off.

The company built the plywood mill, sash-and-door mill and the shingle mill during the Depression. They knew good times were coming after the war. They made a fortune when the good times did come, and Coquitlam was built up after the Second World War.

Aurele Boileau

Who really was the first French-Canadian baby boy born in Fraser Mills? Or Maillardville? Or Coquitlam, for that matter, because all these communities were one and the same at that time?

Well, Aurele Boileau was born Aug. 4, 1911 in Fraser Mills, and he has a commemorative silver tray proclaiming he was No. 1.

Aurele was the oldest of 11 children born to Joseph and Bernadette Boileau, (Franche). He is a nephew of Pete Boileau.

Joseph, a fine athlete, did not follow brothers, Louis, Jean and Rodolphe, into the mill. Rather, he worked for Canadian National Railways in New Westminster. He was good enough in hockey to play for the Vancouver Millionaires when they won the Stanley Cup in 1915.

After a nine year sojourn back in Ottawa, 1916 to 1927, the Boileau family returned to Maillardville. Joseph Boileau, a school teacher by profession, went back to the CNR. Aurele Boileau, now 17, went to work at Fraser Mills, and was nicknamed Togo by the foreman after the Japanese worker he replaced on the cold press in the plywood plant.

Like father, like son, Mr. Boileau excelled in speed skating, hockey and baseball. He was so good at baseball, in fact, that he could hold his own with the American "imports" on the Circle F team sponsored by the mill.

Mr. Boileau married Norah Courtney, a nurse at St. Paul's Hospital, in 1941. They had four children – a son and three daughters. The oldest, Maureen, is a music teacher in Victoria. Mr. Boileau now lives in Maple Ridge and has six grandchildren.

I was acknowledged to be the first French-Canadian baby boy born in Fraser Mills – I was born Aug. 4, 1911.

My family came from back East – Rockland, Ont. – in 1910. My parents were on their honeymoon.

My father, Joseph Boileau, was from a family of four boys and two girls. He was well educated; he was a



In the early 1900s, tall ships were stacked by hand with lumber at Fraser Mills.

school teacher back East, and he could work the telegraph. I guess he felt it was an adventure to come out here. My whole family came out – parents and grandparents.

They were among the first of the 75 families recruited by Fraser Mills to come out here. The mill was looking for skilled people in the industry with knowledge of machinery. They were told they would have certain privileges for coming out.

My grandfather was a teamster driving horses; there were no such thing as lumber carriers at that time, and they needed these people. Everything was done with horses, so it was an opportunity. I think they had about 58 (Clydesdales) at Fraser Mills at that time.

They all lived in the Fraser Mills town site at first. Then they built themselves a house. I think they were given lumber to build a house up the hill (in Maillardville). Everybody helped everybody.

My dad worked for the railroad, and all the rest of his family worked at Fraser Mills. He worked for the railroad the whole time – I think it was CN – in the office. He worked in New Westminster. The only transportation he had was the train that went from Port Coquitlam to New Westminster. That was before they had the street cars.

By the time they built the street cars, we were back East; we went back in 1916. I don't remember that trip because I was too young. My dad worked for the Mint in Ottawa. We were there 11 years, then came back in 1927, and my dad went back to work with the railroad.

I remember that last trip because I was 17 years old then. I came back to Maillardville ahead of the others. My grandparents had come East to visit us, and my grandfather and I came back early because he only had so much time for holidays. The rest – there were 10 kids by then – came together; it took five days and six nights by train.

My dad was making $105 a month in Ottawa, and had to pay $25 a month for rent, so it didn't leave much to feed the family on. He came back West because he couldn't see too much more opportunity out there. My mother went back and forth quite a few times; my dad would get free tickets for working on the railroad.

When we came back in 1927, my dad found that the house he had built burned down two years after we went back East. So we rented a house. We bought a house for $1,000 on Brunette Street after Dad died in 1939; he died of double pneumonia when he was only 51.

I remember, even in 1927, there was no electricity in

the houses along Brunette Street. My grandmother would have the whole bunch for dinner. I don't know how she did it, but she got by quite well without any electrical appliances.

My schooling was done back East, and when we came back in 1927, I went to work for Fraser Mills, in the latch factory. I wasn't there very long when I went to plywood, and then on to the booms. My uncle was the boss of the boom men. I liked the work on the booms because we were outside.

We would break up the logs with a pike pole and axe and, sometimes, crosscut saw, and supply them to the mill. We would walk out on the logs wearing cork boots and, hopefully, not fall in.

I went in the army in 1941, then worked for steel shops in New Westminster, and retired from maintenance at MacMillan Bloedel.

My dad played hockey for the Vancouver Millionaires when they won the Stanley Cup. He played professional hockey, but it was played in his spare time outside of work. Hockey was secondary then, not like now, so everybody who played it also had a job.

I did a lot of speed skating in the East, and when I came back to Maillardville at age 17 – I lived at home on Brunette Street – I played hockey and baseball. Hockey was in Vancouver and Westminster; we played inside. I played in 1928 and 1929 in the old Denman Arena, just before you got to Stanley Park. A year after that, it burned down.

Then they built the arena at Hastings Park, and then one at Queen's Park. After that, they formed another league with the firemen from Vancouver, a Vancouver team from the waterfront, the New Westminster Bruins, and another team from New Westminster. I played for the Bruins.

Then they formed a commercial league, and I ended up playing for Fraser Mills. We would sometimes work our eight hours at the mill, and instead of waiting for a street car, we would run to Queen's Park for a game. We played once a week, and practised once a week, always on Sunday morning.

I also played baseball for the Fraser Mills team, the Circle F team, at a time they were bringing in Americans to play. The Americans were supposed to have jobs at the mill, but they didn't do much work. Well, let's say there were a few that worked, but not many.

They would room with people, and one of them would go down to the mill in the morning and punch in for all of them, and that was it for the day. The company knew, but they wanted a winning team. This way, they got out of paying the Americans for playing ball.

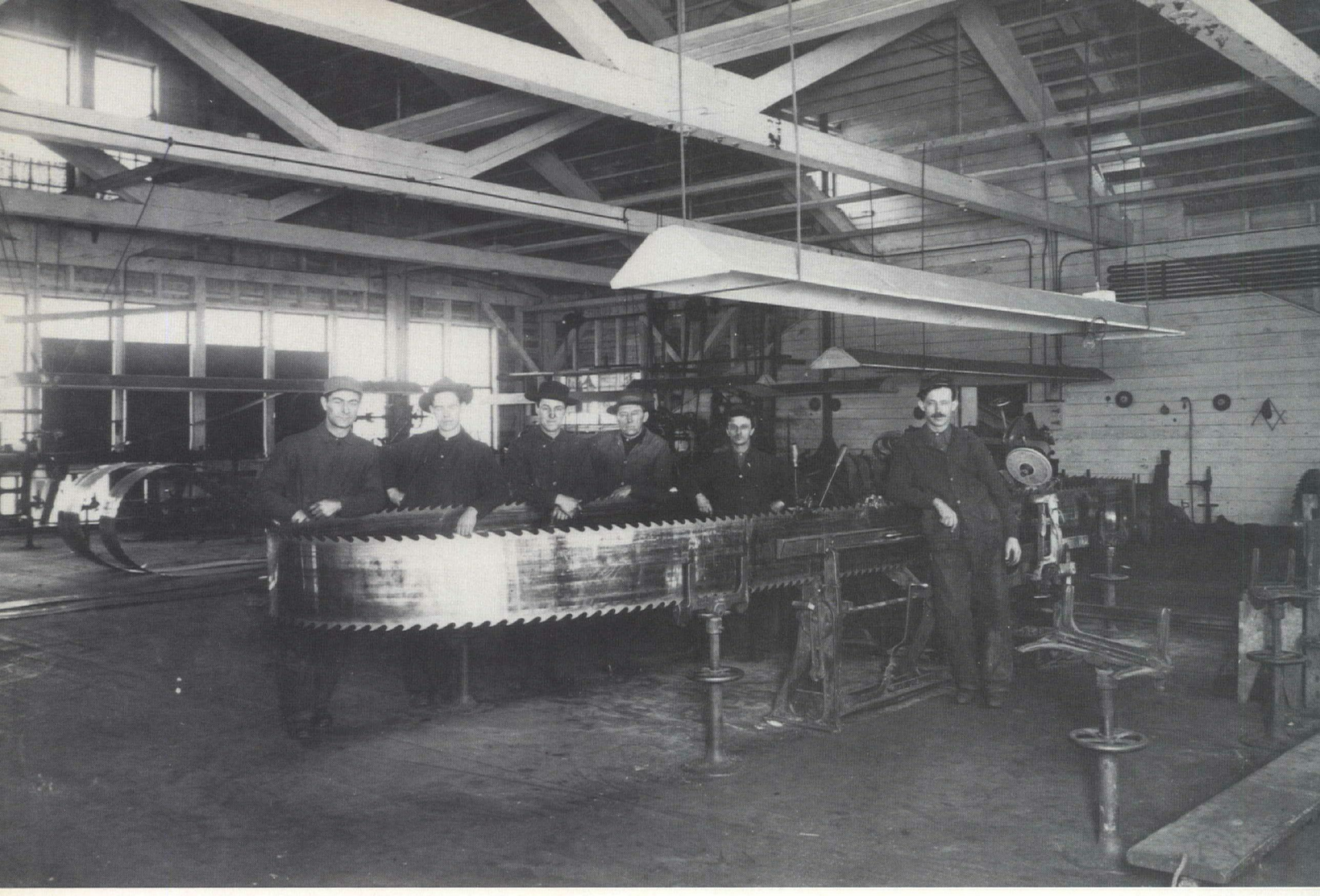
The Americans were really good ball players. I was a catcher. We were in a commercial league, not a pro league, and we'd play the Vancouver Firemen, Asahi from Vancouver, Home Oil, and Fraser Cafe in New Westminster. There was a game every Sunday in Fraser Mills, and there were huge crowds because people came from Vancouver and New Westminster to watch.

Fraser Mills was the only place you were allowed to play anything on a Sunday. You weren't allowed to play any sports in Vancouver or New Westminster on a Sunday at that time. Fraser Mills was its own municipality, so we could play there. The league quit around 1928.

My Uncle Louis had a pool hall and barber shop on Brunette, and was also an edgerman at the mill. My

Teamsters used Clydesdales to transport lumber around Fraser Mills. Picture taken in 1920.





Saw filers take a break at Fraser Mills.

dad had three brothers, and they were all barbers. Uncle Jean and Uncle Pete were shingle-makers as well as barbers. Uncle Louis had two chairs, so two barbers always had to be there.

When you work in the day time like Uncle Louis did, you don't open your barber shop until six at night. They were always busy because they only had about three hours a night to work. The population of Maillardville wasn't that big, and this was the only barber shop in town.

I looked after Uncle Louis's pool room sometimes, and that's where I learned to shoot pool – I remember playing pea pool for money, for dimes. They had two tables. The pool room was always busy at night as well; it would stay open until 11 at night, and on weekends, it would be later. Nothing was open in the afternoon or morning.

There were no pubs or beer parlors until quite a time later. And then Uncle Jake came over to Port Coquitlam and built the Golden Ears. I remember, at one time, we used to go to Port Coquitlam to the Commercial, which was first, and then the Wild Duck came along. Then the Woods opened in 1934 or 1935 on Brunette Street.

I remember, we had to go to town to buy our beer and wine for many years. You know, a lot of the things we did in the old days seem to be what we need today. My family didn't get their first radio until 1934. Then, only my dad made any use of it.

There was a police force in Coquitlam at that time – Constable Pare – just one man. People were pretty good. In the evenings, young men like us would go to the show, or play pool, or play baseball and football, hockey in the winter. We also used to go to dances.

Harold Schiefke's dad was the first to get a car, and Harold used to drive us to all the dances in Port Coquitlam, which had a few of them, Pitt Meadows, Haney and Mission.

I met my wife at a dance in Haney; she was a nurse at St. Paul's Hospital, and she was not French Canadian. We went out for five years, and got married in 1941 when I was still living at home. When I joined the service later that year, I went to Vernon and Victoria, but not overseas. When I got back, I told my wife I would not rent a house, but would build us a shack of some kind.

I built a three-room shack on LeBleu Street, and then I built another house, and then in 1950, I built another one. I built them myself on evenings and weekends, and such.

The last house, on the corner of Schoolhouse and Hammond, took me five years to build. It had four bedrooms upstairs and two on the main floor, and a full basement as well.

Our whole family went to Lourdes church. Two of my children are bilingual, and two are not. My wife was English-speaking and she felt it was too much of a hardship for the kids to learn both languages fluently.

Elsie Windram McKinnon

Alexander Windram, who became a millwright at Fraser Mills, his wife Mary, and first-born son, John, emigrated from Scotland in 1910.

A second son, born in Coquitlam, was handicapped from birth. Elsie, their only daughter, was born in 1914 in the new family home on Pitt River Road, later to be called Brunette.

Elsie Windram's birth certificate notes she was born in Riverton. Riverton? Apparently, it was the name of a B.C. Electric Railway tram stop at the foot of Blue Mountain Road, midway between the New Westminster city limits and Fraser Mills.

Her brother was born with a veil, a tissue-paper like skin over the face. Such a veil was reputed to be a lucky omen, especially for sailors. Contrary to doctors' predictions, her brother survived more than his share of childhood diseases, and lived to 71 despite various handicaps.

What did truly devastate the closely-knit family was the tragic death of Alexander Windram, killed in action at Vimy Ridge in 1917 during the First World War. But largely through the hard work of Mrs. Windram, a strict Presbyterian, the family persevered on a smallish monthly pension until the children could go to work.

Dipping into a lifetime of memories as a native daughter, Mrs. McKinnon traces the growth of Coquitlam and the township of Fraser Mills. She also acknowledges the contribution of the active, albeit small, Chinese settlement towards the development of the municipality.

Over the years, the Windram name was, regretfully, twice misspelled. The First World War honor roll had Alexander Windram's name as Windrum; so did the municipality, when it named a street after the family. That street has since been renamed.

Married in 1939, Elsie and Murray McKinnon raised two sons, and have five grandchildren. They continue to reside in Coquitlam, on Roderick Avenue. Her recollections were culled from an interview, and from her own handwritten notes.



Elsie Windram in 1918.

My parents and my eldest brother emigrated from Scotland. After a stormy Atlantic crossing and six days across Canada by train, they arrived at Fraser Mills in 1910. My father went to work there as a millwright.

Mother was not in love with her new country, so far away from kith and kin, but agreed to stay for three years. In 1912, my parents purchased a new home on Pitt River Road, now Brunette Street, where mother lived until her death.

Though we have always lived in the same house, our postal address changed four times: Pitt River Road, Fraser Mills; Rural Route No. 2, New Westminster; 902 Brunette St., Coquitlam; and, finally, 903 Sherwood Ave., Coquitlam.

The area was undeveloped, with only two or three houses among the tall trees and bush. We lived three blocks from Brunette Street, which was all bush, with just several houses. Like all other folk of that era, we had a well and an outhouse.

Shortly before I was born, while getting a pail of water, Mother over balanced and fell into the well. Fortunately, there was a large rock in the bottom she was able to stand on. Her cries for help were heard by two men passing by, but when they looked into the well, Mother was much afraid for they were bearded, turbanned Hindus, uncommon at that time.

One, however, went to a nearby house for help; this happened to be my aunt's. The other went with a message to my dad, working at Fraser Mills, and also the doctor. After much ado, they got Mother out safely, and then she promptly fainted. Mother did not faint often, but when she did, she was out for the count.

In due time, yours truly was born all hale and hearty. I was born in 1914, and have lived all my life in the area, so lay claim to being a native daughter. This area, bounded by Brunette River to the west and Marmont Road to the east, is the area I will endeavor to talk about.

Prior to 1912, when the tram line was extended into Fraser Mills, anyone coming from New Westminster used the CPR train. The tram ran from Queens-

borough to Fraser Mills once an hour. This was quite a comfortable, reliable service except when the old Queensborough bridge opened to river traffic. It was a standard joke when anyone was late arriving that the bridge must have opened.

This tram used the same line as the Burnaby Lake tram to Columbia Street at Brunette, where it branched off in the St. Mary's Church area, and ran to Swift's abbatoir. One always knew when approaching Swift's from the horrendous odor. It did not seem to matter whether one was tired and fell asleep, or was inebriated, they always aroused themselves when approaching Swift's.

Maillardville in the early days was the French-Canadian settlement from Marmont Road east to Dawes Hill Road, and north to Laval Square, then over to Rochester. These men and their families came to work at Fraser Mills. They were a proud people, and kept their houses nice, not run down like lots of them are now.

Fraser Mills was also a community unto itself. A neat, white archway erected at King Edward Avenue and Brunette Street bearing the name of Canadian Western Lumber Co., and their circle F logo, designated the entrance to the community, referred to as the town site.

King Edward Avenue, the main street, and several avenues all had nice, white houses lining the streets. These were built by the company for their employees. These houses were a real catch when one could be rented, as they were neat, clean and economical.

My parents lived at the town site when they first came here, then buying this house. When my mother finally had it paid off – it was on a 33-foot lot – she didn't want anybody right next, so eventually, she bought one lot on either side of our house. Seems to me something was said about $800 but, of course, you could buy houses then for $1,000.

Fraser Mills had a very loud whistle. The first one sounded at 7 a.m. to awaken its employees, and the second at 7:30 a.m. and 8 a.m. to begin work. It sounded again at noon, and again at 10 minutes to five, quitting time. I believe the 10 minutes to the hour was to coincide with the tram schedule.

The whistle was also used to call the firemen, and there was a code for those who knew it as to where the fire was located. This whistle could be heard for miles around, and local folk set their clocks by it, and expected their men folk and children home shortly after it sounded.

In 1916, Dad and many others answered the call to fight for king and country and, sad to say, Dad was killed at Vimy Ridge on April 9, 1917, my third birthday. I don't remember him at all. He was with the 131st New Westminster.

During the First World War, news of a soldier killed, wounded or missing in action came in a telegram delivered by a young boy on a bicycle. One day, a telegram was delivered to our home with bad news, and once again, Mother fainted.

And again, my aunt was called only to discover it was not our telegram, but should have gone to the home of Dad's cousin on Blue Mountain Road. Three weeks later, the fateful message did come, curt and precise: "His Majesty's government regrets to inform you Cpl. A. Windram was killed in action April 9, 1917."

My mother was left to raise three small children on her own in a strange and foreign land, but she did quite well, augmenting her widow's pension by taking in boarders who were relatives, or fellow Scotsmen immigrating to Canada. Things were cheap, but her pension was small, about $100, $125. It was just in the latter years she got that extra $25.

I don't remember that we were much of a help to my mother at the time, but she was a worker. She worked from day light 'til dark. She had her hands full raising the children, and didn't have much time at all in those days before electric appliances. She liked to garden, though, and always had a big garden.

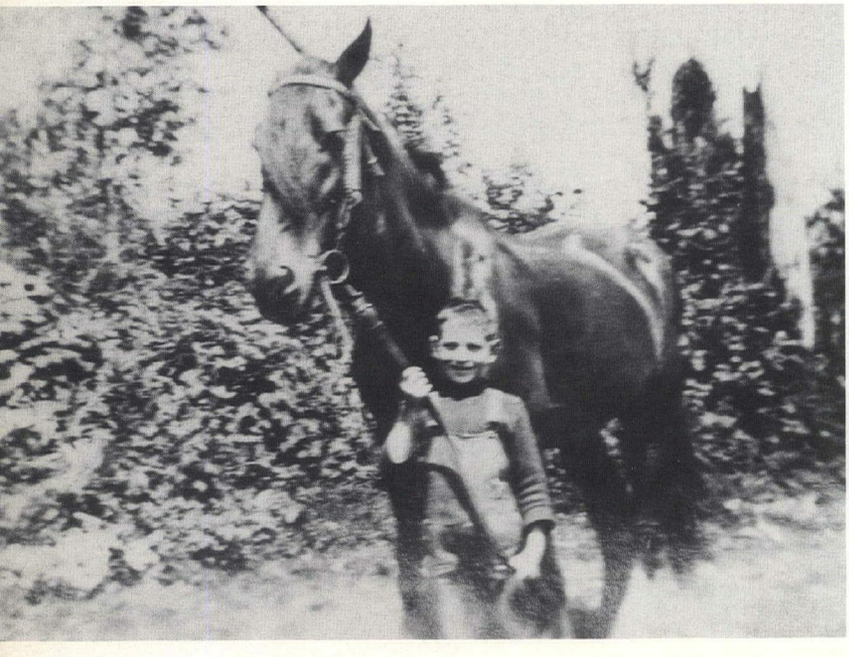
When I was about 14 or 15, I worked at B.C. Distilleries, in the bottling shop. I had to work to help bring in food on the table. I was paid $9.80 a week when I first started at the distillery around 1928 – now, that was big money. The distillery paid very well. Before that, I earned some money picking berries.

Amenities were few, but we had a host of vendors. A man from the Model Grocery in Sapperton called once a week for orders, and delivered a few days later. Shelley's 4X Bakery delivered bread twice a week. A Chinese vegetable man with horse-drawn cart called once a week, as did a Chinese fish man, known to everyone as Fishy.

My earliest recollection of him was of a little old man with a Chinese coolie hat, and two fish baskets slung over his shoulders on a long pole. He toted quite a load as he had ice among his fish. Perhaps about 1920, he purchased a horse-drawn cart, and in the 1930s, a Model T truck. Fishy never knocked on doors but as he approached, he called the familiar call, "What you want? What you want?"

A Chinese laundry man from Fraser Mills could be seen every Sunday morning in the area with his large, white bag slung over his shoulder, collecting laundry

Elsie's brother, John, helping clear land on Blue Mountain Road in 1918.



to be washed on Monday. Mr. Harry Thrift, a butcher, also called for orders, and delivered a few days later.

Our dairy products were also purchased from a Chinese man at Alderson and Blue Mountain named Lum King. He had a new barn built about 1912 or 1913, and he allowed the folks in the area to have a barn dance before using it for cattle. I understand it was quite a party.

In Lum King's early days, he had a nice home and a piano, and I always remember the lovely chandelier in the living room. Sometimes, when folks went to pay their milk bill, he would invite them in, and play and sing for them. Personally, the only song I ever heard him sing was Annie Laurie.

King had a passion for Scottish girls and royalty, and in his younger days used to get dressed up in his navy blue serge suit, white shirt and tie, a straw boater and a dahlia in his button hole, and off he went to New Westminster city market, or often, to hear the trials at the court house.

King was reputed to be fairly wealthy at one time, owning a lot of property, but as he grew older, he became less sanitary, and people began getting their milk elsewhere. But King kept his cows and horses – Dukie and Dullie – which he loved, and lost most of his property to a feed man to pay his feed bill.

As the area became more populated, King was wary of people stealing from him, and often asked his neighbors, Mrs. McQueen and Mrs. Pickering, to "keep open eye" if he was going out. Of course, it was difficult for King to pronounce these names, so one he called "Mrs. Queen," and the other, "Mrs. Pickaling."

King was a good friend and neighbor to many folk, but after losing most of his property, he shared a stable with his last horse until his death in 1934. Few Caucasians attended his funeral, but those of us who did were each given a new five-cent coin which I still have. I never learned the reason for this gesture.

We purchased eggs and whole milk from him, and because refrigeration was nil, our milk was measured into our lard pail containers only when we needed it. The larger the family, the larger the pail. If we purchased morning milk, it would sit most of the day on the back porch. Sometimes, we lowered it into the well, that being the coolest place to keep it.

A little further east on Alderson Avenue lived another Chinese man who raised pigs. He was known as Sloppy because he used to go to boarding houses and cafes to gather leftovers and scraps to feed his pigs, which he marketed in New Westminster. As we had no reason to go to his place, we never got to know him as we did Lum King.

Our fire protection for many years was a horse-drawn wagon and hose manned by volunteer men. The hose was wrapped around the axle with two wheels. I remember one time, the fire brigade was called, and they arrived at a fire in the 800 block Brunette. They had forgotten to bring the key to turn the hydrant on, and had to return to municipal hall to get it!

Our entertainment was nil, and the highlight was Sunday afternoon, when an ice cream man appeared in his horse-drawn cart with half-melted ice cream. Mother was loath to let us purchase ice cream as the vendor did not appear to be very sanitary, but sometimes she relented, or perhaps could spare the five cents required.

For our Saturday night baths in a galvanized tub, we'd heat the water on the stove after drawing it from the well first. We never had a pump; we used to draw it by bucket and carry it three or four steps into the kitchen. We got wood by the wagon load from Fraser Mills for our coal-and-wood stove.

For the older folk, the highlight was the Sunday afternoon baseball games played at the Fraser Mills diamond, now Mackin Park. The Fraser Mills team, known as Circle F, was a good one, and hosted teams from Vancouver, Seattle and Tacoma.

For our spiritual Protestant education, our nearest church was in Sapperton. We attended Knox

The Windram boys and their friends enjoyed many family picnics near Brunette Creek.



Andrew and Elsie Windram. Picture taken in 1926 in the 900 block of Brunette Avenue.

Presbyterian Church twice on Sundays, walking each way. Some years later, about 1913, a Sunday school began. Fraser Mills Mission was housed above the general store, then moved to the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Buchan on Harris Avenue while a new church was built on Allard Street by volunteer labor.

Our medical needs were taken care of by our great friend, the late Dr. R.B. Scott, also the reeve of Fraser Mills township. Dr. Scott, who traversed the area on a bicycle in the early days, was the company doctor. All the employees had $2 per month deducted from their wages to pay the doctor, who was at our beck and call.

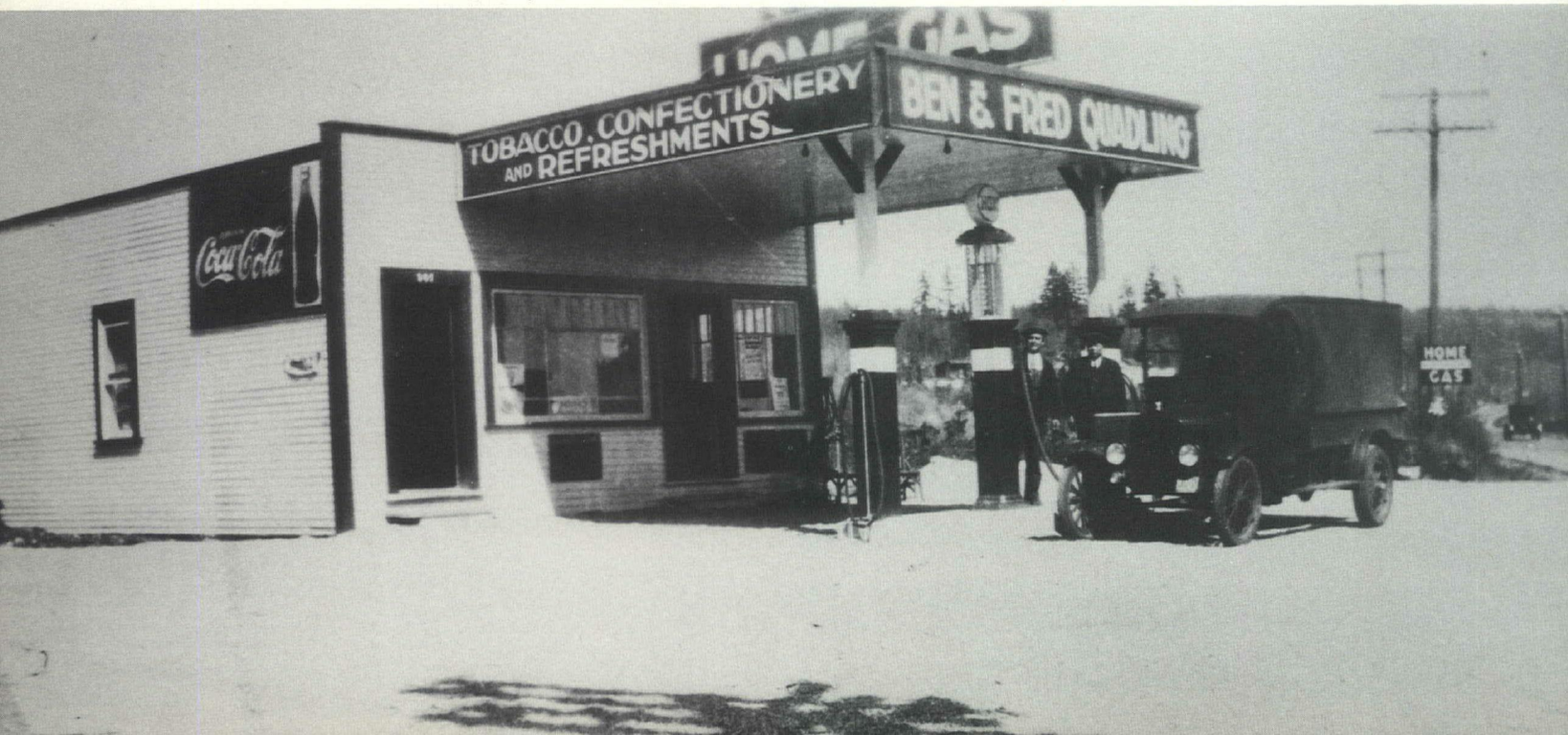
Mr. Burgess was the first-aid man at the dispensary, and took care of minor ailments and X-rays. As Dr. Scott became older and not too well himself, Dr. Bruce Cannon came to assist him, becoming the mill doctor. He was later assisted by Dr. Sinclair, who in turn was followed by many other doctors.

My brothers went to Millside school, but they were forever feuding with the Catholic kids, so when it was time for me to go, my mother didn't want her little girl to put up with all that. So I went to Richard McBride all the way to Sapperton.

I would walk to Swift's where the overpass is now, get on a street car and ride three or four blocks as far as Keary Street, then walk up the hill. I did that winter and summer. I used to get to school before nine in the morning, so on cold winter days, the old janitor would let us into the furnace room, where the coal was stored, to keep warm.

I never owned a bicycle, so we went everywhere by

Ben and Fred Quadling's service station at the corner of Blue Mountain and Brunette as pictured in 1930.



shank's mare. One Easter, we went to Swift's for a picnic, and rolled dyed eggs down until they broke, then ate them. There were also two swimming holes on Brunette Creek. Our family often went there for picnics. I remember having pictures taken with the old box Brownie; my aunt was the only one that had a camera.

The Woods beer parlor opened its doors in 1934, formerly a nice residential home that was remodelled extensively. It was the newest building in the area, so one evening, Mother and the lady next door, Mrs. Chrissie Henderson, both staunch Presbyterians and absolute teetotallers, decided to go for a walk and see this nice new building.

While they were peering through the windows, a door opened, and they were invited in to see the premises. Two very embarrassed ladies declined and beetled off home as fast as they could, and over a cup of tea, fussed and worried about what gossips would think – and say – about the two women who couldn't wait for opening night.

At last the grand opening arrived, and the beer was purchased in large, pink "Depression glass pitchers" which patrons were allowed to keep, but needless to say, one of these pitchers never graced our table.

Ben and Fred Quadling came to the area around 1930, opening a confectionery store and a gas pump on the corner of Brunette and Blue Mountain streets. These bachelors were horseshoe buffs. Participants came from quite a distance to compete at their horseshoe pitch; folks in the area still have pins awarded to the winners.

It must have been in the 1930s that we got a radio because we had an old Atwater that had a big, ugly battery that sat on the floor. You had to put water in it every once in a while. Before that, we used to go to this friend's place to listen to Aunt Emma.

During the Second World War, we had an air raid siren mounted on municipal hall, and had several black-out trials. After the war, the siren was used as a curfew warning. At nine o'clock, all youngsters 14 and under were to be off the streets, and any found after 9 p.m. were taken home by the police, with a warning to youngsters and parents.

Murray McKinnon

Born in Kelowna in 1913 and raised in and around Armstrong, Murray McKinnon came to Coquitlam in 1933, and was lucky enough – the Depression was on, remember – to find work at Fraser Mills.

Laboring first on the green chain, pulling timber off with peavey and pickaroo, he proceeded with crosscut saw to the booms, and finished out his working life in the industry as a scaler for Weldwood. He joined Weldwood in 1945 and retired on Nov. 15, 1978 on his 65th birthday.

Mr. McKinnon had met Elsie Windram – both were still children – around 1920, when his widowed mother was visiting her folks from the Okanagan. They were married in 1939, and have lived in Coquitlam ever since.

A hunting and fishing enthusiast, Mr. McKinnon tells about indulging in those hobbies right in Coquitlam, and also recalls his days at Fraser Mills.

I came to Coquitlam to work, to look for a job, in 1933. I was here about three months before I got hired at Fraser Mills. I was 19. I had relatives around here and stayed with them. I was one of the more fortunate ones. I had some place to stay.

In those days, each foreman at Fraser Mills used to hire his own men. You'd go down there and line up at this office every morning and – "you, you, you" – if he was going to hire you, he'd come along and tell you, "tomorrow morning, you report to so-and-so," and that would be it. You'd have a job.

Once you had the job, you had it until you quit, or until they fired you. Once you had the job, it was up to you. If you cut the mustard, well, you stayed, and if you didn't, well, you were gone, that's all. You didn't fool around at all.

If you were pulling off a green chain – I worked up on the timber deck where the big timbers came out from the end of the mill – it was all peavey work, and pickaroo, and stuff like that. You had to be there, that's all there was to it. There was no question about

Passengers wait to board the train at the Fraser Mills station.





The main crane used for piling lumber on the Fraser Mills dock. Picture taken in 1912.

it, that was your job, and everybody seemed to accept that.

When I first started there, it was 25 cents an hour, and I was lucky enough to get out on the boom, where they paid 35 cents. So I was right there in the big money. We started at eight o'clock and worked 'til around five o'clock, 10 to five, something like that.

We were working 10 hours a day when I first went there, and then – it wasn't long after that – they cut it down to eight hours. We worked eight hours a day, six days a week. Eventually, we worked five and a half days, then just five days, 40 hours a week.

There wasn't even a lunch room at the mill. If it was raining, you huddled under something so it wouldn't rain on you, and had your lunch. But there was no talk about unions until a few years after I started. Some fellows in there figured there should be a union which, I guess, was a good thing.

They formed a union, but they had quite a lot of problems because a lot of the people weren't union-minded, or anything. I guess they were afraid because they hadn't worked much, and now they had a job, and if a person had a job in those days, it didn't matter what kind it was.

During the week, we didn't do very much – just work and come home. The big thing for entertainment was going to Westminster on Saturday night. Everybody got all dressed up in their best bib and tucker, and then you went to a show and then to a dance, or something like that. Then you'd have something to eat at a restaurant, and come home.

I sometimes went fishing on Sunday. My uncle was an ardent fisherman, and he used to roust everybody out before daylight to go fishing. Lots of times, we'd just go for a walk. There were lots of things to see and do because about five minutes, and you were in the bush.

The big thing was we'd go up to Alouette Lake and walk in there, and rent a boat, and fish up there. We walked up the track to the lake. Followed the rail track. Yes, the fishing was very good around here, too. You could catch fish in just about any little creek or stream around. Real good fishing.

There was nothing up here around Como Lake, and what-not. There wasn't even a road into Como Lake then. Go up there and pick hazel nuts, or something like that, you know. It seemed there was always something to do, so time never hung heavy on my hands.

Deer were everywhere beyond Austin Road. I shot a deer one time. We used to hunt quite a bit. A hunting licence cost a dollar for a full year. And then you could

hunt anything you wanted on that. A special licence for big game like bears cost a couple of bucks.

But we always hunted deer. The best part of living in Coquitlam in the Hungry Thirties was that there was food available just by picking up your rifle and nailing a deer, or something like that. That would certainly be better than in the city.

A lot of people from Maillardville used to hunt, and there were some great hunters, those guys down there, and I don't think they always waited for the season, either. Some people had gone for years without working, and I think that's where they got their meat – they went and shot it.

It was about 1935, I guess, before my brother and I bought a car. Not new. I forget – it was a '29 Ford touring car we bought. And I don't know what we paid for it, $125, or something like that. But that was a lot of money, and we got it on time, of course.

Then my brother had this accident, well, a drunk ran into him. They had drunks in those days, too. That was the end of the car. There was no insurance as we know it now. So that was it. We brought the car home all twisted and bent.

We always walked to work. Most of the people who worked at the mill must have lived in this general area; it would be a long haul to get there otherwise. Back around 1912, I understand they went to New Westminster on the CPR train.

Some of the people that worked here lived in Queensborough, but they were right close to the interurban, and they'd come in on that to Westminster. From there, they would come in on the street cars which got started because the workers needed something more reliable. Used to go right into Fraser Mills there, and stop right by the punch office.

Things were pretty good, working at Fraser Mills. You had a steady pay cheque, and regardless of how small it was, well, you were one of the better-off people. Sure, it was Depression times, but if you were working, you weren't hurting, you know. Wages were low, but things were cheap. You could get by pretty well.

If you didn't want to work, well, there were 100 guys right there that would be jumping on you, waiting for your job. I remember one time when I was working on the boom, my brother was in that car accident down here in front of the pen, and he was in pretty bad shape for a long time.

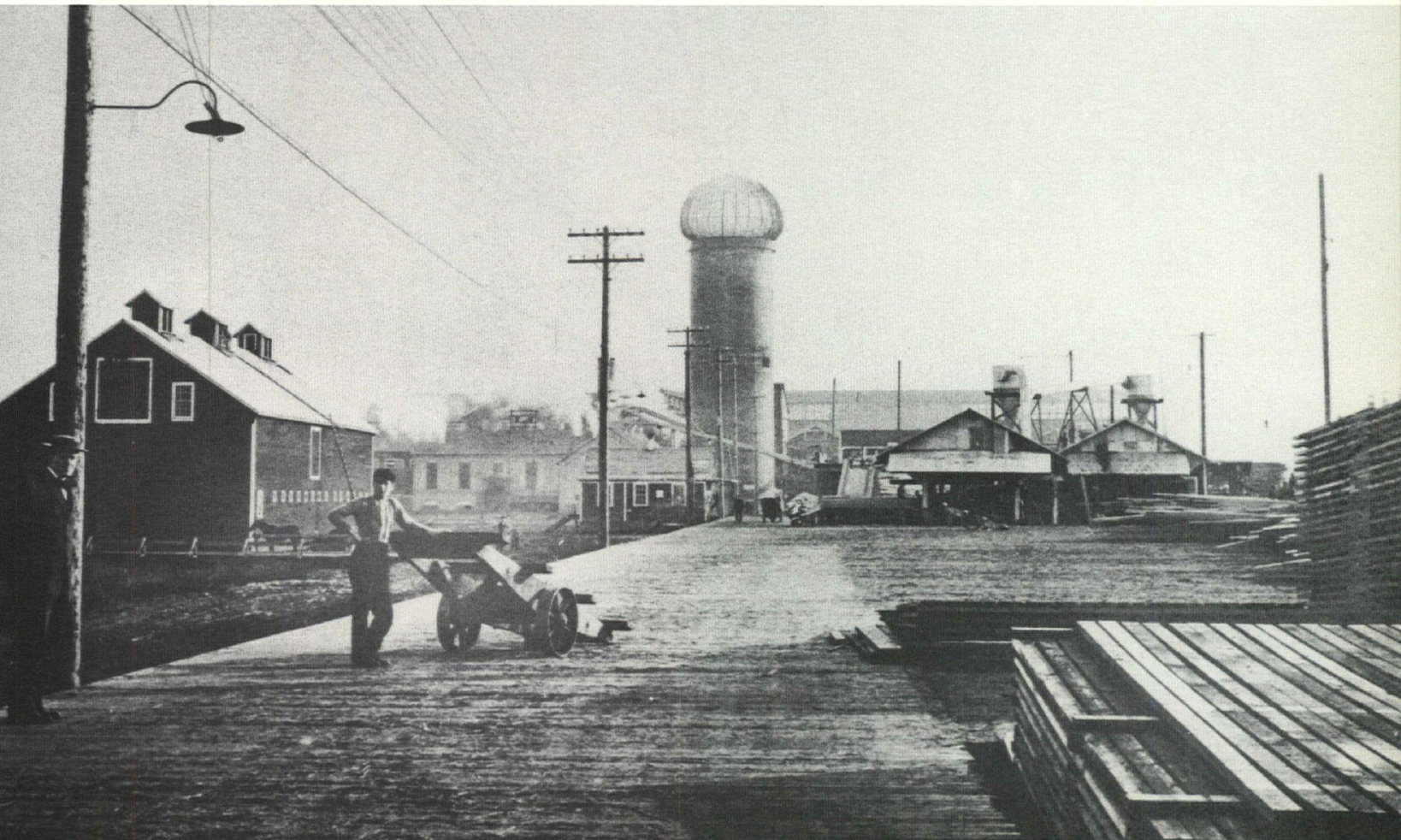
Word got around that it was me, that I'd been killed. Well, when I went to work Monday morning, there were about four or five guys at the boom shack waiting for my job. So I disappointed them. My brother did work at Fraser Mills for a while, too. They were just looking for the wrong job.

The people talk about hard times and all, but I never felt like I had been cheated on anything because I always figured that, well, when we were home, my mother looked after us pretty well. We never went hungry, and we never slept cold.

I don't know, I never really thought about being poor. There were lots of things I would have liked, but I just seemed to accept the fact that, well, we didn't have it, and that was it. If you wanted to save your money to get what you want, good, but I never figured somebody else should really give it to me.

I was fortunate because I was doing what I wanted to do, what I liked to do, working on the boom. I was telling my cousin one time that the nicest thing you could ever look at was a whole bunch of booms tied up in the river. He thought I was crazy.

Early view of Fraser Mills.



Hercules Lamoureux

Hercules Lamoureux came to Maillardville as a toddler of two. Born in Schaffer, Mich., in 1908, his French-Canadian parents came from the mill town of Rockland, Ont.

His mother Eugenie's family – the Saindons – was home-steading in the U.S. His father, Stanley, arrived in Fraser Mills on his own in 1908, and established himself as a millwright.

Stanley Lamoureux was among the earliest of the French Canadians at Fraser Mills, preceding the first wave of migrants in 1909. By 1913, he had built the family house on Brunette. The same building later housed Pett's meat market on the ground floor.

As the family grew – Hercules was to have four sisters in all – Mr. Lamoureux would build a second, and more spacious, home at 1926 Brunette. This big, three-storey house, which easily accommodated the family of seven, is essentially where young Hercules was raised, and remembers best.

Perhaps because of their sojourn in Michigan, the Lamoureux parents realized the importance of learning English, especially as French was spoken almost exclusively at home.

Although he left school at 15 to work at Fraser Mills, his parents' wisdom was evident when he went East for training as an electrician, then landed a plum tradesman's job. Mr. Lamoureux – his fellow workers called him Herc – plied his trade at the mill for 40 years, retiring in 1969.

Mr. Lamoureux married Florida Nadon in 1930, and they recently celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary. The couple raised two daughters and have two grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren. They still live on Walls Avenue.

I came to Coquitlam in 1910, but I don't remember nothing from that year because I was only two years old. When we first come out, we lived in a house on Brunette Street – I got pictures of that. My dad built that house.

In those days, everybody had a wood heating system in their house, and wood to cook. I used to have to bring the wood in, and bring it upstairs. Once in a while, I washed the dishes with the girls – I had four sisters.

We had a three-storey house, basement, main floor and four bedrooms upstairs, where I took the wood. It was a big house – we had a big kitchen, big dining and living room, and the spare room downstairs. My dad used to keep the spare room as an office, and we used to do our school studies in there. There were four big rooms downstairs, and four big rooms upstairs. My father, who was a millwright at Fraser Mills, built it himself.

Our last house was at 1926 Brunette St. I don't remember the address of the older one. It was where Pett's store used to be, at the bottom. We were living at 1926 when I started going to Millside school in 1916 – I also have a picture of that.

I went to the Catholic school for a while, too, the

Families regularly gathered on Sundays for community picnics at Booth's dairy farm. Picture taken in 1915.





Procession passes in front of the old Lourdes school.

Lourdes school. Right in the centre where the church is now, the Lourdes church. Then I went back to the public school, Millside, again after that; that's where I finished, going to work in 1923 when I was 15 years old.

School was just the normal reading and writing like kids take today. I only went as far as the eighth grade in school. I quit school after that, and quit my job delivering papers, and started to work at Fraser Mills, just like my father did.

As a boy, I swam in Brunette Creek near Swift's slaughter house, right where the highway is today – that's where we used to swim. The river is smaller now than it used to be; there used to be a lot of water come down there at one time.

We used to have community picnics there at Booth's farm – all the people used to have their families there. They used to have them on Sundays, and everybody would come out, everybody would bring a few things and have a community picnic.

They had competition baseball games and races for the kids, and all that. Races for the ladies as well. Field lacrosse was the big game in those days, but I never played it – I played ball a little bit.

We did a lot of sleigh-riding in the old days. There were very few cars, so we would go bobsledding down the hills – we made our own sleds. Our parents used to make most of our toys, which was quite common. For example, you would take a broom, and that would be ridden as your horse. We had to buy our skates, though, and most people had a pair. We used to skate right behind the flats down there.

The church that burned down – I was too young then – they used to put water in the church basement, and we would skate in there, too. In those days, there were a few places we could skate on. We used to skate on Como Lake quite a lot – you don't see that very often now.

The winters used to be much colder than they are now. Sometimes, Fraser Mills used to get so cold in the winter time the logs would freeze. I remember a few times when the ice got so bad on the logs that you couldn't saw them. They would blast the logs out of the boom.

We used to go to community dances in Maillardville, at the hall right down on Brunette Street. My dad used to have a store, and he would rent out the upstairs, a big room, and they used to have parties up there.

When I was young, Fraser Mills used to have parties, too. There was a big store in Fraser Mills at the time, and they would have community parties upstairs there once in a while, but not that often. And at Christmas time, they used to have parties for the workers.

There wasn't very much in Maillardville in the early days – just a few small stores. I guess my family came because they were bringing people from back East to work – there was lots of work then – and they were talking about making the mill bigger, so that created more work.

There was a lot of bush around, but wild animals weren't a great problem. You'd see the odd bear once in a while, but they never bothered with people. And there were quite a few farms around.

There was a big farm close to Millside school; they had a lot of cows. They used to take the milk to New Westminster. We never got involved in farming; we weren't farmers. We had a small garden, not very much, and that's all we had. We used to eat a lot of vegetables in those days.



House at 1326 Brunette, where Hercules spent his early childhood.

French was my first language. I went to English school to start with, and then I went to French school. Then I went back to English again. That's why I had quite a job going to school – you'd go and learn one language, then go back to the other school and learn the other.

My people spoke only French when they came here, but all the business transactions were done in English, so you had to learn English. But then, in the house, we used to speak French all the time. Later on, my parents wanted me to learn how to read and write French; that's why I went back to French school for a few years.

There was trouble with languages then because when we were young, you had to have English to go to work. Although all business was in English, everyone mixed together. Probably, only the ladies who couldn't speak English stayed at home. Everybody I know learned to speak English; most spoke both languages.

The different festivities in the old days were conducted in English; we celebrated in English most of the time. A lot of special occasions and traditions, though, were French ones. The elder people used to talk French, and had sing-songs in French.

There weren't very many industries around here then, just farming and the mill, and the packing house, which was between Fraser Mills and New Westminster. Swift's used to employ a lot of people. Then they moved to Vancouver 25 or 30 years ago.

The brewery was there before I came here – I don't know when it was put up. It's been there a long time. After the jail house on Brunette burned down, the city built another one at municipal hall. There weren't many crime problems then – there was only one policeman in all of Maillardville. He was by himself for a long time.

Then they had the provincial police, and later on, the RCMP. The local policeman at municipal hall used to be the fire chief as well in those days. There were a few house fires. When a house started on fire, pretty near the whole thing went.

Everything was built of wood, and burned quickly. In my time, I remember two or three houses that burned down, that's all. And there weren't any problems with forest fires around Maillardville. We were lucky. The mill had its own fire protection, good protection.

When people travelled any distance then, they used to go by train. We used to go to Vancouver by tram in those days, not by train. There was a train that went to Vancouver, but most people went by tram and street car. In the winter, when you couldn't get out, you would play cards at home, and write letters. We used to have a local post office, and you had to go get your own mail there. You went there to mail your letters, too.

Most everybody who lived in Maillardville worked at Fraser Mills, and there was a lot of people from Sapperton, too, but not that many from New Westminster. There were more people working at Fraser Mills then than there are today.

How I got on (at the mill) was that there was a foreman down there I used to deliver the paper to in the mornings, and one day, he said, "I thought you were coming to work for me?" So I got another fellow to do my papers, and went down to the mill.

I told him I'd come to work, and he said he'd only been kidding. Well, I told him I had quit school and my papers because I believed he wanted me to come to work. He said, "I'd better put you to work then," and he made a job for me. And that was it.

My first job was as a clean-up man in the shingle department; then I became a shingle packer. I was making 25 cents an hour – that was the single rate – while married men got a different rate. I quit work for a while and went back to school.

In 1927, I went back East and took an electrical course, and when I got back, I worked in the electrical department at Hammond Cedar for a year and a half. Then I got a job at Fraser Mills again – that was in 1929, I think – and stayed there until I retired in 1969.

We were busier in the electrical department than any other department because they were putting new equipment in – it kept us busy. The mill grew bigger, but then, they modernized it so they didn't need so many people. It didn't affect my job as an electrician.

We used to have a busy social life, although when I first started working, we used to work nine hours a day, and that didn't give you much time to play around. There used to be a community hall down here – we got married there. That's where you had all the weddings and parties. If you had a wedding, you would invite the people you knew, of course, and that would be just about everybody in Maillardville.

We got married in 1930, and the first place we moved into was the old jail house. What happened was, it was next door to where we used to live. I had bought a couple of lots, but after we got married, there was a store and pool room that burned down.

There used to be a jail there, too, and the front had burned completely. We tore all that down, and just kept the back part of the building. There was one bedroom and a kitchen, and that's what we moved into. We fixed it up and moved in, and we lived there about two years. Then we rented for a little while after

that, rented a place that belonged to my dad. He and I had bought it together.

And after that, I built my own place. I had bought the lots before we were married – land was $250 a lot, or something like that. I bought four lots all together, paying $75 each for two lots on Sherwood, way down below, and $250 each for two others on Brunette.

The lots weren't cleared, so I had to clear the whole thing. I got a man with a horse to pull some of the stumps and plough it. Then we put the house on it. We used to work at the mill 44 hours a week, but we had Saturdays off.

So every weekend, I worked on the house. I started building it in the summer time, so I worked on it at night, too. The family was big with relations and all, and they helped all day long.

We lived there until 1956, then moved (to Walls Street) in '58. I started building this house before that, but it took two years to finish. I had it built, but I would do a bit of work myself once in while in the summer time, finishing this and that.

I hired people to do different jobs progressively – a man to clear the land and, after that, a man to do the rough construction on it. We sold the other place for $10,000, a good price in those days.

I got my first car in about 1931 – it was a gas car – and I bought it for transportation. Before that, we used to walk all the time, and it was pretty near a mile from home to work. I also had a bicycle, and I used that for a long time.

You didn't use a car very much like today; in those days, it was just used for special occasions. I don't remember what the price of gas was in those days. Compared to today, it was very cheap, about 25 cents a gallon, or something like that.

You never travelled very much then. You would probably go as far as Port Coquitlam, and come back; I used to go as far as Hammond, or Haney. Mission was very far in those days, so we didn't go there often. The roads were gravel for a while, but then, they would put oil on them to keep the dust down.

The strikes at the mill didn't make it too bad for me because I'd been working fairly steady, and I had a few dollars put away. I think the first strike, the big one, was in 1931, and was about three months long; the mill was completely closed down, putting a hardship on everybody.

I didn't even know at first there was a strike, even when it was on. A union was in there already, but I didn't know anything about it – it was done in secret. I was just told I was on strike. When I went down there one morning, the people were out already – they were on strike for more money. They got a small percentage, but five or six months after, they took it off again. So they were no better off.

The Depression was worse than the war – a lot of people were laid off, and out of work. I never lost my job, and my wages weren't affected. I was always working except for strikes. There was always work for electricians with respect to equipment.

I remember the big flood of 1948 – Fraser Mills flooded over, and the mill was shut down for a while, a month or more, something like that. That was the only really bad flood – all the houses at Fraser Mills were also flooded out.

I kept working because the electrical department was needed here and there. The machinery was so old we had to remove it all and dry it out after the water started going back down. We had to hire more people to work in the electrical department, replacing the equipment, and getting it all to run again. There was a lot of damage, yes, but it was all repairable.

I also remember, there were a couple of bad fires when we thought the whole plant would be gone, but it didn't happen. They had good pumps down there, and they used to have a stern-wheel fire boat, actually a shallow boat they used for moving logs around. It had been equipped with pumps. They used it in New Westminster more than they used it at Fraser Mills, I think.

Florida Nadon Lamoreux

Born in Saskatchewan in 1912 to Louis and Couranna Nadon (Gorley), Florida Nadon was 16 years old when the family came to B.C.

All told, there were to be nine Nadon children – seven girls and two boys. Their eventful trip by car via the U.S., considering the state of the roads back then, and the lack of services along them, was a story in itself.

Upon arriving here during a rare cold spell, the Nadons called on St. Peter's Catholic Church in New Westminster to find them temporary accommodations while they looked for a house in Maillardville. After marrying Hercules Lamoureux in 1930, Mrs. Lamoureux and her husband moved into the old Maillardville jail, which they rented and renovated.

Then they built a house at 900 Brunette as they could afford it, later living in the 1300 block before moving to their present home on Walls Avenue. Mrs. Lamoureux tells, in part, how she made do over the years with minimal resources.

I came here from Saskatchewan when I was about 16 or 17 – I was born there in 1912. We come by car, and I'm telling you, that was a trip. I could write a book about that trip; it was just marvellous. There were seven children and my mom and dad; sorry, we were six children, because Rita was born in Yakima, Washington.

We had dirt roads, we had muddy roads, and we slept every night in a tent. Cars were smaller then, and I don't really know how we did it. My dad, who was quite progressive, had built a big cupboard on the driver's side so we could put all the dishes and food in it. Then, at the back, there was a trunk with all our clothing tied on and we had the tent we slept in.

I can remember a sand storm when we were having breakfast one day; our food and dishes were covered with sand. One night, it just poured, and we were all soaked, and Dad said, "Make the best of it, morning will be here soon."

Somehow, we managed to get all the way across the country with only a few mishaps along the way. Camp grounds were primitive. It took us eight days to get here. And when we got here, we were lost.

We didn't expect to find snow on the ground, but it had been an unusual year here. They had just had this spell of cold, and the river was frozen. We went to St. Peter's, and they sent us to a family who put us up until we'd found a home.

The church was very central in Maillardville. We always had a statue of the Blessed Lady out in the Lourdes church yard – we still have that at Fatima, where we went later. There was more of a family feeling in those days, a closer relationship among the people, compared to today.

Nowadays, you can live on a street forever, and not know anybody. It was friendlier then, and you weren't scared to walk the streets. Of course, we never locked our doors in those days – nobody locked their doors. And if anybody was sick, or if anybody was needy, they'd always help one another.

When we started here, things were so primitive, but it was nice. In our day, you had one doll for the girls, and the boys had a teddy bear; to make do, my mother used to make dolls for us. We were so proud of them, and we looked after them and appreciated them.

The parents were always there at night, and if you went out, the whole family went out. Everybody had a lot of children then. Sleeping arrangements at home were really something else. Very few bedrooms in those days had actual clothes closets in them. A lot of closets were just nails in the wall and, maybe, a curtain, if you could afford it.

Mom and Dad had the biggest room with the biggest closet, and everybody's clothes were kept in there. We were always three or four to one bedroom – you had one room for the girls, and one room for the boys – and the older girls always had to look after the younger ones.

The boys were lucky as there were only two of them, but us girls had two beds, and there were seven girls to share them. We used to have straw mats which weren't very comfortable, but at that time, when you didn't know any different, you had nothing to compare it to.

The girls were taught how to cook and clean, and do everything inside, and the boys were taught how to chop wood – all the outdoor chores.

I was married to Hercules in 1930; we moved into Maillardville's first jail. The property was owned by Hercules's father, and it had burned, so, being poor like everyone else, we fixed the place up.

We patched the floor with cement, and put lino on top of that. We had only one bedroom, and where the cell was, we turned that into a bathroom; the other cell we turned into a pantry. The one big office we had, we made into a living room, dining room and kitchen.

In those days, wooden orange crates were good for a lot of things. They made cupboards, stands for your little pictures or whatever, or a shelf for knick-knacks. We paid the big sum of $3 a month rent because my family felt we shouldn't rent from others; some rentals then went as high as $5.

Begin Street as it looked when Florida Nadon was a young girl in 1918.



Once we settled in, we saved everything. A very nice person that owned the Spencer block in New Westminster had given us the smallest wedding gift, saying: "I give this to you because this will be the biggest gift of your life. Whenever you get your pay cheque, always go to the bank and cash it, and leave 50 cents or a dollar in this account, and never touch it. You'll be surprised how that will grow." And it did. And that's what we did.

I started with 50 cents, as that was all I had, but then I tried to save a dollar or two. My biggest deposit at any one time was $3. I'm a person that always looked for bargains. I would walk all the way to Westminster every week to get groceries because it was cheaper.

We were fortunate that my husband had bought a lot before we were married, and after we got married, all we owed on it was $75. We managed to pay that off by 1934, when we had finished the living room and one bedroom of our new house, so we moved in.

The rest of the house had no windows, no double doors – just shiplap. We put the flooring in the kitchen so we could put the stove in. All we had for the windows was tar paper and gunny sacks. But we were happy because we were in our own home.

My dad had told us that a lot of people in Maillardville first built shacks and stayed in them while starting their house. Finish a little at a time, he said, and you'll have a home. So we finished one room at a time.

My dad, my husband's dad and my brothers-in-law all helped, and they put up the chimney, and they worked together. We wouldn't buy anything for construction until we'd saved the money for it. We started in 1934, and it was all finished in 1938.

All our labor was free, and I had to serve all these guys that helped. Sometimes, we were six or seven eating off one pound of hamburger that I made into meat loaf with lots of bread stuffing, with lots of potatoes and gravy and vegetables.

When we couldn't afford to make cake, we would take bread and cut it into cubes, butter it and dip it into icing, and that was dessert. It was fun and everybody laughed so much in those days – even if you didn't have money you laughed.

When I had my first baby, we had a big buggy, which made it easier because I could bring more home on my shopping trips to Westminster. I loved stores from the time I was a kid. My father-in-law never believed I could put so much in the buggy. Hamburger was around 20 cents a pound then; things were pretty tough. We'd buy clothes in the second-hand store.

We'd walk all the way to town to see a show when we had 20 cents. Sometimes, the way we got to go to the movies was, my husband's sister would go to the shoemaker because he rented off her family, and so she'd talk him into giving us 20 cents – we could both get in on that – and it was a big treat.

I used to walk to Lulu Island with the buggy to see my sister; I would get home by five o'clock, and make my husband supper. We always had fun. I had two friends that once walked with me down the Port Moody hill; they liked walking, but they thought I was crazy, and they wouldn't walk with me any more.

The little bits of sidewalk were all wooden; so were the ones going down from Maillardville to Fraser Mills. I remember that when the men started their shift at the mill, you'd see all of them walk down the hill together, because there was no transportation.

In rain, the sidewalks were really dangerous, they got so slippery. It was safer to get off them and walk on the dirt. Brunette Street was only paved narrowly down the middle, so all the hills were good and muddy in the winter time. When my husband finally got a bicycle, he'd go down through the bush to the mill.

We paid $10 for our first car, which had parts from all kinds of makes. We used to go to Maple Ridge with other families and have pot-luck picnics. And we used to go up Dawes Hill to cut trees for firewood. In those days, if we were out and got a flat tire – this was in the days of tubes – you just rode home on the rim because you couldn't afford a spare. I'd learned to drive when I was 19; my husband taught me.

We didn't go too often into Vancouver; the tram cost 15 cents. Sometimes, to get to Westminster, I'd walk down to the packing house and catch the street car there. The street car used to go right into Fraser Mills, but if you caught it there, it would cost a nickel more.

The only job I had was in the home. But during the war, I know some of the mothers in Maillardville went to work so the men could go to fight. I would get a phone call, maybe because one of the little girls left alone had fallen off a swing, or something.

Antonio Pare

In 1913, Port Coquitlam seceded from the District of Coquitlam, taking municipal facilities and services with it.

Coquitlam, which had been incorporated back in 1891, was forced to set up its own policing and fire protection, and build its own municipal hall, all within the reconstituted boundaries.

Emeri Pare Sr., the revered grandfather of Antonio Pare, became the first police officer for Coquitlam after Port Coquitlam, or Westminster Junction, as it was then called, became its own community. That's why the municipal offices were located in the Pare house until the new municipal hall was built in 1920, at Brunette and Marmont.

Born in Maillardville on May 30, 1917 in Emeri Pare Sr.'s house on Brunette Street, Antonio Pare was named for an uncle who had been feared killed in the First World War, but returned. His mother had come here in 1909 from Bromptonville, Que., north of Sherbrooke, and his father arrived in 1910 from Sherbrooke with his extended family.

Antonio (Tony) attended Notre Dame de Lourdes convent school, Millside school, and T. J. Trapp technical school in New Westminster. Rather than

work at Fraser Mills, where his father, Emeri Pare Jr., was a shingle sawyer, he went to MacMillan Bloedel. He became general manager of all Mac-Blo mills in B.C., and was two steps away from the presidency when he took early retirement.

Tony Pare married Teresa Yates in 1939; they raised two children, and now have four grandchildren. The Pares live on Victor Street.

I was born in Maillardville in 1917, and with the exception of two years, have lived here all my life. I was the first-born grandchild of Emeri Pare who, in 1913, was appointed the first police officer for Coquitlam.

The Pare family, recruited from Quebec to work at the sawmill in Fraser Mills, first arrived in this area in 1910. In total, there were 31 Pares out of the 110 people who arrived here that year.

The Pare contingent consisted of my great-grandfather, Hilaire Pare, and his family of seven children. Two of the children were still single, while the others were married, and had their own young families with them. My granddad was the eldest son of Hilaire, and arrived with his seven children, the oldest being 17 years old.

Canadian Western Lumber Co. at Fraser Mills had offered to make land and material available for the settlers to build their homes at reasonable cost. Repayment of the debt was to be on a long-term basis, something like $5 a month. Remember that wages at that time were only $2 a day.

Between 1911 and 1912, most of the Pares built their homes in the area presently bounded by Marmont Road, Cartier Street, Schoolhouse Road and Brunette Street, the area which was later to become known as Maillardville. The community was nameless at first, and went by several names such as Shack town, French town, and even Pareville.

Father Maillard, a Catholic Oblate priest, was not here when the people first arrived in 1909 and 1910. The spiritual needs of the settlers were served by a priest who came out weekly from New Westminster. When the parishioners increased in number, Father Maillard was appointed by the church, and became the first resident priest.

My granddad was hired and brought out here to work at the mill as a blacksmith, a trade he had worked at back East. His work consisted mostly of forging and installing shoes on the large number of Clydesdale horses owned by the company. Clydesdales were used to move lumber wagons around the mill yard, and to deliver firewood to the settlers' homes.

Granddad worked at the mill for only one and a half to two years. During that time, he built a house on Pitt River Road at what would now be 1318 Brunette Street. That became the site of Coquitlam's first municipal hall after Port Coquitlam had seceded.

To honor the founding parish priest, Father Maillard, the federal government granted the name Maillardville to the newly-formed post office. Thus the village became known officially as Maillardville. Around that time, in 1913, my granddad was appointed the first police constable.

As Coquitlam proper did not have a municipal hall to house the police station, it was located in my granddad's house. In 1914, the house was again modified to include the administrative offices for the municipality. The offices remained there until the new municipal hall was built in 1920, at the corner of Marmont and Brunette streets.

In addition to his police work, granddad's responsibilities included heading up the volunteer fire brigade. This required that other buildings be constructed on his property behind the house – a stable for the horse, and a shed to store the fire wagon.

Granddad held the two positions until 1926, when the provincial police took over law enforcement. Except for a special constable named R. G. Marshall, hired in 1913 at $10 a month to patrol the east end, granddad was the only official police officer in Coquitlam; he was a one-man police force.

When he first began patrolling, he did so on horseback, covering Maillardville, Burquitlam, and the area on the other side of Barnet highway, to the north and east, which included the Minnekhada estate and surrounding areas. Since this area was six or seven miles from Maillardville, he had much territory to cover.

In 1914, granddad was appointed chief of police, and was paid $75 a month, good pay in those days. By

In 1914, Emeri Pare Sr. was appointed chief of police and paid $75 a month.



comparison, most workers at the mill were being paid around $2.50 a day for a 10-hour shift. In 1916, the first police car, a Model T Ford, was purchased by the municipality.

Until then, the police horse was kept in a stable behind the house. The same horse was used for both police and fire-brigade work. Perhaps that's how the term, one-horse town, had its beginning.

New municipal hall boasted the latest facilities, including the police station, court room, administrative offices and jail cells. On the ground floor were living quarters, which my granddad occupied from 1920 until 1925. These were included because the police and fire chief was on call 24 hours a day, and the police chief was responsible for the supervision and feeding of the prisoners while they were in custody.

The jail cells were not designed for long-term use, but rather, were used as holding cells for prisoners awaiting a court hearing, or for those being tried in the court room. Once the prisoners were sentenced, they would be transferred, usually to Oakalla in Burnaby.

I have a copy of an invoice, hand-written by granddad, for $37.50. It was submitted to the municipal clerk, and it was reimbursement for preparing 75 meals for prisoners kept in the cells. Also among the records were calculations for judging the speed of a car. He did not have any luck on Nov. 20, 1920, but he did nab a single speeder the following day on Austin Road.

In 1926, granddad built and moved into his own house across the street from municipal hall at what is now 206 Marmont Street. This house has recently been completely restored.

Most of the problems he had to deal with in those days were minor ones such as thefts, drunken brawls, cows and horses at large, and domestic arguments, including wife battering. I remember granddad once telling me about a phone call he got in the middle of the night, in 1914 or so, before he had the police car.

The Coquitlam River was flooding, and a house located not far from the boys' industrial school on Pitt River Road at Essondale was surrounded by water, its occupants trapped. Granddad arrived on his horse and rescued the family. So even in those days, the police were involved in rescue work.

Then there was the time Georges Proulx's store was held up by an armed gunman. This was in August, 1920. The would-be robber hired a taxi in Vancouver, and was driven to Maillardville with burglary in mind. Brandishing a knife, he told the clerk to hand over all the money in the till, and ordered the customers to hand over their money and valuables.

Unknown to the burglar, Proulx had just gone to his upstairs living quarters for some change. Noticing the robbery in progress upon his return, he went back upstairs and phoned the police. Granddad called his

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Emeri Pare Sr. also served as chief of the municipal volunteer fire brigade.



deputy and son-in-law, Art Lanoue, and they hurried to the store from the police station, which was less than a block away.

Both were big fellows who would have weighed close to 200 pounds each, a formidable pair. When the burglar spotted them, he aimed a gun at Granddad; the deputy got his finger behind the trigger, and the two of them then overpowered the burglar.

In the early years, Maillardville's fire department consisted only of the volunteer fire brigade. The volunteers were called by ringing the bell in the church spire. The fire wagon was drawn by a horse, and was equipped with buckets and ladders only. There were no water mains nor fire hydrants back then.

With the municipality growing rapidly, Coquitlam hired the provincial police in 1926. Granddad transferred from the municipal to the provincial force and remained in Coquitlam until 1928, when he was assigned to Mission. He remained there for five years, retiring in 1933 at age 59.

One of the highlights of granddad's police career came when he and other members of the Mission detachment were involved in a car chase with William Bagley, one of the most wanted criminals in Canada, in 1931. Bagley had just robbed the hotel at Harrison Hot Springs and was blowing up the wooden bridges behind him with dynamite as he fled.

In the ensuing chase through narrow side streets, the left-front door of granddad's car was riddled with bullets, and he was lucky to escape uninjured. Bagley got away from the Mission police, but was later captured (near Vedder Mountain, while en route to Washington state).

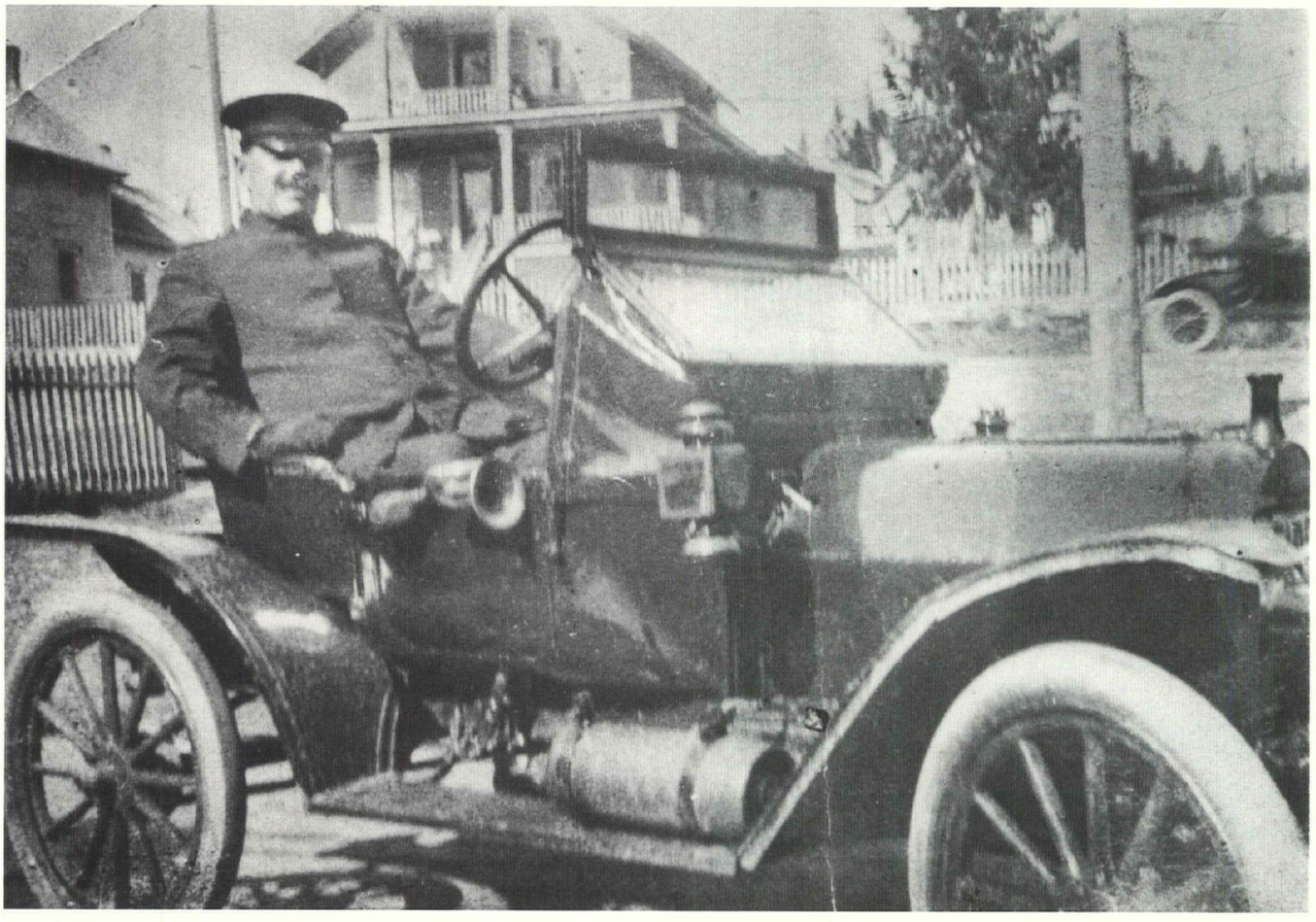
After granddad retired, he moved back to Maillardville and opened a small blacksmith shop. He did considerable work for the municipality, sharpening hand tools used by road maintenance crews. One of his specialties was tempering hand-held picks used for breaking up hardpan.

I remember as a kid, my granddad would have his immediate family as well as his brothers' and sisters' families for an annual get-together. Including the children, it was not uncommon to have as many as 40 to 50 people invited. The grown-ups would be served first – that took three or four sittings – and then the children had their turn.

I remember the house as being quite large, but in

Constable Emeri Pare Sr. stands in front of his house, which also served as the police station. The house at 1318 Brunette later became Coquitlam's municipal hall. Picture taken in 1914.





Chief Emeri Pare Sr. in Coquitlam's first police car.

effect, it was small, especially when you consider how many had been invited to dinner. When people had finished eating, they would make room for others by going outside, or, if weather did not permit, by going into the basement or garage.

This custom of annual get-togethers was practised pretty well by all French-Canadian families. When I was 12 or 13 – that would be in 1929 or 1930 – my parents held a big family party at our house. With 84 attending, we moved all the furniture outside. Music was provided by everyone who could play an instrument.

Maillardville had its own band of musicians in the early years; it was known as La Fanfare Canadienne Francaise de Maillardville. The 12 or 15 members included granddad on trumpet, my father on trombone, and two of my uncles playing brass horns.

This band played at all the major functions in Maillardville and would lead the parades to Booth's farm, where many picnics were held. Since there was little entertainment in those days, it took any excuse to have a band parade, for one reason or another.

I was introduced to music at an early age, and have been musically active all my life. My first instrument was the banjo, and my first paid job was playing at the old Agricultural Hall in Burquitlam. That was in 1934, and I had just started working for Harry Thrift, who owned a meat market on Brunette Street.

In the winter months, Harry would rent the Agricultural Hall every two weeks, and hold dances. He would arrange for music and refreshments. Actually, Harry would set up a small kitchen at the back of the hall, and sell hot dogs and coffee to defray the costs. Being very community-minded, Harry would also arrange free transportation for the people.

I know this because I worked for Harry at his store, and part of my job was to drive people, mostly his customers, to the dances. What with picking up people and playing in the orchestra, those were very busy nights for me. I don't remember how much I got paid for playing, but I had no regrets because money could not replace the happy memories.

Actually, my first job was delivering the *Province* newspapers. Back in 1929, the papers were delivered seven days a week. The weekday papers were dropped off at the corner of Marmont and Brunette by small trucks, and as I remember, sometimes by motorcycles equipped with sidecars.

On weekdays, I had between 28 and 30 customers, mainly in the Maillardville area up to Dawes Road, at the far end. Sundays, however, were completely different stories. First of all, the papers came from Vancouver by inter-urban tram, and were dropped off at six in the morning at Swift's Canadian packing plant.

It seemed everyone wanted a *Sunday Province*, and I would have 100 customers or so to deliver to. The Sunday papers would contain up to 100 pages each, and the only way to handle them was to drape two bags, one on each side of the bicycle seat, and walk alongside. It was impossible to ride the bike.

My route took me from Hart Street, near the drop-off, up through Alderson to Blue Mountain, along Austin Road, Rochester, Marmont and down into Maillardville, all the way to the top of Dawes hill, then back to Brunette and Marmont, where I lived. This was certainly a good way to get to know the people and the territory.

Marmont Road was named after one of the early reeves; he later became a magistrate for the district. At one time, Coquitlam also had a resident judge named Walker. His house was situated at the western end of the present municipal hall parking lot, facing Marmont Road.

I worked at Thrift's store for two years, 1934 and 1935, and then, in 1936 and 1937, I worked for Pett's general store. During these periods, I delivered merchandise to all parts of the municipality, and combined with my newspaper route, that gave me the first-hand opportunity to become better acquainted with the people, and where they lived.

I remember the Fraser Mills strike of 1931 quite well. I lived with my parents less than a block away from the corner of King Edward Avenue and Brunette Street, so I saw much of the activity. Municipal hall, at the top of King Edward Avenue, was a major gathering place for the strikers, who were often accompanied by members of their family.

I remember when the strikers set up bonfires on the grounds of municipal hall. They would go across the street to the mill general manager's house – the Place des Arts today – and take firewood from his wood shed to keep the fires going at night.

When the strikers called a meeting with the councillors, they refused to let them leave their chambers at municipal hall until their request for assistance had been satisfactorily answered. There were two soup kitchens for needy families. One was on Cartier Street just east of Begin, and as for the other, I don't remember for sure.

Another time, I remember when the situation deteriorated so much the RCMP were called in. Every morning, the RCMP, mounted on their horses, would line up in front of municipal hall for inspection. The horses had to be perfectly still, and the Mounties at attention.

That was a most difficult task, because every time the horses were close to being settled down, some character would pull out a pea shooter, and, from behind a telephone pole, would blow a pea and hit one of the horses on the buttocks.

Needless to say, the horse would jump; that would start a chain reaction, and pretty soon, all the horses were moving restlessly. The drill would have to start all over again. I remember, the commanding officer took an awful lot of time to get through the inspection parade.

Teresa Yates Pare

Vincent Yates, father of Teresa Yates Pare, was a Coquitlam councillor, or alderman (1938-41, 1945-46), and became one of the municipality's best-known social activists.

Perhaps his greatest legacy was the universal free transit pass for seniors, for whom he was long an ardent lobbyist at all levels of government.

Born Dec. 15, 1918 in Lancashire, England, Teresa Yates was nine years old when her family emigrated, arriving in Halifax, then settling in Haney and New Westminster.

When Mr. Yates, an iron moulder by trade, got a job at Swift's packing plant in 1932, the Yates family moved into a rented house on Alderson Avenue in Maillardville, within walking distance of his work.

Teresa Yates met her husband, Tony Pare, through a girl-friend, who was dating his cousin. They were married at Lourdes in 1939. Active in various community groups, Mrs. Pare helped the Vancouver Golf Club ladies purchase two pool tables for the Dogwood Pavilion for seniors.

My father started working at Swift's Canadian, so we moved to Maillardville in 1932, into a house on Alderson Avenue so he wouldn't have to travel. He could just walk down from Alderson to Swift's.

We were renting the house on Alderson, and after the man who owned it sold out, my parents bought an acre of land on Delestre, which had someone's shack on it. And so they first moved into this shack – actuallyit was a little cabin, an unfinished cabin – where there was no water.

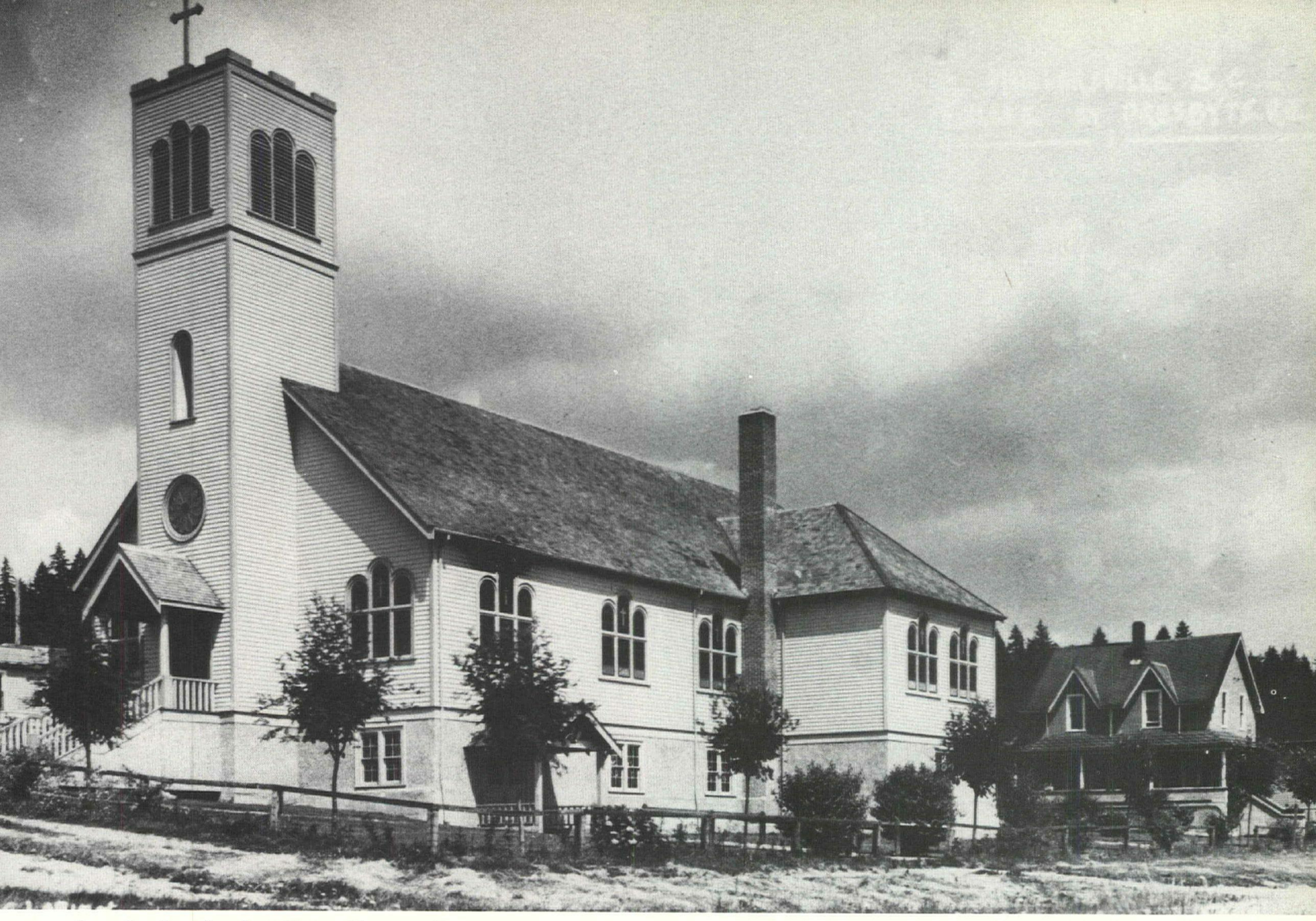
In fact, there was no water anywhere along the street. We had to go to the corner of Blue Mountain and Delestre, where this man, Mr. Beale, had a house – it's still there – beside the store. He had a well here, and we used to pack the water for ourselves.

You know, we had these copper boilers, and we would go over to Mr. Beale's and fill it with water, and pack it over. That was in about '34. Later on, we dug our own well. Eventually, the electricity came down, maybe a year or two afterwards. And the water, and all the rest of it.

Eventually, my parents built around the shack and made a little four-roomed house, living there until about 1953, when they built a house next door to it. Sold it maybe four or five years ago. My mother lived in it until she was 86, then sold it, and came here to stay with us.

The community then was very small, and Alderson was quite sparse. I would say that on the block between Blue Mountain and Hart Street, there couldn't have been more than a dozen houses. You knew everybody at that end. I also knew quite a few at the Maillardville end, and a few that were up the hill.

Where we were living, we had four or five of us that would meet and have parties. And people did have card parties at the schools, you know, the parents would go to the schools because the PTA would be putting the parties on, that sort of thing.



Lourdes church, where Teresa Yates and Tony Pare were married in 1939.

The church wasn't a big part of the community where I was living. We were Catholic, but of course, the services were all in French at the Lourdes church, so we used to go up to Sapperton. We'd walk to Sapperton to St. Michael's Catholic Church.

Coquitlam didn't have a store you could shop in then – there was no downtown – so my parents did their shopping in New Westminster. If they wanted groceries, they would phone this store, and they had deliveries, and they would have the odd thing delivered.

Sapperton had a few stores, too, but nobody went shopping in Sapperton – you would go to New Westminster, or you'd go to Vancouver. My husband's mother used to take the interurban into Vancouver all the time for 95-Cent Day at Woodward's. My mother didn't.

Coquitlam was much different in those days – it has changed tremendously. Walking to Central school along Blue Mountain, there would be the Jacksons' house, the McQueens', a couple more houses, then gravel pits on either side when you got to Austin Road, where the Baptist church is now. That was a gravel pit, too. And it was all trees.

During the war, my father was superintendent of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade in New Westminster, which meant he was in charge of the whole district around Westminster. Somewhere, I have some pictures of them. After he retired, he continued to work in the community.

People always said that Vince Yates, very much a union man in his younger days, was always looking out for his fellow man. If the people didn't pay their water rates and had their water cut off, I remember him being quite concerned, and working to prevent it.

Those were the days people were on relief, and many of them were doing municipal work – still a good idea, I think. If you are able-bodied and capable, and you are on welfare, you should help your municipality. They had people working on roads, and that sort of thing.

My father was on the council here, he was an alderman here, in the '30s. I really don't know what years he was on council – let's say '36 to '40 or '41. I know he was a Coquitlam alderman when I was married in 1939. The year before he got on council, my dad had a booster club. That little club was instrumental in putting the very first wading pool in Blue Mountain Park. They did it all by volunteer labor. Blue Mountain Park was chosen because it was the centre of Coquitlam. I don't know what the roots of the booster club were, but it had a women's auxiliary, and it was wholly community oriented.

After that, he got involved with pensioners, and became president of the B.C. Pensioners Association. He was the one that got bus passes for pensioners –

it's a good legacy. But he had to work like a dog on that, and got a heart attack from it.

They started working for bus passes for seniors here when they found out the pensioners in Ontario had them. There was a big front-page thing in the *Sun* newspaper with a picture of my dad, full-faced, showing him taking on B.C. Electric.

After he was elected president of the B.C. Old Age Pensioners, they met (Prime Minister John) Diefenbaker; they also met all the people that counted in Ottawa. He was the pensioners' president for 12 years. He also became counsellor to the pensioners in Coquitlam for the B.C. government when that program was started.

People would phone him with their problems – oh, my God, dad spent hours on the telephone. He was well into his 70s, and he was still going, writing letters to MLAs like David Barrett. My father passed away in 1976.

I attended St. Ann's Academy in New Westminster for grade school, then went one year here – Grade 8 – at Central school. Then I went to T. J. Trapp technical school. We took the interurban there; that was the only way we could get to New Westminster.

I worked at Kresge's on Columbia Street in New Westminster as a spare on weekends, when I was still in school. I made 20 cents an hour. After I left school, I lied about my age, and worked steady at Kresge's. I got 35 cents an hour, $14 a week – $13.96 net – big deal! It was a 48-hour week then.

New Westminster was the big town then, and Columbia Street was the centre of activity. We would go to a movie during the week, and Saturdays, the stores were open until 9 p.m. – nine to nine. Stand there on Columbia Street on a Saturday evening, and you'd see everybody you knew pass by.

There were dance halls, too, the Columbian Hall with old-time dancing, and the Legion, which was modern dancing. The kids went both places. Johnny Dicaire from Maillardville used to do the calling with the old-time band at the Columbian.

I think I met my husband because a girl on our street was going around with his cousin; perhaps that's how I got to know him. I was working at Kresge's, and he used to have to come down there and wait for me, and I wouldn't get out until 10 o'clock.

We would go to New West on a night out. You did what everyone else did – you'd go to the dances. He played the saxophone or something, and his friend, Joe Godin, would sometimes play the piano, and we would go to his house. He would play at the PTA and that sort of thing, and of course, I would go and sit.

We got married in Lourdes on Easter Monday, 1939. We were married in April, and the war started in September. We moved into Port Moody because my husband was working at this grocery store there. Then he got a similar job in Maillardville. So, I think it was '41 or '42, we moved here to Laval Square and just rented a house. We've lived in Coquitlam ever since.

In those days, you didn't work when you got married – there were so many people out of work at that time. I remember, one of the girls in the store got married, then came back to work, and we didn't think that was right. I think it was because if all married ladies worked, and there wasn't much work around, how much was left for the single girls?

I was never great for vegetable gardens although my parents had them all the time. I remember hating having to weed them, and I could never see the difference between a carrot top and early growth. I was a flower person, not a vegetable person.

Before my husband went into the service, we bought a lot on Quadling from my father's little acre, and built a little place on it for me to live in with my son. Then, after the war, we built a proper house there; my other son was born there.

My elder son started at Fatima parochial school, and when they closed that after a fight with the government, we put our kids in St. Peter's in New Westminster. They went on the bus. After we moved to Harbour Chines, both went to Winslow school.

When my younger one was in the May pole and all that on May Day in New Westminster, their dad was working nights, so we'd take the bus – I didn't drive – and watch the parade, then go up to Queens Park, come home and have dinner, and go back for the children's ball at night.

I remember, when we moved to Harbour Chines – that was in 1962, I believe – it was snowing there, and raining on Quadling. Even in the '60s, the area was sparse. A friend of mine who now lives back East comes out to visit us every year, and can't get over the changes.

Arcade Pare

Arcade Pare's parents, Vic and Alma Pare (Bedard), came to Maillardville from Sherbrooke, Que., in 1913 with four children, three girls and a boy.

Pretty well the entire, extended Pare family was transplanted from Quebec to B.C. Three more boys were born here, Arcade in 1914.

His father was a millwright at Fraser Mills, and his Uncle Emeri became Coquitlam's first police and fire chief. He and Tony Pare, who calls him Uncle Arcade, are actually second cousins.

Musically inclined like many of the Pare men, Mr. Arcade Pare was well known for producing concerts at Tremblay's Hall. He was also played shortstop for the Circle F baseball team.

Mr. Pare married the former Aline Ricard on June 4, 1938. They have three children, Fernand, Gilbert and Mariette. The Pares, who now have five grandchildren, still live on Le Bleu Street.

My parents came here from Sherbrooke, Quebec, in 1913 when a Catholic priest from Maillardville encouraged them to come out to

work at Fraser Mills. He came to Quebec and got the men, most of them experienced mill workers, from Hull and Sherbrooke, and that area.

They came by train with four children – three girls, one boy. My father became a millwright at Fraser Mills, and worked there the rest of his life.

The four boys, including myself, also worked at the mill, where there were about 1,300 employees around that time.

I was born in 1914 at our home on the corner of Begin and Cartier in Maillardville. Two brothers were also born here, so we were seven children in all. I remember sliding down the bannister in our house with my youngest brother, Maurice, and sledding down the roads in the winter time.

My uncle, Emeri Pare, was the first police chief of Maillardville. In fact, he was the only policeman for many years. He was a good police chief, an easy-going guy, and his job was pretty well his whole life.

Did you know there was a jail here at one time? It was mostly for minor crimes, not very big. Uncle Emeri would throw men in there for breaking windows and drinking. Nothing big in those days, mostly drunken-ness and brawling, things like that.

While I was going to school – after Grade 4 or 5 at Lourdes school, I moved to Millside – my job at home was to look after the cows. Where Mackin Park is today is where I used to take the cows when I was a kid, so they could graze there. I would go back to get them after school or at night.

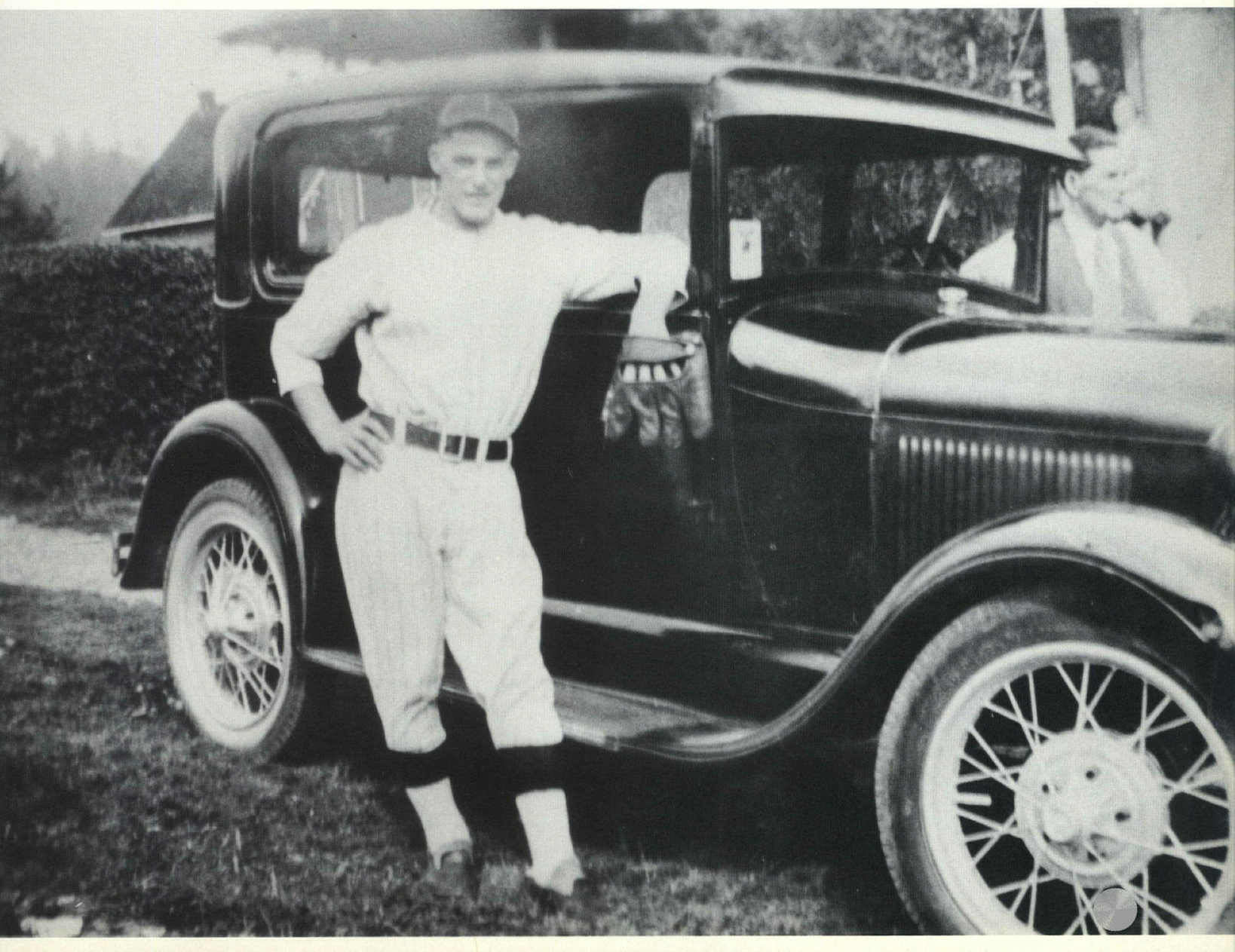
My wife remembers that when she first came here – we met in 1937 through my sister, and we were married in 1938 – there was nothing hardly from King Edward to Blue Mountain. Oh, there were people living there, but it was one here, and one there.

It wasn't populated up the hill like it is now, or nothing. It was all bush. Alderson was all bush up there. When we first married, we lived with Mother and Dad for a year, then moved into a rented house on Allard. After that, we bought this house on Le Bleu.

I started working at Fraser Mills – I went only as far as Grade 8 at Millside school – as a floor tie-er in 1931, the year of the first strike, the big strike. Before the buses, there were street cars going right into the mill. Later, I became a lumber grader, and worked inside the buildings there until I retired in 1979.

My father and my three brothers also worked there. At that time, there was a lot of work. Omer was a setter at the mill, Maurice was in the dry shed, and Gerard was feeding machines. Gerard later moved to Maple Ridge and worked in the cedar plant there; after that, he went to Summerland.

Arcade Pare played third base for Fraser Mills' Circle F team.





Uncle Emeri Pare was Maillardville's first police chief.

I have some pictures of the first strike, people on the picket line. Before the union came in, I worked long hours on the night shift, and also worked on Saturdays. The mill was so busy they had a night shift going all the time.

I played baseball quite a few years for Circle F, but when I went on night shift, that broke up my playing. After the union got in, they changed it so you worked days for two weeks, then nights for two weeks, instead of being on night shift forever.

I played third base for the Fraser Mills team. I was quick, and I had good reflexes, so nothing could get past me. The Asahis, the Japanese team from Vancouver, were just like me – they couldn't hit the ball, but they were fast out on the field.

The games were at Mackin Park, where I grazed cows when I was a kid. The park wasn't very much then, but it was always a nice place, and then it grew. My wife had to fight to go to the games on Sundays, because most wives were not allowed, but she made her place there.

We had one big cup for the whole baseball team, so we didn't get anything individual. We won the cup several times. I played baseball quite a few years. Some of my baseball buddies were Frank Dixon, Tony and Aurele Boileau, Rene Marcellin, Leroux, Proulx and Harold Schiefke.

I coached Little League when my playing days were finished. We used to coach two or three times a week. Kept the kids off the street. After that, we went to softball. All the departments at the mill had a softball team.

Our kids – we had two boys and a girl – went to Our Lady of Lourdes; all of them graduated from high school in Coquitlam.

Albert Seguin

By the time the second wave of French-Canadian mill workers arrived at Fraser Mills in 1910, the Canadian Western Lumber Co. could not build houses in the town site fast enough to accommodate them.

Five simple houses, no more than shacks, were hurriedly slapped up, and the Seguins were allotted one of them.

Albert Seguin was born there Jan. 26, 1912, but without adequate insulation during that unusually cold winter, the family was forced to move into the upstairs of a relative's house on Pitt River Road, now Brunette Street. Later, the Seguins built their own house at 336 Begin St.

David Seguin, father of Albert, had come here from Montreal in 1910, working briefly at Fraser Mills, longshoring awhile, then returning to the mill as a shipping tally man. His wife, Louisa Seguin (Rochon), came from Trois-Rivieres, Que., also in 1910. Although French was spoken in the Seguin home, both parents were fluently bilingual.

Albert Seguin typified the second generation of Maillardville French-Canadians. He attended Notre Dame de Lourdes convent school, but when his parents found out he was learning nothing more than "yes" and "no" in English there, they enrolled him at Millside school, where he was conspicuous by his size and his poor command of English.

When he was 17 years old, Mr. Seguin followed his father into the mill. Bilingual by this time, and personable, he was popular with his fellow workers. Because he filled a variety of positions during his 40 years there, Mr. Seguin is able to describe the many different facets of the operation.

Mr. Seguin married Florence Allard, also a member of a Maillardville pioneer family on Dec. 27, 1935. Collectively speaking, the couple can claim the title of "oldest local-born couple in Coquitlam"; he having been born here in 1912, she in 1918.

The Seguins raised four children – two girls, two boys – in their house on Hart Street. They have seven grandchildren, and one great-grandchild. They now live on Alderson Avenue.

I was born in Coquitlam, in Fraser Mills, in 1912. They needed lots of people at Fraser Mills at that time. When people came here, they were told to leave their umbrellas at home; this was to make them think there was hardly any rain here. The first winter, they had 60 inches of snow. And rain. Plenty of rain.

So by April or May, I believe there were two trains full of French-Canadian people went back home, back to the East. They said, "to hell with British Columbia." Dad stayed here, but he didn't like mill work, so he worked as a longshoreman in Vancouver and New Westminster.

Sometimes, he'd walk around the mill site and see mother at the general store in Fraser Mills, and somehow, they had an eye for each other. They had a little talk, and this must have stayed in dad's mind, so

he quit this longshoreman job and got work at Fraser Mills.

He worked on the shipping as a tally man – it wasn't hard in those days to get a job. When the shipper quit Fraser Mills and went to White Pine, they needed someone they could depend on, so they put dad on local shipping with two teams of horses.

He used to work 14 to 16 hours to make two loads a day with the wagon. He carried a lantern with him, and because winter-time days were so short, they needed it coming back. He was happy when his work day was only 12 hours long, but sometimes, things just didn't go like they were supposed to.

Then the mill got two old trucks. Dad was on one of these trucks with Gerald, a big man over six feet, a big boy and a big drinker. Gerald drank a lot, and dad didn't drink, and one day, they came to the Great Northern tracks, which later became Burlington.

They had two loads of shiplap, and Gerald was driving as fast as he could. As their truck approached the tracks, the signal arm came down, but Gerald, having had a little too much to drink, went right through. The back of the truck was hit by the train, and the shiplap broken.

Mother worked for Mackin, the mill president, as a house worker. The Mackins used to live on the corner of King Edward and Brunette, high up on the hill, and had two boys and two girls. Then she worked for Mr. Ryan, the mill superintendent.

My parents were living in this company house – it was made of boards only – when I was born. They had built over 200 houses at the Fraser Mills town site already, but a group of men, including dad, needed a place to live, so they built five more little houses that weren't insulated.

Dad was lucky to get a house, but when it came to winter time, it was too cold, especially for their baby, so they moved to my grandmother's – this was my great-aunt's house – on Brunette Street. We lived there until dad built a house on Begin Street, close to Thomas, 336 Begin, I think.

There were no street lights then, and Mr. Gerard would let my dad keep his lantern in a box on the property, so when he was on his way home from work, he could light it to walk up the hill. They had a big wood shed in the back, and all the kids would play there if it rained.

Mother was not strong enough to bring the big logs up the stairway in the back, so a friend that I chummed with for a long time – his mother was the janitor of Millside school – and I would help to bring the wood for the two stoves. We'd pile it right up.

I went to Notre Dame de Lourdes convent school – I started when I was seven – for three years. Then I went to Millside, which had two huge rooms. I didn't graduate. I was in Grade 5 going on 6 when I got a job, and I never went back to school.

My parents wanted me to learn English at Millside because we spoke French all the time at home. I was kind of shy a little bit at first, not knowing how to talk too good English, and being so much bigger – here I was, tall and dumb – and they being really smart.

Our teacher was Miss Davis, and she was just skin and bone, but she was very nice. Olive Stewart was



Albert Seguin, bottom right, in a 1917 family portrait.

there when I was there; she got to be way up in the schooling system later on, and still lives here.

There were minnows in Brehaut Creek, which connects to Booth Creek, and one time on a weekend, four or five of us kids went fishing. We forgot the worm can, but we had a whale of a time. We used to catch little trout. In them days, there were lots of trout.

I'd go to the golf links with one of these 10-pound lard cans, and I'd put a couple of pieces of bread there, and an apple and a banana, which we always had on the table; not many families did. Then I'd go up and hunt for golf balls.

We'd sell them for 10 or 15 cents; sometimes, I'd get 20 cents. Once in a while, I'd get to caddy, 18 holes sometimes, get four bits, sometimes a dollar. Depended on the fellow I was caddying for. Lots of walking, but sometimes, I'd do it twice, and think nothing of it.

If there were no golf balls to hunt or no caddying, I'd go pick blackberries for two brothers, Dan and Wilf, longshoremen who lived in a duplex on the corner of Blue Mountain Road and Cartier. Any time I had blackberries, I knew I had a steady customer, and that's what encouraged me.

I would pick along the Great Northern tracks, on the east side, where they were taking a lot of gravel with big steam shovels right up to the North Road bridge and, sometimes, on the south side of Rochester. There were four or five acres there full of blackberries.

Money was hard to get, so I was satisfied with 35 cents for a 10-pound bucket, and 25 cents for the five-pound. That was the beginning of Depression. I saved



Albert Seguin's mother, Louisa, was a houseworker for Mr. Mackin, president of Fraser Mills. His house, located on the corner of King Edward and Brunette, is now an arts centre. Picture taken in 1930.

$23 to buy an old bike that a guy was ready to throw away, and I worked all winter taking it apart, fixing it, painting it.

I used to have a paper route, delivering eventually to 107 customers on my bicycle with the carrier in front. Delivered the Sun from Fraser Mills to Millside school – 50 cents a month in them days. I was always scared of running into bears; sometimes, you'd see them on Austin Road. Lots of deer, too.

Money was stronger than education in them days – most kids went to work at the mill. When I first started at Fraser Mills, I would stencil shingles. There were 15 packing machines, and the packers – most of them were Chinese – would keep all the white shingles and put them on a table so I could stencil them with whatever the machine was cutting at that time.

I would mark 3X, which was for shingles about five-sixteenths of an inch thick, and 5X for those about a half-inch. I got 40 cents an hour, and we worked eight hours a day – $3.20 a day. That was a lot of money then. Dad worked at the shingle mill for about 15 years, working every hour he could get.

Sometimes, the packing crew was a man short – someone would go home sick – so that's how I learned to pack shingles. They'd ask me to take over. The checker would help me out, taking the scrap pieces out and putting them on the chain to be burned. That helped me a lot.

Stanley Lamoureux, the mechanic, would come along with a big handful of shingles, waste shingles, because when I was packing, I couldn't broom the floor like I usually did. He had to leave a note for the morning shift so they wouldn't get mad. He knew I couldn't get it done.

Sometimes, I would go down to the boom where the cedar logs come up the slip. The fellow maybe had celebrated a little too long, so I'd scale maybe seven or eight logs – take the length and width, and mark it. I used a stick with a peg on it.

Then I'd run back to the shingle mill, clean up the waste, stencil some shingles. Although there were no logs in the slip by this time, I knew there were lots of reserve logs. The shingle mill had only two shifts. The men liked me because I was young and full of life, and always had a big smile.

When winters were bad, we would sometimes take our skates to work, and we'd skate out to Colony Farm. We would also skate on the lakes. Mundy Lake and Lost Lake was all bush in them days, the same when you were going up Schoolhouse Road towards Austin and Mundy Lake.

Mr. Gauthier had two teams of horses and a wagon, and Mr. McIntyre had one team, and they used to do a lot of logging up there. They'd cut the logs and haul them down to Fraser Mills to make veneer – steam veneer. It was called that because they had a dry kiln and a vat, and all the bark was steamed off.

I worked through the Depression, but I missed the big strike in 1931 on account of an accident with my motor-cycle. I come up Columbia, and I happened to look around to see if this fellow, Swanson, was on his porch. Now this old fellow driving a car wasn't supposed to go across the railroad tracks and turn right. If I hadn't been looking elsewhere, I might have seen the car and dodged him, because we weren't going fast.

I was in Royal Columbian Hospital for 35 days, and was home another 35 days. By then, I had my motor-

cycle fixed at Fred Deeley, so a friend of mine was going to drive me to Vancouver on his motorcycle to pick it up. There was no more tread on his tires, and there was a little rain along the way.

When he gave it the gun a little on Douglas Road, the motorcycle made like a big S on the road, and went into the ditch. When I came to, I had one leg over, and one underneath. I knew when I started moving my mouth that my front teeth were broken. I had bruises all over, and I was covered with blood. My friend, Gus, couldn't get out because the motorcycle was on his ankle.

Then this man came along, and he was going hunting, and he had two guns in the back seat as well as two hunting dogs. He got the motorcycle off Gus' leg and he got me in the back seat, and Gus was sitting in front. I had blood on me, you know, and them two dogs were licking me.

I thought to myself, "Oh, no, what a hell of a mess I'm in now. I've just got out of the hospital after 35 days, and I'm going back there." Well, I was in hospital 23 more days, but there were some nice, beautiful nurses there. I got some other friend to pick up my motorcycle.

I finally sold the motorcycle – that was in '34 or '35, just before I was married – and bought a '31 Chev car. I missed nine months of work in 1933 because of my accidents. I kept myself in good shape by cutting firewood for dad on Rochester Road where the ravine is now, on the road allowance.

The accident cost me nothing because I was under the medical care of Fraser Mills. I never quit the mill because they had a good pension. After the shingle mill, (mill superintendent) Tom Ryan put me into shipping, where I worked for the tally man down on the docks, and on the skid too.

The wage was only 25 cents an hour, but I always had work, although it was pretty rough. Slowly, the wages went up. After the strike, I was getting 28 cents an hour; then it started to pick up. Sometimes, it got so busy we had to work on Sundays.

When I was about 10, just before I quit French school, I used to see this girl with long braids walking on the opposite side where Place Maillard is. She'd be walking with some milk bottle, going to the convent, to the sisters, bringing them milk because her family had cows too, and they had milk.

She later told me she used to think, "Oh, that stuck-up guy," when she saw me, and this and that. I finally met her on Begin Street because she happened to be working at some old people's there for her sister, who was sick. We got married and moved into this little house on Allard Street.

The house is still there, but they've added on since; the garage that I built is still there, too. We lived there until my wife's dad, Tom Allard, made up his mind to subdivide the 25 acres he owned on Hart Street, on the west side of the Great Northern tracks.

By that time, we'd spent over $500 in carpenter work on that house. We weren't paying rent there, so I figured I paid $500. The rent was cheap on our new place on Hart Street, and the tax was only $13 on the acre. We lived there 44 years, and we raised our family there.

Once, my father-in-law parked his Model T Ford in the yard close to the house, in the middle of the property, and left his wife sitting there. I don't know if she fiddled around with the brakes or what, but she went backwards across Brunette and into the bush.

Sunday afternoon, just about every Sunday, there was baseball where Mackin Park is now – there was a diamond fixed up there. Everybody went to the games – used to cost 10 cents to get in. I can remember trying to sneak into ball games.

I used to have a deal with them, if I was to go out there and catch foul balls – it was very swampy around there – I would get 10 cents a ball. Sometimes, I would make 70 or 80 cents a game. I believe Canadian Western Lumber Co. gave all that land to the municipality in the '60s to have it made into Mackin Park.

Changes in Coquitlam have always been for the better; they are doing good work. I hope Colony Farm comes to life again. We've watched all the new bridges, roads and underpasses being built. We live in the most beautiful part of the Lower Mainland.

Florence Allard Seguin

One of four children of a pioneer Maillardville family, Florence Allard Seguin was born Dec. 5, 1918 in the family home on Begin Street, the second house from Brunette.

Like her sisters and brother, she was taught both French and English at home. Her father, Tom Allard, was one of four entrepreneurial brothers who came here with their parents in 1912 from Quebec via Saginaw, Mich., and Revelstoke, where they operated a lumber mill.

From growing mushrooms behind municipal hall, and selling them, the enterprising Allards branched out into various endeavors. Tom Allard operated a lumber mill in Ranch Park with his brother, Frank. Grandpa Allard was a Coquitlam logger before a huge tree fell on him, and he was killed.

Jim Allard started a gravel pit on Pipe Line Road in northeast Coquitlam; a much larger concern now, it is still in the family. Bill Allard – he was always called the rich Allard – owned a funeral home before establishing a foundry in New Westminster. Later on, Tom Allard would also have a gravel pit on Schoolhouse Road. A pipefitter by trade, he was involved in the installation and maintenance of Coquitlam's water works. Allard Street was named after him.

Florence Allard was married in 1935, when she had just reached 17, to Albert Seguin. Mr. and Mrs. Seguin are life-long residents of Coquitlam. For 44 years, they lived in the house they built on Hart Street, where Mrs. Seguin once operated Florence's



Three-year-old Florence Allard stands with her family in front of their Begin Street home. Her father, Thomas Allard, served as a school trustee and alderman for 12 years. Picture taken in 1921.

Beauty Salon and where they raised their four children. They now reside on Alderson.

When my father first got to Maillardville in 1912, I know that he and his dad were growing mushrooms where municipal hall is, behind there. They grew mushrooms and sold them.

After the mushrooms, my dad operated a lumber mill at Ranch Park with his brother. There's a school there now, Ranch Park school.

Much later on, when I was married, my dad had a gravel pit on Schoolhouse Road. He owned five acres of land around Allard Street, and when I got married, dad gave us a lot – all of us children received a lot.

My mother, whose people were also Coquitlam pioneers, had been living here for a while because her dad worked in a logging camp. I was born in Maillardville in 1918, and was brought up speaking French and English. There were three girls and a boy, and we lived on Begin Street, second house from Brunette.

My father was a Coquitlam alderman for 12 years between 1929 and 1942; I went to all the council meetings with mom and dad. The meetings were exciting – it was fun. This way, you also got to ride in the car. Otherwise, we had to walk everywhere because there were no buses, no nothing.

We had a phone in those days, unusual at the time, and all the neighbors wanted to use our phone instead of taking the street car to New Westminster – they took advantage of that. People all over the municipality would phone my dad with problems.

Lots of them were about water because they were beginning to put in water service and sewers, which suited my father, because he was a pipefitter by trade, and so whatever went wrong, the mains or something, he was right there. He was also on the waterworks.

We didn't have much money as my dad was in an accident, and he was sick for a long time. He dislocated part of his spine, and it was pressing on the nerves to his heart, causing palpitations, and he was forever out of breath.

Ernie Leroux, who used to dress up as Santa Claus

for Maillardville children, would come over to our house on Begin and drop off gifts for us. He also brought food hampers from the Elks. My mother used to get someone to make all our clothes; she could cut them out, but couldn't sew that well.

I went to Our Lady of Lourdes school and I loved it there. We had dairy cattle then – we had seven cows – and I would help Dad milk them; that was my job. I was called "farm girl" because I was always in the barn shovelling out the manure, or whatever.

And I had to deliver the milk, too. I used to bring four quarts of milk each day to school for all the nuns – two quarts on one side, and two on the other. It's a wonder the sockets didn't come out of my shoulders. The priest had to have cream for his tea, so that would be an extra bottle, a pint of cream.

I learned to play the piano at school, playing at the convent in the concerts. We didn't have a piano at home, so I practised at the convent. The sister there wanted me to write music exams, and she wanted to push me, so I think my father had a talk with her.

When I was about 12 or 13 – my hair was done in ringlets with rags – I did go for an exam in Burnaby, and I got the top mark, and I didn't even have a piano, and the other girls taking the exam did. The nun cried, and gave me the afternoon off from school.

We all belonged to the church, Our Lady of Lourdes, of course. We had these processions, you know, where they would walk through the streets with the holy water, the crosses and the whole bit, and we were all in those processions.

I remember leaving the church on Laval, the old one, and we would walk to Begin and Cartier, which they had all decorated, and then we'd walk to Marmont Street – right on the corner, they had something there – and then we'd walk down Brunette, and back to Laval Street. A lot of the people would pass out from the heat.

I was 17 when I got married – just turned 17 – in 1935. We lived on Allard Street while my husband was building a bigger house. Two years after we were married, we moved to Hart Street. Lougheed highway wasn't there when we first moved to Hart Street. We saw it being built. Later, the freeway eliminated much of the street.

We heated with wood at first – slabs for the furnace, and wood in the kitchen stove. That's how I baked and cooked. We had lots of wood. We didn't get an electric stove until '58 or '59. My mother lived two houses below, and she helped with the cooking – always had pies in the stove.

We had a vegetable garden over on Hart Street. Have you ever tried making a garden in a gravel pit? After we'd shovelled our garden, we had a big pile of rocks about 40 feet long and three feet high, right up to the fence. We got lucky, though.

A neighbor, Mr. Carlsson, was having trouble with his basement with water, so he needed rock for drainage. So he took the rock we had. In a week, it was all cleaned up. He even cleaned up our yard afterwards with a rake.

We were pretty friendly with the Carlssons, Swedish people, and the next-door people, who were Hungarian. Mr. Lind was another from Sweden. Swedes, Hungarians – Maillardville was a community of immigrants. You couldn't ask for lovelier neighbors.

The children went to Alderson school, then Central and Como Lake High. They walked to school. We walked, so they walked. I used to come home for lunch myself, but I would make these four lunches for the children.

My older boy was complaining about his lunch one day, and he said, "You know what, Mom, do you know what I do with your lunch every day? I put it in the garbage bin." And I thought to myself, "Here, I make all these lunches only to have them thrown away."

So I reserved some of the cat food, and doctored it up with dill pickles, lettuce, and my son comes home that afternoon, and he says, "Well, Mom, that was the best lunch I ever had." I waited a while, then told him what it was; he went straight upstairs, quite upset. Kids are the same today.

I had a hairdressing shop for a time, right in the house on Hart Street, upstairs – Florence's Beauty Salon. I had it seven and a half years. My husband was working Thursdays as a door man at Queens Park

Lady of Lourdes school.



arena, so I took advantage of it, and I stayed open Thursday nights for the girls who were working in offices during the day.

I wasn't making any money, but I enjoyed working because I got to meet all kinds of people. I had customers from way the other end of Coquitlam. And people from Fraser Mills who knew my husband. I packed it up because this guy, Albert, didn't like me working.

Maillardville isn't Maillardville any more. Grandma Allard's place, my dad's mother's, is still there on Brunette Street, just on the other side of Begin. The third house. They took the door out because it had a distinct, oval-shaped window; it's in some archives somewhere.

My sister, Mrs. Le Bleu, lives in a big house where the older Le Bleus lived. It's on Brunette on the corner of Le Bleu. Our family was very close, and helped each other out. One was left a widow very young, and she raised five children herself.

Most of the family stayed in this area, and those that moved haven't moved that far away. I've lived in this area my whole life. Some people here want to hide the past, but I don't think there's anything to hide. My family has been a big part of Coquitlam, and I'm quite proud of my heritage.

Albertine Seguin Sauve

The second of five children of David and Louisa Seguin, Albertine Seguin Sauve was born June 28, 1913, 18 months after the arrival of brother, Albert, in the new family home on Begin Street in Maillardville.

Their parents had met on the special CPR train bringing them from Ottawa to Millside station in 1910. With Mr. Seguin assured of a job at Fraser Mills looking after some Clydesdale horses, prospects for the growing family appeared bright. Then he was afflicted with glaucoma, first losing one eye, then the other.

Totally blinded, Mr. Seguin was forced to quit his job at the mill, and spent his remaining years working in his garden to support the family. The older children left school early to help out. Albert started at the mill while still a teenager, and Albertine worked at the Woodbury chicken farm.

Brother and sister disagree on why they were enrolled at Millside school after starting at Lourdes. Albert says it was because his parents wanted the children to learn English. Albertine says it was because Father Delestre raised the tuition at the convent school so high, the Seguins were unable to afford it.

Albertine Seguin married Andre Sauve, a carpenter at Fraser Mills, in 1930. The house on Begin Street she still lives in, which was next door to her parents, was built by her husband. The Sauves raised three children – David, Maurice and Jeanette – and Mrs. Sauve now dotes on her grandchildren.



Father Delestre ran Lourdes school. Picture taken in 1916.

My dad used to work on the teams at the mill, with (the Clydesdale) horses, so when he decided to build a house (in Maillardville), he made a trail up Begin Street with the horses to bring the lumber up.

Fraser Mills was giving them lumber for $5 a month, so he started to build there. After he got the house built, there was no electricity, so he had to use coal oil lamps.

I was born in this house on June 28, 1913, 18 months after my brother. Our house was right next door to where I live now, at 326 Begin St.

I was baptized in the Lourdes church, which is now the Knights of Columbus Hall in Laval Square. The church that's there now – the big church burned down years and years ago – was built when they started to fix the old basement up.

I was married in the basement part of the new church. By the time my daughter was baptized, it was fixed upstairs. They used to have card parties, social parties and stuff. My husband and I would go to different things like bazaars and such, and we did our share to help the new church.

When we first moved to Begin Street, there was a fountain at the bottom of Begin, so my parents used to go down there and push a wheelbarrow of water up

the hill. The streets were all gravel and dirt. Then they dug a well, so they didn't have to go so far just for water.

Our house was the furthest Maillardville went at that time; the bush started right from here. Thomas Street was bush, and there was one house up there, and then it was all bush up this way. There was one lady that used to live way up on the hill towards the lake.

All the lots in Maillardville were quite large, and most people had gardens and a few chickens before the '30s; most everybody had chickens. My mom had cows, chickens, turkeys and pigs. Eventually, my dad depended on these farm animals and garden to support the family.

We didn't even have an ice box at home. My mom used to have a basement, so she had a root cellar built down there to keep things cool. I used to help with the canning.

My dad was working at Fraser Mills – he used to run the cut-off in the shingle mill – but then, his eyesight started to fail him, and he was going blind. His eyes were getting so poor that he would put on two pairs of glasses. Finally, he just couldn't work any more.

My mom never went out much, because with my father blind, she was too busy taking care of the cows and the garden. He tried to help, but she had a lot to do. I used to laugh – my mom would put in a garden, and when the plants got about three inches high, my dad would weed it, and he did it all by feel.

The whole community of Maillardville was French, and we would have our special celebrations every year. Later on, when we got older, we had softball teams, but when we were smaller, we just played with the neighbors. There wasn't any money for toys. The kids all played together, and everybody seemed to get along.

We used to go shopping at the grocery store, a general store, at the corner of Cartier and Brunette. The owner had the post office and everything else you could think of in there. If you didn't have enough money to pay, he'd put it on the bill, and you'd pay at the end of the month. People seemed to get by.

I went to Notre Dame de Lourdes; it was an all-French school, and nobody talked any English there. Our neighbors, who used to live in this house when I was growing up next door, couldn't speak French, and we couldn't speak English, so we got to know a bit of it.

When Father Delestre wanted to bring the price of schooling up, and we didn't have the money, we were taken out of Lourdes and put in public school, Millside. We had to learn English quickly. I remember, the teacher asked me to stand up and read, and I couldn't read English. My cousin was behind me, and she was telling me what to say.

In those days, if families didn't have the money, then the kids left school early, and went to work. I left Millside in Grade 7 and went out working at a chicken farm on Blue Mountain Road. The people who owned the farm were named Woodbury. There was a big chicken house, and the roosters were separate. They didn't deliver the eggs; they were picked up by buyers.

I would get the buckets of eggs, and take them in

Lourdes church under construction in 1909. It burned to the ground on Christmas Eve 1911 and was rebuilt on the same foundation.





Albertine Seguin was baptized in Notre Dame de Lourdes Church. Picture was taken in 1912. Today the church is the Knights of Columbus Hall.

the house and candle them. We had to clean the eggs, and weigh them as well. I had to pack the water in a wheelbarrow to bring it to the back. I made $25 a month there, and it helped my family out a lot.

I was going on 18 when I got married. I continued to work at the chicken farm for another two years or so, until I got pregnant. When we were married, we first lived in a little cabin on James Avenue, just off Marmont. My husband did a lot of work on it.

Then we moved to 1314 Brunette and stayed there for a while, and then this house here, well, they were selling the lot and the house for $750. This couple that had it, all they did was fight, so they were separating, and my dad wanted us to move here.

He said to my husband: "You're kind of handy with the hammer. You can fix yourself a home here." So he kind of encouraged us, and we put down $100, which we didn't have – my dad lent it to my husband. We built a new house inside the old one.

My husband worked at Fraser Mills, so we got our supplies from them, and he built most everything. When you work for 39 cents an hour, you haven't got much money to put out, so after we settled in here and started rebuilding, things were going slow.

I'd had two boys and, seven years after that, I had the girl, and when she was 14 months old, they were asking for men for the war, so I went back to work, this time at Fraser Mills. I did the housework and canning on weekends. We were able to finish our house and also build the addition in the back.

It wasn't easy raising children in the '30s – you didn't have the money. I'd take old coats and make new coats for the little ones. You didn't have the money to buy anything, so you had to learn to make things, and make do. I used to take care of the house, make a garden in the back, and work a little on renovating the house. It was hard. You had to work for everything.

My husband was at the mill when the strike happened (in 1931). He went on picket duty only once in a while as he was sick during the strike. They raised so much racket down there with fighting, and such. There was always a bunch of agitators who would push on and make things worse.

We felt the strike; we had no money. We had just been married, and we were just trying to get going. When my husband went on the picket line, they would give him carrots, turnips, sugar and butter. The strike was over wages – the company wanted to cut wages, and the workers wanted more.

We used to pick wild blackberries in the surrounding bush in the summer time, and in winter, when everything froze over, they would flood the foundation where the church was, and it would be our skating rink. We would also take the children skating on Como Lake, walking there and back.

On the first of July, we used to go to the Booth farm and have picnics and sports-day events like racing and softball. Everybody would go. You took your own food for your own family. I think the July 1 holiday was the biggest one we had.

Each department at Fraser Mills had its own softball team; my husband was a pitcher for his team. My sons were the bat boys. There used to be a ball park at Fraser Mills where they played senior A baseball every Sunday. Everybody went to the games.

We got our first car, a Willis Knight, in '39; we bought it for $25. We thought we were well off then. We would go down to White Rock once in a while. We had to always have oil with us, as the car used more oil than gas. Later, we got a Model A Ford, which we had for quite a while.

We used to go to some dances in New Westminster. Here, they would have their meetings and stuff, and they would put on a dance to raise money for the church. Then the kids started to go to public schools, and the convent at Lourdes was torn down. They still had the other French school over there (at Fatima).

Maillardville lost a lot of its French flavor when the kids started going to public school, and the first thing you knew, they were forgetting their French and their roots.

Stephen Gatensbury

The saga of Ernest Edgar Gatensbury, pioneer of Coquitlam after whom Gatenbury Street is named, was one of a born adventurer.

Some oldtimers may remember Ernie Gatensbury's lake-side greenhouses, among the first in the municipality, which existed until recently, albeit under the Trapp, Larsen and Kenny names.

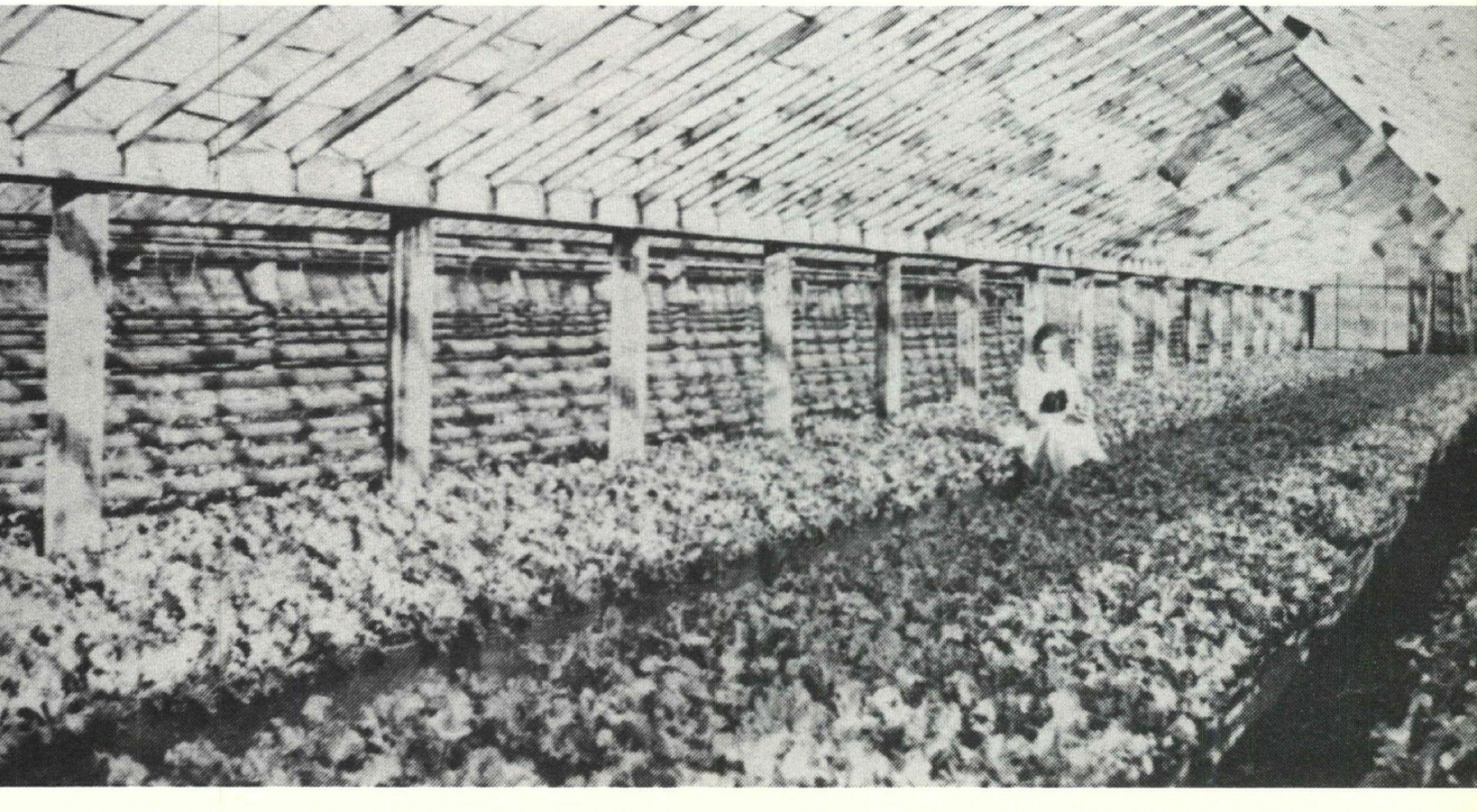
Those who worked at Fraser Mills between 1922 and 1939 might recall Mr. Gatensbury as that "nice old gentleman" who seldom missed a day's work there after his greenhouses were bankrupted by quirky weather. Or that his son took over his father's mill job by design in 1939.

Once his roving days were over, Mr. Gatensbury married Pauline Kniffen, a Nova Scotian visiting her sister in Coquitlam. Although the marriage was of the May-September variety, she brought some order into this carefree bachelor's life. They were to raise two children, Ruth and Steve.

The story of Mr. Gatensbury, as told by son Steve, starts in Hilton, Derbyshire, England, where his father was born Sept. 18, 1870. Young Ernest apprenticed as a greenhouse man in Devonshire, and decided to emigrate at age 18.

He landed in New York City with little more than the clothes he was wearing. Despite being considered a foreigner with a funny accent by Americans – he was

In this 1920 photo, Pauline Gatensbury works in a lettuce bed in one of the family-owned greenhouses.



nicknamed Lord – he found work as a gardener and partook of San Francisco's extensive night life.

Once a fair country bicycle rider himself, he opened a bicycle shop in Pomona in partnership with a man named Louis Fox. Struck down with typhoid fever about this time, he was nursed back to health by Catholic nuns. Mr. Gatensbury then caught another kind of fever in 1895 – gold fever – selling the bicycle business and heading for the Klondike with his partner.

Letters to his family mentioned familiar gold-rush names such as Chilkoot Pass, Fortymile Post, Eldorado Creek, Bonanza Creek and Hunker Creek. He was to stay in the Yukon for 13 years.

Mr. Gatensbury's fascination with gold and adventure did not end with his departure from the Klondike. Before coming to Coquitlam in 1910 and launching his ill-fated greenhouses, he took a final fling at fortune in northern Ontario. At this point, Steve Gatensbury picks up the story.



Ernest Edgar Gatensbury

In 1908, father left the Klondike and went to Ontario to the area around Kenora, which was then known as Rat Portage. He sank his capital into a hard-rock gold mine venture that proved to be little more than a hole in the ground. The gold-bearing vein they were working stopped abruptly at a fault in the rock and disappeared.

He was unable to raise enough money to continue the development, and so had to go out of business. He had gone ahead to the point where he had installed an ore mill, which he had financed with bank assistance. When the gold stopped flowing, the bank called its loan, and blighted father's opinion of bankers forever.

With what he salvaged from this venture, he arrived in B.C. in 1910. For the sum of $1,250, he bought five acres of land fronting Como Lake in Coquitlam, and built the greenhouses that were the forerunners to all those that were to follow on that same property.

The minutes of a Coquitlam council meeting dated March 12, 1910 recorded the following: "E. E. Gatensbury, et al, asked for some outlet from their land on Como Lake. On motion of councillors Fox and Tyner, this was left to the board of works with power to act."

It's worth a side trip to note that one of father's early backers was the Roe and Abernethy sawmill in Port Moody. This company, in turn, became Abernethy and Lougheed, Thurston Flavelle, Flavelle Cedar and Canadian Collieries in the long procession to today's Weldwood of Canada mill.

Once established, the greenhouses became a well-known business in the area. Two of his hired men were Lucien Canuel and Jimmy Hamilton. When he needed additional help, Dad rounded up the neighborhood kids and some from down in Maillardville. Hamilton told of working for $9 per week which, compared to father's $10 per day in the Klondike, sounds like slim pickings.

These must have been free-wheeling days for him. Twice a week, he would rise early in the morning and make the long trek to Vancouver, along the Barnet highway, to the warehouses of the produce wholesalers on Water Street. Other days, he went to the city market in New Westminster.

These trips would see his wagon piled high with crates of lettuce, cucumbers and tomatoes. He was determined that these were the things to grow even though his contemporaries – Dwyer, Whiting, Tidy – had already changed to the more year-round business of flowers and bedding plants, abandoning the vegetable market to the burgeoning Chinese truck farms.

When the business of the day was done, the social ritual began. He was with friends and associates, whom he met on a regular basis in the city. Father was known to take a drink, and after an extended visit at a favorite watering hole, he would put himself in the hands of Tommy, his horse, who knew the way home.

I remember him saying that the distillery on Braid Street even extended its hospitality to thirsty travellers in those days in much the same way the breweries did for the men in blue, and other privileged characters, for so many years.

My mother came to the coast in 1918 from Nova Scotia to visit her sister, Mrs. Woodbury, who lived on a chicken farm on Blue Mountain Road, near Rochester. Somewhere around this time, the stories begin to get more familiar to me.

The contributors to a quaint little book about St. Stephen's Anglican Church in Burquitlam seemed to be fascinated by the existence of so many bachelors in the early community. Father, of course, was one of them, and he pressed his attentions on mother.

As someone in the same book noted, Dora Holroyd, Annie Walls and my mother were the only young women in the area. Once Mother was seen keeping

company with my father, the next move was almost obligatory. Certainly the situation did not lend itself to her playing the field, reputations being as precious as they were.

Father was a very sensitive man. He read books, was well informed, and had been given a good basic education at the national church school in England. Why he didn't meet and marry a girl when he was younger, I have no idea. As far as I know, his first venture into marriage was when he was 49.

My mother and dad were married in 1919 in St. Mary's Anglican Church in Sapperton. She was 21 years his junior. Father had been comfortable with his cat and dog in a rather nice little house, but the day mother arrived, the cat left.

Mother brought her rock-hard Nova Scotian Baptist principles with her, and this brought about a radical change in father's style. He always made a little berry wine, but I don't think I ever saw a bottle of liquor in our house when I was a kid.

Being placed at the summit, so to speak, Father had the option of going down the hill to the Maillardville side, or the Port Moody side, for his social life. One of my earliest memories is of visits to a family named Aston, who lived in a house boat on the inlet. From the plank walk way around the house, we watched jelly fish in the water with great fascination.

(Father) told me many stories about the tireless Dr. Scott, the deadly 'flu epidemic of 1919, ice on Como Lake, and the several times he was called upon to reach for his ladder and other makeshift rescue gear to retrieve someone who had tempted fate, and fallen through.

Like so many others, father was in the right place at the right time, but had no way of knowing it. In its wilderness state, with bears matching humans in number, the (Como Lake) area could not have been very prepossessing. Be that as it may, at $250 an acre, anyone with a few thousand dollars could have bought the whole hill top; it was practically vacant.

Just imagine all those elegant homes that fan out within a mile of his old property in all directions; then count the millions. They gave the street his name because he made a commotion to have it built into his place, but a real-estate tycoon he was not to be.

Having his name given to a street was by no means an exclusive honor. Many of the street names in the area came about in a similar manner, that is, through the inference that it was Gatensbury's road, or Porter's road, or Foster's road. These, and names of friends like Oxtoby, Edgar, Sawyer, Lomas and Lum King are the ones that linger from my earliest childhood.

In the summer of 1920, father built a number of new greenhouses and had them finished except for the heating plant, which was months late in delivery, thanks to plumbing and heating contractor, Grumpy Spring, his erstwhile lacrosse hero.

He had built the new greenhouses as a single, large compartment covered by a series of pitched-glass roofs joined together, like saw teeth. This was intended to make the heating arrangement more efficient. While the houses sat there waiting, there was a freakish snowfall of nearly three feet at once, and when it finally stopped, it turned to rain. The resulting mixture could not run off fast enough. Even though Father and his hired men ran through the buildings breaking the glass to let the slush fall through, they could not do enough. The houses collapsed. The

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The Gatensbury greenhouses were built on five acres of land across from Como Lake. The land was purchased in 1910 for $1,250.



business collapsed with them, and a lot of Father's spunk went as well.

Since the project was financed by loans, the property went to the mortgage holder. Some of the creditors were paid off over a long period of time.

The magnitude of the whole disaster was only $9,700 in 1921 dollars, but it was enough. My sister recalls that she made the last payments on two of these accounts in the early 1940s. One was reducing at $2 a month, and the other at $17 a month, and change.

Father needed the firm hand of a "savin' woman," and mother always insisted that had she arrived on the scene a few years earlier, things would have been a lot different. She was probably right because her management of the family's financial affairs from then on was strict and effective.

The remainder of father's life was no great adventure. He worked hard for wages (at the Fraser Mills sawmill) until he was nearly 70. He now had family responsibilities. Only once or twice do I remember him sighing that he should have remained a bachelor.

Perhaps the only legacy from his gold-rush days was rheumatism in his knees, about which he complained year after year. This caused him to walk with a rolling gait that made him recognizable from a distance to anyone who knew him.

He was a tough guy who never lost a day's work, even through the Depression years. Sometimes, when the mill would get a big offshore order, and the ship's arrival time would become their deadline, the mill would work from eight in the morning until nine at night, night after night, until the order was out. The people he worked with remembered him simply as a "nice old gentleman."

One of the few interruptions to father's endless days of work was the strike which occurred (in 1931). This became a bitter affair that separated the old-style, loyal employees who were thankful for their jobs, from a skeptical faction who thought because of wage cuts, the company was being mean and heartless.

Father fell into the first category, and when a delegation called at our home for a donation of food to help the hungry strikers, father brusquely sent them away, saying that if they wanted to eat, they knew what to do. This gave him a reputation that put him on the wrong side of the young Turks in the growing union movement.

The geranium of hope in the window was always his garden. After a brief stay in the company town site at Fraser Mills, where we were living when I was born, we made our last move. We had acquired an acre of land in Queensborough on Lulu Island, actually four lots at $50 apiece.

The new house, or half a house, was built by Mr. Sawyer, an old Como Lake friend whose carpentry skills seemed to be basic at best. When mother and father first arrived (on a cold, rainy Easter Sunday in 1924), it didn't take long for the disparity in their ages to catch the neighbors' attention. The story went around that the new neighbors were an older man, his daughter and her two children!

One night in 1939, father came home from work and announced he just couldn't do it any more. While he had operated a machine in the mill for many years, he was doing only a menial job at the end. Well, the fix was in – it was all planned. The next day, I left school and went off to work at the same job he had been doing. I was 16. He was making 65 cents an hour. I got 35 because boys were paid less.

Marie Payer Moore

Marie Payer Moore was raised in a competitive, near-boarding house atmosphere in the family home on Brunette Street.

Born in Maillardville, Marie was the third-youngest of 13 Payer children.

Her father, Dolphice Payer, and her mother, Julie Payer (Auger), had come here from the Ontario mill town of Rockland in 1910. After working briefly at Fraser Mills, the company that had recruited him, Mr. Payer went to Swift's Canadian packing house in search of better prospects.

Although he was only a laborer at Swift's, the job did pay a bit better, and best of all, he was never laid off, continuing to work even through the Depression. So while the sheer size of the family might have strained the household budget at times, the Payer children grew up under fairly comfortable circumstances.

Just the same, Marie Payer started doing housework for neighborhood families as a teenager. She also recalls participating in concerts produced by Arcade Pare at Tremblay's Hall, concerts which were invariably followed by an evening's entertainment for all, including a whist drive.

Marie Payer married Russ Moore in 1942; they raised one daughter. The Moores now live on Charland Street, and have six grandchildren from their combined offspring.

I was born in Maillardville on Sept. 20, 1918 at home, 1212 Brunette St., which is no more. I was pretty well at the tail end, the third youngest of 13 children, seven boys and six girls. It wasn't lonely, although it was a give-and-take proposition in a large family.

You had to learn to share a great deal, and quickly. Lots of battles and arguments amongst ourselves, but when the first one moved away, it was quite a loss, sad as the different ones left home.

Brunette Avenue was wooden sidewalks, with about two dozen houses. The stores were small – small grocery store, small meat store. There weren't any shopping centres in those days. There were lots of people around, so we weren't isolated.

We spoke French at home. We went to the Catholic school, Notre Dame de Lourdes, and stuck with the



Mr. Booth, left, owned a dairy farm and delivered milk to local residents. Later as reeve of Coquitlam, he presided over many official ceremonies.

children our own age. The school was located at Laval Square, right beside the church, and has now been done away with.

I remember, the school was a big building with lots of stairs. There were six class rooms, with roughly two grades in each. The first one was Grade 1 and 2, and next Grade 3 and 4, and so on; it went to Grade 8. The teachers were all nuns.

School at Lourdes was basically reading and writing; they didn't have courses like today. We got an all-round education. There was a bit of sewing taught us, but not like the home ec. courses now. We had singing, too, because we used to sing in church.

Sometimes, we played basketball, or pick-up softball. There was a nice yard at Millside school, and we'd play there because there were no sports teams at our school. Some bike riding, and that was about it. We didn't do a great deal because we were required to help out a lot at home. The girls worked in the house and the boys had chores outside.

We had a wood stove, and the wood for it was delivered by horse and wagon. Our milk was delivered by Mr. Booth door to door, and the store we bought our staples from was run by Mr. Duplin, and earlier on, by Mr. Proulx. Our post office was in Mr. Duplin's store.

Mr. Pett later opened a meat store across the street from us; they were located on Brunette and the corner of Laval. My sister and my brother, Maurice, worked at Pett's. I never worked there. We had electricity as far back as I can remember.

My father worked at Swift's packing house on Brunette Street, slaughtering pigs and cows. I think the cattle was brought in from all over. I don't know exactly where they came from, but it was more than from this area. Swift's was the only place around that butchered cattle; the meat was sold to stores, and just everywhere.

In the summers, when we weren't in school, we used to hitchhike around. We would go to the river down by Essondale and swim there. This was me and my friends. In the winter, we used to skate. Before they built the new church, the old foundation would fill with water and freeze over, and we would skate there.

Our parents told us we should play with French kids, and not English kids, so there was a bit of a problem – not a really serious problem, but just kids' problems. There used to be some fights between the French and English kids, and they started mainly with name calling.

The parents at that time didn't encourage mixing with the English, but they really couldn't stop it. Still, when we got together with people, we usually got together with relatives. Outside of relations, there was only one family we were sort of close to.

We all went to church, of course, but I don't think we were all that close knit with regard to the church. Everybody had a large family, and you had enough to do on your own, and with your own, without getting too involved with others.

The shows on the weekend were about the only entertainment we had; we would go to a theatre on Columbia in New West, which was the big city at that time. To go to New Westminster, we had to walk down the hill to Fraser Mills to get the street car; we got 10 tickets for 25 cents on school days.

Arcade Pare used to put on plays and concerts at a place called Tremblay Hall. I was in some of them a couple of times. Mostly, people from Maillardville participated, and it was a get-together more than anything else, a real social event.

When the play was over, they would then have a whist drive. You had to pay to get in to help with the expenses. It wasn't very much. I didn't pay because I was in the group. There were also weekend dances at Tremblay Hall in addition to the whist drives.

When I was about 16 years old, I did a lot of housework to earn some money. My cousin and myself would just go around and ask if anyone needed help with housework, like ladies coming home from the hospital after having a baby. We worked mostly for people from Maillardville.

When we needed a doctor, we would go to Fraser Mills first aid, and the doctor would be there at two in the afternoon for about two hours. If you could walk, you went to the mill for first aid. We also had Royal Columbian and St. Mary's. You went to those hospitals if you were really sick.

From what I can recall of the Depression, it was very sad, as people had to try to get relief. At that time, my father was working at Swift's, which was a blessing for all of us as it did not close down. The mill also continued to operate during the Depression.



Marie Payer.

City hall has always been located right where it is now. I liked the old one better – it seemed to have more character. We would go to city hall to vote when we had elections for reeve. We had a reeve, Mr. MacDonald, who was in for 17 years. Everybody seemed quite happy about how he ran things.

I remember, when they started to work on the roads to pave them, and they had to dig because there was a lot of springs around, and the water would be sprouting here and there. So they had to dig and put in big pipes to take the water away.

Everybody in Maillardville went to the picnics at Booth's farm. Everybody looked forward to them. I don't have too many pictures of way back then, but I remember the picnics as one of the nice things from

Maurice Payer

Born in Maillardville, Maurice Payer was the youngest of Dolphice and Julie Payer's 13 children.

His brother, Alphee, was the oldest – he served as Coquitlam councillor from 1945 to 1950 – and Irene was the eldest girl.

As a school boy, Maurice worked for Pett's meat market right across the street from the family home, later delivering merchandise in the Petts' 1936 Hudson.

Apart from two years in the army during the Second World War, Maurice Payer spent all his working life at Fraser Mills, where he became a barker operator.

When he married Rita Racine in 1946 – she was an across-the-street neighbor – he bought a lot on Casey Street, and built a house there. The couple raised two sons.

The Payers, who now have five grandchildren, recently moved into the Mill Creek Village mobile home park on King Edward Avenue.

I was born Oct. 25, 1925, the youngest of 13 children. My father and mother moved out here in 1910, and my dad went to work at Fraser Mills like all the rest of the people who came out.

We lived on Brunette Street, 1212 Brunette, and I went to school at Lourdes. In Grade 8, I went to Austin school until Grade 9.

Then from there, I went to work for Pett's meat market, delivering groceries for them. Pett's was a general store where one could buy clothes – work clothes, not dress clothes, or anything like that for a woman – and household items, certain things. People bought on account. Everybody charged in those days and paid on pay day, every two weeks.

When I delivered meat from Pett's, I used a car – Esther Pett had a 1936 Hudson, and I would deliver in that – so I had to have a licence. I was only 16 years old, so she had to sign for me, insurance and the whole bit.

The Petts knew our family for years, ever since they moved to Maillardville from down East. Esther Pett's dad used to own the store. When he passed away, the family store went from father to daughter and son.

There were actually three stores, all grocery stores, (in that area on Brunette, not far from the Payer home). Right across the street from Pett's was Thrift's. Filiatrault owned another store. Two of them had enough business, and the other was not that hot.

While I was working at Pett's, there was a pool hall nearby – actually, there were two pool halls. One had an ice-cream bar where you could buy ice cream and

Telliers Store at Brunette and Laval in 1910.

chocolate bars, and stuff like that. Louis Boileau had a pool hall plus barber shop; that is where I got my first haircut. Everybody had their hair cut there in those days.

Besides that, there was not too much on Brunette Street. A little coffee shop came later on – Trev's – and she was a hairdresser too. She had a beauty parlor and confectionery.

After I quit Pett's, I went to work at B.C. Distilleries, worked there for about six months. Then I went to work for B & K feed store on Front Street in New Westminster. I used to deliver feed to Surrey, Cloverdale, and certain areas like that. A lot of farms out there in those days.

Then I went to work at Fraser Mills – in those days, that is what it was called – in 1943. I started in the planer mill tying lumber, casual labor, more or less. From there, I moved up to barker operator, and retired in 1988.

Not all my family ended up working at Fraser Mills. My father first worked there, and so did two of my brothers. My dad went to Swift's from there along with two other brothers. Alphee was in the office as an accountant, I think he was, and Joe was a meat cutter. I stayed with Fraser Mills.

When we were kids, we did not have too much to do except for sleigh-riding, and ice skating and roller skating in New Westminster. There was good fishing



Pett's Market on Brunette Avenue in 1920.

in the Fraser River, Booth Creek and Millside Creek. We would catch trout and salmon when they came up to spawn.

Brunette Street was not paved; it was dirt, with wooden sidewalks. There were deer and bears around. There was a lot of bush here, but as we were growing

up, the deer started moving up a bit as more land was cleared for houses.

Everybody knew everybody, and we all played softball together at Millside school, in the yard there. There was only Lourdes or Millside to play at; there was no Mackin Park then, only a baseball park. Teams made up from the workers at Fraser Mills used to play baseball there years ago.

We had a big garden where we grew vegetables; I don't remember keeping any animals. A lot of people had gardens, but we also had a Chinese (man) who used to come around and sell vegetables door to door – in fact, there were two. Everybody knew what time it was they would call.

The vegetables came from Marine Drive, I guess, although we also had a Chinese farmer down here. They had big fields down at the bottom of Schoolhouse. A lot of people in Maillardville used to walk down there to buy their vegetables.

There was a chicken farm over on Robinson, but I don't remember it too well. We used to walk everywhere. We would go swimming at Mundy Lake



One of two pool halls in early Maillardville. This one sold ice cream and chocolate bars.

or ice skating over at Como Lake. We had to walk because nobody had cars, or anything like that, in those days.

One thing I remember used to wake us up was the Fraser Mills whistle, which would blow three times every morning. We woke up at the first whistle at six o'clock, I think. Because it was a small community surrounded with trees and bush, that whistle woke up all the workers – did it ever wake us up! Six and seven were wake-ups, eight was starting time.

We all lived with floods down at Fraser Mills at what we called the townsite. I remember going down there and playing, and watching the trains, and the sidewalks would be floating around, so we could use them as rafts. The river flooded a couple of times that I can remember.

I remember our first radio; it was quite an attraction, like getting a brand-new TV. Everybody sat around and listened to that thing until about 10 o'clock at night, until it was time for bed so you could go to work the next morning. The 10 o'clock news was quite interesting, actually.

Most of the homes had radios and gramophones, and stuff like that. There was no local newspaper in those days. They had a newspaper from New Westminster – the Columbian later on, I think – and that's what everybody bought. There were only two printing presses in New Westminster, and that was it.

We always had the church-oriented festivals. Most of the people in Maillardville would join in the St. Jean-Baptiste parade, as the Catholics called it, because it was a family sort of community. The church was definitely an important part of the community when I was young.

Lots of times, we would play cards on a Saturday night at the church – whist – with our friends. What was nice was the parents would go, and the children would go, too. We would bring basket lunches and picnics to the basement of the church; lunch boxes were sold to raise money.

I remember the first beer parlor built in Maillardville. Mr. Houle used to own a large building on Brunette Street – he was a longshoreman for quite a few years. He got into a partnership with this gentleman, Mr. Woods, and they built the Woods beer parlor around 1936.

Everybody got dressed up – it was a big occasion – to go there. It was a night out, where everybody met. In those days, you were not allowed in if you were not dressed properly.

My first car was a 1927 Bailey, which I bought after the war from Louis Boileau at a gas station. Cars were hard to get in those days, and we did not have too much money. Louis had this car for sale for $127, maybe with tax, I don't know what it was.

It was a two-seater, and it worked. It was one of the first cars, I think, with hydraulic brakes, a real classy car, even had blinds on it, wheels on the side. The manufacturer had bought parts from General Motors, and this company and that, to assemble this car.

We went all the way to Hope once. We would get stopped by people who wondered what kind of car it was. Old-timers thought it was perfect. We had a ball with it, driving to dances all over the place.

We used to go to the Dogpatch dance in Port Coquitlam; I think it was Port Coquitlam, but part of Coquitlam now. Saturday nights, we would go to this old hall, called Dogpatch Hall, where there were no lights, only lanterns. It was romantic. Most people around our age, and some older people, too, a real community affair.

We also went to dances at the Arenex and Legion in New Westminster. All live music, local bands. We had the odd dance here in Maillardville at Tremblay's Hall, owned by Bill Tremblay, who had a big block down there. People would rent his hall for community affairs, and stuff like that.

I was in the army in 1943, but I did not go overseas. At the end of the war, I came back to work at Fraser Mills. After we were married, we bought this lot on the corner of Casey and Hachey, and built a two-room house at the back of the property.

We lived in it five years, then started building this place, this house here, and we've been in it ever since. Most of the people in those days built their own homes. I had help from my brothers to build mine; a cousin also helped. Otherwise, I did the rest of it myself except for plumbing and plastering, and stuff like that.

This road was all gravel in 1946, and it was all bush. We were never on a well though; we had water right from the start. We had a septic tank. Now all the old homes are being torn down. The big changes in this area are the apartments – fourplex, duplex – all these new town houses, and quite a few houses, too.

Things have gotten too big here; it was nicer when it was smaller. Too bad they had to replace the houses with apartments, because that really changed the street. We used to know everybody on the street; now we do not know too many, except for the sons and daughters of people I knew.

Leona Desormeaux Hammond



A 1911 family portrait shows seven-month-old Leona Desormeaux in her father's arms.

Born in 1910 in either Fraser Mills or Maillardville – the records are obscure – Leona Desormeaux Hammond was arguably Coquitlam's first French-Canadian baby, boy or girl.

Her father, Joseph Desormeaux, a fireman from Hull, Que., was unquestionably the fledgling municipality's first baker.

While Coquitlam pioneers overcame much adversity, the Desormeaux family seemed to have more than its share of tragedy. En route to Millside station by special CPR train in 1910, their small daughter died of kidney failure, and the family had to stop off in Winnipeg.

Then Mrs. Desormeaux, the former Philomene Poirier, died during the 1918 influenza epidemic, leaving her husband with five small children; the oldest, a boy, was about 17 and the youngest but 10 months.

The children were raised by their father and their maternal aunts, and once spent nine months in a New Westminster orphanage. Three other children had died in infancy. Of the five surviving children, Leona was the only girl. She enjoyed the company of her aunts.

Leona Desormeaux married Leo Hammond, a sawyer and barker at Fraser Mills, in 1926, when she was only 16.

The Hammonds – they Anglicized the family name from Hamon when they came to Coquitlam – had known the Desormeauxs back in Rockland, Ont.

The Hammonds raised three children. Armand lives on Galiano Island, Florence in Delta, and the baby of the family, a girl, near her mother's place on Burns Street in Coquitlam. Mrs. Hammond has nine grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

My father, Joseph Desormeaux, came to Maillardville from Hull, Que., where he was a fireman. He had heard about this area from a priest sent back East to recruit workers for the mill, so he came out to have a look in 1909. He then returned to Hull and got the family and brought them out here.

They came by train; the trip took a long time, over a week. There were four in the family when they came out here, and my mother was pregnant with me. One child died on the train – I think it was kidney trouble – and they had to stop in Winnipeg.

My family lived in Fraser Mills at first; my dad got a little house, and they lived there. I don't know how long they stayed there, and then Fraser Mills bought them a lot right where Millside school is. My father built a house there with lumber he got from the mill.

Then he built himself a bake shop and made bread in a traditional brick oven. The bake shop was built, all wood, right beside the house. He had learned to be a baker as a young man, but back East, he didn't make much money at it, so he thought he'd try it again here.

Sometimes, he worked all night to get everything ready for the morning. He baked everything. He had a horse and buggy, and he would go as far as Port

Moody to sell his bread. I guess it didn't work out that good because he went back to work at the mill.

I lost my mother in 1918 in the influenza epidemic, and Dad was left with five small children. Her death was hard on my dad, who stayed a widower for seven years. My aunts – they were all like my mother because they were her sisters – helped somewhat. We had a lot of family here on my mother's side.

My grandmother would come over and when Dad worked at the bake shop – he worked mostly at night – she'd come and stay with us, and in the morning, he was back home. And then in the morning, she would go back to my aunt's place.

I started school at Lourdes. They were teaching in French, and you had about an hour on Friday in English after Grade 7 or 8. Otherwise, it was all French. Grade 9, you had to go into New Westminster. I didn't go that far because I had to stay home and help with the family.

Dad was a very fussy, clean man, and everything had to be just so, so when the children were grown up, I stayed an awful lot with my aunts. They were close to us, and one aunt pretty well raised me. She had no family, so if we had a problem, we would go to another aunt who had a large family. We felt she would know better what to do.

When my dad went back to the mill after the bakery, he was there for a long time. He worked on the boom, and pretty well all over. Then, after that, he got a chance to go to McIntyre's logging camp on Vancouver Island, so we went into the orphanage.

I was about nine, and I went to the provincial orphanage on 12th Street in New Westminster, the two youngest brothers and me. This was about 1920 or '21. My brothers were on the boys' side, and I was on the girls' side. I was there nine months while my father worked in the logging camp.

That was the only thing my father could do to not separate us while he was working out of town. The orphanage was big then. My dad paid $30 a month, each, for us to be in the orphanage. He would come down to visit us at Easter and Christmas.

My youngest brother was only 10 months old when Mother died, so one of my aunts took him when we went to the orphanage. He stayed with them until he was six, then went back with my father when he remarried. When my father came back and got a little house in Fraser Mills, and went back working at the mill, we stayed with him there.

After my mother died, my father worked for another bakery, and when he took retirement, he was working for Woodward's in Vancouver – he started working when I got married, and was making more money than at the mill – at their bakery. My oldest brother worked at the mill and, later, on the tugs.

I got married in 1926 when I was 16, married on the 23rd of November, and I was 16 on the sixth of December. Then, it wasn't considered too young to be getting married; if you waited until you were 18, they thought you would be an old maid. My husband was 21.

He and I were brought up together; our families were good friends from back East. I was very lucky because he was a very good husband, a good father, and a good provider. We never had millions, but we always had our home.

The church had burned down by that time, so we got married in the Knights of Columbus Hall next to the rectory. The hall was used until the new Notre Dame de Lourdes church was built many years later. Years of services were held in the hall.

The young girls today are not as mature like we were. We'd do everything ourselves in our homes – we made everything. We used orange boxes with curtains for cupboards. We never had anything second hand. Everything was brand new because we'd wait until we could afford it, or we'd make it.

After we got married, we stayed with his family for four months, then went down on Brunette, rented an upstairs suite and stayed there. We were there about a year and a half, and then we got a house in Fraser Mills. It was awfully damp down there.

So we bought a lot on Le Bleu, and we built a house there. First, we built at the back of the lot because we wanted to build a proper house at the front. We had a bedroom, living room, kitchen and a bathroom, which just had a toilet, no bath. After we had built the house, we dug a basement for it.

We used to get crocks and put our meat and butter in there, and put it in the crawl space, because we had no fridges. There was no electricity then, and it was a long time before we got it. It would be cold under the house. Vegetables were sold door to door and fish was sold the same way.

We had a huge garden, and we used to can everything, even chicken, and we did lots of preserves. We cooked on a wood stove; you could buy a load of wood from Fraser Mills for $1.50, so you had your wood for all winter.

People would sit on their porch, and you would stop and talk to everybody. It was really nice, so much more friendly than today. We had lots of house parties. Everybody would bring something; some would bring home-brew. We used to make quilts, too. We would go to each other's house and have lunch, and then do our quilting.

Lots of people played music. We had a piano, and there were friends who played the drums, one who played the saxophone, and one the violin. Today is so different. We did a lot of mending and fixing on clothes, and only worried that you were always clean – that was the main thing.

There was only one doctor then; he used to ride a bike to make his house calls. Instead of drug stores, you would go to Fraser Mills to first aid, and they would give you cough medicine, or whatever pills that they had to give you. Having babies at home with a midwife in attendance was common.

When you had a baby, the midwife would come with Dr. George Wilson for the delivery, and first 10 days you were in bed. Then I had a girl stay with me for a month after. I could have bought a car for what I paid for my first baby buggy – a nice, big pram – which we used for lots of walks.

We stayed in the house we built on Le Bleu for 10 years, and in 1939, my husband's mother passed away and his dad was alone, so we didn't want to leave him alone, so he asked us to move in with him. We said

"no" but said we'd buy his house, which we did, for $600.

The house had three bedrooms, a living room, dining room and a huge kitchen. We fixed it all up and stayed there for 14 or 15 months, and then some people came from the Prairies – the Lamberts – and they had a big family, and they bought the house. They put down $25 for the down payment.

I walked over to Mr. Le Bleu's home, and he had lots of houses, and he said he would sell us one, but we couldn't put a lot of money down because of the war and taxes, so we bought a house for $1,200 at $25 a month. We thought we had a mansion.

My kids went to school at Lourdes; then my son went to high school up on Austin, and my older daughter went to Millside for two years before she went up the hill. The problem with my son was, when he got up the hill here, the teacher that was teaching French didn't pronounce it right.

The community was all French when we came here, but my kids could speak English just from the people around the area. My aunt couldn't say a word in English. My Aunt Sophie died when she was 97, and she understood a bit of English, but she couldn't say anything. My husband's mother never did speak any English, either.

We got our first car in 1936, I think, paying $100 for it. That was exciting. It wasn't brand new, but it was terrific. We really looked after it because that was a lot of money then. Gas was cheap, but we never went far; sometimes, we'd go to Stanley Park.

A while after that, the people around here would hire a truck, and you'd pay 25 cents each, and you would all go into Kitsilano. We'd do that every Sunday. Or we'd go to White Rock, and everybody would bring food, and we'd have a big picnic. White Rock became the place to go.

We used to camp at White Rock in the summer, renting a house there for a while. Each family would put in $3, and we would rent the house for a month. The men would work during the week and come out on the weekends.

Ralph Homfeld

Ralph Homfeld was born in Pitt Meadows on Oct. 31, 1912, but spent most of his youth in Hazelmere, south of Cloverdale, B.C.

After leaving school, he worked at various local farms before being hired by the Department of Agriculture in 1934 – the start of a 41-year career at Colony Farm.

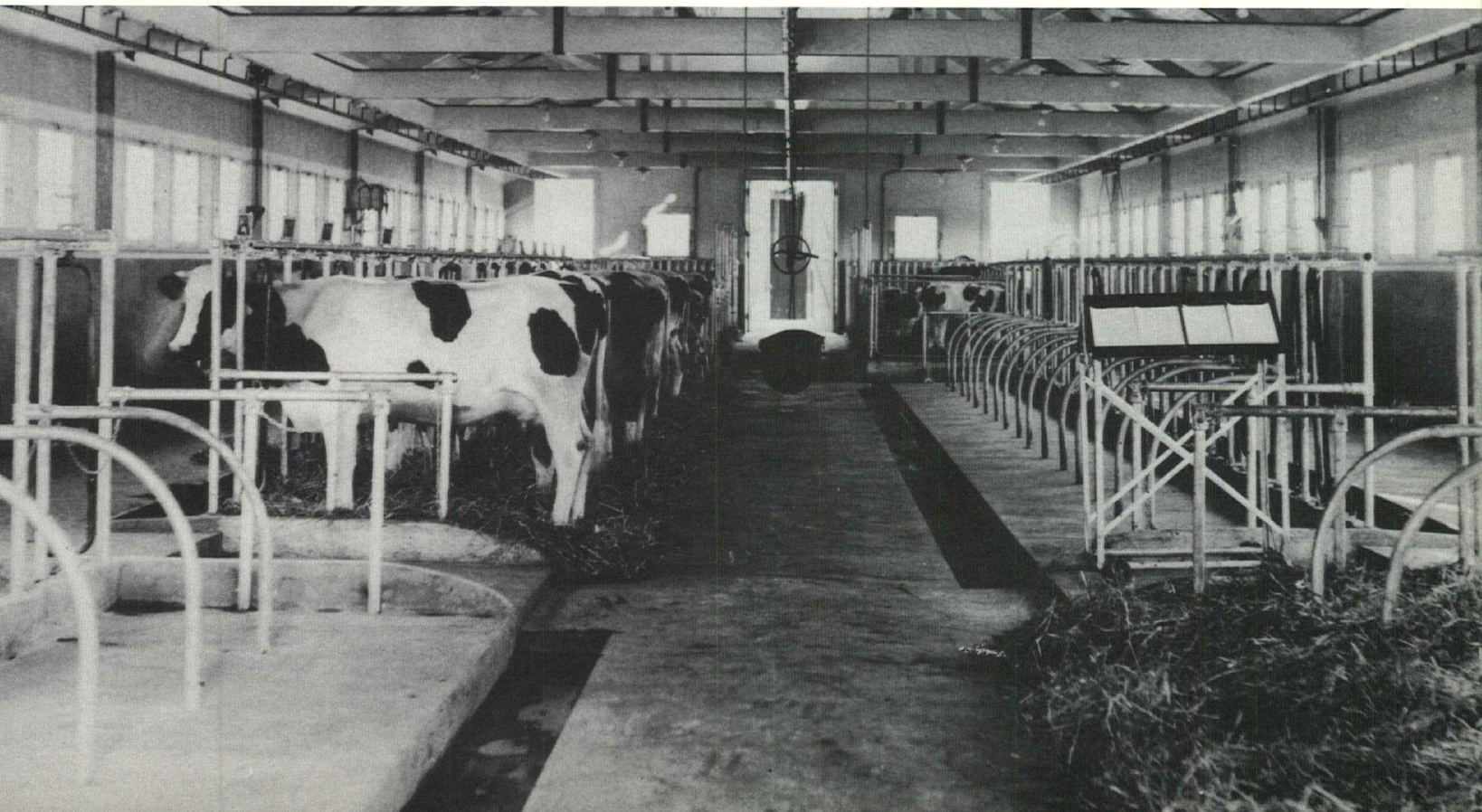
Working first as a milker, Mr. Homfeld later worked in the farm's dairy and cannery and also did a stint as a stockman.

He married Miriam Greening in 1941. The couple moved to a home on Port Coquitlam's Warwick Street where they still reside. They have two sons and four grandchildren.

Colony Farm started in 1910 I believe, with 70 cows bought from producers in B.C. and New York State, and then the superintendent, Pete Moore, brought in some cows from Carnation Farms in Seattle.

Eventually, the farm had a herd of 450 Holstein-Friesians with an international reputation. In fact, most of the Holsteins in B.C. can be traced back to Colony Farm. Pete Moore and the Colony Farm cattle won many awards at shows and at the PNE.

Holsteins in Colony Farm barn. The milk was pasteurized and sent to Essondale.



Colony Farm buildings in 1915.

Colony Farm produced the milk, meat and vegetables for Essondale and Woodlands School. Colony Farm and Essondale covered about 1,200 acres, with the farm on the flat with the Coquitlam and Pitt Rivers running through it. It was the best soil in the province – probably still is. In those days, Mary Hill was all trees, and there were just a few homes on Cape Horn. The railway went alongside Colony Farm and there was a station – Essondale Station – between Essondale and the Lougheed. There was a big archway over the road leading to the farm, with Colony Farm written on it. The farm was a regular farm. There was a dairy, the test barn, the arena where the horses were kept downstairs next to the offices. The offices were where all the harnesses and awards and trophies were kept, and when it burnt down, they were the first to go.

Patients harvest hay. Barns and the arena are in the background. This picture was taken in 1913.

Essondale patients work in the fields of Colony Farm in 1913. In the background, the hospital buildings are under construction.

There was the cottage, which had a dining room and kitchen where all the meals for the workers and patients were prepared. The single men lived in the bunk house or upstairs above the arena.

Early on, there was a barn up at Essondale where they kept a few cows near the home for the aged, but it was all under the Department of Agriculture which ran the farm. When I was hired in 1934, they still had pretty strict screening tests.

The Clydesdales were still being used to plow the fields and to harvest and to fetch the boxcars full of fruit which arrived at the station. The fruit went to the cannery where it was canned and set up to Essondale.

I worked first in the dairy; we were still milking by

Teams of Clydesdales are used to plow the fields.

hand although about two years after I began we got the mechanized milking equipment. The cows were kept in different pasture, and I knew every one of the 98 in the one barn by name and I knew where each and every one's stall was.

The milk was pasteurized and homogenized and sent up to Essondale. We had patients working in the milking barns as well as in the test barns where all the records were kept on production and so on. We used to sell the offspring and the bulls to the States.

We grew corn for silage, also mangles, which are a root like turnips, and lots of hay. We had to buy a lot of hay too though. We grew lots of vegetables for the hospital and canned just about everything, peaches, apricots, pears, diced carrots, tomatoes, tomato juice. We had our own cherries and apples, but the rest came by boxcar from the Okanagan.

I had no problems working with the patients – you could tell when they didn't feel well, and then I just took them back. Most of the patients working at the farm stayed at the farm, but some who wanted to earn a little extra money would come down from Essondale itself. They got a little bit of pocket money and they were always keen to get some money. They even used to sell their tobacco rations.

I had a little cubby-hole and I used to sell cigarettes and chocolate bars to the patients as a sideline. It was a great help, and when they'd be good I'd hand them out.

When I first started at Colony Farm it wasn't much different from the early days. I'd had a tour of the farm when I was 19 and I was supervising the calves we'd raised in the "calf club" in Hazelmore. We won a trip to the Royal Fair in Ontario too.

The Wilson Ranch was also part of Colony Farm – it was a private farm at one and was east of Colony Farm. At one time, Mr. Wilson's son Woodrow worked at Colony Farm.

When I got married in 1914, I was earning $76 a month. That was during the war, and most of the boys that could join up, did. I was one that couldn't because I'd had a bad rupture years before. We had a terrible time getting the work done, and it was often 18-hour days. I remember the Duke of Connaught schoolboys being sent down to help us and I had to tell them what to do. One of them was Bill Hughes from CKNW.

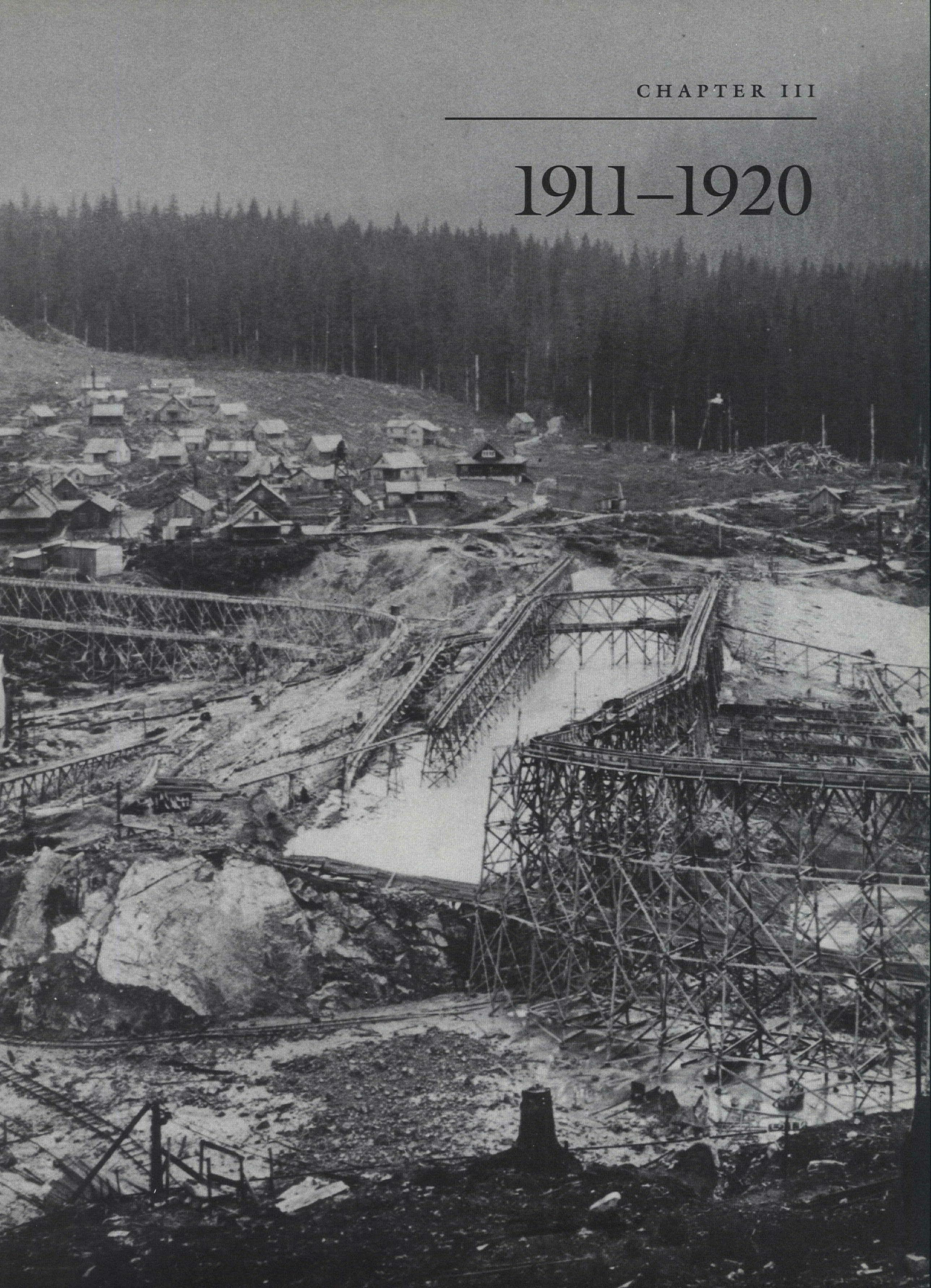
There were also pigs at Colony Farm, 1000 purebred Yorkshire pigs, and we used to send about 30 each week to Swifts in New Westminster to be slaughtered. There was also a butcher's shop at Essondale. We had a barn for the piglets too at the farm. There were no chickens in my day, and the sheep didn't come until the 1960s.

When I worked there, we had about 50 workers. Some of the single men lived in the bunk houses. There was lots of snow in the winters and floods most springtimes, usually around June and usually near the railroad tracks.

I like Colony Farm in all the seasons. I was really at home there and I was my own boss too, which was one thing.

CHAPTER III

1911–1920



Coquitlam residents entered this new decade full of hope and enthusiasm. But these feelings were slowly eroded by a declining economic situation, the advent of the First World War and the influenza epidemic, which raged through an already weakened population.

The municipality shrank in size as both Port Coquitlam and Fraser Mills ceded from the district in 1913, leaving Coquitlam covering an area of 37,204 acres. Although no longer officially part of Coquitlam, Fraser Mills played a vital part in the development of the community, employing about 850 people, who earned an average of $2.50 a day. The majority of employees were Europeans or French Canadians, but there was a large contingent of East Indians as well as smaller groups of Chinese and Japanese. The tree-lined King Edward Avenue formed the main street of Fraser Mills, and the second storey of the general store doubled as the community hall.

A shingle mill and door plant were added to the mill, but a recession set in by 1913 and continued until 1915, exacerbated in part by the loss of many experienced employees to the trenches of France. A bitter cold spell in early 1916 closed the mill for six weeks, and business was sluggish for the remainder of the decade.

Construction of the Coquitlam Dam between 1912-1914 provided work for some residents, and a small school was opened for their children. In 1917, the Canadian government took over a number of small railway companies it had previously subsidized and formed Canadian National Railways, utilizing the Great Northern Railway tracks through Coquitlam, New Westminster and into Vancouver.

Coquitlam's first Fire Brigade, an entirely volunteer effort, was established in 1912. Development spread north as a municipal waterline was installed along Rochester and Austin Roads to Marmont and later extended to Maillardville, Blue Mountain and Walker.

Coquitlam's present municipal hall sits on land purchased in 1919 from Fraser Mills for $900.

Overleaf: a small town for workers was built beside the Coquitlam Dam, seen here under construction in 1913.

Fred Gardham

Fred Gardham is the son of George H. and Blanche (Carverley) Gardham, both from Leeds, England. George Gardham came to Canada in 1900 and worked as an electrician in Ontario and Alberta before arriving in British Columbia to work on the Coquitlam Dam. He married Blanche in 1910, and their daughter, Dorothy, was born while they lived at the dam site.

Fred was born May 2, 1914, and attended school in Vancouver, graduating from technical school before working at various logging camps in northern B.C. as well as at B.C. Hydro's Ruskin Dam. He attended aeronautical school in Seattle and worked for Boeing in Vancouver. In 1940, he went to Ontario to work on the Hurricane planes used by the air force during the Second World War.

Mr. Gardham joined the merchant navy in 1944 and made several North Atlantic runs to England. Always an airplane enthusiast, Mr. Gardham spent five years working on the B-52 bombers in San Diego prior to joining CP Air.

Since his retirement, Mr. Gardham has built several aircraft and restored a number of older planes that are on display at the Museum of Flight and Transportation at Crescent Beach, B.C. He is married with one son.

My father was trained in both electrical and machine work, and when he came to Canada from England, he worked for Westinghouse in Hamilton, then he went to Calgary and worked on the Ghost River dam construction. From there he came out to Vancouver and got a job with B.C. Electric – or the Western Canada Power Company at that time.

The powerhouse at Lake Buntzen was using the switches from Westinghouse that he'd worked on previously, and then it was sometime after 1905 that he went up to the construction of the Coquitlam Dam. He was electrician at the powerhouse there and he also did all the wiring and looked after the underground railroad that worked in the tunnel. They had these little locomotives that went in the tunnel down to Buntzen Lake.

Workers use picks and shovels as they begin construction on the Coquitlam dam.



Railway tracks lead into the entrance of the tunnel. Using electric locomotives to remove rock, workers dug 12,000 feet through the mountain to connect Buntzen Lake and Coquitlam Lake.

Buntzen Lake was being built in conjunction with the Coquitlam Dam, so they were working on the original powerhouse at Lake Buntzen while they were constructing the dam at Coquitlam. They depended on one another to get the water supply. The locomotives were used in the tunnel for clearing the rock out and bring men back in and supplies, and my father was involved in all that.

They had a little powerhouse at the dam site to power the little electric sawmills. They also used electric pumps for the monitors to get all the fill down there to build this earth-filled dam. They hydraulicked it with high-pressure hoses and flumed it down to the dam site.

The people who lived at the dam site, they mostly lived in tents. There were a few houses built for the

The shores of Coquitlam River are being cleared before Coquitlam Lake is created.



The worksite at Coquitlam Dam. Employee houses are at left, and construction and workshops are at right. This photo was taken in 1913.

executives like Stronach, he was the head man, an American engineer who supervised the construction of the dam. But most of the families lived in tents. They had a sawmill there, they cut their own lumber for the flumes and so on. A chap named Harold Wilson was the head sawyer there, and he wound up eventually at a place in Oregon – I forget the name.

My mother came there (to the dam site) in 1910 as a bride and moved into a tent – it was quite a change for her coming from England. The tents had canvas roofs but wooden sides, wooden floor, fairly large and roomy. They were the conventional type of tent. My sister was born almost on the site – my mother managed to get a horse and buggy, and she was born in New Westminster in the Royal Columbian Hospital.

Flumes on scaffolding are used to carry earth to site of dam. Townsite can be seen in top left corner of this 1913 photo.



Access was by Pipe Line Road, by horse and buggy. I don't think there was any school. There was a school at Buntzen; after the war I went there. Twenty kids in there, that's all.

Coquitlam Dam was a construction site, there was no store, people just went to the commissary and got what they needed from the commissary, and it was all charged off their wages, just like you would in logging camps. Everything had to be brought in by horse and buggy, there were no cars.

There must have been about 100 families at the site at one time. The single men stayed at bunkhouses, the major workforce would be single men.

I couldn't tell you what the wages were but I do know that when my father was working up at Lake Buntzen after the war he was making about $90 a month, that was back in the 1920s and that was good money.

I think the Coquitlam Dam started up around 1905 and finished up about 1912 or 1913. Building the dam and tunnel they had a big campsite, but there was another big campsite at Lake Buntzen because they were working from the other end too. It was a joint effort, and there were two construction camps, one at Lake Buntzen and one at Coquitlam, both ends met in the middle.

My mother had a great time up there, the community life there . . . it was such a small community, and everybody got in together and fraternized with everybody, you know, the bosses and everybody. It was one big family. Complete isolation. The only time you'd come out was when you were sick or had a family or something like that. You didn't go in and out every day.

They put the dam in to raise the level of the lake so it would be high enough to run into Lake Buntzen – that was one of the things. And also they had to put a dam in there where the intake was for the water supply in New Westminster. That helped. That tunnel must be about a mile to go from one side of the mountain to the other.

The fall would be about a quarter to a half-inch to the foot or something like that. The water from Coquitlam provided water to run the powerhouse at Lake Buntzen, and it also provided the community water for New Westminster and Burnaby to Maple Ridge. As well as the electric power.

It was finished in 1913, and my father came down to the steam plant on Main Street (Vancouver) where the car barns used to be. There's still a station at Georgia and Main now which is part of the original Hydro setup. He was working on the steam plant as electrician. Then when war came along, he joined up and went overseas and took all the family over to England, and we were there until 1919, when he came back to Lake Buntzen. The powerhouse was completely built by then, and he went over as electrician. We lived up there and went to school.



Workers and their wives pose beside the Coquitlam Dam in this 1913 photograph.

The school was just a single room perched on the side of a cliff. The playground was just a little ground flattened out with a fence so you didn't fall down an embankment. We were at the north end of Buntzen Lake, within a stone's throw of the powerhouse. We had a community of about 50 families, and they had rigged these houses, perched on the side hills all over the place wherever a flat piece of land was. There was a tennis court constructed there, built on a side hill. They had a big retaining wall built so you could make it flat and had the tennis court built.

It was built alongside the high tension room which was part of the powerhouse. Part of the high tension room was not used for electrical stuff, and they had a badminton court there.

We stayed there until about 1925, and then my sister had to go to high school, so we moved to Vancouver and lived in Grandview. My dad stayed there until about 1936 when he had a bad heart attack and he couldn't manage the climbing all the time because it was up and down stairs everywhere you went, so he was transferred then from Lake Buntzen to the powerhouse at Bridge River – it's up behind Lillooet.

There was no road there in those days, you used to have to drive your car up to Lillooet, then you used to have to put your car on a flatcar, and they'd drive you about 20 miles into Bridge River. Then there was

a road from there going into the mine, but you couldn't get out that way. You could only go from the mine down to the railroad. That's the way they brought all the gold out from Bridge River, from Pioneer and Bralorne Mines in those days. There used to be 75-pound bars of gold come out in a gunny sack in an open pickup truck. It was handled like a piece of lead and shoved in a boxcar on the PGE down to Vancouver.

When we were living in Vancouver, my father used to come out at weekends. He had his own boat and he used to tie up at the Shell Oil plant, which used to be near Ioco on this side, about an hour's run down from Lake Buntzen to there, then he'd walk about a mile till he got to the old Hastings extension streetcar and then he'd come home by streetcar.

They had a terrible fire up at Coquitlam and it nearly burnt the townsite out. They all had to leave everything and just get out as quick as possible. It burnt all that side hill.

It was a forest fire, it got going and took this whole side of the hill . They had to clear everyone out of the place. I forget what time it was, but it must have been sometime between 1910 and 1913 because my mother went through it.

The gravel was brought down from glacial till in the mountainside and brought down with hydraulic hoses and flumed down to the dam site where they built the earth retaining wall, the dam. There was a spillway which was kept open until they got the dam completed, then they blocked the spillway off and let the lake fill up after that.

The level of the lake was raised almost 100 feet from the original level of the lake. It gave you a greater volume of water and it also gave you the height of water to flow from there to Lake Buntzen so they could maintain a continuous flow into Lake Buntzen.

There was a spillway there in case Lake Buntzen was ever shut down they could still spill water down through the original Coquitlam River.

A punchion road is where they take logs and lay them sideways, crossways over the creeks and soggy ground when they put gravel on top of that again, and you could put logs the other way again or planks, then you could have a road to get across and get a wagon across.

Horses and scrapers were used to moving gravel around once the flumes had brought the gravel down from the side of the mountain where they were hydraulicking it with a high pressure hose, then the horses and scrapers would ten move the gravel around on the dam site area. They used clay and all sorts of things to seal the dam, then put gravel on top then seal it again with more clay, then put gravel on top – that's the way earth dams are constructed – it's not just higgledy-piggledy.

It's still a viable dam, it's survived earthquakes and all that sort of thing.

They had blacksmith shops for the horses, machine shops, a complete sawmill there that sawed all the lumber, I think it was steam operated, they were using conventional sawmill methods in use at that time. Buntzen was built to supply electricity to Vancouver, and Stave, it was supplying Westminster.

The trams were operated by the Western Power Company because they had their steam plant down on Main. That provided the initial electrical power for Vancouver. And when Stave Falls got going, that supplied Westminster because the powerline came straight down to Westminster.

Margaret Neelands Gueho

Margaret Neelands Gueho had good reason to be close to the Vancouver Golf Club. It was her husband Manny, who tended the greens there for so many years.

The golf club had its roots in a Nov. 22, 1910 meeting of the provisional B.C. Golf Club at the Terminal City Club in Vancouver. A $500 deposit had been made on the Austin farm lands in Coquitlam; the full cost was $60,000 in cash payments of $3,000 and $8,000, with the balance in six annual, equal installments.

Equipment and horses were bought. Because 70 acres of W. R. Austin's Blue Mountain Ranch had already been cleared, nine holes were ready for play by June 24, 1911, when the club was officially opened.

A crew of Russians was engaged to clear land for the other nine holes some years later. They were soon discharged in favor of East Indians who felled trees six to eight feet in diameter with crosscut saws and double-bitted axes.

Golfers in the early years travelled from Vancouver on the Great Northern Railway. Then, when the Burnaby Lake interurban tram line was built, East Indians with horses and Democrat buggies were dispatched to pick up the golfers at the Golf Club Station in nearby Sapperton.



Margaret Neelands.

The first club house was the old farm house; several have been built since, at least two having been destroyed by fire. A unique feature of the early club houses was the dormitory for golfers who'd missed the last tram back to Vancouver or New Westminster.

Born May 5, 1904, Margaret Neelands Gueho came to Coquitlam with her family from Burnaby in 1910. Her father, William Neelands, who was elected a Coquitlam councillor (1917-18, 1919-22, 1924-26) retired to a life of casual farming, and built a large home for his family in Burquitlam.

Her sister, Ruth, was once a municipal employee, back in the days when the municipal offices were



House built by William Neelands in 1912 on the corner of North Road and Austin. Today this is the location of the Denny's Restaurant and the Cariboo Shopping Centre parking lot.

located in the Emeri Pare home on Brunette.

Margaret Neelands married Emmanuel Gueho, a French emigre who had come to Canada with a brother and a cousin, in 1923.

In time, Mr. Gueho became head greenskeeper at VGC. When he started there in 1922, mowers were pulled by horses; when he retired in 1967, pretty well everything was motorized.

The Guehos raised four children. When he died March 5, 1971 at age 75, Mr. Gueho was eulogized, not only as a hard-working family man and a builder of the municipality, but as one of Coquitlam's most prominent citizens. Mrs. Gueho now lives in New Westminster and has 11 grandchildren.

I was born in Burnaby, and came with my family to Coquitlam in 1910. My father, William Neelands, served on Coquitlam council starting in 1917, and my sister, Ruth, worked at municipal hall when it was an office in the police chief's house on Brunette.

When we lived in Burnaby, my father was an electrical engineer for B.C. Electric Co., and was in charge of the substation near the high school on Kingsway. After we moved to Coquitlam, he didn't work, he just farmed; he went back to farming here, but only in a small way.

He built a large house for us on North Road, I recall attending the Little Red Schoolhouse, then planted an orchard. We also had chickens, a cow and a horse. After I was married and living on Rochester, we kept a cow at one time, using the milk for our own purposes. A lot of Coquitlam people had cows then.

My sister was on the office staff at municipal hall. She used to write up the tax rolls, all by hand. She worked for the municipality quite a few years, until she was married in 1926. The office was originally in the Pare house down on Brunette Street and was later enlarged.

My husband, Emmanuel (Manny) Gueho, was born in France in 1896 and came to Canada about 1912 with a brother and a cousin. His family stayed in France. He first came to Vancouver, then went to Langley. They all served in the First World War, and one of them didn't survive; another stayed in France.

My husband was the only one to return to Langley, and came to Coquitlam in 1919. We were married in August, 1923. We were the first couple married in Blue Mountain Union, a small, non-denominational church on North Road, near Austin Avenue.

Before my father bought the property for our house, there was a little corner cut out by the previous owner, who stipulated it be used for religious purposes as long as it was used continuously. The Union church was then built on that land as a community effort.

The church was there some 50 years; then it was demolished for a commercial development. All the aspiring ministers from New Westminster, no matter what their religion was, would come out and practise there. The church would have been where Denny's and the bank is now.

My husband and I bought five acres on Rochester Street, and built two houses there, a small one at first, then a larger one as the children started to arrive. We raised four children. About 1938, we tore down the original house and built a bigger and better one. Then, after the war, when the children started to leave home, we subdivided the property.

My husband was greenskeeper at Vancouver Golf Club, later, he became head greenskeeper, for 45



The barn behind the Neelands family home.

years, from 1922 to 1967. The pay was very, very small. I remember, I was in hospital in 1929 when my daughter was born, and his pay was raised to $25 a week, and we thought we were rich. I think he got $16 a week when we were married; then it went up to $19.

The golfers used to come out from Vancouver on the Burnaby Lake tram and get off at the station (in Sapperton). They called it the Golf Club Station. That's where they got off, and they would either walk to the course, or there was a guy with a horse and buggy that would meet them there.

The club house was just the old farm house then, and they didn't have rooms to stay over. My mother and father had built this big house on North Road, and we had extra rooms, so some of the golfers used to come over to our place and stay over.

My husband served terms first as school trustee, then as alderman in Coquitlam, and was later appointed to the parks board. There was no pay for any of these positions.

My father was on Coquitlam council way before my husband, who used to campaign by word of mouth. They would have campaign meetings, and people would come and listen. My husband loved to get up and talk, and made up his speeches as he went along. Council was just individual people then, not different parties.

(My husband) earned the unofficial title of Mr. May Day as the instigator of Coquitlam's first May Day in 1940, and was chosen Citizen of the Year in 1961.

He started May Day in Coquitlam, the very first one was held in 1940 at Blue Mountain Park, and headed the May Day committee for 23 years. New Westminster always had one, so he figured Coquitlam should have one as well. May Day was similar to the ones in New West, with the Maypole dances and the May Day ball at the school auditorium.

Eventually, we built another house on another lot, 611 Shaw Ave., and sold the big house on Rochester. I remember, the last few years on Shaw, the taxes shot way up, and the neighbors around all came over to my husband to complain about their taxes.

So he told him his had gone up, too, and he said there was a right time and a right place to put in their complaints, and that wasn't at his house at that time. They always came to him with their complaints about anything, the neighbors did.

While on council, my husband was chairman of the board of works, or whatever they called it, and he really saw the municipality develop. Every time somebody had a plugged drainage ditch or something, they would call him, so he always carried a shovel in the back of his car. There were wooden drainage pipes and culverts, and open ditches then, and there weren't too many municipal employees.

My husband also launched Coquitlam's town planning committee, and saw it grow into a strong municipal department.

He was instrumental in having Mundy Park dedicated, in other words, nobody could take the land away after that for development, although the municipality did set some aside.

Being originally from France, my husband spoke French, so that was very helpful when he ran for office. Some of the people in Maillardville spoke the same French as he did, while others spoke a Canadianized French. My husband had no trouble conversing with the older residents. He was perfectly bilingual, and did not have even a trace of an accent.

Victor Gueho

Victor Gueho was the oldest of four children of Emmanuel (Manny) and Margaret Gueho, who lived in Rochester Road, not far from Vancouver Golf Club.

Manny Gueho was the greenskeeper there for 45 years, when he became a one-man work force for the Coquitlam parks board. Aside from his work at VGC, which Victor Gueho describes, Manny Gueho devoted virtually a life-time to civic duties in Coquitlam. He was a school trustee and a councillor in three decades (1938-42, 1944-50, 1954-57) and, at various times, was appointed chairman of the parks board, the town planning committee and the board of works.

Victor Gueho, a life-long Coquitlam resident, married Beebe Anderson in 1947. They have two children and three grandchildren, and still live on a corner of his parents' original acreage on Rochester.

I was born Christmas Day, 1924, the eldest of four children. My father came to Canada from Brittany, France, and moved to Coquitlam in 1919. My mother's family moved into a house on North Road in 1910. I have lived in Coquitlam all my life.

Dad was the greenskeeper at Vancouver Golf Club for many, many years. He started out as a laborer, then became the head greenskeeper. He was very well thought of, and when he retired in 1967 after 45 years, they had a big party for him.

Dad had come from a gardening family in France, so to speak, and when he first came to Coquitlam, the Pollards across the street (on Rochester Road) had a big greenhouse complex, and he worked there until Mr. Pollard died.

While he was working at the golf course, dad also raised flowers of all different kinds at home, selling them to a local greenhouse man who then took them into Vancouver to sell. At one time, he had 20,000 hyacinth bulbs planted right where this house stands now, and when they came out in the spring, you could smell them all up and down the road.

I think dad got up at five every morning to work in his garden. He'd come in for breakfast, go to work at the golf club, come home at noon to have his lunch and putter around for a few minutes, then come home after work at five. After supper, he was back out in the yard again.

He worked very hard, he was what might be called a "workaholic" today, but managed to get on with many other activities as well. He was on the school board and was later elected alderman to Coquitlam council. At one time, everything was run by council, and when they eventually formed a separate parks board, dad was sort of at the beginning of that.

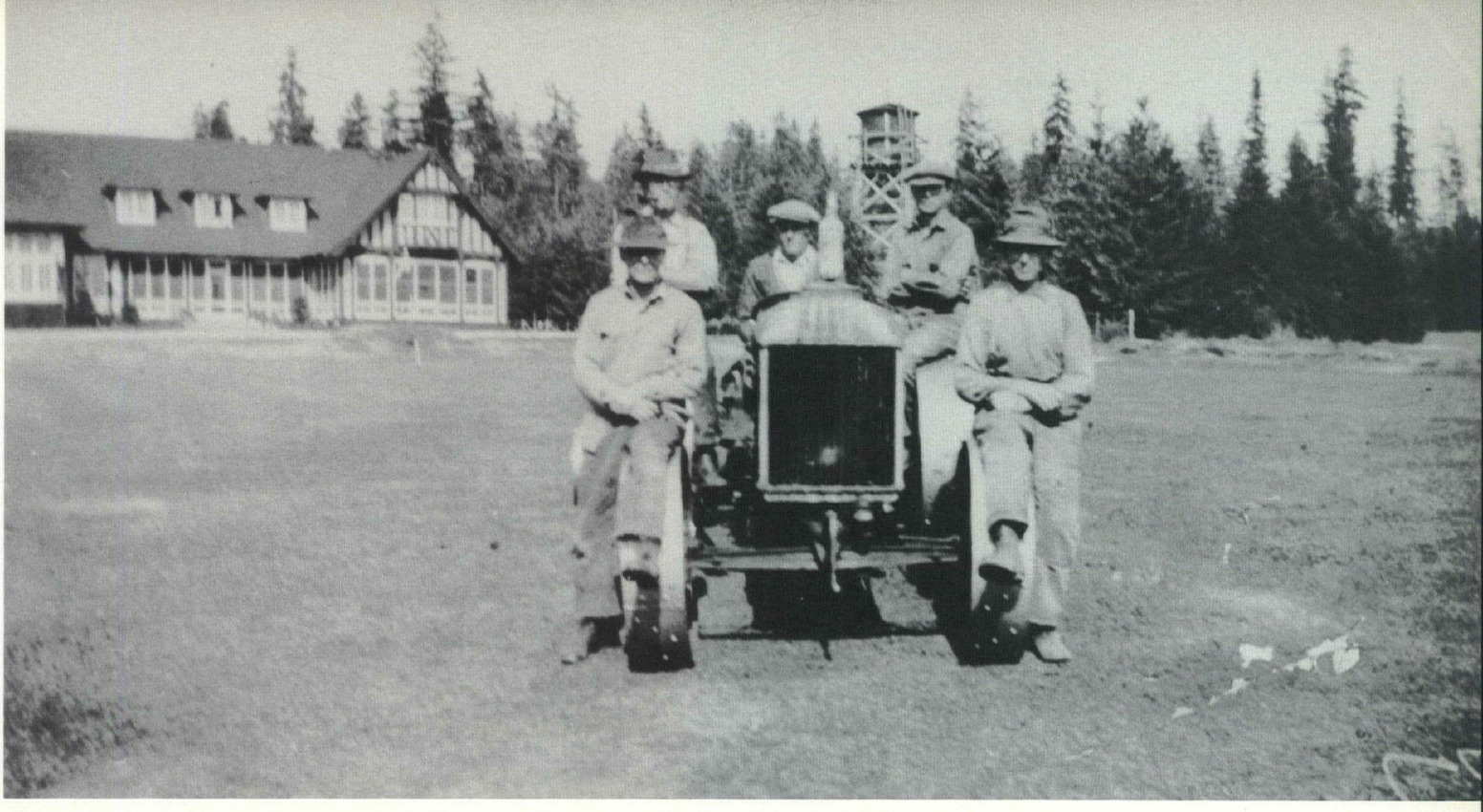
When dad first started at Vancouver Golf Club (in 1922), it was only a nine-hole golf course. And then they built the other nine, cut it out of a forest. He used a team of horses when he first had to water the greens, and I think they also used them in the early years for cutting the fairways.

As greenskeeper, dad was the head man responsible for maintaining the physical property belonging to the golf club. He was like a golf course superintendent, making sure the course was maintained, and any rebuilding of any of the facilities was done properly.

Tommy Burslem was one of the employees who worked with dad; he died years ago right on the golf course. I only knew him from when I was a kid. Reg

Group shot in front of the first clubhouse, which later burned down.





Greenskeepers in front of the second clubhouse at Vancouver Golf Club in the 1920s.

Caddy and Dad worked together for years. After he left the golf course, Reg went to work for the municipality on the parks board. There were some others, too, like Mr. Schwab.

For many employees, the golf course provided only seasonal work; they would get laid off in the winter. When the snow came, most of the maintenance workers were laid off until spring. Dad worked all year round, and he would try to keep the men on as long as he could.

Dad worked a six-day week, and then a five and a half-day week, but he was always up there for a couple of hours on Sunday. He was proud of the greens, and the golf course in general. People came from all over to see some of the greens that dad had developed here.

I guess dad had a pretty free rein running the golf course, which goes across from Blue Mountain Park. He made his own time. There was a driveway out to the park, this was when the municipality had few employees, and he would get Reg to take the tractor and the fairway mowers to cut the grass in the park, if he was working in that area.

On the golf course, on the sixth fairway, dad would take the horse out in the winter time, take the scoop shovel and put it in backwards, fill it with rocks, then pull it down the slope to make a nice toboggan run in the snow.

Although the toboggan run was basically for the members of Vancouver Golf Club, everybody in the community went out and had fun on it. All us kids used it. There were no obstructions, no cars, no anything, so it was great.

I don't remember the Depression affecting us because dad always had a steady job, and we always had a car. I think dad was earning $19 or $20 a week. I can remember, you could find a spot down on Burrard Inlet and build a summer home, and you paid Port Moody $10 or $20 a year, and you squatted.

Coquitlam was very rural when I was growing up. We had a wood stove at home, and had to cut our own wood. I remember when the pavement went only as far as Walker Road; it was gravel the rest of the way. All that land, or the majority of the land, between Austin and Como Lake was just bush, all wilderness.

Gatensbury Road went through, Schoolhouse didn't, and none of the others. It was a real hike to go to Mundy Lake. We walked everywhere, or we rode our bikes. Como Lake, which provided a reserve water supply for Fraser Mills at one time, was a great skating lake in the winter.

We knew everybody on Rochester Road. I can remember sleigh-riding on North Road, starting at the top of the hill at MacPhail's store. If conditions were right, you could go right down to Hume Park. There wasn't much traffic to worry about.

After school one day, I went down Blue Mountain Road with some kids, and on the corner of Delestre, there was a house with several walnut trees. The owner made a deal with the neighborhood kids, we could have all the nuts off the corner tree if we left the others alone.

So I was climbing this tree, and I slipped and slashed my arm on a barb-wire fence. Anyway, one of the kids brought me home, and the lady that was looking after us called our doctor, and he came out in his car. He took me to the hospital and stitched me up, and I stayed at my aunt's for a week. I was about nine at the time.

Coquitlam was really developing in my father's day. I can remember, when I started school at Central, there were only about four schools in the district – Mountain View, Millside, Central and Glen. There was no high school for a time; I attended Austin, and completed Grade 12 at Duke of Connaught in New Westminster.

Dad was very involved in community affairs all his life, and he was very well known throughout the municipality. Whenever he ran for council, he was alderman on and off between 1938 and 1957, the family was involved in the campaign a certain amount. I would go listen to him make speeches, but I didn't campaign with him.



Victor Gueho.

When we were kids, Mother used to buy shredded wheat, and it came in a box with little cardboard separators, and Dad used to save all those little things. He used to make notes on them. When he was running for office or had to make a speech, well, he'd have all his notes down, and he was ready.

During the week or 10 days preceding the election, there would be a public meeting in Maillardville, one at Mountain View school, one at Mundy Road school, and one in Dogpatch Hall. All the local people would come out and listen to the various candidates.

I don't think any of the candidates could afford to do much advertising in those days. Dad never even had flyers made up. The parks board was not elected, it was sort of voluntary, or whatever, and you were asked to serve. I guess the men on the parks board asked dad to be chairman when he was appointed.

Dad wasn't the only one involved in changes in Coquitlam's park system, but I think he was the prime mover on a lot of things. He donated a row of evergreen trees that he planted on the boulevard along Blue Mountain Road at the park. They're gone now that they've widened the road.

He was instrumental in having Mundy Park preserved forever as a park through the provincial government. And he was instrumental in the development of the park around Como Lake, which was all just bush at that time.

I remember Como Lake well because we used to skate there, and when I was small, one of my class mates drowned when he went through the ice. Fraser Mills had a pipeline running from the lake all the way down to the mill, and they had a big water tower down there. The water was used as a reserve for fire protection.

Dad pushed to dredge some of the bog out of the bottom of the lake, and had the area around it cleared. They didn't change the lake, in other words, they just cleared around it. I guess the municipality in its wisdom then retained a belt around the lake for use as a park.

Dad could be quite a humorist at times; I didn't realize at first, but I did as I got older. When they made him Coquitlam's Citizen of the Year in 1961, they had the ceremony and what-not at the Gai Paree in Burnaby, and they had hired a comedian for entertainment. Well, when dad got up and started talking, he made the other guy look sick.

Dunbar Philp

Dunbar Philp was born in Coquitlam in 1912. Both his parents were from St. Thomas, Ont., and had bought 16 acres of property along Marmont Road.

His father, Charles William Philp, served one year as reeve, in 1917, when Reeve Marmont had to return to England, and he also served as councillor in 1915-16.

Actually, Mr. Philp was on his second trip to the area in 1910. An incorrigible wanderer, he had passed through around 1897 en route to the Klondike gold rush via Seattle.

Once Mr. Philp settled down in Coquitlam, he became a building contractor. While he built anything anywhere, his notable projects in Coquitlam were three clubhouses at the Vancouver Golf Club and Central school, later to become known as Austin, in 1923.

Dunbar Philp always showed an aptitude for electronics, he was also quite handy, and established one of the earliest radio-repair businesses in the days when the "wireless" was considered a new-fangled invention.

When television became the vogue, he repaired those sets as well, later semi-retiring to Pender Island, and working in marine electronics. Over the years, he also repaired washing machines and refrigerators at Dunbar's Appliance Services on Clarke Road, did some silver and gold soldering for jewellers, and mended eye-glass frames.

Now retired in Surrey, Dunbar and Joy Philp, who raised two children, they have a daughter in Langley and a son in Surrey, have eight grandchildren.

Both my parents were originally from Ontario. They moved out to the Coquitlam area around 1910. I was born in Coquitlam in 1912.

I had one sister; she was born in Winnipeg in 1906. My parents went to Winnipeg after they were married, built a house there, then came out to Vancouver after a couple of years.

My father always had the wanderlust, and he had been through here after he left home at 15. He was in Seattle in 1897, and there was a boat headed for the Yukon, so he got aboard and went to Skagway and worked for a while, and then he tried the gold rush of '98.

He went to Lake Laberge and built himself a boat, he was a builder all his life, and in the spring, he went to Dawson City. He tried gold mining until 1904. He did all right at gold mining, too. All the places were staked, so he worked on shares.

Then he went home to St. Thomas, found the girl of his dreams, and married her. They bought 16 acres along Marmont Road, from Austin to Rochester, that's where Rochester takes a little jog, in 1910, and they built a house there. We lived in a tent while Dad was building our house.

There weren't many houses around. We had some chickens and a cow, and there was a horse for my father's work, but I was too young to worry about chores. Around 1920 or '21, we moved into town (New Westminster). I remember, it was the year before driving changed from the left side to the right side of the road.

Dad was a building contractor and worked everywhere; if somebody wanted something done, he built it. He rebuilt the Vancouver Golf Club clubhouse three times because it kept burning down; it got bigger and better each time. I think the last one he built was the second-to-final club-house.

Dad also built the original school up on Austin and Nelson. He built anything that needed doing. He was on Coquitlam council for a while, I don't know just how long. Marmont was reeve at the time, and when he went to England, my dad was the acting reeve.

Actually, Dad wasn't political at all as I remember. The first really politically-minded person on council was R. C. MacDonald. He was reeve for years and years. There weren't that many rabid politicians like today. Nowadays, they make a business of it.

We moved into New West for about seven years, and then went back to Coquitlam. We moved back to the adjoining lot from where we were before, buying a house this time. My dad had sold only one lot when we moved to town. I don't know why we went to New West.

When I was growing up, Rochester didn't cut through; I can remember watching them build the road. When we moved back from New West, there was electricity at the end of Rochester, and after we'd lived there for about a year, we finally got hooked up.

The area was just developing then. There were bears around, but the animals didn't bother people, so you didn't bother them. There were lots of game birds around. Even by the time I started working, I'd go out before work many times and shoot a grouse, and it would be ready to eat when I got home.

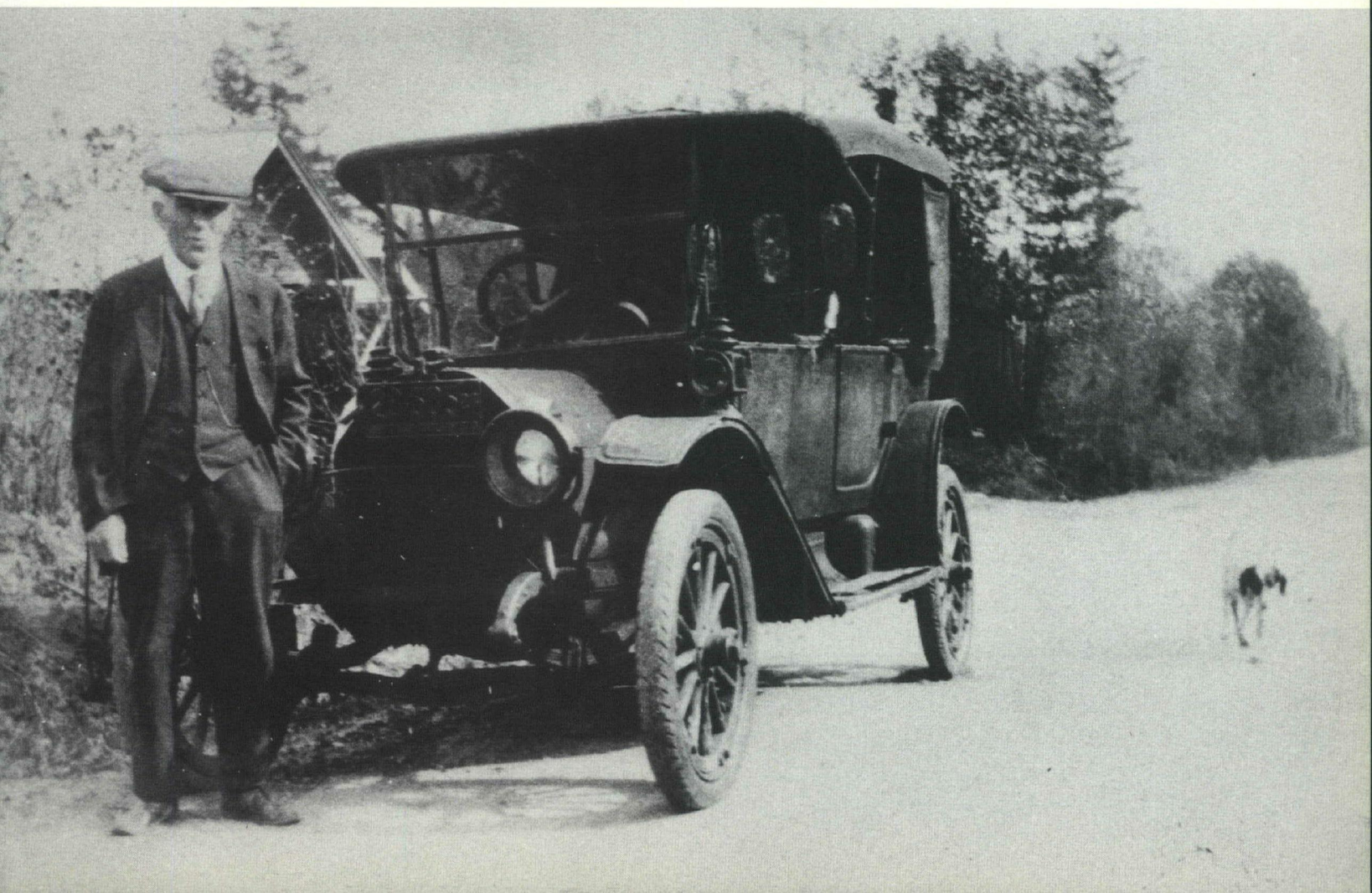
I caddied a bit at Vancouver Golf Club, everybody did in those days. I remember, at the end of the war, we saw an airplane land on the sixth fairway on the golf course. Seeing an airplane up close was quite rare then; it was a two-seater. I don't know why the pilot landed there.

I went to Millside, the only school around except for the Catholic one. When we were in New Westminster, I went to Richard McBride school in Sapperton. After I finished high school, I opened up Deluxe Radio Services in New Westminster, a radio repair shop.

I opened the shop in 1930. I got into radios when they first came out, and I was always tinkering with them. I worked for a year in an electrical shop before that as a sales clerk. There wasn't a lot of work in those days as it was the start of the Depression.

I just fixed radios, not selling them, and I made a living at it. There were lots of radios around, and they were always breaking down. I also made house calls to fix them. I did gold and silver soldering for all the

Charles Philp in front of the family home at 437 Marmont in 1928.



jewellers in town, and fixed eye glasses as well.

Lots of times, I went out to fix someone's set, and they might have had a couple of dollars to pay me, but more often than not, I'd come home with a chicken, or a car full of groceries, or vegetables and such. A lot of bartering went on in those days.

I had an old Star coupe, bought it for 50 bucks, bought it from a used-car dealer. My dad had the first car in the neighborhood in 1913. In those days, you did all the repairs yourself. Years later, I traded it even for a Chrysler sedan.

I met my wife when I was going to high school and we got married in 1933. She was from Burquitlam; her family came here from Ontario. When I met her, her family lived on the Burnaby side of North Road, half a block away from the Little Red Schoolhouse, where she started school.

She went to Connaught for a year, then took teacher's training in Vancouver. After teaching for a year, she decided she wanted to be a nurse, so she went into nurse's training. She worked at the Royal Columbian Hospital. Not many women in those days worked after they were married.

We lived with my folks for about a month or so, and then we moved into our house, and built it around us. The house was on a piece of property in Coquitlam next to my folks. I think it took us about 10 years to have it completely finished.

You didn't go and take out a loan in those days; you did what you could, as you could afford it. We sold our place in 1964. In the late '40s and '50s, our area of Coquitlam really started to build up, so I put all my dad's property into a sudivision.

My wife and I used to take the car and go to dances. We went to Hammond, Old Orchard, and sometimes, even as far as White Rock. During the summer, one of the best places for dancing was on Marine Drive in White Rock, where they always had a live orchestra.

I closed the store in New West in 1942 and went into the air force for a while. I was a mechanic. I never got sent overseas; I was stationed in Ontario and then, New Brunswick. I was gone three years in all, and I got home once a year.

When I got home in 1945, I started up again on Clarke Road, a shop called Dunbar's Appliance Services. I fixed washing machines and refrigerators, and such. As soon as television came in, I started with those as well. After two years there, I moved to a place on Austin closer to home, and I was there until 1964.

My wife and Reeve (Jimmy) Christmas started Teen Town during the war. We loved it in Coquitlam. It was a wonderful place to live.

Florence Jago Wilson

When 10-year-old Florence Jago first saw the land that was being cleared for the large family home in 1911, she was delighted by the huge trees and the fish-filled creek on the property.

Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Jago, had purchased the substantial tract, directly behind Coquitlam Centre shopping mall, a year earlier. Johnson Road was yet to be built, and Glen Drive was known then as Old Port Moody Road.

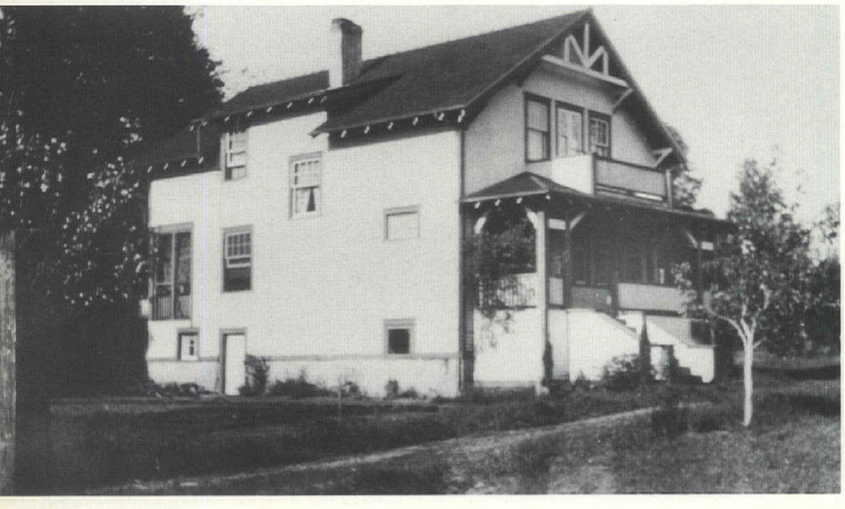
Mrs. Wilson's husband George, a Scottish immigrant and surveyor, worked on the Coquitlam dam, which was built in 1911 to ensure a power and fresh-water supply for New Westminster and Port Coquitlam and, in 1920, for Coquitlam itself. The massive hydro-electric tunnel between Coquitlam Lake and Lake Beautiful, renamed Buntzen Lake, had been completed in 1905.

Fearsome forest fires beset early Coquitlam settlers, not even the established pockets of settlement such as Burquitlam and Maillardville had much fire protection then, and Mrs. Wilson tells about fighting the big one which threatened their very existence in 1914.

Mrs. Wilson was 87 years old when she compiled and typed the following reminiscences, which won honorable mention in the Pioneer Tales of Coquitlam contest. Now a spry 89, she still drives, and regrets that she will miss Glen school's 75th reunion – she attended the 53rd – as she will be off on a cruise through the Panama Canal.

Her late husband, George Wilson, was honored for undertaking the difficult job of surveying the Pacific Great Eastern Railway route. He later worked for customs and immigration.

The Wilsons raised five children – four sons and a daughter. One son was lost in the Second World War. Mrs. Wilson, who has lived in West Vancouver the past 58 years, has 11 grandchildren and 19 great-grandchildren.



Brookside Ranch at the corner of Johnson and Glen in 1912.

In 1910, my parents purchased 18 acres of land on the southeast corner of Johnson Road and Old Port Moody Road, now named Glen Drive. We adjoined the Murchie place, owners of Murchie Tea Co.



Brookside Ranch beside Hoy Creek on Johnson Road. Picture taken in 1920.

My father and two older brothers built a small house and lived in it while clearing part of the land for an orchard and a large house. In 1911, one of my sisters, age eight, and I, age 10, spent the Easter holidays with my father and brothers.

While walking to Westminster Junction to catch the train home to Vancouver, my sister, father and I were overtaken by the stage coach from the Coquitlam dam, the dam being under construction at that time. The driver stopped and offered us a ride.

It was more like a roller coaster as Pipe Line Road was very rough, so we had a very bumpy journey. The four large mules galloped all the way to the station. The stage coach carried workers to and from the dam, and also carried the Royal Mail bags.

During the school holidays, our whole family of eight spent the summer living in the little house and a big tent divided into two rooms; we also had an outdoor kitchen. My parents bought a cow and a churn, and as Scott Creek ran through the property, my parents stored the milk, cream and butter in large five-gallon crocks placed in a wooden rack in the creek.

There was an abundance of rainbow and cutthroat trout in the creek, which made for good fishing. Large alder trees shaded the creek so it was a cool place on hot summer days. We had a swing over the creek, which was a treat. There was a huge, dead cedar tree called a snag on this land; it measured 49 feet around the base. My father hired loggers to fall it. We had enough fence posts from it to fence the whole property; the posts were still good after 60 years!

On the first of May, 1912, we moved into our new home of 10 rooms. We called it Brookside Ranch. A large orchard had been planted. We acquired five cows, a Clydesdale mare and a driving mare; we also raised pedigree Yorkshire pigs.

In July and August of 1913, a one-room school was built west of Johnson Road and named Glen school. It opened with seven pupils in September, and soon increased to 13, aged six to 14 years. Fifty-three years later, a reunion was held in the new Glen school at Westwood Road and Glen Drive.

Nine of the original pupils attended the reunion. Many teachers were present, including one who had taught from 1914 to 1918. Mr. Danielson, a school supervisor who only called once a year, was also there. He was over 90 years old. Nice to see him after 53 years!

In the spring of 1914, little Glen school had an Arbor Day, and we pupils planted a row of trees along the front of the one-acre yard. The one-room school was later turned into a house; the trees are still shading the yard. The eldest pupils took turns, a week about, raising and lowering the Canadian flag every school day.

In the fall of the year, we used to watch the salmon coming to spawn in Scott Creek. The water was only about 12 to 14 inches deep except for the pools, or after there was heavy rain. We could see the female salmon making a depression in the sand and laying her eggs; then the male would fertilize them.

North of us lived the Fred Johnson, William Walton, Alfred Edwards and Daniel Judd families. The school was on part of James Rintoul's land. We were quite

isolated from Coquitlam, and did most of our business in Port Coquitlam, walking there along the railroad tracks.

In the winters before the First World War, my youngest brother used to take my sisters and myself and a friend for moonlight evening rides in our cutter to Port Moody and back – the snow well-packed and frozen, sleigh bells on the horse, and – no cars! We always met other sleighs with bells out for a trot. Such wonderful memories.

Where Westwood Road is today, there used to be a railway line crossing Glen Drive from the Deeks gravel pit to a siding of the CP Railway. The engine was quite small, and was always called the 'coffee pot.' We sometimes had a ride on the engine from the siding through the woods to Glen Drive, which was great fun.

In June, 1914, a huge forest fire started in the hills toward Coquitlam dam and travelled south, burning out a logging camp. Families at the camp were put on the logging train and evacuated.

The school closed as it was dangerous for the children. The fire spread to our back fence. The sun looked like an orange through the heavy smoke. The roar and the reflection of the fire at night was frightening.

Fire wardens advised us to leave our home as burning limbs and huge clumps of burning moss were falling in our orchard, and on to our roof. My father buried the family silver and legal documents, then he and my brother went up on the roof.

My mother tended a huge barrel of water for the buckets to wet down the shingles. My two sisters and I kept the barrel supplied from the creek. We did this all day to 4 p.m., when the wind changed, and the danger was over. Someone in the family kept watch all night for a week in case of a flare-up.

The Smith and Dollar lumber barons had a right-of-way through my father's property from Burrard Inlet to Coquitlam dam, seven miles. After the First World War, my eldest brother worked as a brake man on this logging railway, five days a week, two trips a day. The logs were huge. Only three could be hauled on two connecting flat cars. The logs today look like telephone poles in comparison.

One Sunday, while the train was making a special trip to the dam with supplies, my brother invited my two sisters, myself, and a girlfriend from Vancouver to go for a ride to the dam. The train went right across the dam, which was exciting.

We were also invited to have dinner at noon with the train crew in the cook house at the logging camp. It was an experience to remember, especially the huge amounts of meats and pies offered us. My brother and another man brought us home in a hand car; then they returned to camp.

During the First World War, many concerts, whist drives and dances were held at the Agricultural Hall in Port Coquitlam in aid of the Red Cross. Everyone over 16 had to register with the government for services in case we were needed.

Most of the young men had gone to war. Women and girls 16 and over took first-aid courses under the guidance of Dr. George Sutherland, who had a small private hospital in Port Coquitlam.

The winters were usually cold with lots of snow. In the coldest winters, the cougars used to come right into our place looking for food. One winter, they took two young pigs, so my father had to make the pig quarters like a fort.

Coming home some evenings, cougars could be heard screaming in the bush. It was a long walk with no houses, so we used to shout and sing while the cougars kept us company right to our house.

The mail and newspapers came in on the evening 6:30 train from Vancouver, so by 7:30, my sisters and I would go to the post office. Everyone had a post office box those days.

Marjorie Lloyd Binnington

Born on June 7, 1924 to Ed and Hazel Lloyd (Jago), Marj Binnington was to be the only girl of five children.

Her grandparents, the William Jagos, were pioneers of the Johnson Road area in northeast Coquitlam, having settled at Glen Drive and Johnson around 1911.

Her father was first a logger around Burke Mountain, then a locomotive engineer whose trains hauled logs for the many companies operating in the area and gravel from the huge Deeks gravel pit.

The entire area around Glen and Johnson was pretty well settled by Jago kin like the Lloyds. In fact, when Mrs. Bin-nington attended one-room Glen school, built in 1913, she could count the majority of pupils there as relatives.

Mrs. Binnington points out how isolated they felt from the established areas of Coquitlam. Even after May Day was started in Coquitlam, they continued to participate in the May festival in Port Coquitlam. Their mailing address was a rural route in Port Coquitlam; they would pick up their mail in a postal box there.

About the only time they mingled with Coquitlam residents was for the big, annual school picnic. They were trucked into Fraser Mills to join kids from all over the district on the interurban trams, which took them to Vancouver, usually to Kitsilano or Stanley Park. She married Kenneth Binnington, an electrician, in 1957, and they raised one daughter. The Binningtons first lived on Victoria Drive, but in 1985, Mrs. Binnington moved back to the Glen Drive area where she was raised.

My grandparents Jago moved out here in 1911 or 1912. They built a big house on the corner of Johnson Road and Glen; my mother grew up there. Later, she met my father, who was logging

on Burke Mountain. I grew up in this area of Glen Drive; it used to be called Old Port Moody Road. There was no school at that time. Glen school was built in 1913. We went to that one-room school with all eight grades in one room and one teacher. I think there were between 30 and 35 in the eight grades, a lot for one teacher when you consider how much time she had to spend with each grade.

My first teacher was Miss Custance, and after her was Miss Tupper, then Ted Clark. The original school, the first Glen school, was on Glen Drive between Johnson Road and what is now Lansdowne. We later went to the new Glen school up on the corner of Westwood, then to Austin Heights on Austin Road in Coquitlam.

My parents lived on Glen Drive in this house, which they built in 1929 – the address is 2983 Glen. I was the second oldest of five children. Being the only girl, I had to do a lot around the house. We didn't have indoor plumbing at that time. We got our water from a well.

Eventually, we got an electric pump, so we had hot and cold water in the house. Wood kitchen stove. My father got a hold of a drum and made it into a furnace down in the basement, bricking it all in and putting a top on it, and piping the heat upstairs.

The school also had a great, big drum heater in the basement, which was always half full of cord wood for the winter. Kids used to have to carry the wood upstairs. I guess the janitor used to cut the wood for the school. You'd get wet going to school, and everybody would take their shoes and socks off, and lay them around the stove to dry.

We had outhouses at the school, too, and a hand pump on the well, and you'd have to prime the pump every morning until you got water to drink. It was very different from today. School hours were the same, from nine to three.

In the winter time, Scott Creek used to flood, and the school janitor, who lived on our side of the creek, used to get his old car out and take us across the deep water. Occasionally, it would be too deep for the car, and he'd get stranded in the middle, and he'd have to get out and carry us all, one by one.

There were railway tracks that came down from Burke Mountain; the trains dumped their logs at the head of the inlet in Port Moody. Later on, when the trains were no longer running and we were growing up, we used to play up and down the tracks on a hand car.

One girl nearly got her leg cut off, so it was dangerous. She fell off and got under the wheels. There were regular train wheels on this car; my uncle logged with this same cart before they lifted the steel. He used horses to haul the loads.

One time, my cousin and I were here up on Glen Drive when we heard my uncle hollering at the horses. We knew something had gone wrong, so we ran down to the corner of Johnson just as the horses came to the crossing. One went one way, and one went the other.

They had been spooked by some noise, probably a car, and had run off; you could hear cars coming from about a half-mile away. It was very quiet around here in those days. There was nothing, not much traffic around, very few cars. Gravel roads back then, full of pot holes.



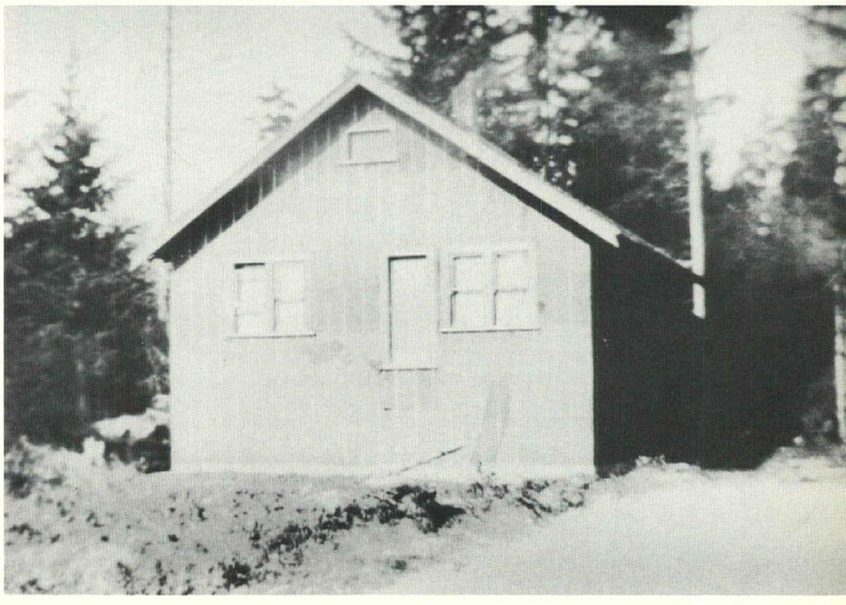
Hazel Jago riding a pig in 1913 at the corner of Johnson and Glen.

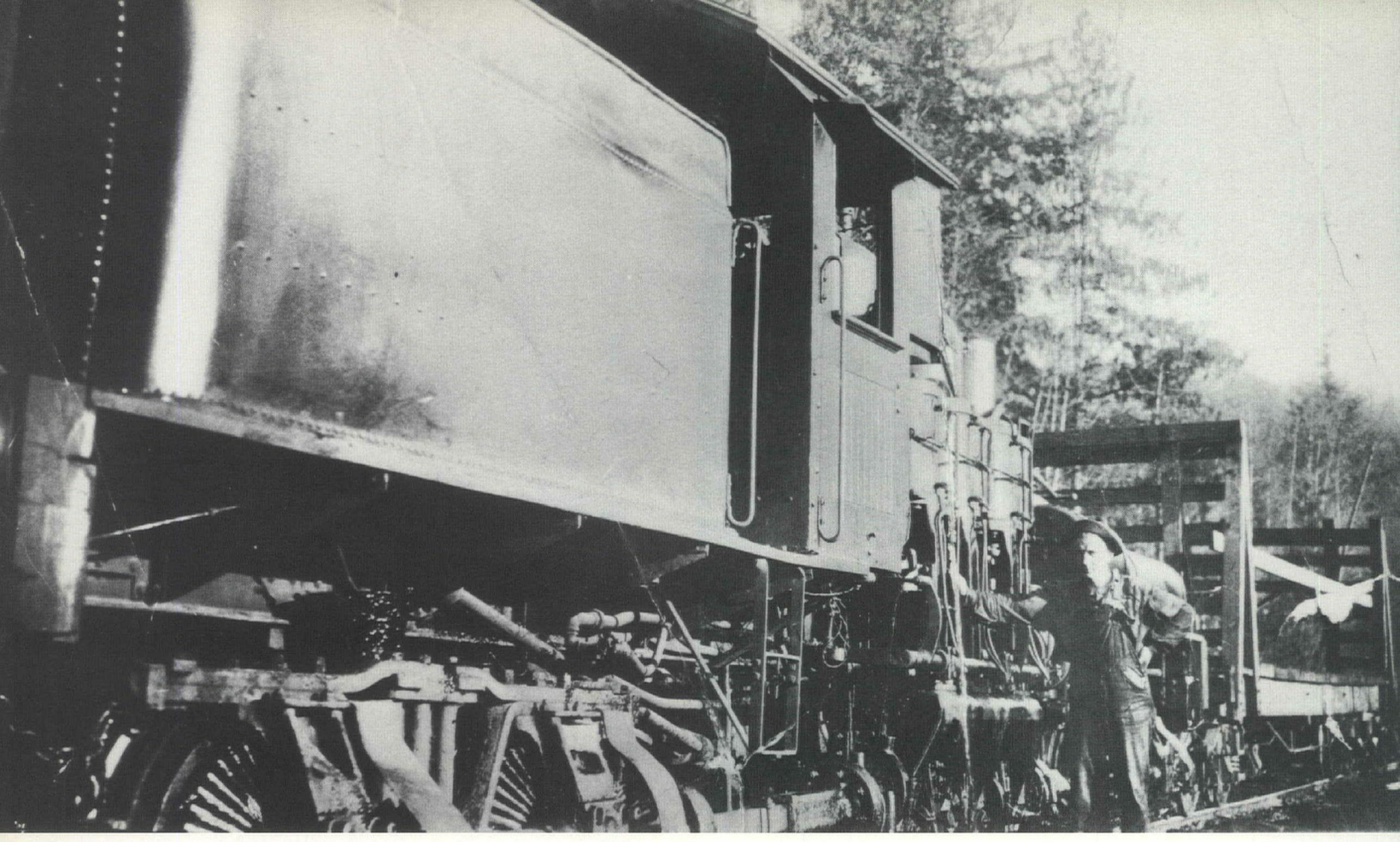
The tracks were there when my grandfather moved out here in 1911 because he had prefabbed his house in Vancouver, and brought it out in a box car, along with their furniture. Then they hauled everything home on a horse and wagon. He had a lumber yard in Vancouver and operated Red Cedar Mill there.

We had electricity, but didn't have telephones for quite some time. If there was an emergency, there were some people who lived half way up Westwood, which used to be Pipe Line; they had a phone, and there was also one at the Westminster Junction CPR station.

We had two acres of land with our house. We had a garden, and eventually, we had a cow, and also raised pigs and chickens. We didn't have any horses. We had no fridge and no ice, so we used to hang a basket down the well with butter and milk and such, about 16 feet deep. Kept everything ice cold.

Lloyd family home on Glen Drive.





Logging train hauls logs from Burke Mountain along Glen Drive in 1920.

We raised pigs, which helped clear the land. You would build a pen, and they would root everything out, and you would move the pen around, and let them do the clearing.

One day, in the winter time, my mother and I walked up to Allie Lefebvre's; they had just had a litter of little ones, and the sow was eating them, so they had separated them. She showed us these little piglets and said, "Well, these two are runts, and they'll be dead by morning." My mother asked:"If you're only going to let them die, can I take them home?" Mrs. Lefebvre replied, "Sure, but they'll soon be dead." They were blue already. So we wrapped them up in a piece of paper and brought them home, putting them in a box behind the old wood stove.

Every hour, my mother would get up and warm a little saucer of milk for them, and feed them. The next night, they were running into her bedroom, and squealing beside the bed to get her up to feed them. They were moved to the basement the next night, so they'd run up the stairs to the top, stand by the door, and squeal.

Finally, my father put them outside in a little house with lots of hay to keep them warm. But they had learned while in the basement in an apple box to jump out, and kept jumping over a six-foot fence we built for them. The minute the door was open, they would fly in and get behind the stove, where it was warm. All because they had learned to jump when they were little.

There was a chicken ranch on Crabbe Road, and another big chicken farm behind our house. Dorothy Davidson was one of the girls there, her name was Morse then, and her father had thousands of chickens. There were only three houses on our side of Glen Drive back then; we played back and forth at different houses.

There used to be a big shingle shed on the corner; they stored shingles there from the mill on top of Pipe Line, which is now called Westwood. They brought the shingles down from the Pacific Shingle Mill, a big mill just this side of Coquitlam dam.

Deeks Bros. had tracks right down to the CPR, crossed right at the corner in behind Best Bros. Machinery at Westwood and Glen. Deeks Bros. supplied all the gravel when they built the fish ladders on Hell's Gate in the Fraser Canyon. That would be in the '30s.

The stage coach ran up there before my time, right up to the dam. They used to run the train up there occasionally, too. My mother used to ride up to the mill on the train. My grandparents' barn was located right at the tracks in those days.

When the train came along, the engineer would stop and pick up the girls, the three sisters, including my mother, and take them up to the mill for the ride. Lafarge Lake wasn't there then; it was a gravel pit with bunkers in there.

You know, there used to be a mill where Save-On is now, Crabbe Mill at the end of Crabbe Road. There was a "donkey trail," we always called it that, came right to the edge of our property, crossed the road, and went down to that mill. They must have hauled logs there with a donkey along this trail once.

There really wasn't a great deal to do; mostly, we just made our own fun and games. My older brother

played lacrosse, but there weren't too many ball games. It was too isolated. We seemed to be busy all the time, though, always doing something.

That one street in Port Coquitlam was about all there was. Sometimes, we would phone our order down, and they would deliver it. You could take a bus for New Westminster via Essondale from Wild's Corner, where there was a little grocery store and service station.

Our mailing address was Port Coquitlam because we had no post office at this end of the district. We had a postal box down at the Port Coquitlam post office, and we had to go down there to get our mail. There were no deliveries then.

My father didn't work much in the Depression days. He was a locomotive engineer and worked away in logging camps, and through the hot summers, they would have to close for the fire season because the sparks from the engine could start fires. The locomotives were fired with wood and coal in those days. There was too much danger in the summer time, so he was home quite a bit during the hot part of the year.

The highlight of the day was to go to Port Coquitlam and watch the trains. When we were real young, the silk trains used to come through too. The silk came from the Orient. They used to have a deal going to see who could get the silk to New York first. All the trains were pulled by steam engines; all except the silk trains filled up at the water tower before they went on their way into the night.

At one time, I think 75 per cent of the students at Glen school were related to us, cousins, second cousins, and those related by marriage to other cousins. So we felt we were pretty much all related. This made for a very close-knit community at one time.

When my parents were first married, they had a motorcycle with a sidecar. My father once took my grandmother for a ride and dumped her out in the weeds. The motorcycle always got them there, but it never seemed to get them home; they used to have to push it home.

Then they bought a Model T; this was in the early '20s, and there weren't many cars around then. My father saw this car in the paper and gave my mother the money, and said, "Go into town and buy it." So she went into New Westminster, although she didn't drive. Well, the car she went to get was gone, so she bought another one, and said to the fellow, "I can't drive."

He said, "Well, I'll give you a lesson then," and showed her how to drive. He then brought her out as far as municipal hall with somebody following; he took him back and she brought the car home.

My mother then had to teach my father how to drive. Sometimes, there would be 13 or 14 people in this Model T, as there was my aunt with her four children, and Mom with her five. We used to go down to Seattle in the Model T and come home on rims because the tires would blow, like a cannon.

Dad subdivided this place on Glen Drive, where I now live, in the early '50s, and that's when all these houses started to come in. The railway tracks were gone years before. It was just the remainders that were left when we were kids.

Albert Lloyd

The youngest of the five children of Edward and Hazel Lloyd, and one of four boys, Albert Lloyd was born on Oct. 23, 1929.

Living on part of the Brookside Ranch, owned by his maternal grandparents, was a delight for the young lad.

As a former employee at the Deeks McBride gravel pit, the largest of its kind in the area, and as a truck hauler for 10 years, Mr. Lloyd participated in the construction of major projects such as Lougheed Highway and the Second Narrows bridge approaches.

He met his wife, Betty Britten, in 1950 through his mother, who was janitor of Glen school at the time. Miss Britten was a teacher there. They had three sons, Stephen, Peter, Richard, and lived in a house on property once owned by his grandparents, next door to sister, Marjorie.

Mr. Lloyd recalls that the present site of Coquitlam Centre was once a huge bog, and was earmarked for a brewery. In a nearby meadow, former neighbor Alice Lefebvre's husband, Earl, used to land his private airplane.

Mr. Lloyd is on the verge of retirement from the District of Coquitlam's maintenance department.

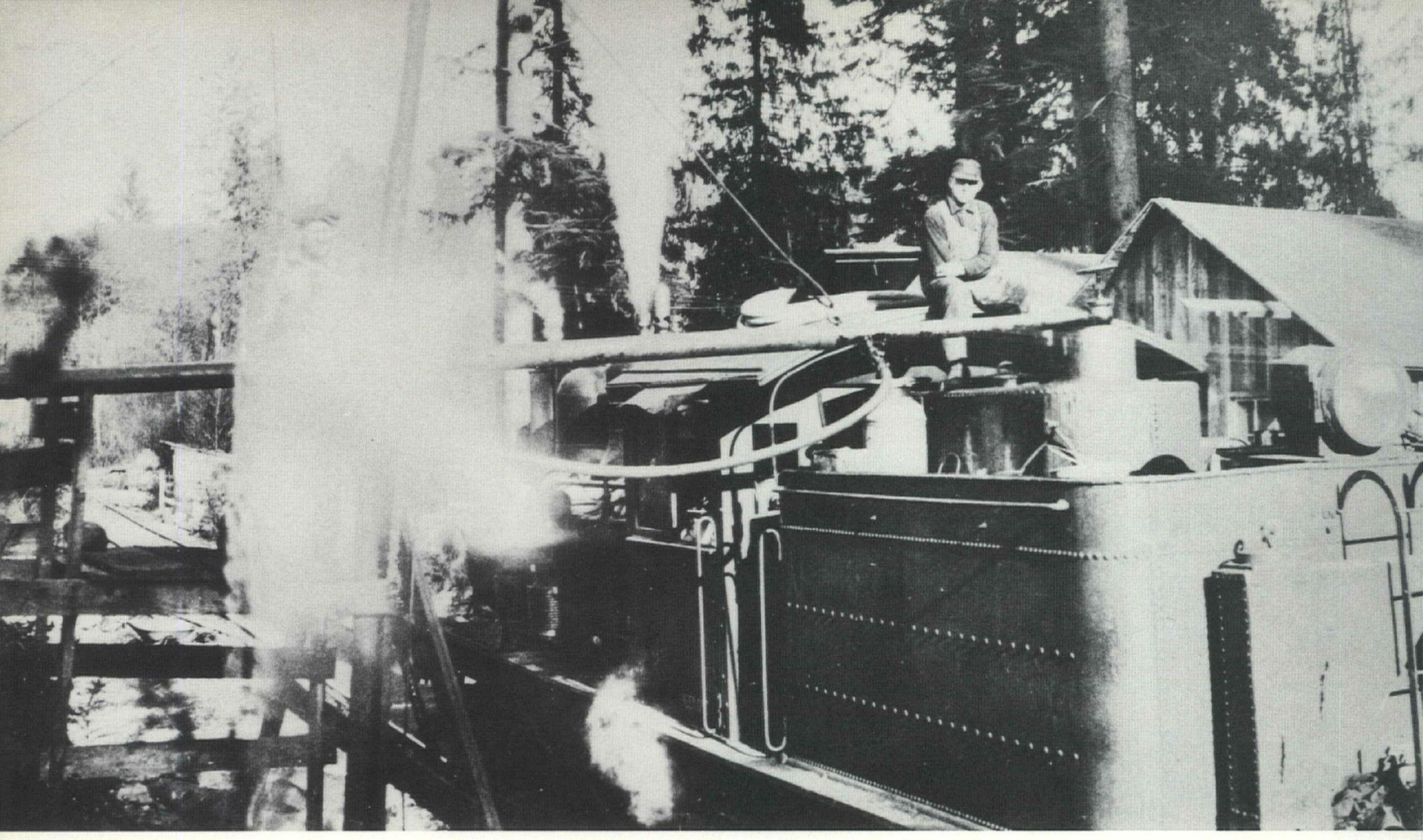
I've lived in the Glen area all my life. I was born here, grew up here, and stayed here. I was the youngest of five children. My grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William Jago, lived on the corner of Glen Drive and Johnson Road. They had an 18-acre farm.

My uncle lived across the street from my grandfather's; his place burned down one year. Coquitlam's fire engine was in Maillardville, one truck there for the whole district, so if you had a fire, you usually lost whatever you had.

In those days, there was no flue on the inside of the chimneys, just brick; sometimes, when the mortar would fall out from between the bricks, you were wide open and had a chimney fire. There weren't that many people here, but those that were helped out families who'd lost everything.

The original Glen school on Glen Drive, where I was one of 13 students in one room, also burned down. It wasn't that old when it burned. I was there for Grades 1 to 3. We were then bused to Victoria Drive school until the second Glen school was built on Pipe Line, which is now Westwood.

I think Mr. Clark, Ted Clark, was my teacher at the first Glen school. I went to the second one after I had finished Grade 3, around 1942, I think. The second



Railcars passed through Deeks gravel pit, near the present site of Lafarge Lake.

Glen school was torn down recently. My mother was once the janitor there, in 1949, and that's how I met my wife.

It would seem to me that every winter, we had two or three feet of snow. We used to go three quarters of the way up Johnson hill with a sleigh, then come right down and around the corner on Glen. Just home-made bobsleds with barrel staves for runners.

There were a couple of cars around up the hill, and after they had gone by, we would go and pour water in the ruts they left behind. So we had ice on the hill, as well as snow. We had more people out there riding sleighs every winter. There was nowhere to skate in this area, though. There were some ponds up at the gravel pit, but the ice was never smooth enough. The pond by the CPR was also too rough. We didn't skate on Como Lake, either, as it was too far to go.

One of the chores I had when I was growing up was milking the cow. I would take her to school and put her in the pasture beside the school house; at three o'clock, she'd be standing at the gate waiting to come home. I'd put the chain on her, and she'd drag the chain, and walk all the way home.

There were a lot of hobos on the trains in the '30s and '40s. There were always groups of them along the tracks with their little bonfire going. They would wander up, and come to our door for something to eat. My mother would give them a thermos or a bottle of hot coffee or tea and make them lunch. They would offer to do chores, or something.

We used to help our neighbor, Bert Smith, put in hay every year for his animals. He lived next door to us, and was a hired hand who ran the farm for the family who owned it. He had a horse and several cows, and we would help him in the fall putting up hay.

He was also a councillor (1928-31, 1935-39, 1941-50), and it worked out all right for us because we always had the road fresh-coated with oil as far as his garage. We also helped our uncle, who had cows then, put the hay in. They'd cut it, haul it in wagons, then throw it up into the loft. We'd be up there tramping it down. Haying was our summer fun.

I had a paper route, it was the Province in the afternoon, and I think I must have had 22 customers over 22 miles. I had a carbide lamp on my bike, like they used to use in the mines. You put water in it, and when the fumes came up, they would burn and give off a good light. We'd ride through the trails and up some pretty steep hills around where the fire hall is now.

When we were picking blackberries up there once, we saw this goat farm owned by people named Lucas. I don't know how many goats they had, and I don't know what they did with them. They gave us one for meat one year when times were hard.

They would take the goats down to the creek because they were on a well like us; the creek was at the bottom of this trail where we were picking blackberries one day. We had little cans we picked into, dropping them into a bigger pail which we left by the creek. We had this big bucket just about full, but when we came back, it was empty, and a couple of goats were standing around with blue all around their mouths. They had eaten all the blackberries. We just went back into the burned-out areas and picked some more. I think we got paid five cents a pound, or two cents a pound, by a restaurant, something like that, and a couple of ice cream cones.

We also gathered cascara bark, it was used for medicine, and sold it to the B & K feed store, which acted as an agent. You just walked through the bush until you found the trees, they looked much like a dogwood, and you peeled the bark off. You had to lay it all out to dry, and then you had to chip it up into pieces about an inch big. We filled up gunny sacks with the bark and sold it for for 10 or 12 cents a pound.

Our only entertainment at home was playing cards and listening to the radio. We would all gather around the radio on a Sunday night and listen to Death Valley Days. There were a couple of other shows, like The Shadow, and Hockey Night in Canada. That's how you'd spend your evenings.

We used to go swimming in the Coquitlam River at a place we called Cable Cove. That would now be down below the guard-dog place, past the SPCA. We'd go down there, and we would take off just above Deeks McBride and the old right-of-way, and that would take us right down to the river.

They had a trestle across the river to bring down the logs by train off the Dollarton and Burke Mountain. We'd go swimming there. Parts of a trestle are still lying in the river. The water was clear as a bell there. You can find the old right-of-way all through the hills up here, and on the top of Burke Mountain. The ties are still there, but they've picked up the steel.

We also used to hike up where the car racing track is, in what is now called the Westwood Plateau. Past there were the remains of an old Japanese mill and flume. Pacific Shingle Mill also used to flume shingle bolts down Burke Mountain; they would come down and fly out into the holding pond.

We went to Austin Heights school by bus; I graduated from Austin in '45, somewhere in that area. I worked at the Deeks sand and gravel pit for one year, then went to the Yukon to work on the river boats. I think Deeks paid me 35 cents an hour.

Deeks was the only major gravel company in the whole Lower Mainland, probably the only one in the Fraser Valley. They had a rail system to the CPR, and they also had a small railway at the top, where they hauled their gravel to the crusher, which is no longer there.

They eventually depleted the hill up there of all the gravel. The railway went up as far as where the new fire hall is. I worked up there around '45, and my father worked there, too. As a matter of fact, he ran the locomotive taking the gravel down to the CPR.

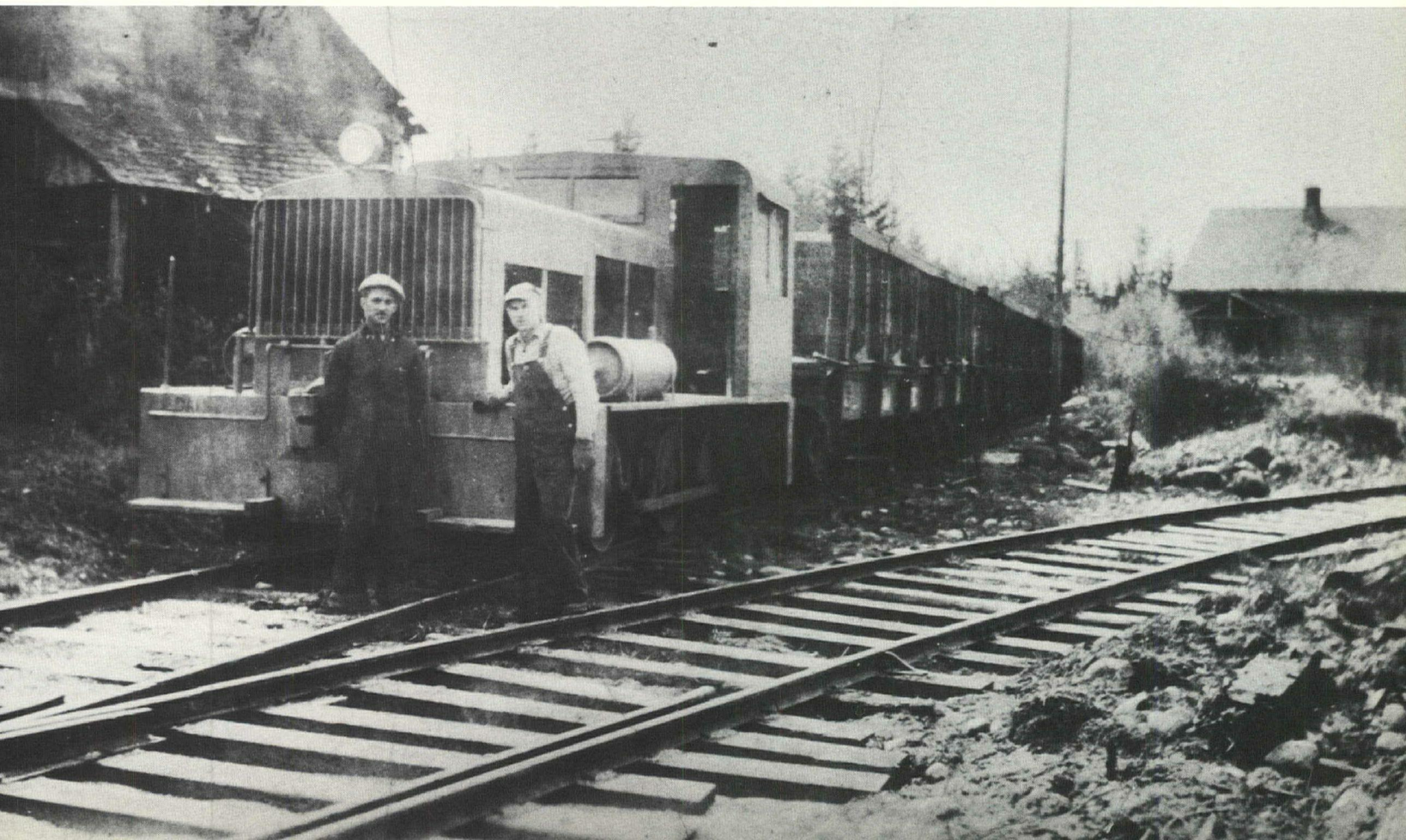
If you go up Pipe Line Road today, there's a big cement block with the crusher still sitting on it. This was up where the tennis court is now. Originally, this was going to be a golf course. They had this pond dug, and later, they decided to put a tunnel through to the Coquitlam River.

They were trying to get more water into the lake so that the river would have running water, and fish might come back to spawn. They stock Lafarge Lake twice a year with fish. We were always warned against swimming in there because it's pretty deep in spots, and dangerous.

The Coquitlam River had flooded a few times. Two bridges in Port Coquitlam were washed out in 1921. They used to dredge the river out, but you get a big flood, and it fills right up again with the gravel washing down from up higher. Now they've tunnelled from Coquitlam Lake over to Buntzen Lake, taking pressure off the dam.

When I was first married, we lived in the same house that my parents had lived in when they were first married. There was water in the house, but no hot

Gas-powered locomotive at work in Deeks gravel pit.



water. There was no indoor plumbing; we used an outhouse out in the back. We had a sawdust burner on our stove, too.

I installed hot water while we were living there; we didn't stay there too long, about two months. We then moved to a basement suite on Westwood and we were there about four years. In the meantime, we were building our house here on Glen Drive.

The army bought the property on the west side of Lansdowne and on the continuation of Glen from Lansdowne right up to the hill, this side of Ioco. They were going to build barracks; this was in the late '40s, early '50s.

There were more things for my boys to do growing up here than there were for us. There was Little League ball in the '50s, we had a park, and before that, I coached lacrosse in Port Coquitlam. One of the fellows I coached, Mike Gates, became an alderman.

Where Coquitlam Centre and Westwood Mall are used to be all bog. Westwood was the first mall in this area.

Brackman & Ker feed store, now part of Buckerfield's, was across from Westwood Tire, and the feed was brought in from the Prairies by rail.

B & K would then deliver it wherever you were, to all the chicken farms and dairy farms in the area. That's why the feed store really did okay. I think everybody had a cow or two. I guess as people got older, they got rid of their stock.

Now that Coquitlam Centre is open, we don't have to go anywhere else to do our shopping. Buckerfield's has moved the feed store out to Maple Ridge, so I go out there to get my chicken feed. I still have chickens. I'll always have chickens, I guess.

Kathleen Whiting Towers

Jack Whiting and his new bride, Margaret (Harris) Whiting, came to Burquitlam in 1910. Mr. Whiting had earlier lived in Burnaby and was familiar with the area. But his young wife was used to the genteel lifestyle of English society and moving out to the frontier was a painful experience.

Mr. Whiting went into the lucrative greenhouse business and Mrs. Whiting became active at St. Stephen's Anglican Church.Daughter Kathleen (Kay) Whiting was born Oct. 9, 1914, in the family's Burquitlam home. A second daughter, born four years later, only lived for three years.

Kay Whiting Towers points out how limited the options were for Coquitlam women graduating from high school. A few went into the professions, mostly teaching and nursing. Some went to work in relatively menial jobs. And most were married, becoming mothers and caring for the house.

Mrs. Towers chose to work at her father's greenhouse, doing what was considered a man's job. After obtaining her driver's licence at 15 – a rarity for anybody in those days – she drove the greenhouse delivery truck. And she continued to do so even after a son was born, another thing that was frowned on in those days.

When her father later subdivided his property around North Road and Cottonwood, he thought that a street should be named after him, given the fact he was an old-time florist in the area. He made this suggestion to Reeve Jimmy Christmas.

Coquitlam Council agreed and Whiting Way now marks the spot where the family home and business were located.

Kay Whiting married Cliff Towers, a construction tradesman, in 1938 at St. Stephen's Anglican Church. The couple built a house on an acre of land between Foster and Cottonwood, which they bought for $100.

Their son, Ray, is now principal of Banting Junior Secondary School. Their three grandsons – the fourth generation of the family in Coquitlam – attended Centennial High School. Mrs. Towers wrote her own story on the Whitings, pioneers of Coquitlam.



Jack and Margaret Whiting in 1934.

When my parents, Jack and Margaret Whiting, came to Coquitlam in 1911, it was no small task just to get here. After a three-week trip from England across the Atlantic by ship, then across Canada on the train, they arrived in New Westminster

early one February morning. There was no one at the railway station to meet them, but some kind stranger took them to the Russell Hotel, where they were able to freshen up and get some breakfast. Then they took the street car to Sapperton and finished their long journey with a walk along North Road, up Rochester Road, and then to the home of dad's uncle, Wallace Whiting.

Although my dad was born in Cobourg, Ont., he had moved to Burnaby with his parents when he was two years old. His family moved back to Hertfordshire, England in 1901; there, he met my mother. Following their marriage on Oct. 1, 1910, they set out for British Columbia.

While dad knew exactly what to expect in Coquitlam, my mother had little idea what she was getting into. Being from a family of 12, she was used to having lots of relatives around. And she had worked in London before being married, so she was used to urban life too. In later years, she told us that she cried for three weeks after she'd arrived.

Mom and dad stayed with Uncle Wallace for several months; then they moved into a rented house on North Road, next door to the Hamilton family. Meanwhile, dad bought an acre of land on Rochester Road and built a small house for his family.

I was born in that house on Oct. 9, 1914, with only a nurse to help my mother out. My sister, Florence, was born in January 1918 at Royal Columbian Hospital. Sadly, she passed away in her third year.

As dad's family had been involved for many years with farming and greenhouses, it was natural that he build one in Burquitlam for his livelihood. His first greenhouse, located on Rochester Road, actually belonged to Uncle Wallace, but dad worked hard to make it a success.

He grew vegetables at first, then flowers. He grew bedding plants and pot plants, including cyclamen, chrysanthemums and azaleas. He also became well known for his potted tomatoes. We always had a stall at the Westminster market, and we trucked plants to Vancouver too.

By 1933, Dad had outgrown his association with Uncle Wallace, so he decided to build a greenhouse for himself on Cottonwood Road at North Road.

Our family moved to that area too. Years later when the property was subdivided, the road that was built through it was named Whiting Way after dad.

I helped my dad in the greenhouse after I had graduated from high school, selling and delivering plants. He was not as pleased, however, with my help in earlier years. My cousin, Jessie Whiting, lived up the road from us and she and I got into a few scrapes at the greenhouse.

One day, we picked all the little green tomatoes off the plants my dad was growing. Another time, we crawled under the glass and picked all the flowers off the pansy plants. Then too we walked all over the newly-seeded beds in Jessie's dad's greenhouse.

When I was growing up we never really considered ourselves residents of Coquitlam at all. We were from Burquitlam. We were not the only residents in the farming business, either. The entire municipality consisted pretty well of farms, big ones and little ones. Nearly everyone had at least an acre of land for their houses, and most people kept chickens, pigs, cows and even horses.

There were other greenhouses in the area too, along with mink farms and chicken farms. Those few men who weren't farmers worked at Fraser Mills.

It's hard to believe that North Road had only two lanes for many years. In the winter, adults and kids would sleigh-ride down North Road on bobsleds and go down as far as Brunette Creek. North Road, Austin Road and Rochester Road all had board sidewalks, but the road surface was such that your teeth would rattle whenever you rode in a vehicle.

When my folks first came to Coquitlam, their mail was sent to the Burquitlam post office; they would walk from Rochester Road to Hamilton Road – Lyndhurst now – to pick it up. Later, we had rural-route delivery, and finally, house-to-house delivery.

The Whiting family home and greenhouse on North Road. This picture was taken in 1937.





Car decorated for Kay and Cliff Towers's wedding sits beside the Whiting home in 1938. Bill Copping's garage can be seen in the background, on the other side of North Road.

I remember the rural route mail men were Mr. Walls and later, Mr. Dave Simpson.

Mr. Cameron had a grocery store in Sapperton and he used to come by to take our orders, delivering in a day or two. Sometimes, his daughter, Katie, would come for orders too. Mr. Thrift and Mr. Pett had butcher shops in Maillardville and they would deliver as well. For anything larger, we would shop in town, which was New Westminster.

Agricultural Hall on Austin Road, near the present site of Jimmy Christmas Manor, was important to our family, both socially and for my dad's livelihood. I still remember my dad taking me to the Burquitlam Fair, where he entered his produce in various competitions. The hall was also used for dances, whist drives, concerts and badminton.

I remember when my mom's sister, Mrs. Emma Boyer, came out from England and settled on Austin Road. She would cook dinner and make fancy foods at the Agricultural Hall for soldiers during the First World War. The hall burned down some time ago, about 1930 or 1931, as best as I can remember.

Our church, St. Stephen's Anglican on the Burnaby side of North Road, was the focus of our religious activities and after the Agricultural Hall burned down, many of the social events were moved to the church hall. Christmas concerts at the church took many months of preparation.

Sunday school picnics were organized with our affiliate church in Sapperton, St. Mary's Anglican. All the children would board the interurban tram in Sapperton for a day of fun in Kitsilano, or some other beach. My mother was very active in the women's auxiliary at St. Stephen's, organizing bazaars and other functions.

Growing up in Coquitlam was a lot of fun. We would play a lot in the bush and pick flowers. At home, we played games likes snakes and ladders, that sort of thing. We didn't go Halloweening much because the houses were too far apart, but one year, the boys tipped over the school's outhouse.

My elementary schooling was at the Little Red Schoolhouse, otherwise known as Blue Mountain School, on North Road near the present site of the Burquitlam Funeral Chapel. Miss Ellen Bournes, who was liked by all, taught us; she was very strict, but she was also very good to us. I did fairly well because she made school interesting.

We would sit at our little desks with the ink wells, learning subjects like reading, writing and arithmetic. Our toilet, an outhouse of course, was in the back. The cloak room was not only for your coat and lunch box; it was also where you got the strap.

Everybody got the strap in those days. I did, once. I guess I talked or did something I shouldn't have. You never talked back to, or questioned, the teacher. You did what you were told to do in school, and you didn't try to be cheeky. When I got home, I got heck and got the strap again!

If it was nice, we went outside for physical education. We had no gym and we didn't have any playground at school. We didn't have any gym shoes or gym shorts, so we wore whatever we had on. We were darned lucky to have anything at all to wear.

At Christmas, Miss Bournes always put up a tree and gave us all a gift. At Easter time, we got an Easter egg, and a valentine on Valentine's Day. Miss Annie Martin, the janitor, would start the fire in the morning, but the rest of a winter's day, Miss Bournes or one of the boys had to keep the fire going so we could keep warm.

For Grade 5, I went to Central School, later called Austin Heights. Our teacher there was Mr. Sprinkling, who taught Grade 5 to 8. We always walked to school and sometimes we would see bears or deer on the way. At that time, there was plenty of bush for them to feed in.

The animals didn't know enough to be scared of people, so they weren't afraid of us and we weren't afraid of them. There were no humans – criminals – to be afraid of, either. We children walked everywhere after dark and no one was afraid to give a ride to a stranger. We had only one policeman for the whole district.

There was no high school in Coquitlam back then, so when we finished Grade 8, we had to go to New Westminster to Duke of Connaught High School on Royal Avenue, where the city hall is now. We had two ways of getting to school, so we would alternate our methods.

First, we could walk to Sapperton and catch the street car to Sixth and Columbia where we would get out and walk up Sixth Street to the school.

All together, this trip took an hour each way. We could also catch the interurban tram, which I always liked best. We finally got buses in Coquitlam, but in the early years, service was infrequent. Then Columbia Stage Lines took over and we had much better service. Two of the drivers were brothers, Mac and Doug Gilroy. A neighbor tells the story that she didn't have the right change one day and Mac Gilroy said not to worry, pay me tomorrow.

I took algebra, geometry, Latin, French and the sciences at Connaught. After local girls finished high school, they had several options. Some went on to university, others went to Normal school to become teachers, some married and some went to work. I went to work full time at my dad's greenhouse.

Not many people could drive at that time, but I learned to drive by the time I was 15. Dad needed someone who could drive the truck for deliveries, and my mother never worked in the business – she was too busy with the household and her church work – so it was left to me.

I met my future husband through my job with dad. When the truck had a flat tire one day, I took it to Bill Copping across the street for repair. Cliff Towers happened to be visiting Bill and did us the favor of bringing back the repaired tire.

Cliff and I were married in August 1938; I continued to work for dad several more years, even taking my first baby, Ray, along with me on delivery runs. We lived in Burnaby for one year but soon moved back to Coquitlam. We have been here ever since.

Emilien Hammond

The Emons moved to Maillardville from the East in 1910. But the family lost everything around 1914 when their Laval Square house burned to the ground, and they returned East. It was only a matter of time, however, before they decided to move back to Maillardville to give it a second try.

A 1929 Hammond family portrait: Harmidas and Annie with their son, Bud.



Harmidas Emon, father of Emilien (Bud) Hammond, became head steam fitter at Fraser Mills. When the workers went on strike in 1931, he was expected to cross the picket line because he was a foreman. He refused, was fired and went to work for the municipality.

When he first started at the mill, he anglicized the family surname to Hammond for the benefit of English-speaking co-workers and management. Hammond Avenue was named after the family.

Bud Hammond, the youngest of six children, was born in Maillardville in 1912. He worked at the mill for 15 years and then became a longshoreman.

In 1951, he became the first native son elected a Coquitlam councillor.

In 1935, Bud Hammond married Selina Bee, a member of a pioneer Sapperton family. They raised a foster daughter – she was related to Mrs. Hammond – and now have three foster-grandchildren. The Hammonds currently live in Langley.

My family came here from Rockland, Ont. – that's about 26 miles out of Ottawa – andHull, Que. They were part of the original group that was recruited by Fraser Mills in 1910. My father worked in



Father Delestre leads a procession along Laval Street in 1924.

the mill at Rockland as a steam fitter; most that came out were skilled labor like him.

A lot of the men came out first themselves and when they got established here, they sent for their families. My dad did that. He stayed in the townsite of Fraser Mills for a few months, sending for the family when he had bought land. The lots in Maillardville were owned by the mill; they were almost given to the people to get them to stay.

The first house my dad built on Laval burned down in 1914 or '15, when they had been here about four years. The fire was probably started from the heater or something. We lost everything in the fire – only a picture of my mother was saved – as there was no fire protection in Maillardville then.

Everything was volunteer in those days and the hose reel was pulled by hand. My mother hauled everybody out and she hollered, and my sister had me in her arms trying to get out, and my mother finally came back and got us. My sister and I pretty near burned in the fire.

When our house burned down, we lived on top of the Proulx general store for a few nights. We then rented a house. Then we all went back East but didn't like it, so my dad brought us back again.

Dad built another house right on top of where the original one was; he built this one himself too, in the evenings and weekends.

Neighbors helped. In those days, you didn't contract out anything, you did it yourself. When my sister got married later on – she married into the Dicaire family – my dad gave her half the lot at the back.

My dad was the head steam fitter at Fraser Mills, which was his trade back East. It's like plumbing, only with steam. He looked after all the steam engines and such. He did all the plumbing for the Notre Dame de Lourdes Convent School.

When they had the big strike at the mill – it was before I was married, so it must have been the early '30s – my dad was let go by the company because he refused to cross the picket line. He was a foreman, so he wasn't on strike. But he wouldn't cross the line. So then he went to work for the municipality.

My dad's name was Emon, which was then changed legally to Hammond. A lot of families anglicized their names in those days because their fellow workers had difficulty pronouncing them. Hammond Avenue in Coquitlam is named after my father, who also had a brother that came out. I've got about 26 second cousins scattered all around here.

I started school at Notre Dame – there was a convent there – right across the street from where we lived. Sister Augustine came from where my grandfather lived, and she knew the family. The original church had burned down, so we used the old hall opposite our house on Laval Square, where there was also a rectory. We used that (temporary) church for years until they decided to rebuild.

I didn't go through the convent school, which was for boys and girls, but went for only a short period of time. In those days, you could start at age four or five. My father took me out when one of the nuns gave me the strap and he put me in public school, Millside, and I couldn't speak a word of English then.

Once I started to pick up the language, it wasn't much of a shock going into the English school and that didn't take me long. I was about seven or eight years old then and I still had a brother and sister going to the convent. Inside of three years, I couldn't read or write French any more!

When I left the convent school, I was in the same

group as my brother and sister, and she was two years older than me, and he was two years older than her. I guess they weren't too bright. They didn't have grades in the convent like now; if you were bright enough, you just went ahead at your own speed.

The system was good because the lower classes could learn things while they were teaching the others. When a lot of the kids started to go to public school, it didn't pay to keep the convent any more so they tore it down. But that was quite a few years after I left there.

When I first went to Millside there were only two teachers in two rooms, and they taught up to Grade 7. I continued at Millside to Grade 7, then went to work at Fraser Mills around 1928, lubricating all the equipment.

I was on the first night shift the mill ever had. In those days, you went to work young.

I forget how long the job at Fraser Mills lasted now – five or six months – and then from there, I went to a logging camp, working 18 months out behind Haney. I went back to Fraser Mills in 1930, in the veneer plant, and worked there until 1945.

I lived at home until I got married in 1935. I had said goodbye to my girl friend – she'd gone to England – and I was sitting on the porch stairs with some friends and my now-wife came home from work, and I was introduced to her. That's how we met. We courted about a year.

First we lived in New Westminster, close to Royal Columbian Hospital, because my wife worked in X-ray there. Her family was from Westminster – they were originally from England and settled there.

Then we built our own house on Le Bleu Street; my wife quit the hospital after we moved to Maillardville. I had lost my mother, and my father moved in with us, and I didn't want my wife working. We were raising a foster daughter who was originally from New Westminster and was related to my wife.

My father and my wife decided they wanted some land to grow things, so we sold the house on Le Bleu and bought about 10 acres up on Austin Road, just west of Mundy Road. At first, we bought only five of the 10 acres and then later we bought the other five from a fellow who owned it and got ill.

There was a lot of bush in back; we didn't cultivate the whole thing. We had a big garden and we had strawberries – about two acres in strawberries – and raspberries and chickens. We used to sell strawberries to the cannery, as well as privately. My dad looked after the strawberries, and I looked after the chickens and the pigs. People tried to be as self-sufficient as possible in those days.

I was going to try and make a living on the land when a neighbor talked me into going longshoring, as they were short of help. Anyway, I was fed up with the mill. I stayed as a longshoreman in Westminster and Vancouver for 29 years.

We bought the land on Austin in the early '40s and stayed there 16 years. All my family stayed in Maillardville for a long time. When we left Austin is when the housing started to develop there. I have a niece who still lives on part of our original land.

There was a little store on Austin that sold most everything, but when we lived there, we used to go into Westminster for most of our shopping. We had a bus route there. There was also a fellow by the name of Lizee that had a store in Maillardville, and he had a truck that came around and he would deliver what you needed.

We had a telephone, so I could phone Lizee and he would put whatever we wanted on his truck and deliver it. Although phones were restricted during the war – there was a priority list – I got one because it was essential for my work as a longshoreman. My dad also needed it, as he was working for the municipality.

I was the first native son to sit on Coquitlam council – I was a councillor for two years. Can't remember the years. The next time I ran, I lost by eight votes. I didn't really like being on council, so I suppose it was just as well.

The issue that got me involved was trying to get Austin Road paved; we succeeded. Lights were another issue; we had no street lights up there. There were lots of problems with the schools in those days too, as Coquitlam was growing very quickly.

Dorothy Allard Messier

At a young age, Dorothy Allard Messier became responsible for helping her widowed mother and younger siblings. Born in 1919, she was the second oldest of Jim and Eva Allard's five children.

Her father died during surgery in 1926. The Messier children at that time were ages 18 months to eight years.

All the Allard children attended Notre Dame de Lourdes School for a few years, but they had to work their way through because their mother could not afford the tuition.

At 16, Dorothy Allard quit school and got a job doing housework in Surrey for $8 a month. After that, she cared for cousin Eleanor Brown's babies and worked for her uncle Bill in his home. She also got a job at the Royal City cannery, walking from Maillardville to New Westminster and back because she could not afford streetcar fare.

At the same time, she had duties at home, including doing domestic chores for her mother and helping with the younger children.

With the orchard, garden and chickens and the children's contributions, the Allards managed. Uncle Tom Allard also helped. In fact, Mrs. Allard managed the household so well on a $35-a-month pension that she was able to help feed the even less fortunate at the soup kitchen on Cartier.

Dorothy Allard and Georges Messier courted for three years before marrying in 1940. While Mr. Messier was out of work due to a strike, Mrs. Messier



Allard family home, Brunette and Begin, in 1910.

kept the family going with her wages from Vancouver Golf Club, where she was a waitress and a cook.

The Messiers raised three children – two boys and a girl – and now have eight grandchildren and one great-grandchild. The couple, who live on Haversley Avenue, recently celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary.

Mrs. Messier's story recounts the difficult years after the death of her father. But even with the struggle, there was always food on the table. Following her recollections are those of her husband and her brother, James Allard.

I was born in 1919 at St. Mary's Hospital in Sapperton, the second of five children. We lived on Begin Street in Maillardville. My mother, Eva Paquette, was 16 when she started working at the mill as a telephone operator. Her father, Emil, was the boss in the sawmill at Canadian Western Lumber Co.

Grandpa Allard worked in the mill too. He was on the council in Maillardville, but I don't know what year.

Grandpa and grandma Allard had five sons – one, Arthur, died – Jim, who was my father, Bill, Frank and Tom.

My dad had a car accident around 1926 and ended up with meningitis from his injuries. He died on the operating table, leaving his wife with us five kids. The baby was only 18 months old, and the oldest one was eight. It was hard on mother. We stayed poor.

Mother was a widow for 12 years and raised us kids on a pension cheque of $35 a month. There were times when we didn't have shoes or we didn't have a coat. But we always had lots to eat and a clean house, so we survived. Mother took care of us until we started to go off and get married.

She really was a good mother. She took care of us, and we took care of her. There were even times when we had more food than a lot of people out here in Maillardville, on $35 a month. During strikes at the mill and that, we would go up to the soup kitchen on Cartier and feed the people who had nothing to eat.

The neighbors made it hard for us because they felt we weren't good enough for anybody, I think. None of the neighbors would bother with us. Their children weren't allowed to come to our place but they'd go around the block and jump over the fence and come in and we'd have a ball because we had a big yard.

My uncle Tom was the only one in the family that really helped my mother out, bringing fruit over for us

Dorothy Allard, centre row, eighth from left, participates in the Feast of Corpus Christi on May 29, 1932.





Allard family in front of their home at 1200 Brunette in 1910.

kids. They had an orchard and he used to come over – his wife didn't like it – but he'd come anyway to help mother. Maybe we weren't good enough for them.

Father Delestre was a great help to mother. He was with daddy in the hospital when he died. He helped a lot as far as counselling. I don't know what mother would have done without him. Once my mother was remarried, then you'd see people trying to be friendly with her.

We survived by having a garden and fruit trees; we also kept chickens, so we had a lot of eggs. People used to come and steal our chickens. But there wasn't much crime then; you never locked your doors.

One Christmas, mother's cheque for $35 didn't come in, and she had to tell us kids that Santa Claus wouldn't come until New Year's. We always had our Christmas dinner on Christmas Eve after we went to midnight Mass – my family was very involved in the church, or as much as we could afford.

Mother got her cheque in the new year and we had our Christmas then. We never went without some gifts – we were lucky if we got a pair of shoes – but not big gifts.

I went to Our Lady of Lourdes School – we all went there – and us kids would work there in order to be able to go to school because we didn't have the money to pay. We helped the nuns, we cleaned the school and we did other work there, so that took a lot of the burden off mother.

She couldn't afford to send us to school; in those days, if you didn't pay for your schooling, you didn't go. I used to go with the nuns to Vancouver, and we'd beg for charity to help the school out. My uncle Tom helped the school an awful lot.

There was the time when this fellow tried to kill my mother – I guess he was sick. Us kids loved him, and he was good to us and good to mother. He wanted to marry my mother but he was divorced, and mother was Catholic, so she could not marry him.

We had a gun over the piano in our living room, and one day, he grabbed a hold of it. Mother was hollering but we couldn't hear her because we were playing in the backyard. Finally, I heard somebody holler, so I ran inside and here he was on top of her, and she told me to grab the gun and run.

Mother then caught up to me with this fellow running after her. She took the gun from me, stopped, and told him that if he came any closer she'd shoot. The cops were called. They didn't put him in jail; just sent him back to his apartment across Begin Street from our place.

The fellow was eventually moved to the club house at Fraser Mills after posting a bond and promising he wouldn't come over to this side of Brunette Street. So he would come up to the corner of Laval and Brunette and he'd stand there and look into our kitchen window. One day, he killed himself with rat poison.

During holidays, we'd wash the walls and clean house and work in the garden. My brothers were a different story – they did their thing – but us girls stayed home and mother was the boss. When we weren't going to school, we were working.

My brother used to go to places where we weren't allowed. He didn't care. He was working at the foundry for my uncle Bill. Us girls were a bit more

scared. We stayed home in our yard and made our own fun.

My sister married at 16. I had to quit school at 16 in order to go to work and help out. I earned $8 a month on Hjorth Road in Surrey. I was doing housework and taking care of a husband and wife and their two children and 200 baby chicks in a brooder. I washed clothes in a tub with a scrubbing board and ironed by heating the iron on the stove.

I'd leave there when I had my $8 and I'd go to New Westminster to Spencer's where we bought our groceries and I'd phone my mother and ask her what she needed. I'd buy the groceries, bring them home to Maillardville on the streetcar, then go back to Surrey to work for another month.

After Surrey, I worked for a cousin; she was grandma Allard's favorite, so I went to work taking care of her babies. I made $15 a month. I could do a lot of things with that money that I couldn't do before, like getting my teeth fixed. By that time, I was going out with my husband and I was becoming a little more independent.

I went to work for my uncle Bill Allard for $15 a month, doing housework. His kids were married by then, and they used to bring their clothes to the house for me to wash and iron. I also worked at the Royal City cannery. I would leave the house on Begin Street with my lunch and walk down to the cannery – I didn't have money for the streetcar – work there all day, then walk back home.

Georges and I were married in 1940; we went to live with his mom and dad on Cartier. Then we found a little duplex on Marmont Road, took care of his mother's place for a while, then went in with my in-laws and bought a house down on Brunette Street; 828 Brunette. Originally, it belonged to my grandfather Paquette.

We lived there for 17 years – we added on to it and made it into apartments – then built a house on Thomas Avenue. We moved back down to Brunette, then over to Haversley and we're still here. I've lived in Maillardville all my life, never left the place.

We didn't have a car for 10 years after we were married – from 1940 until 1950 – and we walked everywhere we went.

While I was looking after our three children, and we were building our house (on Thomas), I was doing all my mother's washing, ironing, floors and canning as well as my mother-in-law's canning.

When our place on Thomas burned down, I was working at Vancouver Golf Club, which was good because the mill was on strike.

I'd go into the golf club at seven in the morning and get home at 10 or 10:30 at night. Because they knew we needed the money they gave me all the hours they could.

Although I was taking care of my three children, my father-in-law, a man living with him and my husband, we didn't owe a thing when he went back to work following the strike. We never went into debt because I was working at the golf club.

I've lived in Coquitlam all my life. We went through some tough times and we worked hard. Daddy died when he was only 26 and we didn't have the opportunity to do the things we would like to have done. But we managed quite well with our lives by ourselves. I wouldn't trade my life today for anybody's.

Georges Messier

During the 1930s, many French Canadians migrated here from the Prairies in search of jobs. Georges Messier arrived in Maillardville in 1935 from St. Boniface, Man., travelling with this mother and brother. His father had moved here a year earlier.

Georges Messier later helped his father, a carpenter, build the family home at the corner of Cartier and Nelson.

Georges Messier's uncle got him a job as a laborer at the Fraser Mills plywood plant. He retired as a foreman.

An excellent all-round athlete, he was a catcher for the Nighthawks baseball team, played hockey for the Fraser Mills team and also played softball, which replaced baseball at the mill during the war. He recalls that getting to some rinks – over bad roads and in a run-down car – was often more arduous than the games themselves. Deferred from the service during the Second World War because of essential work, Mr. Messier nevertheless served in the army reserve and trained with rifles and anti-aircraft guns at bivouacs in North Vancouver and Gordon Head.

He gave up hockey after his marriage to Dorothy Allard in 1940. However, he became an ardent bowler and organized a Maillardville league. The Messiers live on Haversley Avenue.

We came out to Coquitlam in 1935 from St. Boniface; my dad had come out around September 1934, before us. He came looking for work – my uncle was out here, working in the mill. Dad didn't intend to work in the mill as he was a carpenter; later on, though, we got him into the mill.

My dad built the house on the corner of Cartier and Nelson – it's still standing. That's where I got my first blisters, digging hardpan. Dad never worked much at carpentry out here, just little jobs he'd pick up here and there. Work was scarce then. I don't remember him building any houses except our own.

My uncle got me into the mill's plywood plant in March 1935, where I started as a laborer. I retired in 1976 as a foreman. I also got dad into the mill the first chance I had; he worked there two or three years until he had a heart attack, then retired.

I was very involved in sports, playing baseball and hockey. I played ball for Maillardville for years. This team I was the catcher for, it was not part of the mill.

We played in an organized league against Coquitlam, Mission, Haney, Pitt Meadows, and for two years, Westminster.

Fraser Mills had a hockey team when the arena first opened at Queens Park – I think '37 or '38 – although there were a few on the team who weren't from the mill. We used to practise at the Westminster arena. We had some good games. I played two years, until the team went into a league with Nanaimo, a higher league. They wanted me keep playing, but I'd just got married, and there was no such thing as UIC or sick benefits if you got hurt, so I told them I would play only if they got insurance for the players, if they got hurt. That way, you would be compensated if you had to miss work.

They inquired, and the insurance company wanted something like $80 a man. The mill wouldn't go for it, so I said I couldn't play because my family came first. I would have liked to have gone into that league because it was a good league, good hockey.

We would go up to Bralorne to play hockey; the Pioneer (mine) was two miles from there, and they had a team too. Bralorne had a real good hockey team; a lot of them later played for the New Westminster Spitfires. We had quite a time just getting to Bralorne via Lillooet.

George Simpson, the time keeper at the mill, received only so much money to take some of the players in his car, which was so low something was always breaking, going over rocks and such. We were 11 miles out of Lillooet, and he had to stop at every farm yard to get some oil because he had a hole in his oil pan from driving over rocks.

When we did get there, it was raining, and we had to play on a Saturday night in an open-air rink. We cut up the rink pretty bad. The ice was so soft and wet they made holes at the four corners of the rink to try to drain the water off. It was really something to see.

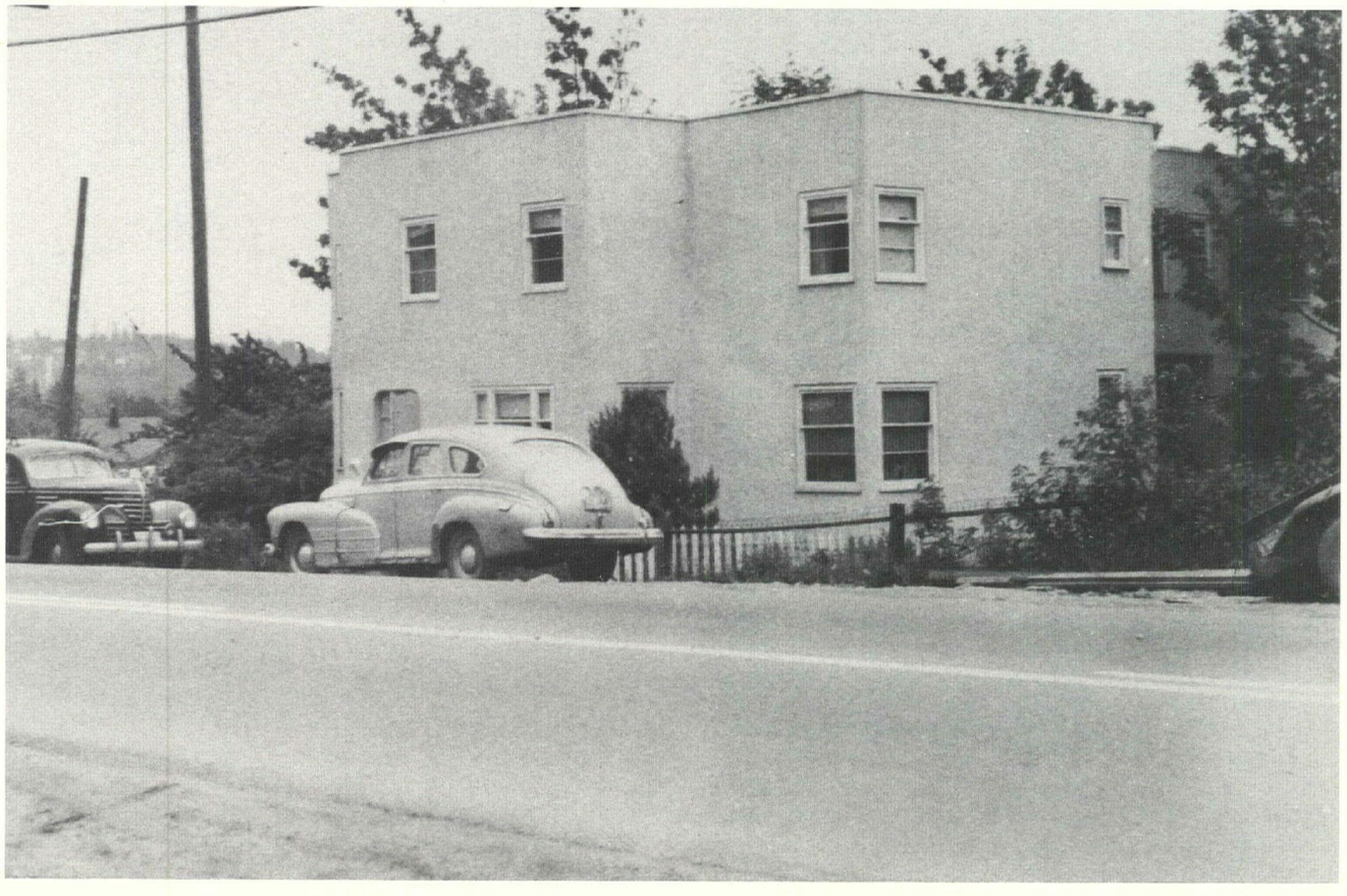
I remember it was Robbie Burns' birthday, so we all went to the dance hall. The streets were all icy and then it rained, so you couldn't stand or walk for anything. A car pulled up – they were very friendly there – and someone shouted: "Room for one!" So Tom Hockley ran ahead, but when he tried to get on the running board, he slipped and fell under the car.

We had to borrow a defenceman from Vancouver to replace him; he must have gone about 230 pounds. He wasn't fat but he was big and the first game on Saturday night, he said: "Somebody get out here, I'm down to my knees." He was slowly sinking in the soft ice!

The stands were full in the rain and they passed a collection for one of our players who got hurt badly. After the game, we came back to the hotel – we dressed at the hotel and put our skates on at the rink . Another fellow and I had a room at the back of the hotel about four feet from a cut wall of rock. All night long we would hear little rocks rolling down and hitting the hotel wall. We didn't sleep much. The next afternoon, we went to play Pioneer.

I was one of the people who organized the baseball

The home of Georges and Dorothy Messier at the corner of Blue Mountain and Brunette was later converted into an apartment block, as seen in this 1950 picture.



team at the mill. I looked after the night shift; our team was called the Nighthawks. We picked an all-star team just from the fellows at the mill and played against teams like Lucky Lager in the senior league – and we beat them.

Maillardville had provincial police when we lived on Thomas Avenue, and one of the fellows, Jim McGarry, used to pick me up for the ball games with his police car. Every time he turned on to our street he would put on the siren and all the neighbors would wonder what was happening.

We used to have some good ball games against Haney, as they always had a strong club. We played in a league with Blaine one year. We played our home games at Mackin Park, which used to be a baseball diamond at one time.

Once, after a game at Mackin Park, we were all having a few beers when a truck from the mill came by, full of planer ends and someone asked the driver, `How much for the load?' He said $10, so we bought it and had him dump it in the pool. We had a terrific bonfire.

Louis Boileau used to have a store and barber shop on Brunette Street; he was noted for being awfully tight. He liked baseball and came to our playoff games; he always wanted to bet on Maillardville against Haney. He had lots of money – he owned houses all over.

Nobody wanted to bet with him, and he'd complain: "Whatsa matter, no money this town?" Louis never went anywhere except the playoff ball games and to collect the rents from his properties once a month.

During the war, we organized a softball league down at the mill. I was on deferment for essential work; by the time I got my army call, they didn't need men like me but needed material. In the meantime, I was in the reserve Westminster Regiment, Second Battalion and was on call all the time.

I think we got $1.20 a day, but we went only one night a week, Thursdays. Because I was a cook in the reserve, the army truck would pick us up every two Sundays and take us to Little Mountain in Vancouver where there was a reception centre – that's where you were inducted into the army and where you got your discharge.

We used to cook for about 500 vets who were always there, cook them breakfast and such. We worked but we had a lot of fun too. Some of the fellows we met had just been inducted into the army and were at the reception centre for about a week before being shipped out.

The first thing the army did to them was give them K.P. duty, whether they'd done something out of line or not. They'd send them into the kitchen to help us out; it ended up that a lot of the fellows who came in to help were fellows we knew.

Our uniforms were khaki-colored and rough material. They were really warm in the summer. We carried a card which allowed us to wear our uniforms from home to the armory without being questioned. Otherwise, if you had your uniform on and someone from the active army came up, they'd question you as to whether you were AWOL.

The day after I got my uniform, our house in Maillardville burned down with my uniform in it. I also had most of my baseball stuff in the house. They wanted to hold a court of inquiry and that's when Jimmy Jones, personnel manager at the mill, told them it wasn't my fault. My boss said it was an act of God.

After the war, Butch Bouchard and I organized a bowling league in Maillardville for the Knights of Columbus, to which we belonged. The K of C was a strictly Catholic organization which was as well known during the war as the Sally Ann. They helped the veterans out a lot.

I bowled there for about four or five years, I guess. The league kept going for years after that. I also bowled for a senior men's travelling team – it was great experience. One year I bowled, we finished second. You sure learn a lot from the good bowlers we had.

I never played lacrosse, although the Adanacs years ago had a real good team, and all the players pretty well worked in the plywood plant. I remember my boss had something to do with the team. This was all before the union, so the players were getting all the good jobs then.

I remember a bit of field lacrosse when I was a kid, but they cut it out as the boys would forget about the ball and go out and slash each other around.

Did you know that to this day, I still haven't received my discharge from the army? They told me in 1946 that I'd get it in two weeks, and it still hasn't come.

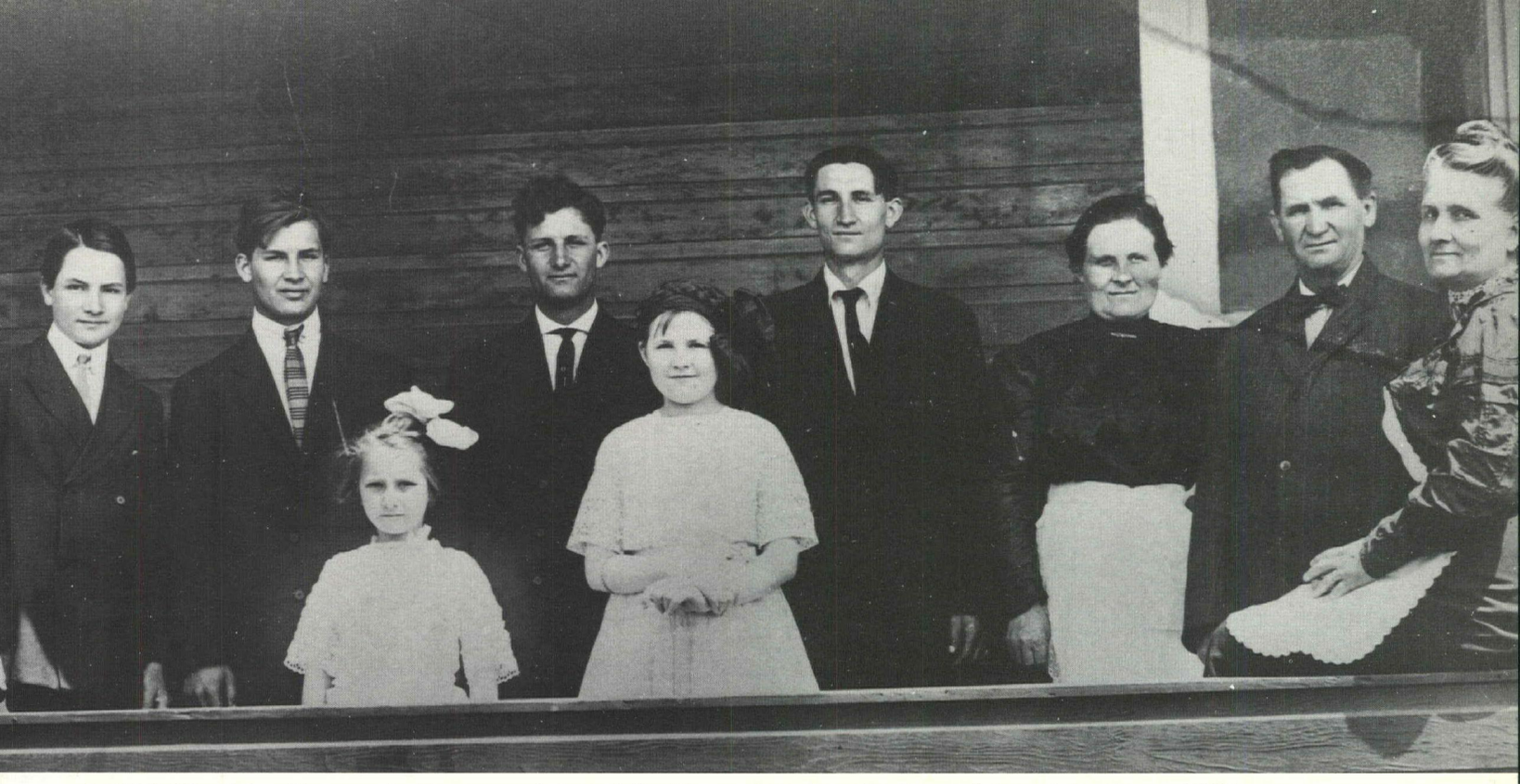
James Allard

Tragedy in the family and years of poverty strengthened Jim Allard's resolve to succeed in life. Today, Jim Allard, younger brother of Dorothy Allard Messier, is retired from the contracting and gravel pit companies he established, runs an air-service company, builds houses and is planning to construct a high-rise.

Jim Allard's grandparents left Quebec to homestead in Saginaw, Mich., before moving to Maillardville in 1912. Jim Allard was born on Dec. 13, 1920 to Jim Sr. and Eva Allard. He was the third of five children. Jim Allard Sr. died during surgery in June 1926, leaving his 26-year-old widow to single-handedly raised five children on a pension of $35 a month.

To help out the family after the death of his father, Jim Allard delivered newspapers, played hooky from school to load wood trucks at Fraser Mills, cut and sold firewood, teamed horses and apprenticed at his uncle Bill's foundry in New Westminster. Following his honorable discharge from the navy after the Second World War, he launched his contracting and gravel pit companies, which are now run by his sons.

Allard Contractors Ltd., now based in Port Coquitlam, operates gravel pits in Haney and Mission, as well as the ready-mix cement company.



A 1920 Allard family portrait. Front row, left to right, Ketta, Genevieve. Back row, left to right, James, William, Frank, Thomas, Elizabeth, Ameda, Elmira.

My grandfather, a logger, arrived here in Maillardville in 1912 from Saginaw, Mich. The family followed: Tom, Bill, Frank and my dad, Jim – he was also a logger – and their mother, and they lived on Brunette Street at the corner of Begin.

My mother's family, the Paquettes, also lived around there. My dad lived two doors over on Brunette. My mother, Eva, worked at Fraser Mills as a secretary. I was born in Maillardville on Dec. 13, 1920, and I have lived here all my life.

My dad and his dad used to log up on Como Lake Road, which was just a trail, in the area bounded by Austin, North Road, Como Lake Road and Linton Street. My grandfather would cut the big cedar logs – some were 16 feet in diameter – with a crosscut saw and haul them down to Fraser Mills along Marmont, which was a gravel road.

One day, when my grandfather was cutting a big cedar, a branch fell down, hit the springboard he was standing on, sent him flying in the air and broke his neck. My dad carried him out of the bush somewhere in the vicinity of Como Lake Road.

My dad took my grandfather's place and continued logging. He had a sawmill at VanderVeen's Corner on the Pitt River Road, past what is now the Port Mann bridge exit, in that area. He owned the mill. I was four years old then and had older sisters, ages five and six.

Horses would bring the logs out of the bush and take them to the mill, which had this big steam donkey for power to run the plant. They were making ties for the railroads that were going up all over the place at that time.

One Sunday morning, we saw a big plume of smoke in the air, and my father said: `My barn's on fire.' We could see the flames from Begin Street. We jumped into the McLaughlin-Buick and away we went down Pitt River Road, which was built out of trees and gravel and was bumpier than the dickens.

By the time we got to the mill, the barn had burned down and the six horses had burned. The fire department never got there. That was the end of the mill site. Everything was burned, so my dad moved the mill to Port Moody, on the Barnet Highway.

Then my dad got into an accident at the corner of Brunette and Columbia in his new 1926 Model T Ford. He hit a post and died a few months later. I was five years old, the oldest boy, and there were five of us by then, so my mother had quite a struggle.

My mother was only 26 then and didn't know

James Allard Sr. with his children Isabel, Dorothy and Jim Jr. in the back yard of their Begin Street home in 1922.





James Allard Sr. owned a sawmill operation at Vanderveen's Corner on Pitt River Road, between Cape Horn and Essondale.

anything about business and the sharpies got it. Took it all away from her. Cheated her out of the mill. So anyway, we ended up with a home on Begin Street with a mortgage on it – that's all we had.

Some of the guys that beat her out of the sawmill – I could names some names but I won't – also had the mortgage on the house. Anyway, we struggled from there. My mother used to get $35 a month, what they called a widow's pension, to run the family. This pension was from the government or the municipality.

My mother's family died young – they died young in those days – so she had no one to help her out. I never knew my grandfather Paquette and I never knew my grandfather Allard. I only knew one grandmother, grandma Allard.

We never got much help from my father's family, no. Bill Allard ended up with a machine shop in Westminster and was the most well off one of them all. Tom and Frank worked in the mill. Tom Allard became a Coquitlam councillor; there's a street off Brunette named after him.

I went to the Catholic school, Our Lady of Lourdes, until Grade 4. Then I went to the Millside School from Grade 4, on. From the time I was 11 until I was 14, I had a paper route, delivering from Fraser Mills hill, municipal hall to Millside School, Cartier Street, Laval Square and over to Begin – 86 customers paying 50 cents a month.

I wasn't very interested in school. I didn't want to go to school; I wanted to go to work, so I used to play hooky and go to work at the mill. I wanted to be a truck driver, so I started to work with the trucks at Fraser Mills.

I worked with a fellow who had one truck in 1932, a 1929 GMC truck, a lumber truck. Gaden Legge became Commercial Truck Co. Ltd., from there, still a big company today. Fraser Mills was here by the time my family arrived. My older sister and younger sister worked at the mill too.

A lot of Japanese friends I had at the mill were shipped to the Interior during the war; I never found out what happened to them.

I would get 25 cents a day when I worked with Gaden Legge, loading a truck. In those days, you could go out for a whole weekend for 50 cents. I then learned to drive a truck. I didn't get much schooling; I finished in Grade 7. Out of all the kids in my class at school, though, I passed them all in material things.

My ambition was to be like my father – that was the big thing. When I was 16, I quit working on the trucks and I went to learn a trade. I became a moulder in a foundry, making machines, pistons for engines and stuff, bearings for repairing mills and all kinds of things out of cast iron.

For the first five years, I learned the trade and in the first year I was paid a dollar a day, $5.50 a week. It went up 50 cents a day every six months. My cheque used to be $11 for two weeks' work; I would come home and give it to my mother.

While I was growing up, our house on Begin Street was the gathering place for all the kids. You knew everybody in the community then. We would play games – we had teeter-totters in the yard – like hide-and-go-seek and kick the can. You can't get kids to play games like that today.

I remember when I was a little kid, the men from Fraser Mills would come home from work at five o'clock. I used to wait for Ben Marcellin to come home and I would always ask him for five cents and he would give it to me. I would then run down to the store and get an ice-cream cone.

We went to picnics at Booth's farm – that was a big

thing then. I lived in a house across from Booth's farm when it was a farm. Later on, there were motorcycle climbs on the hill across from the farm.

I remember Johnny Dicaire used to call the square dances in New Westminster. The dances cost 25 cents. After the dance, we would go over to Stan's joint on 12th Street where they served those good hamburgers.

From Schoolhouse Road to Laurentian was all Chinese gardens. We used to go and buy our vegetables there. I also used to hunt ducks behind Millside School. When I was 12, I worked in the bush with Tim Donohue, cutting cord wood in the Laurentian area with horses.

After dad died, the horses he'd used for logging stayed in our barn on Begin Street, and I looked after them. Every morning at four, we would get up, harness the horses and go up Marmont to Austin, then over to Linton and cut firewood in that area.

We would cut it with a hand saw, haul it out and pile it so a truck could come and get it and sell it. While I was in my early teens, I took a horse down Laurentian before it was a street; it was just a trail from Como Lake to Port Moody. It is now Laurentian Crescent.

I once brought a team of horses – I was about 14 then – from Pitt Lake to our place along the old road, over the Pitt River bridge. The horses would jump up in the air because they were afraid of the bridge, and I would have to lead them across by hand.

During the Depression, my mother worked in a soup kitchen on Cartier Street, just off Begin in Coquitlam. A lot of the men riding the rails ended up at our place because we had a big yard and the barn, and they could always find a place to sleep.

No matter how bad things were, we always seemed to have a turkey for Christmas. Christmas was always special, although there weren't many presents, but everyone in the family was together.We would go to dances in Pitt Meadows and Hammond, or to whist drives at the church on Sunday nights. We used to go to White Rock and Cultus Lake.

I kept working at my trade in the foundry after I got married in 1941. When the war came along, I was on deferment because I was doing war work. But I quit my job and joined the navy in the summer of 1943, and after my training was finished, I was stationed in Halifax.

We stayed there for a year and then the war was over – well, the German war was over, but the Japanese war was still on – so I volunteered for that war, and they sent me back to the West Coast, so we all moved back to Begin Street. I was on a ship only a few weeks when it was all over; I ended up back home in '45.

I'd been in the navy two-and-half years and I was a petty officer so I didn't do much work. My trade had gone down the tubes. So I'm back home in Maillardville and I didn't want to go back to the foundry.

Then a fellow phoned me and asked if I would go work in the cement business with him. I told him I didn't want to work on cement but I would drive the truck for him. So he said to come on down, except he didn't have a truck. I worked that day on cement and I worked hard and I wouldn't give up. He asked me to become his partner after two weeks, and in two more weeks, I owned it all.

I bought him out, took over the business. He wasn't running it the way I wanted to run it and we were arguing all the time. So I took the wheelbarrow and the cement mixer and went out on my own. I've been on my own ever since. That was the beginning of Allard Contractors. Started with just a little cement mixer and started to do cement work. And then the first thing you know, you had a little truck and you started to haul gravel, you started to sell gravel and you started mixing cement with gravel.

It just kept growing, and the first thing you know, you got three trucks and one loader, and all of a sudden, it's a big company. A lot of hard work and a lot of rough and hard times, but we did it. My two boys and my wife – she looked after the money – were tremendous assets.

We went from being extremely poor to not rich but satisfied with what we had. I've been retired since 1975 but I still go and help out – I'm the troubleshooter for the company. I have accomplished practically everything I wanted to do.

I wanted to be a pilot, wanted to fly my own airplane, so I learned to fly. The kids then bought me an airplane; I have since accumulated 1,000 hours of flying time. We also own Hyack Air, which I run. I've quit flying now because there's too much to it these days, and my age is getting against me.

Richard Birch

Chicken farms dotted the Burquitlam landscape during the early part of the century. Richard Birch's father, Alfred, kept up to 1,000 chickens at Cool Baun, his spread at Rochester and Walker.

Alfred Birch had emigrated to Manitoba from County Tipperary in Ireland in 1880. He returned in 1891 to marry Helen, then resumed farming in Manitoba. He was there for 30 years before deciding to retire and go back home once more. But after spending one year in Ireland, the Birch family returned to Canada.

Mr. Birch was planning for retirement and a leisurely life of tennis and golf when he and his wife came to Coquitlam via Vancouver in 1914 with their four children. But his intentions were to be dashed by a recession and plummeting land prices.

Having saved up a retirement nest-egg from the successful Manitoba wheat farm, Mr. Birch invested the money in real estate all over the Lower Mainland, only to lose everything to tax sale after the crash.

Richard (Dick) Birch was born on a farm near Brandon, Man., in 1906. When the family moved to this area, Alfred Birch bought an acre of land in the wilds of Burquitlam and built a beautiful, spacious

home, with a tennis court in front and chicken houses in the back.

After losing his money in real estate, Mr. Birch ran the chicken farm. He also later worked in a mill and at the penitentiary in Sapperton. A tournament tennis player and an avid golfer, he joined Vancouver Golf Club in 1912; he and his wife were among the earliest members there.

Mrs. Birch was active at St. Stephen's Anglican Church and instilled Christian devotion in her children. Dick Birch married Muriel Ethel Ritchie of Cloverdale in 1933; they raised three daughters. Mr. Birch, who has 10 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren, lives in White Rock. He is now retired.

Recently, the family home at Rochester and Walker was renovated and restored by new owners.

My father built a very nice house in 1914 on Rochester Road, in what was then known as Burquitlam. He had it built near the corner of Rochester and Walker. My mother named it Cool Baun – Irish, which meant shady corner or quiet nook.

My father picked Burquitlam to build because it was right beside the golf course. Walker Road was right at the entrance. He had joined the Vancouver Golf and Country Club about 1912 – he was one of the first members out there – and he was going to settle down and enjoy playing golf the rest of his life. However, it didn't work out that way.

My family was from Manitoba, just south of Brandon, where my father homesteaded a section of land. He farmed that land, that section, for 30 years – wheat – and had a good crop every year. Never had any rust or hail or any major problems in that way, so it was very good.

When my father decided he would retire from the farm after having done so well for 30 years – it didn't take nearly as much in those days to retire – we all went back to Ireland. After spending nearly a year there, we came back to Canada. I was four years old.

Then we came out to Vancouver – that would be about 1910, and the real estate boom was on – and my father invested in real estate. The war came on in 1914, and the bottom fell out of real estate, so all the money he had made from the sale of the farm was pretty well lost.

He had bought lots all over the North Shore, out near Dollarton and Keith Road, out that way. He had paid taxes on it and then it had to go for tax sale. We were hardly aware of that, really, I suppose. I was at kindergarten school in Vancouver and entered Grade 1 at Kitsilano School.

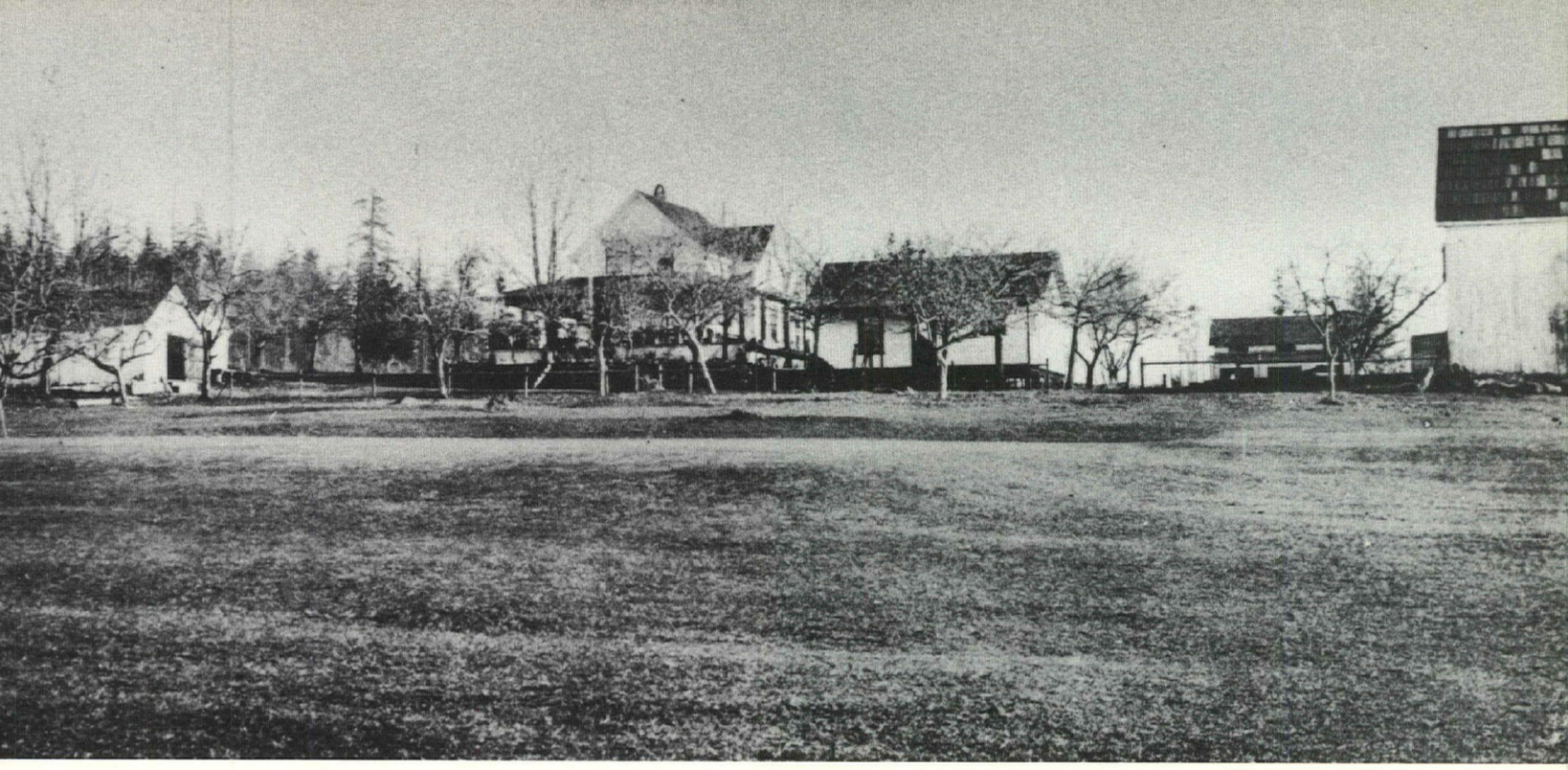
My father had no family here and I don't think he had ever been to Vancouver before – he had been down to San Francisco at the time of the big earthquake, and Los Angeles – so there must have been a fair amount of publicity about the benefits of the B.C. coast. One of his brothers had moved to Los Angeles from Manitoba because he didn't care for the cold.

Our house on Rochester cost $2,500 – I have a copy of the receipt to build it – and recently sold for $300,000. Four bedrooms upstairs, open brick fireplace, tennis court, the best of lumber. We had a chicken ranch, like so many did in those days – a nice tennis court out front, and a chicken ranch out back!

My father was a great tennis player – so was his sister – winning some cups playing in Vancouver. He played (competitive) tennis in Ireland, he played tennis in

A horse-drawn carriage would meet the trams at the Golf Station on North Road to bring golfers to the club.





First clubhouse at Vancouver Golf and Country Club in 1910. Richard Birch recalls climbing the cherry trees.

Brandon and he played tennis at Brockton Point in Vancouver. We had tennis parties every Saturday afternoon.

The house is still there and it's looking beautiful and it's still called Cool Baun. A few years back it was beautifully renovated. The people did a nice job. It's lovely to see it so well preserved. The original fireplace is still there; they had a sort of oak mantel put around it. The house was on an acre to begin with and then my father bought the acre across the street, then the acre on each side. Eventually, he sold those off. My father was called a gentleman rancher. I suppose he had between 500 and 1,000 chickens.

Nothing was automated in those days; there were no automated feeders or anything like that. It was entirely a hand-to-hand operation. But I guess it helped to put some bread on the table – there were four kids and there just wasn't much money.

The chicken ranch didn't pan out too well, so during the First World War my father worked in a munitions factory in New Westminster. After that, he went and worked down at Port Moody, Thurston Flavelle Sawmill. I think it's still there. Anyway, he had to work pretty hard.

Port Moody was too far to walk so we would drive him down with the horse and buggy and I guess he stayed there during the week. He also worked as a guard at the penitentiary in Sapperton for some years. My mother drove him there in the morning and I'd go pick him up in the afternoon.

We had to be very, very careful (with money), but strange thing, as far as I am concerned – I think my brothers and sister thought the same – it was the best life ever, just great. We realized the value of a dollar but we really had a good time. We didn't lack for anything.

I don't think we had the problems that young people have today. For one thing, there wasn't the sort of competition like today. Life was a little rugged at times – we didn't even have proper indoor plumbing – but that didn't matter. We had an easier life it seems, a better life than young people do today with so much money around.

We had our fun at home, and as I say, dad built a tennis court, and we had tennis parties all around the neighborhood there. Mr. Watts had a tennis court, Mr. Newman had a tennis court, and Mr. Parker had one. Our tennis court was clay so it wasn't too bad to maintain.

I went to the Little Red Schoolhouse on North Road, very close to where the Lougheed Shopping Centre is now, just across the road from there. I know it was west of the Vancouver Golf Club; we used to walk down and across the golf links and through the trail to school.

We had a couple of horses and my brother and I used to deliver newspapers all over the area. One of us would ride the pony and one would ride a bicycle and we'd go all over that hillside up from Fraser Mills, right up behind the golf course and all over Burquitlam.

Sometimes it would be snowy and dark, and you'd come through these trails in the bush, but that was all right. The horse knew the way. At one time, we picked up our papers in Sapperton, but then for a number of years, we got them down by Fraser Mills. They'd come from New West by tram.

My brother and I used to deliver eggs from door to door, all around Sapperton. We did it with a horse and buggy and a crate of eggs – there were 30 dozen eggs in the back of the buggy – and we had a number of regular customers.

Our house was wired for electricity when it was built – it was far-seeing of my father to have done that – but we didn't have electricity there for many years. There was nothing to connect to. A great day it was when electricity came up the road; when the power came in, then, of course, we were ready to connect.



The Birch family gathers in front of their home at the corner of Rochester and Walker in 1922.

Then we got a telephone, of all things! For a long, long time, we had to walk almost to the bottom of Rochester Road to use someone else's telephone. Then we got our own. Everything seemed to quite a ways from our home, so we did a lot of walking.

My brother and I were pretty much together all the time – we did a lot of camping and travelling around – so we didn't have to have outside friends so much. Right close by were the Skerrys and the Scotts were up North Road past Blue Mountain School. There were always lots of chores to do, anyway.

Vancouver Golf and Country Club was once Austin's farm and the clubhouse was Austin's house. There was a row of cherry trees down in front and we used to have a great time swiping the cherries. I remember the greenskeeper there, and my brother and I were up in the cherry tree one day, and he came roaring after us, and we ran.

When my father and mother joined Vancouver Golf and Country Club about 1912, people from Vancouver used to come out on the Burnaby Lake tram to play golf. The tram ran from Carrall Street in Vancouver, passed close by Burnaby Lake, then came through to Sapperton.

The stop just before Sapperton was called Golf Station. Certain trams each day, especially on the weekends – I don't know how often – were met by the golf club with a horse and Democrat which was, you know, a large buggy with about four seats in it.

An East Indian would drive the team of horses and meet the trams at Golf Station, and that's the way they got out there. There were very, very few cars on the road in those days. We didn't have a car, never did. In fact, I became the first one in the family to buy one.

We used to spend a lot of our time – mostly, my younger brother and I – up around the golf course, caddying. All the local kids did. We were always trying to make a bit of money, somehow or other. We got paid 25 cents a round and you carried the clubs – there were no golf carts in those days.

When you were finished caddying, you were allowed to play a bit. I play golf myself, played until fairly recently. But I didn't play a lot when our family was growing up because I thought it was better to be home with the kids.

Everything seemed to be two miles from our house on Rochester Road. The school was two miles away, and the streetcar at Sapperton was two miles, and the interurban car in Fraser Mills was about two miles. All the people in the area used to go to St. Stephen's Anglican Church and that was two miles from our house.

We were affiliated with St. Stephen's, which was built around 1914 or 1915, and my mother was superintendent of the fair-sized Sunday school there. I think the congregation was reasonably large, although I doubt if the church could hold more than 60 or 70 people all together.

Rev. Frank Plaskett, who was the rector of St. Mary's Anglican Church in Sapperton – St. Stephen's was a branch of St. Mary's then – had to go back and forth. He rode his bicycle out to St. Stephen's every Sunday. Before we got our own reverend, we sometimes had a student from the theological college in Vancouver.

The church was a very important part of our lives. My life more or less revolved around church activities; my mother and my sister, Molly, spent a lot of time working on the Sunday school's Christmas concert and that sort of thing. They started months ahead.

I was the only one in the family that didn't become involved in Christian work; the closest to that sort of work for me was being treasurer of a half a dozen different parishes. I guess my parents always set the example but it wasn't something they pushed.

I joined the Bank of Montreal right out of school in 1923. I didn't even graduate from high school. No special reason for joining, just a job. I guess I took the advice of my parents, and they thought it would be a good occupation.

I was with the bank for 45 years and moved all over British Columbia. I met my wife in Cloverdale, while I was working for the bank out there. We were married in 1933.

My father and mother had gone back with his sister to the old family home in Tipperary by then – they were looking after the place – so they wanted us to come back there to Ireland. They offered to pay half our tickets so we saved the rest and that's where we spent our honeymoon.

My wife and I raised three girls. When they were growing up, we used to take them on horseback to see some of our friends in Burquitlam. We enjoyed life in Coquitlam very much.

Herbert Roberts



Herbert Roberts

Herbert Roberts was born in 1914 in Port Moody. He was one the six children – three boys, three girls – of Arthur and Jeanette Roberts, who had immigrated to Canada from England.

The Roberts family moved into their 201 Hart St. home in 1914; that site is now covered by the freeway. During the Depression, many Coquitlam bread-winners augmented their families' diets with fish from various creeks – Brunette Creek was the most plentiful – and with game birds and animals hunted down in the wooded areas within the municipality. Mr. Roberts recalls trapping muskrats for their pelts at Como Lake. He remembers that some families even ate the muskrats.

Herbert Roberts, who worked in the lumber industry all his life, married Lorna McCulloch of Surrey. They raised a son and a daughter and now have three grandchildren. They live in White Rock, where Mr. Roberts, now retired, enjoys gardening.

Mr. Roberts's oldest sister, Cecilie, became the mother of Dr. Donald Gain, whose story follows. Jessie, the middle sister, married Jimmy Christmas, one of the most popular reeves in Coquitlam history.

We lived on Hart Street – it's cut off now because the freeway went in – when we moved to Coquitlam in 1914. We had only a lot. There would be six kids in the family – three boys and three girls.

My dad was a steam engineer for several companies. Brunette Sawmills was one of the big ones. He worked on the Fraser Mills tugs as a steam engineer and also worked in Port Moody, where I was born.

I went to Millside School, which had two rooms back then. The teacher who taught the primary grades was Miss Constance Davies. The other teacher was Flora Duggan. I'm not sure how they split the classes. You had to learn not to pay attention to the other grades, as you had your own work to do.

There was a rivalry between the English and French-speaking kids when I was in school; it sometimes got serious, but mainly friendly. Sports were the same, with the French Canadians on one side and the English-speaking on the other. There weren't baseball leagues as such, but different schools had teams, and Millside was famous for its teams. They seemed to be the strongest. All I remember are the baseball teams; I think the girls might have played basketball.

There was no playground per se at the school, just the grounds with goal posts, and that was about it. Nothing elaborate, like now. There was a bit of a basement we played in, when it rained. We used to have lunch down in the furnace room. No lunch room as such. There was nothing wrong with that.

I only went to Millside because in those days, there wasn't much going on in the line of high school. They were hard times, and you had to go out and work.

When I was 12 or 13, we got diphtheria and just about died. Just two of us in the family got it. We finally got the doctor in and we were given injections. We're lucky to be alive because by the time the doctor came, it was pretty well advanced.

Royal Columbian was the main hospital then, but we stayed home with the sickness. It was hard on mother, who nursed us through it. We were quarantined, so dad couldn't come home. It took us at least a year to get over it; the after-effects were bad.

When I was in school, I used to see the teams of Clydesdale horses, used for logging, go by. They came in at that time from around the Dawes Hill area, up by Cape Horn, in that area there. They were hauling the logs down to Fraser Mills.

Fraser Mills was all horses too. Not many cars then. There were few enough cars that you knew them all, and who the drivers were. Very slow traffic. We used to thumb rides to school, but they were so slow they wouldn't even stop; we'd just jump on and off.

Dad never had a car, using a bicycle – that's all he had – for transportation. He just didn't seem to have a desire to have a car. I bought a car after I'd worked for a while. First car was an old Dodge.

Our family house on Hart Street was heated with wood – wood cook stove as well. A lot of people got wood ends to burn from the mill, while others just cut their own wood.

The house I grew up in was not very big; I guess it was about average. Nothing exceptional. Once people moved in, they stayed for the rest of their lives. We only had neighbors – they were a French family – on one side. Six kids in a family wasn't unusual then.

Not all houses had a telephone. In fact, it was quite something if you did have one. You would share a phone with several people around. My mother didn't want indoor plumbing, so she had a pump for the

longest time, after everybody else had it. She had a well and a pump. For bathing, we'd heat the water on the stove and then pour it in a tub.

We had chickens, so we could get our eggs and meat. For milk, there were the Booth and Brehaut dairy farms. The Booth farm, just beyond Millside School, was the biggest in the area, a family affair.

And the Brehaut farm was on the opposite side of the street. They had a truck that would deliver. We used to hitch rides on the back of the work trucks, but they didn't seem to mind. They weren't going that fast, probably 10 or 15 miles an hour, so we'd just run along and jump on.

My chores included cutting wood, which was never-ending. We had to try and get enough in the summer to last the winter. Cut it and put it away. We always seemed to be busy doing something.

The kids, mostly, swam there in Brunette Creek, a good swimming river. No pools in those days. They used to have what they called the girls' dam and the boys' dam. The river got badly polluted later on, and all the fish were killed off.

The winters seemed to be a lot tougher than they are today. Sometimes, Brunette Creek would freeze over; lots of people used to skate there. We used to get quite a bit of snow, too. We used to go sleigh-riding down Blue Mountain Road. No cars to worry about. There was a fellow that lived at the bottom of the hill who used to tow our sleighs up; he had chains on his car and towed a whole string of sleighs up.

First job I ever had was at Brunette Shingle Mill packing shingles, not too hard. I was about 15.

The mill was just beyond the foot of Braid Street, over where the industrial complex is now. I packed shingles there for six months, working on a lower-paid job right up into management. I didn't do badly because it was piece work. A chief engineer would make $2 a day; I would make more than that on piece work.

Everything changed around 1936 or '37. The average wage then became 40 cents an hour; no, I think that was the minimum wage. There was a different rate for a married man over a single man. The differential was maybe 10 cents an hour.

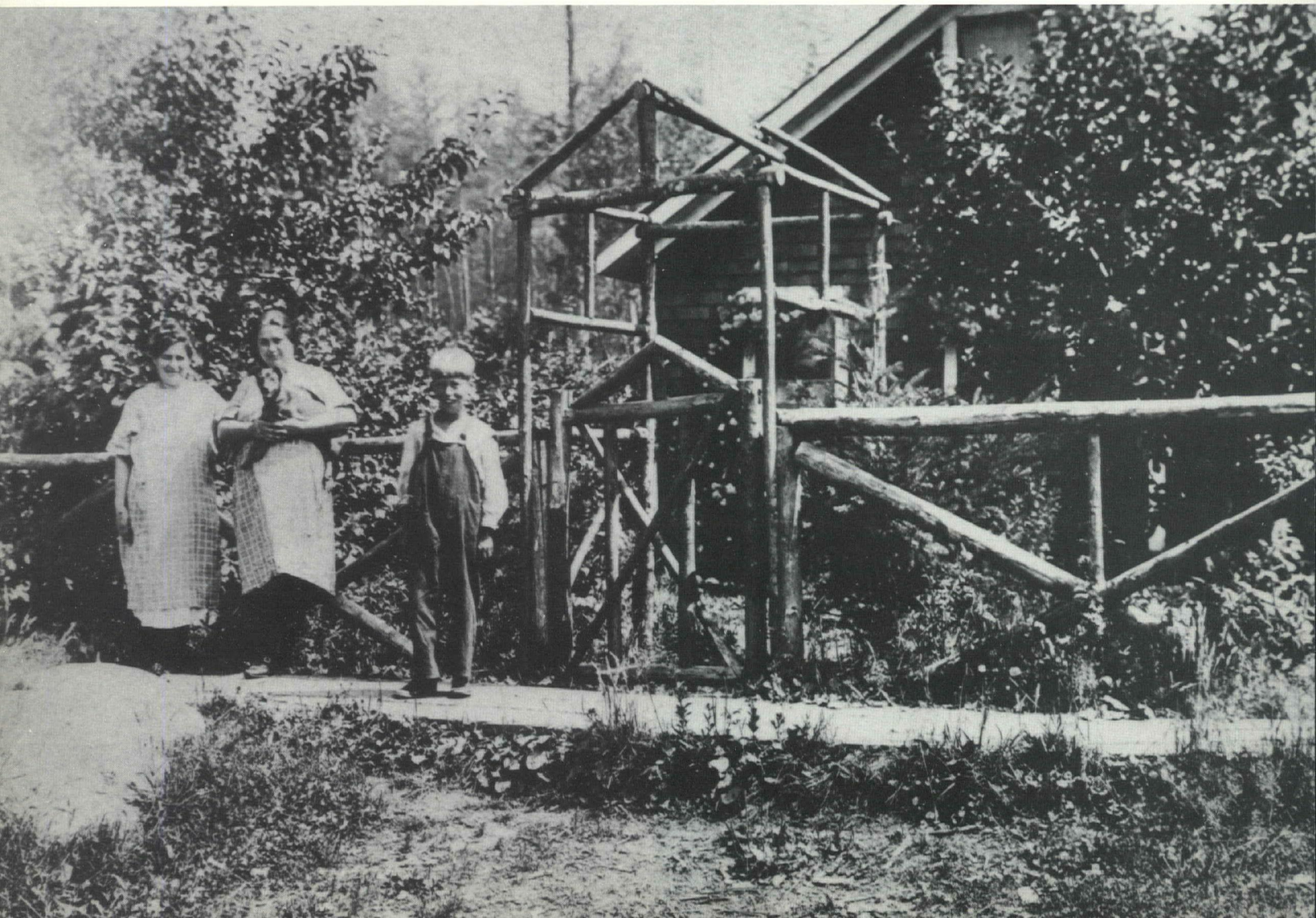
After that, I followed the lumber industry for the rest of my life. I worked for a long time at Timberland Lumber Co. in south Westminster. Then in 1939, I went to work for the Koerner brothers, who had come from Czechoslovakia and started lumbering here. I worked for them eight or 10 years. From there, I went to Yukon Lumber for another 10 to 12 years.

Finally, I ended up as a lumber inspector, doing that for about 20 years. This was inspecting lumber, remember, not logs. The job took me all over the place – southern United States, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, Eastern Canada. I found lumber-inspecting quite interesting.

I used to caddy for 50 cents a round, 18 holes, at the Vancouver Golf Club. I suppose in those days it was reasonably good money. The average wage during the Depression was one dollar a day.

Things were very tough during the Depression, with

Jeanette Roberts with Cecilie and Arthur in 1916.





Jeanette Roberts in front of the family home at 201 Hart St. in 1910. The house was torn down to make room for the freeway.

very little work around. Dad seemed to keep working during the Depression, but sometimes he had to go away to follow his work. Sometimes his jobs were seasonal, as in the canneries.

When I was about 12 or 13, there was a big train wreck between Brunette and North Road. I didn't see it happen, but we were there right after. Terrible derailment, a head-on, and several people were killed. There was a work crew at the other end, towards North Road, and then there was a train coming the opposite direction, from New Westminster

Fraser Mills was a separate little community back then and had its own doctor, nurse and police force. They were considered a separate entity unto themselves by the rest of the people. If you lived in Fraser Mills, you lived in Fraser Mills. They had their own post office and general store.

The lumber mill was the main industry then, of course. Swift's Canadian had a meat-packing plant, and there was a plywood plant near there on the Coquitlam side, right alongside the Brunette River. Manufactured laminated materials.

If you wanted to go to town, you went to New Westminster on the streetcar. It was like an interurban, and it ran from Queensborough to Fraser Mills every hour – every hour on the hour. The fare was six cents, so we walked a lot.

We went into Westminster a fair amount. There were two movie houses there. One was called the Edison Theatre, and the other was the Royal, on opposite sides of the street. We would go in for Saturday matinees, a big deal. Later, a third theatre came in – the Columbian Theatre.

Later on when I had a car, we used to go from Coquitlam to White Rock for dances at the Blue Moon Pavilion. That's where I met my wife; we were married in 1939.

Brunette Creek was a fisherman's paradise then, so we did lots of fishing. People, everyone from little kids to real professional fishermen, used to come from all over the Lower Mainland to Coquitlam to fish. The creek was just loaded with all different types of trout. And in the fall, the coho salmon would come up.

We would go duck hunting at Como Lake. There was nothing there except a greenhouse. We also trapped muskrats up there. I had a trapper's licence one year, and got quite a few. A common practice during the Depression was to get a trapping licence.

We used to sell the hides for fur coats. I think we used to get 25 cents a pelt. They had to be skinned and dried first.

You'd check your trap every couple of days. We'd catch them on the shore, but you'd try to set the traps so they'd drown themselves, to save them suffering. I wouldn't do any trapping or hunting today, but in those times, it was a necessity. You could eat muskrat, but we never did.

The Depression years are not a very pleasant memory as far as I'm concerned. We had to work because we were not too prosperous. There are a lot of pleasant memories but there were a lot of hard times. I suppose it was a good experience.

The Second World War helped economically as there was more demand for materials. Still, it was a rough life for the mothers, who seemed to take it in stride.

The whole neighborhood has changed drastically today. Nothing like it used to be. One subdivision after another now.

Donald Gain

Dr. Donald Gain was born in 1930 in Maillardville to Cecilie and Benjamin Gain. He was raised in the family home on Brunette, right behind his grandparents' house on Hart Street. From Millside School, he went on to F.W. Howay and Duke of Connaught schools in New Westminster, then graduated in medicine from the University of British Columbia.

He returned to Coquitlam to become a general practitioner, setting up practice at the corner of Marmont and Austin. He became so busy he built the Austin Medical Centre at Gatensbury and Austin; his friend, Dr. Don Hutchins, joined him there. Three additions later, the centre had nine doctors. Today, Coquitlam residents know it as the Gain Medical Centre.

Dr. Gain looks back to the days when Coquitlam had only two doctors, Dr. Cannon and Dr. Wilson, and when house calls on bicycles were common. He also traces the evolution of the Medical Services Plan.

Dr. Gain married Shirley Cooper, a nurse he had met during his internship at Vancouver General Hospital. They had four sons. After retiring, Dr. Gain divided his time between his home on Canyon Court in Coquitlam and a summer retreat on Galiano Island, to which he recently moved.

My mother's family came to Coquitlam first, sometime around 1914, and lived at 201 Hart St. She was born in 1903 in a grass sod hut on the Prairies. My grandparents, who came to Canada from England, had been given property to work there.

That didn't work out too well, so they came out here and lived in Sapperton for a while; prior to that, they lived in Port Moody. My grandfather had his engineering papers, so he worked on the ferry going back and forth to North Vancouver, before there were any bridges.

My grandmother still had outdoor plumbing at their house on Hart Street until her death in 1957; she was quite satisfied with it. She had a hand pump in the pantry to pump water from the well. She resisted progress. The kitchen was the major room in the house, and the only convenience she had there was a big wood kitchen stove.

I saw a lot of my grandmother; she just lived through the back from us. I spent a great deal of time with her. We quite often went there for family gatherings. I never heard her say anything against this part of the world. They came because there was work here.

My mother was 18 when she married my father in 1921. I don't know how they met, to be truthful. I don't think she went much past Millside School; as a matter of fact, she only got Grade 6. I know she worked at the box factory at the foot of Hart Street where, well, it's the freeway now.

My father's family lived in New Westminster. His father was a butcher. My father was born in 1899, and he was in his mid-teens when they went there. My father used to deliver meat for his father in a cart which was pulled by a bull.

That's how he got the nickname of Benny, the Bull Tamer. He used to drive across the Fraser River in the wintertime over the ice, so the winters were much

Benjamin and Cecilie Gain, parents of Donald Gain.



more harsh than they are now. Later on, my father drove for United Grain Growers, a feed company.

He also drove for Union Oil for a time, then went to Swift's Canadian where he delivered meat, I think, for 17 years. And then he worked for Alaska Pine as a carrier driver and truck driver, until he retired. My father never told me much about that; these are stories that came down afterwards.

We have some photographs of him with his Grain Growers truck, which had solid rubber tires. Never seen a photograph of the bull. My paternal grandfather and grandmother both died before I came along, so I never knew them. I did know the two Roberts grandparents.

After they were married, my parents acquired the lot on Brunette Street and hacked it out of the forest and built the house themselves. The house at 709 Brunette has also been replaced by the freeway.

I don't know where my parents stayed while they were building the house, which had two bedrooms, a very large kitchen, and bathroom. They had a full basement. It didn't have cement walls, just cement blocks with posts in them. I can remember that as the house got older, the posts had to be replaced.

They used a wood furnace. They tried to put a sawdust burner in at one point, but it didn't work. Kept jamming up. So my parents stayed on wood heat forever. They had to fight forest fires at the back of the door to save the house from going up in smoke.

I think Brunette at that time was basically just a dirt road. I've heard stories of a Constable Pare – there's a lot of those family members still around the community – who used to come by on his horse. My parents seemed to have a pretty good relationship with him.

There was an interurban line at the time, just below us, on the south side of Brunette. That's been replaced by the CPR tracks. I came along in 1930 – my parents were living at 709 Brunette at the time – and I had a sister who was born in 1936. Unfortunately, she died when she was six months old.

I went to Millside School. The school was a mile and a half away from home, at the corner of Schoolhouse and Brunette. Sometimes we took the bus, sometimes just walked, later went on bicycle. The school's been around for a long time. My mother, her three brothers and two sisters went there.

We just had an 80th birthday for Millside School, which I ran. It was extremely successful.

We used to have a large group of East Indian kids there. Their parents worked at Fraser Mills. There was also a big Japanese contingent that either worked at the mill, or were fishing people.

Subsequently, I went to Howay School, which is where the current bus depot and YMCA are in New Westminster, before going on to Connaught. The reason for my going in that direction was that it was easier to step on a bus, rather than climb Blue Mountain Hill to Austin Avenue, where Coquitlam's high school was at that time.

I was raised in our home on Brunette; my parents lived there for a very long time. I left there in 1957, and they were still living there. Eventually, they moved to 520 Cottonwood Ave., where they had a fairly good sized plot of land.

After my father passed away in 1966, my mother sold the house and moved into an apartment on King Albert, where she lived for about 12 or 13 years. When she couldn't handle that because of declining health, she went to John Davies Manor, and now she's in the Burquitlam Lions care home.

When I was a kid, we had huge lots in Coquitlam by comparison to today. There were five lots in the block between Hart Street and Jackson Street. They would each probably be twice as big as today.

The other families around us were the Gagnes, the Pares, the Payers, the Gauthiers and the Yateses. Mr. Yates also worked at Swift's Canadian as a first-aid man. A lot of French-Canadian families; Coquitlam was heavily French Canadian when it first started.

Just on the Sapperton side of Hart Street, there used to be a huge field where Swift's Canadian put cattle when they were waiting for them to fatten up or slaughter. That was a place we used to frequent a great deal.

I don't know how many acres it would be. Brunette Creek ran through it, so it was a place to fish; we also used to shoot .22s over there quite safely. It was great fun. My uncle Herbert used to go hunting at Como Lake; he had to hike in.

It's interesting that the first purchase I made after I started working was at the Marshall-Wells hardware store, exactly where the old Army Navy was, in New Westminster. With my first 12 bucks, I went up there and I bought a .22 rifle.

I walked down Columbia Street carrying this thing, and nobody challenged me on it. I used to spend a good portion of each cheque on .22 shells. I just shot targets. There was a nice bank that you could put your targets against; you never had to worry where the shells were going to go.

We used to gather manure in our wagon for our garden – we had a big garden all the time. My father grew a lot of vegetables, and he was into flowers too. He would probably have a vegetable patch which was about half the size of the average lot today. We also had a chicken house.

I used to get a quarter a week for washing dishes. An ice-cream cone was a nickel, and you could go to a movie for a quarter in New Westminster or Sapperton. Saturday matinees were usually double features. I think bus fare there was only a nickel.

There used to be a lot of good fishing in Brunette Creek, particularly higher up. There were lovely fish. Salmon used to come up and spawn, and there was a lot of trout. I think the dam we fished near was called Minister's Dam. I don't know if it's still there or not.

By 1935, '36, when I started going to Millside School, there were houses all the way along Brunette. Fraser Mills was the big development. Thrift's Market was already there. Right across was Pett's, which was a grocery store and meat market. That's gone now. The place was called the Homestead Cabaret at one time; they took it down two or three years ago.

I worked in a drugstore in New Westminster – Fisher Drugs – from the age of 13. I delivered and worked in the store. I was making 25 cents an hour, four dollars a week, working from three to six. They were very short of anybody to work because it was war time.

I don't remember much about the war years. My father was too young for the first war and too old for the second. I don't remember a lot of people going to war, although I do remember the end of the war because I was in high school, and they let us out early.

There was a lot of happiness that day, that's for sure. I'm sure there was a lot of people from here at war, but none of my three uncles or my father was involved. They must have been too old because they were born before 1920.

My interest in medicine came from when I was working in the drugstore. Then I met a fellow named Don Hutchins when I started at Connaught; we were both starting in Grade 10. We became extremely good friends and we both sort of made the same decision at the same time.

We went through UBC med school together, and in 1956, we both graduated. He went to Vancouver General to do his internship, and I went to Royal Columbian Hospital to do mine.

I started practice in Coquitlam in a little 600-square-foot box on the corner of Marmont and Austin, as a general practitioner. After about two and a half years, the practice became so busy I just couldn't handle it.

At that point, Don Hutchins, who had been practising in Vancouver, decided he would come out and join me. So we built the Austin Medical Centre on the corner of Gatensbury and Austin. Now it's called the Gain Medical Centre and it has mushroomed to three additions, with nine doctors. Don retired as a doctor as of this year; I'm retired too. We're still partners in some business operations.

I met my wife at VGH when I was in my third year of medicine; she was the nurse looking after the patient that I had to examine for my third-year exam. We got married at the end of my internship. I got $200 a month as an intern, so I couldn't afford to get married.

We moved into a little house on Austin where the big church is now, the 1400 block Austin.

When I first started practising medicine, there was no Medical Services Plan, MSP. There were a few prepaid schemes. One was for government employees, and there were a couple of insurance plans that people could subscribe to, but they had to pay a fortune. And there was SAMA, which was for welfare people.

We were paid depending on how many bills came in. A great many people didn't have any coverage at all, so when MSA started, it was a great boon. I had one lady owe me for three babies. You just paid the doctor or hospital on the installment plan, because no one had coverage.

When I started, I was doing as many as 10 house calls a day. You'd make your house calls in the morning before you started office hours. You'd also do them at lunchtime and in the early evening.

I remember some of the doctors who practised in Coquitlam in the early years. There was Dr. Cannon, who worked for Fraser Mills. He came out to the mill every day and saw the employees, and if you caught him at the Fraser Mills office you could get him to stop by your house.

Dr. Cannon may have been somewhat responsible for my decision to become a doctor; he let me ride around with him in his car on his calls. That was kind of interesting. He was followed by a chap named

Brunette Avenue, facing east, as it appeared in 1930.



Wilson, who practised just at the bottom of Blue Mountain.

He was one of the people responsible for getting the Westwood car racing circuit started. He used to race himself. Other than that, you pretty well had to go into New Westminster to see a physician.

The office was still a major part of these doctors' practices. I'm sure the emergency at Royal Columbian was nothing like today. House calls were certainly in vogue at that time too and into the '60s.

We used to have a family doctor, Dr. George Wilson, whose son became a surgeon. His grandson Richard Wilson is in medicine, and they have a son coming up; his grandfather is working on him too.

Dr. George Wilson always made a point of making a house call to our place in around the middle of June because that's when the Bing cherries were ready. And he knew he'd go home with a big box of cherries.

Irene Kerr Burslem

Born in Vancouver in 1913 to Joe and Margaret (Robinson) Kerr, Irene Kerr Burslem moved to Burquitlam in 1915 with her parents and older sister, Mary. Joe Kerr drove a delivery wagon for Spencer's in New Westminster and later became a justice of the peace.

In 1932, Irene Kerr married Tom Burslem, a greenskeeper at Vancouver Golf Club for years; the couple settled in a house on Walker Road in Burquitlam and raised five children, a boy and four girls. Now a grandmother of five – she also has three great-grandchildren – Mrs. Burslem lives in a North Road apartment.



Alice Burslem, May Day queen of 1948, with flowers presented to her by Miss Canada, Anne Stoddart.

I grew up in the Burquitlam district, where my family moved in 1915. We lived on three acres of land. There wasn't anything but bush around there then. Bears too.

I remember once when a bear was eating our neighbor's apples; I went over with my father and he shot the bear. Its stomach was full of apples. We butchered and ate the bear, the only time I've ever had any, and I never want to taste bear meat again!

We had a good garden with vegetables and fruit. We also had a barn with chickens, a horse for plowing and a cow. The chickens became like pets so that sometimes, after we'd killed them, we wouldn't want to eat them.

It took my father and me a whole day to buy the cow in Port Coquitlam. We travelled with a horse and wagon. The road was close to the river and not very good. Both sides, Coquitlam and Port Coquitlam, argued about who would pave the road, so it stayed put.

The road was very narrow, and you couldn't pass on it. It was a long day, of course, so when we got to Port Coquitlam, we couldn't go home without eating and talking. On our way home, we used a lantern to see, while the cow followed behind our horse and wagon. My mother was out looking for us at 11 p.m.

Life was fairly quiet back then, and we didn't do much because you had to walk so far to get anywhere. Of course, around exhibition time, we would enter our chickens and vegetables in competitions at the Agricultural Hall, where Christmas Manor is now. It was quite a big fair.

People would bring jam, vegetables, knitting – everything. The winners would then go on to the Vancouver fair. Billy Thomas would have his camera and take pictures around exhibition time. We were young kids then and thought that was great.

We would enter our two whippets – dogs that looked like small greyhounds – in the whippet races at Hastings Park in Vancouver. We didn't have a car back



Irene Kerr Burslem remembers the vegetable competitions at Agricultural Hall.

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then, so we took the dogs on the tram. You had to have a muzzle on them, of course. A little boy once looked over the dog and said, 'Oh, look, look, they don't feed their dog. Look at how thin it is!'

There were many garden parties too. I remember the large homes, the fish pond and tea. The reeve, or what is now called the mayor, always had an eventful home on Guilby and Rochester. All of the houses were well built. There are about five or six other large houses still in that area today.

The post office was close by the school I went to. Before Hamilton Road School was open, children in the Burquitlam district attended the Little Red Schoolhouse – at least that's what it was called then. My friends May and Pearl Wilson went to school there. It was located where the funeral home is now.

When I was in my teens, there was a farm house in that area that had an old-fashioned, crank telephone. The lady would let everybody use it. It was a great thing to have a phone!

You were really somebody if you had a car; there were not many around. That is why few people learned to swim in those days. If you knew someone with a car, you could go to White Rock. Of course, the boys played in Brunette Creek, but you barely ever got to water.

You couldn't swim in Como Lake; they say it has no bottom. Sometimes there would be Sunday School picnics in Vancouver. That was the only time you got to water.

You couldn't really fish, either. I remember the game warden riding down North Road when I was a little girl. He was very watchful; you didn't dare pull a fish out of water.

When I married in 1932, we moved to a house on Walker Road. My husband, Tom, was a greenskeeper at the Vancouver Golf Club, right by our new home. He served there for over 30 years.

We had wooden sidewalks, and big open ditches in that area. Oh, that was something – open ditches on North Road. You had to watch that the children didn't fall in. We also had to carry our water from outside. The municipality would bring the water as far as the road, and we'd pack it up to the house. There was a tap, and a meter to tell you that you were using it. You carried your water from outside until you could afford to have them lay pipes right into your house.

Outhouses? Yes, we had outhouses for a long time. My son once put the cat into the outhouse. Oh, my boy wasn't mischievous or anything. Maybe he was just curious. I don't think he did it deliberately. The poor cat didn't come home for a few days.

The baker would deliver his bread right to the house; his bakery was close to municipal hall. George the Baker is what we called him. He trusted everybody, and during the Depression, he would leave bread whether the people could pay for it or not.

There were other people that would come calling at the house too. An old Chinese fellow from Blue Mountain Road came by with vegetables. When times got rough, he looked after everybody as well.

There was also a little church on Austin Avenue; it was for all denominations. The ministers and people from the church would come on bicycles. Someone would take the ministers in for dinner. Then they would go on to the next place, perhaps Port Moody.

In the winter, we would get lots of snow. Sometimes, we'd have bad snow storms. Sleigh-riding was lots of fun, though. The sleigh had a box where the kids sat, and we would ride from Walker Road all the way to Brunette Creek. I'd be having a bird!

From Brunette Creek, we would walk all the way into New Westminster to visit my mom and dad. We would then walk home, pulling the sleigh. Other times, we would ride the sled on the golf course.

May Day was a big event in the spring time – it really was great. In 1948, daughter, Alice, was chosen May Day queen. I think it was the first year the May queen got picked by popularity, rather than out of a hat. I remember there were 106 girls running.

There would be dinner and dancing on May Day, with all the schools involved. It was always a really nice day. May Day was held at Coquitlam School on Austin Road, and at Blue Mountain Park.

The boys dressed in bow ties, and the girls wore dresses. One lady always took care of the wardrobe, buying the capes for all the girls on the parade float. I bought my daughter her dress and shoes; she also wore a crown and was given a gold locket to keep.

A man named Manny (Manny Gueho) played a big part in May Day. Boy Scouts were also involved. My

son helped lead the marching one year. The May-poles were always so beautiful. They had pink-and-white streamers as a rule, and they hung down from a decoration on top of the pole.

Each school had its own May-pole. The dancers would intertwine the streamers, then go back again to open them. Oh, it was always such a nice day!

Everybody seemed content in those days. I remember gathering at houses and making home-made candy, going to garden parties, sleigh-riding – it was all wonderful. I think we were better off then.

Sydney Parker Skerry

In 1915, the Parker family settled on Walker Road in Burquitlam. William Parker, father of Sydney Parker Skerry, was a manager at Fraser Mills management. His wife, Gertrude, was active at St. Stephen's and in the Women's Institute.

Mr. Parker had started in the lumber industry as a logger for the Comox Logging and Railway Co., on Vancouver Island. Logging, though, was not for him. Shortly after, he started at Fraser Mills, where his main responsibility was ensuring that the mill always had an ample supply of logs. Mr. Parker also served as a Coquitlam councillor (1920-21, 1923).

Sydney Parker Skerry was educated at Austin Road School, Columbian College and The University of British Columbia. She worked at Fraser Mills, running a messenger service, typing invoices, and filling in at the switchboard. Mrs. Skerry also worked for many years at a lumber office in Vancouver. She married John Skerry, a school teacher, in 1945; they settled in Vancouver, where she still lives. She has one daughter and one grand-daughter.

I was born in New Westminster, an only child, and I was raised in the spacious family home on Walker Road in Coquitlam. My parents moved to Coquitlam around 1915, when my father started working at Fraser Mills. Most of the mill people lived in New Westminster, but my father wanted to be closer to his work.

They wanted to be out in the country too and would not hear of living in the city. I think my father also wanted to acquire some property. He bought up other property around. Later, when we sold the pieces of property for next to nothing, I just tore up the agreements.

Our house was built in the middle of two acres of land. My father did that on purpose so that if he ever wanted to subdivide it, well, he was looking ahead, you see. The house with the tennis court in front was on one acre, and then on the other side, the other acre was left just as bush.

We had lamps when we first went there, and for heat we had a wood-and-coal furnace. We also had to have a stove upstairs for heating. We got the firewood delivered from the mill, of course. We had indoor plumbing and an old-fashioned white bath.

Later on, maybe 1930 or so, we eventually did get



William Parker in front of his Walker Avenue Home in 1921. He served as a councillor for the District of Coquitlam, 1920-23.

light, but my father had to negotiate with B.C. Electric Co. to get the poles; he had to pay for them to come from Rochester Road. That was a big occasion. After that, we had a great big telephone on the wall, a black one, and were on a party line.

There was no mail delivery at that time, so we had our mailbox down at the corner of Walker Road and Rochester. When there was mail, they would turn the box in or out. They would bring the mail every day – in some parts, it might have been every two days; I do not know when they started delivering to the door.

Our neighbors on one side were the Wattses – they are gone now – and on the other side were the Sutherlands. Don Sutherland was the pro at Vancouver Golf Club, and he is now back in Scotland. Then there was a Mrs. Parkinson, and there were the Costins, at the corner of Austin and Walker. Across the street were the Bonds, and there was the judge, Judge Whiteside – this was later on – but when we first got there, there were just one or two houses. Our close friends, the Birches, were a wonderful family who lived just around the corner and also had a tennis court.

During my father's years at Fraser Mills, he worked in the time office at first, and then from there, he just went right to the top. They called him Commodore of the Fleet because, later on, he looked after the little tug boats that came up to the mill with logs from Vancouver Island, around Courtenay and Comox.

His job was to see that there were always enough logs to supply the mill. He used to experiment in our basement with toy boats and he would clip little logs and pile them up on a piece of plywood. He thought there was a better way to transport logs than by barge.

Another thing he tried – this was when plywood was first being made – he would experiment with glues in the basement, soaking the different ones in water to see which would stay. They used blood from the Swift's meat-packing plant to make glue for plywood at first.

My father had a lot to do with the Chinese, who lived in one of the many different communities down at the river. At Christmas, he was always showered with gifts from the Chinese – we always got two or three turkeys – because if you did a good deed for them, they never forgot.

My father was at the mill at the time of the big strike in 1931, and that was a terrible thing because it was the beginning of many other strikes. He used to go in to work trembling and in fear, wondering what was going to happen. Things were very difficult for everyone at the mill.

My father would be met at the entrance of Brunette by the mill constable – all management personnel were – and taken down to the mill. This was also at the beginning of the Depression. Our family was affected when everybody took a cut in salary, but it was not as if we were scratching for bread and butter.

I do not remember if there were any soup kitchens, where people could get help. Part of my father's job was to see that the 50 or 60 families living in the townsite were taken care of. There was a great big building used as a sort of staff house – all gone now – so he looked after that too.

Outside of his job, my father was a Coquitlam councillor, but I do not remember the years nor all the details. I recall him giving some speeches. He was obviously well liked. My mother went to the Women's Institute, and she was caught up in lots of church activities, but apart from that, I do not remember my parents socializing that much.

My parents were members of Vancouver Golf Club, and I used to go up to the golf course by walking along Austin Road, get the lost balls lying around and just keep them. I cannot remember making any money on them by selling them or anything. It was just something to do.

I used to sleigh-ride down Blue Mountain Hill in the winter, starting at Rochester Road and going right down to Brunette, and that was a good run. We did not meet any cars at the bottom.

My mother had learned to drive, which was really something – I cannot remember any other women around that could – and she used to drive over to St. Stephen's Anglican Church on Cameron, on the Burnaby side of what was called Burquitlam.

The Sunday school there used to have little concerts at Christmas. I also remember the harvest festival at the Agricultural Hall down on Austin Road. I will never forget these pumpkin pies spread out on a table, light ones and dark ones.

I remember when the VGC clubhouse burned down; I think they built two, and the second burned down too. I went out to see the fire with my father in the dark of night. I can remember standing somewhere along Walker Road and hearing the pop bottles popping inside the clubhouse.

I did not go anywhere when it was dark – we did not have any streetlights then – and in fact, I was not to walk anywhere; I had to be taken.

Even after I learned to drive, while in high school, and we were allowed to have a licence, I could not go out on foggy winter nights. I will never forget taking my driver's licence when I was 16; we had to go down to the city hall in New Westminster, and I had to drive up all those steep hills. I used our own car, a four-seater Ford sedan that my father and mother got after the Model T.

When I left Grade 8 at Austin, Como Lake High School was not there, so you had to go into New Westminster to Trapp Tech. A lot of Coquitlam students also went to Duke of Connaught.

I went to Columbian College, a great big complex on Queen's Avenue and Second Street, quite a prestigious school.

I studied arts at UBC and was straight out of university when I started working at Fraser Mills around 1938. I had no typing or short-hand, but I think the manager felt responsible for my mother, because my father had just died. I ran a delivery service between the mill and its Vancouver office, stopping at places like the main post office. I used the bus.

I got paid $60 per month for working six days a week. I quit after two years and took a secretarial course at Sprott-Shaw business school in Vancouver. Then I got a job in a lumber office in Vancouver just before the war and stayed in the lumber business.



Elsie and Benny Winter in front of their parents' home at the end of Lillian Street, in what is now Harbour Chines. This picture was taken in 1929. In the background can be seen charred stumps, a reminder of the devastating 1905 forest fire that raced through the area.

Elsie Winter Van Leeuwen

The area of Coquitlam west and north of Como Lake, known today as the Harbour Chines subdivision, was initially settled by the two MacIntosh brothers, Johnny and Alec, after whom MacIntosh Road was named.

The Winter family bought their MacIntosh Road property in 1916 and moved into their house around 1920.

Elsie Winter Van Leeuwen was born at Royal Columbian Hospital in 1926. Her mother, whose maiden name was Kauppi, had emigrated from Finland to the U.S. in 1908 with her two sisters. She then returned to her homeland to marry, and the couple had a son, Benny, and a daughter.

William Robert Winter – his names were anglicized – had left Finland in 1899 to travel the world. He travelled to Hong Kong and married the English-speaking daughter of a rich mandarin for whom he worked. He brought his family to Canada, where his wife died. Mr. Winter then met and married Miss Kauppi. The couple settled in Coquitlam.

Elsie Winter and her younger brother, Edward, had three step-sisters and a step-brother. The entire family was very close.

All the Winters, Elsie in particular, were devastated when Benny, an intelligent and sunny-natured lad, was reported missing in action during the Second World War. When he left home at 19 in August 1940 to join the Royal Canadian Air Force, Elsie hid because she just could not bear to say good-bye. She never saw him again.

Stationed in the jungles of Ceylon, Benny Winter's airplane flew off to take photographs of the Andaman Islands, which were occupied by the Japanese, and never returned. His last letter home was dated Aug. 26, 1943. That was followed by the dreaded telegram stating tersely that W.O. 1, B. Winter, RCAF 58539, was missing.

Elsie Winter married Willem Van Leeuwen on June 28, 1952. Her husband finished the house at 804 MacIntosh that her father had started building, next door to the old family home.

The Van Leeuwens had four children, two daughters and two sons; three of them have their homes on part of the old homestead on MacIntosh Street. Mrs. Van Leeuwen, who still lives at 804, has one grand-daughter.

My father purchased our property on MacIntosh Road in 1916. Our family home – 816 Mac-Intosh, next door from where I am now – has

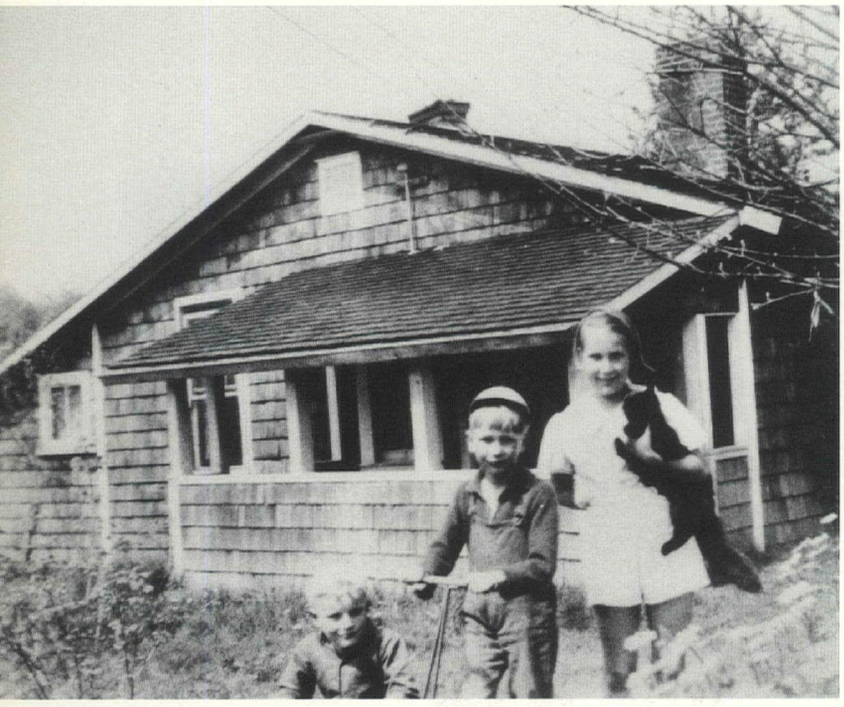
had four generations living in it. My younger brother, Eddie, was born in that house. I was born in 1926 at Royal Columbian Hospital and have lived on this street ever since then.

We were hoping the house would last as long as my mother did because it was so familiar to her. It did, easily. My mother was 93 when she passed away. My father had been married before, and so had my mother, so I had three step-sisters, a step-brother and one real brother.

My father was Finnish and changed his first names to Robert William because they were more English-sounding. His brother changed his first name to Edwin. My mother was also of Finnish descent.

Our house was built in 1920, I think. Our five acres of land on MacIntosh were in the area known as Burquitlam at the time.

In those days, streets – they were called roads then – were often named after the person living at the end of that road. The two MacIntosh brothers, both bachelors, lived at the end of this street.



Henry Ingman plays with Benny and Elsie Winter in front of 800 MacIntosh in 1936.

A trail ran from the end of Lillian Road into Port Moody, and it was so well worn that even the bears kept away from it. All of the roads around here were gravel at that time. Gatensbury did not extend into Port Moody from Como Lake; Blue Mountain Road also stopped there.

I remember there were only two houses on Como Lake Road east of Gatensbury. In fact, there were just two houses on Porter, as the street ended at the spot where the school now stands. On this side of MacIntosh Road, there was our house, the Bowmans' and then the MacIntoshes' house at the end.

There were five houses on the other side. Mr. Bailey, a bachelor who lived in a shack, bought us kids a baseball bat and ball and let us on his property to play ball. He kept the bat and ball, but we could play with them whenever we wanted, and he would always sit and watch us. He had a car with a rumble seat and he offered rides to neighbors.

Finnish people named Ikonen – he was a shoemaker in Port Moody – had this old barn on Lillian, opposite Harbour View Elementary School, and perhaps an acre or two. The barn, a sort of landmark in this area, was torn down only recently, and the subdivision was named Harbour Chines.

A sauna is a must for any Finnlander, and until my father built ours, we always went to the Ikonens for sauna baths. They were very close friends of my parents.

There were many cultures and nationalities around here – Swedish, Finnish, Japanese and others. My mother's best friend was Mrs. Kozub, who was born in the Ukraine. Having been born in Finland, my mother spoke only a little English, just like Mrs. Kozub.

They both spoke a kind of broken English, but they always seemed to understand each other, and we were there to help out when needed. Mrs. Kozub's daughter, Annie, was my dearest friend. The early settlers did not learn English before coming here from their homeland, but a bond did exist between them.

Mrs. Keate – the Keates were the only residents on Porter Road to the north – was a wonderful lady who taught Sunday school at Central United Church, later Como Lake United. She held a weekly sewing club in her home for us girls. Except for our teachers, she was the only woman driver I knew.

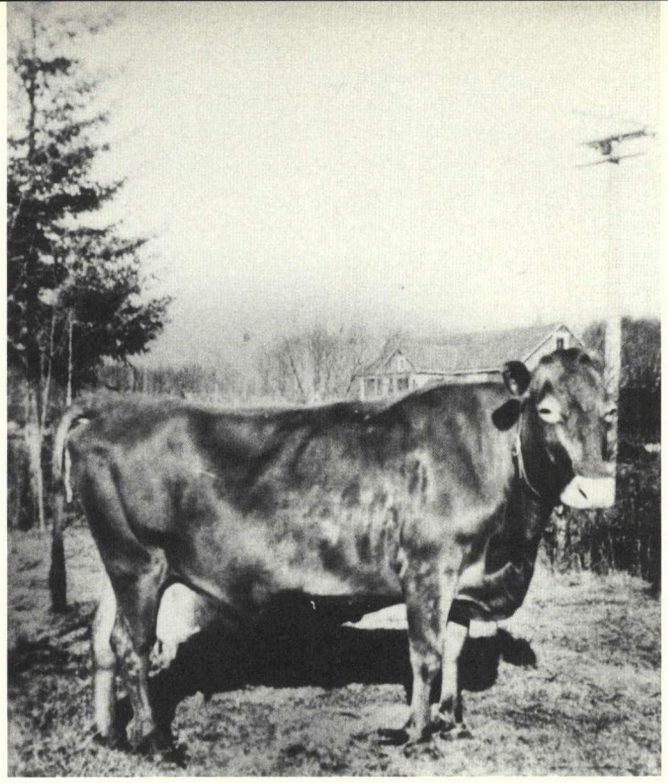
The cemetery toward the southern end of Robinson wasn't in existence then, because the road ended at the school. The kids used to cut through there on to the Vancouver Golf Club course and look for golf balls. Harbour Chines was all bush. We had a mailbox along Como Lake Road, and mail was delivered there every day.

We were on Rural Route No. 2, and if the mailman had anything for you, or if you wanted to mail anything out, you would turn the box towards the road. Edna Philip, who lived on the old MacIntosh property at the end of the road, took it upon herself to deliver the mail to each household. We would often see Mr. Oxtoby, who lived on Lillian Road, coming home on his bicycle after delivering the mail in New Westminster.

Apparently, a big fire swept through our area at the turn of the century. Lightning once hit the big steel tower at the corner of Blue Mountain and Como Lake. Mrs. Turner, who lived in the corner house, was knocked unconscious from her chair, and Mr. Ruzicka, who had a mushroom farm on Como Lake Road, said all the steel towers lit up like Christmas trees!

When I was growing up here in the '30s, everybody kind of kept their own, subsisted on their own. Just about everyone grew his own vegetables and had fruit trees and chickens. We had our own cow. We kept the milk and the eggs cold by putting them in a bucket and lowering it into the well with a long rope.

We all had wells, except the Keates, who had a water tank on their property and had running water in their



The Winter's cow provided the family with its daily milk.

home. I thought we were some of the lucky ones; we had a pump in the kitchen to bring the fresh, cold water from the well with the stand over it.

After we had done our chores, like helping preserve fruits and vegetables and storing them in the root house, mother would let us go swimming at Rocky Point in Port Moody. We did that almost every day in the summer, taking an old pair of shoes so the barnacles wouldn't cut our feet. The four o'clock whistle at Ioco was our signal to go home.

Once we had learned to swim well, we were allowed to swim in Como Lake. I must mention how much I used to enjoy swimming in Como Lake, and it is so sad that it cannot be a swimming lake today. I only know of one person who ever drowned there.

Yes, the bottom was soft, but we had a raft which we took away from the shore and dove off of. As long as you didn't touch bottom and stir up the mud, the water was fine, and we could swim in that lake from June to September.

People would come out from the city to the Como Lake area to find Christmas trees. My brother and I would choose one in the summer and keep an eye on it until it was time to cut it. We always knew exactly where it was in the forest surrounding the lake. One winter, we went to Mundy Lake and picked cranberries for Christmas dinner.

Houses were not very close, so we had to walk quite a distance for our Halloween treats. We usually got home grown apples, which didn't mean much because everybody had them. Candy was a very special treat; whenever we knocked on a door, we hoped the treat would be candy.

The biggest Halloween prank I can remember was a cow was put in St. Stephen's Anglican Church, opposite the Lougheed Mall in Burnaby.

If we had snow in the winter time – we usually did – we could sleigh-ride down the hill on Como Lake Road for hours, day or night, and never see a car. Now you need the traffic signal light just to get across it! The same was true for all the other sleigh hills around Coquitlam.

I didn't realize that our part of Coquitlam was at such a high elevation until I started school in New Westminster. We were above the fog level most of the time, but we did get more snow. One winter, it was so cold that the schools were closed for two weeks.

To get into Como Lake for cutting a Christmas tree, swimming or ice skating, you took one of the many trails we had for short cuts through the forest. What a terrible shock to us all when Ernest Madsen, a happy, good-natured boy, drowned just before Christmas one year!

He was a friend of my brother, Eddie, and they were skating together when he went through some thin ice. Eddie ran to the Larsens, who had the greenhouse at that time, and asked for help. At that time, there were no people close by in the area to get help quickly.

Children at that time often made nicknames which stuck with you forever. Cap Hobbis of Cap's Cycles was called that because of a certain cap he always wore. I won't tell you who Puddle Jumper was, but if he's out there, he'll know.

I went to Mountain View School, where Miss King taught Grade 1 to 4 in one room, and Miss Scott taught Grade 5 to 8 in the other. I finished Grade 6 there. Not only were Miss King and Miss Scott excellent teachers, they put an effort into making certain days very special for us.

The 1930s were not easy years. But these years, combined with the guidance from our elementary school teachers, did teach us to have more appreciation for what we have today. They did everything they could to inspire us.

When we arrived at Mountain View on the very first school day, in September of 1938, the teacher announced that students going into Grade 7 and 8 would be attending the new junior high school – it was recently torn down – being built over on Austin.

A lot of people were moving into the Coquitlam area; thus the reason for building the new school. But the school wasn't quite finished, so we went to McBride School in New Westminster for two days of the week and to Central School on Austin the other three, until Coquitlam junior high school was ready.

When I started there in Grade 7, we had two rooms of Grade 7 students, one room of Grade 8 students and one room of Grade 9 students, for the entire District of Coquitlam. Some students were brought to the school everyday by bus from Port Coquitlam and beyond.

By the time I reached Grade 11, the school was filled to the extent that there was no room for us, and we had to go to New Westminster for our final two years of high school. Now, we have the largest high school in the province right here – Centennial!

I will never forget that day, when we went back to school in September of 1939, when our principal, Mr. Mouat, announced that the country was at war. At that time, we could not understand how it would change our lives. My step-brother, Benny, Jimmy Keate from Porter Street, and Hubert Thacker, who lived on Smith Road, were to give up their lives.

Benny used to ride his bike to Trapp Tech in New

Westminster, and he hardly missed a day. On top of that, he delivered papers everyday along a fairly long route. He always had such a passion for airplanes that he would ride his bicycle Sundays to Sea Island and get somebody to take him up for a five-minute ride for a dollar.

We had no bus service here until a small service was established between New Westminster and Port Moody in the '30s by Tommy Sproule. We still had to walk a mile to Clarke Road. Mr. Sproule gradually expanded the service, which became known as Columbia Stage Lines.

Although my mother worked hard tending the cow and chickens, and the flower and vegetable gardens, and caring for the children, she was always singing, and she loved people. There was always time to stop her chores and serve coffee and home-made cookies or cake whenever a neighbor stopped by.

She baked all her bread in a beautiful wood stove, which was later sold to a neighbor, Mrs. Forssell, who recently donated the stove to the museum at 100 Mile House. Most people had a wood stove in the kitchen for both cooking and heating.

Our family home was demolished Oct. 5, 1989. I could not bear the demolition and left home before the bulldozer arrived. An era had come to an end, but I had my precious memories. We're a very close family and we're happy that our roots remain in Coquitlam. I've lived all my life here. I wouldn't feel at home anywhere else.

Reginald Caddy

In 1956, Reginald (Reg) Caddy was appointed the district's first parks supervisor. For years, he worked out of the backseat of his car.

His job was to oversee all the parks in the district – Blue Mountain, Mackin, Mundy, Miller and Minnekhada. Blue Mountain, he recalls, was the most developed and the most central, but it too was largely bush.

Born in England to Henry and Mary (Bridge) Caddy, Reg Caddy immigrated with his family to Trois-Rivieres, Que., when he was three years old, then later moved to British Columbia. The family – there were five children – moved to Coquitlam on Oct. 16, 1916. They lived on a Rochester Road farm.

As a young lad, Reg delivered newspapers on horseback, then became a handyman at Vancouver Golf Club. Along with Tom Burslem, he later worked as a greenskeeper.

Mr. Caddy married Hilda Drinkwater of Kamloops; they recently celebrated their 65th wedding anniversary. The Caddys, who now live on Porter Street, raised three children. They have seven grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

Following Reg Caddy's recollections are those of his son, Harry Caddy, and his daughter-in-law, Thelma Smith Caddy.

Workers clear the land for the Vancouver Golf Course.





The second clubhouse, built shortly after the 1932 fire.

I was born in England, and we moved to Coquitlam on Oct. 16, 1916. It was all horse and buggies then. We moved out to Rochester Road and we had to walk all the way – there were no lights, no water – and only a few houses on the north side. It was straight bush and wilderness.

I started to work early in life. My first job was delivering newspapers on horseback. I had two newspapers, The World and The Columbian; The World then became The Vancouver Sun. All the delivering was done on horseback, with the newspapers in saddlebags.

I would start at Sapperton, come up North Road to Austin and go down Government Road to Kensington. And then I went through to Hamilton at the school, up Hamilton to Clarke and along Clarke to Como Lake.I don't know how long it took; in those days, time didn't seem to matter. Everybody had to have a stove pipe on a post, so I never had to get off the horse. People had to pay 50 cents a month, and some tried to cheat me out of that.

We were allowed $16 a month extra for keeping the horse. I also used a horse and buggy every Friday to go down to market in New Westminster. Dad would tell me what he wanted me to buy.

There was a bad flood in Coquitlam in the early '20s; I had a Model A by then. I used to volunteer after work to take supper and stuff to the men who were sand-bagging. Big floods in those days. The worst one, I guess, was when I was on bicycle, so that had to be in 1916.

There was a little Union Church right on the corner of Austin and North Road there. There was a school at the church for all students – my sisters went there. The only other school here was just on the other side of Blue Mountain, the Little Red Schoolhouse on North Road. That was what they called Blue Mountain School.

They brought out a bunch from Quebec to work the mill in 1909 and they put up all those little houses there, in the Fraser Mills townsite, and later, big homes in Maillardville. They used to have a store in Fraser Mills and they used to deliver the groceries with a team of mules.

We used to go to the mill and get the cart loaded up with wood for 10 cents. Then they raised the price to 15, and that was terrible. Everybody burned wood in the kitchen stove, which also heated the house. That's the way things were when we first moved here.

On the corner of Blue Mountain and Austin – that was the only house around there, a little white house – I remember a bunch of us going there to fight a fire. Where Best School is, that was our city dump. And a little ways behind that school was a huge ravine.

An alderman once asked me what we did before we had garbage collection. Well, we hammered the tins and buried them in the ground, buried them under the apple trees. The rest of the garbage, what we couldn't burn, you went up to the city dump with it. There was no such thing as a garbage man.

Like when the mailman came, you had a box on the side of the road and if, in wintertime, you didn't clear the snow away, he didn't stop to leave the mail.

Before my son went off to school, he had to clear a square the width of a car; the mailman, Mr. Dave Simpson, had a Model T. He knew Coquitlam like the back of his hand.

I remember when we had the head-on train wreck right down there, near the North Road crossing. My son – he was something called a junior forest warden at the time – went down to that and was asked by the engineer or the conductor to get some ambulances.

He got on his bike, and the first house he came up to, he asked them to send word for some ambulances because there'd been a bad train wreck. Later, they

had a dinner in his honor; he received a medal. His daughter has the write-up on it.

Years ago, they had a single track there, and Great Northern used to wait until the Canadian National went by, and they used to put something on the track, like a firecracker. But half the time, the engineer didn't hear them go off, so they didn't stop.

There were usually two Canadian National trains, one following the other. If you had two white flags up, the Great Northern knew he had to wait for another train, but someone forgot to put the flags up. So when the first one went through, the Great Northern went ahead.

Our only transportation were the interurban trams going to Vancouver, and you had to walk to Sapperton to get it. That's down Braid Street. The one theatre was in Sapperton, and we used to walk from Rochester Road to Sapperton to go to the show on a Friday night.

Between Rochester, where we lived, and Austin, there was very little. This was all bush up here at first. One of our alderman was Mr. Clarke, and he lived on Como Lake there. He had acreage – no one had a mere lot in those days; they all had acreage.

I started as a handyman at Vancouver Golf Club in 1926 and worked there 30 years; I was a greenskeeper when I left. Now I'll tell you something, one year – I wasn't working then – I would go and hunt golf balls early in the morning, selling them for 50 cents, down to 10 cents for the scuffed ones.

I can remember – and this was before I started to work there – they used to cut the fairways with a horse and mowers. We went there one morning and the greenskeeper was coming down No. 6 fairway by Austin Road, and the horses had shoes made special so as not to damage the fairways.

I remember that morning quite well. The man was sitting there in the old mower, clattering along and singing away. The next year, they bought the new tractor mower. The same man didn't know one end from the other, and he wore the thing out in the first year.

I remember after the First World War one of them airplanes with the double wings landed on the golf club. They put out a big, white sheet on No. 6 fairway, and the plane came from Vancouver and landed right on the sheet, although the fairway was pretty rough in those days. They went up to the clubhouse for a short time, then took off.

I don't know if you've ever come up Austin Road, on the way to the Vancouver Golf Club, but there's a big row of trees there. Well, I planted them when they were this big, and when my wife brought my lunch to me that day, she happened to say, "What on earth are these?" And I said, "These are being planted for shade." She replied, "My goodness, they'll never, never grow. I think you're wasting your time." I said, "Oh, they'll grow 45 feet or more." Well, those trees today are standing monuments, and I planted them. We took the seedlings there in carts.

The golf club had its own water supply from a creek right opposite where Christmas Manor is now. They had their own water tank and didn't use city water. There was a dam on this creek, and they'd pump water up Foster to Blue Mountain, where the 13th fairway is now.

We had our own nursery, where we grew the grass used to re-sod the greens and fairways. Different varieties. We used to build the greens by hand with help from these young fellows who worked there on their summer holidays.

One day, I was on the tractor on the 14th fairway – I run that tractor 17 years – and there was a real storm, with fork lightning. I saw a huge tree hit by lightning – it just took a slab right from the top to the bottom. I got in the tool shed as quick as I could.

Golfers putting on the 4th green in 1938.



The first clubhouse that was built, a Tudor-type old-fashioned building, burned to the ground. We saw the fire from our window. My wife said, "There's a fire in the clubhouse," and I said, "I don't think so." Anyway, I got in the car and drove over there.

The fire wasn't in the main part of the building, but in the back, where all the liquor and beer was stored. That's where it started. There was snow on the ground, near the end of November.

We ran down to get the pump going but we couldn't get the water there; we just had to stand around and watch it burn.

The old clubhouse burned down in 1932, I think. Then they built the new clubhouse that's there now. No, that's actually the second one since the fire. Or maybe the third. There was another one, but they decided they needed something bigger.

Even in those days, relatively speaking, it cost a lot of money to go out on the course. When I was there, membership used to cost $150 a year; it was a private club. Then you'd pay $1.50 to play 18 holes. Not too many people could afford those prices.

They were having this Christmas party or New Year's party this particular night in the old clubhouse. Some of the staff, like us, had to help park cars; this party was for the elite members of the golf club, their families and their friends.

Along came a fellow by the name of Pollard; he was all dressed up in a tuxedo and he wanted to go to the party, but he didn't have enough money. In those days, there was a rope out the upstairs window, which was the fire escape.

So some of the members up there pretended they were fishing with these ropes, and said: "I got a big one!" Then they pulled the rope in, and there was Pollard at the end of it. So young Pollard got into the party without paying. The Pollards had acreage with huge greenhouses.

The golf club laid us off every winter, so the gentleman who owned the grocery store, Mr. Cameron, kept us going all winter. He would let us run our bill until the spring; we'd pay whatever we could, whenever we could. We always seemed to owe him $20 but we finally got him paid off.

I became the first parks and recreation superintendent Coquitlam ever had, about the end of '55, start of '56. It was still mainly bush, so I was all alone for pretty near two years. Blue Mountain Park was the main park then, and all it had was a kids' pool. The rest of the park was bush.

The big swim pool there was the first in the area, but that's all gone now because the old pipes were damaged. Now, they use a special plastic pipe that the chlorine doesn't bother.

When times were hard during the Depression, they hired people on relief to work in the parks, digging out alder trees, which we called pest trees.

I looked after the parks on Victoria Drive near Minnekhada, Blue Mountain, Mackin, Miller and Mundy. I knew Mundy Park like a book. Where they wanted to take land for a new fire hall from Mundy Park, well, actually, that land was not part of Mundy Park, which was 400 acres originally.

What happened was, they bought 200 more acres where the power lines are. They could spoil Lost Lake if they put the fire hall in there. A lot of people also don't know that Essondale used to get their water from Lost Lake. Dr. Crease from there used to play golf at the club every Thursday afternoon.

My job was to go around and check all the parks – Como Lake was my first one. The parks that were there when I was superintendent, they're still all there. Once council dedicated a park, it stayed a park. Sometimes, being superintendent, I had more power than council or the parks board.

The cemetery used to be run by public works. I didn't work at the cemetery but I had to supervise everything that was done there. I was the one who started to hire machine diggers for the graves, instead of digging them by hand.

The best mayor that ever walked in two shoes was Jimmy Christmas. He and I once worked in a plywood plant together. He was the mayor of Coquitlam for 26 years. That man would get up in the middle of the night if there was any family in Coquitlam that needed help.

Harry Caddy

When the Great Northern and Canadian National passenger trains collided at 9:42 a.m. on July 24, 1941, one of the first on the scene was Harry Caddy. A junior forest ranger at the time, he was later presented the Canadian Foresters Association's highest award for his quick response in an emergency.

After Harry Caddy telephoned for help from a nearby house, Dr. G.T. Wilson was the first doctor on the scene.

Born March 22, 1926, to Reg and Hilda Caddy, much of Harry Caddy's childhood was spent at the Vancouver Golf Club, where his father was a greenskeeper for years. As a boy, he accompanied his father to work on Sundays and learned to play golf under his expert instruction.

During his teens, he caddied at VGC on weekends. His surname sparked many puns among the members – "Hey, guys, I've got the real Caddy" – but it was good for business. He did better than most of the other boys and had a regular clientele.

Harry Caddy and his wife, Thelma, still live in the house they built on Ebert Avenue.

I was born in 1926 at Royal Columbian Hospital and have lived in Coquitlam all my life, raised on Rochester Road, where we moved in 1932. Dad had come to Coquitlam around 1916 and had worked at Vancouver Golf Club as a handyman, then a greenskeeper, since 1926. I started caddying there when I was 13 years old.

When I was a kid, I used to go with my dad to the



Golfer tees-off on the 5th green. This picture was taken in 1938.

golf club every Sunday. In the morning, he would have to switch the greens and get the dew off for putting, and turn the pump on. Water for the golf course came from one block down the street, where there was a dam for all the springs.

They pumped it up from there into a big tank on No. 11 hole, which is on Foster, so my dad had to turn the water on until the tank was filled. The water system was just like you have for a municipality these days. There was no irrigation system on the course.

We'd go back to the club as soon as we finished supper Sunday evening, around six o'clock and then we'd play the first nine and shut the pump off on the way to the seventh green because the tank would be full by then. We'd then finish playing the holes.

We used to do that pretty well every Sunday, my dad and I. He taught me how to play. He used to work at the golf course, but my dad was a pretty good golfer too. The greens were always green in the summer time, but the fairways were always brown.

Dad was always laid off for three months in the winter because there was too much snow. Basically, the golf course closed down in the winter because of the cold weather. My dad would then clear parts of the course and cut cord wood there with a hand saw. The wood was then sold for $2.50 a cord, delivered.

My dad also cleared the land for the grave yard now called Coquitlam Cemetery. When he became superintendent of Coquitlam parks in 1956, he was the only employee the parks board had, and worked out of the back of his car.

The works department for the municipality was one truck, a foreman and a grader, and that was it. The water department consisted of one man.

The house at 549 Rochester Rd. was already built – it was all boarded up – when my dad bought an acre of land there for $5 down and $5 a month, in 1932. The people had moved on and couldn't sell it. The owner just wanted to get rid of it, and he met Dad on the road one day and he asked him if he wanted to buy a house.

Dad said he had no money, and the fellow told him that if he had $5, the place was his. Total price was $1,000. We used to have a cow and chickens. We all had gardens too, but if you ran up Rochester Road to the Chinese gardens and gave them a nickel, you might get 15 heads of lettuce.

Rochester was all rural in those days. If somebody stopped you and wanted to know where someone lived, you said it was so many mailboxes up the road. Pollard's greenhouses were just up the road from us, and in behind Pollard's, that whole 10 acres or more was all in Chinese gardens. When my dad was younger, he used to work at Pollard's.

Whitings also had a big greenhouse next door to Pollard's; they grew a lot of flowers and tomatoes. The greenhouses used newspapers for wrapping, so we used to sell them over there for a cent a pound. We used to strip cascara bark off the trees and sell that as well.

Pop Goodrich, who used to run the Shell gas station on the corner of Austin and North Road, had the mink farm right next to us. He had minks when he ran the gas station, then moved to Rochester Road. There used to be another couple of mink farms around in those days.

Pop was quite a character; he was there for a lot of years. Once he got the mink farm in there, you didn't bother raising chickens because the mink liked them too much. When the mink were moved out, the municipality got into it, and the government had to come out and clean the place up. After the cleanup, the back yard was totally covered in rats!

A fellow by the name of Tommy Robinson came here in 1909 or 1910 and built a house where Robinson Road is. Then another fellow named Ralph Schmidt built a pole house – the house sat on three-inch poles stood on end – and started a pheasant farm. That house stayed there until two or three years ago.

I went to Central School and Austin Heights until 1942; we all walked to school. Our sports day at Central School was held on Austin Road. Blue Mountain Park was just being developed in those days – we didn't have a single swimming pool – so we'd close down Austin, which was a gravel road, and put up hurdles and everything. The road was our track.

On May Day, which started here in the 1940s, you'd decorate your bike, and there would be prizes for that. My first bike – we had scooters as well – had no pedals on it, so it was only good for going down hill, but we thought we had the best.

Another thing we used to do as kids was go over to the Agricultural Hall on Austin, where they had an

exhibition every summer. They used to have all the animals, and you name it. There was a big chestnut tree in front, and the first one to the top would win a chocolate bar.

The hall, which eventually burned down, was right where Christmas Manor is today. My mother and Reeve (Jimmy) Christmas were instrumental in getting Christmas Manor built. My parents would cut through the bush to go to dances there, and my dad used to come home every hour to see how we were doing.

North Road was our business area, but it only had two stores; there was Copping's Corner and a little general store. Pett's in Maillardville used to deliver after you phoned in your order. There was also a place in Port Moody that would come with a big truck.

They'd either deliver or they had the stuff right on the truck. You'd think that would be expensive, door to door, but that's what they all did. The vegetable man came to the door, and so did the fish man. The bakery at the bottom of Marmont Road also used to come around and deliver bread.

I caddied at Vancouver Golf Club for three years, starting around 1939. We got paid 75 cents a round, which would take about four hours. Caddying on Saturdays and Sundays paid us better than a paper route, and we only had to do it two days a week. Any time you weren't in school, you were at the club.

Most of the caddies had steady customers. The golfers were mostly businessmen from Westminster and Vancouver; I don't think there were many locals, as they didn't have the money. Boss Johnson played there, and he became premier. The sheriff, Frank Cotton, played there.

A fellow by the name of Standish – he used to own the White Lunch restaurants – golfed there. And a lot of doctors, too; Thursday was doctors' day. By the time I was caddying, they mostly all had cars to get to the course. Years ago, they used to come on the interurban and they got picked up at the Golf Club Station.

An interesting thing, the caddies used to wait at the top of Sapperton Hill, where Eighth Avenue comes down, and they had a spot where they stood on the side of the road, and golfers driving to the golf course would pick them up. And on the way home, they'd drop the caddies off at the same spot.

When I started, there were probably 35 or 40 caddies. Caddies' day was Monday, and that's when we used to go out at four or five in the morning, hunt for golf balls until 10, then go and sell them. You could make enough to buy a chocolate bar and a pop. In the afternoon, you would go and play golf.

I played quite a bit of golf. They used to have a nice tournament for the caddies at the end of the summer; then they gave us a big dinner and took us all to the lacrosse game. That was the highlight of the summer.

When I started to caddy, I bought my first brand-new bike. I think it cost $29 out at Trapp's hardware store in Westminster. I remember I paid a couple of dollars down and paid something out of my caddying money every week.

The big train wreck on North Road was in July of 1941. My mother had asked me to go up to Slater's drugstore in Sapperton to buy whatever, so I had just

Golfers paid local caddies 75 cents a round. This picture was taken on the 2nd green in 1938.



walked outside to pick up my bike when I heard this steam. Living on Rochester Road, I was expecting this for a long time.

My bedroom window faced the railway, and the wheat trains would go through, and it's quite a grade, and they'd run out of steam and sit there, then start up again. I always figured one of those wheat trains would blow up one day.

So when I heard this noise and the whistles, I just went crazy because I knew exactly what had happened. I figured a wheat train had blown up. I wasn't prepared for what I saw when I got there. Two passenger trains had hit head-on on the old right-of-way, where Crane's is now.

That's the old right-of-way from the railway, so you could drive right in there, right to the engine. I was on my bike going like anything, so I got to the crash and there was nobody moving. A few seconds after I got to the first car, a conductor pulled the window down and opened a door; he said they needed help.

I was shocked but I went back up to the first house I could find that I knew had a phone. The doctors and ambulances – in those days, the ambulance was at the fire hall in Westminster – came from the Royal Columbian. By the time I got back from the house, they were arriving, so it didn't take them long.

It took all day to clean up, to take the injured to Royal Columbian Hospital. It was terrible. I think there was something like 13 killed. There was a lot of train traffic in those days, lots more passenger trains, but that was the only accident I remember.

Afterwards, the newspaper reporter came around to talk to me. I was a junior forest warden then, and the Canadian Foresters Association honored me by making me an honorary member. They gave me a maple-leaf cluster. I was only the third person in Canada to receive one of those.

I went to work after I turned 16. You could go to the ship yard for a dollar an hour, seven days a week, 365 days a year. I worked at Fogg Motors in New Westminster and got $7.50 a week for pumping gas and greasing cars. I used to caddy for Paul Fogg of Fogg Motors every Sunday morning, so I got the job through him.

I learned from the mechanics there and I made it to the shop after only six months because of fellows going into the service or working in some other aspect of the war movement. I went into the army in 1944. I was on a train the day the Second World War ended and I saw people in different communities along the railway dancing in the streets and having big parties.

My dad told me one morning, soon after I came out of the army, that they were selling lots up on Howie Road and Gatensbury, where it was just bush with no roads. We went up there right away and bought the first lot for $100. That was average for a 66-by-120 lot; a fellow I know paid $200 about a month later.

My wife and I built a house there; actually, we built the garage in the back first and lived there while the house was finished. That was 1130 Howie. Today, it's all apartments there. We've never lived in an apartment and we lived in a rented house only once, for a short time.

After spending a couple of years in Kamloops, we came back and built this house (on Ebert Avenue) from scratch. This area was just opening up then. We bought this lot for $825, and it was all cleared and in grass, and people said we paid too much. But I didn't have to do any clearing. This property was once Ralph Schmidt's pheasant farm, and it was all covered in chicken wire and it was pretty swampy and muddy.

We had $2,700 in our pocket and started building the house before we bought the land, framed the house and kept going from there. Couldn't do it today. Family and friends helped us build.

On weekends in those days, you'd go and help somebody doing a project. The women brought the food, and the kids all played, and the men did the work.

Nobody would lend you a penny for mortgage out here then. That's why people built little houses – that's all they could afford. This house was built on a Veterans' Land Act plan, then expanded. These houses behind us were some of the first NHA mortgage-approved, and they were all built by contractors.

On Ebert here, there used to be Moore's Poultry, and there was always a lot of sheep on the land, so it was quite an education for children growing up. Mr. Moore kept some horses and geese, in addition to the sheep, and of course, chickens. They moved out about 1980 or 1981; it was sad to see his five acres go to 50-foot lots.

Thelma Smith Caddy

Born in New Westminster on Aug. 12, 1926, Thelma Smith Caddy moved to Maillardville in 1928 with her parents, Percy and Della (Beaulieu) Smith. She was the middle child, with one older brother and sister, and one younger brother and sister.

Percy Smith, who worked at Fraser Mills, built the family home at 204 Jackson.

Thelma Smith Caddy worked at Pacific Veneer Division during the Second World War and married Harry Caddy in 1950. They raised three daughters and have three grandchildren.

Once the children were older, Mrs. Caddy did volunteer work at Como Lake United Church and became seniors' program worker for the municipality's parks and recreation department. She retired in 1989.

We moved to Coquitlam in 1928, and we lived on Jackson Street, 204, in Maillardville. The house is still there, near the Brunette interchange. I don't think it's going to be there too much longer, though. My father got the lumber from Fraser Mills and built the house by himself.

I was born in New Westminster Aug. 12, 1926, and I have an older brother and sister and a younger brother and sister. I was not bilingual, as my dad was English.

Jubilee Hotel on Brunette in 1936. Today, it's known as the French Quarter Pub.

My mother was French, but she never taught us the French language. We all went to school at Millside.

Father worked at Fraser Mills, so whenever we had any medical problems or anything, we used to have to go down there to the doctor's. They had two doctors down at Fraser Mills for all the employees. We would walk down there. We did a lot of walking in those days.

When I was a child, Brunette was quite a busy street, and that's because everything was along there. There was Swift's near where we lived, service stations, the Woods Hotel, the Jubilee Hotel and houses all along the way. Always was a busy street right down until you got to Millside school.

Our walk to school every day was about two miles. There were quite a few houses along Brunette Street, but not too many above that. Nice houses, big old houses, but they were always well kept, and well looked after. The two houses at the top of King Edward were for the owners of Fraser Mills, one on each side of the road, where Place des Arts is now.

There were wooden sidewalks all along the way to school and all the way down to Fraser Mills. There used to be Paul's grocery store right at the bottom of Blue Mountain, and Trev's store over by the hall, which was there as far back as I can remember.

There was another grocery store across from Paul's. Actually, at the corner of Blue Mountain and Brunette, there were two grocery stores, some furniture stores and a barber shop. We did a lot of our shopping – we would buy our bread there – at Mrs. Landry's store, which was also on Brunette.

My dad wasn't much of a gardener – he did shift work anyway, and the timing was no good – so we didn't have a big garden. We had chickens, I can remember. We used to buy our vegetables and fish from the Chinese who went door to door all over Maillardville.

When we were kids at home, the fish man used to come around once a week – every Friday – selling his fish. He'd have his truck.

I can remember going to my aunt's on Alderson Avenue. When we walked from our house through the bush there, we would stop and pick huckleberries and blackberries. We had to be careful of the bears. When we were younger too, we used to go down along Brunette Creek and pick blackberries. We'd pick



Thelma Smith, second from the right, and her family in front of their home at 204 Jackson in 1938.

a great, big pail full, about 50 pounds, and we would sell it for 50 cents.

In the winter time, they used to block off the bottom of Blue Mountain Road, and we used to sleigh-ride all the way down, because there weren't too many cars in those days. They also used to let us sleigh down Marmont and Nelson. I remember Halloween because we used to have a real good time; everybody would go out for some harmless fun. The next day, you'd see fences down and a few outhouses knocked over.

Dad never got a car until the late '40s, so Como Lake, even, was too far for us. We were content with sleigh-riding. In the summer, we would go down and swing on the trees on the other side of Brunette Street or go swimming at Minister's Dam, just up from the distillery.

We used to go to the show in Sapperton on Saturdays for five cents with a coupon out of the paper. The one on Brunette – I think it was called Sam's Theatre – also had a Saturday show. The theatre wasn't there for that many years, when it burned down.

I can recall the Depression years because I can remember many times there were men knocking on the door, looking for a hand-out, for something to eat. They always wanted to do something for you; they didn't just want something for free. I can remember them coming quite regular.

We never turned them away; you always gave them something. Yet, we weren't that flush ourselves. Mom would have them go out and cut wood or something like that, and they'd get a meal. It was quite a common sight because we were close to the railway tracks, and they'd be riding the rails.

I left Austin Heights School in 1941 and got a job looking after a little boy in New West. His mother was working, and I looked after him for about a year, until I was old enough to get a job at Pacific Veneer Division.

My wages, when I first started, were about 32 cents an hour.

P.V. was making plywood for Mosquito bombers for the war; I worked on the green chain for the clippers. I also worked on the dryers and on the patching machine. The clipper would take out all the knots when the wood was wet; then it went through the dryer and through to the patchers, where the little holes were patched up.

We went through two strikes in the time I was there, strikes for better wages and better conditions. The first one, we were out for about six weeks, right after the war. Both strikes were about six weeks in length, but they were well worth it.

We had the big flood of '48 when I was working there; they had to take us back and forth to the mill – I usually walked there from home – on the back of trucks. The mill didn't flood, but the road leading to the mill got the worst of it. We carried on working during the flood.

After I was married, and my daughter was about nine years old, I started going to Como Lake United Church and did volunteer work. My oldest daughter was in Explorers and Canadian Girls in Training there, and when my other two started, then I taught Explorers at the church. I did that for about five years.

Then I went from there to the Pioneers – they were people 65 and over – and I worked with them for about five years as well. From there, I went to Dogwood Pavilion for Coquitlam's parks and recreation department, to the senior citizen program. I retired recently.



Esther Pett with one of her many St. Bernard puppies.

Esther Pett

In July 1919, an English immigrant named Henry James Pett, father of Esther Pett, established one of the earliest and most successful stores on Brunette Street, in the heart of a predominantly French community.

Pett's, a combined meat and grocery store, became the first business in Maillardville to display a neon sign in front.

Henry and Adeline (Marlow) Pett came to Maillardville from Vancouver Island in 1918, when Esther was 11 years old. Mr. Pett had lined up a job at P. Burns and Co., of New Westminster. The Petts first moved into a house at Bernatchey and Brunette.

When Mr. Pett decided to launch his own business, he bought the premises at 1234 Brunette St., and the family moved in behind and above the store. Old-timers remember Pett's for its fascinating monkey tree in front and the barking of St. Bernard dogs, which the family raised.

Esther Pett worked in her father's store, stocking



Exterior of Pett's Market at 1234 Brunette Ave. in 1926.

shelves, sweeping floors and serving customers. She also made deliveries by horse and cart, except during snowy winters, when she used a sleigh.

In 1928, her father died. Her mother took over the store, and helped by the children, it continued much like before. In 1947, the property was sold to a land developer; a second butcher shop in New Westminster, operated by Mr. Pett for 11 years, had also been sold.

Esther Pett was married briefly to a soldier, but when she was divorced, she assumed her maiden name. She now lives on Kelly Street in New Westminster.

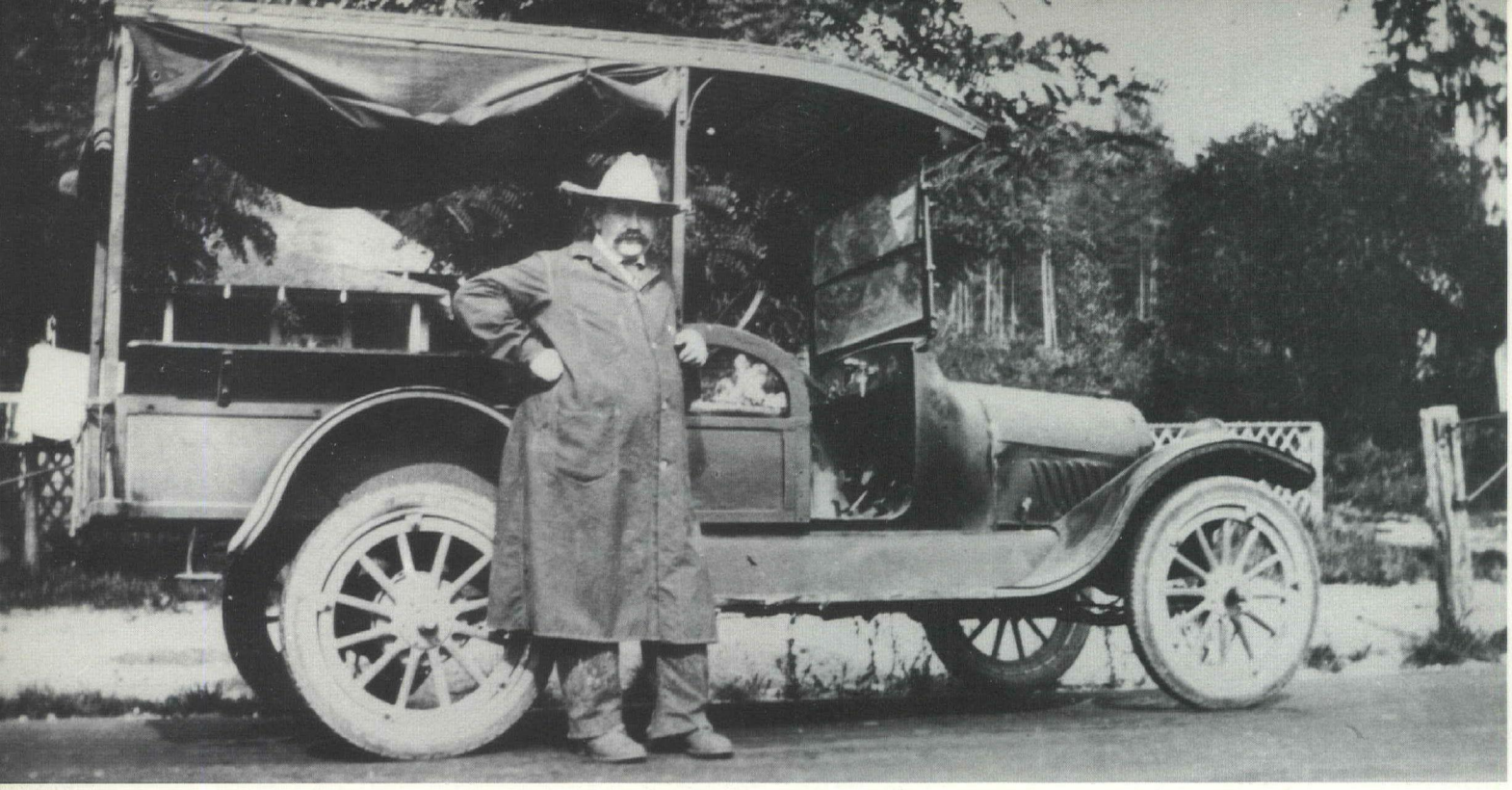
Esther Pett's recollections are followed by those of her brother, Albert Pett.

My family was from Vancouver Island. My dad came to the Lower Mainland before the rest of us, as he had a job with a meat marketing company called P. Burns and Co., in New Westminster. Back in those days, people went where they could find work. So my dad found us a house on the corner of what is now Bernatchey and Brunette in Maillardville.

I was 11 years old when my mother, brother and I arrived on the mainland around Armistice Day in

Henry and Adeline Pett with their children, Esther and Albert, leave Vancouver Island to start a new life in Mallairdville.





Henry Pett with the store's first delivery truck in 1922.

1918. Things were really exciting as there was lots of confusion in town to mark the end of the war. There were lots of parties and much celebration and, of course, there were fireworks.

Due to some kind of mix-up, however, my father didn't know we were coming. We had to phone some of our friends in Vancouver to come and pick us up at the station on a terribly rainy November night. My dad came and got us the following evening. People kidded my dad for a long time after that. They would say: "You're a fine guy. You tell your family to come over here, then you don't even go and see them!"

My dad started Pett's Grocery in Coquitlam in July 1919. There was a meat cutters and a B.C. Electric Co. strike on, and my dad was out on strike, so he went around Maillardville and counted all the houses. There were approximately 450 at that time.

He figured that was enough to support a business, as people would go to the market every Friday at least, Friday being fish day, and Maillardville being a Catholic village. Later that year, we bought a building at 1234 Brunette Ave. in Maillardville; we lived in the back and on the second floor, above the store.

Mr. Georges Proulx, who became reeve of Coquitlam for a while, owned Proulx's grocery across the street from our store. He had the Maillardville post office there as well. I remember one evening I looked out my bedroom window, and saw the Proulx store and home ablaze. We immediately phoned the fire department, which tried to put out the flames but couldn't. Luckily, the firemen managed to get the Proulxes and their children out. It was a terrible thing, however, as they lost almost everything.

Mr. Le Roux owned Le Roux's pool room next door to us; he also sold beer over the counter at first. Then the liquor laws changed, so later, he ran a government liquor store. He also built a candy store on the other side of his first building; all of us kids were very pleased with that development.

As my dad's business prospered, we grew into Pett's Meat Market and Grocery, and soon it was time to get a new sign. This indeed was an exciting event for the whole town, as we purchased a neon sign, which had just been introduced then. It was really nice – red and blue. For a while, though, lots of people thought the store was on fire. Took some time before the town got used to it.

We had lots of interesting people come into our store. There was the time when a man – I can't remember who he was – came banging on our door at about two o'clock in the morning, wanting to use the phone. He said it was an emergency regarding his children and he had to phone the doctor. I don't really recall what was wrong with them, except that it was something ridiculous, like the children having gone to bed with their shoes on or something!

Like most companies and stores, there were always a couple of trucks with our store logo plastered on the side, parked somewhere on our property. I delivered orders for my dad, however, by horse and cart. Many neighborhood boys later drove and delivered for us.

Two to three times a week, I would go off by myself to almost every place in Coquitlam with the groceries, and necessities, that people had ordered. A day's work would usually take two to four hours, depending on how many orders I had, and how hungry my horse was.

You see, this big horse that I loved very much would always take me on my journey. But he would sometimes take his time in certain areas, especially if it was hot, and if there was a lot of grass, and other weed-type things he liked to indulge in. After the last delivery of the week, I would take my customers' orders for the following week.

I very much enjoyed my job as I got to meet all the people in Coquitlam. There were some really interesting ones that I encountered throughout my years of delivering. One could never forget this one

funny character; he was always seen with a sort of satchel slung over his back.

He lived on the corner of Mundy Road and Austin Avenue. We used to call him Hudson's Bay Man because he worked for that company. For some peculiar reason, his only order most of the time was bread, a can of coal oil and half a case of eggs. What he did with all those eggs, I couldn't say.

I also delivered to important people like the reeve of Coquitlam, L.E. Marmont, and the chief of police, Mr. Pare. One dirty old fella I delivered to was not highly respected by the people because, no matter what, he worked on Sundays tending to the chicken on his farm!

Another customer of mine was a quite famous and well-respected man named Mr. Douglas. He had something to do with politics and ran a gas station situated somewhere near the corner of North Road and the Lougheed highway. He was shot to death right in his very own gas station; to this day, nobody really knows why he was murdered.

Mr. George Alderson and his wife lived over on North Road. He was a very big and broad man, with a little nanny-goat beard, a Buffalo Bill type. He worked for the school board. All of us kids thought he was a real neat man, as he would often come and visit us at school on horseback.

Our store also served the owners of Minnekhada Ranch; a man named Spencer, who always bought good quality meat from us, later developed the ranch into a prestigious estate, where important people like the lieutenant-governor of B.C. would live. Years later, Mr. Spencer shot himself.

There was also Mr. Brehaut, the partner of Mr. Booth, the man that ran Booth's dairy farm, situated right beside Millside School. He lived in a house high up on the hill; it still stands today.

My very favorite place to deliver was the Vancouver Golf Club up on Austin Avenue, built on property once owned by Mr. Austin himself. Delivering really required only one person – me – but whenever it was time to take an order to the golf course, my little brother, Albert George, would assist me.

That's because the people at the golf course would frequently reward us with a great big sweet and juicy piece of pie. It was so good I don't think that either my brother or myself will ever forget how it tasted. The golf course was a lovely set-up, very pleasant for its customers.

My job had to be done all year long, in all kinds of weather. In my time, there was a lot more snow in the winters. We might get anywhere from a couple of feet to waist deep, and above. We had to use a sleigh most winters because there was almost always too much snow to pull a cart everywhere.

My mother would accompany me on my rounds only at the coldest times of the year. She would help me up Dawes Hill, which was very steep. Many times, though, we were unsuccessful in our attempts to reach the summit in the sleigh. Failure resulted in the long process of going around the big hill, instead of up it.

The Booths were probably the best-known family in all of Coquitlam. They were very friendly and hospitable people, and the proud owners of a big dairy farm. Everyone would look forward all winter long to the large picnics they would host in the spring and summer.

The Booths would also host the St. Mary's Anglican Church picnics, which were just as delightful. The children had lots of room to play. There were always lots of good people, games, music, laughter, and lovely cakes and pies.

The Essondale institution, now called Riverview Hospital, was always as large as it is now, perhaps even bigger. My dad would often phone Essondale, saying: "We have a patient coming down the road at . . ." as the inmates frequently escaped. A truck would then come and pick them up, and take them back.

In addition to my dad's grocery and meat business, we had a half acre fenced off on our property for the St. Bernard dogs we were raising. We would usually have at least one dog in the house, so we had to be careful, and make sure our dishes were placed close to the centre of the table.



First neon sign in Coquitlam was on Pett's store. There were many residents who saw the red glow of the sign and called the fire department to report a blaze.

The big dogs would often wag their tails so vigorously, that if we didn't, they'd knock the dishes off. Some of the dogs became very expensive, as they broke a lot of dishes. We would buy the dogs when they were pups, raise them, then sell them to people, who used them for all purposes.

We had this one dog – it was kept in the house – that would often run into the store from the back, and bark at all the customers. Once, it barked away at a customer, and scared the living day lights out of her. Another dog that didn't stay in the house too long made a mess of everything, even tearing the typewriter cover to pieces.

A neighbor of ours would always say that we didn't take the dogs for a walk, they took us for a run. It was very difficult to keep up with them. My favorite St. Bernards were called Snowboy, Queenie, King and Sam, which was a funny old one.

My life was – more or less always has been – full of interesting people and activity. I am happy that I was so privileged to have lived in Coquitlam during the years that it was being established. Although I am impressed with the way of life in general, and the way Coquitlam has progressed, I think I would rather live like I did back then.

Somehow, the people were friendlier or at least gave more support to each other. This giving is more difficult nowadays, as life goes on at a much more rapid pace. Everyone is too busy. I only wish that some of the people today could experience the way of life as it was when I was growing up.

Albert Pett

Albert George Pett was born in 1912, the younger brother of Esther Pett. Like his sister, he made deliveries for his father's Maillardville store. He was so young when he started that the customers had to write out their orders.
He was 16 when his father died in 1928. Following in his father's foot steps, Albert became an proficient meat cutter at Pett's.

Both brother and sister attended Millside School; during Albert Pett's years there, 1920 to 1928, he excelled in sports and developed into a fine baseball player.



Albert rides his horse down Brunette Avenue past George Proulx's store in 1923.

On Sept. 12, 1944, three years before Pett's closed down, Albert Pett married Myrtle Anderson. The Petts operated a meat-processing company, Robert's Curing Plant, in Williams Lake, where they still live. Now in semi-retirement, Mr. Pett continues to work part time in maintenance for Finning Ltd.

When I was about seven or eight years old, back around 1919, I went around Coquitlam getting grocery orders from my customers for our store, Pett's Meat Market and Grocery.

Not too many people had telephones during those days. I used to go around the village at this young age with a book and pencil. Each time I arrived at the customer's door, I would hand the book and pencil over to the lady of the house, who would in turn write down her order for the week.

For a long time, I had all different types of writing in my little book, for I was really too young to write those big orders down myself. This became such a routine with me, that even when I was 15 or 16, I would still hand the book and pencil over to this one lady, Mrs. Sabourin, who would then record her weekly order.

My dad, who opened our Coquitlam store in 1919, died in 1928, when I was 16. We were really saddened, but somehow we managed to keep his successful business on its feet. My sister Esther and I became its new managers and, boy, did we ever work hard!

We both did a little of everything. I used to canvass for grocery orders, as well as deliver them. I was the meat cutter as well. I don't think I was all that good, but Esther seems to think I was. Our mother, of course, was behind us all the way, but she didn't do any work at the store.

We had all sorts of people come to our store, but as we were situated in Maillardville, most of our customers were French. Sometimes, we had a real hard time understanding them as we didn't know any French. They would come into the store and ask for something in their best English; they were trying to make it easier for us by speaking our language. Unfortunately, it was more difficult to understand them when they did this.

We could comprehend them better when they spoke their native tongue, after a while. One would think that I would now be able to speak French after serving so many French customers over the years, but I really can't, at least not as well as I wish I could.

We more or less knew what most of the items we stocked in the store were called. Such things as pommes, beurre, pommes de terre or sucre, but that was all. We didn't know enough of the language to carry on a conversation or anything.

I went to the same school as my sister – Millside down on Brunette Avenue – from 1920 to 1928. All we had was a very big cow field, a bat and ball, a catcher's mitt and a football, all supplied by the school. We had a little baseball team for which I played. I really enjoyed all kinds of sports but did I ever like baseball! They used to call me Babe Ruth.

A great sportsman at Millside, Art Stevenson, who was also one of our teachers, taught me all he knew about baseball. He was, indeed, a very nice person who had a school in Kamloops named after him. He used to take us all over the place, to New Westminster and Port Moody as well as Vancouver, to play ball with other schools.

I want you to know that I have a very special hand. It was shaken firmly by the Prince of Wales, who later became the Duke of Windsor, when I was seven years old. He was in New Westminster back in 1919. Although there was a very large crowd around this important person, my dad pushed me up to the front of the action, and there it happened – he shook my little hand!

When I was growing up in Coquitlam, Bobby Pickton and I were very close friends; we used to play together for hours. There was this one time when I was over at the Picktons' farm, goofing around with Bobby, when their dog somehow got hold of my leg,

and bit it – hard. I had quite a dandy gash on my leg. I had to wait there until Mr. Booth came down with one of his dairy trucks to pick me up and take me home. Dad took me in to Dr. Cannon down in Fraser Mills, and he treated the wound.

I also remember the terrible fire at the Colony Farm; we could see the enormous blaze from our place in Maillardville. We went down there to see if we could help put it out. Turns out the horse barn and the hay barn were on fire. I recall hosing down the animals, as they were pretty close to the burning buildings and the incredible heat.

I often went down to Colony Farm on my horse and cart with a bunch of my friends. We loved going there to play, as they had this wonderful carriage room, which we would invade. Our imagination was always running wild when we were down there.

However, there was this one time that we were caught in this room. An inmate chased us all the way to my cart with a pitchfork. You wouldn't believe how fast I rode out of there! I don't think I ever rode that thing so quickly again.

After a while, we still went back to Colony Farm, as it was one of our favorite spots. We used to just walk through the place and admire the horses and the rest of the animals; they had awfully beautiful animals. We would also go and visit the milking barn; it was always fascinating. The whole place was kind of wide open, and it was real neat.

Back in the old days, we used to get some good skating years. Some years in the early 1930s, the Fraser River was completely frozen. The river would become so solid, in fact, that a team of horses could make its way across. I remember that Fraser Mills had to do a lot of blasting in order to free the frozen logs.

The winters were really cold, not like now. We used to go to Como Lake to skate or we would skate on the old foundation of the Catholic church, which had burned down. The foundation was left after a new church was built, so we would flood it with water and skate on it. That was lots of fun.

During those cold winters, my mother would often stay up all night to keep the fire going, it was that cold. In those days, we didn't yet have a furnace, so our only source of heat was the fire in the fireplace.

The city used to close off Marmont Road so that it could be used as a sleighing park. However, there was once a tragic outcome. One boy got killed under the sleigh's blades.

I played lot of golf in the 1930s at the Vancouver Golf Club. Cost me only $25 a year for a membership because I was under 25. There were lots of community events over at Tremblay's Hall at the corner of Laval and Brunette, mostly French people, although anyone could go. Such things as square dances, band concerts and all sorts of activities.

Maillardville used to have its own band, you know, a brass band, I guess you'd call it. Alec, Emeri and Arcade Pare, as well as Frank Spencer, were in it; mostly, it was made up of men who were in the First World War. They practised at Tremblay's Hall and would play in parades and other such events.

I never was in the band as I didn't play any instrument; however, I used to sing. I took singing lessons for many years from Andrew Milne in Kitsilano and would often sing in the church choir. He was the organist and choir director of a United church down there.

I was always called the refined one in the family because I took the singing lessons. I paid $10 a month. On the other hand, my sister just went to wrestling matches at the Legion hall over on Begbie Street in New Westminster. Really.

Some men in the 1930s had difficulty finding work, so they would travel all over the place, looking. I guess they were sort of like, well, what one might call hobos. They would often stop at our store during their travels; my dad used to give them a big chunk of watermelon.



Henry Pett takes the youngsters for a horse ride in the yard beside Pett's store. In the background of this 1923 photo, you can see George Proulx's store.

One time, there were four or five of these men that came by, so we put them to work cleaning our yard. When they were done, we gave them a meal. They were just delighted. When my dad asked them if a cheese sandwich would be all right, one of the men replied: `Don't you have anything better than that?' He was so funny.

We did, indeed, have many unique people come and visit us along the way. John Murray was a game warden with the provincial police; he had apparently arrived in Coquitlam in 1858 with the Royal Engineers. I just loved this man; he used to let me ride my horse alongside him when he went through Coquitlam.

He was so very nice to me, and told me so many wonderful, adventurous stories. He also gave me loads of beneficial advice.

The Quadling brothers were bachelors who'd been in Africa during the war. They worked with teams of

Harry Elphick, a fruit salesman, stands in front of Pett's store. Opened in 1919 as a butcher shop, Pett's later became a general store.

horses. They trained them and did all sorts of other work with the help of these beautiful horses. Anyways, they would come to our house every other Sunday evening to visit and would tell us the most wonderful stories, stories that would make the eyes just pop out of my head. Being cooked in a pot was a favorite of theirs. Of course, not all of these fabulous stories were real!

There were often these big sailing vessels, cargo ships, that would come up the Fraser River to Fraser Mills. I was really lucky – in 1922, the first mate of a four-masted sailing ship took my dad and me on a tour. This particular ship was on its way to Australia with its cargo.

Another time, one of the ships was stopped here, and my sister was taken aboard for a visit. This one had come from Australia and had kangaroo skins loaded on it. The captain, named William Taylor, gave Esther a skin, as well as a beautiful stone, which she later had made into a ring. She still has it today.

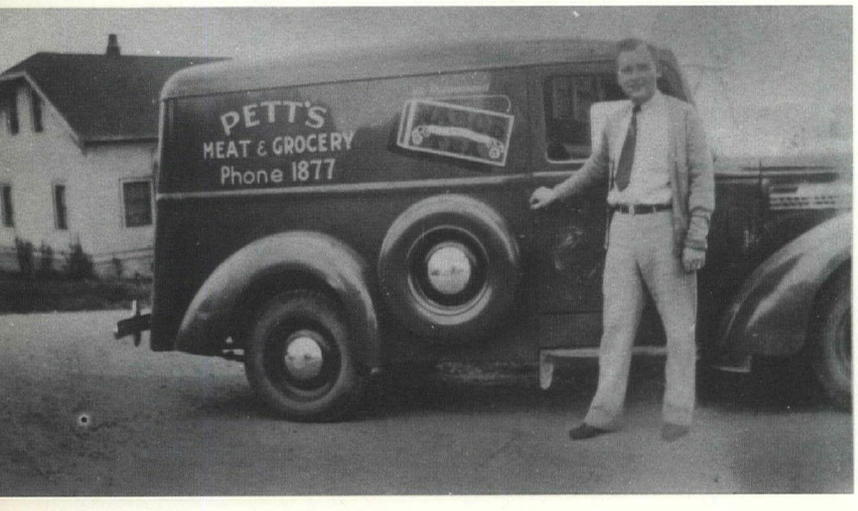
One spring, I was playing in front with Victor Gauthier, who lived next to Georges Proulx's place, when a car with two men in it drove right up to the Proulx store. One of the men got out of the car and went into the store, while the other remained in the car. The man that went inside held up the store with a hand gun.

Some of the men around there, as well as us kids, witnessed the event, and a few of the men managed to wrestle the man to the ground and held him until the police came. He was later tried in Coquitlam Municipal Court. We never really figured out what happened to the driver, though.

Did you know that we even have our own celebrity in Coquitlam? Judith Forst the opera singer was born in Maillardville. Her mother used to weigh her on our store scale when she was a baby. I think that she is now living in Port Moody, but we are quite proud of the fact she was born here.

I was never sorry for any of the things I did back in the early days in Coquitlam or any of the choices I made. I can honestly say, though, that I don't really understand life today. So complicated and fast paced.

Life used to be very simple, and very simple things contented us, such as going for a drive or gazing at the countryside, watching the trans-continental trains or going out for ice cream. Nevertheless, I suppose life during those years was still busy, even in the little Municipality of Coquitlam.



Albert Pett proudly shows off his new delivery truck.



Drivers at Fraser Mills had their own teams of horses. As many as four of the Clydesdale horses would be hitched up if roads were icy or a load extremely heavy. Beatrice Godin Moore's father, Edward, worked with Clydesdales at the mill until his retirement in the '40s.

Beatrice Godin Moore

As the unofficial historian for Notre Dame de Lourdes parish and a resident of Maillardville since 1920, Beatrice Godin Moore is well-acquainted with the community and its people. She can also trace the origin of many of the businesses that once flourished along Brunette Street. Most of the names of the families Mrs. Moore once knew now grace the street signs of Coquitlam: Ebert, Charland, Dansey, Marmont, Boileau, Madore.

Beatrice Godin Moore was born Jan. 3, 1910, in Pembroke, Ont., to Edward and Emma-Jane (Thibeault) Godin. Her father, a farmer, was of French descent, while her mother was of Scottish blood. The Godin children – Beatrice, the oldest, had three brothers and a sister – learned to speak English, French and German.

With father staying behind to tend the farm, the family spent four months in Maillardville in 1918 and liked what they saw. The Godins relocated in 1920, moving into a house on Cartier Street. Mr. Godin worked with the Clydesdale horses at Fraser Mills.

In 1940, Beatrice Godin married James Moore. Her father-in-law, Alexander Stewart Moore once saw the Maillardville area when it was heavily forested and crisscrossed with skid roads built by loggers.

The Moores raised two children, a girl and a boy, at 1039 Brunette St., in the house that had been built by Mr. Godin in 1937 for his daughter. Mrs. Moore, who has a grandson in California, still lives on Brunette Avenue.

The first time I came to Coquitlam was in 1918, on a holiday with my sister and mother. We were here from July until November. My father was so pleased with how my mother looked that he promptly sold our farm in Ontario and everything we possessed, and we came to (Maillardville) to live in 1920.

I was born in 1910 in Pembroke, Ont., where my father had a farm. I had three brothers and a sister. My father always called B.C. God's country. He worked delivering wood with horses from the mill to all the homes in Maillardville, so he knew everybody.

Many people knew my brother, Joe Godin, because he was a municipal assessor here. Another brother, John Godin, had the Shell station here on Brunette Street until he passed away. He was very well known in the Kinsmen and those kinds of things.

We lived over on Cartier Street when we first came here – the house is still there. It was on half an acre

like most houses then, but nowadays, I think there are three or four houses on the property. But it seems funny when you go by there.

When my father first came here, he worked at Swift's. Then he met the superintendent of Fraser Mills, Tom Ryan, whom he had known in Ontario and was talked into going down to the mill. My dad was very knowledgeable with animals, so they had him in the barns looking after the horses, Clydesdales.

The whole town was warmed with planer ends from Fraser Mills for years. The mill delivered wood by horse and wagon for many, many years. My dad had two horses, which were considered a team, and hauled everything, but firewood more than anything else.

Each driver had his own team of horses, and you were more or less responsible for them, such as feeding and grooming. There were times when they hitched up four Clydesdales if the roads were too icy or the weight of the load was too much. Dad worked with the Clydesdales until he retired in the '40s.

My mother didn't speak French until she was married, but my father did. We learned to speak French, German and English when we were kids. We always had hired girls on the farm, and they were forbidden to speak to us kids in anything but their own language, as my mother was a great one for learning languages. Mother always felt that kids can learn anything.

I went to Our Lady of Lourdes School for two years, and then we moved to Langley and were there three years. We were just back in Maillardville a few months, and my mother passed away. That was the end of my going to school. I completed Grade 9 and have since taken many courses.

Dad later married Mrs. Proulx, whose husband had been reeve of Coquitlam. They lived on 12th Street in New Westminster. After she passed away, he came back here and lived with me. Dad and I were always very close, I guess because my mother was gone, and we had the other four kids to raise.

My family didn't suffer that much during the Depression because we always had a big garden and did an awful lot of canning – meat, chicken, you name it. We had a huge root cellar. So we were never without. My father was a farmer, so he knew what to do. We were lucky too that father worked right through the Depression because of the horses.

When we first came here, the west side of Marmont Road was all wooded, and we were warned not to go there, as there were bears. This was not idle talk. There were so many berries around that the bears were often attracted to this area.

There was a whole townsite down at Fraser Mills; along the main street, the homes were all white on both sides of the street and up at the top, Mr. Mackin – he was the general manager at the mill – and Mrs. Maclean, I think, lived across the street from one another.

Anyhow, Mrs. Mackin and this other lady were sisters, I believe. I went to school at St. Ann's Academy (in New Westminster) when I left Langley, and many times, I rode in with the Mackin girls, as they were going there too. I had to quit to help the family out.

Right down on the river, there was a great Chinatown, Japanese town, Greek town and East Indian town. We celebrated everyone's feast days. The only East Indian temple west of Winnipeg was down at Fraser Mills.

We used to sleigh-ride in the winter time as there was a lot of snow then. Mr. Marmont had a home at Rochester – the house is still there – and that was the end of the road, so we used to walk up there with our bob sleighs quite often.

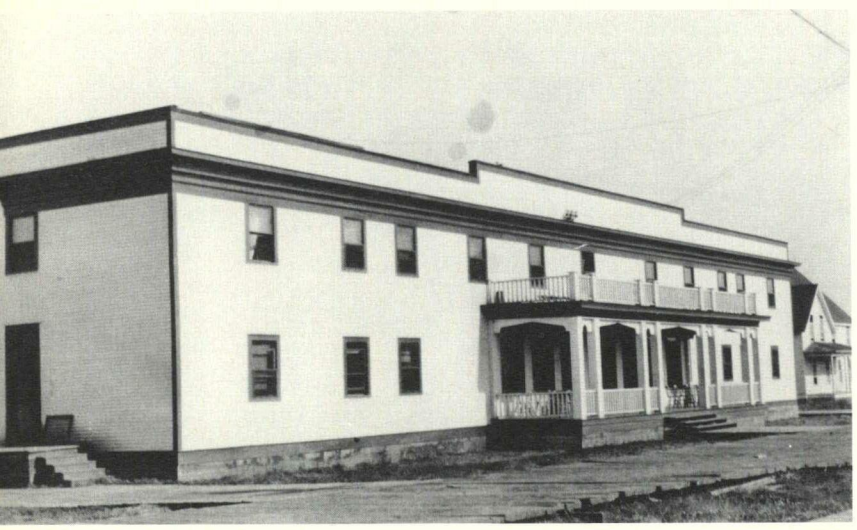
Eight or 10 people would get on the sleigh and come down (Marmont Road) and down the back alley at Fraser Mills. You always had to have someone stopping traffic on Brunette in case any car came along, so we wouldn't get hit. But there weren't that many cars then anyway.

When we used to go skating up at Como Lake, we had to walk there over stumps and fallen logs and everything else. But we had a ball. Of course, you'd have a fire going to warm yourself up. It was fun growing up in Maillardville. We even skated on the Fraser River, which is hard to believe, and we drove horses right across. You wouldn't think it was possible with the currents, but it was, because the water was much higher then. There isn't the snow on the mountains to raise the water any more.

Notre Dame de Lourdes Church burned down Christmas Eve, 1912. They used to fill the foundation with water and had colored lights all around, and we had many skating parties there. The next church wasn't built until 1940. We had church services in the basement, the cement basement, with a roof over it.

The summers were very hot. Mosquitoes were just man-sized, and we used to gather ferns and make smudge pots. They made a lot of smoke and not much fire, and it would keep the mosquitoes away. If you were going to sit around somewhere, you had a big smudge pot nearby.

Maillardville was very French at the time; most of the dancing and the fun things were all French. When the war ended in 1945, they closed off Brunette



The Fraser Mills boarding house and, to the right, the first aid hospital. The building was torn down in the early '20s, shortly after Edward Godin began working at the mill.



Notre Dame de Lourdes Church burned down Christmas Eve, 1912. Later, the foundation filled with water; when the weather turned cold, it was a popular place to skate.

Street and had coffee and treats at a big street party. We danced there, and there was music all over, up and down the street.

At the foot of Laval Street, down from the church there, there used to be Tremblay's Hall, and we used to dance there. Old man Tremblay allowed no hanky-panky because he was around there all the time. They used to show movies there too.

Across the street from the hall was the old Madore house – (Madore Avenue was named after the family) – which is still there. It is a great big grey house now, but in those days, it was painted yellow and it was more or less a maternity home. That's where a lot of Maillardville children were born.

I remember when municipal hall was opened. Mr. Pare, the police chief whose daughter's birthday we were celebrating, locked us all in the jail cell. At that time, the Pares lived in part of the hall's basement, the rest being used as the court and the jail. It was all in fun, but we were very scared.

I knew all the businesses in Maillardville. I really didn't need to go out of this area for anything – we had more stores then than we do now. Most of my life was centred around here. I shopped mostly at Pett's meat market, sometimes at Thrift's. Everybody delivered.

Pett's had a butcher shop on Brunette. Next to them was Le Roux's liquor store. Trev's coffee shop started out as a hair-dressing place. Anne used to do hair, and then she married Trev Protheroe, who was a sailor, and spent a lot of time in the Far East. Anne's still there, still runs the coffee shop.

Louis Boileau had a pool hall and a barber shop and lived right next door. He was married to the Charland girl; they didn't have any children. The Charlands are quite interesting. Mr. Charland was an architect, sent here from Chicago to supervise the building of Swift's plant. He liked it here so much he refused to go back. They had two daughters.

Harry Thrift was a meat salesman for Pat Burns, used to go house to house; he then started a grocery store called Thrift's. Al Best had a Chevron station for years; his wife and my husband were cousins. Mac Tuckey had a hardware store where the Jubilee beer parlor is now. There were two hardware stores then, and now, there aren't any.

Woods Hotel was built by partners Cecil Woods and Albert Houle. There was a coffee shop right on the grounds. We used to get sandwiches and coffee and stuff and take it to the Woods, sit around the fireplace, have a glass of beer and eat our food. The Woods was a real gathering place.

Lindsay Marmont, the former reeve, was known by everybody; he always talked to everybody. He was a typical English gentleman and very, very highly respected. I don't think he would ever have said or done anything that wasn't absolutely respectable.

I must tell you also about Mr. Dansey, who lived just up the hill. I'll never forget the first time I went to see him – I was doing a census or something – and you walked up, and it was all willows and everything else, and you came to his gate, and it was like going into an

English garden. I'd never seen anything like it and I just stood there. I just couldn't open my mouth. The garden was just such a thing of beauty that you couldn't possibly describe it to anyone. After all these years, I still have that feeling.

The big strike at Fraser Mills wasn't very funny. I remember there was a kitchen set up on Cartier Street right across from us – farmers from all over brought in large bags of potatoes and stuff – so if anybody needed food, it was there. The kitchen was going all the time.

My father worked through the strike because he had the horses, and they had to be fed and groomed and such. He had to hand over most of his salary to the strikers. Salaries were going down and down, and they were getting 25 cents an hour and they wanted to take it even lower, so the workers finally said: "Enough is enough."

We saw the big flood of '48 from our window. The wooden sidewalk going to Fraser Mills was floating; it had come right up to street level. You just didn't go down there, although I had friends at the townsite. Everything was a mess. Everything ended up mildewed and such. Everybody pitched in to help those who needed it.

My father built the house I live in now, 1039 Brunette. He built it for me in 1937, and I was married in 1940. He lived with me and my kid brother. Everybody helped everybody else if you were doing something like building a house; it didn't matter a darn who you were, everybody pitched in and gave you a hand.

Notre Dame de Lourdes is the old parish, Fatima the break-off. Lourdes has always been the centre of Maillardville, and the priests have always been very much a part of the community. We have a Polish priest right now, and we've had different ones from different places.

The congregation has changed over the years; it was completely French at one time, but not any more. Now, we have one French Mass at 11 o'clock, and we also have five o'clock Mass on Saturday, and 9:30 on Sunday. I went to church on Saturday night, and you could hardly get in – the place was packed to the gills.

I was surprised; the church isn't the centre of activities it once was. There's not as much going on now with the church because there are so many things going on in other places – there's just more to do. Dogwood Pavilion, for instance, is very active, and a lot of seniors go up there.

Edgar Clark

Edgar (Ted) Clark was born in Vancouver in 1911. His family moved to the Clarke Road-Como Lake Road area of Burquitlam when he was eight years old

He launched his teaching career in 1933 with a Grade 4 class at historic Millside School. After a year there, he taught at Glen School on Old Port Moody Road – now Glen Drive – from 1935 to 1939. Then it was on to Mountain View School for a couple of years.

Mr. Clark left School District 43 at this point and taught at Richard McBride and Trapp Tech schools in New Westminster for 14 years, finishing his career in 1972 as head of art at Lester Pearson.

While his teaching obligations took him to other parts of the Lower Mainland, Mr. Clark has been a resident of Coquitlam since 1919 and still lives at 513 Clarke Rd, in a house he and his wife built in 1934, the year they were married.

His father, John Clark, emigrated from Portsmouth, England, and came to B.C. after a brief stay in Chile. He married Edna Mills of Orillia, Ont. John Clark became an accountant for Woodward's in Vancouver and later, the Brackman-Ker milling company. He also served as Coquitlam councillor between 1931 and 1938.

Ted Clark was educated at Alexander School in Vancouver, the Little Red Schoolhouse – Blue Mountain School – Central School on Austin and Duke of Connaught. He then attended the University of British Columbia for two years, earned his teaching certificate at Normal School and later returned to UBC to study for his degree. He also acquired a diploma at Vancouver Arts School.

Ted and Sylvia (Balderson) Clark raised one daughter and have one granddaughter.

Mr. Clark's story won honorable mention in the Pioneer Tales of Coquitlam contest.



Edgar (Ted) Clark stands on a ladder beside his parents' home at 610 Como Lake Rd. in 1919. The house was on 11 acres of property.



The girls of Blue Mountain School pose for this 1920 picture. Back row: Kathleen Watts, Ethel Hazelwood, Lily Sundquist, Queenie Caddy. Front row: Effie Smallwood, Annie Hamilton, Willow Kennedy, Lillian Hazelwood and Inez Sawyer.

It must be next to impossible for anyone who is less than 60 years old, and has come to live in Coquitlam in the last 25 or 30 years, to imagine what conditions were like in 1919, when my father brought his family here to live. He had bought 11 acres of timbered land on the south side of Como Lake Road, about 500 feet east of Clarke Road.

Here, he managed on a few weekends to clear a piece of ground large enough to build a small frame cottage, while my mother, sister and I remained at home in Vancouver. Upon completion, the house was barely clear of the surrounding bush, and although he didn't know it at the time because of the under brush, he had chosen a spot which, a few years earlier, must have been the site of a mighty grove of Douglas fir trees.

When the under brush was finally cleared away, we found the house surrounded by huge stumps six to eight feet in diameter, and eight to 10 feet high. The removal of these stumps occupied my father for several years. First, he hired a blasting expert who laid the charges, while I followed him around.

He was a staunch Salvation Army member, and went about his work humming Roll the Old Chariot Along, or some equally-rousing hymn. Several holes were bored in each stump with a hand auger, and holes were made under the stumps with a crow bar. Then the holes were filled with stumping powder and blasting caps, with wire leads attached.

The blasting expert's name was Gartley, and he had a rather unusual habit of carrying blasting caps around in his vest pockets. When I asked him about the danger, he said there was none, as long as he moved them around from time to time, so they didn't become too warm. That he certainly knew his business was proven by the results he got.

One of the larger stumps had been right at the side of the house, and when the dust cleared after the blast, that stump, like all others, was split open like the peeled skin on a banana. And to cap it all, he didn't even crack a window in the house.

Indeed, the only glass broken was in a picture frame that had been laid on the floor to prevent it from falling. Ironically, someone stepped on it when he went into the house after the blasting. Clearing land in 1920 involved axes, hand saws and stump pullers of various kinds to remove what was left of the stumps after the blasting.

At this time, my father was employed as an accountant by a firm in Vancouver. He would get up about 5 a.m., have breakfast, and go to work on the stumps. After a couple hours' work, he would change into his clothes, walk to Sapperton, and take the Burnaby Lake tram to his work in Vancouver.

There is a small story connected with the cedar stump in the picture where my mother is pushing my sister on a swing in our back yard. It had a hollow about a foot in diameter down its centre, and one day, I climbed up on it and let myself down into the hole.

Suddenly, I slid down until the top of the stump was



Edna Clark gives a child a ride on the swing that is held by two stumps. A lot of time and effort went into removing the other stumps from the Clark's property on Como Lake Avenue.

under my arm pits, and then I realized that I couldn't get out, and was in danger of sliding right down into the stump, where I might suffocate. My mother was a small woman, but she climbed up on that stump and pulled me out.

Making a home in our part of Burquitlam involved a number of other problems besides clearing land. We did have electric power, but no running water, no sewage facilities, no telephone, and no regular public transport – all amenities which people take for granted today.

There was a so-called stage line between New Westminster, Port Moody and Port Coquitlam. It consisted of a large touring car with two jump seats, and usually made one round trip a day. Obviously, the best way to get to New Westminster was to walk to Sapperton and catch the street car. Thumbing was unheard of, although someone might stop and offer you a lift. Eventually, about 1926, my father bought a Model T Ford.

In 1919, I was eight years old and about to go into my second year of school. The grade system had not yet been introduced. My school was located on the east side of North Road, just south of Webster Avenue. The area it served was called Burquitlam because, at that time, most of the area received its mail at the post office in the general store, at the corner of Clarke and North Road.

The two-room school was called Blue Mountain school, and its teachers were Miss Bournes and Mr. Sprinkling. The pupils came from the Burnaby and Coquitlam sides of North Road, from as far east as Blue Mountain Road, and as far south as a little past Rochester Road. The reason we had Burnaby pupils was because the Hamilton Road school, on what is now Lyndhurst, had been closed because there weren't enough pupils.

I remember Lily Sundquist very well because she lived in a log cabin about half a mile up Smith Road from Clarke, which was just south of where I lived. In those days, Smith Road was very narrow, and the trees grew so close to the side of the road that their tops touched over head.

Entering Smith Road from Clarke was like going into a tunnel. Some of these children had quite a walk to school. For example, Annie Hamilton lived very close to what is now Arby's restaurant, and Willow Kennedy lived about a mile up Rochester Road from North Road.

About 1922, the school board decided to build a school on Nelson Road at Austin. It consisted of two rooms, and was called Central school. All the older pupils at Blue Mountain school, along with their teachers, were transferred. At the same time, the grade system of class organization was adopted, so it happened that I entered Central school in 1922 at Grade 7.

For Christmas that year, I received a bicycle, so I was able to ride to school after that. One wet morning, riding my bicycle to school, I had a rather unusual accident. To anyone watching, it might have appeared funny, like one of those prat falls that comedians do, but it was not funny for me.

There was a wooden sidewalk at that time along that part of Smith Road, from about where Robinson is now, to Blue Mountain Road, but unfortunately, a part of the under-support had rotted away where the sidewalk crossed a large pool of water. This had caused the sidewalk to slope towards the water.

Not realizing how slippery the walk was, I attempted to ride over it. The next thing I knew, my bicycle slid out from under me, and I was deposited waist deep in the pool of water. I never thought of going home, but continued on to school, where I spent the morning drying out in the furnace room.

The boys I played with at Blue Mountain school were Bill Kemsley, who lived on Clarke Road where Kemsley Street is today; Les Laxton, who also lived on Clarke, but farther south than the Kemsleys; and Rick Ayres, who lived at the junction of Clarke and Como Lake roads.

Things of interest in the area to 12-year-old boys were an operating shingle mill, two large sawdust piles that had been left by lumber mills that had moved, and several derelict houses which we never thought of damaging, but loved to explore.

The largest, and most interesting, of these abandoned buildings was at the corner of North and

Kent roads, now Sullivan, and we called it the Gables. It was immense, and must have been a hostelry of sorts at one time, but stood empty for years in the '20s. Many of the rooms had fireplaces, and at the rear was a smithy with huge, hand-operated bellows for working the forge.

Other things of interest were abandoned orchards, of which there were several with fruit for the picking in season, and a trout stream which we called Roe's Creek, because it ran through the property owned by a Mr. Roe. We fished and swam in it in the summer. On top of all this, we had acres of wilderness, including Burnaby Mountain, which we called Snake Hill; getting a Christmas tree was never a problem.

I should not forget to mention three pioneer families of Japanese origin who lived in the area, and grew strawberries. These were very fine people and good Canadians, and it is a shame the way they were treated during the war. Their names were Takahara, who had about 10 acres in strawberries at the end of what is now Miller Road; Matsuda, who had about 10 acres of strawberries between the Kemsley and Laxton families; and Ishigi, whose farm was on the west side of Clarke Road, between Como Lake and Smith.

Life in general did not offer the average person the various entertainments and diversions of today. My father did purchase a gramophone in the mid-'20s, and we had a piano as well, but our principal form of entertainment was reading. There was no lending library in the area, so a book was cherished as a most-desired gift, particularly at Christmas time.

Although there were two moving-picture theatres in New Westminster, we seldom went, owing to the difficulties of transportation. Agricultural Hall on Austin Road was a centre for several forms of entertainment from time to time. Sometimes, it would be a play presented by a travelling troupe of actors, or a wrestling match.

I remember seeing the late reeve, R.C. MacDonald, wrestle in one of these matches. In the fall, there was the annual fall fair and the all-candidates political meeting, which usually provided some fireworks. When winter and Christmas arrived, there were school and church concerts held in the hall.

Speaking of church reminds me of a near-fatal accident my family had one Sunday evening in 1923. We were on our way to St. Stephen's Anglican Church on Cameron Street, and had just walked down Como Lake Road and were proceeding along Clarke Road.

As we passed the Shepherd brothers' house on the east side of Clarke, some relatives of theirs were just leaving after a visit. They had a Model T Ford touring car with the canvas top down, and they offered us a ride to the church. In the front seat sat a man and his wife, with a baby in her arms. Our family squeezed into the back seat.

We started off, but we had not gone more than a few hundred feet before the car swerved violently from side to side, and then ran into the ditch at the side of the road, where it overturned. One would expect fatalities from such an accident, or at the very least, broken limbs, but miraculously, no one was seriously injured.

My sister and my father were thrown out of the car, but the rest of us were pinned underneath the overturned vehicle. We had gone such a short distance that several people saw it happen and came to our assistance immediately. Certainly, no one will ever know how we escaped unhurt.



A 1922 Clark family portrait: John and Edna Clark, with children Edgar and Marjory.

Parents and educators nowadays seem to think that children require a great deal of sports equipment to develop healthy bodies. At Blue Mountain School, we grew healthy bodies with a minimum of equipment. Indeed, I believe the only piece of sports equipment I ever saw in elementary school was a football.

However, we got plenty of exercise walking to school, and playing all kinds of games that required nothing in the way of purchased equipment. Having to organize our own activities made us more self-reliant, and I'm sure we had as much fun as any child today.



Glen School teacher Edgar Clark stands proudly beside the students of 1934. Margaret Bain was in Grade 6 that year at this one-room school.

Margaret Bain Bergland

When the Coquitlam communities closest to the Fraser River settled, large logging companies and small sawmills relocated in the wilds to the north and the northeast. Shingle bolts were cut in the Burke Mountain and Coquitlam Lake areas to feed the shingle mills, and logs were hauled out on trains, pulled by steam engines.

Margaret Bain Bergland not only was raised in the Johnson Road area, not far from all the logging activity, but her husband, Ragnar Bergland, owned and operated a sawmill on what is now called the Westwood Plateau.

Margaret Bain Bergland was born in 1923 in the family home on Johnson Road. Her siblings included three step-sisters, a step-brother and two younger brothers.

Her widowed mother, Jane Elizabeth Jago Wake, emigrated from Tilbury, England, with four children and was living with her brother, William Jago, at Johnson and Glen Drive.

Mrs. Wake was remarried in 1922 to William Bain, a Scottish immigrant who was boarding with the family of James Rintoul, one of the earliest homesteaders in the area. The Bains and their children, Isabel, Victor, Violet and Dorie, moved into a house at 1307 Johnson Rd.

Margaret Bain and Ragnar Bergland, a Norwegian immigrant, were married in December 1943. Mr. Bergland's Westwood Plateau sawmill was later relocated on Pathan Avenue. They bought three lots on Westwood Street, building their house while living in the garage. Because of the labor shortage during the war, Mrs. Bergland worked week days at the mill.

With her husband now confined to a care home, Mrs. Bergland recently sold the family home on Westwood and now lives on Nestor Street, not far from the sawmill they operated until 1956.

Margaret Bain Bergland enjoyed a happy childhood in a rural environment. She gives us a fascinating account of a typical day in the life of the Bain family, circa 1929.

I was born in the Johnson Hill area of northern Coquitlam in 1923, a year after my widowed mother remarried. I can't even recognize any more the area where I grew up in the 1920s and 1930s, it has developed and changed so much. The atmosphere there is different now. Used to be that all of us in the area were like one big family.

There was a time when Johnson Hill was dotted with homesteads scattered about the wilderness, with its monstrous fir trees and bush land. The clear, running waters of Scott Creek flowed by the tiny community, while over to the east was the meandering Coquitlam River, and the town of Port Coquitlam.

Our family lived in a big, tall house, two storeys, with one of them being the basement. There were four rooms on ground level, and two tiny ones at the back. We had an attic for storage. By today's



Portable sawmill owned by Ragnar Bergland set up on on the end of Dunkirk in what is now the New Horizons subdivision. This picture was taken in the 1940s.

standards, things were quite primitive. We didn't have electricity or telephones. We had outside toilets. We got fresh water from a well dug beside our house. In later years, when our wells began to dry up, the Glen and East End Ratepayers Association was formed to petition for water pipes up Johnson Hill. When we wanted electricity, we had to pay for every pole that was put up. We had to pay more when the road was paved.

Most of the children attended Glen School. On a typical day in the late 1920s, our family would wake up to a fine morning, and us kids would be getting ready for school.

My dad headed for work at the Haig Logging Co., which was logging north of our home at 1307 Johnson Rd. The trains carrying the logs were already busy, chugging through our property. They were pulled by little steam engines. They were on their way to Port Moody, where the logs were dumped into Burrard Inlet.

Mom was now busy with the housework. Housewives were home bodies then. There were no canned foods, so Mom had to cook everything from scratch. She washed clothes on scrub boards, and used flat irons heated on the stove to iron clothes.

My sisters, brothers and myself would go off to school, a 20-minute walk on a gravel road. We arrived in time at Glen School, the original one-room school situated close to Scott Creek on Old Port Moody Road, now called Glen Drive. The school was heated with a wood-burning stove. The wood was kept in the basement, so we used to make dens out of them.

Miss Custance was my Grade 1 teacher in 1929; I was five-and-a-half years old and had just started school. She stood in front of multi-aged students in that one room, ready to teach Grade 1 to 8, all in one day. On average, there might be three or four kids in each grade. While the teacher was busy with other classes, we were supposed to be quiet and do our work. Most of us were good, and behaved well, but there were a few hellions at times. We never talked back or were nasty or rude to, the teacher. If we were, the teacher would have a visit with our parents.

We studied geography, spelling, grammar, writing, mathematics, British history, Canadian history and nature, as we progressed on from Grade 1. We used to do exercises as one class for a few minutes. First, we would stand by our desks with hands on hips. With the teacher leading, we raised our arms up and down and moved our bodies from side to side.

I would spend a lot of time at the Johnson place, walking down the meadow to see Lucy Johnson, whom we called Grandma. We called her that although she was not related to us. She was crippled and sat in bed all day and had a table quite close to her. She always had a jar of cookies and candies there. That made things quite interesting for us.

I missed almost half my Grade 5 year because I got sick so easily. The nearest doctor was in Port Coquitlam; without cars, it was a long ways to get there. Mom had to walk to Port Coquitlam to go shopping, or get the mail at our No. 98 box, over three miles there and back.

Early one morning, when I was 10 years old, I went to a private hospital in Port Coquitlam and got my tonsils out. Afterwards, I lay in bed until the late afternoon, with mom right there with me. The doctor then drove us home, and on the way, he bought me a popsicle. After the operation, I didn't catch as many colds.

Miss Tupper, later Mrs. Thrift, was my Grade 5 teacher. I remember she gave me the strap in the cloak room, because I'd made a spelling mistake. After I told my mother, she went down there and raised you-know-what.

I received many certificates for proficiency and for being a good girl.

Mr. Edgar Clark was my teacher from 1934 through 1937 for Grades 6 to 8.

We experienced the heaviest snowfall in the spring of 1934, so dad didn't go to work; we had to go to school, however. Wearing a thick coat with a scarf around our neck, and clad in gum boots, we trudged through the snow, stepping in the foot steps of my dad, who was walking ahead of us. I remember Miss Tupper came to school on skis.



Ragnar Bergland clears off the snow on the family's 1162 Westwood St. property.

Scott Creek frequently flooded over. To get to school when that happened, James Rintoul, who was our neighbor and the school janitor, would take out his car, and drive us girls across the water. And if the water was too deep for the car, Mr. Rintoul would put on his hip waders, and pack us across.

In those days, there were huge returns of spawning fish to both Scott Creek and the Coquitlam River. If you were careful and quiet enough, you could grab the salmon out of the water by the tail. As late as 1948, you could almost walk across the river on the backs of the spawning salmon.

Many times after school, I would visit Dorothy and Kitty, who were sisters, at their home. Scott Creek ran right through their place, so we would spend a lot of time together, paddling, or walking along the banks. They lived on a farm, so when I was older, I loved collecting eggs and things there.

During the summer holidays, my friends and I had picnics along the creek, wandering through the beautiful woods, picking salmonberries, tiger lilies and other wild flowers. We swam up and down Scott Creek, in the waters of the Coquitlam River and in the sump holes at the Deeks McBride gravel pit.

Before graduating from Glen School, we had to go to Port Coquitlam to write our exams. I was absolutely petrified because we entered this big class room with lots of kids in it, and there were the exam papers on every subject, including music, which we hadn't even taken. I didn't think I was going to pass, but luckily I did.

Since there was no high school in Coquitlam then, I attended T. J. Trapp Technical School on Eighth Street in New Westminster, now an elementary school. I was there four years, from 1937 to 1941, taking secretarial courses like junior business typewriting, short-hand and bookkeeping, as well as English literature and composition, social studies, and health and physical education.

Every school day, I would get up at five or six in the morning, and do my homework. Then I would leave home about 7 a.m., walk up the railroad tracks to Port Coquitlam, and stand there waiting for the Pacific Stage Line bus, which took me to New Westminster. The bus left at eight o'clock. Coming home, I would wait at the B.C. Electric terminal in New Westminster.

I would have to wait until 10 to five to catch the bus. The bus route was along Brunette through Maillardville, then up through Essondale. I'd get off at what is now Kingsway. By the time I got home, it would be six o'clock. After eating supper, I went to bed between eight and nine o'clock.

During my four years at Trapp Tech, I participated in the annual May Day in Port Coquitlam. We would all be dressed in soldier-like costumes. When King George VI and Queen Elizabeth visited in 1939, I greeted them in New Westminster, dressed in a similar outfit.

Mr. E. G. Daniels, the Coquitlam school inspector, wanted me to become a teacher, and told my mother so, but she couldn't afford to send me to Normal school in Vancouver. Besides, we didn't know anybody in Vancouver that I could stay with, so the big thing for me was to get work in an office.

One summer I spent my time up at the Pacific Shingle Mill, looking after my little nephew. I used to walk up Johnson Road, then along Pipe Line Road to the mill, a good hour and a half.

The large shingle mill was located at the end of Pipe Line Road near Coquitlam Lake. Quite a few men from our area were employed there. Some worked in the woods cutting shingle bolts, while those in the mill cut and packed shingles.

After I finished school, I stayed home for a while, then started working at Essondale institution, now Riverview. I took dictation from the doctors and typed it up on the patients' files. I had first learned to drive when I was a teenager. I was around 14 or 15 years old but I didn't get my driver's licence until I was 21, in 1944.

We all belonged during the war to the Volunteer Worker for Civil Defence Against the German Reich and Other Axis Powers. Quite a name! We'd go down to Port Coquitlam once a week, and take first-aid courses. We all had hard hats, gas masks, and things like that.

I met my husband, a naturalized Canadian from

Norway, at a whist drive held by the Parent-Teacher Association.

I remember the first time my husband asked me out; he came over to our house with an English airman. I would always laugh and tease him afterwards about that, saying he had brought his friend because he knew my mother would be a soft touch for an Englishman.

We drove out to White Rock in his grey Pontiac on our first date; we were married in December 1943. We went to Vancouver to the court house and were married by the judge. Mom had a wedding cake and everything when we got home; we didn't have a honeymoon because it was winter.

My husband had bought three lots along Westwood Street. Before moving into our new house, which was completed later in 1943, we lived in the garage. The house took three months to build. Today, we have only the one lot we are living on.

Being war time, lumber, nails and other building material for houses were very hard to find. We had enough lumber because my husband operated a small sawmill. To get water, my husband and a man at the Glen store, near our home, had to dig all the ditches, and buy all the pipes.

We had an indoor toilet, but it was a long time before we had a bath tub. We didn't have a fridge until 1949; we had an ice box. A train track, which came across kitty corner from Glen Drive and Westwood, ran behind our house, transporting gravel from the Deeks gravel pit.

Once after I'd taken the ashes from our sawdust burner and dumped them under a dogwood tree in the yard, I had smoke and a growing fire on my hands. Luckily, the train that was coming by stopped, and the men put out the fire for me.

We used to grow wheat in our yard, digging it under in the spring time and allowing the land to lie fallow. Gradually, in that way, we began to build up soil. This area was covered with a gravelly type of soil because it was once part of the Coquitlam River.

We couldn't have a vegetable garden because the deer would come and eat everything up. We also had trouble with bears; I'd never seen such an invasion. Bears would come into my yard, rummage through the garbage, then climb up my apple trees.

Coquitlam was a good place to grow up in. We weren't afraid of anybody, or anything. We had all the freedom we needed. We didn't have a lot of money, true, but we were all happy together.

Zoe Edgar Fetherstonhaugh

Zoe Edgar Fetherstonhaugh, born in Coquitlam in 1921, was one of five children born to Harold and Rose Blanche Edgar, English immigrants who were raised in Australia.

Her brother Ronald Edgar was on a West Vancouver team that became Canadian marksmen champions. He had started a rifle club in a vacated chicken house in Coquitlam, with .22 rifles, and targets with proper backing. He still instructs youths in firearms safety.

Zoe Edgar married Jack Fetherstonhaugh, a member of a pioneer Burnaby family, in 1953. They settled in

The Edgar family home set on a 12-acre propety on Blue Mountain Road. The Edgars were one of the few families that had a flush toilet, although it was located outside of the home. This picture was taken around 1925.





The Edgar family had a car in the early '30s. Rose Edgar and the children are waiting for a ride to church. Harold Edgar is in the driver's seat. This picture was taken in 1931.

Maple Ridge, raised four children – two girls, two boys – and have two grandchildren. Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh is as a volunteer at the hospital and at the Anglican church, where she is in the choir and Bible study.

Mrs. Edgar's story won honorable mention in the Pioneer Tales of Coquitlam contest.

Everyone wants the most out of life today, but who a person is now is largely influenced by events from the past. The so-called good old days in Coquitlam I recall with gratitude, especially the friends from times gone by, with whom I often share happy memories.

My family moved to Coquitlam shortly after my dad had served overseas during the First World War. My oldest sister and my brother were born in England. I was the first one born in Coquitlam – in 1921. Later, two more sisters were born in our green home on Blue Mountain Road.

Our place was located between Rochester and Alderson, on a southerly slope overlooking the Fraser River. Blue Mountain Road was a narrow, gravel road at that time, with dust frequently drifting over the fringe of our 12-acre farm. Our house had been built by Mr. Joe Jackson across the street; their children, Jim and Vina, often joined us for games as we grew older.

My dad was a mining engineer, but in order to be at home with his growing family, he cleared land to go into chicken farming. Little did my parents know that chickens often get diseases, and that during the Depression, the price of eggs would drop to 10 cents, then five cents a dozen.

During the 1920s, my family hired an Englishman named Billy Thomas to help out with the endless farm chores. He was a bachelor, a colorful character with lots of talents, jokes, and tall tales. Later, when the bottom fell out of the chicken business, my father reluctantly had to let him go.

Billy Thomas then dabbled in photography, and was popular with the children at entertainments with his magic tricks. His later years he spent on Tenby Street, which he had named, and his many visitors were intrigued by the quaint home and garden with the interesting collections and antiques.

My mother hugged me and cried when the day finally arrived for me to start school. I wondered why she was so upset, as I looked forward to joining the older kids at Central School. There were 12 pupils in Grade 1, with many other grades taught, as the school was a two-roomer then.

The principal, Miss Ellen Bournes, loved children but also tried to maintain firm discipline. She and the elementary teacher taught the three R's extensively, in addition to music, gym and art classes.

We took gym downstairs in a small covered area. To this day, I am grateful to Miss Bournes and the educational system for such a thorough grounding in spelling, grammar and arithmetic for my later job of steno-secretary.

The pupils at Central School often brought in frogs from a nearby slough; another prank was hiding the strap. One day, when Miss Bournes went to play the

piano, there was a weird thumping sound instead of music, and when she lifted the lid, there was the strap bouncing around inside.

Whenever the school trustees came by, however, there was perfect silence, with everyone standing at rigid attention. The only one I can recall by name was Mr. Harris – Peg Leg – who was a most conscientious trustee. He once walked up to our house to personally present my sister Viva with her certificate, after she and others had written the government exams in Grade 8 in order to enter high school.

We always walked the mile to school and usually went home for lunch, a four-mile stretch, in every sort of weather. There was nothing but bush between Rochester and Austin, along Blue Mountain Road, at that time. On Austin, near the corner, the Falkes family lived in the woods where Ridgeway is now, and the Frank Pobst family lived along Austin, between Blue Mountain and the school. They would chat with us as we went by, and sometimes offer a cookie with a friendly smile.

When it was wet, the gravel pit, where the Blue Mountain Baptist Church now sits, proved a great attraction. There was an old raft there, as well as all sorts of insects, tadpoles and skunk cabbage, all of which drew children like magnets.

In the winter, frequent snow fights occurred in the school yard. I recall being upset by the huge snow balls the boys threw, smack in the face, but Miss Tupper told me to learn how to take it. No sympathy at that time, but it did teach me a lesson to toughen up and to practise a little self-defence.

At other seasons, we played hopscotch and jacks at recess and at lunch time. Later, in higher grades, dodge ball became popular. I really liked it because being tall, it was easy for me to jump over the ball and stay inside the circle.

In the spring, baseball took over. One of the best at it was a tom-boy named Scotty McLaren, one of six sisters. The baseball team from Central used to challenge Millside School in friendly rivalry. We were joined in the upper grades by young French people from Millside in Maillardville, as they didn't have Grade 7 and 8.

Some of our school chums had to walk further to Central School than my family did. Down Blue Mountain were the Ramseys, Buchans and Hendersons, and over on Alderson Avenue, the Fletchers, McLarens, Favros and Papays. The Colbys, Hutchisons, Guehos, Bob Nylan and Irene Tassey were on Rochester.

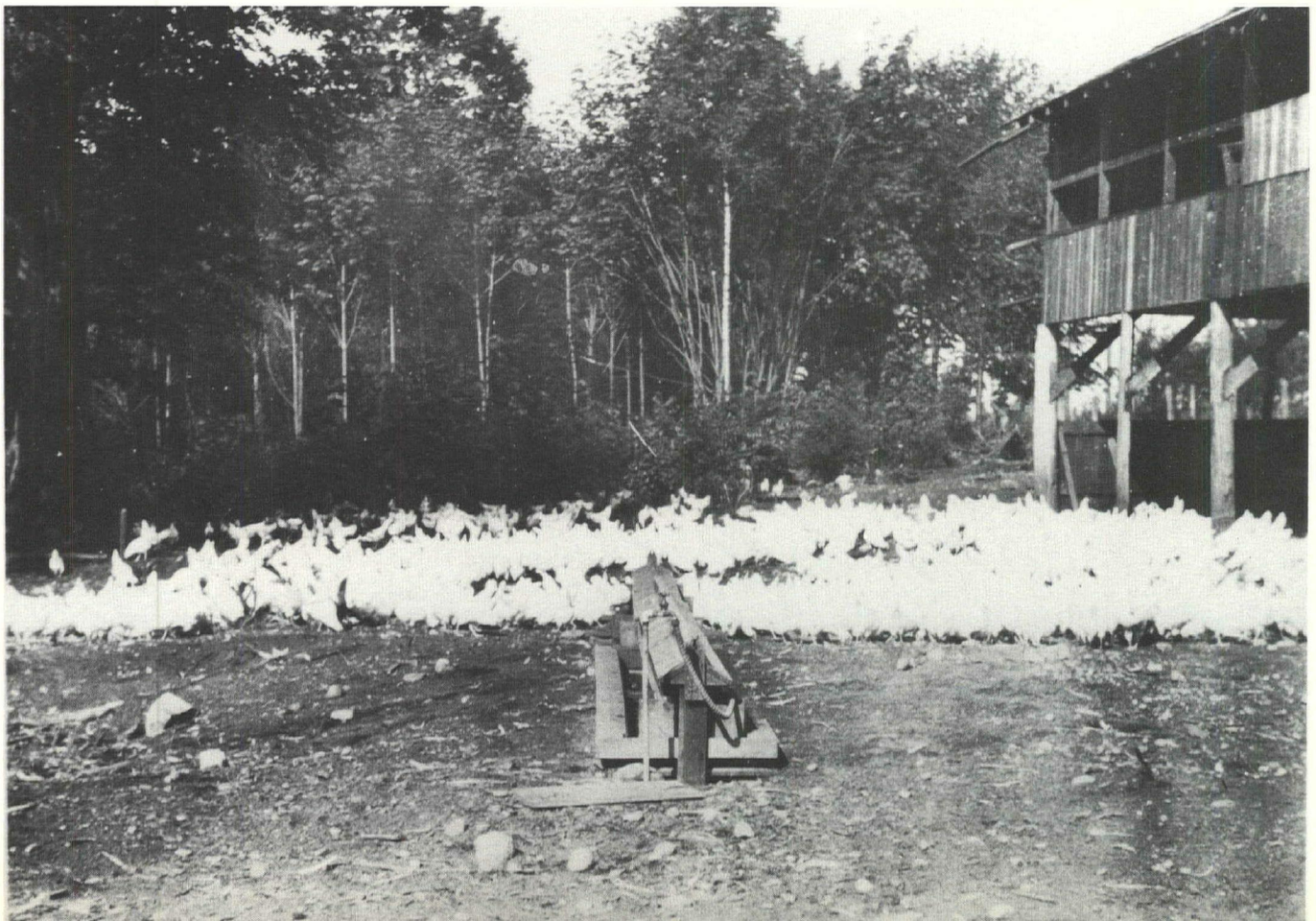
The junior high school wasn't built in time for the four oldest in our family to attend, but my youngest sister went there. The rest of us travelled into New Westminster to go to high school.

The streetcar left once an hour from Swift's packing house on Brunette Street. There was no car at home then, so I sometimes picked up groceries or bought a whole salmon at the Fraser River dock for 25 cents. The closest store was at Blue Mountain and Brunette, owned for a time by the Quadling brothers.

During the Depression, I recall men, some of whom had been riding the rods, begging at our door. My mother would give them food. I often wondered why the odd one asked for vanilla.

The 12 acres my parents owned were largely covered by bush, but the cleared areas were dotted with lovely flowers, and tall sunflowers for our cow. For several summers, a neighbor pastured cows in our fenced field. The owner said they were wild when he bought them, but was glad when my brother, sisters and I tamed the cows by making pets of them and giving each a name.

Harold Edgar's chicken farm on his 12-acre Blue Mountain property.



Another time, a local friend, Mrs. Prior, brought her cow to pasture; it was so tame she didn't need to rope it. Instead, she came singing along the street after walking miles, with the unroped cow following right behind her. The Priors were a large family who all played instruments and sang.

Our fruit orchard yielded an abundance of transparent McIntosh and Alexander apples, as well as plums and cherries. Many happy hours were spent every summer up the huge cherry tree, which bore lots of ripe cherries for everyone.

The neighbor's bees would come over the fence to swarm in our orchard, amid ensuing excitement and panic. Mr. Diedrich would calmly don his headgear and gloves to successfully isolate the queen bee, with the rest following her back into the hive.

At cutting time, Mr. Diedrich would invite us to join his family for fun hay rides right into the barn. Mr. Harris down the way also had a horse, which he shared for horse-and-buggy rides. During the summer holidays, my family and I, along with many visitors, enjoyed the usual games and activities of kids let loose on acreage with plenty of trees.

A game called run, sheep, run was a favorite. One team would draw a sketch of where they were hiding, and the other team stayed elsewhere for a reasonable time, then read the sketch and tried to follow to the hiding place in the woods.

There was also a home-made, miniature golf course in the woods, as this was a popular game then. The golf balls we used, we hunted for on the roadside at the Vancouver Golf and Country Club, on Austin and Blue Mountain.

The fun did not happen until indoor and outdoor chores, such as egg-collecting and washing, were finished first. As well as raking thousands of leaves in the fall, there was a Halloween party with friends and neighbors beside a huge fire under an old stump, with special treats to toast.



The Edgar family home on Blue Mountain near Rochester in 1930.

Every winter, snow seemed to fall in abundance for sleigh-riding at great speed down Blue Mountain for teenagers with toboggans. The hope was that the driver would somehow manage to turn to the side at Brunette Street, or at least cross it when there was no traffic. I still spend as much time outside as I possibly can.

There never seemed to be much spare time in the evenings. In secondary school, everyone was supposed to do a couple hours of homework. There was also the gramophone and radio, when we weren't gathering around the piano for sing-alongs. When people came over, board games and cards were the norm. Bridge was a favorite. I learned bridge at an early age and have been interested in it ever since.

Community events often took place at the Agricultural Hall, which was at the foot of the Austin Avenue hill, across from the golf course. Excellent farm produce was displayed there at the annual country fair. I recall some Christmas concerts being held there, and a talent contest. Bruce Farebrother played an instrument in the talent contest – the violin, I think – and I played Country Gardens on the piano, but he captured first prize, and I got second.

My mother and I used to visit an elderly neighbor, Mrs. Brown, at the corner of Blue Mountain and Rochester. She had a tiny pump organ. I tried to play it and sing for her, and later played a similar one, and sang in the choir at church. Organ and singing from those humble beginnings have become a life-long interest.

The church my family attended was St. Stephen's Anglican Church on Cameron, across the street from the Lougheed Mall. We walked there for many years from Blue Mountain, unless Mrs. Parker on Walker, and her daughter, Sydney, picked us up in their car.

The corner of Walker and Austin had to be approached with caution when walking past, as there was a turkey farm there. If anyone teased the turkeys, they would come out en masse and chase the kids down the street, gobbling furiously from behind.

Rev. Frank Plaskett was the minister at St. Stephen's for many years, and although it was on the Burnaby side of North Road, nearly all the congregation was from Coquitlam. They were from the area along North Road then referred to as Burquitlam.

The Sunday school superintendent was Mrs. Clarke, from the family after whom the street was named. There were a lot of memory verses and whole scripture passages to learn by memory at that time. They remain in one's mind to help out in any rough times ahead.

The Sunday school Christmas concert with its games, refreshments and prizes for each child, was anticipated for weeks every year. So were the garden parties in the summertime. Nina Postlethwaite was the popular teacher of the 10-year-old girls.

She took the class for a hike once up Snake Hill, which was really isolated then. Near the top, we met a young man hiking up there. He was very friendly, following us around; we thought it was great sport.

I couldn't figure out, after I got home, why my mother didn't think it was so hilarious. I realized why a few years later.

Also in the 1930s, I remember our dad driving us home from church one dark, rainy night, trying to make out the side of the narrow road with scarcely a streetlight in sight. Our family did have a car for a while in the early days, an old-model Ford, complete with running boards and a crank at the front to start it, but missing a rumble seat.

Why the car comes to mind is because of the time my father drove all of us up to Barkerville to inspect a gold mine. We travelled over narrow gravel roads hanging on the edge of the mountains, with the roaring Fraser River below, backing up to a little wider space if another car ever came along. Everyone was glad to see Coquitlam again after that trip.

In later years, there was a young people's group that met at St. Stephen's. I was thrilled to go to my first dance there at age 15, wearing a formal, long dress, which was the style then. Everyone mixed well, and one of the popular dances was Doing the Lambeth Walk.

A few of the local families living in the district at the time were the Solomons – their house was where the Burquitlam Plaza is now – the MacDonalds, Woolriches, Holmes, Burns, Parkers, Honeysetts, Falkes, Shaws, Hermans and the Harts.

The Solomon family started a girls' club with crafts, study, games and refreshments. One time, my sister and I were to practise singing a duet there, to be sung later in church. I recall we giggled a lot more than we sang.

When the big Sunday arrived for the performance, we had both come down with the measles a few days before. There was a quarantine by public health of two weeks then for communicable diseases, so when one after another of the kids came down with any of them, families were off school a month to six weeks.

My brother and I used to enjoy the political meetings, walking down to municipal hall in Maillardville, often in several feet of snow. Politics were serious business, and the discussions inside were as hot as the weather outside was cool. Word had it that Mr. R. C. MacDonald, the former reeve of Coquitlam, had chased another candidate around the block after a heated debate at an all-candidates meeting.

People in Coquitlam felt fortunate to have two lakes in the area – Como and Mundy. In hot weather, we used to hike or bike to swim there. Como Lake had an old raft. The Fosters had a garden nursery near there. At Mundy Lake, everyone jumped or dived in, swam part way or right across, then grabbed the branches to get out.

For that reason, and also because patients from Essondale came for a dip too, our parents worried about us. The lakes made strong swimmers out of us; my sister Maureen competed in swim meets in the 1940s in West Vancouver when we moved there.

When my dad worked out of the country, my mother sold some of the 12 acres on the south side along Blue Mountain. We called the narrow road which was put in Edgar Avenue. Other streets in Coquitlam were named after families we knew – Foster, Marmont, Clarke and Shaw, to name a few.

It was a privilege to have spent my early days, and to have my roots, in such a fine district as Coquitlam. These origins, where friends and skills are acquired, help build character, and influence and shape our future life.

The space and expanse of open country, peace and quiet, and neighbors who always had time to help others, may not all remain in Coquitlam. With the increased population now, however, the shopping malls, designated parks, organized sports and large schools, are a necessary part of a different generation.

Congratulations on your 100th birthday in 1991, Coquitlam, and continued blessings for the next 100 years!

Robert Reynolds

The Depression years, and numbing years they were, brought out the resourcefulness of most bread-winners, while completely demoralizing others.

Samuel Reynolds, father of Robert, kept his family eating during the 1930s with his ingenuity, and literally worked himself to death trying to provide a better life for his wife and three sons.

Samuel Reynolds, who was from Ontario, had settled with his family in Coquitlam around 1919, and was a carpenter by trade, but when he was not building houses, he was working a gravel pit. He loaded gravel with coal shovels and mixed cement by hand, making everything from concrete piers to laundry trays.

When he died in 1937, Robert, as the eldest of the sons, was suddenly the man of the family and had to go to work at 17. After working at a movie theatre and a shoe store, he landed a job at Fraser Mills in the time office.

Following the Second World War, when he served in the Royal Canadian Air Force, Mr. Reynolds started a cement company in New Westminster with borrowed money and a borrowed cement mixer. The know-how and drive to succeed had been passed on to him by his father, and today, Reynolds Concrete Ltd. is a thriving concern with more than 60 employees.

Born in 1922 – his mother, Ruby Marshall, was from Vancouver – Mr. Reynolds was raised in Burquitlam in a house his father built on 20 acres. The Reynolds lived opposite the Hobbis family.

Always interested in airplanes, he learned to fly when he was 54, and continues to do so today, especially now that a son has taken over the business. He and his first wife, Adele, who he married in 1946, raised a son and a daughter.

Robert and Vera Reynolds – he remarried in 1973 – have two grandchildren, and still live on Porter Street

in the house that was built under the Veterans' Land Act, back in 1950.

I was born in 1922 when my parents were living in the original family home, just up from Como Lake and Clarke, just up the Clarke Road hill. I was born at Royal Columbian Hospital in Sapperton. I was to be the eldest of three boys.

Soon afterwards – I was, maybe, one or two – we moved down to a new home on the corner of Clarke and Como Lake Road. This house was torn down when they put in the Kentucky Fried place. We sold it in 1946, but other people lived in it for quite a few years after that.

There were lots of kids in the area when I was younger. We never had gangs then. We were great on wagons in the summer and bobsleds in the winter. We also skated when the lakes froze over. There were no skating rinks, so you had to wait for the lakes to freeze, if they ever did.

We used to push a wagon wheel with a stick or roll a tire. We always found something to do; we made our own fun. Made our own sling shots. We had pretty rudimentary toys. The kids always had a shack in the bush for their fort. We were easily entertained in those days.

I remember getting my first bike when I was about 13, and I remember dad paid $7 for it, which was a lot then. We used to go to the Edison Theatre on Columbia Street in New Westminster and pay a nickel Saturday mornings to watch the serials.

I would ride into town to buy groceries at Spencer's, at the corner of Sixth and Sixth. I'd have a carrier full of groceries, and bring them home. I also used my bike to deliver The Province newspaper for years. I had 36 customers in all.

I picked up the papers at Austin and North Road. I think my first customer was at Clarke and North. I delivered up as far as Blue Mountain Road. Later, I got ambitious and started delivering the morning News-Herald in Sapperton. I think I made about $6 delivering The Province in those days.

I remember, we had a 1928 McLaughlin touring car and, later, a 1928 Whippet. I can remember my dad taking us out for a Sunday drive to Port Coquitlam over the old, iron bridge on the Coquitlam River and I remember getting ice-cream cones there, a big deal in those days.

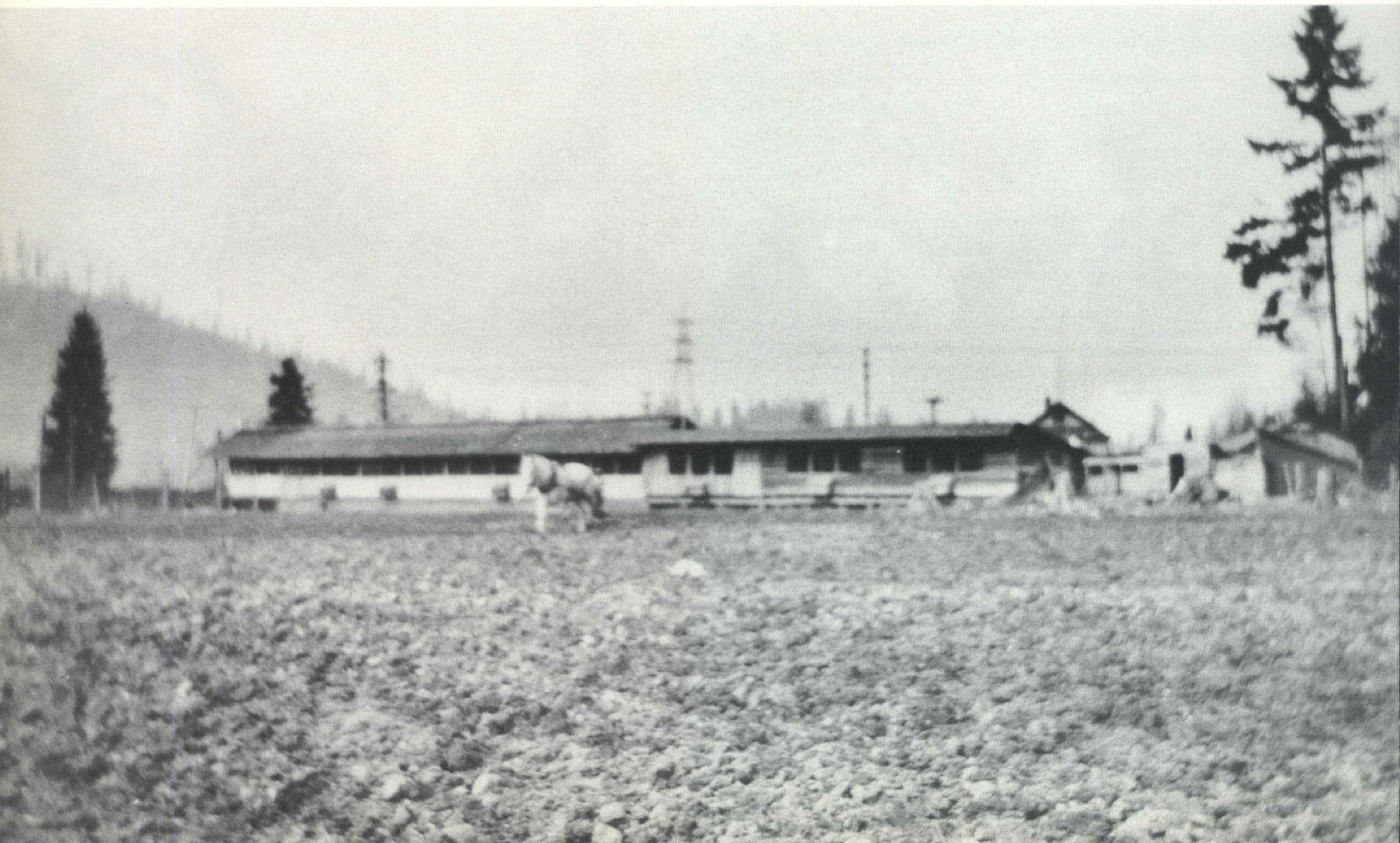
The Little Red Schoolhouse, which I attended, was all one room, to the best of my recollection. There were, I think, 40 to 50 students in the school, Grade 1 to 8. If I remember correctly, there was a pot-bellied stove that had to be fired by hand.

Some of my chums were Frank Ayres, who died a while ago, and the Kemsley and Hobbis boys. They were all students at the Little Red Schoolhouse, all quite the buffs on this history stuff.

One teacher for the whole school – eight grades – and she was boss. The teacher didn't seem to have any problem coping with everyone. Just spent so much time with each grade, and allotted your work. This was very early for me, so I can't really remember when we left that school.

I remember starting there in Grade 1 and it wasn't too long after that, that we moved over to Mountain View at Robinson and Smith. It's pretty foggy in my memory as to what was going on in those days, but I

The Hobbis family farm on North Road at Como Lake. The Reynolds lived across from this farm, which is now the Burquitlam Shopping Centre. Picture was taken in 1933.





Burt and Gerald (Cap) Hobbis ride their motorcycles on Clarke Road near Como Lake Road.

do remember the big kids looked awfully big and we seemed awfully small.

Mountain View was a real step up – two rooms. Grade 1 to 4 in one room, 4 to 8 in the other. Two teachers. Most of us got along pretty well. I never finished high school, because I had to go to work when I was 17.

Dad had been with the B.C. Electric Co. on the Central Park interurban line as a motor man. I don't know how or why he left that, but he ended up coming to Coquitlam, and had a piece of property from Como Lake up Clarke, and up Como Lake in a triangular piece.

He was like a lot of people had to be in the Depression days – my memories are that he was always working, always trying to make a living. You had to be a jack-of-all-trades.

Some of the houses he built are still around. The one closest to here is (former school teacher) Ted Clark's home at the junction of Clarke and North Road. There's a boat-supply place there and Ted's house is north of that.

There was a pipe plant had gone broke, right about where London Drugs is today, on North Road, and there was a gravel pit there. The building was sitting idle, so dad made some arrangement with the bankruptcy trustees and leased the property on a royalty basis, I believe.

He paid so much for every yard of material that he sold out of the pit. He and a fellow named Jimmy Haddon – Haddon had a truck – hand-loaded the gravel right on the bank with coal shovels and once the delivery had been made, dad would go back making little concrete piers, or laundry trays.

I recall the Burquitlam post office on the Burnaby side of North Road, right at Clarke. There was no home delivery then. We used to call it Copping's Corner because the Copping family lived there. Later on, a fellow named Simpson delivered the mail.

I used to cut firewood with a hand saw in the bush on our property, and pack it out. During the hard winters, we would live in the kitchen, and open up the bedroom doors to get some heat in there. The kindling would catch fire, and dad would have to throw it in the sink.

I remember, my dad was a great fan of wrestling, and in those days, we listened to it on the radio with headphones. I think it must have been a crystal set.

When my dad died in 1937, it was tough times, and mother was trying to raise the three of us, so she gradually sold off pieces of property. I believe she sold the last acre in the 20-acre triangle, and the house, for $4,600 in 1946. I then ended up looking for another piece of property for us.

I started working when I was 17 years old, taking tickets at the Sapperton Theatre, and being the janitor. In the evenings, I took tickets at the door, and in the mornings, I had to go and clean the theatre up. I got about $12 a week.

Then I graduated to Jamieson Shoes, down on Columbia Street in New Westminster, and sold shoes. I think I got about $15 a week. From there, I went to Fraser Mills, and worked in the yard for a while. Then I applied for a job in the time office, and worked there until I joined the air force in 1941.

The basic job in the time office was to walk around the mill, and check up on 900 employees in the day time, or 700 at night. To see that they were all on the job was impossible to do, so the check-up was just to keep the people honest. You certainly couldn't cover everybody every night.

One reason for the check-up, I think, was because Fraser Mills had a lot of ethnic bosses – the labor bosses – who took care of their own. Because these employees didn't speak English, one fellow was delegated to look after so many people.

I think that sometimes, the bosses took advantage of the fact nobody knew all the employees' names, so they had a couple of extras in there that never showed up, but they always had a cheque waiting for them. So my job was to check and see if these fellows were actually there in different areas of the mill at night.

Bob McMillan was my tutor. I'll never forget the way he'd walk around the mill, and look down a line of employees, and just keep putting numbers down. I thought, my God, this man must be a mental giant to remember all these people!

The first few nights on my own, I'd go out, and I'd have to ask everybody his number, so I didn't cover very many people in a shift. But after a while, the numbers all come to you. It wasn't long before I knew all the numbers – I didn't know their names, but I knew their numbers.

The more you got used to your job, the easier it was to get more numbers down. Then you could visit more people. You had to learn the numbers, especially if you were in a noisy place. If you had to ask, you had to put your ear right next to their mouths to hear the number. These men usually chewed tobacco, and some of them could spit the juice all over your face. So you soon remembered their numbers. We had Chinese, East Indians – they had their own bosses in those days – and the French Canadians, who looked after themselves.

In the planer mill, if you had seven planing machines, which you did at that time, you had to have seven feeders and seven graders, and you just looked down the line. This is what amazed me about Bob McMillan. He'd just stand there, and look down the line, and put their numbers down.

I played senior B lacrosse for Port Moody, and that was about the extent of it. I seemed to be the youngest one on the team, so they stuck me in goal, and threw lacrosse balls at me. Lacrosse was very big then. Then I started practising with the New Westminster Salmonbellies and I had my opportunity to play for them one night.

Jack Woods was the coach of the Salmonbellies and he wanted me to play against Vancouver, but I had a previous engagement and didn't make it. There went my big chance. The end of my career came about when I got hit in the throat and eye, all in the same evening, at a Salmonbellies' practice. I decided it was time to get out.

When the war ended, there were thousands of men looking for jobs, so you made your own. In my case, I did make my own, and was able to keep one foot in front of the other. I had married an Edmonton girl in 1946, and didn't consider the future, just worked for the present, and it all worked out.

I could have gone back to Fraser Mills because I think they took back all the people in the offices, but I figured there was going to be a building boom – I hoped – so I started Reynolds Concrete Ltd. The idea came from my dad, I guess.

I really had nothing when I started and the Bank of Montreal was the only bank that would take a chance on me. They made it possible for me to buy a lot on Strand and Columbia in New Westminster – I think the price was $385 – and I had to pay the city, pay it up, in six months. That was a lot of money in those days.

I started there in 1945, basically making concrete products. From that, we made little piers that you put under buildings and these laundry trays. They seemed to weigh around 400 pounds. Then there was a demand for concrete foundations and things like that.

So I rented a cement mixer from an old-time Coquitlam resident named Joe Canuel for $7 a day, paying him every week. One day, he asked: "Why don't you just buy this thing?" So I asked him how much he wanted, and he replied: "$150." I told him I didn't have the money, so he said: "Give me a whole bunch of $7 cheques." So I did.

So now I owned a cement mixer with wheels the size of a wheelbarrow. It seemed to me that by doing a diligent and conscientious job, there was no shortage of work; from that beginning, we went to a bigger cement mixer, and now, concrete pumps. Reynolds Concrete has 50 or 60 employees today.

At first, I did a lot of work for the Veterans' Land Act. This house was built under the VLA. You had to have at least one acre and it had to be valued at so much, according to the VLA. It was reasonably easy to make a living, as long as you tried to do a good job; I think that paid off.

I have never considered moving away from Coquitlam. It's been an interesting time. I know people move around, and I can't understand it. Maybe they're more adventuresome, but for me I just like it here. I think you've got everything you would want, right here in Coquitlam.

Albert Hutchinson

Adversity often dogged Coquitlam's pioneers, but Albert Hutchinson's family, who came to the municipality in 1920, encountered more than most.

His father, James Hutchinson, was a motor man on the B.C. Electric Railway before cataracts forced him into retirement, and eventually rendered him blind.

Still, he was able to chop wood and tend the farm animals, and walked all over the area by himself to visit friends. Then Albert Hutchinson's mother died in 1931, when he was 11 years old, leaving his father to raise him and his sister, May.

Mr. Hutchinson became an electrician. He married Muriel Clements in 1946; they lived in his father's house until they built their own, on the same Rochester Road property, in 1948. They are still there.

The following recollections of life in Coquitlam, written by Albert Hutchinson himself, won honorable mention in the Pioneer Tales of Coquitlam contest.

I have a lot of memories of growing up in Coquitlam. My mother and father came out from Vancouver in 1920. They had a house built on a five-acre stump ranch on Rochester Road.

At that time, my dad was losing his eyesight due to



A favorite winter pastime of youngsters growing up in Burquitlam in the 1920s was tobogganing down North Road.

cataracts. My mother died at an early age a few years later, so he raised my sister, May, and me by himself.

Despite the fact he finally lost his sight, my dad used to chop wood and kindling, and stack it. He could shave with a straight razor, milk the cow, feed the chickens and collect the eggs. Everyone thought he was a remarkable man.

He quite often walked up Rochester Road to visit his friend, Mr. Brown, at Blue Mountain Road. He had another friend, Mr. West, who lived at the bottom of Rochester, where he also walked to visit. He somehow knew exactly where these houses were by the sound of his cane.

The nearest school to us was Blue Mountain, more commonly known by the students as the Little Red Schoolhouse. I started there in the 1920s. The school was located on North Road in Coquitlam, approximately 100 yards north of Cameron Road. They closed this school two or three years later, when Mountain View opened.

I then finished my public schooling at Central, up on Austin and Nelson, as it was the closest. My eldest daughter later went to school there. This school was recently demolished to make way for the new fire hall. Ted Clark was my Sunday school teacher at St. Stephen's Anglican Church on Cameron Road in Burnaby. He took our class on several hikes. I really enjoyed and appreciated them as my dad was unable to take me on this type of outing due to his disability.

We had some really rough winters at times. I recall one winter, when someone inadvertently shut off the water main down on Rochester Road. Our water supply was frozen. We packed water from the neighbors for our household use and for the livestock. Then they started a fire at the meter to try and thaw it. Truck loads of wood were hauled in. Finally, they brought in a welder to do the job.

Another winter, in the early 1930s, we had about two feet of snow; then it rained steadily. The next day,

St. Stephen's Sunday School pose in front of the old church on Cameron Road.



the creek at the south end of North Road flooded, and completely washed out the road at Rochester. There was a pool about 10 to 15 feet wide and about 10 feet deep.

One of the fun pastimes on winter evenings was to start our toboggan at Austin and North roads, and swoosh down North Road, ending half way up the hill, in front of Hume Park, in New Westminster.

There was a very bad train crash in July of 1941, about half a mile west of the cut under North Road. Two passenger trains, the Great Northern and Canadian National, collided head-on. A lot of people were killed, including one fireman and an engineer, and many passengers were injured. Harry Caddy, a young fellow who lived on Rochester Road, was passing by and was first on the scene.

One time, we were taking two pigs to the New Westminster market, which was located where the Army Navy store now stands. They were in a crate in the back of our pickup truck. As we were going up Sapperton Hill, in front of what is now Hume Park, the crate gate came open.

The pigs leaped out and ran into the bush, where we had to try to corral them. This was no mean feat, putting two 200-pound pigs back into a crate! As one was put back in, the other was trying to get out. It took some time before both were captured and in the crate.

A lot of changes have taken place on North Road since my boyhood days. Where the Red Roof now stands used to be Langer's, a large gravel pit that extended across to the other side of North Road. This area is now the Lougheed Highway.

Outside of Maillardville, most of Coquitlam was farm land. There were no stores near our house. There were, however, two meat markets in Maillardville – Thrift's and Pett's. We had our meat delivered from them. We bought our groceries in New Westminster.

I played soccer for the schools I attended. Our team played against other schools in Port Moody, and Coquitlam schools like Millside. Unlike today, we either walked, or rode our bikes, to get anywhere.

I met my wife, Muriel, who also lived in Coquitlam, while giving her a ride home from work. We later married and raised a family and still live on the old Hutchinson homestead on Rochester Road in Coquitlam.

Mrs. Ellen Bourdes' class at Central School in 1930. Albert Hutchinson is pictured here in the back row, second from the right.





Copping's Corner on North Road at Hamilton was a shopping area, which included a garage, post office and general store. Picture was taken in 1937.

Muriel Clements Hutchinson

Born in Vancouver in 1919, Muriel Clements Hutchinson was the daughter of Rev. Leslie Clements and his wife, Olive Clements (Taylor).

The Clements family moved into a house on Smith Road in Burquitlam in 1932. Rev. Clements often conducted services at four churches on one Sunday and was later ordained in the Anglican church. Hitching a ride was common practice in those days of spotty public transportation. Muriel was coming home from work in New Westminster late one night with a girlfriend when a car with two young chaps inside stopped to pick them up. The driver of the car, Albert Hutchinson, was to become her husband in 1946.

In 1948, the Hutchinsons built a house on a corner of the old family homestead on Rochester Road, and like most Burquitlam residents, had a small farm. They raised three daughters.

Now the grandparents of five, they continue to live in the same house. In the following story that Mrs. Hutchinson wrote herself – she won honorable mention in the Pioneer Tales of Coquitlam contest – she describes life in Burquitlam from that day in 1932, when they arrived from Vancouver.

My first recollection of Coquitlam, or Burquitlam as the area I lived in was called then, was in 1932, viewing it from the back of a moving van. We travelled north along North Road, which seemed to go on forever.

I had never seen Coquitlam before, as I was born and brought up in Vancouver. In those days, people didn't travel far from home. On North Road, most of the properties were acreage, so it seemed as though we were coming to the end of the world.

My father was a lay minister in the 1930s, assisting with church services at Central United Church on Austin Road, on the high side of Nelson. This was before a new church was built on King Albert and renamed Como Lake United.

My father took four church services on Sundays, going from Central to Ioco United, Trinity United in Port Coquitlam, then to a little church in Pitt Meadows. My mother played the organ and piano and went along with him. To say Sunday was a busy day was an understatement!

There was a small church, located on North Road where the Cariboo Trails shopping centre now stands, called Blue Mountain Union Church. Dad also took odd services there. He later was ordained in the Anglican church and so became Rev. Clements.

My father had a very good sense of humor. I recall one day, we were riding our car down Port Moody hill, when he suddenly plucked my mother's black hat from her head, and threw it out the window, saying, "You can wear black after I'm gone!"

We lived on Smith Road, just a short distance from North Road – our house has since burned down. Our first mode of transportation, for those of us working in town – New Westminster – was a five-passenger car,



Sunday sermon at Blue Mountain Union Church in 1946. Olive Clements stands in the middle of the church steps with her daughter, Muriel, second from the right.

which came from Port Moody.

The car was run by Terry Andrews, and picked us up on North Road. It ran about twice a day. Later came the bus, driven by Tommy Sproule, along the same route. This was the start of Columbia Stage Lines, which serviced our municipality for a good many years.

We had, in the early years, the Coquitlam Farmers Institute, which was run by a board of directors. President and manager was Charlie Westoby. The institute provided many of the farmers who joined it with much better prices for their feed – grain, hay, poultry mash and hog mash.

The institute put on whist drives and dances on a regular basis. These were held in St. Stephen's Anglican Church hall on Cameron Street, on the Burnaby side of North Road. They were a lot of fun for old and young alike, as everyone mixed very well.

People by the name of Ebert, whom we had known in Vancouver, came out to Burquitlam ahead of us and had a farm on North Road. Ebert Avenue is now named after them. Through their girls, I got to know a lot of young people. We had some good times together.

My sister, Dorothy, was a lot younger than me and started school at Mountain View. My brother, Jack, also attended there, and later went to Richard McBride in Sapperton, while awaiting the completion of Austin Heights school on Austin Road. This school has just recently been demolished.

Some of the ladies had a club they called the Nickel Bridge Club. When I asked one lady if she knew of some news I had heard, she replied, "If the Nickel Bridge Club doesn't know it, it's not worth knowing!" She, too, had a good sense of humor.

There were few stores in our particular area of Burquitlam at that time. Copping's Corner at the corner of Hamilton and North roads, where the Burquitlam post office was, and a log-cabin store on Clarke near Smith Avenue, where the Burquitlam Plaza now stands – that was about all. There was also a small store on North Road, just up from the now-Lougheed Mall.

There wasn't much in the way of entertainment for young people in the middle and late 1930s, so we made our own. Some of us joined a few Burnaby people, from the other side of North Road, and formed our own badminton club at the St. Stephen's church hall. We played tournaments with teams throughout the Fraser Valley and really looked forward to them.

Saturday evenings, the stores were open in New Westminster, so many of us would go downtown and take in a movie at the Columbia Theatre, or the Edison Theatre on Columbia Street. The Edison had vaudeville acts as well as movies. Bill Rae, who founded radio station CKNW, performed there, among many others.

Sometimes, we would just stroll along, meeting almost everyone we knew. We even knew all the sales clerks by name. It was a great gathering place, especially in those Depression days, when no one had much money to spend.

The Agricultural Hall on the south side of Austin Road was run by the Burquitlam Agricultural Society. It was located approximately where Christmas Manor now stands. I recall attending dances there with my friends; there was also an annual fair. The hall later burned down. A lot of dances were also held at the Austin Road Ratepayers hall, on the property where the Legion's houses for seniors now stand.

The gas station, on the northeast corner of Austin and North roads, was run first by the Douglases, later by the Goodriches. This, too, was a popular meeting place for young people in the area. There were slot machines here that were quite an attraction.

In the summer time, we used to go down to Port Moody where there was a wharf. Below was a raft and diving board, where we swam and dove. In fact, my brother, Jack, and his friends learned to swim by jumping off the end of the wharf, where the water was over their heads. The nearest beach was around at Ioco; many family picnics were held there.

The street cars ran from downtown New Westminster to Braid Street in Sapperton. Those of us who worked late at night had to walk home from there. Many times, I had to walk in rain, snow, or fog to Smith Road, around midnight. People in cars would often pick up anyone walking. One particular evening, a friend and I were picked up by two young fellows she knew. The driver, Albert Hutchinson, was to become my husband.

When Albert and I were going together, he had, at one point, a 1927 Star touring car. It had isinglass curtains and leather seats, and was really cold and



In 1946, group photo of the Blue Mountain Union Church congregation. The church was located at North Road and Austin.

drafty in the winter time. A thing that surprised me when I first moved to Coquitlam was most of the young fellows had cars. In Vancouver, they had all been riding bicycles.

When Albert and I first married in the 1940s, we lived with his dad, James Hutchinson, and his sister, May, in the Hutchinson family home on Rochester Road. On our five acres, we had a milking cow and sold the milk to neighbors.

I remember churning butter after the milk was separated. We had cream on practically everything we ate! There were also two heifers, pigs, laying hens and, later, 200 fryers raised from baby chicks. We built our home on the western half of the property in 1948, and have lived there ever since.

We used to go in to Woodward's grocery department in Vancouver about once every month to load up with groceries, mostly canned goods. I walked up to Sapperton twice a week for meat, as we had no fridge, and ice boxes didn't keep food very long. There was a Chinese vegetable-and-fruit man who came to the door with his truck every week.

We had three daughters, and raised them all in Coquitlam. When my girls were young, I had a long clothes line out in the back, and it was full of clothes daily. One of my neighbors used to say she didn't know if I was extra clean, or extra dirty!

We were fortunate in that over the years we've been married, we've had a lot of the same neighbors around us. These families all grew up together, and now have their own happy memories of growing up in Coquitlam.

After looking back on all the memories of the past, it gives me a warm feeling to remember the happy times I had. We still have a lot of friends from our growing-up years and we really appreciate them. It has been so nice to have lived in a small community, where everyone knew each other.

Anna VanderVeen Arthur

For eight-year-old Anna VanderVeen, the wilds of Coquitlam were hardly novel.

Her parents, Hugh and Gertie VanderVeen, had been Presbyterian missionaries on the remote west side of Vancouver Island prior to moving to timbered, unspoiled land in 1920, in what is now the Cape Horn subdivision.

For the VanderVeen children, the wooded area, later called VanderVeen's Corner by local residents, was to become one huge playground. Once Mr. VanderVeen began to raise chickens, small predators such as raccoons, weasels and possums were attracted to the homestead.

The children had no fear of the nearby Essondale hospital patients, who became their friends and mentors. They attended Essondale school, a one-roomer with eight grades run initially by the hospital for the children of its staff.

Oldtimers will remember the Imperial Oil gas station and confectionery Mr. VanderVeen opened in 1924

on Pitt River Road, at what would now be the intersection of Cape Horn Avenue and Mathewson Road, named after Gilbert Mathewson, Essondale chief attendant between 1897 and 1933.

Anna and her sister, Charlotte, attended Normal school in Vancouver, and became school teachers. Tragically, their brother, Hugh Jr., who had completed two tours of duty with the RCAF during the Second World War, was lost and presumed dead while on a huge bombing raid in 1944.

Charlotte married Warren Johnson, settled in Lethbridge, Alta., and raised three children. They have four grandchildren. Anna married Gilbert Arthur, whose family had relocated in B.C. from Kinistino, Sask., in 1925.

The Arthurs, very active in the community, built a house on Mathewson Road, near the old family homestead. Gilbert Arthur began working at Essondale as an attendant in 1942, studied nursing, and became a psychiatric nurse. He served as president of the B.C. Psychiatric Nurses Association from 1954 to 1956, and retired from Essondale in 1970.

After teaching at the boys' industrial school at Essondale, Mrs. Arthur studied and worked in real estate, then became a counsellor for the federal government's Manpower in New Westminster, retiring in 1972. Following retirement, the Arthurs travelled extensively.

Now widowed, Mrs. Arthur lives on Lansdowne in Coquitlam. The Arthurs raised two daughters, Lucy, a registered nurse and Ruth, a medical records librarian. Mrs. Arthur has four grandchildren, and a great-granddaughter.

Mrs. Arthur's two stories, which have been combined, won honorable mentions in the Pioneer Tales of Coquitlam contest.

It was pouring rain on Sept. 22, 1920, when my father moved his wife and their three children to Coquitlam.

The youngsters were myself, aged eight, Charlotte, aged five, and Hugh, who was four months old. My parents had been missionaries for the Presbyterian church on the isolated west coast of Vancouver Island.

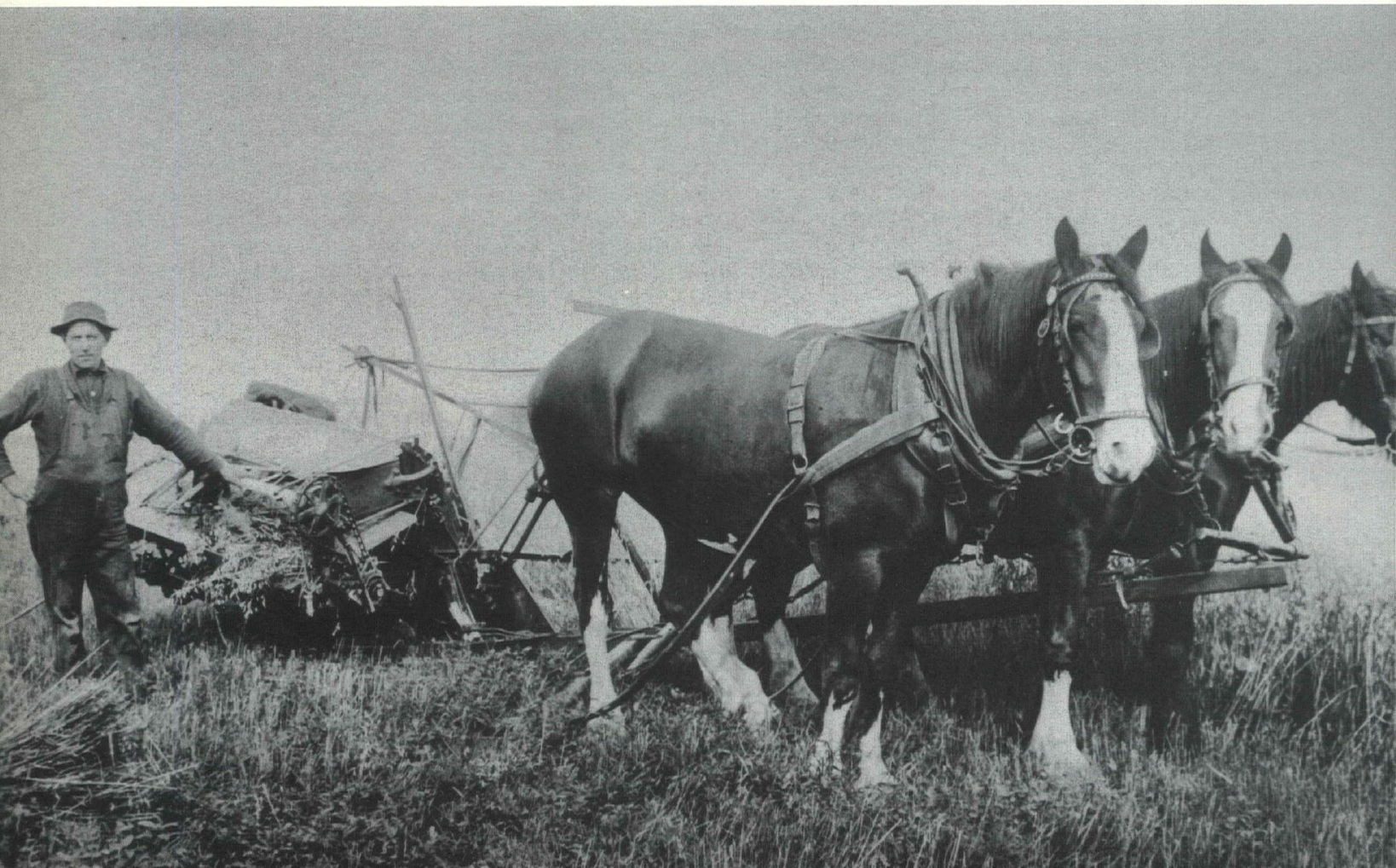
In 1918, they left that milieu and came to Vancouver to improve educational and cultural opportunities for their children. Dad found employment in the shipyards, and on his days off, journeyed by tram and jitney to the previously-purchased 23 1/2 acres of virgin timber in Coquitlam, one mile west of Essondale, the provincial mental hospital.

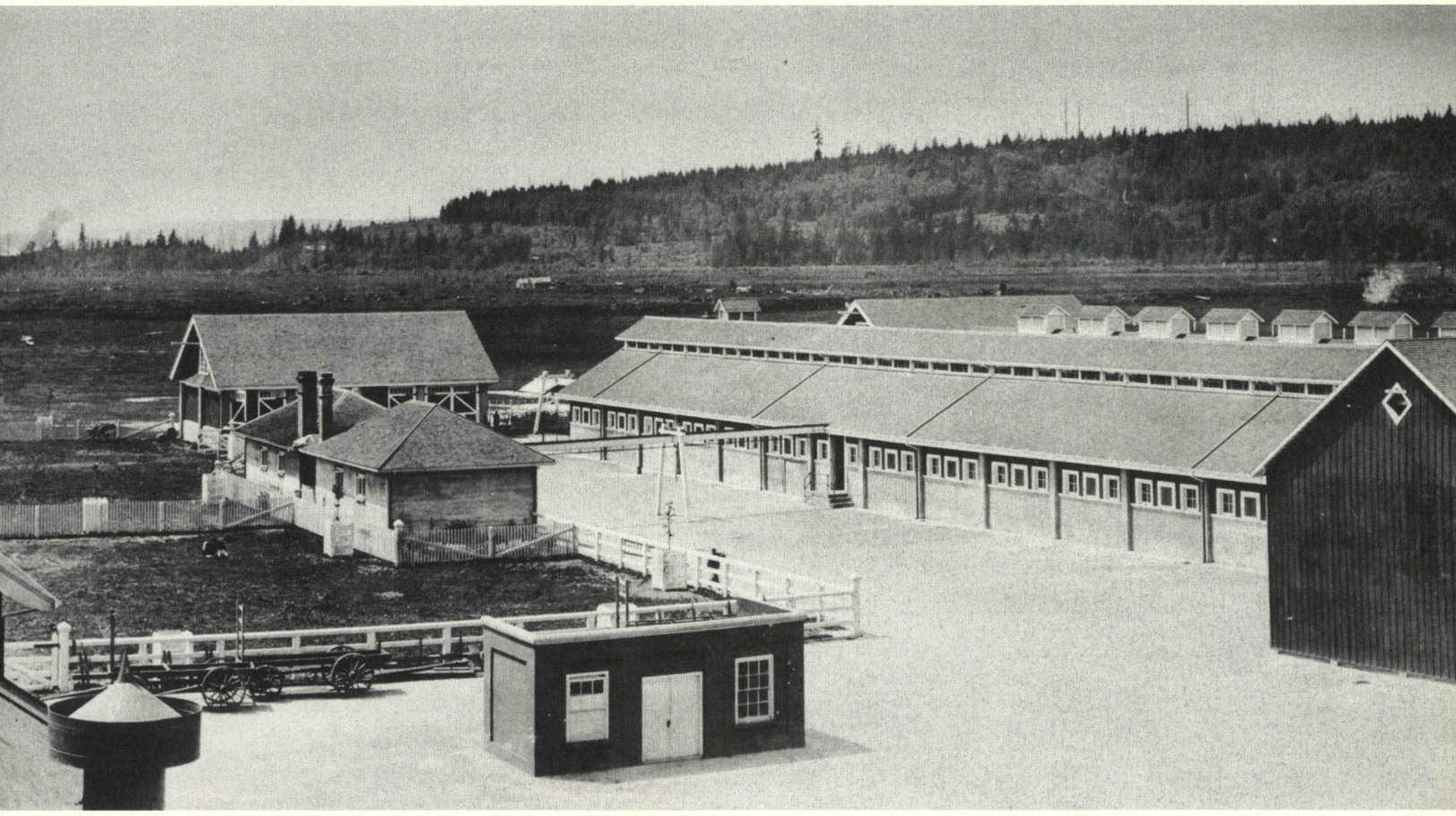
There, he cleared with hand tools enough space to build a small house. The property was located at what is now Mathewson Road and Cape Horn Avenue, but was then The Old Road and Pitt River Road. The Old Road was a lovely country lane, which was sometimes called Pipe Line Road, as it was the route of the water main from Coquitlam Lake westward.

It was a place where deer, bears, rabbits, squirrels and chipmunks were often seen. The nocturnal raccoons, weasels and possums welcomed us when our poultry began to arrive. We had no fear of the animals. One day, as we played on The Old Road, a playmate who was afraid of garter snakes ran toward a large bear to embrace it. Scared the life out of the bear, which fled into the woods.

The rains continued all through that first winter, until the end of March, making for very snug living, with two active children and a colicky baby in a small house, surrounded by mud. However, it added

Essondale patient works with horses on Colony Farm.





The barns at Colony Farm in 1913. In the background is Dawes Hill and what is today the Mayfair Industrial Park and Cape Horn interchange.

interest to the walk to Essondale school, a quarter of a mile down the hill, on Pitt River Road.

The flowing ditch and the little water falls were fascinating to children, and we would arrive at school soaking wet. On to the steam radiator would go the wet garments, which gave off an odor that was matched by that at home, where the same garments were hung over a rack by the wood-burning kitchen range.

How my petite mother survived that period of tracked-in mud, wet garments and laundered diapers is beyond comprehension. To add to life's difficulties, all the household water had to be carried several hundred yards from the creek, in spite of the fact that a great water main passed our very door. The toilet was a two-holer out in the mud.

Essondale school was a one-room building in which were Grade 1 to 8. It was a particularly well-equipped and maintained school for that time, as it served the children of the resident staff of the mental hospital. Its school board was Gowan MacGowan, who was bursar at the mental hospital.

Because he was an accomplished athlete, our playground had excellent gym equipment, and he would come and teach bar and ring techniques to the pupils. The building was high over an above-ground basement, which was divided into the boys' side, a girls' side, and a furnace room.

To reach the classroom, one ascended either the boys' stairs or the girls' stairs, and passed through the cloakroom. This not only was where dry garments and lunch boxes were kept, but where the wrong-doers were banished, or got the strap.

Some of the wrongs were going into the basement for the opposite sex, using the wrong staircase, dipping braids in ink wells or, worst of all, smoking bracken cigarettes behind the school, in the out-of-bounds area. The length of the banishment depended on the severity of the wrong.

If banishment did not correct the problem, the strap had to be used. And the number of whacks was determined by the severity of the crime. In order not to lose face, the recipient made every effort not to cry. As the sound of the strikes emanated from the cloakroom, the other pupils made silent resolutions to never do "that."

All three of the VanderVeen children received their elementary education at Essondale school. Teachers I remember were Miss Georgina Berry, Mr. Levy, Mr. James Dunn, Miss Robinson, and Miss Lena McElwaine. In later years, the school was taken over by School District 43, and about 1966, it was razed.

Since there was no high school in Coquitlam in those days, it was necessary for us to travel to New Westminster, where we attended Duke of Connaught high school. To get there, I used to ride a bicycle several miles to Swift's packing house, where I took the interurban to New Westminster, and then hiked up the hill from Columbia Street to the school.

My bike was left at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gain

on Brunette Avenue, close to the packing house. Waiting there for the tram was not pleasant, as there was a terrible stench from the abbatoir. On days when the weather was poor, I rode the Blue Funnel jitney, which was fondly known as the Pig and Whistle. It was driven by Jimmy Pringle who, in later years, drove a bus for Pacific Stage Line. He looked after me as though I were his daughter. This was much appreciated, as sometimes, we were packed into that eight-passenger car with some dubious characters.

Both my sister and I went on to Normal school in Vancouver and became teachers. When my brother graduated from high school, we were deep in the Depression, and it was necessary for him to go to work. He worked for Gilley in the quarry, and drove a truck for Pete Richardson, who had a moving and express business in New Westminster. When war broke out in 1939, my brother enlisted in the RCAF.

Over the years, The Old Road was known as Pipe Line Road, Mathewson Road and, more recently, Dawes Hill Road. About 1924, Dad built a gas station at its intersection with Pitt River Road, an Imperial Oil outlet. Besides gas and oil, confectionery items were sold. Business was fairly good until another station opened a mile west of ours; what had been a decent business for one was poor when divided.

However, by working on and off as a gardener at Essondale, and as a watchman at Fraser Mills, he managed to educate his children and begin building a new house around the old one, while maintaining the orchard and garden he had developed over the years.

Coquitlam was a wonderful place to spend one's childhood. We were surrounded by great firs and maple trees. One could climb high into a maple with a book, and read undisturbed, perched on a broad limb. Vine maples served as flying trapezes, as we performed soaring parabolas on them.

A huge, hollow stump served as Robin Hood's headquarters in Coquitlam's Sherwood Forest. There were wild blackberries, salmonberries and thimble berries, as well as full-flavored salal berries. Wild crab apples produced delicious jelly.

We paddled an old dug-out canoe into the lovely, water-lilied lagoons on the Coquitlam River, and swam in its clear waters. When the river filled with spawning fish surging up stream, we were enthralled by the great, primitive urgency. Where are the fish and the lovely, clean river today?

We were river rats on the occasional log boom moored in the river. One time, I attempted to do this in the winter, wearing gum boots, and got dunked. As I ran the mile home, water spurted up my legs with every step. As often as I emptied my boots, my dripping coat filled them again.

The mental hospital provided the children of the area with many recreational facilities. We played tennis on their courts, baseball with the patients, and attended movies for the patients on locked wards. Some of the patients had a good deal of freedom and acted as mentors to the children.

I was taught to swim and sail by an English gentleman who insisted that we always act courteously. A dear, little, old Japanese man who spoke little English was like an uncle who always had peppermints to share. A dear, little, old Japanese man who spoke little English had a greenhouse on the edge of the grounds. He augmented the horticultural knowledge that my gardening father had given me.

One rangy, big fellow was an excellent stone mason. When my husband and I were building a house in 1945, he was allowed to come and erect a chimney, because he insisted I should have a safe chimney for "old times sake." Never was there an untoward word, or action, from any of these people.

In 1944, we received the wonderful news that flight engineer, Hugh VanderVeen, was coming home after completing two tours of duty in bombers overseas. As we prepared a joyous welcome, word arrived that his bomber and the entire crew of nine were missing in action in a massive raid on Hamburg, which had utilized every available bomber and air crew.

To her dying day, in January of 1968, my mother expected her son to walk in the door. On Christmas Eve, 1941, in sight of home as he returned from Fraser Mills, my father had died on the roadside. After his death, the gas station was closed, and a few years later, it was torn down.

On the interurban tram to Connaught high school, I met Jean Arthur, who had come here in 1925 from Kinistino, Sask., where her family was farming. We became fast friends. Occasionally, her big brother, Gilbert, then 20 years old, was home from his job at Murphy's Dairy in Surrey. We were married on the shortest of shoe strings in 1935.

With a group of men, my husband had formed a small, co-operative venture which bought fruit and confections, and peddled them in factories, business and ships. They were actually forerunners of dispensing machines. All this came to a sudden end when my father dropped dead on his way home from work.

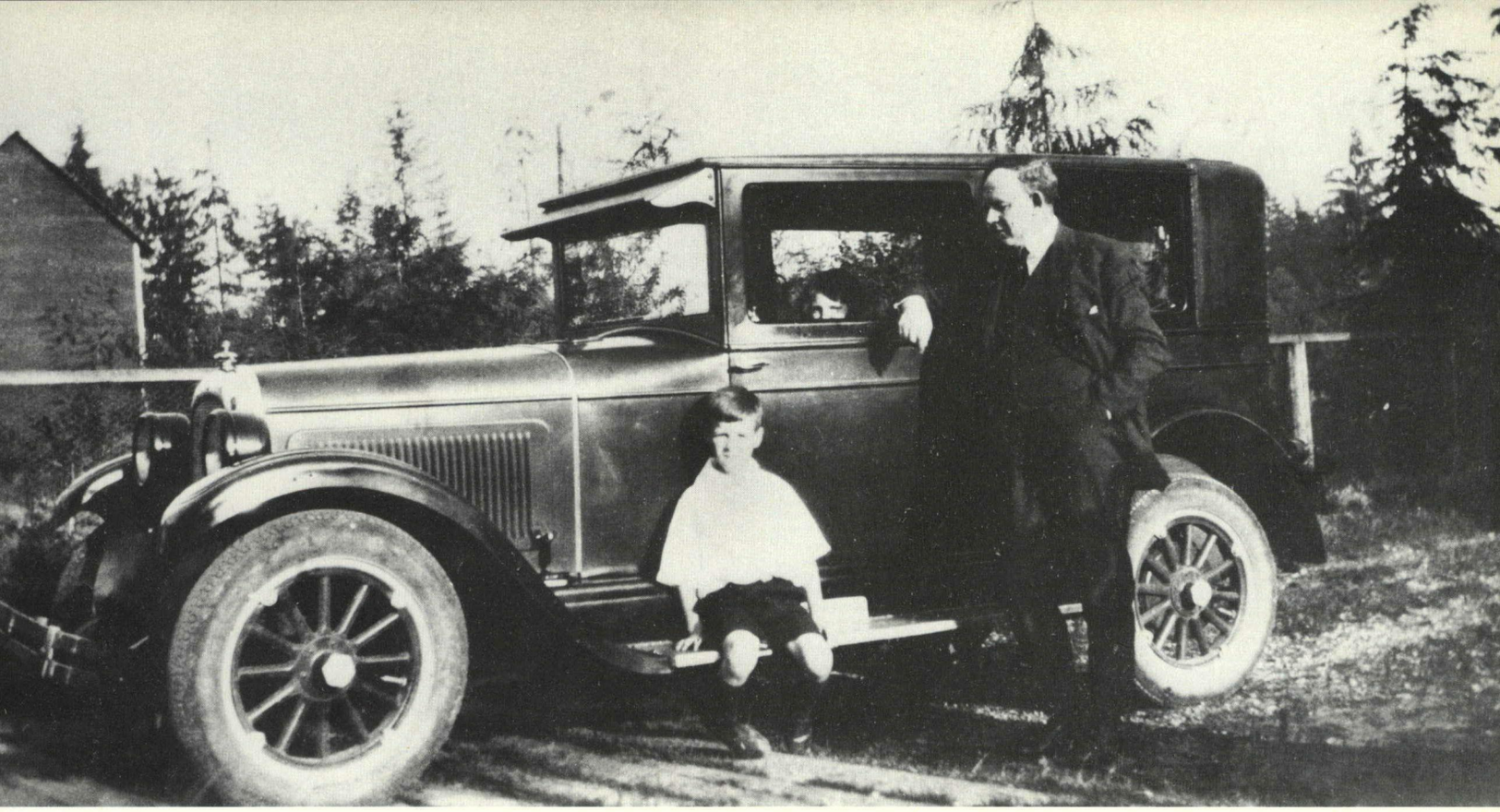
My two daughters and I returned to Coquitlam from Vancouver to assist mother with the property and service station. My husband spent weekends with us, and on one of them, he applied for a job at Essondale. Three days later, he began as an attendant, then took training and courses and became a psychiatric nurse. He retired in December, 1970.

We had bought property on Mathewson Road and were building a house there. We lived in it before it was finished, which took years. The part-time teaching job I had taken at the boys' industrial school became full time at a most fortuitous period – both my girls were in Essondale school by then.

My husband and I were always intensely interested in the welfare of the community, and were active in the Parent-Teacher Association, Mathewson Ratepayers, the Port Coquitlam and District Hunting and Fishing Club, B.C. Government Employees Association, Psychiatric Nurses Association, and Trinity United Church.

Except for those few years in Vancouver just after I was married, I have lived in Coquitlam since 1920. How it has changed from those early days, when it was a sparsely-settled rural area.

For me, Coquitlam has been a wonderful place in which to grow up, to raise a family, to experience the highs and lows of my life. Plans for its future promise that it will remain wonderful for years to come.



Mr. R. C. MacDonald with son Rod in 1924.

Evelyn MacDonald Monk

Roderick Charles MacDonald played an important role in the early years of Coquitlam politics. The father of Evelyn MacDonald Monk and her three brothers, Mr. MacDonald was a Scottish immigrant, who became the second longest-serving reeve in Coquitlam history.

Following a two-year term as councillor, starting in 1922, Mr. MacDonald was elected reeve in 1924, and stayed in office continuously for 18 years, until 1941, when he entered provincial politics.

Later that same year, he was first elected Conservative-Coalition MLA for the Dewdney electoral district, which included Coquitlam, and was returned in 1945, and again in 1949. In 1945, Mr. MacDonald was elevated to the cabinet as minister of mines and municipal affairs. He was also the party whip for that year's legislative session and was elected to the Treasury Bench.

After the coalition was dissolved in 1952, and a young man named W.A.C. Bennett rose to prominence with a party called Social Credit, Mr. MacDonald was honored many times. His greatest legacy for Coquitlam residents was probably the reduction of B.C. Electric Co. electricity rates to conform with those of other municipalities.

Born in 1885 in North Uist, Inverness, Scotland, and raised on the small family farm there, R. C. MacDonald emigrated to Canada in 1907 in search of greater opportunity. He settled in New Westminster.

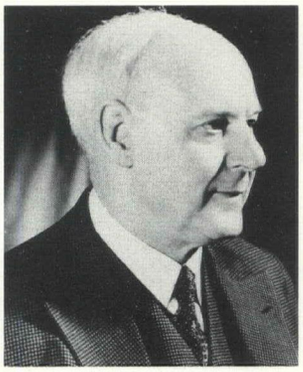
Mr. MacDonald married Daisy Elizabeth Wiltshire in 1915. Of their four children, Evelyn, the oldest and only girl, was born in New Westminster, and became a school teacher; Rod, an army lieutenant with the Calgary Highlanders in the Second World War, was killed in action; Donald became a doctor in Vancouver; and the youngest, Walter, is presently a practising lawyer in New Westminster.

Ever the entrepreneur, Mr. MacDonald launched his first MacDonald shoe store in 1917 in the Westminster Trust building on Columbia Street in New Westminster; soon, he had two more. Later on, he dealt in real estate, and built houses, many of them in the Burquitlam area, where the family moved in 1920.

Evelyn MacDonald married Harry Monk, a well-known Coquitlam historian and they raised five children. The Monks, who have four grandchildren, now live on Ashley Street. Much of the biographical

The MacDonald family home at 555 North Road as it appeared in 1936.





Mr. R. C. MacDonald, Coquitlam's second longest-serving reeve.

data on R. C. MacDonald came from Mrs. Monk's niece, who once wrote a school essay about her famous grandfather.

I was born in New Westminster, and came to Coquitlam in 1920. We moved to Alderson Avenue into a big, old home that has been moved from the brow of the hill between the railway tracks and Brunette Creek. The big house had a veranda running pretty well all the way around it.

When the Lougheed Highway went through, why, the land was appropriated, or expropriated, so to speak. I remember when there were only one or two train tracks, with steep banks on either side. The track area was enlarged just before the war.

We used to play on the Coquitlam side, where there was a big field with a big farm house, horses, cows, and so on. Before the war, hobos, as we called them, used to be down around the tracks.

My mother came from Surrey Centre – she was born there – and dad came out from Scotland in 1907, when he was 22. He worked at the Woodlands mental hospital in Westminster. My mother nursed there, trained as a nurse there, and that's where they met.

Dad did numerous things, and eventually learned to be a shoe man and left the hospital. He started his own shoe store and had that until 1955. My brother, who would have carried on, was killed overseas, and the other brothers weren't interested (in the shoe store).

Dad once had a store on Pender Street in Vancouver, one in Sapperton, and then one in Chilliwack. He also started a brother, and brother-in-law, in the shoe business. He was a real entrepreneur, a real worker.



Mr. R. C. MacDonald with his wife Daisy and their four children. From left, they are Donald, Rod, Walter and Evelyn.

He retired from business in 1955 – he retired from the shoe store, or sold it – and then got busy building houses.

Before he was married in 1915, Dad was heavyweight wrestling champion of the Pacific Northwest. He was always interested in sports. When he was younger, he used to toss the caber, and when they had the Scottish Games in Westminster, he was chieftain for a number of years.

My dad was a Coquitlam councillor from 1922 to 1924, then served as reeve for 18 years – 1924 to 1941 – leaving municipal politics to go into provincial politics. He was made a life member of the Union of B.C. Municipalities in 1938.

He was elected MLA, and was in Victoria until 1952; the family stayed here, so he would come home weekends. He was minister of mines and municipalities from 1945 to 1952. The Coquitlam board of trade gave him the title, First Citizen of the District, in 1960. Dad was always in politics, but he never tried to get the rest of the family involved. He never discussed things too much at home.

My dad was respected as a knowledgeable man. I think there were better people on council in those days, as people were far more involved in their communities. There's a school in Coquitlam named after him now – the R. C. MacDonald elementary school on Leduc Avenue.

My father was conservative and very strong in his political convictions. He had the old Scottish traditions – very thrifty. Even when he was older, he would go to council meetings and stand up for what he thought was right. He was always very interested in developing Coquitlam.

Dad was a very hard man in a way, but once you broke him down, he was really very soft in nature. I remember during the Depression, he interviewed a young woman for welfare, and was going to give it to her. Then he saw her pulling out a package of ready-made cigarettes, going down the municipal steps, so the lady didn't get the welfare.

Mother was his opposite, quite quiet. She was president of the Red Cross during the war, but otherwise, she was a homebody. We didn't find it particularly hard, with dad gone most of the time. We were just used to it; that was the way life was. He was there when we needed him.

I had three brothers. I was the eldest. They are quite a bit younger than me, and don't quite remember a lot of what things were like. Mother and dad were always very careful, so we can't say we lacked for anything. But they were never ones to splurge.

Dad also used to buy and sell real estate to make money. He bought seven acres bordering on the Vancouver Golf Club, and he also had property on Cottonwood Avenue. In 1936, he built a big house on North Road, on the Coquitlam side opposite Lougheed Mall, just above Austin, and we moved from Alderson to there.

The house he built had a unique, steep-pitched roof,

with two quite-steep gables. It was torn down in the '50s or '60s. We lived there until the late '50s, when they built another home on Brookmere. Then they moved back to Westminster, having lived in Coquitlam from 1920 to 1960.

Of course, there was no public transportation when I started school, which was some distance away from our house on Alderson. We used to go with dad each morning, when he went to the shoe store. He would let us off on Columbia Street at Hospital, and we would walk up the hill to McBride school. I remember, those of us who went to high school later would take the interurban to Sapperton, then walk the rest of the way home down North Road.

It was pretty well like that until the war. You didn't have to get out of the way for very many cars, and the cars that did pass, you usually knew the people. I can remember that, during the war, we did have a bus service. In those days, travelling was going into Vancouver on the interurban.

We went to St. Stephen's Anglican Church on the Burnaby side of North Road; we used to walk there from Alderson Avenue. You never thought anything of walking everywhere in those days. I remember, we used to have our Sunday school concerts at the Agricultural Hall on Austin Road. They used to play badminton at the hall as well.

Our young people's group at St. Stephens wasn't only for those from that church; they came from all the churches. There was a real community spirit then. We used to have formal dances, wearing long dresses, once a month. We would hire a live orchestra for $25 for the night.

People were more self-sufficient then. I remember, when I was small, there was a sidewalk on North Road, and one on Rochester – wooden, with wide planks, and a space in between. I remember, just up on Rochester, there were garden parties with tents and home baking, and such.

Westminster was the hub of the Fraser Valley. The stores would close Wednesday afternoon, and stay open until 9:30 Saturday night. That was when everyone came into town to do marketing, and socialize. I did my shopping in Westminster even after I was married. It was a great help when a market was built across from Lougheed Mall.

After finishing high school, I went to Normal school in Vancouver for teacher training. First, I taught out at Glen school in '35 and '36, Grade 1 to 4. Then I taught at Mountain View school, four grades there as well. Altogether, I taught from 1935 to 1943.

I had to be really strict because some of the boys I taught played with my brothers. I used to walk from North Road up to Blue Mountain to teach; when I started to teach at Mountain View, it was a two-room school. The fourth room was built when I left, that was real expansion.

The first high school in Coquitlam was built in 1938, on Austin Road, where the new Lumberland now is. Coquitlam was a great place to raise children. I was married in 1943, and our first child was born in 1945. We had five children.

I organized a lot of fund drives for the PTA (Parent-Teacher Association), and other organizations the kids were in. We would have May Day festivals at Blue Mountain Park – my dad opened the swimming pool there in 1941. I was teaching Evelyn Thatcher when she became Coquitlam's first May queen.

Harry Monk

A history buff and author, Harry Monk was born and raised in Saskatchewan.

After finishing high school, he worked for a trust company, foreclosing destitute farmers during the Depression.

Once he had settled in Coquitlam in 1940 – he married Evelyn MacDonald in 1943 – he became active in the community and was instrumental in having sewers installed and Centennial high school built.

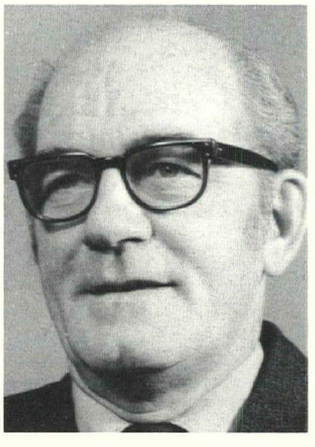
He also tells us how he became interested in history, how he compiled the history of the municipality, how lack of funds shrank the book into a catalogue, and how he met many interesting old-timers. Mr. Monk built the house at 427 Ashley, where he and his wife raised their five children, and where they still live.

I came to British Columbia on the freight trains in 1932 from Limerick in Saskatchewan. My family were wheat farmers, lost four crops, and had nothing to eat but salt pork and dry bread.

We were in the dry belt, and all southern Saskatchewan was hungry at that time. There was no relief like now, so if you couldn't find food, you didn't eat.

After I had just finished high school there, a chap in my home town – he had some position with Victoria Loan and Trust Company – asked me if I would like to ride around with him. This was around '30 or '31, when I was 17. We went around to farms and you would go in and interview the farmers as to the loans they had.

Many of the farmers would take cardboard boxes, break them up, and line the inside of the house to keep the cold out. Whenever you knocked on the door, a woman would answer and say that her husband was out looking for a job. The thing is, many husbands couldn't stand to watch their family starve to death, couldn't take it, and left on some freight train.



Mr. Harry Monk



The Como Lake mill, north and west of Como Lake.

This one lady took me around the back, and there was a little shed about six by eight, and in it, an oak barrel about two-thirds full of gophers. They had been skinned, gutted and salted. That was all the winter food she had.

So after seeing a bit of that, I got on the freight trains and moved to B.C. The Canadian Pacific train men, and yard men, were mostly good people, and they would turn a blind eye a lot of the times, and sometimes even put an empty box car on, just for the people to ride. They had some compassion. I'm sure they would have gotten fired if found out.

I got off the train in Vancouver and went to the CPR hotel – we called it the Bums' Hotel – in the CPR station. I came out to nothing in particular. Actually, I made two trips, the first time for three or four weeks in the summer, then back in October. I had about $6 or $8 sewn into my under clothes.

I had to find something more permanent, so I wrote civil service and RCMP examinations, and passed them both. Well, you waited forever, so I also wrote for probation officer and customs, and passed them, too. About a year and a half later, I got two brown envelopes in the mail, one saying I had a job with customs, the other asking me to report to the RCMP for training.

The RCMP salary was $30 a month with medical and dental, and uniforms. The customs was $90 a month, with nothing extra. I chose customs because of the money. I was transferred from somewhere to New Westminster before the war and was with customs for almost 40 years.

I thought that if I was going to work here, I'd get some land and build a house. I looked at 20 acres where Lake City is now, then decided on this property, which is now Ashley Street. I didn't want the five acres available, only this half, and this was the smaller piece, so I bought it.

I could see that with development, I wasn't going to be able to hold all two and a half acres of land because we would be taxed out, so I just subdivided, eventually. Put in this road and a four-inch water pipe and started at the bottom and cut off 70-foot lots all the way. My family – I was married around '43, I think – lived on the bottom lot.

First, I built a house at the bottom, just what I had to, bare-bones bathroom, living room, bedroom and kitchen and that was about it. Just me at that time, around 1940. It was surprising in those days if there was one car on the block in front of a house in Coquitlam. I sold the lots for about $3,500 apiece. I just wanted to get rid of them and save taxes, and have some money. Ten years ago, the same-size lots were selling in Coquitlam for $125,000 to $135,000. We've lived in this house for 30 years.

When I first came out to Coquitlam, I got quite excited, because all down Blue Mountain and those streets that run down to Brunette, the raw sewage would boil over the ditches and into the streets, and the septic tanks couldn't handle the load. The kids were playing in it and such, and we were quite worried about some kind of epidemic.

So we went to work on the reeve and council to get sewers in. They were apprehensive, though, because if the area didn't develop, there would be few to pay for all this. I finally convinced the reeve to form a committee and get going on the sewers. Council decided to join the greater Vancouver sewer board. The board wanted Coquitlam's plans quickly because Burnaby was putting their system in and it would keep the cost down if we did it all at the same time.

We drew up a plan of the municipality and had to decide which streets were most important and show the house connections and bring it down to the main. One joined at North Road and connected to the Burnaby trunk they were putting in, another into Port Moody.

I was president of the board of trade, and Scout commissioner of the two Coquitlams for years. I also served on the provincial library board and the North Shore highways district board. Then I got involved with the school board through the district inspector, who asked me to run.

I started on the school board in 1956, putting in four years – two terms. Then I was defeated. I wasn't interested in the elections and didn't put up a single sign in the whole municipality. I think I put a blurb in the local newspaper once or twice.

The fight at that time was getting schools built in Coquitlam. We had the bodies, but not the schools. As chairman of the board of Centennial high school, I went to see a Dr. Black in Ottawa, because I was told by the district superintendent that he held the purse strings for millions of dollars to build high schools in Canada.

I asked Dr. Black where the money was, and he told me: "There's lots of money, but no call for it from school boards." He said people didn't seem to be interested, so we told him what we wanted to do. He asked us to go back home and put it in writing; they would pay 70 per cent, the province 20 per cent, and

the school district 10 per cent. So we got Centennial built.

I started writing the history of Coquitlam in the '50s, working on the book for about two and a half years. John Stewart and I dovetailed the history of Fraser Mills with Coquitlam's, and turned it in to the B.C.'s centennial committee, which said it didn't have enough money and asked us to cut it back. So we did, twice, and that's how it eventually ended up as a catalogue.

I just went around and talked to oldtimers, and got their stories, then I would track down information from other sources. You would have to get everything corroborated by two or three others to make sure dates, and everything else, were right.

I talked to many interesting people in Coquitlam. There were the two loggers, who were in business at the sawmill, just north and to the west of Como Lake. One day, they had a fight; one came out bruised, and the other didn't show up for three days.

There was the chap on Austin who used to make car batteries for his bread and butter. He cast his own lead plates. The father and son developed and perfected a coin-sorting machine, built their working models in the loft of a barn, and went to Chicago. They didn't sell them, but leased them out to banks and city halls.

At one time, there was a chap next door to me named Mitchell; he raised chickens and pigs. His brother was governor of the Dakotas for years and years, and raised horses in Alberta and Montana. He was a fascinating person, in his 80's when I knew him.

I learned that North Road was built in 1859 by Colonel Moody after his ships were frozen in the Fraser River, opposite the penitentiary. Their encampment was in the Sapperton area and there was no way out, so the next spring, they drove North Road right through Port Moody, directly north to the inlet, behind where the refinery is now.

When the CPR reached the western terminus of Port Moody around 1887, there was a little settlement there. There were also some shacks along the Fraser River, later to be called Fraser Mills, a bit of a sawmill which was the start of an industry there, a little nucleus of Port Coquitlam, and some houses strung out in the bush along both sides of North Road.

Port Coquitlam was called Westminster Junction because the CPR ran a spur line to New Westminster along the water. The settlement along North Road was called Burquitlam for Burnaby-Coquitlam. People from New West had summer homes in Port Moody, along the inlet. All through Coquitlam, there was the odd sod or log house, and that was it.

Evelyn Lamoureux McAdam

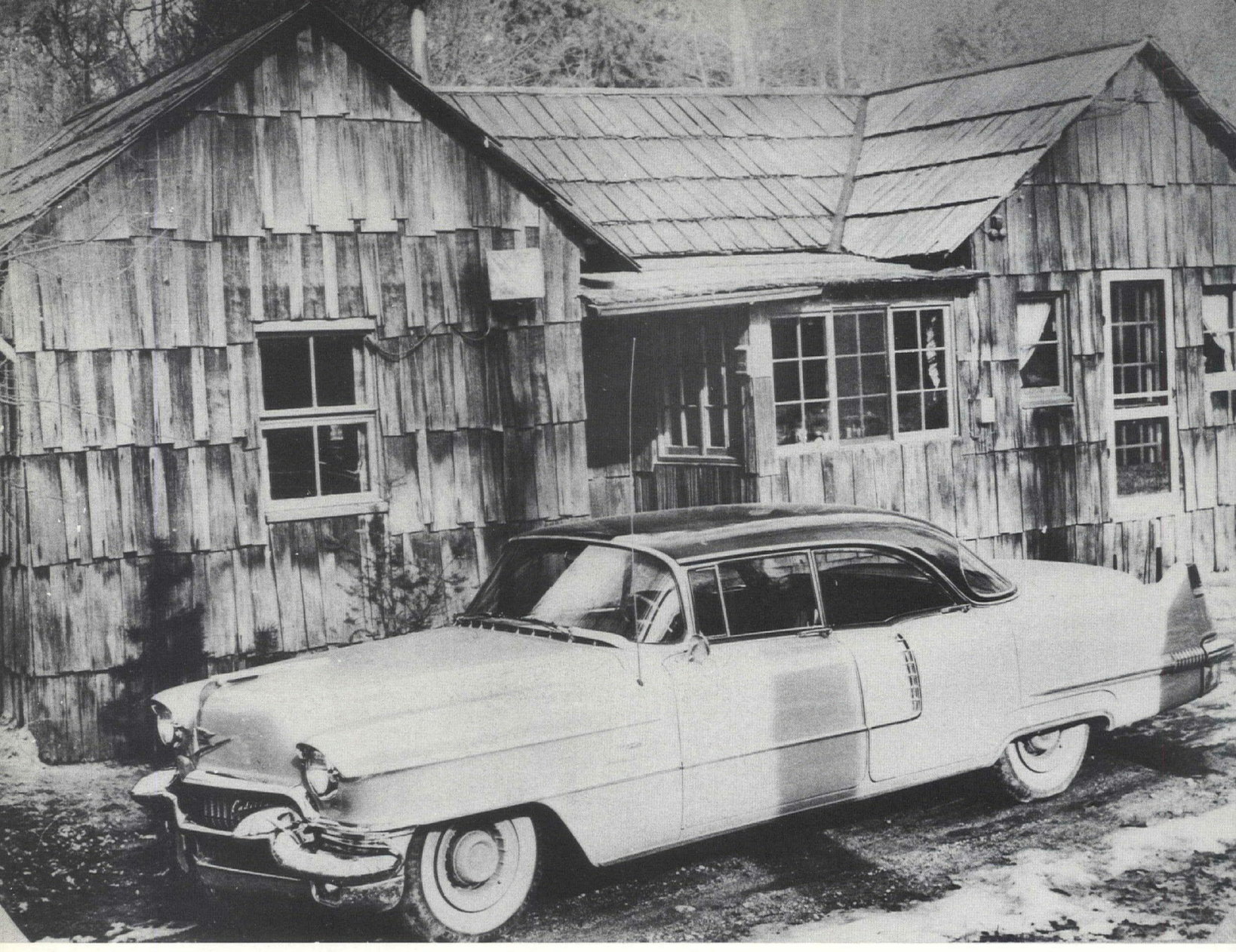
Some of Hollywood's biggest movie stars, including Clark Gable, Carole Lombard, Clara Bow, Errol Flynn and Kim Novak, were spotted from time to time by sharp-eyed northeast Coquitlam residents in the late 1930s and '40s.

These screen legends usually travelled incognito, and were en route to an isolated and mysterious retreat in the area.

While the celebrity watchers' claims often elicited derision, Evelyn Lamoureux McAdam, whose husband William became caretaker of the Oxbow Ranch in 1973, did some research into the matter and confirms that some of these big stars did, indeed, stay at the Oxbow, which was also known as the Steelhead Ranch.

The cabins at Oxbow Ranch, a hidden getaway frequented by Hollywood movie stars.





Steelhead Lodge at Oxbow Ranch as pictured in later years.

Clark Gable was such a frequent visitor that a cabin was named after him. Mrs. McAdam recalls that she and her husband once lived there. Gable Drive, and some other nearby streets, were named after the stars. The Gable cabin, which straddled a property line, was the last to go when the River Springs subdivision was built. Most of the "name" streets are also gone.

According to the recently-published history of Port Coquitlam, the rustic cabins at the base of North Bluff, near Oxford Street, were built by Karl and Clara (Babe) Jacobs. Karl Jacobs was a one-time movie stunt man. Mrs. Jacobs was reputedly a former cover girl and bit actress.

Heads turned when the beautiful Clara, wearing a long scarf and dark glasses, drove around in a luxurious, late-model car with rumble seat. Area residents would often see a line of expensive cars, many with chauffeurs, heading north towards the Steelhead Ranch.

Born in Maillardville in 1930, Evelyn is the daughter of Cliff and Dora Lamoureux.

She married William McAdam, member of a pioneer Langley family, in 1950. In 1976, Mr. McAdam was hired as caretaker for the Oxbow Ranch which, by that time, was well past its glory years and in disrepair. They left in 1983, when the property was bought by developers.

The McAdams raised one son in Coquitlam. Mrs. McAdam now lives on Packard Street.

All I know about how my father arrived in Coquitlam in 1920 is that he rode the freight trains. He came from Manitoba, and he lived at the corner of Laval Square and Cartier, roomed and boarded in there.

That was about three houses from where the Hammonds lived; I guess that's how he met my mother.

I was born in Maillardville on Nov. 17, 1930, and grew up in the beautiful family home on Le Bleu. There were four children and I have an older sister. My sister married an Allard; my brother played lacrosse in New Westminster. He was quite a good athlete.

I went to Millside school, then Coquitlam junior high school. We spoke English at home and got our education in English. For a long time, we spoke



Council defeated several early attempts to rezone Oxbow Lake Estates into a mobile home park. Pictured here in the 1970s, the property had instead become a housing development known as River Springs.

French at home, but my dad said since we were going to English school, we would speak English.

So of course we did, but Mom always spoke to us in French. That's how we kept it up. I still understand French today. My mother came out here in about 1910; my grandparents' home is still there, on Laval Square. Grandpa Hammond had cows, and used to deliver milk around the neighborhood.

My dad's first job here was right at Swift's, working in the slaughter house, or something like that. He was in the slaughter house for two years, and drove a truck for Swift's for 38 years.

I was brought up on nothing but good meat; it kind of made you feel different from other people. They always wondered where you got the money. I guess with dad working at Swift's, we always got a good deal on meat. We stayed away from wiener and bologna because he knew how they were made.

When I was in Grade 5, around 1940, we had such a big snowfall that our school, Millside, was closed for two months. The snow was so high that when they piled it on the sides of Brunette, you couldn't see over it. We used to skate on Como Lake in the winter time.

I used to figure skate a lot, mostly at Queen's Park, the only arena around. We used to swim at Blue Mountain Park and Hume Park. My dad would also drive us down to Red bridge on the Pitt River – the river was so clean then – to swim. I don't remember any accidents when I was a kid.

In those days, you never knew the name Coquitlam – it was always Maillardville, Maillardville, Maillardville. But when I went into Grade 7 in junior high, I found the kids above Austin were not from Maillardville, but lived in Burquitlam.

The Port Coquitlam kids were bused into Coquitlam high school, and I don't know why, but the Coquitlam students there did not like them. There was always a war. The schools had "houses" for competition in different sports, and the house captains would never pick Port Coquitlam kids.

I was in track; nobody could beat me in running. I was good at broad jump as well. And I loved basketball. I used to love it when we had meets against Duke of Connaught and Trapp Tech. I started a referees' club at school with Mrs. Webster, who was our P.E. teacher.

When I left school around 1946 – I was 16 – I went to work at the Royal City Cafe; then I moved to MacDonald shoes, and then to Germaine's ladies' wear. After two years at Army and Navy, I was told there was going to be a strike vote because we wanted more money.

I was on the picket line for two years. I think I cleared $15 a week then for a 40-hour week. I even had to take a week off from my honeymoon to go back on the picket line. The IWA gave us a hot meal every day. The strike ended just as I quit – two of us left in 1951 – because I was pregnant.

There were so many unions that crossed our picket line; I'll never forget that. The Teamsters were the worst. That's why when people talk unions, I get really upset. To this day, I still get upset when people mention unions.

During the war, I remember putting tar paper on the windows for black-outs. You also had to black out your car headlights. I remember the big flood of '48. The most severe place hit was Chilliwack; we drove up that way, and there was water everywhere.

As a matter of fact, where I live now, on Packard Street, this was all under water then. If I remember right, there was a log jam at the bridge on the Coquitlam River, and I think they didn't get it cleaned up and the water backed up everywhere.

I got married in 1950. We were married in the rectory of Our Lady of Lourdes Church because it was a mixed marriage. There was no mass said in rectory marriages.

My husband was a Scot, but he could read and write French – he excelled in French at school. In fact, my dad's mum in Winnipeg used to write to me in French, and my husband would translate it for me, and I'd write back in English, and her oldest daughter would translate it for her.

My husband became the caretaker of the Oxbow Ranch, in northeast Coquitlam, in 1976. When we moved out there, Ken Gillespie hired us as caretakers. My husband was the only one working there then, and I worked with him. We were there until 1983.

The ranch was at Oxbow Lake, and they had a whole bunch log cabins at one time. It was so secluded. And it was so run down by the time we got there; eight cabins were still left. The last owner had built a nice, big home – it was unfinished on the inside – and we were comfortable in the house, had lots of room.

When we went in, we wanted to know the history of the place, because we had heard so many stories. We phoned the Toronto Star – actually the Star Weekly – and got the write-ups about the famous movie stars and actresses that had been there. The week after we moved in, there was a Clark Gable tribute, and we lived in his cabin for a while.

In the '30s, when there were lots of cabins, the stars would come out in boxes on pulleys, so people wouldn't see them. Clara Bow stayed there. And Clark Gable and Errol Flynn. Kim Novak, she was the most recent. I think when Errol Flynn was there, I'm pretty sure it was the year he passed away.

A stunt man from Hollywood started the place. He came up with his girlfriend, and started the place as a hideaway for movie stars. They had a huge, gorgeous dance hall. We would get to the ranch along Shaughnessy, which was a winding, very nice, gravel road.

When Mr. Gillespie was bought out, the new owners wanted to develop the property. The cabins were rented monthly at the time; some were an absolute disgrace. There was one family that refused to leave and they finally had to get a court order.

The trend then was towards mobile homes, but the rezoning for the trailer park called Oxbow Lake Estates took a long, long time. Council kept defeating it. By the time it went through, mobile homes had gone up very high in price, and the owners, Clear Holdings, figured people could build a house for the same price as a mobile.

The first phase of what is now called River Springs was 50 homes. Then people wanted houses with basements, not just ranchers, so the land had to be rezoned again. The original company did all the servicing, and what-not, then sold all the lots to another company.

They then built the houses right on the lots. They were all strata, the first in North America where you also owned the house and the lot, as well as the strata. River Springs today is on the same property – I forget just how big it was – as the Oxbow Ranch.

After the first 50 homes were built, the Clark Gable cabin was still there. They wanted to keep it, but when the land around it was surveyed, they found the cabin was sitting in the middle of two lots. They checked it out, too, and it was all rotting underneath.

They kept the main house, though, moved it down the road where all the rancher houses are. People used to think Oxbow Ranch would be a flood area, but I saw the diking that went in, and I feel the place will never flood. Subdivisions like New Horizons might, but not Oxbow Lake Estates.



Art Olson, a volunteer fire chief, stands with the first pumper truck built by the volunteer fire department. Picture was taken in front of the No. 2 fire hall at Blue Mountain Park in 1955.

Samuel Langis

"Sixteen thousand residents of Coquitlam district have their homes and business buildings protected by 15 volunteer firefighters who built their own fire truck, and dug into their own pockets for uniforms, hip boots and helmets," began a Vancouver Sun story dated June 16, 1953.

Alongside the story was a picture of Chief Sam Langis and Capt. Gerry Proulx. The story goes on to say how the volunteers acquired a $12,000 truck for half that by building it themselves, and how they had raised the money to buy a $3,500 emergency panel truck.

"The Coquitlam fire laddies are proud, too, of having saved $135,000 worth of property from



Bunny Falcon, who later became Coquitlam's first paid fire chief, poses with fellow volunteer firefighters in front of municipal hall in 1946.

destruction in the past year," continued the story. Well, that figure would be in the millions now, and shows how the district's fire department has evolved from Mr. Langis' 15 volunteers to today's permanent staff of 118.

Ironically, though, the volunteer concept is now back in Coquitlam, at least on a limited basis. There are three district fire halls manned by a permanent force, with one auxiliary station manned by 39 volunteers. One marked difference is that the pumpers are not homemade any more.

Mr. Langis started as a volunteer fireman during the Second World War, when the civil-defence brigade called the ARP was formed, and continued as fireman, assistant chief, then fire chief until the permanent force was hired.

Born on Feb. 12, 1920 in Rimouski, Que., Sam was nine months old when his parents, Hermel and Elisabeth Langis (Doucette), decided on the move to Maillardville. Hermel Langis, who teamed Clydesdales at Fraser Mills, built a large house of stucco, against everybody's advice, for his family, which was to include six children.

The name Langis is often seen in stores on soup-mix packages. One of Sam Langis' uncles developed the chicken, beef, tomato and onion mixes that bear his name today. Chicken-in-a-mug was the original mix, and the Langis children always had lots of it, because their uncle would bring the stuff over in large peanut-butter tins.

Like so many Maillardville families, the Langis father and son worked together at Fraser Mills at one time. The Clydesdales had been replaced by hydraulic fork lifts, and Mr. Langis worked with his father as a swamper. They were once featured in a Crown Zellerbach advertisement as an example of a family team.

Mr. Langis was a founding member of Legion 263. He and his wife, the former Vera Lundie, raised five children in the house he built on Walls Street. He now has eight grandchildren, and lives on Nelson Street.

My father was lured here by my uncle, who was one of the founders of St. Paul's Hospital in Vancouver. He was on a farm in Quebec, and he was just starting his family, and he felt he could become more prosperous out here. So he arrived in



Volunteer fire chief Sam Langis seated at the front of Coquitlam's new pumper truck.

November, 1920; I was nine months old at the time.

I put out my first fire when I was five years old. We were living in in a fourplex then, at the corner of Brunette and Casey. My mother had this old beater washing machine, made out of wood. She would have two tubs on a table, one for rinsing, the other for hand-wringing the wash.

Everybody had a wood-and-coal stove in those days and my mother had these racks that you dried your clothes on. I was playing on the back porch when I smelled smoke. Some clothes sitting on the stove were burning, so I grabbed a bucket and put the fire out and yelled for help. I think I was meant to be a fireman right from the start.

Regarding the fire department, I was approached in late 1945, when I was just out of the service, by Tiny Gagne, one of the left-over firemen from the ARP, the civil defence fire brigade formed during the war. He kept hounding me about becoming a volunteer fireman for the district, so I finally agreed to go to a practice.

I was beginning to raise a family at that time, and I had bought a lot on what was to become Walls Avenue, and I wanted to get started on building this home. The practice was held in an old shed behind municipal hall, where the district had its vehicles, a few trucks, and there were just three of us.

From that first meeting, we began discussing equipment. We could get a truck chassis from a farmer – they had priority during the war on vehicles – but we didn't have much money, so after we bought this Ford frame and engine out of a farmer's back yard, we sent it to New Westminster Iron Works to have a box put on.

After that, we put the pumper truck together ourselves. We had to buy a pump, of course, and some other equipment. A welder friend on Brunette helped us with the ladder racks, and racks for the hard hose, and installed partitions in the box. All we had to do after that was get the thing running.

I had been a volunteer fireman during the war, and all we had then was an old Chev car put together by the ARP, with a box with a few hoses on it, and if too many guys got in the back the front end used to go up. So our truck was quite an improvement. People were clearing land then, and if we had a hot summer, we had to chase here, there, and everywhere in the truck – as many as five fires a day.

The truck was ready, maybe in 1950 or '51, but we were always trying to get more than the old ARP equipment we had. The original hydrants, installed in the 1920s, went up as far as Rochester, but we used mostly stand pipes, which stood just out of the ground, so we could hook up the hoses.

The truck had a 210-gallon water tank and the powerful pump could suck so many gallons per minute out of a hydrant, creek or river. A lot of places we were called out to had no hydrants or stand pipes, so we had to use the hard-suction hose. We also carried an extension ladder, of course.

Around that same time, we bought a Pontiac ambulance. The fire department has it on display today as a heritage piece. We didn't charge people for taking them to a hospital, but we sold these tickets, with the proceeds going towards a brand-new emergency inhalator van, which we bought for $3,500, and inhalator equipment.

We eventually bought a resuscitator, and two self-contained Scott air packs. We were the first ones to have the air packs, and they cost about $350 apiece, a lot of money in those days. We were always raising money for something. We all had St. John's first-aid tickets too.

I was one of 15 volunteers then, and I was working an afternoon shift at the mill and when the aerial siren went off, there were always enough firemen. The rule was, you had to live within a certain distance of the fire hall, which was part of the municipal works shed. At first, the fire hall was right behind municipal hall.

Then, after a while, they built us a hall next to Trev's. There was a place upstairs for us and two bays downstairs for our equipment. In our old shed, there were all kinds of municipal stuff stored, you know, pipes and all that, so it was nice to finally have our own place.

Tiny Gagne was the fire chief when I joined. The chief was elected every year, and there was a fight between Tiny and Bernard (Bunny) Falcon, but Tiny was in the department first, so he kept getting elected. Falcon became the permanent fire chief in 1959; I was asked, but the job did not pay enough.

I was the assistant chief when Tiny died in 1952, so I

took over and the first thing I did was work for a new fire hall. We already had a charter and drew up all the rules. We looked at a few sites, like where Centennial school now is, and decided on municipal property at the corner of Gatensbury and Austin.

A whole bunch of us went up there every weekend and cleaned up the property, which was not really in a good location, so the ratepayers association sort of got the word around. We liked the high point at Blue Mountain Park as our second choice. Our first choice had already been committed by Frank Pobst, the municipal secretary, to a church.

We went to work again to clear the property, cutting down big trees – gosh, they were bigger than telephone poles – and No. 2 fire hall was built in 1953. We had a pile of logs we sold for lumber, they were that big. We were taking a chance doing lumber jacks' work, but we never thought about that sort of thing.

This hall was torn down when another one was built here on Nelson, where the new school is, although we wanted it saved as a heritage building. Even No. 3 hall, which was built afterwards, was levelled when the new main hall on Pinetree Way was opened. No. 1 hall was moved from municipal hall over to Alderson, and that's gone, too.

After Bunny Falcon became chief in 1959, I stayed on for a while as a volunteer. I think there were as many as six or seven halls at one time, and as many as 75 volunteers, and for every new hall, there was a new truck, so they spread these around.

Then these two new guys on council – one was a lawyer, the other a university professor – wanted to hire permanent staff from all over Canada, and didn't even want to recognize the volunteers who had worked for so many years, and we were left behind. The new firemen were supposed to have the I.Q. of a Philadelphia lawyer.

Well, gosh, it takes guts to fight a fire, not brains, and eventually, council decided to hire some of the volunteers, but only after they had taken an I.Q. test. For years after that, No. 1 hall was manned by permanent staff, while the others were strictly volunteer.

One of the largest fires I remember was when Sam's Theatre, which was right next to the Woods Hotel, burned down in 1956. There was a bowling alley in

Members of Coquitlam's volunteer fire department pose in front of No. 3 fire hall in 1957, These volunteers, many of whom went on to become members of the paid force, built this hall at Westwood and Lincoln.



the building, a store downstairs, and a drug store upstairs, I think. Another big one was across the street from there. Maurice Thomas, a friend of mine, lost his sporting-goods store.

You know, whenever there was an alarm, our guys were down at the hall in no time flat, and they were good at putting fires out, but we did not have all that much equipment until later. We would often borrow hose from Fraser Mills, which had their own fire department.

We bought our first approved vehicle in 1955, when No. 2 fire hall was opened, and there was nothing at that time up around Coquitlam Centre. I remember, there was a sawmill there, and the road leading to it had been built with slash, and we had to drive over that to fires in the Burke Mountain area, and pump water out of the creek. There weren't any hydrants up there.

There were bad bush fires all over the place in 1951, up along Dawes Hill, right along Mundy and Paradise, and we had to bulldoze a fire-break to save the houses. The stand pipes had very little water pressure, and we had to alternate with the hoses, first this one, then another. We almost lost that battle, but we managed not to lose any houses.

As volunteer firemen, we had insurance, and so on – we were reimbursed for our uniforms – but the pay was very poor. We were getting 75 cents for a practice, which was two to three hours long, or more, and so much per call. I was getting $10 a month as fire chief. Eventually, the volunteers were paid the same money as municipal workers.

During the real early years, before my time, they had a metal, two-wheeled cart with, maybe, 150 feet of hose on it, pulled by two men, one on each side, running like a son of a gun. Houses that caught fire usually burned down. New Westminster was called for the more serious fires. Mailllardville had hydrants as far back as I can remember.

Growing up, I did a lot of fishing in Millside Creek, which was always loaded with fish, especially at spawning time. We used to grab sockeye salmon by the tail in the hollows. I also hunted deer around Mundy Lake with my 30/30 rifle – that would be in the late 1930s.

Every day, I would cut wood with a saw, enough for the fireplace, furnace, and the kitchen stove. I went to Lourdes school, and St. Louis College in New Westminster. Once, when I was an altar boy for Father Tec, we were down in the church basement where the communion wine was stored, and drank the residue from the five-gallon jugs.

My brother and myself were both altar boys. I was one of the oldest, and as the leading altar boy, I was master of ceremonies. There were about five of us in all. Father Tec would give us one of those big pennies they had in those days, every Sunday, until this one day, when we decided to go on a picnic instead. We had planned to go on a picnic on this one Sunday, when Father Tec was celebrating high Mass, and wanted us there. Well, we went on the picnic instead, and we were told not to come back. We didn't even get a penny on our last Sunday. But that wasn't the worst part.

Sister Superior used to give out all the Lourdes school marks at an assembly in the hall – all the parents and children attended – who was first in a class, and who was last, all the report cards, but the altar boys' marks were left until the very end. We were singled out like a bunch of dummies.

Then a red-faced Sister Superior – she was a husky person – gave a lecture on religion, and our duties; so did Father Tec. My parents were so disgusted they quit the parish, sent my sisters to Millside public school, and my brother and me to St. Louis College.

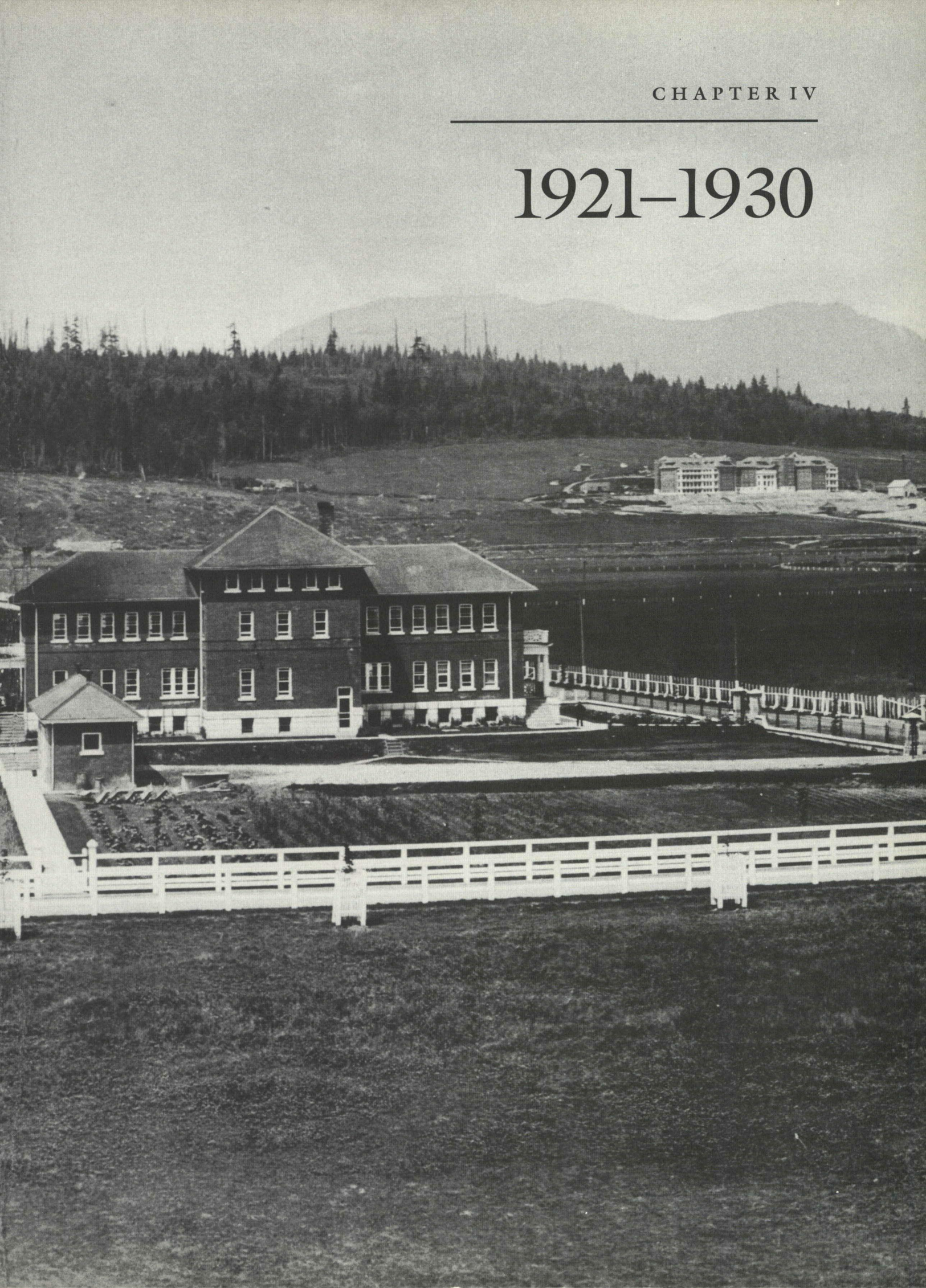
A lot of our friends followed us to St. Louis College. One of them was Maurice Thomas, who was nicknamed Buckshot from lacrosse. We were supposed to finish high school at Trapp Tech, but I quit to work at the mill when I was 16. Others continued on for a couple more years.

After I'd finished school, I went to work at Fraser Mills alongside my father. He worked at the mill for 40 years, and was originally a teamster for the Clydesdale horses, which hauled everything around the yards. By the time I got there, my father was working with a new, hydraulic fork lift, and I was his swamper. Then I started driving machinery as well.

I still keep in contact with the old volunteers like Doug Johnson, who was one of the first hired for the permanent staff. He's been a fire chief for a couple of years now. Most of the boys I worked with have reached 60 by now, so they have retired. I had a good-paying job and I retired with a wonderful pension, and I don't regret that I left the fire department at 44.

CHAPTER IV

1921–1930



Coquitlam added a few streets and a waterline in the 1920s, but the area suffered economically as the major industry struggled to find markets in a rapidly changing world.

Fraser Mills had entered the decade battling to stay in business by reducing costs, which included cutting shifts and laying off employees. By 1927, there was not a single order, a situation that had ramifications for the many independent loggers who were forced to seek markets elsewhere, usually with little success.

The familiar red wagons drawn by pairs of Clydesdale horses were replaced by machinery, and following the New York Stock Market Crash of October 1929, wages were slashed 15 per cent – the beginning of a downward spiral that culminated in a bitter strike three years later.

In 1922, North Road, parts of Dewdney Trunk and Pitt River Road were declared secondary highways, and Canadians suddenly found themselves driving on the right-hand side of the road in American fashion, instead of continuing the British tradition of using the left-hand side of the road.

In 1923, Coquitlam joined the Greater Vancouver Water Board, which supplied water to the district. The municipality was then responsible for installing and servicing street waterpipes. Rates were introduced: 75 cents per house without bath, $1.15 with bath, less a 20-per-cent discount for prompt payment.

As waterlines were extended to Marmont, Rochester, Austin, Nelson and Thomas roads, development followed, and the steady sound of hammers on wood echoed throughout the municipality.

Overleaf: throughout the '20s, Colony Farm supplied food for a growing population at Essondale Hospital. In the background, the hospital's West Lawn building nears completion.





Left: Fred Frost.
Right: Reta Stickney.

Reta Stickney Frost

Like most of the outlying districts, Coquitlam was settled in pockets located largely along arterial roads, such as they were.

Burquitlam, with the Burnaby and Coquitlam sides straddling North Road, was one such pocket, a thriving agricultural community with beginnings prior to the founding of Maillardville.

While North Road was the boundary between two municipalities, the demarcation was blurred as settlers opted for convenience. Burnaby residents like the Stickneys attended the Little Red Schoolhouse and exhibited their produce at the Agricultural Hall. Coquitlam residents who once attended St. Mary's in Sapperton worshipped regularly at St. Stephen's Anglican Church.

The Stickney family moved to the Burnaby side of North Road in 1907, when Reta was seven years old, living on the present site of Lougheed Mall. It was not until 1921, when Reta Stickney became Mrs. Fred Frost, that she moved to Coquitlam proper, to a house the couple built on Como Lake Road.

After working on a number of projects, Mr. Frost became road foreman for the municipality of Coquitlam, and was on call day and night. As for Mrs. Frost, she was not about to become your ordinary housewife. She bought and sold real estate, and tooled around Burquitlam in her Model T.

The Frosts' oldest daughter, Margie, was born in 1923; now Mrs. Brown, she lives in Victoria. Barbara, her second daughter, is Mrs. Ostenstad, and lives on Cottonwood Street in Coquitlam. Mrs. Frost has seven grandchildren.

In the following recollections compiled and written by Mildred Koch – her story won honorable mention in the Pioneer Tales of Coquitlam contest – Mrs. Frost tells about her childhood days in Burquitlam, and about her married life in much the same area. "I've had a good and happy life," she says.

I was born in 1900 in New Westminster. Our home there was just kitty corner to the present Woodward's store. I had two sisters, one older and one younger than myself.

My father, Weston Stickney, had his papers in civil engineering. He worked at the cannery along the Fraser River.

When I was seven years old, we moved to Burnaby, to the present site of Lougheed Mall. I live at Christmas Manor now. From the window, I can look down Austin Avenue to the Lougheed Mall, where I used to live with my parents and sisters.

I can remember when my sister Laura and I herded our cow across Cameron Street to a grassy spot where St. Stephen's Church now stands. I can still remember the day that the cow ran across North Road to the Cariboo shopping area. What a time! Everyone around got together to corral the poor, frightened beast. She was a very important item in our food resources.

Although we lived in Burnaby, our social life was across the North Road in Coquitlam. I went to elementary school at the Little Red Schoolhouse in Coquitlam. It was built in 1907 just south of the present site of the Burquitlam Mortuary. Many apartments are built there now.

I liked to read – always had a book in my hand. By the time I was 11 years old, I had read all of the books written by Charles Dickens. My favorite was David Copperfield. Some of the stories frightened me. The cruelty that Dickens wrote about kept me awake at night.

I was one of the first persons in Coquitlam to go on to high school. To meet the requirements for entering high school, I was sent to a school in Burnaby, near Edmonds, to write some tests. These tests lasted for three days.

Since there were no high schools in Coquitlam, I

went to New Westminster. I walked up North Road to Sapperton. At that time, the hill was much steeper. Later, it was cut to build the Brunette bridge.

North Road was a gravel road, and although there was a wooden sidewalk up the hill, I preferred to walk on the road. Walking up the middle of the road in the early morning, I would recite the lessons for the day.

I boarded a street car in Sapperton at North Road; it took me to Columbia and Sixth in New Westminster. After that, I climbed the big hill to Royal Avenue. Duke of Connaught school was at the present site of the New Westminster city hall.

One day, as I was going down North Road from school, I saw the elementary teacher coming toward me. We both stopped in horror as we saw a steer charging up the Brunette River from Swift's abbatoir. It was wild and coming toward the teacher. She lay flat on the road and the steer jumped over her. Wasn't that horrible!

High school was no problem for me. It just made me hungry for more education. My marks made me eligible for university. Everyone thought I would be going on with my education, but how was I going to get to UBC at Point Grey? There was no transportation from Coquitlam or New Westminster.

While I was completing my high school, the First World War was going on. My sister, Laura, had corresponded with, and sent food parcels to, a Canadian prisoner-of-war. His name was Fred Frost.



Weston Stickney at work on his farm. St. Stephen's church can be seen in the background of this 1920 picture.

After the war ended, Fred came to B.C. to find the girl who had been so kind to him.

In the meantime, Laura had become engaged to be married to another man. I was left to entertain Fred and be a companion to him. He had found work building the Vancouver Golf Club. My mother asked him to stay "to fatten him up." On July 20, 1921, Fred and I were married.

The wedding was in my parents' home at the Lougheed site. At first, we lived in a rented house on Kent Street. This street is now called Sullivan. One evening, when Fred and I were walking up Como Lake Road, he said, "You know, I bought property up here somewhere." At this time, Fred was working clearing land for the Second Narrows bridge.

He had bought approximately four acres, just west of the present Nazarene Church. It was not a full four acres as Como Lake Road cut into a portion of the acreage. He had bought it for $104, soon after returning to Canada. We cleared the property.

A house was built for us. It was a mere shell, and I could see the light from the house shining out between the boards when I went to the outside toilet at night. I could never keep cereal such as rice in the house very long as mice, rats and squirrels ate anything they could find.

There were two rooms in the house – a bedroom and an "everything" room. Even though I kept a constant heat going in the wood stove, it was cold. I cooked the meals with a coat on and a shawl on my head.

Lumber was cheap, so we built a two-tiered chicken house at the back of the lot. I took the eggs up the hill to a neighbor, George Williams, who lived on the corner of Robinson and Como Lake Road. He sold my eggs and his own to a Vancouver wholesaler.

A few of the chickens were sold to anyone who came by, but Fred would grab a couple from the chicken house on his way to work, and put them in a gunny sack for the men who worked for him. We had ducks and geese, too.

Those geese were queer birds. I had two small open pens for the geese. There were four geese in one pen, and three geese and a gander in the other. I'd come out in the morning and find most of the geese in the gander pen.

I would put the geese back in their own pens when the gander would fly over, take a goose by the neck, and bring it back to his own pen. I had names for all of them. Fred didn't like the ducks and geese coming up to the door, but he did agree their droppings kept his lawn green.

Fred planted eight-foot cedar trees along the front of the lot as a screen. The big logging trucks going up and down Como Lake Road made so much noise that we needed a barrier. Fred had a lovely, green lawn. He had a fence built along the side of the house, and he planted rambling roses along it.

We had many fruit trees – plums and apples. We gave away a lot of the fruit. People couldn't afford to buy

it. I remember, one year, the ground was purple with fallen fruit. I didn't really know much about preserving.

Water was always a problem. A well was dug where Blue Mountain school is now, but no water was reached. A main pipe was put in on Clarke Road about a half-mile down Como Lake Road, but the pipes were only two inches, so small that by the time water got up the hill to our place, there was nothing during the day.

I opened the tap at night, and left it open all night. At about 3 a.m., we could hear the dribble of water falling into the pail. Later, when we had a car, we took a big milk can to a spring where Banting school is now. R. C. MacDonald was reeve at the time. He was always getting complaints about the water supply.

I always kept a boiler of water on the stove for hand washing, bathing and washing clothes. I'd grab the full boiler of water and carry it down the two steps outside to my wash tub. I scrubbed the clothes on a wash board. We always boiled our clothes after they were washed to bleach them. It was considered very bad housekeeping to hang clothes on the line if they weren't white.

We had electricity. There was a main line along Como Lake Road; we had to pay for a connection. It was $50 for a reducer and five people had to sign up for a connection. We put a spur line into the chicken house to keep the birds producing and also to keep them warm.

Much of our food was delivered. My sister Laura's husband brought milk up to Clarke Road and Como Lake Road every other day. He put it under a box at the street corner, where we picked it up. A Chinese gardener delivered vegetables to the houses. There were some vegetable gardens where Millside school is now.

We got our meat and cheese delivered from Harry Thrift's of New Westminster. A young man who drove a horse-drawn cart delivered the meat. There were steps at the back of the cart where the young man stood. The meat was kept on the seat up front. The horse ran away on him one day, and the young man was killed.

Groceries were ordered a week in advance. We took whatever meat was left for us. Our groceries came from Annandale's store in New Westminster; they were delivered to us once a week. Annandale's delivered as far as Port Moody.

There was a barrel of candies in the store. Mr. Annandale was very good at giving candies and cookies to the children. We knew the Annandales quite well, as they lived on Cameron Street, across from my parents' house.

Mail was not delivered. Mrs. Lundquist was a Norwegian lady who ran the post office in her home on the corner of North Road and Cameron. She walked to Sapperton twice a week for the mail.

Mrs. Lundquist's home resembled the present-day malls; young people met there for their dates. Much of the clothing, yardage and yarn was ordered through the catalogue, so the post office was an exciting place. Poor Mrs. Lundquist died in childbirth.

We had a phone too, a spur from Smith Street. The line was strung up along the top of the fir trees. It was a very busy phone. When Fred worked for the municipality one time, the wind blew the line down and Fred and some neighbors had to string it up again.

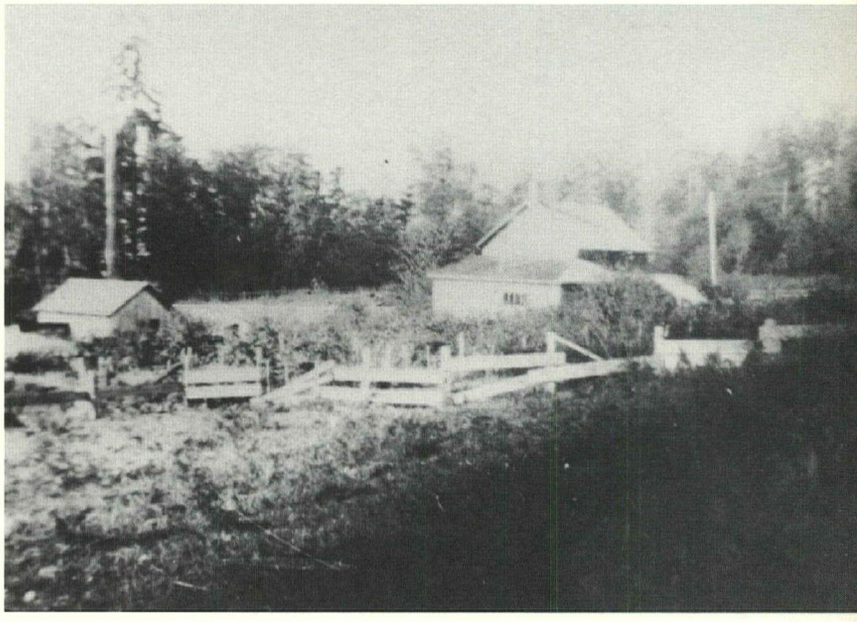
When we were first married, we went to a Baptist church in Sapperton. The Anglicans worshipped in the Little Red Schoolhouse. The church was the centre of our social life. The Ladies Aid Society had bake sales and big dinners on special occasions. They made quilts for the poor – and there were many poor in the 1930s.

There were big Christmas concerts with a tree lit with real, flaming candles. A pail of water stood by in case the tree caught fire. I also sang in the church choir. In the summer, the church sponsored a big picnic at Stanley Park.

The parishioners with their baskets, pots, pans and blankets made an interesting and colorful parade as they walked up North Road to Braid, where they took the tram, which brought them to Stanley Park.
Fred became road foreman in the 1930s for the District of Coquitlam. He was a good worker, and many of the ladies envied me for having such an ambitious husband. It was Fred's job to put in roads, clear them, and keep the ditches clean.

Fred walked from our house on Como Lake Road to municipal hall. He would walk the roads and inspect the ditches as he went along. Fred thought the roads were his own. Those were long, hard days, and he was often called out at night to fix ditches.

The Stickney Farm at Cameron and North Road.



We never sat down to supper without the phone ringing for Fred. When I'd go to the PTA, some of the ladies would complain to me about the ditches or the roads as if they were my responsibility.

There was a huge forest fire in 1922. Lightning struck Burnaby Mountain, and the fire spread right down into Port Moody. Fred and Mr. Clarke walked Como Lake at night to prevent the fire from crossing the road. All summer, the fire burned. At night, you



Harvesting the hay on the Stickney farm in 1920. Today this property is part of Lougheed Mall.

could see the black spires of the trees sparkling in the dark; then you'd hear the crash as they tumbled down.

Besides the unhealthy fumes of the smoke, the fire meant more work for me; clothes often had to be washed twice until I learned I must dry them inside the house. The first thing I had bought when I married Fred was a treadle sewing machine. I made all the clothing for my girls, and mended Fred's overalls.

I used to take Margie in her carriage on a path we had made through the trees to Smith Road. A dog on the corner of Clarke and Smith always came out to meet us. It could hear the noise of the carriage wheels on the sidewalk. The dog stood close to the buggy, right by the baby, all the way down to my mother's place. The dog would never leave us even when the master would call to her. Strange!

George Williams had a little girl called Jean; she was about Margie's age. She used to come down the road herself. Once, she came to our house, and when she found that no one was home, she struck off into the woods looking for me. When I got home, I heard this crying in the woods. Jean was sitting on a log surrounded by salal as tall as herself. She sure was glad to see me!

I was always interested in real estate, and still am. I have bought land at municipal sales, kept it for a while, and then sold it at a good price. When Fred came home one day in 1926, I told him I had sold the house. He asked me where we were going to live. I said: "In the chicken house, I guess."

I bought a car with the money from the house. I was free. The car was a Model T with isinglass curtains. When I went to church, PTA or anywhere, there was always a group waiting for me to pick them up.

The house, which I sold in 1926, had been built on Fred's land. Mr. Sawyer built a second house on my property. The upper two-thirds of the acreage was sold to finance the building of the second house. Both houses still stand on Como Lake Road.

Fred died from a heart attack in 1963. He and I were down on some property I had along the Coquitlam River. We were cutting wood and putting it in a pickup when he died. In 1964, I sold the house at 720 Como Lake Rd. and bought a lot on Hailey Street. I lived at 655 Hailey until January, 1988, when I came to Christmas Manor.

My days for dabbling in real estate are gone. I still read, but I don't like some of the modern books. I keep up with world events by reading newspapers and Maclean's magazine. There are many libraries in Coquitlam now, so I can choose what books I like, not like the old days when books were passed from one neighbor to another.

I've had a good and happy life. I miss my car and my home, though. When I feel lonely, I think of the little squirrel that used to nestle against my neck when we lived on Como Lake Road, and I feel better.

I've been a fairly independent woman and, as I look back, I was my own woman long before it became fashionable.

Dorothy Morse Davidson

The settlement around Johnson Road, just north of the Barnet highway, was not far from the present Coquitlam Centre.

But insofar as the long-neglected residents were concerned, they might as well have been light years removed from the rest of the municipality.

Dorothy Morse Davidson, whose family operated a large chicken farm, supports the long-standing complaint that Coquitlam council ignored their jurisdiction for years, at least until an area farmer, Bert Smith, was elected councillor in 1928. Electricity, for instance, was not to arrive until 1939. The residents could hardly be blamed for their close association with Port Coquitlam.

Dorothy, born in 1923, and Kitty Morse, born in 1924, were the daughters of Frederick and Dorothy May Morse (Fortescue), who relocated in Coquitlam in 1921.

The Johnson hill area was a closely-knit community, with many of the residents related by blood or marriage. The Morses, for instance, had many relatives there. Dorothy Morse married Bill Davidson in 1948. They have two sons, four grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren, and now live in New Westminster.

Mrs. Davidson wrote the following recollections of the Johnson Road families. Her story won honorable mention in the Pioneer Tales of Coquitlam contest.

My father came to Coquitlam in 1921, and bought the Fred Maudsley property in the 1200 block on Johnson Road. He built up a large chicken farm – Brookdale Poultry Farm – and worked it until 1939.

My mother had been an artist in England and came to Coquitlam in May, 1921 to stay with her brother, Harry Fortescue, on Old Port Moody Road, now Glen Drive. This is where she met my father. They were married in 1922.

I was born in Port Coquitlam Hospital, and my sister, Kitty, was born in Royal Columbian Hospital in New Westminster. I came home by horse and buggy, but by the time Kitty was born, our father had bought a 1923 Chevrolet touring car.

We both attended the old Glen school on Glen Drive for seven years, then finished our elementary schooling at the new Glen school at its present site. This new school burned down during the war years and was rebuilt, only to be torn down late in 1987 and replaced by modular units.

Despite the Depression years, we had a good life. Being on the farm, there was always lots to eat, as our parents kept a large garden of vegetables and flowers. There was no shortage of eggs, or chicken, and we always had a cow or goats for milk. Whenever a relative or neighbor butchered an animal, we would be given a roast of pork, or beef, in exchange for whatever we had.

Our father went to market in New Westminster every Friday to sell eggs and chickens. Once a week, he delivered eggs to the Fraser Mills store, sawmills, hotels in Port Moody, and to cafes in Port Coquitlam, where the bulk of our shopping was done, apart from the spring and winter purchases made through Eaton's catalogue.

These delivery trips were practically our only outings, but all the neighbors visited each other regularly in the evenings. There were PTA whist drives and concerts at the school and, occasionally, Saturday night house parties.

Our annual school picnic in June, to Ceperley Park at English Bay, was always looked forward to, along with a visit to the Stanley Park zoo to see Trotsky, the huge Siberian bear. From the school, we were taken to Fraser Mills by the truck load; there, we joined up with other schools from the district, and boarded the B.C. Electric tram for our journey to Vancouver.

Dorothy Morse with her mother and sister Kitty in 1940.



Port Coquitlam's May Day was always a big event for us. Each school took part in the May-pole dancing and sports. There was an evening ball game, and the juniors' dance, then the big dance to finish off the day. I went to high school in Port Coquitlam, and Kitty went to the new high school on Austin Road. We both eventually went to Vancouver to work at various jobs.

We had no electricity until the winter of 1939, and no city water. There were many lamps for the chicken houses to be cleaned and refilled every day, and many pails of water to carry to the chicken troughs from the creek, and several wells.

We were also kept busy collecting eggs, cleaning perches, and feeding the chickens and animals. Spring time was always busy, with many chicks hatching, and garden work to be done. The wood also had to be cut and dried for the following winter.

We had various hired men during the Depression years; they worked for their room and board, and a small salary. Some of these were Jim and Bill Doran, Jack Edwards, Axel Lindquist, Fred Holmgren, Glen Redline, Ernie Moss, Syd Skinner, Henry Sorenson and Alec Watt. Also helping in the house were Isobel and Doris Wake and Rose Wigman.

As we were three miles from a store, we relied a great deal on weekly visits to everyone in the district made by the fish man, grocery van, Chinese vegetable man, Watkins's and Rawleigh's man, and the feed salesmen from Brackman-Ker and Buckerfield's.

Mother sold the farm in 1941 to Fred Brewer. Of all the original homes on Johnson Road, I believe ours is the only one remaining at this time. But at the rate of development in the area, it is soon to be demolished.

My uncle and aunt, Harry and Winnifred Fortescue, lived at Rosedene on Old Port Moody Road, now 2695 Glen Dr., in partnership with Albert Smith, a bachelor formerly employed at Colony Farm in Essondale. Harry had formerly worked for the CPR in Winnipeg and came to Port Coquitlam as freight agent around 1919. He worked there until his retirement. Their farm was worked by Bert Smith for many years.

He kept a small herd of cows, a horse, pigs, chickens and bees. Mr. Smith served for many years on the district of Coquitlam council as a councillor, or alderman – from 1928 to 1931, 1935 to 1939, and from 1941 to 1950.

Both Harry and Bert were active in the Masonic Lodge and St. Catherine's Anglican Church in Port Coquitlam. Harry retired in 1949 and moved to Vancouver. Mr. Smith gave up the farm due to illness, and later lived with the Marshall family in Port Coquitlam.

Next door to us, at the Fairmont Poultry Farm, lived David and Catherine Wilson. They came there in 1920 from Ioco with their daughter, Charlotte, who was my godmother. Their original house burned down, and while their new house was being built, they lived in our incubator house.

After attending Normal school in Vancouver and Columbian College in New Westminster, Charlotte taught school briefly at Bella Bella, B.C., then for many years at Ioco public school and, lastly, at Glen school, where she was the principal.

When she retired, she married George Brightwell, who was a building inspector for the district of Coquitlam. Around this time, she was named Woman of the Year for Coquitlam. Mrs. Wilson was on the Coquitlam school board for several years. In later years, the Wilsons sold the farm and moved into a new house on Glen Drive. Mr. Wilson later moved to New Westminster.

The Morse, Wilson and Fortescue farms are all now subdivided. So have been many others.

The Morse farm in the 1200 block of Johnson Road.



Olive Stewart McBay

John Stewart brought his family to Fraser Mills in 1922 – they moved into a company house on King Edward Avenue – when he became manager of the Fraser Mills general store.

He and his wife, Mary Elizabeth Stewart (Reay), English immigrants from Cumberland, had three children: Ray and Olive, both born in Nanaimo, and Charles, who arrived after the Stewarts had settled in the townsite.

Aside from managing the largish company store, indispensable for the residents Mr. Stewart was in charge of the meeting place upstairs which in the years before he had arrived, had served as a school room for French-Canadian children.

Activities included Sunday school, Brownies, Guides, Cubs and Scouts for the children; and lumber-grading classes, various social events and municipal meetings for the adults. Mrs. McBay remembers how delighted her father was whenever children arrived, often asking his Chinese custodian to sweep the well-worn wooden floor.

The Fraser Mills general store itself, which Mr. Stewart managed for some 30 years, was an intriguing operation. All the staples, including meats, were available. And dry goods, including work wear. And a variety of penny candy for the children. Best of all for the mill workers, this was a true company-store operation; money charged was taken out of their pay envelopes.

Many oldtimers recall how goods purchased at the Fraser Mills general store were delivered in carts drawn by mules. During those same years, the mill delivered firewood all over Coquitlam in a familiar red carriage, pulled by a team of Clydesdales.

Around 1958, Mr. Stewart collaborated with Harry Monk on the book *A History of Coquitlam and Fraser Mills*; Mr. Monk compiled the Coquitlam part, and Mr. Stewart, Fraser Mills. Interestingly enough, Mr. Stewart gleaned much of the information from a master's thesis written by his son, Ray, who was studying history at the University of British Columbia.

Olive taught elementary school in Coquitlam for many years; she married Robert McBay, a school principal in the municipality. Following her teaching days, Mrs. McBay became supervisor of primary education in Coquitlam and continued her life-long involvement in the church.

In her sensitive essay, entitled *A Gift to Share*, Mrs. McBay talks of the importance of nurturing the spiritual life of any community, and tells how the lasting values taught in the little Sunday school above the general store led, indirectly at least, to the founding of Blue Mountain Baptist Church in Coquitlam.

Mrs. McBay also lets us in on some little-known facts about Fraser Mills and its residents. Having been built by one of the largest sawmills in the world, there was a liberal use of wood throughout the town site, with its wooden houses, wooden sidewalks, wooden roadways and wood-burning stoves.



Ray and Olive Stewart in 1923.

And, because the power for the town site was generated at the mill, and the mill was closed down Sundays, residents always had candles and coal- oil lamps at hand. The Sunday school class attended by Mrs. McBay had to make do on the natural light streaming through dust-covered windows.

Mrs. McBay's story took second prize in the Pioneer Tales of Coquitlam contest.

A Gift to Share

It was a bright new penny with King George V's picture imprinted on it. I had earned the shiny coin from my piano teacher, Mrs. Burgess, the elderly wife of the pleasant, and capable first-aid man who operated the dispensary at Fraser Mills.

A precious penny became mine each week if I could retain it on the back of my hand while playing the scales. A delightful, creative teacher had devised a game that worked well for an eager seven-year-old!

The penny incentive was one of the many devices used by a fascinating lady who had learned to play the piano at the age of 60 and decided 10 years later to share her enthusiasm for music with pupils of her own. I was fortunate enough to be one of them.

With great delight, I hurried after school to reach the upstairs apartment in the big, rambling dispensary building near the lumber mill. Almost always, a lesson was accompanied by a chat about one of her many pen pals in distant parts of the world. It was an easy way for a little girl to learn some basic geography!

The lesson itself was always fun. The piano keys became special friends, each with a different name.



Horses were used to pull carts of wood around the Fraser Mills site.

Scales were minimized and bright, little melodies were emphasized. As I slid off the piano bench at the end of the lesson, there was usually placed in my hand, a Burgess bedtime story written by my teacher's brother-in-law, and cut out carefully from the daily Vancouver Province paper.

Sometimes, too, she would provide me with a lovely piece of cotton print material left over from her dressmaking. She knew how much little girls in the 1920s loved to make clothes for the small, celluloid, kewpie dolls so popular at that time. Most important of all, there was the weekly reward of a shining penny!

Now, on a rainy October Sunday afternoon, the penny was tucked tightly in my palm as I walked beside my older brother, Ray, on my way to Sunday school. The rain was heavy, so I secretly hoped the motor man on the Fraser Mills interurban tram would do as he sometimes did – allow local children a free ride from the corner at the bend of the road, along the few blocks to the sprawling Fraser Mills general store.

There, a Sunday school was held weekly in the large multi-purpose room above the business premises. This Sunday, we were a little too late to catch the motor man's attention. I hurried to keep up with my brother's longer legs, and thought about my penny. Should I let it be my gift, or should I keep it for myself?

My parents had emphasized that it was good to take an offering to Sunday school. I knew the penny would help buy the interesting papers, and little, colored, text cards that were provided each week, but a penny presented great potential to a child in 1928!

With it, one could buy an enormous variety of candies – a chocolate teddy bear, red inside; a brown-and-white, sticky marrow bone; a strip of multi-colored buttons complete with printed wishes; a licorice pipe or whip; a wide choice of fruit suckers; and last but not least, the enticing red or white bubble gum balls that, if chewed and then well cared for, would last at least a week!

All these delights could be purchased at the Fraser Mills general store where my father, John Stewart, had come in 1922 to be the manager. For an even greater variety of treats, I could spend the precious coin at Boileau's confectionery store and barber shop on my way to Millside school, where I attended.

Boileau's store was a fascinating place with an enormous glass counter filled with seemingly endless boxes of goodies! The possibilities for purchasing power were enough to make a child's head spin. By the time Ray and I had reached the long stairway up to the Sunday school room, I was clutching my penny very tightly. It would be hard to part with. Certainly I mustn't lose it.

More than a few precious coins slated for store purchases, or countless worthy causes, had ended up between the cracks of the wooden store steps, the well-used board sidewalk, or even the planked main road. Wood was certainly put to good use in the company town of Fraser Mills, which encompassed the area between the Fraser River and Brunette Street.

A lively hymn, led by a group of enthusiastic adults, greeted the children who had come from up the hill in Maillardville and from the rows of white-and-green company houses in the mill town site. An antique, well- pumped organ accompanied the singing.

A collection of rather rickety wooden benches had been arranged around an old, black, pot-bellied stove at the top of the stairs. The children shed their dripping rain coats and squeezed together on the hard, backless benches.

It wasn't just the crackle of the burning veneer blocks and bark slabs that created an atmosphere of warmth and security. The children were very aware of the friendly, happy faces of the volunteers who had come from churches in Vancouver and Sapperton in order to establish a fledgling Sunday school in the mill town.

Some of the workers had already spent long hours from Monday to Saturday laboring in the lumber mill. Unselfishly, they gave of their time and returned to Fraser Mills on Sundays.

Names that come to mind are Thomas Stokes, who travelled from Vancouver on the hourly interurban tram; Mary Fulton and Jean Buchan, both later to become overseas missionaries; and three elderly ladies, Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Orser and Mrs. Norris, who supplied a large measure of love and encouragement. At a later date, Arthur Norris, Harry Barker, Alfred Angell and Robert Trotter provided leadership to the little group of dedicated workers.

Neither children nor teachers seemed to be daunted by the very unchurch-like surroundings. At times, it was difficult to see the small print in the well-worn, red-covered hymn books with their curled corners. Electric power for the town site was provided from the mill, and since the plant was closed on Sundays, the residents learned to utilize their candles and lamps

on the weekends. The Sunday school simply depended on inadequate light from the rows of dusty windows.

The large room, with its V-jointed walls and dark, oiled floor, was brightened only by a few pictures, and Bible texts. The spacious area bore signs of being well used – varied adult social activities, lumber-grading classes, and youth programs such as Brownies, Guides, Cubs and Scouts.

A few years later, it was to serve as a sleeping area equipped with camp cots for the Royal Canadian Mounted Police who were called in to bring order during the difficult days of the mill strike of 1931.

My father, who remained as store manager for some 30 years, was particularly pleased to see the room being used for children's activities, and sometimes arranged for his faithful Chinese custodian, Jim, to come up and sweep the well-trodden floor.

Jim also checked to see that there was an orange crate well stocked with wood for the old stove – planer ends, door ends, slabs – all supplied from the mill which, at that time, was rated as one of the largest lumber operations in the world.

The firewood was always brought in a creaking, red carriage pulled by two strong Clydesdale horses, a familiar sight in Maillardville and Fraser Mills in those days.

The mill provided employment for laborers from many parts of the world. The children gathered together in the room above the store represented a cross section of the area's multi-ethnic society – Scandinavian, British, French Canadian, German, Polish, and the occasional Chinese or Japanese child brought in by a friend.

Chinese, Japanese and East Indian communities had settled near the Fraser River but generally kept to themselves for their social activities. Childhood friendships, which developed through the public school classes, helped break down the racial barriers and often carried over into weekend activities.

Each child who attended Sunday school was made to feel welcome and relaxed in the little circle. Benches were noisily scraped back away from the heater as late arrivals entered or as rosy-faced children retreated from the reddening stove-top and lengthy, crackling pipes.

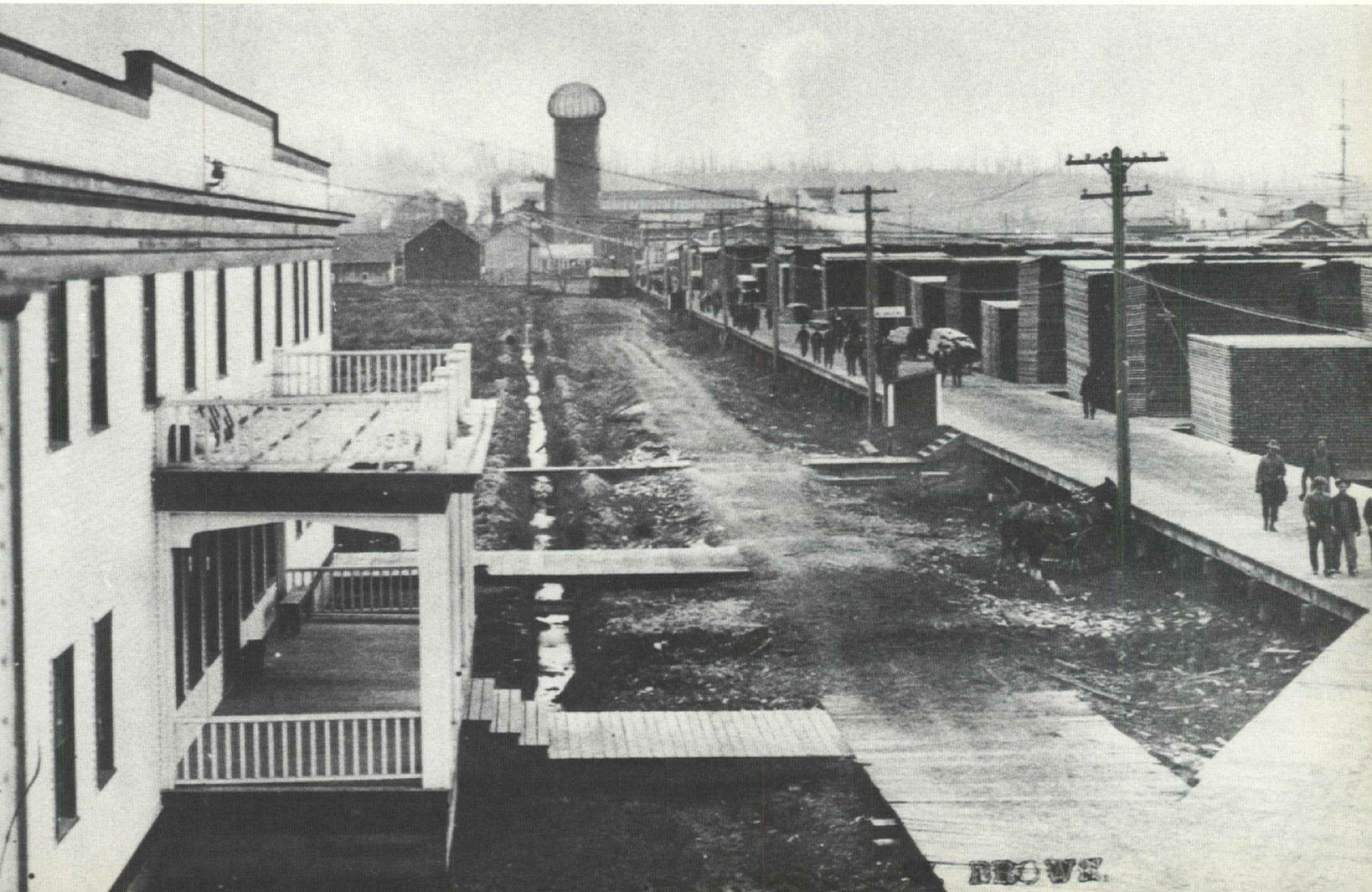
Reminiscing now on that Sunday afternoon many years ago, I can still feel the heat of the stove, the love of the teachers, the pleasure of having childhood friends – and the good feeling of possessing a penny of my own!

In an atmosphere of giving it is not difficult for a child to learn to share. Unselfish adults were dedicating their time, talent and money to provide a spiritual touch to the lives of young children. At the moment that the cardboard offering box was passed around, there was a brief struggle of indecision, then the satisfying release and jingle of the precious coin!

The simple offerings of childhood and the more complex gifts of caring adults, provided the foundation for the development of one of Coquitlam's largest churches. It often happens that the history of a church reveals a fascinating picture of the changes that time and events bring to a fast-growing district.

From the seemingly insignificant Fraser Mills Sunday school, which outgrew the old store hall, a group of

A main street at Fraser Mills in 1924.



adults and young people were able to purchase a lot on Allard Street at a very low cost from Al Best, who owned the gas station and adjacent property at the corner of Allard and Brunette streets.

A small church was built over a period of a few years in the late 1940s, and early 1950s. While it was being constructed with volunteer labor, the congregation met each Sunday in John and Jessie Buchan's basement on Harris Avenue. When the church basement was finished, this section was roofed over and served as a meeting place until the building was completed.

I remember vividly the official opening of the little church and the feeling of great satisfaction that now I, too, as a young school teacher could be involved in helping with the children's work and with youth groups, and so return, in some measure, the gifts of faith and love that had been provided in my childhood.

At a later date – 1964 – the membership, having outgrown the Allard Street premises, decided to move to the present site. The church was renamed Blue Mountain Baptist.

Frank Pobst, for many years well known as Coquitlam's city clerk and as an active church worker, had drawn the congregation's attention to the fact the old gravel pit at the corner of Austin and Blue Mountain, was up for sale. It was a piece of property that at the time no one seemed to want.

Largely unused for many years, the hollowed-out corner of the land had become a winter skating rink during cold spells and an all-season, unsightly hole filled with gravel and garbage. It proved to be an ideal building site for a growing church, and the architect, Will Wilding, was able to design a vaulted building to fit the unusual topography of the property.

Today, we can contrast a beautiful church with an old hall above a store that is now just a memory. Time and events have brought changes, but lasting values are still being transmitted, as they have been through the decades of the past.

Clutching their shiny pennies and, in keeping with a more affluent age, their nickels, dimes and quarters, children still bring their offerings. They are learning to give not only their money but, through the example of adults in the congregation, a great deal more.

Blue Mountain Baptist, like many other fine churches in the district, has grown from a simple beginning into a well-established place of worship and continues to provide a graphic symbol of the value of sharing faith, and love, in the growing community of Coquitlam.

James Aitchison

The work force at Fraser Mills was a an ethnic mosaic in 1923 when Scottie Aitchison joined his father and half-brothers there.

As his nickname might suggest, he was representative of the Scots. There were also Japanese, Chinese, East Indians, Greeks, various northern Europeans and, of course, the French Canadians.

While the nationalities worked side by side, there was hardly equality amongst them, Mr. Aitchison says. No one dared befoul the pecking order at Fraser Mills. Management lived in the higher-up company houses in the town site, Europeans and some French Canadians in the flats. Chinese, Japanese and East Indians were segregated in their own settlements towards the Fraser River.

Inequality was also evident in the pay scales. Before the union, a Chinese worker, say, who was doing the same job as, say, Scottie Aitchison, was paid substantially less. That despite the fact a Chinese who was more experienced, might have taught Mr. Aitchison the ropes. Ethnics like Chinese and Japanese, moreover, were paid through their labor bosses and were often only numbers in company records.

Social intercourse between the Caucasians and the Orientals was not encouraged, although all children attended Millside school. Still, some of the Caucasians would patronize the bootleggers in Chinatown and indulge in various games of chance there. All in all, the discrimination against minorities at the mill was not nearly as rampant as in the rest of society.

Born in the coastal town of Eyemouth, Scotland, near Edinburgh, Scottie Aitchison was six years old when his family emigrated around 1912 and settled in Sapperton. He had three half-brothers and two half-sisters, some surnamed Craig, others Aitchison.

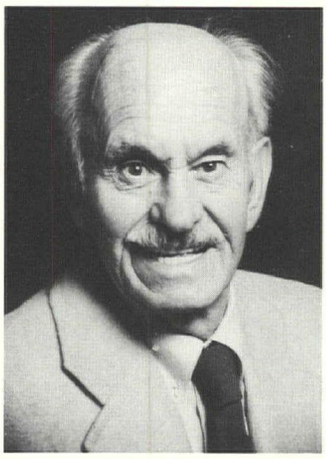
As a young man, he once lived in the Blue Mountain-Austin area of Coquitlam. Mr. Aitchison married the former Lillian Reidford in 1937; they raised one son, Jack. Mr. Aitchison still lives in Sapperton.

I came to Canada from Scotland in 1912 with my parents, three half-brothers, and two half-sisters. When we arrived, we got off the train in Westminster and had to take a cab as far as 364 Hospital St., where an aunt was living. We stayed with her before we found a home of our own.

Although I worked at various times for a total of about 30 years at Fraser Mills, I lived mostly in Sapperton, before and after I was married. We lived on Austin Road near Blue Mountain in Coquitlam for two or three years in the 1930s when Bill Fenton was personnel manager at the mill.

I went to Richard McBride school, where I played lacrosse for the school team; I also played junior lacrosse for Sapperton. When I was a kid, I used to like to go to the field lacrosse games. In fact, on a Saturday, the whole city would shut down. This would be before the First World War and a few years after.

Eventually, box lacrosse came in, the inside game of lacrosse. The Giffords, I remember, were great lacrosse players. So was Larry Nelson, the son of the Nelson that had the brewery in Westminster. That was the first



James Aitchison.

brewery they ever had around there.

I sold newspapers on the street in the early days. I sold them on Columbia Street with a man named Charles Mackie, who later became chief of police, and Frank Gray, who worked out at Fraser Mills, and looked after the kiln cars; he was the boss of the cars coming out of the kiln. While I was selling papers one day, Swanson and Turnbull, lacrosse players who used to pal around together, came walking down Columbia Street. Being that I was just a little nipper at the time, they came along and they grabbed me, and up-ended me. All the nickels rolled out of my pocket and of course, this was just a big joke with them. They'd gather up all the coins, and then they would buy a handful of papers off me, because they used to take them up to St. Mary's Hospital to give to the patients.

I left school at Grade 8 – I was about 14 years old – and started at Fraser Mills, in the planer mill, around 1923. My half-brother, Johnny, worked there and I was always after him to get me a job. He said the only way I'd get it would be to come down in the morning and see Mr. Claibourne, the boss man in the planer mill.

The first job they generally gave the young fellows was trimming the lumber. In them days, the trimmer was different, all little hand-trimmers. Now it's almost all automatic. I worked there for quite a few years. Then I worked up at Bella Bella for a couple of seasons in the fish cannery, then came back to Fraser Mills again.

After a short spell, I went across the line to Aberdeen, Wash. The plywood factory there, where my brother-in-law worked, was the largest in the world at that time. I guess I got lonesome for my home town, so I left there – it would be about '35 – and worked for a while at the H. R. MacMillan sawmill on Marine Drive on the sanders.

I was walking down the street one day, and I was looking for a job, and who should come along but Alec Coutu, a foreman at Fraser Mills. I told him I'd been down to the mill, but there was a lot of grievance and the personnel manager seemed to be hiring all the guys from the Prairies instead of the local guys.

Alec put a stop to that in a hurry. He asked why people like myself had been told there was no work when he needed men badly. So he had me put back on the list and the next morning, I went in to work. I stayed at Fraser Mills until I needed heart surgery, then worked in the kitchen at Valleyview, in Essondale, for a few years before retiring.

When we first came from Scotland, my dad worked at the mill, 10 hours a day for $1 a day. There was this big Christmas tree – Rogers was the manager then –

Fraser Mills' baseball team plays a home game at Mackin Park in 1920.





Marmont and Austin Road in the 1930s.

which we looked forward to seeing every year. There were always little presents for us, little bags of candies and oranges and stuff. Quite a few people were upset when the tree was chopped down one day.

I recall, in them days, they had quite a Chinatown in the mill; they had two bootleggers. One was Lim Sing, the other, Barney Gow. Barney's daughter now owns Lea's Flowers in Sapperton, across from the Royal Columbian Hospital.

The guys would hang around the bootleggers', especially on pay days. We used to work all day Saturday and when half-a-day Saturdays came in, that was a big deal. A lot of guys never got home for supper 'cause they'd stop at the bootleggers.

Over at Lim Sing's, they also used to have a numbers game going – it was called four- five- or nine-spot. A runner from the planer mill would go into Vancouver to get the tickets and a runner came in by taxi from Vancouver to pick them up. The tickets would be two bits if you got a nine-spot, I think, or you could even play a dime.

The tickets were drawn twice a day, something like a lottery; some of the draws, you could win as much as $700. Something like keno in Reno. Apparently on Saturdays you used to see society women come down from Shaughnessy Heights in Vancouver to do a bit of gambling in Chinatown.

Westminster was the bootlegging capital of the world at that time, I'm sure. Bucket of Blood was on the corner of Columbia and Begbie where the bank is now. The fellow who bought Terminal beer parlor used to bootleg right across from the court house.

In those days, you got a beer for around 50 cents at the bootlegger's or a hot rum for the same price. They did their business mostly on Sundays when everything else was shut down. In the late '20s, the government ordered Fraser Mills to clean up Chinatown out there. So that was the end of Lim Sing.

My two half-brothers, Bill Craig and Johnny Aitchison, both worked in the planer mill before the First World War and told me there used to be a lot of Chinese drillers in them days. There would be a white boy on one side, and a Chinese boy on the other. One of the reasons for that was to teach the white fellows how to do it.

Different nationalities were paid different wages. Chinese had lower wages than white men, same as Hindus; that was changed later when the minimum wage came in. Hindus used to cremate their own in the burner at the mill, if they couldn't afford a proper cremation, but this was eventually banned.

Before the minimum wage came in 1923, I got paid two bits an hour. We used to get paid on the eighth and 23rd of the month. Some months, you would run into a three-week period without a cheque, a long wait. As the years went by, it was changed to every second week.

I was one of the guys always pressing for more money – there were no unions then – so they appointed me when there was a grievance, when the men figured they should get a little more for what they were doing. This was when young Maurice Ryan took over from his dad, as mill superintendent. So I went over to see him, and I finally wrangled a nickel an hour more out of him.

At one time, big ships used to come in – tramp steamers – and would load up with lumber. They came from all over the world, you know. The guys liked to see the English ships because you could buy a bottle cheap – Black & White scotch whisky for $1. If you smoked a pipe, you could get pipe tobacco cheap, too.

You could buy almost anything you needed, even

rain wear, from the company store. A dollar would go as far as seven or eight now. People who shopped there were always in debt to the company. The only time I shopped there was to get work clothes or something like that. You could get credit but things weren't much cheaper.

Being a diversified mill, well, Fraser Mills had everything – a lath mill, shingle mill and, later on, a plywood and door plant. They had about 1,500 to 2,000 people working there at one time. Before they had a waterproof glue for plywood, they used a very solid glue made from blood from Swift's Canadian slaughter house.

They had their own volunteer fire brigade – Bunny Falcon was the chief when I was there – and their own policeman, name of Cromwell. There weren't any bad fires in my time. They used to have the odd fire in the dryers in the plywood factory but they'd get them out pretty quick.

Across from the planer mill where I worked was the old creek that run down to the Booth farm, then under the docks into the Fraser River. Some people called it Booth Creek. Rough lumber was brought to the mill in horse-drawn carts.

Some winters the Fraser River would freeze and they'd blast the logs out, but they were so frozen you couldn't do anything with them, so they'd send us home. We used to look forward to shutdowns, even though there was no UIC, because we would get a little holiday.

The mill had a great baseball team. Maurice Ryan, son of mill boss Tommy Ryan, played on the team. Another fellow named Frenchy Duplin later went down across the line and turned professional, playing for Seattle for a long time. He became famous. I don't know just where he went after that.

There was a three-team league – Fraser Mills, Hammond Cedar and Fraser Cafe, sponsored by Jack Morgan, owner of the cafe – and they played good ball. Practically as good as watching a lot of the professional ball. They held the games in Mackin Park every Sunday and you had to be down there in lots of time to get a good seat.

The team went on for quite a number of years, with some of the players coming up here from Washington. I remember a catcher named Sam Kratz, and a second baseman called Dettsworth, both university ball players from Seattle. They did all right. The players all had good jobs at the mill, and they were paid a little more than the average, you know.

I remember when the McCormicks, the mill's money men from Chicago, would come around for an inspection. We had to clean everything spotless when these big shots were coming around. McCormick would look here and look there, and there was this great saying that every time he came around, there would be a lay-off.

Well, when young McCormick died – I think it was about 30 years ago – this lumber inspector who used to grade the lumber and check it, he was quite a jokester, so he come down the next morning after the funeral, and he tells us:

"Hey, you'll never guess. Boy, McCormick sure had a big funeral. All kinds of people, but funny thing, as they were approaching the grave site and were just about to lower the casket into the grave, the lid flies open and you could see his head pop up.

'McCormick wants to know how many men are carrying this thing.' Six, he is told, we have six men carrying the coffin. McCormick is aghast. 'Six? Two too many. Lay two off.'" This joke got a lot of laughs all over the plant.

The mill went into overtime during the Second World War when we were protected from the service. We would work our shift, go home for supper, then go back and work until 10 or 11 at night. And go back to work the next morning. Some of the wood was used for building bombers.

During the Depression years in the '30s when jobs were hard to come by, some men paid their foreman a certain amount every pay day to keep their jobs. The practice was fairly common. In this respect, it was a good thing we got the unions in to keep things on the straight and narrow.

The big strike of 1931 was the year McBride school burned down, I recall. I was in the States then but my brother told me about it. The workers were trying to start the union and the company was trying to put them down. They eventually called in the mounted police and everything. I know one of the boys that helped to get the union in, one of the instigators, was Vince Skelly; he belonged to a very famous family. He and his brother started the union going and they were black-balled over it. The big guy who finally succeeded in starting the union, then called the Lumber Workers Union, was Harold Pritchett.

Norman Clare

The mental institution at Essondale, later called Riverview, has been an integral part of Coquitlam since 1910, when Colony Farm was established, and 1913, when the first building, West Lawn, opened.

Following years of expansion, Essondale evolved into a community unto itself and became a vital part of the municipality's economy.

The Essondale story starts in 1904, when the provincial government purchased 1,000 acres of land atop what was then known as Mount Coquitlam, right to the Fraser River to the south. The following year, clearing began on what is now the Colony Farm site and temporary buildings erected.

Clearing for such a huge tract of land took many years, of course, and it wasn't until Henry Esson Young, after whom Essondale was named, became provincial secretary that the complex began to take shape. Construction on the so-called Hospital for the Mind at Mount Coquitlam began in 1909.

By the time the Male Chronic West Lawn building



Workers use hand cars to remove soil as they excavate to start the foundation of one of the Essondale buildings in 1920.

opened in 1913, Colony Farm had been producing root vegetables and grain for three years, worked mostly by patients from Woodlands in New Westminster. And by 1911, the farm was considered the best in the west, yielding 700 tons of crops and 20,000 gallons of milk.

In subsequent years, Colony Farm produced more meat and produce than Essondale could consume and even housed a cannery. Livestock raised there regularly swept the blue ribbons at the Dominion Fair in Regina and the Pacific National Exhibition in Vancouver. The farm provided therapy as well as food for the patients.

Essondale expanded its services beyond the mentally deficient as buildings were added. During the early, unenlightened years, immigrants with a poor command of English were confined there through lack of understanding only. So were those severely afflicted with tuberculosis, syphilis, Huntington's disease, Parkinson's disease and even senility.

At other times, there was a boys' industrial school for juvenile delinquents and wards for order-in-council inmates – the criminally insane – which exist to this day. Essondale also graduated its first class of psychiatric nurses in 1932, its last in 1973.

Of all the physicians in charge, perhaps the best known was Dr. A. L. Crease, who arrived from Woodlands in 1916 and assumed the top position in 1926, when there were 2,125 patients. Crease Clinic, originally the veterans' unit, was opened in 1934 and named after him. Essondale accommodated 4,306 patients at its peak, in 1956, and even had its own fire department.

Norman Clare began working at Essondale as an attendant in 1937, returning after four years in the service. By the time he had retired in 1973, he had advanced to nursing supervisor. Having worked in virtually every part of Essondale, Mr. Clare gives us a rare insight into the overall operation.

Born near Liverpool, Eng., Norman came to Port Coquitlam with his parents and a younger brother in 1923. He was married in 1941; he and his wife raised two children. Their son, Murray, is presently manager of the Dogwood Credit Union at Essondale. Mr. Clare, who now lives on Westwood Street in Coquitlam, has three grandchildren.

My family didn't have the money for me to go any further after I had finished high school, so I went logging for a bit, then got a job at Essondale in 1937 in the middle of the Depression.

I was injured a couple of times logging and I wanted to get into something I thought was safer. They were hiring people at that time, hiring a lot of younger people – I don't know why – so anyway, I put in an application and was accepted. I went in with no experience of any kind, starting at West Lawn, the first building at Essondale.

I started out as an attendant – that's what we all were in the '30s – and when I returned after the war, in 1946, I worked up to assistant charge nurse, charge nurse and supervisor, grade one. When I retired in 1973, I was nursing supervisor in charge of the whole unit at Centre Lawn.

My father had a store in England but when he got here, he couldn't get into that kind of work so he went into longshoring. Died after we were here not too long. Made things real tough for mother – it was a hard grind. I didn't move to Coquitlam until after the war.

We lived in Port Coquitlam, and when we first moved there we were on welfare. We got around $30 a month and we had to pay rent out of that, and other living expenses. I went to school at Central and James Park High in Port Coquitlam. We had paper routes to help mother out.

There were seven wards at West Lawn when I started and I suppose there were probably 110 or 120 patients in each ward, so that building alone had about 800 patients. Essondale was full at that time, but I can't remember how many people in all.

East Lawn was the building for females. They had 1,200 patients in 1937. Valleyview was the home for the aged and I don't know how many were there. There were half a dozen cottages; Colony Farm was also part of the complex. North Lawn and Crease weren't there then.

I think there might have been 3,500 patients all together. It was scary for anybody just walking into a place like that. When I first went there it was quite scary, actually. There was no training in those days – you just walked in cold.

I knew a lot of people working there, and they tried to make you feel at home. Just the same, I was fearful being amongst people like that. There was no such thing as medication – there was little to sedate patients then – so there was a lot of noise and disturbances.

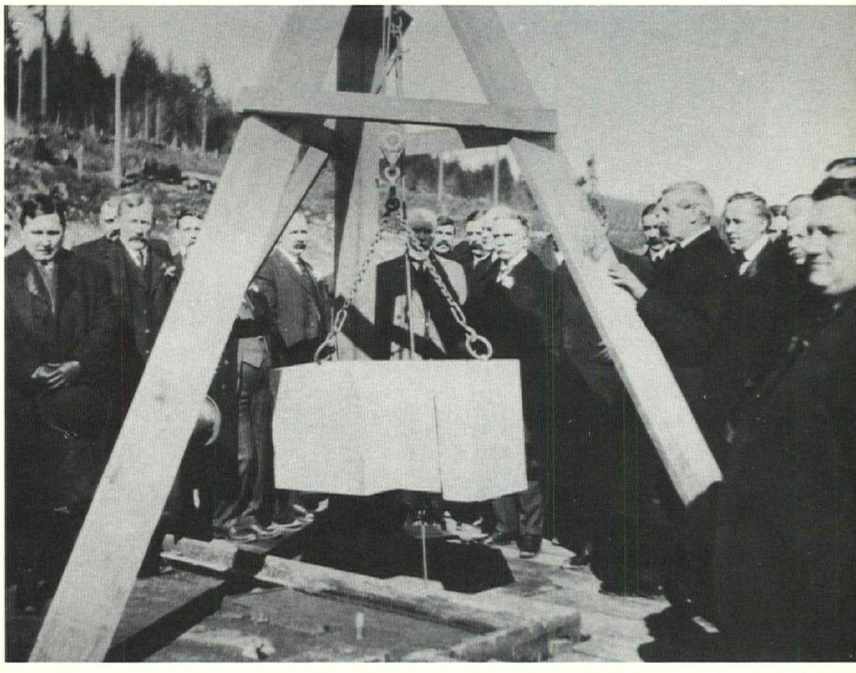
The patients were all adult and there were many different behaviors and such amongst them. In those days, you concentrated on the physical needs of the patients rather than emotional needs. I had to shave 30 or 40 patients – eventually, they got safety razors, and such – and I'd never shaved anyone before!

You had to concentrate on making sure of security back then so you counted all the time. You were counting day and night. You counted when they went to bed, when they went for meals, when they came back. Weather permitting, they went outside and you'd count them there, and count them back. You just couldn't lose anybody.

I was assigned to a certain ward at West Lawn and if I was on relief, I got moved into different wards and different areas. We had order-in-council patients in West Lawn at that time, but they were just on the two wards. We also had a ward for the diseased and mentally defective.

Various groups were leaving their wards all the time for work projects and what-have-you. In most cases, that was Colony Farm, which was not a penal farm like it is today. They had the cottage down there and the vets' building, now the order-in-council forensic unit.

At that time, the vets' building was for veterans from the First World War, no matter what their illness. You had to be a vet to even work at Colony Farm then. The farm cottage was for patients, usually in groups of eight or nine, who were well enough to work in the fields and such. I'm not sure how they decided who went there.



Lt.-Gov. Thomas Patterson places the first cornerstone for Essondale Hospital in 1910.

The farm annex had 125 or so patients with Huntington's and Parkinson's or were otherwise mentally defective. Pretty well crippled, they were, and had to have all their physical needs looked after. This was all in the '30s, of course.

Colony Farm provided food for the Essondale complex, our own milk and jam, and such. They raised pigs there and grew vegetables and even had their own cannery. As far back as 1911, it was considered the best farm in western Canada, and often swept the livestock prizes at the Dominion Fair.

It seems to be that in those days there were lots of ethnic people who had difficulty understanding English. The authorities didn't know what to do with them after they were picked up so they were sent to Essondale. Some were here for quite a number of years.

I worked at Essondale, mostly around West Lawn,



Essondale's West Lawn building as it looked after completion.

until 1941 when I joined the air force for four years. After completing training as a radar mechanic at Edmonton and Clinton, Ontario, I was in Dundee, Scotland for a couple of years. When I got back here in '46, I went right back to Essondale because I couldn't see a future in radar of any type.

I think you had to be a particular sort of person to work at Essondale. There were quite a few that didn't stay, just couldn't hack it. They couldn't accept the working conditions we had and couldn't work with the patients. You had to be unflappable.

You worked from 6:30 a.m. to 8 p.m. – 12-hour days – and you got five or seven days off a month. We worked under those conditions for a long time. When I first started, the pay was six to eight dollars a month. In comparison to other jobs, I suppose it wasn't too bad. People working at the railway or oil company after the war would get, maybe, 35 cents an hour.

When I came back from the war, I didn't go back to West Lawn; I went to Valleyview to look after the "Hollywood" patients. I spent five or six years there. These were a lot of senile patients so we cared for their physical needs and did what you could to make their day better. There wasn't much in the way of recreation, although they did have shows and this sort of thing. There wasn't too much for the patients in those days. Much later on, in the '50s, they started to come out with the new drugs and you could see some changes then.

You had to be concerned with your own safety at times, of course, but nobody ever seemed to get hurt – the odd one, or two, but not many. If patients got very volatile, you had to restrain them, and put them in a "single" room but that was about all you could do. I can't remember any particular patients from those days.

All kinds of new psychotic drugs came out in the '50s, and that quieted things down somewhat. The last 15 or 20 years I was there, I remember the things we did to help the patients – the team concept, and nursing care that was given, plus the drugs, and such.

The team concept would be like group counselling with eight or nine staff members for a group of about 35 patients. We worked shifts and we would follow up on the patients from one shift to another, noting emotional and physical needs and what their behavior was like and this was followed through on a day-to-day basis.

A carding system contained notes on the patients; these notes were handed over to the next shift. Each team had a social worker, a doctor in charge, its own rehab, and its recreation. The team concept was a new method of approach and it certainly did something for the patients.

The patients in Centre Lawn were there for six or seven weeks and it was a good feeling to see them going home feeling better. We felt we were actually helping them. When out-of-town patients went home and there was a problem, one or two team members would go and help the family doctor.

We did some electric-shock treatment. Yes, there certainly was controversy about that, but I saw that it certainly helped some people. The hardest years were my last six or seven in the acute treatment centre. But it was nice when the patients left feeling well and some would actually thank you for helping them. Compare that to the '30s when it was just custodial care and the untrained staff just didn't know what to do for the patients.

I started out at Essondale as an attendant, which is what we all were in the '30s. If you had a ward of 100 to 120 patients, you had two staffers on night shift,

and I think it was around 12 at other times. I was still an attendant after I got back from the war.

I was at Valleyview four or five years before I got to be an assistant charge. You were one step below the charge nurse on the ward and you got paid $5 a month extra. It meant that when the charge nurse was away, you took over charge of the ward.

Then you worked another seven years or so and you got to be a charge nurse. And that got you another $10 a month. After a few more years, you got to be supervisor, grade one, and a few more years, and you got to grade two. You were evaluated once a year and this would determine whether you would be promoted.

When I went to the acute psychopathic unit at Centre Lawn in 1968, I was in charge of the whole unit there. I spent six years with order-in-council – or criminal – patients, more violent than those I'd worked with before. It was a lot different, mainly in the area of security.

In 1962 or 1963, all order-in-council patients were put in Riverside, originally built in 1949 for war veterans. There were 250 patients on two floors. On the bottom floor, we had a 40-bed alcoholic ward, where we dried the patients out.

The doctors would then put them on different kinds of treatment. They were allowed to go home on the weekend; we would check to see if they came back sober. We also had eight or 10 adolescents at Centre Lawn, mixed up in drugs, or one thing or another.

We were also in charge of 120 or so neurological patients, and 70 or so in the cottages – they were farm workers, while the others were mostly long-term residents. There was a time in the early '60s, when we had a lot of patients working out in the fields at Colony Farm, and in the barns there.

We felt they could do quite well in outside boarding homes, so we set up a program where a nurse would take over eight or nine patients and teach them table manners and how to dress, how to shop, and so on.

Some of the patients came to Essondale on a voluntary basis for evaluation; if they wanted, they could sign out in 30 days. A lot of them were there on a magistrate's court order. Some would try to run away, of course. We had staff that would circulate on the grounds and find ones that had wandered away. Mostly, they had wandered away, as opposed to running away.

The whole mental-health system at Essondale worked quite well, I thought. The patients didn't wear uniforms, but ordinary clothing. They used to have their own laundry. Each building had its own cafeteria; in the early days, we had our own kitchens, cooks and dining room stewards.

The food was always good and there was always plenty of it. There were snacks and drinks on the ward in the evenings. The recreation was well organized – dances, exercises, pool tables, games.

Most of the staff were caring individuals and very hard-working people, too. By working there so long, we got to know the types of illnesses better. I used to talk to all the patients when they first came in to determine what might be done to help them.

I can't see the benefits of the decentralization going on now. How are they going to get the total-care approach in homes with a few patients in them? In the '60s and '70s, all the beds were full at Essondale and there was a waiting list. What are they doing with all these people now, put them out on the street?

West Lawn has been closed but Centre Lawn has been renovated, so it looks like patients are still going to be there. I can't see that they can close the place down completely, although in the last few years, they have eliminated a lot of the services.

I went to Essondale's 75th reunion in 1987 and saw a lot of people I had worked with. Employees starting off nowadays have so much more training. One of the unit nursing supervisors I worked with, Valerie Davis, is now the director of nursing. I see her occasionally and keep in touch with the others.

Hjalmar Ronnlund

Born in Sweden in 1905, Hjalmar Ronnlund was one of eight children and emigrated alone to Canada in 1924.

After working in the Interior for a year, he got a job at Fraser Mills and joined the Swedish contingent there, boarding with a Swedish family, the Froms, in the town site. His fellow workers called him John.

Mr. Ronnlund tells of the difficulties encountered at Fraser Mills by non-English-speaking workers like himself. Four times he quit the mill and each time he returned, eventually retiring as a log scaler, then becoming a school patroller in Coquitlam. He and his wife, Jeannie – they were married in 1940 – raised a daughter. They have five grandchildren, and now live in Friendship Village in Surrey.



A home at Fraser Mills, which Mr. Ronnlund rented for $7 a week.

I emigrated from Sweden in 1924 because I wanted to work in Canada. I took the Lancastria, an English boat, across the Atlantic and docked in New York. I then took the train to British Columbia and worked in the Kootenays for some time.

Later that same year, I decided to come to

Coquitlam for work. I didn't like the trip at all; we barely got any food in third class and almost had to fight for some. When I arrived in Coquitlam, I was hired at Fraser Mills.

I stayed with a Swedish family named From, paying $7 a week for room and board. The Froms lived on King Edward Avenue, a planked street lined with rows of trees. I had many jobs at Fraser Mills. I worked in the yard and the boom and was also a log scaler.

Fraser Mills really was the company that kept Coquitlam going; without it, there would be no Coquitlam. I had worked a month there and in the second month, I found they hadn't paid me for three hours of overtime.

I had a list of my overtime because we didn't punch in, in those days. Other men hadn't been paid for overtime, too. I had enough guts to walk into the office to tell the timekeeper, Hart, that they hadn't paid us for overtime.

Mr. Hart said it must have been the man who worked there after hours. This man, he said, had forgotten to write it down. But I told him the man had taken my number down. The next month, the same thing happened again.

Some other people also hadn't been paid for overtime so they asked me to go to the office and tell them. So I again went in and told Mr. Hart; he said he'd check it. But the third month, the same thing. After that, no one would work overtime, so there was no problem.

Because I stood up to Mr. Hart at the mill, I expected to be laid off. Many men were laid off, some who had worked 18 and 16 months, but they kept me, and I had only been working for six months.

I'd always liked horses, so I got a young mare named Queen. I never had to hit a horse. One Sunday, we took some horses downtown; all of a sudden, Queen and some others started to run away. "Queen, come back here," I said, and she turned and trotted back to me. I gave her a pat on the head.

In 1926, I bought a Model T Ford off of time keeper Hart. It was only two years old at the time and I was only 22. I had a lot of fun with that car. I didn't drink – I didn't booze a lot – so I wasn't much of a socialite, because to go into New Westminster for a party, you had to drink.

Instead, I would enjoy driving my car. I recall driving to Bellingham once on Highway 99. Although cars were not fast, it was fun. It took at least twice as long to get there as it does today.

Over the years, I quit four times at Fraser Mills because the wages were so low. The first time, I went to work on the Prairies. This was during the Depression, but I made $6 a day out there, good for that time.

The second time, I went to work in the woods, and took my own contract. I went to Sweden the third

Hjalmar Ronnlund with a 1926 Ford he bought from Mr. Hart, the Fraser Mills timekeeper.



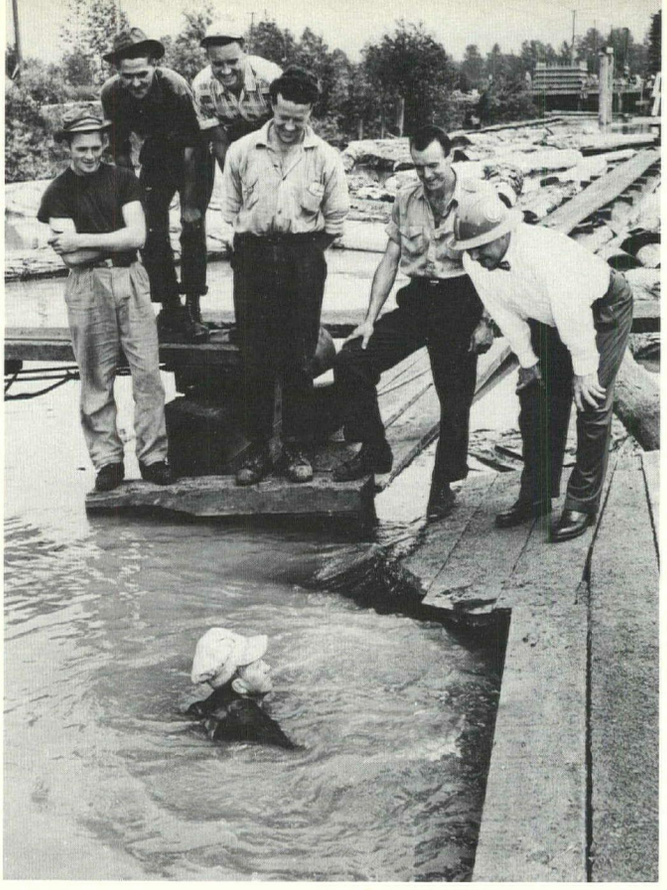
time, for four months. I was only allowed a month off for holidays at most, but I quit anyway. I came home on a Friday and was called by the mill the same day, and asked if I could come in to work the following Monday.

The fourth time, my wife and I decided to go live in the woods for two years. When I came back a peculiar thing happened. I wanted to go back to work at the mill, and when I went in to ask for a job a man named Jimmy Jones asked me how old I was. I said 44. Jones said no.

Although Jones was told that I was a very hard worker, he said no. Another man told me to come back on Monday. That weekend, Jimmy Jones was killed in a car accident in New Westminster. I came back in on Monday and got the job; the company asked me to become a scaler.

My wife and I lived in many places in Coquitlam. We lived on Sherwood Avenue, than at the bottom of a house on Alderson. We later bought a house on Harris Avenue. After that, we built a house in the woods and lived there for two years.

Then we moved on to a lot on Alderson Avenue and built ourselves a small house. From there, we moved into an apartment complex after I had retired from work. Now we have settled into a new place at Friendship Village in Surrey.



Fraser Mill workers were tested for swimming ability before being hired on the booms.

Joyce Brown Boe

Born in 1930, the same year her parents, Jim and Hattie Brown, moved to Coquitlam, Joyce Brown Boe attended Mountain View and Coquitlam high school, where she was into sports and developed into a fine basketball player.

During her final three years of high school, she played basketball for both the school team and a senior B team in the Westminster League. Her senior B team won three straight championships and she was voted a Lower Valley all-star in 1947.

While at Mountain View she was chosen maid of honor at the second May Day held in Coquitlam, 1941. Another Mountain View pupil, Evelyn Thacker, had been named May queen at the first-ever festival the year before.

Joyce Brown and her husband-to-be, Elmer Boe, were classmates; basketball was their common interest. They were married in 1950, raised a son and a daughter, and now have three grandchildren.

My father, a stationary engineer, then head millwright at a mill, came to Coquitlam around 1930. He had a house built at

Mountain View School class photo in 1938.





Jim Brown was the drummer for this old-time dance band that played in New Westminster.

Cottonwood and North Road in what was then known as Burquitlam. The house is no longer there; it was moved to the Glenaire area.

Dad had owned a house in New Westminster and traded it for six acres of bush land owned by R. C. MacDonald, on condition that a road was built from North Road to our first acre so building material and so on, could be delivered.

In 1931, there was no piped water or electric power, so we obtained permission to put in a private power line from Smith Road. We had a well until the water line was installed. Many changes took place in the first 35 years after we moved in – sewer projects, electric power, gravel, then black-top roads, telephones, postal service and bus service.

I was born in 1930 at St. Mary's Hospital in Sapperton, so I can call myself a native of Coquitlam. I started school at Mountain View around 1936 – Miss Scott was my Grade 1 teacher – and after I finished Grade 6 there, I went on to Coquitlam high school, which went from Grade 7 to 12.

I met my husband at the high school – we were in the same class – and we were married in 1950. I played on the girls' basketball team and he played on the boys' team. A bunch of us girls also played senior B basketball in the Westminster League and won three championships.

I recall an old-time orchestra my dad played in many years ago in New Westminster – the Rock Valley Rangers. Dad played the drums and banjo. Cliff Lamoureux, who was from Maillardville and had kids going to school with us, was the master of ceremonies. The Rock Valley Rangers played at the Arenex in New Westminster for many, many years.

See this class picture of Mountain View school in 1938? I was eight. There's Danny Doyle – he's the vice principal now up at the high school. This other boy, Ernie Madsen, drowned in Como Lake; he was ice skating and went through the ice and drowned.

The teacher is Evelyn MacDonald, who was in her first year of teaching. Her father was R. C. MacDonald, reeve of Coquitlam. He had a big home on North Road and owned a lot of property on Cottonwood – we bought our property from him. He



B.C. championship basketball team in 1946.

built houses and sold them. He had a store for years, MacDonald Shoes, in Westminster.

I was the maid of honor. The May queen was Gilberte Gamache from Our Lady of Fatima parochial school. The other girl here is Euphemia Thompson from Central elementary school in Coquitlam. Each of the elementary schools in the district picked one girl – the kids voted. Then the May Day committee put all the names of the schools in a hat and drew the winner. My school, Mountain View, got picked second. The Catholic school got picked first and my school was second, so I became maid of honor.

I was 11 years old. You had to be in Grade 4 or 5, something like that, to be picked. Our May Day was always in Blue Mountain Park, you know, May-pole dance and all that. I was one of the dancers; our teacher taught us all the routines.

I was in the second May Day in Coquitlam so the first must have been 1940. The very first May queen in Coquitlam was from Mountain View, our school – Evelyn Thacker. We considered ourselves very lucky. I went right through to Grade 6 at Mountain View school, then went to junior high. No senior high. There was only one high school then, called Coquitlam High, over on Austin Road. Went from seven to 11 the first year it opened, later to Grade 12.

Mr. William J. Mouat was the very first principal of Coquitlam high school. He came out of the army and that was his first posting as principal. That's why he took great pride in what all of us kids did; he followed us right through.

He was a real army man and he looked like one, but he had a big heart. When he retired, we all got invitations to his retirement because it meant a lot to him. It was a brand-new school, so it was "his school," and he took great pride in it. We went to the Cave Supper Club in Vancouver for our grad. Ernie Nyhaug there, he went to Coquitlam High, and later taught at New Westminster high school.

I was on Teen Town council in Coquitlam. The two Coquitlam policemen at that time – there were only two – Mr. McGarry and Mr. Jack, Doug Jack, used to help with Teen Town. We used to have dances at the high school. One night, while we were decorating the gym Eugene Thirsk was up in the inside of the roof, fell through, and came down onto the floor right in front of me.

I played on the girls' basketball team at Coquitlam high school. In 1946, the Coquitlam girls got a senior B together to play in the Westminster League. I played three years for them, starting when I was 16. In my last year, 1948, Mr. Codell, owner of the Fraser Cafe in Westminster, sponsored the team.

With high school basketball and senior B, our season went through after Christmas 'til into spring, like it does now. We'd start early because we had a real strict coach – Harry McKnight. I think he later became fire chief in New Westminster.

My senior B team won the B.C. title in 1946-47. We also won in 1947- 48, and 1948-49. We won three years in a row. The girls were from schools in the Lower Mainland and the lower Fraser valley – Queen Elizabeth, Burnaby South, and all.

The Lower Valley all-stars were picked from the Westminster League. Four from Coquitlam were chosen for the 1946-47 all-stars. Joyce Gold is now Joyce Fisher – her husband is a judge in New Westminster; Jean Tuckey's father owned a hardware store in Maillardville; then there was myself, and Peggy Smith.

We had a high school reunion July 2, 1977 at the Leon Hotel in Port Moody, just a get-together. We graduated in 1948. The class after us organized it. We also got together in the old school in 1985 before they closed it and made it a school-board office. Now it's all torn down. Seemed like there were thousands at that one. They rented an orchestra for dancing, but nobody wanted to dance because everybody wanted to talk. Most of the people I went to school with stayed right in Coquitlam.

Gunvor Locken Wenman

While the Norwegians at Fraser Mills were immigrants just like the Chinese and Japanese workers, they lived in different worlds, except at school, where, kids being kids, they all played and studied together.
The families, however, were segregated into their own areas and the treatment accorded workers was often based on nationality.

Japanese, Chinese and East Indian workers were paid less than the whites and even the way they were paid was not as dignified. While pay envelopes for the whites were made out in their names, the Chinese, as an example, were listed on payroll records as Chinaman No. 1, Chinaman No. 2, and so on. And all their money first went to the labor boss, who then distributed it to the workers.

These inequities notwithstanding, white children like Gunvor Locken Wenman were totally integrated with the ethnic-minority pupils at Millside school. Indeed, Mrs. Wenman cherished her Japanese friends and was bewildered and saddened when they were relocated in 1942, soon after Pearl Harbor, for reasons the children could not understand.

The middle child of Einar and Borghild Locken, Gunvor emigrated from Norway in 1926 with her parents and older sister, Odny. Mr. Locken became a tally man at Fraser Mills. When the youngest, Henry, was born at the family's company home in the town site, Mrs. Wenman recalls how frightened she and her sister were to see their mother, who was from hardy stock, confined to bed.

When they would go swimming at Red bridge in Essondale or sledding down some of the steep hills in Maillardville in the winter time, their father worried for their safety. Such was the Norwegian way of closely-knit family units, and fraternization with their countrymen, especially with the three other families

Above: The Locken home during the 1948 flood. Below: Borghild Locken, mother of Henry and Gunvor, wades through the results of the 1948 flood.



that had accompanied them to Canada.

Norwegian custom also dictated that the children continue their education as far as possible. Following graduation from T. J. Trapp technical school in New Westminster in 1944, Mrs. Wenman worked in a bank, then at the court house.

She married Ronald Wenman in 1953. They settled first in New Westminster, then Coquitlam, and raised four daughters. Mrs. Wenman, who has two grandchildren, now lives on King Albert Avenue.

My parents, my sister, and myself emigrated from Norway in 1926, took the train from Halifax, and arrived at the CPR station in New Westminster. Four families all came together from the same place in Norway. We stayed in New Westminster probably about a week and then we all came to Fraser Mills.

Because my dad got a job as a tally man down there at Fraser Mills, we moved into a company house with free light and water, so my mother told me. The first house I remember myself was quite small and had an outhouse. I recall when my brother, Henry, was born in that house.

We had a boarder living with us, Mr. Larsen, and he took my sister and me down to the store for some candy, because the doctor had arrived. I think we cried all the way down and all the way back because we had never seen our mother confined to bed before. She was never sick, or anything.

Then we moved one street over, I think, and we became one of the lucky families to have an inside

toilet. That was something. When I was 14, I remember we moved to another street and the house was much larger. We never lived on King Edward Avenue; we lived over on Sayward Street.

At first, the houses at the Fraser Mills town site were kind of shabby looking but then they started painting all of them – green and white, I think – and they would fix them up. If you wanted work done inside, they even came and did that.

All the sidewalks were wooden and they would float and come away from the house when the town site was flooded every spring. We just got used to it. I remember, this friend and I, we climbed onto part of a sidewalk and floated around the house, just like a raft.

When I was younger, it never got that bad but in 1948, we had a real bad flood. We rolled up the rug, and put the fridge on blocks because the water came right up. Out the front door, they'd have cedar planks, then cedar blocks, and they'd have boards along that so we could walk to the bus.

Somebody said there were 200 families living at the town site at one time. It was a real close community. Any meetings of the residents were held above the company store. We paid $12 a month rent for our house, something like that. Maybe it was less; I can't remember.

I went to Millside school from Grade 1 to 6 and then Grades 7 to 10 at Coquitlam junior high, over on Austin Road. Eleven and 12, I went to T. J. Trapp Tech in New Westminster. We walked to Millside. But we never came home for lunch because it was too far, about a mile; we packed our lunches.

All the grades at Millside had their own class room. There were the French children from the convent; most of them spoke English. Then there were the Japanese, Chinese and East Indians from the town site – the Japanese and Chinese children were so neat, and dressed so nice. We all went to the same school together and we all grew up together, and everything was fine. I remember, I was in the Brownies, too, but we never went away from home on camping trips. We used to roller skate on the main road which was bumpy in spots, but real smooth in others, until the Fraser Mills police would come along. The plank sidewalks were too uneven.

I vaguely remember – I was very young, really little – we were standing on someone's porch one day and all these Mounties on horses were going up and down. I think there was a strike on then, in 1931. As far as other strikes at the mill go, I don't remember anything like that.

The four Norwegian families that came from the same place stuck together. Once in a while, we'd rent a truck; I remember going to White Rock. Here we were, a bunch of Norwegians in an open truck, just having a wonderful time. There were even more outings together as time went on.

You know, when we were kids, we used to go down to the Fraser River with our parents and their friends, and bring coffee, and heat that, and have sandwiches, and wade into that muddy river. But it was fun, and the summers were hot for at least three months – June, July and August. We'd also go to Queens Park and Stanley Park, just our family.

I remember walking from Fraser Mills to Hume Park in Sapperton where they had a swim pool. We'd bring our lunch. Pools weren't heated in those days, of course, and they wouldn't change the water much so by the end of the week, it was getting pretty warm. Later, we would walk all the way home again.

We went to the Baptist Sunday school above the company general store, like all the kids in Fraser Mills. Because the main Baptist church was in Sapperton, some of them would come out every Sunday to teach us. We always looked forward to the Sunday-school picnics.

We hired trucks and everything, and usually, we went to Second Beach. That was a fun day. We'd have ice-cold milk – I remember the milk was always so cold – with pork and beans. Everybody brought something. Mrs. Dixon was the one who usually made the potato salad.

We'd get up early on the morning of the picnic and eagerly look out the window to check the weather. If the day started out dull, we would check the smoke stacks at the mill to see if the smoke was going to the right, or left. We'd be running out to the porch every two minutes to see which way the smoke was blowing.

Millside school had these Christmas concerts, but the concert put on by the Sunday school was a real big deal – we always had a Santa Claus and he'd give us a bag of candy. We were Lutheran, but they didn't have a Lutheran church around until I was 15.

Confirmation in the Lutheran church was a big event for me; everybody in Norway is confirmed. When I was around 15, I went to the Lutheran church every Saturday and Sunday for a year. You'd take, like, a catechism, learning all about the Bible. And the following May, you were all dressed in white for the confirmation at the church in New Westminster.

The one thing I'll never forget about living in Fraser Mills was the noise of the trains at night. You see, the last place we lived in was on the street right next to the railroad tracks, where the little Millside station was. I remember sitting down inside until the train came in and pretending we were going somewhere.

They would shunt the cars at night with these sudden bangs and we'd be lying in bed at night and honestly, the house would be rattling at times. But we got used to it, and wouldn't even hear it. Sometimes, I'd have girlfriends staying overnight, and they would ask what the noise was.

When I was in Grade 7 – 1940, I think – I went to the first May Day ever held in Coquitlam. We wore shorts and white blouses, and we had to walk over to Blue Mountain Park to practise our dance, a gymnastics thing. Miss Canada, Carol Ann Farrell, crowned the first May queen, Evelyn Thacker, I think her name was.

My father went to the Chinatown area of Fraser Mills once, and you could buy these tickets, sort of like keno, where you had to pick numbers. You marked the paper with dots, and if you got enough numbers correct, you won. I remember, he came home just before Christmas one time and he'd won $80. That was quite a lot of money then.

My mother and Mrs. Svelander, a Swedish lady who also lived at Fraser Mills, took over the clubhouse

from Mrs. Landreville, a French lady. The clubhouse was for the people working at the mill; any worker could come in there at lunch hour, and buy a meal. My mom was there until they closed it down, quite a while.

The clubhouse also had a few boarders upstairs and a couple downstairs and then they had this big dining room. My mother and Mrs. Svelander served meals every day of the week. I was going to school then and we'd have to go to the clubhouse afterwards to help with the dishes, and that.

I used to babysit a lot to make some spending money for myself. I'd get 35 cents for five, six hours. Heavens, I remember coming home from babysitting at five in the morning, and just running down the street, and I might see somebody, but all we did was say, "Hi," and keep on going. Everybody knew everybody in Fraser Mills, and you never had to lock any doors.

We shopped at the company general store and once in a while, my mother would go to Spencer's on Columbia Street. Shopping there was a real treat for us. We could order from the Eaton's catalogue too, but we would have to wait forever for the parcel.

Before we had an ice box, my mother stored food under the house, because it was cold and damp down there. Just earth, because we had no basement, so she'd have a box down there off the ground. We kept the milk and butter cold by running water in a bucket.

One of the first things we bought when we got settled, was an ice box. You opened it from the bottom. There was a lid on top and when the ice man came around a couple times a week, you'd buy a big block of ice and set it in there. I'm sure some people had fridges by that time.

My sister remembers that Mom gave us money when the buses first started and we rode from one end to the other. Mr. Brown, the bus driver, was real comical, and everybody got a little laugh from his comments. Whenever we went by the B.C. Pen, he'd say something like, "This is the B.C. recreation centre," and everybody would laugh. When we got to the Army Navy, he'd yell out, "Ladies' paradise!"

Going to Trapp Tech was certainly different from here; you seemed to be freer. Yeah, they were fun days at Tech. We played basketball and badminton and had a lot of school dances, which were fun. The teachers were always there, of course, but it was a fun thing. Tech and Connaught were sort of rivals, I guess.

Some of the children at Tech were dressed pretty nice, probably because their parents were better off. I remember, a few girls had cashmere sweaters and things like that. I think it was a bit overwhelming at first, because they thought we were a bunch of hicks, coming from Coquitlam.

My first perm was at Anne's Beauty Salon which was in Trev's, the little store and cafe on Brunette Street. It cost $1.95, took seven hours, and lasted a whole year. I think Anne Protheroe had to look after the store, as well. The rollers she clipped on my head were heavy, but it was a real big treat for me.

We were all really nervous when the Second World War broke out. The Japanese had to leave during the war, and that was sad because, I mean, we had grown up with them, and they were no different from us. We all went to Millside school together. Some of the people felt very bad because the Japanese had to sell their personal things and they could hardly get anything for them.

Nobody protested much because of Pearl Harbor. They just had to take a train and they were sent to the Interior of B.C., or to Alberta. They never came back because by the time they were allowed to return, the East Indians and Chinese, who lived with the Japanese on the other side of the tracks at Fraser Mills, had been dispersed by progress.

Some of the men from Fraser Mills went to war, but the mill was a protected industry. Our neighbor lost a son, the only one I ever knew that didn't come back. The mill was going three shifts for the war effort, and girls were hired for the veneer plant. They had to wear white kerchiefs to keep their hair out of the machines.

The municipality of Fraser Mills began to disintegrate as soon as the Lougheed Highway was built, sometime around 1950. The mill also changed hands. My father continued to work as a tally man, measuring finished lumber, until retirement. The Japanese were gone, many of the East Indians had moved to Queensborough, and the Chinese, presumably, to Vancouver.

All their old, but neat, houses, which were closer to the mill than us, on the opposite side of the tracks, were torn down. Mom and dad moved into their house on Blue Mountain, in Coquitlam, about 1960, I think, just before they started to tearing down all those houses, including ours, for the freeway.

Henry Locken

The Norwegians at Fraser Mills worked hard, saved money, doted on their children, minded their own business, and socialized amongst themselves in the early years, at least, probably because of difficulty with the English language.

Norwegian fathers also expected their sons to follow them into the mill. So it was for Hank Locken, who was born in 1930 in the Fraser Mills town site. Even while attending Coquitlam high school, he labored weekends at the mill and once he'd graduated, in 1951, he started working there full time. By the time he retired, in 1989, he had devoted some 40 years of his working life to the company.

Mr. Locken's parents and two sisters emigrated from Norway in 1926, making the trans-Atlantic voyage by cattle ship with a group from the same home town, Oppdal. Some went to the U.S., and some came here. The senior Mr. Locken worked briefly in a mine before arriving in Fraser Mills, and finding work in the mill as a tally man.

Mr. Locken recalls his parents telling him about some of the difficulties they encountered, especially with the language. They did their shopping by looking for the merchandise they wanted in the store windows and could only determine what cans contained by looking at the pictures on the labels. Eventually, they learned English, mostly from their children.

From the time Hank was a little boy accompanying his father to the mill and playing in the barns where the Clydesdale horses were kept, he was destined to work there. As a school boy, he split and stored wood for the fireplaces and cook stoves at the club house, run by his mother, Borghild, and a Mrs. Svelander.

He became familiar with the operation through weekend jobs in different parts of the mill while still in high school, and by 1951, he was working there full time. He advanced steadily and upon retirement in June of 1989, he was manager of the sawmill. He is well qualified to paint a word picture of the mill, long the most important industry in Coquitlam.

Hank Locken and Rosa Marie Crandell were married in 1953. Mr. Locken became a volunteer firemen to earn extra money and to qualify for a coveted house in the Fraser Mills town site. The Lockens now live on Mara Drive.



Henry (Hank) Locken during the big flood of 1948.

My family came here from Norway. My two sisters were born in Norway and came over as little kids. So I'm the only one born here in Canada – I was born in Fraser Mills in 1930, right in the town site – and I've lived in Coquitlam all my life.

My dad started working in the mill around 1926 and stayed there until he retired. It seemed to be the thing to do in those days. I guess they came because they wanted a better life for themselves and their family. They left Norway with other people who came to Fraser Mills.

I really admire them because they came here with next to nothing and at first, they shopped by looking in the stores and looking at the pictures on the cans to see what it was. They didn't speak any English. So you really respect your folks for those kinds of things. That was a big step for them.

I guess they came over by cattle boat; it wasn't a nice way to travel, I don't think, but it was cheap. They were hardy people. I think there were a couple of gentlemen came over from Norway and cased the place, then wrote back that it was a good place to live, so come on over.

I know there were gentlemen who came over here, not specifically from Norway, but came over and never went back, just never went back to their families but stayed here. I remember, one brought his wife over 30 or 40 years later. But that was about how things worked then.

I know my dad didn't start at the mill immediately. I think he went to a mine somewhere first. We lived in three different homes in the town site. I was born at 207 Second St.; that was later changed to Brenton Street. Then the freeway came through, right beside the railroad tracks.

My parents were forced to leave and they moved into a house adjacent to the CPR tracks on Sayward Street. They moved from there, then built a home up the hill on Blue Mountain; I can't remember what year that was. I think it was around 1960.

As a kid, I went to the mill with my dad and would walk around the place. The mill was our playground sort of thing on Sundays and we would go down to the horse barns. I can remember the horses hauling lumber around the yards. There were 22 work horses at the mill then.

The big barn had 11 horses on each side and there was a hay loft and a big bin full of grain, and we would jump in and sink up to our waists. We would usually get chased out of there by the barn boss, Tom McGoff, who lived at the bottom of Blue Mountain.

I don't know what kind of horses they were but they were sure beautiful animals, quite the thing. They were smart. You could load their wagon up with wood, and they'd go where they were supposed to. They all had a driver, but the driver would walk alongside.

That was an era that I remember as nice to look back on. I have pictures of all the teams of horses standing outside their barn with their drivers. They're all at work. Wood was also delivered to townsite homes in horse-drawn boxes.

All the houses burned coal, wood or sawdust in

those days. Loads of planer ends were delivered. They didn't chip the trim ends back then because chippers were non-existent. Now all that's chipped and put in the mulcher for manufacturing paper.

We burned sawdust; that was really modern then. In the winter, you would have to chop the sawdust up, because it would be frozen. Sawdust was a good fuel because you could fill the hopper and it would last a good part of the night. It's still used for fuel today, but not in homes.

As small children, we thought it was great to swim off the muddy banks of the Fraser River; like, that was a picnic. We got a bunch of families together, five families as well as our own, who worked at the mill and lived in the town site.

They were mostly Norwegians who came over at the same time as my parents. I guess other people went to White Rock and Crescent Beach, but we went to the banks of the Fraser. Some of us as kids stuck together; to this day, the families are still friends, and keep in contact.

When I think about it now, I can't imagine us even swimming in there. There were undercurrents, but as kids, you don't think about that. It was dangerous, and if our parents knew we were there they probably wouldn't have allowed us to go there any more.

I went to Millside school, and then to the one on Austin Road. Because we were a municipality of our own at Fraser Mills with no school, we had the option to go to New Westminster or Coquitlam, whichever suited us and the company paid for the school of our choice.

I went to Millside, F. W. Howay in New Westminster, and Coquitlam high school. You would walk up to municipal hall on Brunette Street at the top of King Edward, and take a school bus to Austin. The bus ori-ginated in Port Coquitlam. Central was right on the same grounds, so there would be 300-400 students.

While I was going to school I worked weekends at the mill, getting the job through my father. I worked in the plywood plant cleaning up, cleaning the dryers. It was okay. You had to have a parent that worked there to get weekend employment as a student.

I stopped school in 1948 and worked for the Canadian Western Lumber Co., in the butcher shop, which was part of the company store. I worked there about three years. You could buy pots, pans, sacks of flour, suits – you name it, you could buy it at the general store.

Around that time, some of the mill employees got paid with coupons which could be used for shopping at the company store. They were valued at 20 cents, 25 cents, and $1. I guess some of the fellows would take their whole pay in coupons.

I guess it was 1951 when I started at the sawmill permanently and that's where I am today. So counting my weekend work, I'm in my 40th year. I'll probably retire this year. The mill has been there about 89 years, and it changed hands two or three times many years ago, and two or three times since 1953.

I can remember in 1952 there were 2,200 people in the mill where today, we have around 300, because of automation. In the old days, we had a shingle mill and a very big planer operation. Things have changed over the years, automation mostly.

I've been through a number of strikes and labor disputes, but nothing eventful took place. The labor people got together and stuck together, and I think the unions did a good job for the working people. The first strike I can recall was about 1946, I think.

There was a Fraser Mills clubhouse on the opposite side of the tracks, on the townsite side. My mother ran the club house for a number of years with Mrs. Svelander. It was quite a nice place. The upstairs was used for boarders who worked at the mill, single men.

The clubhouse was like a restaurant for mill employees. We had some of the townsite parties there, too. We didn't live there – we had a company home – but we ate all our meals there. I know there were five or six fireplaces, because I once looked after the firewood. Splitting and packing wood for the fireplaces, and the cook stoves, was a full-time job for me.

Beside the clubhouse was a large boarding house, with about 10 rooms on one floor and the games room up front, where a lot of the men would gather on a Sunday afternoon and play poker, which made the wives happy. That was a traditional thing. The boarding house was strictly for boarding.

There was an Oriental town site right down on the mill proper, east of the mill, and right near the river. There was a Japanese section, and a Chinese section, and an East Indian section, and we all went to school together. There were French people up the hill, us people in the town site and then the different nationalities down by the mill.

We had some Japanese friends who were moved to the Interior – some of them went to Alberta – in 1942, when the war was on. The two Maruyama boys were friends of mine at Millside school. That was a sad day when they loaded them on rail cars, and took them away.

As 12-year-olds, we didn't know what was going on. We knew they were leaving but didn't know the full impact of it all. We corresponded with our friends by mail for many years. Some of them came home after the war, but very few. I was 15 years old when the war started.

When you think about it, Fraser Mills was a super place to grow up in. We had Popeye's dam and the river, for swimming. Later on, my parents would get together with neighbors and we'd load everything in boxes and bags, and the neighbor would drive us out to White Rock.

Each Norwegian family would rent a cabin towards the Crescent Beach end of White Rock. The neighbor would pick us up a week later and that was our holiday. I know Dad didn't have paid holidays. You were lucky if you could ask for a week off, and get it.

So I think my parents really sacrificed so we could have a summer vacation. It didn't take a lot of money to have a good time. We didn't know that we didn't have much because we were always well-fed and clean, and looked after.

My family got its first car in 1949. That was a big event; there weren't many cars then. I remember, we used to walk home from work four abreast up the hill.

My dad couldn't drive, so I was the driver, and that was great. A Chinese pedlar taught me how to drive in his little pickup truck with the vegetables and fruit in back.

The big flood of 1948 shut the mill down. The water was so high, it go into some of the houses in the townsite, and our good furniture had to be put up on blocks. The water never did come into our houses, but it came very, very close, like over the top step sort of thing.

All the wooden sidewalks were floating, and if you fell off, you'd be in five feet of water. I remember, at the McMillan house, the water came in the front door, and out the back door. I think only one or two houses were flooded, but the water was on everyone's doorstep, ready to come in.

Those were fun times for us as kids, but I'm sure it wasn't much fun for the parents. They worried a lot. Everyone who had a car moved it to higher ground. We made little walk ways from the porch to the sidewalks, which went from Fraser Mills right up the hill to Maillardville. Only the low lands were flooded.

The mill must have been shut down for weeks. The flood was caused by a late run-off of snow, a very hot May and June, and broken dikes. Fraser Mills wasn't protected by dikes. The broken dikes up river actually helped us, because the water went into a lot of farms in the valley.

When Rosa Marie and I were married in 1953, we were fortunate enough to get a house in the townsite. The real objective was to first get on the fire department as a volunteer, because the job paid $18 a month over and above mill pay, and helped get you a house.

You had to live on the town site to get on the fire department because they wanted you close to the mill, so that helped with the house, which was hard to get. We paid $13 a month, with free light and water; when we were kids, we even got free light bulbs at the mill.

I don't remember ever having a fire truck – we had carts pulled by hand, with the hoses wrapped in the reel, around the drum. We'd pull this thing, and run. There really weren't very many fires; I think we just had lots of fire protection.

The houses in the townsite were like match boxes, with old, old wiring, and things like that, but I can't even recall a house fire, or a chimney fire. People all had electric heaters on wood by then, and I'm surprised some didn't catch fire.

Closest we ever came was when we had a Christmas tree, with candles on it. When our tree caught fire once, dad just grabbed it and fired it out the front door, onto the lawn. That was the last year we used candles; after that, we got an electric-light system.

Like all Norwegians, we always celebrated Christmas on Christmas Eve, while the rest of our friends had the traditional Christmas-morning celebration. We would have our traditional Norwegian dishes, like lutefisk, cod fish that's dried out and cured in lye, then soaked and boiled.

We don't have it now, but I know there's a few of our Norwegian friends in my age group who have carried on that tradition. I quite like it, but it takes getting on to.

Jules Leroux

Of all the disasters that befell Coquitlam's pioneers, fires were by far the worst.

That dreaded cry – "Fire!" – struck fear into the hearts of the settlers, who, in most cases, could only stand back and watch their premises go up in flames. House fires were bad enough, but the bush fires were easily the most destructive.

Lack of a reliable water supply, proper equipment and a trained, permanent fire-fighting force rendered Coquitlam's fire protection spotty at best. Not until the 1950s, when the volunteers were replaced by paid men, and modern equipment purchased, did fire services become more effective.

Around 1946, while still in his teens, Jules Leroux joined Coquitlam's junior fire department, which was directed by his uncle, Jack Carroll. The seven or so juniors helped the undermanned volunteer force of six firemen answer telephone calls, turn on the siren and open the fire-hall doors.

There was only one fire truck back then, and it was housed in the garage-like space underneath municipal hall. Bunny Falcon was the fire chief. The raison d'etre for the junior fire department was the hope that the juniors would become interested in fire-fighting and become volunteers for the main force.

Jules Leroux was born at St. Mary's Hospital in 1934 and raised in Maillardville, one of a mere 10 children. His father, Francois, moved here in 1926 from St.-Hubert, Que., and had 20 brothers and sisters. His mother, Marie-Ange, was one of 17. The senior Mr. Leroux worked at Fraser Mills.

For a boy whose childhood seemed to be one scrape after another, Jules turned out rather well. He cleaned up his act, and became an altar boy at the church, later serving as president of the Lourdes school board. He married Fidelia Gauthier in 1961. They have four children and four grandchildren, and live on Cayer Street.

I was part of one of the many French-Canadian families that came to Coquitlam from Quebec. My dad, and a great number of my other family members, knew that there was a lot of good work out here, as Coquitlam was a fairly new place. That's why my parents decided to come out here by train, in 1926.

We were really lucky because my dad found work at Fraser Mills as soon as we arrived; and so we got settled right away in our home on Quadling Avenue. My wife's father, however, wasn't quite as lucky. The people at Fraser Mills moved his family into some old



Jules Leroux's first communion in 1935.

box cars, right there on the Fraser Mills site, until they built a house for them.

You see, we were a very large family, so therefore, we had to all help our parents pay the grocery bill, and such. I started working, perhaps when I was a lot younger than many of the boys in Coquitlam, but I always worked!

Where I live now, Cayer Street, used to be a farm when I was a young boy. The Booths owned it. It was a big dairy. One of my first jobs was delivering milk for them. There was another dairy located at the far end of Delestre, where Dunlop Avenue crosses; it was run by Mr. Dunlop himself.

He used to drive a little vehicle that looked like a dump truck. I used to sit in the back, while hanging on to the milk. He'd stop at each place and tell me where to go, and how many quarts went to each house. I'd hop off the back, and go deliver them.

At Fraser Mills, there used to be a sort of Chinatown area. It was there that I used to work in some of the gardens, for 50 cents an hour, picking weeds and vegetables. This was actually a very good job at that time for such a little tyke, which I was. In 1949, I worked for Georges Gauthier, my wife's uncle, and Frank Jagerhofer, who owned the Como Lake Lumber Co.

Us kids used to do all sorts of things to earn extra money for ourselves, and to help our parents out. We used to catch salmon in the creek at Mackin Park, and try to sell them to the local grocery store, or door to door.

We would spend a whole day in the forest, gathering the bark off cascara trees. This remarkable bark made us what we thought was a small fortune, as we used to sell it to Buckerfield's in New Westminster. They would use it to make laxatives, and other kinds of remedies.

When I was young, a teenager, I had a job at municipal hall, watching the phones for the fire department. When someone called about a fire somewhere in Coquitlam, we would turn on the sirens, then go open the garage door to the fire hall. The truck would take off to the address we'd forwarded to them.

There were approximately six firemen, and the rest of us junior firemen, who made up the department, about 13 people in all. As we were not nearly as large as the present Coquitlam fire department, there were many instances where we worked with other citizens.

For example, there was the time when a very large bush fire up on Mundy Street could have burned the whole of Maillardville had we not had the help of those many people who pitched in. Even our reeve at that time, Jimmy Christmas, helped out. I really liked working with him; he was a quite a nice man.

It was during those big, hot, dangerous fires which were so difficult to control, that a lot of the women would get together, and make lots of food to fill us firemen's hungry stomachs. This was very much appreciated, as it gave us well-needed energy, and kept us on top of things.

When I was a teenager, the trick at Halloween was to move the outhouses around. There was this one guy on Alderson Avenue, a painter named Mr. Beauregard, and he was always wanting to catch young people in the act.

So one Halloween, he thought he'd be smart and sat inside the outhouse, waiting to pounce on anyone who attempted the dirty deed. Nevertheless, we saw him go in, so we were awful and locked the door, then pushed the little building over. I don't know how long he was in there.

I've got to admit, I was sort of a little prankster, your average rotten kid, always getting into some kind of

trouble. There was this one time, I remember, I got chased all the way down Cartier by a lady because I'd stolen some – no, lots – of vegetables from her beautiful garden, which she was so proud of.

I'll never forget the time I slid down the railing on our outside porch, after being told not to. Let me tell you, though, did I ever learn my lesson! I managed to get a big sliver in one of my cheeks. It hurt so bad, and it was so deep, that I had to go to the doctor. Dr. Beaudrin had to freeze my bottom in order to remove the chip of wood.

When I went to Lourdes church school, my friends and I were not what you'd call popular with the sisters, who were our teachers. We'd often sneak out past the school property to the Schoolhouse Gravel Co. pit owned by the Allards, and smoke on our lunch hours.

In 1948, when I was 14, I had a terrible appendicitis attack on a Sunday. My father rushed me to St. Mary's Hospital in Sapperton. I remember that I was on the operating table, just before being put under, when I noticed the lights above me swaying for no reason in particular.

The whole room began to shake, I mean really shake, and the lights went out briefly. I honestly thought I was going to die. This turned out to be the big earthquake of 1948 that hit Coquitlam, New Westminster and Port Moody fairly hard. There was some damage, mostly minimal, and no one was injured.

On the bottom floor of the big building on the corner of Lougheed and Brunette was Mr. Lizee's butcher shop. Beside it was a gas station owned by Mr. Parent. There was a big gas explosion there one day – someone was pumping gas while smoking – and Mr. Parent's son was very badly burned. I remember that he was in the hospital for a long time.

Our family had horses named Prince and Princess, a bunch of pigs, chickens, and a funny little billy goat. There was this time when my older brother, Leo, wanted to skip school so he could go and play, or something. In order to look as if he'd gone to school, he put all his books in the chicken coop behind our house.

He knew he'd get punished the following day by his teacher – he would be made to write 100 lines – so he was smart, and already had them prepared. These, too, were hidden in the chicken coop; then off he went to play the whole day. When he came back, he looked everywhere for his hidden books and papers, but could'nt find them.

Turns out that our dumb little billy goat got quite hungry that afternoon, and devoured the tasty books and papers. My brother was so upset because now he would have to face double punishment – losing his books as well as skipping school. And how could the teacher believe that a goat had eaten his books?

Coquitlam was never a boring town, as there was always something to do. A very popular attraction, with me anyway, was Sam's Theatre. It was in the same building where the Maillardville bowling lanes are now, on Brunette Avenue. Going to the theatre in those days was a big deal.

My mom would take the children there if we'd been good little girls and boys for a week. We saw mostly western films. The show cost only 15 cents, and 10 cents would buy us a delicious ice-cream bar, and a pop. Can you believe it, only 25 cents for the whole deal? Hopalong Cassidy used to be my favorite.

There was a dance hall where the new town houses are on Brunette. Louis Boileau's pool room was also around there. He had a two-in-one sort of place, a pool room with two tables, and his barber shop, side by side in the same building.

In the summer time, we could frequently be found at the pool on the corner of Delestre. In the winter time, the kids would get together and have sledding contests down Dawes Hill. I also started a stamp-collecting club at the Lourdes school.

One year, there was a big celebration, I don't remember for what, mind you. The whole end of Brunette Avenue was blocked off for a very large community party out in the street and, boy, was it

Jules Leroux, front left, poses for a picture during a family gathering.





ever fun! Lots of music and dancing and singing, and tons of wonderfully delicious food. The party continued well into the next morning.

Having been here a long time, I can see that Coquitlam is so very different now. There were so many people that I knew while growing up here, but many of them have moved with their families, be it back to Quebec or Ontario, or some place else. I once used to know everyone in Coquitlam and now I hardly know anybody.

Coquitlam, naturally, was not as established then as it is now and life was very different. I've seen a drastic change in the weather, as well. Particularly in the winters, when it was very cold with lots of snow, something we hardly get any more. I remember the summers being quite a bit warmer, too.

Even though there has been an awful lot of change in Coquitlam, I still love it, and wouldn't want to live anywhere else.

Bunny Falcon gives first-aid instruction to volunteer firefighters.

Carl Lillos

The famed Circle F baseball team, sponsored by Fraser Mills at the bidding of its many American management employees, was dominated by U.S. college players during its heyday in the 1920s.

By the time Carl Lillos became Circle F's shortstop in the early 1930s, the Americans were gone, and the locals had taken all the positions.

Born in Vancouver in 1912, Carl Lillos was the second oldest of five boys born to Norwegian immigrants August and Henrikka Lillos. Mr. Lillos, a sawyer at Fraser Mills and other sawmills, named his second son after his brother, a senior sawyer at the mill.

Carl Lillos started working at Fraser Mills at age 14; he lied about his age to get the job.

Carl and Violet (Ostrom) Lillos were married in 1938. They raised three children and have four grandsons.



Carl Lillos stands in front of the Fraser Mills clubhouse.

My family came to Canada from Norway in 1908, and I was born here, the second oldest of five boys. My family is still in this area. My father went into the sawmill business here; he was sponsored by a tugboat operator. My dad also worked at Fraser Mills and then at the Hanbury sawmill in Vancouver, under the south end of the Granville Street Bridge.

I grew up in Vancouver and I started to work at Fraser Mills in 1926, when I was 14. I lied about my age. An uncle of mine – he was a sawyer there – got me the job. I worked at the door factory to start; we worked a 50-hour week. All my brothers also worked at the mill.

When I first started working at Fraser Mills, we were living in the Grandview area of Vancouver, so I would

catch the streetcar at five in the morning, take the interurban to Sapperton, then transfer to another streetcar. Then I would walk along a path way to the mill, from around where the brewery is.

That was one of the reasons why my family moved out to Fraser Mills. They came out shortly after I started working there. My uncle was a bachelor then, and he had the seniority to get a company house. So we moved into one, and he boarded with us. We had to give up the house when he got married because it was his, actually.

I moved into a boarding house at the townsite, a single-men's boarding house run by Chinese people; it was like a bunk house. There were six of us, with separate bedrooms and one bathroom. A Chinese man named Wong did all the laundry for us.

We went to the clubhouse next door for our meals. The food was good, except for the pies. The cook would make pie crusts for the whole week and let them sit around until he needed them. But we lived through it. We gradually went from a 50-hour week at the mill to a 44-hour week, and then a 40.

I became a lumber inspector, an intermediary between the buyer and the seller. You had to be really careful on what they tried to pass off as good grades of lumber; they would try to change the grade stamps. After Fraser Mills, I moved to a mill in Haney for a number of years, went to Stave Falls, then worked in Whonnock until I retired.

When I first started working at Fraser Mills, I was making 20 cents an hour. Ten years later, I was making the same thing because of the Depression. I was a member of the Fraser Mills volunteer fire department, so I made a little extra there.

The fire chief was appointed, but the rest was all volunteer. There were three companies, A, B and C, and an Oriental one. There were six to a team, I believe. We had a couple of big fires, one in the plywood plant and one in the fuel bin, and that's all I can remember.

Fraser Mills was quite conscientious about safety. I once had an accident where I got my foot caught, and they had to shut down the whole plant to get my foot out. Nothing was broken, but it got pretty chewed up. We also had the Circle F health plan at the mill. We paid around 50 cents a month single and $1 a month for a family, and the doctor got it all. He set up a first-aid station and always had an attendant there.

This doctor not only had Fraser Mills – he looked after the families – he had the penitentiary and his own practice. My wife had her tonsils out in 1945

Fraser Mills baseball team in 1930. Carl Lillos is in the back row, third from the left.



sitting in a dentist's chair. She had to hold her tongue down while he yarded out the tonsils.

There was a great assortment of all nationalities at Fraser Mills, and each had their own townsite. In the Oriental section, Chinatown was in the centre and then Japanese town to the left, then the East Indian town to the right, not too far from the river's edge. It was all Fraser Mills property, but each nationality had their own quarters.

The mill sponsored a semi-pro baseball team – Circle F – at one time. This would have been in the late '20s, when I started working there. The games were played on a field – it was right in Fraser Mills, near where Mackin Park now is – that was all fenced in. It was good baseball, and they would draw big crowds. They would import college players from the States to play and give them jobs. Well, they would get a number, but they very seldom showed up for work. One man would punch in for about 10 of them. They would play good teams from Everett and Bellingham, along with the top local teams.

The Circle F team I played for was the B team, which was formed after the senior league was disbanded. We got their uniforms. We played in the '30s, through the Depression era, against teams from Westminster, Port Coquitlam, Mission, Haney, Port Moody and Port Hammond. We also played Vancouver Athletic Club.

The whole town would come out to the ball games; they would pass the collection plate around. The field was all fenced in, with bleachers for the fans. A planked road down the alley way led to the ball park. I remember all the mosquitoes in the summertime, because of the marshy land nearby.

We travelled to our away games in private cars owned by fans and players. A lot of fans accompanied us to all the games. I remember we used to get a lot of flats in those days. After all, you could buy those thin tires for only $1.75 at Spencer's in New Westminster, tubes for a dollar.

I played shortstop and I was a good fielder but a lousy hitter. Togo Boileau was the catcher; Tony Boileau also played. Aurele Sauve and Harold Schiefke were pitchers. Shorty Marcellin was the second baseman, and two of the outfielders were Wally Barclay and Buddy Orr. I still have a picture of the team.

Times were tough during the Depression. The mill had so many employees, and they didn't want to get rid of any, so one week you would work two days, and the next week you would work for half time. That way, everybody was kept on. There was no such thing as holiday pay or sick pay.

About six of us would get in a car, and one week we would go roller skating and the next week we'd go to a dance. We found our way out to Mission eventually, going over the old bridge, a real rickety thing, across the Pitt River. We felt like city slickers going out to meet the country girls.

My wife was from the Gifford area of Matsqui municipality; we met at a dance in Mission. We got married in 1938 and moved into a rented three-bedroom apartment on the corner of Begin and Brunette, up the hill in Maillardville.

We lived there from 1938 to 1947. We had no automatic hot water, no automatic washer and dryer and no fridges. We had an icebox under the house.

The sewers ran right into a ditch covered with wooden sidewalks; the sidewalks were often squishy with caterpillars. Our water was on meter in Maillardville, so our landlord would get mad if we went over our allotment for the month.

There were quite a few houses around Maillardville by then, but they were scattered around because everyone had big pieces of property. We didn't have much of a yard, so the kids played on the street. There wasn't any traffic to speak of, and there were lots of woods to play in, so you didn't need to worry like nowadays.

The main road was King Edward Avenue, and it went straight into the mill to the tracks. We had a little bit of a garden to help us out food-wise – everybody had a bit of one. Some would have cows or chickens. There was Booth's dairy down there, and I remember the Chinese man that came around selling vegetables.

Lucien Racine

The Racine family moved to Maillardville from Quebec in 1927.

Honore Racine, father of Lucien, became foreman of the watchmen at the mill. He built the family home at LeBleu and Anderson.

Born in 1910, the oldest of five children, Lucien Racine spent 46 years working at the mill. He started on the green chain and retired as a lumber grader.

Lucien and Denise Racine, who were married in 1932, now live on LeBleu Street, about a block from the Racines' old family home.

Lucien Racine talks about working at Fraser Mills in the '20s and '30s.

His story is followed by Denise Racine's memories of teaching at Lourdes School.

My family came here from Quebec in 1927, when I was 16. There were five kids – three boys, two girls – and I was the oldest. My dad had a farm back East, but he felt there was not enough room. So he sold the farm and moved out here. They wanted more land and to find work.

After father sold the farm, we were supposed to go to Saskatchewan at first, but then found out that the land was too poor. We knew some people out here, and they told us there was lots of work. So we came here and we all started work right away.

We settled in Maillardville, about a block from where I live now. Dad bought a lot and then built a home, and then I bought a lot and built myself a house too. My younger brothers and sisters were still all at home



Lucien and Denise Racine were married in 1932.

at this point. I'd worked in logging camps for two years.

I got here on the first of May 1927 and I started in the mill on May 8. I spent 46 years there. When I started at the mill I was a common laborer working on the green chain; that's where most people start. I later became a lumber grader.

They put me on spare at first, and I worked three or four days a week for a couple of months. After that, I started steady and I worked steady until I retired. The first three months on steady, we worked 12 hours a day, seven days a week, so you didn't have much free time.

Dad worked at the mill also; he was foreman of the watchmen for years and years. My younger brother worked there for a while and then quit. My older brother never worked in the mill.

Although I was only 16, they paid me adult wages; I started at 40 cents an hour, good money then. From 1927 to 1929, they started to cut our wages because of the Depression coming. So around '29, they brought us down to 25 cents an hour. I was making 25 cents an hour when we got married but at least I was working.

For me, it was a good move to come out here.

I went to night school to learn lumber grading – we would go to school for about five months every year because there were always changes in the lumber industry – and then I graded lumber for years and years. I did it all here, no travelling. We graded both finished and unfinished wood.

At one time, there were over 2,000 people that worked at the mill. A lot of French people worked there in 1927 and '28. There were 200 to 300 houses in the townsite; we didn't live there because we wanted to have our own land and home. King Edward was the main street in the townsite.

For years and years in those days, if you started working days, you stayed on days; if you started working nights, you stayed on nights. I was lucky that I worked days when I started. We started working swing shifts only when the union came in.

My fellow workers called me Jumbo because I was the smallest man on the green chain when I started working there. Canadian Western Lumber Co., was a good company to work for. If you wanted lumber for building a house, the company would subsidize it.

I never played, but the company used to have a good baseball team. They had some people come up from the States to play. They used to give them work at the mill, but most of them never showed up. You could usually find them underneath the baseball field bleachers.

Dad also worked for the mill until he retired; he was in charge of the watchmen who would look out for fires and patrol the property. In those days, there were 18 watchmen, and he was in charge of them, something like a foreman.

When we first came here, Maillardville was a small community, and everyone knew everyone. There were a few houses here and there, but mainly it was all bush. Our family rented a place while dad built the house himself.

We bought a lot for $75 – the lot was 66 by 128, same as now – and we had to clear it ourselves.

My lot was the same size as my father's. We would build in our spare time; I helped dad, and he helped me. So when I got married, I owned my own place; the house is still there. We had water and light, but you had to go outside for the toilet.

You had to walk anywhere you wanted to go but you got used to it and didn't think anything of it. When I came here, there were only around 10 automobiles. Transportation was scarce in those days – there was only the streetcar – so you didn't go far.

Old man Tremblay used to own the theatre – there was a movie theatre here in those days – at Brunette and Laval. They used to have dances there too. There was a liquor store here then. Brunette Street was pretty busy at that time.

The very first school was in Fraser Mills above the general store. My younger brothers and sisters went to the Notre Dame de Lourdes School, a French school, which used to be in what is now the parking lot of the Catholic Church. The nuns ran it for the boys and girls. They later moved the school up by the church.

Lucien Racine clears land at 1021 Quadling in 1932.





Edward Parent stands in front of the family home in 1943. Today, this is the parking lot behind Coquitlam Municipal Hall.

Denise Parent Racine

Denise Parent Racine, whose family relocated here from St. Boniface, Man., in 1931, was a teacher at Notre Dame de Lourdes School for 17 years.

Denise Parent married Lucien Racine in 1932; they raised three children and now have five grandchildren.

My parents came here from St. Boniface, Man., in July 1931. My uncle – dad's brother – had come out the previous year and he thought the climate would be good for my dad because he had asthma. That's one reason they moved here; it did help him a lot.

My dad worked at the mill for eight or 10 months, something he hadn't done in 20 years. We were living in a rented house on Brunette, and when I got married in 1932, my parents went back to Manitoba. They went back because they had a store and butcher shop there, and that way, my dad could help mom.

My parents were back in Manitoba for three years. Then they came back to Maillardville and bought a house on Brunette and they had 15 to 18 boarders. The boarding house was where the municipal hall parking lot is now. My mother did a lot of baking, cooking, washing and ironing then.

The boarders were men working at the mill, and they worked shifts, which meant even more extra work for my mother. So they built a store on Brunette and had a butcher shop like before. They didn't do too well. There were quite a few businesses on Brunette in those days.

There were lots of young families around Maillardville, a very close community. Everyone helped each other when it was needed. I think it was easier to raise a family then than now; there weren't so many things to worry about then.

When I worked at St. Mary's Hospital in Sapperton, they had 60-some beds – it was a small hospital. Maillardville people went to St. Mary's or the Royal Columbian. A lot of Maillardville babies were born in these hospitals, although many of the women in those days gave birth at home.

There used to be a Chinese man who would come twice a week, and we would buy our fruits and vegetables from him. The bakery used to deliver three times a week. Some of the businesses on Brunette were the Red and White, Pett's – they had a good butcher shop and they were dependable – Thrift's and the liquor store. There was also an ice cream store.

I remember the big St. Bernard dogs the Petts always had; they would often scare me with their barking. Being from the Prairies, I was always impressed with the monkey tree in front of their store. After I was married and moved into the house on Quadling, I had a monkey tree planted; the house and tree are still there.

We were one of the first families in the area to get a fridge. Before that, we had a hole dug in the basement and we lined it with cement. We had big crocks and we put our milk, butter and meat in there; it was the coolest place around. You would buy your meat twice a week.

Paroisse Notre-Dame de Lourdes was busy in those days, with lots of activities. The church kept the people together and gave a focus to the community. The nuns who were teaching originally lived on Fourth Street in New Westminster and had to walk every day to the general store at the mill, where the classes were held upstairs.

I taught Grade 4 and 5 at Lourdes for 17 years, sometimes in French and sometimes in English, starting in 1951. I didn't have a teaching certificate because I was supposed to be just a substitute teacher, but it turned out different. I replaced a Mrs. Griffiths because she couldn't come back.

Lourdes School went from Grade 1 to Grade 10, with high school considered Grades 8, 9 and 10. For a while, there were 450 to 500 kids, and they were split Grades 1 to 4, 5 to 7, and 8 to 10. Some years it was two grades in one class room and some years it was one, depending on the enrolment.

There were 16 Ursuline nuns teaching at Lourdes when I was there, but some of the people – French-speaking parents, mostly – complained they were too strong on French, so they left. And two years later, they brought in French immersion!

Lourdes wasn't 100-per-cent French. I taught in French and English, depending on the class – math and spelling were English. So was history and geography, in English. They had French grammar, reading and catechism.

We took a personal interest in the kids then, especially those that were slow in learning or had

problems at home. Teachers now don't spend the time with individuals. We had to sweep out our own classrooms and things like that. This gave us a chance to be one-on-one with the pupil and help them out more. The kids wore uniforms to school.

Everybody had to pay for the school – those that could, I mean – but if you couldn't, you weren't refused. Our wages were nothing to speak of; I made $60 a month. We had to provide our own pens and pencils, and scratch paper too. My boys were past the grades I was teaching, but I did teach my daughter, our youngest child.

My mom and dad had bought the property next to us on Quadling, and after my dad passed away, my mother lived with us for 11 years. We've been married 57 years now, and I worked for 24 years, at Lourdes and later at Dominion Bridge, after the kids were gone. Our boys didn't work at the mill.

Gerald Hobbis

Many boys growing up in Coquitlam had a nickname. Some stuck for life.

Cap Hobbis was born Gerald Hobbis on Aug. 1, 1918, in Vermilion, Alta., where his parents, Thomas and Nellie Hobbis, ran a turkey farm. He was the youngest of three boys and had a younger sister.

When Thomas Hobbis moved his family to Burquitlam in 1927 – the children were all born in Vermilion – he brought out a refrigerated car full of turkeys, and the boys sold them door to door. Mr. Hobbis then launched a chicken and duck business, but hard times set in, and he returned to carpentry.

Cap Hobbis was perceptive enough to realize that children would always want bicycles. He sold his first bicycle in 1932 and opened his first shop in 1940. He currently has 12 Cap's bicycle shops throughout the Lower Mainland and in Chilliwack.

Cap and Ellen Hobbis raised seven children in Coquitlam. Mr. Hobbis, who lives on Haversley Avenue, has 12 grandchildren. As a longtime history buff, he established a bicycle museum at his first store.

My family came out here in 1926 and had a look to see if they liked it. They were from Vermilion, Alta. Dad was from England and homesteaded in Vermilion in 1905. He then went

Tom Hobbis stands in front of a truck loaded with hay beside the family's farm in 1931.





Cap Hobbis sits in a hay field at the corner of Clarke Road and Como Lake in 1933. This is now the Safeway parking lot at Burquitlam Plaza.

back to England, got married and returned to Alberta. We farmed 160 acres. We were all born in Vermilion; I was the youngest boy in the family.

Dad moved to Coquitlam in 1927, to the Burquitlam area. The whole family came out in 1927. Times were changing, and we were growing up and we had an uncle out here, and so we came.

I don't know why dad chose Coquitlam. I think the property he bought at the corner of Clarke Road and Como Lake Road – he bought it from Mr. Shepherd, who lived on Smith Road – was three or four acres. There was a house on it. Mom and dad lived there from 1927 to 1941, when they moved to Robinson.

We came out here by train; we brought all our turkeys out in a refrigerated car. I'm not sure how many turkeys, but it was a lot. First, we went to Clark Drive in Vancouver, where my aunt and uncle lived. We sold and delivered the turkeys – they were all dressed – around Vancouver, around Knight Road and Kingsway. We delivered them on an old CCM wagon.

We went into the chicken business in Burquitlam – we built a big chicken house – and then we got into ducks. Then hard times set in, and there wasn't enough to buy feed for the chickens. We finally got rid of all the chickens and ducks and then we all went to work.

My two older brothers, Tom and Bert, used to go down to Port Moody to the old mill; they got $1 a day. I started renting a horse from a fellow on Clarke Road and I would go out plowing. I was about 14 at that time. School and I just didn't get along.

When I started school in Vermilion, there was no one else in Grade 1, so they put me in Grade 2, so I never learned my A-B-C's. That meant I couldn't read and I would go to school but I just couldn't listen or absorb anything. I had some very frustrating times.

I couldn't talk either because I had been struck by lightning when I was a baby in my mother's arms. She went deaf, and I was unable to talk. We were in the farm house when we were struck.

I first went to the Little Red Schoolhouse on North Road, and in 1929, I moved to Mountain View School on Robinson. It was no good, so I quit. I had to force myself to talk. I went to work in a mill and I would always hear people complaining; I wanted to say something but I never could.

My nickname, Cap, came from the comics The Katzenjammer Kids because my two brothers were always playing tricks on me. My dad always called me Captain, and that was shortened to Cap.

We never went on relief during the Depression. Mother was too proud for that, so we would make wheelbarrows. My job was bending the iron, and I would go around and look for downed telephone poles and take the iron from the cross pieces.

I would take them back to the house, put them into the furnace and make the brace for the leg of the wheelbarrow by heating and bending them. We would take the barrows downtown and sell them or trade them for goods. At that time, we could live on $5 a week for the whole family.

Even after dad stopped farming as a business, we still ran a small farm for our own uses – we had chickens and pigs and cows. We had our own meat and vegetables, so the $5 went for extras, such as tea, sugar and coffee.

When dad moved from Clarke Road to Robinson Road, he built a house there and he did carpentry work. He looked after all the schools in Coquitlam; I worked with him quite a bit at the schools. I remember my dad saying that building Mountain View School was a waste of money because they would never fill it.

I started every day at the mill at 20 after seven. I

remember getting up at five o'clock, and Bob Reynolds and I would run to the top of Moody Hill and back for exercise. I got laid off at the mill in 1934, so I went to work for Spencer's in New Westminster, starting out in the kitchen hauling chocolates, then working in the green-grocer section of the food floor.

I'd done a lot of thinking at the mill as to what to get into, something that was always going to be around. And I figured there would always be children, and children would always want bicycles, so I decided that was the way to go. I started fixing bicycles at night, while working at the mill during the day.

When I first started in the bicycle business, I worked out of my house for about eight years. Charlie Powell, the salesman for the bicycle company on Dunsmuir in Vancouver, would call on me at the mill. I would be feeding the machine, and he would be writing up the order.

New bikes would sell for about $27.50 then, quite expensive, because wages were 25 cents an hour. A bike was a popular form of transportation. We used to overhaul, paint and grease and sell bikes for $5. I sold them to people I was working with at the mill.

I told people a bike had a 30-30 warranty on it, and people would walk away, then come back later and ask what that meant. I would say it meant exactly what it said: 30 feet or 30 seconds, whatever comes first. I still use that guarantee.

I built my inventory up steadily, and by Nov. 10, 1940, I moved into New Westminster, to 309 East



The Hobbis family moved to this home on Robinson. This picture was taken in 1940.

Columbia St. in Sapperton. The rent was $15 a month. When I rented it, I gave the landlady a $5 deposit on Sunday, and she said, "I'll take it and give it to the church." I still have a receipt for that.

I remodelled the place because it had been a plumbing shop. The two people that worked with me in 1940 have been working for me ever since. Glen Walker started on Nov. 10, and he's still one of the hardest-working people I've got. And Gene Frank is still around.

I quit the mill when I opened my store in New Westminster. I used to take all the overtime I could

Cap Hobbis started his business out of this garage beside the family's Clarke Road home. This picture was taken in 1934.





The Hobbis family raised ducks on their four-acre farm on Clarke Road near Como Lake Road.

get – it was all straight time – and I had just got a raise to 40 cents an hour when I quit. Everybody said I'd be back, but I showed them to be wrong.

The first six months were very hard going. I would take a wheel apart, clean it up, grease it, and get 10 cents for it. Later on, there were just no bikes to be had. When the war broke out, you had to have a permit to buy a bike and you needed a permit to buy a tire. The pedals and handle-grips were made of wood because you couldn't get any rubber.

I couldn't make enough from bikes, so that's how I got into the hardware business. I started that when I opened up in Sapperton. I sold it out the side door and I sold more hardware on a Sunday than I would on any other day. Of course, at that time it wasn't legal, but there was nothing said.

I went down and got every small item I could and displayed it in the window. I told people if they couldn't get it anywhere else, I would get it for them. Things like nails, very hard to get during the war. I seemed to be lucky enough to pick up nails.

In 1941, the landlady raised the rent to $16 a month and then again to $17, and that's when I decided to build my own store. I built that first store at 420 East Columbia. I bought the lot from the city of New Westminster for $200; the city owned practically all the lots on Columbia Street at that time.

I have pictures of moving big stumps out of the lot before I built the store. I moved into it in 1942 – just a little store – and we kept adding to it. I was still living at home on Clarke Road, so I moved into a little room underneath the store. It's still there. Pack rats used to come up through the floor and move things around.

I started renting bikes out, which was a real help; I got 25 cents down and 15 cents an hour – $1 for all day. I would even loan people pant clips, and they would always return them. I never had any trouble until 1947, when a fellow named Osborne rented a bike and never came back; that's when I quit renting them.

I bought out Art's bicycle shop in 1941. I had a store in Como Lake shopping centre and then I moved because the place got too small. I moved out to Coast Meridian and Prairie over in Port Coquitlam, and that's where the store in this area is today.

I started the museum at 420 East Columbia because I was interested in the old stuff when we left the farm. I always liked old people and old things; this goes back to when I was a child, and I started collecting old stuff. It would become a conversational piece because I'd have it in the store where you could see it, and I kept adding to it and adding to it. I've always kept a lot of old bicycles and tricycles, some of them still in their original boxes.

Godfrey Haliburton wrote a story called The Success of Cap in 1942, in the Burquitlam Star; I still have it. I had wonderful customers and wonderful help. Later on, my two brothers got together, and we all worked together. I have 12 stores today, and they're all run by family.

In the old days, I had to take the cows down to Rose Creek, down at the foot of Como Lake Road, before I went to school. I would have to go back at night and bring them in. That was quite a little walk. Later on in life, when I was heading for the Alaska Highway, I run across a fellow who used to help me take the cows down there.



Bessie and Nellie Hobbis beside the chicken house on the Hobbis farm in 1935.

I had a Sun paper route – this was in the early '30s – that was 14 miles long. I had around 40 to 45 papers; in those days, The Vancouver Sun was 50 cents a month, and we made 25 cents a customer.

At that time, there was only one house on Como Lake Road past Gatensbury; the rest was all bush, and there was a a logging camp up there. Mr. Huddlestone would ride me around sometimes.

I remember one time, I was doing my papers down Smith Road, and there was a big, black bear in the middle of the road. I waited for a while to see if he would go away. He wouldn't, so then I had to walk all the way back to Blue Mountain, then go down Como Lake Road.

I remember the murder of Tommy Douglas in the gas station at Austin in 1934, I think. I was riding my CCM bike down North Road and I stopped and talked to Gordie Wilson and asked him something. Robert McFadden had attacked him, then walked down North Road to Tommy Douglas and shot him. I went down to the gas station, and the commotion was on.

McFadden thought he was doing the right thing in getting rid of Communists – that was the story – but I wasn't sure. After the shooting, he was on his way to Charlie Webster's and then he continued to someone else's, but they weren't home either. So he stopped at a store for a Coke and chocolate bar, went on walking and was picked up.

I remember the train wreck of 1941 on North Road – it was a head-on collision. I was lucky enough to have the truck right there, and we dashed out with a camera, and took pictures. Billy Thomas was also taking pictures, and the railroad people and the security people said they didn't want any pictures taken, and they took Billy's camera and they took the film out.

I had an old 1927 Buick touring car. I used to drive the car back and forth to the mill. One morning, I was going to work, and it was foggy, and going down the Moody hill, I ran into a school teacher down there. My car got dented on the side, and I guess the fault was 50-50, so we just looked at each other. I didn't want Dad to know I had bumped the side of the car, so I took it down to Tommy Douglas's gas station, and traded him my Buick touring car for a 1927 Dodge sedan, straight across. I can remember making the deal with him; the deal was sealed if he would fill the gas tank.

Every Saturday night, I would go to an old-timers' dance at the Dogpatch Hall out in northeast Coquitlam, and that's where I met my wife. Ellen and I were married in 1947. I was living behind the East Columbia store, and when we got married, we moved into a house right across the street.

My wife said she didn't want to live across the street from the store, she wanted to move. So I got a hold of Bill Topping and his big wrecker, and we hooked it on to the house and pulled it up the street. I've been here on Haversley for the past 17 years.

My kids all went to Mountain View, the same school as I did. I rode motorcycles a lot and I was a little wild on them. I felt I wasn't setting a good example for the children, thinking if one of them got hurt, that would be no good. So I got rid of all the motorcycles. The kids always had a bike to ride, not necessarily a new one, but they always had one. I still ride bicycles today.

Earle Pritchett

Earle Pritchett's father, Harold, was chairman of the strike committee at Fraser Mills during the bitter shutdown of 1931. He was also instrumental in the eventual certification of the union.

Harold Pritchett was the first international president of the International Woodworkers of America. He was also B.C. regional IWA president and president of the B.C. Federation of Labor. He was, however, banished by the IWA during the turmoil of the McCarthy era, but his activism never waned.

Earle Pritchett was born June 22, 1927, in the family home on the corner of Robinson and Clarke in Burquitlam, the middle of five boys. His mother, Hazel Lola (Munday) Pritchett was from a pioneer Sapperton family.

Following service in the navy during the Second World War, Mr. Pritchett apprenticed as a machinist and later became an electrician with B.C. Electric Co. Like their father, the Pritchett boys were all active in unions, including the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers and the International Longshoremen's Union.

Earle and Helen (Brown) Pritchett – they were married in 1948 – raised three daughters and have seven grandsons. They live on Roxton Avenue. Mr. Pritchett, once president of the Association of Coquitlam Electors, remains active in municipal politics.

I was born June 22, 1927 in our house on the corner of Robinson Street and Clarke Road, in Coquitlam. My four brothers were also born in that house, which had three rooms and was referred to as a shack by my dad. The house was actually on the corner of a piece of property which belonged to my uncle, my dad's brother.

My father was Harold Pritchett, who worked as a shingle sawyer and packer – shingle weaver, as they might have been called at that time – in several Port Moody shingle mills and also at Fraser Mills. Early in his work career, he became active in workers' rights.

He married a Munday – Hazel Lola Munday – whose people were British Columbia pioneers. I want to mention George Anthony Munday, my great-grandfather on my mother's side. Mundy Park, Mundy Lake and Mundy Street in Coquitlam are named after his family.

On the Pritchett side, my father emigrated from England around 1911, when he was nine years old,

An application to homestead what is now Mundy Park was made in the name of Jane Constant Munday, seated, centre row of photograph. Her husband, George, is seated on her right. This family photo was taken in 1902.



with his father, mother, brothers and sisters. My grandfather worked in Port Moody for Thurston Flavelle, so my dad was virtually raised in the logging and lumbering industry in British Columbia.

While still a young man, he was instrumental in organizing a union for shingle weavers; a number of attempts were made by the union to affiliate with the American Federation of Labor. My father was working at Fraser Mills at the time of the protracted strike of 1931.

My father was elected chairman of the strike committee. He subsequently spoke many times about the people involved, particularly the French Canadians in the community and of a priest by the name of Maillard, Father Maillard. He was the respected leader of the French-Canadian community and he eventually had to make a stand.

It was quite clear, from what my father used to say, that it was Father Maillard's efforts during the latter part of the strike – he worked with the strike committee – that brought about a resolution. I want to give Maillard credit here, where I think it falls; he did come out, at least partially, in support of the strikers.

Following the strike at Fraser Mills, my father was blacklisted along with four others who were very active during the shutdown. Consequently, he spent the next few years working with the unemployed, and in some instances, organizing the unemployed. My dad also organized the Northwest Ratepayers Association in Coquitlam.

I believe it was at this time that he became friends with Tommy Douglas, who owned a gas station on North Road and was eventually to become a municipal councillor. Douglas was very working-class sympathetic. The leaders of the ratepayers' organizations would meet frequently with him because they felt he represented their interests on municipal council.

I am not sure of the year, but Tommy Douglas was shot by a person known to him. There were some suspicions at the time that it was a setup, that people in power wanted him out, but that was never proven. The murderer himself was murdered outside the penitentiary in Victoria two years later, with no explanation. That just added to the mystery.

After being blackballed, my father's name became known in the U.S., and his dealings with some of the American labor leaders led him to be invited down there to discuss labor difficulties. The Congress of Industrial Organizations, CIO, had just been organized, and the industrial unions were quickly gaining recognition as a force.

The woodworking people got together in Portland, Oregon, where they talked about unionizing. A convention was called to form a new union; it was called International Woodworkers of America, IWA. At the founding convention – 1936, I believe – my father was elected the first international president of the IWA.

He served from 1936 through the war years and he never managed to take out U.S. citizenship. So at one point, he was blackballed for his left-wing politics and he was deported from the U.S. as an undesirable political influence. He gave up his post of international president, what year I cannot remember.

Then my father ran for and won the regional presidency of the IWA for all of British Columbia and later became president of the B.C. Federation of Labor. Differences within the IWA arose following the McCarthy scare in the U.S., when the unions were asked to sign anti-Communist "yellow dog" affidavits. Many of the unions up here refused to do so. The international leadership of the IWA then attempted to remove my father, so consequently, a breakaway union was formed in B.C. in the late 1940s, the Woodworkers Industrial Union of Canada. My father was elected president.

That union operated two or three years with declining membership – it competed with the still-existing IWA – until the leaders realized this was futile and not in the best interests of the workers. So the battle was stopped, the clock was turned back, and the breakaway union rejoined the IWA.

A very few at the top of the union, my father included, were blackballed from ever having membership in the IWA. My dad continued to work in the industry without ever having a union card. He did offer his union dues monthly, but nobody would accept them.

Several years ago, the IWA paid tribute to him for his past work in the labor movement. They applauded him but they never did renew his membership. I might add that Harold Pritchett was never bitter about it. He continued to speak to his many friends in the industry, entertained them, visited with them and kept in touch with what he felt so strongly about all his life.

Being raised in Coquitlam, my recollection is that we actually lived on the same property at Clarke and Robinson where my uncle and his wife, Florence, had a farm. They raised chickens. My dad was unemployed for a good part of the Depression; consequently, we lived in the shack at the grace of my dad's brother.

When my dad was away on union work, some of the unemployed – even in those periods, there were the unemployed – came up and chopped wood for my mother. We had an old wood stove. There were few amenities, but I have no recollection of growing up being a hardship.

My dad always had a big garden. We lived largely off that and off my uncle's chickens and eggs next door, so we didn't starve. We enjoyed life in those early days in Coquitlam, and there were certainly many others in the same boat. As a matter of fact, those kids that went to school who had money were probably ostracized more than us.

My brothers and myself went to Mountain View School, which had two rooms and two teachers. Mrs. Scott was the principal, and Mrs. King was the teacher; I understand both were at a school reunion about seven or eight years ago. Oftentimes, we went to school in relief shoes in the wintertime; we went bare foot in the summer time because shoes were hard to come by.

We played on Clarke Road and sleighed on Moody Hill in the middle of winter, when the roads were impassable for cars; there were very few cars in those

days, anyway. We knew everybody in the community in those days or at least everybody in the Burquitlam area. I recall the Kemsleys and the Scotts, and Cap, the bicycle man – Cap's bicycles – that was him working out of his garage right on North Road. Cap started out in Burquitlam. We had a Japanese family for neighbors – the Takaharas – and their two daughters were friends of ours and babysat us as children.

The old folks went back to Japan with the outbreak of the Second World War and broke the hearts of their daughters. One of them committed suicide in Como Lake or Mundy Lake, I believe, and the other was interned; we do not know what happened to her. The old folks never did come back.

I remember seeing my first show when I was nine years old; we walked to Sapperton and took a tram from there into New Westminster. The name of the movie was Lost Horizons or something, where they stretched little black men into huge giants; I was frightened for a long time afterwards.

My family left Coquitlam in 1939. In 1964, after I was married, we bought a home on Lillian Street and came back. We lived there for a couple of years, but our daughters were of the horsey bent and one Christmas we bought them a horse, so we found a place where we could board it, on Burke Mountain in northeast Coquitlam.

We were not there very long, but with three girls and one horse we eventually had to rent a second horse. Consequently, it was costing more to keep the horses than it was to keep the house, so we sold the house and moved in with the horses – we bought the property which was run as a boarding stable.

We stayed on that property until 1986, sold it, then bought a lot on Roxton Avenue in the same northeast Coquitlam area, not far from the farm property. We lived in the basement of a friend of ours in the neighborhood while we built a home, where we live now.

If there was one thing I learned very early, at home, that was unionism and brotherhood and appreciation of the working class. We were raised on it. We were all active in unions; my dad would not have expected anything else from us. He had a lot of support from my mother, as well, in that respect.

Ann Johnson Larsen

Como Lake Nursery, operated by Laurits and Ann Larsen between 1928 and 1956, was once ranked the second biggest nursery in the province.

The Larsens were environmentalists of sorts. Mr. Larsen stocked adjacent Como Lake with fish once Fraser Mills stopped draining the water for its annual cleanup. And Mrs. Larsen worked to restore and protect the game population there, mostly mallard ducks.

Born in Toronto in 1909 – her father was in the army – Ann Johnson Larsen was the middle of five

Austin Avenue at the corner of Gatensbury as it appeared in 1939.





Left to right, Burt Hobbis, Roscoe Tucker, Tom Hobbis, Ray Tucker and Cap Hobbis cutting firewood in the bush at the corner of Austin and Gatensbury in 1932. This was a popular area for people to gather firewood.

children. The family moved to Vancouver in 1914 at the insistence of her mother, who didn't like the climate back East. Mrs. Larsen came to Coquitlam in 1931, when she married Laurits Larsen. The couple raised three children.

As the greenhouses prospered, and the Larsens became fairly affluent, Mr. Larsen dabbled in civic affairs and had a hand in founding the Harbor Chines subdivision.

Mrs. Larsen, who has three grandchildren, now lives in Langley.

My husband, Laurits Larsen, was born in Denmark and came out here to Vancouver in 1927 with his brother. He belonged to four generations of florists and agriculturists. He originally came to Canada to learn our methods of growing. He moved out to Coquitlam in 1928, when he went to work for T. J. Trapp at his nursery on Como Lake.

I was born in Toronto, the middle child. My family came here in 1914 because it was too hot or too cold in Toronto. I came to Coquitlam in 1931, when I was married. We were supposed to be married in 1930, but the wedding was put off when the house we were supposed to move into burned down.

My husband, who was called Lou in Canada, first worked for Bogardus and Wickens, a florist in Burnaby. He was then offered the manager's job – the manager was quite elderly – but he said, "I don't take away any man's job." So he quit and went to work for T. J. Trapp.

Mr. Trapp had an ad in the paper for a greenhouse man, so my husband checked it out. Como Lake Nursery was on Gatensbury Road and had been started by a man named Gatensbury, apparently a vegetable farmer. It was a terrible dump, so run down. My husband said he would take the job, providing he got a good commission. He accepted Mr. Trapp's offer of $150 a month.

My husband had gotten the house ready for me. We furnished it in the summer, and it was beautiful. Mr. Trapp owned an auction house, and anything we wanted, we got very reasonably. We had gas burners, as there was no electricity; we had no telephones and no indoor plumbing.

The house went up in flames in about seven minutes, after the gas lamp exploded. There was insurance on the house, but we didn't hear from them for three years. It was very disappointing because this all happened in November, only two weeks before our wedding.

We put the wedding off a year, and my husband built another house for us on Smith Road, across the lake from the nursery. Our house is still standing. We had 40 fruit trees and a lovely garden there. Smith Road hadn't gone through when we left there in 1956.

My husband worked for Mr. Trapp for about three years – he and his brother – and put the nursery in first-class order. We bought the nursery in 1934. Actually, we pretty well owned it from the day we moved in. Mr. Trapp would come out and buy tomatoes and cucumbers from us.

When the marketing board took over vegetables in

1935, we went completely into flowers. Our market was in Vancouver. We never sold anything in Coquitlam, other than what I would sell to the children on Mother's Day and Valentine's Day. We had May Day out here, starting in 1940, and as the years went by, we did do the flower work for that.

The nursery property was five-and-a-half acres. Our taxes started out at $11 a year. There was nothing around Como Lake when we first got there, except for one family that lived on the far corner.

Como Lake Road didn't go through at that time, although it joined up with North Road to the west. Only a hydro trail continued down behind Essondale. Gatensbury was a main road, named after the man who started the nursery. How Mr. Trapp acquired it, I don't know.

The Trapps were older people, and they used to come out to the greenhouse; they were charming people. We always had open house. One Sunday, there were quite a few people in the house, and we couldn't say no as more turned up. All the growers came, and we ended up at my house because that's where supper was.

Christmas Eve, we had Danish dinner. We always cut our own Christmas tree up in the back. And we would have New Year's parties every year. During the Depression, we kept a fellow cutting wood up in the ravine. We would buy 700 cords of wood to keep our greenhouses and my kitchen going. We used all that in one winter.

We had a main boiler house with pipes, and we used hot-water heat. The nursery was a very productive place. My husband was an excellent grower and a very progressive greenhouse man. At one time, he was regional director for the florists' association. He thoroughly enjoyed his life as a florist and grower.

We would grow chrysanthemums in the winter time; then we became begonia specialists. In the early years, we grew geraniums and supplied the Vancouver Golf Club. We specialized later on.

In our early years, I worked with my husband on Thursdays, when my brother-in-law went to town, and also on Sundays. We used to grow 100,000 dozen tulips; they took forever to plant. They were planted 40 to a flat, and then you put them on the soil and you covered them with dirt.

They were all in different stages; you didn't put them all in at once. You didn't want them all blooming at the same time. We had tulips from New Year's on. We covered all these tulips with the leaves sent to us by Queens Park and Moody Park and we never had a crop failure.

When the children came along, we got horses for them and we always had a raft of dogs. We had boats on Como Lake. I never worried about the kids and the lake because I made sure I taught them to swim when they were young. I also taught many of the neighborhood children.

When my daughter was about eight, she saved her 18-month-old baby brother from drowning in Como Lake. She was told she could have anything she wanted. All she wanted was a pair of high-heeled shoes. And she got them.

Once a year, Como Lake was drained by Fraser Mills so they could clean their boilers. One year, my baby was covered with mosquito bites, and Mr. Trapp came out and saw her, and he said that would never happen again. The mill would drain the lake dry. When they stopped that practice, my husband stocked the lake with fish.

I had a wildlife permit to raise wild fowl out at Como Lake. One day, the place was full of mallard ducks, and they were yapping and yapping, and the game warden was there. Someone asked how you tell the male from the female, and the game warden said the ones that were always yapping were the female ducks!

We had an orchard, which had a row of pear trees and two rows of apples. And we had cherries, wonderful cherries. We had a big bear hunt in the orchard one year. My husband thought the kids were ruining the branches of the trees with their climbing, but it was really a bear that had been in there for the fruit. The first night, they scared it off with their shots. The next night, my husband saw that it was a mother bear with three little ones.

We had to pay to bring electricity in. MacDonald was our reeve at the time, and he said we were to be reimbursed. We were using steam boilers, and coal oil and gas lamps for the greenhouses, and we needed electricity for heating and lighting.

Electricity made running the greenhouses much easier, although my husband had to sue B.C. Electric twice for power failures.

My husband was involved in the development of Harbor Chines. He wasn't on council, but they needed advice, and my husband was an excellent businessman. They used to pick him up for the council meetings. Coquitlam was a very poor community then – lots of men on relief – but the realtors were interested in the prairie people who moved here during the Depression and wanted to buy land.

He told council to give land to the people that wanted it and make sure they built good houses, and they would pay good taxes. He also told them that they would put good roads in Harbor Chines, and when they were finished, all the equipment would come to the municipality. That was the start of a wonderful development.

Our first high school was next to the small school on Austin, and then they moved it and now look at it today! It's wonderful. I don't think my daughter, Mary Lou, went to the new school on Blue Mountain. She went on to college and became her father's secretary – she was great with figures.

My husband burned his lungs with insecticide in the late '40s and '50s, when the university used our place for experiments, and he became ill. The poisons were for killing people in the Second World War.

They were very careless. They had to find a market, so they tried it in agriculture and now they're paying the price.

We were up at Como Lake until 1956, then we sold the nursery, and it became Kenny's Nurseries and Florists. I never wanted to leave it.

When we left Como Lake, we went into Ocean Park, on 10 acres there, and built big greenhouses.

Celia Hinque Charpentier

Born and raised in Ponteix, Sask., where her father co-founded Notre Dame d'Auvergne parish, Celia Hinque Charpentier was a teenager when she came to Maillardville in 1930. She was accompanied by her older sister, Bertha, and her brother-in-law, Albert Desautels. Her sister had cared for her since their mother's death, when Celia was only two years old.

Her brother-in-law was too sickly to work regularly, and she quit school early to help support her sister. She met Bart Charpentier in 1932; they were married following a three-year courtship. Their seven children attended Lourdes and Fatima schools. Their eldest daughter became a nun. The Charpentiers live on Edgar Avenue.

We came from Saskatchewan in 1930, when I was 16 or 17, by Ford truck, just my sister, her husband and me. She didn't have any children, so she brought me up after my mother died when I was two-and-a-half years old. My sister was 12 years older than me.

We knew the Desautels family here because my sister was married to Albert Desautels, so we came to these people in Maillardville. We came out because my brother-in-law's doctor said it would be best for him to go where it would be warmer than on the Prairies.

We were from Ponteix in the southern part of Saskatchewan. My maiden name was Hinque – very unusual. My father was of Belgian descent and came from Paris, France, with a priest in 1903 to homestead in Saskatchewan; they really developed Ponteix. Together, they founded the parish called Notre Dame d'Auvergne.

After arriving here, we stayed temporarily with the Desautels over on Tenby Street, then rented a house down on Roderick Avenue. My brother-in-law took a little time to recuperate, and then he went to work at Fraser Mills. But not right away because this was during the Depression, and there was no work.

He worked on municipality roads and places like that, so we would get relief. Then he got his job at the mill. I'm not sure if I'm mixing this up with the war or the Depression, but we got a little book of coupons and we were allowed only so much.

It was a very difficult time during the Depression. We certainly couldn't buy anything like clothes, so we made most of our own clothes. While I went to school, my sister started working at the cannery, the Royal City cannery, to help out at home.

I went to Central School; it's gone now. I think I went there for about a year and a half, stopping at Grade 8. We studied the regular things – geography, history, math, English. I didn't go to school in French at all, although I spoke French at home. I remember I even wrote in French to my father, who was in Montreal at the time when I was going to school.

Miss Bournes was my teacher. I think we were, if I'm not mistaken, Grade 4, 5, 6, and 7 in the one room, and I was the only one in Grade 7. The higher grades were in the other room. I don't remember how many students but I remember the class was full. I didn't get much help from the teacher because she was so busy with other grades.

I think a lot of kids stopped school around Grade 8, and many went to work, like I did. I worked in a boarding house in New Westminster helping with cooking and doing cleaning. I got paid $15 a month. That was a good wage then. I worked there for two-and-a-half years, then decided to get married. I had met Bart in 1932 when he came back from the Prairies.

My sister was working while I was at Central School, and my brother-in-law was not that well. He was always sickly, so when I came home from school, my chores were to start supper and generally clean house or straighten things out.

I did the wash with a tub and scrub board and, of course, we hung it out. And I did some ironing – I guess I did most all of it. My sister worked at the cannery for 40 years, and when my brother-in-law finally got too sick to work, I would help her, even after I got married.

We rented the house from a Mr. Holmes, and then, after my brother-in-law had worked for a few years, we were able to build a house. We paid the other brother-in-law to build the house; he had to come up from the States. It was more of a shack, and we added on later. In time, we put in better flooring inside and better siding outside.

There was quite a group of French Canadians around Maillardville, and we'd have house parties – play music and dance. Everybody would bring something to one place, and we'd have a party, and maybe the next Saturday, it was at another place, and

Barthelemie and Celia Charpentier walk past Lourdes Church on their wedding day in 1935.





This 200 Hart St. house was removed for the construction of the Trans Canada Freeway.

we'd all chip in and bring something to eat.

There was always music. Bart played the banjo at that time; then there was another who played the violin, and others would chip in and create a little music. We had lots of fun at these parties. After we were married, parties kind of died down.

Bart and I went out for three years. We used to go to the show in Westminster – it was a treat to be able to get to the movies. And we visited relatives a lot; you weren't going to spend money if you could help it. He had a Model T then, and I often drove – I've driven cars ever since.

Anyway, we felt very proud that we had a car, because a lot of our friends didn't have one. You couldn't afford new tires or anything like that, so we had to patch it every time we had a flat. Everybody helped. We knew it couldn't be helped, so we just laughed about it and had a lot of fun.

Sunday afternoons, we'd play volleyball or something – we'd make some sort of net. And we'd play softball a lot in the parks. There was always a house party somewhere for New Year's. We would all wait for the Fraser Mills whistles to go off at midnight.

Fraser Mills used to blow its whistle three times – once at 7 a.m., twice at 7:30, and once at 8 a.m. – it was very loud. When there was a fire, they had different signals for that too. They had divided the Fraser Mills townsite into sections, each with its own whistle code.

We got married at Notre Dame de Lourdes Catholic Church in 1935. Bart was working six days a week at Fraser Mills then. There was a strike around then, which brought the hours down to 40 hours a week. I think the union helped the people during that time, I`m not sure.

Raising children was a full-time job – we eventually had seven – but we managed. I did a lot of canning in summer, so you would have something for the winter. I did most of the clothes for our children, even making their coats and hats – I sewed a lot, did all our sewing. I also learned how to knit and crochet.

I quit working after I got married – no, I maybe worked one summer after marriage at the cannery. I worked with my sister. We were cleaning vegetables that come down the belt. Monotonous work, but it took me out of the house, out from the four walls.

After we bought our little house on Hart Street for $900 – the ground was so rocky, we couldn't even have a garden – we went through the neighbor's land to get water. We got it only after my husband did all the digging for the pipes himself. He then added a little room, where we had the toilet.

My husband was good enough to get me a washing machine, so then I helped my sister out by taking in her washing and doing it too. Her husband was very sick by this time. It was quite unusual for someone to have a washing machine then.

Radio was one of the other things Bart bought for us when we were first married. I remember before TV came out, we would listen to what, I guess, you would call soaps. After supper, we'd hurry with the cleanup and then all gather around the fridge to listen to the finish.

I think Bart started working at the mill at 29 cents an hour after we were married. Some of the employees might have got a turkey for Christmas too, but I don't know for sure. Even on that, you know, I think we did better than we do now. I think we were able to save more money.

At Christmas time, we started out having midnight Mass, then going to my sister Bertha's afterwards for the reveillon. Then when she took sick, I started this practice with my family. The house was full. My other sister and then my nieces and nephews that were about the same age as me, they would come along with some of Bart's relatives.

We always made the reveillon. You'd make meat pies – tourtieres – at the beginning of December, make the Christmas cake and, of course, the other desserts too – apple pies, raisin pies and all that. You'd make a big pot of soup and then have meat pie and a salad.

Margaret Shepherd Morgan



Henry Shepherd's residence on Smith Road in 1924. The home still stands today.

Shepherd's Bush was owned by bachelor brothers and builders Henry and George Shepherd, uncles of Margaret Shepherd Morgan. They had settled in Burquitlam around 1910.

Mrs. Morgan was 19 years old when she emigrated in 1929 from Lancashire, England, with her parents, James and Harriet Shepherd, her fiance, Wilf Morgan, and her sister, Pearl.

After the Morgans married, they resided on Smith Avenue before moving to Austin Road, opposite the Vancouver Golf Club. The couple raised three children.

Mrs. Morgan, who has eight grandchildren and three great-grandchildren, currently lives on Foster Avenue.

We came to Coquitlam from Lancashire, England, on Aug. 6, 1929, the start of the Depression. There was myself, my husband-to-be, my sister and my parents. My two uncles, both builders, had come out here in 1910. After I was married, we lived briefly on Smith Road.

Then we rented a shack on Austin Road, across from the seventh fairway at the Vancouver Golf Club. Our one-floor, wooden house had four rooms: two bedrooms, living room and kitchen. There wasn't any indoor plumbing, so we had an outside toilet.

We had electricity, but in those days, there were no outlets, so we had double and single sockets hanging from the ceiling. We had running water from the pipeline, which pumped water out of the taps. However, the pipe sometimes broke in the wintertime.

My husband had to be quite versatile and know a little bit about everything to get it fixed. A water tank that was hooked up to a wood-and-coal stove meant we could have hot water too. Still, doing the laundry was quite a chore because there were no washing machines then.

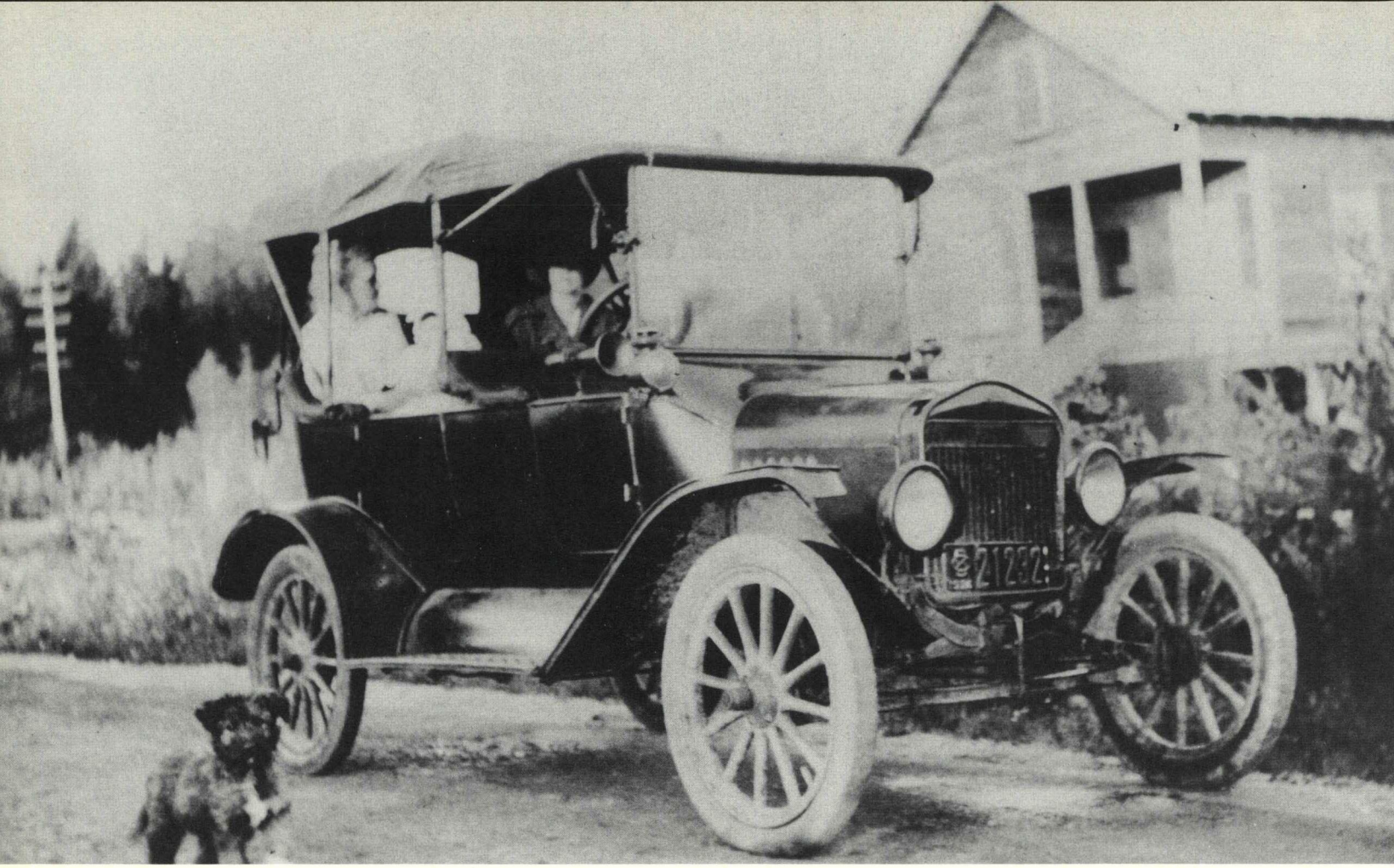
You had to use a scrub board and boil the clothes on the stove in a great big boiler to get them white. Then you would hang your clothes outside until dry, bring them in, and sprinkle and roll them. Most people used coal irons called flat irons, but I had an electric one given to me on my wedding day by my uncle.

Housework was housework, in those days. Everything was done by hand, and nothing came easy. Without a vacuum cleaner to clean the rug, you would sprinkle used tea leaves and brush it up. Or you might wet newspapers and toss the pieces on the floor to keep the dust down.

We didn't have any carpets in our first house. Instead, there were wooden floors which had to be

George Shepherd feeds ducks at Shepherd's Bush, a 10-acre farm at the corner of Clarke and Como Lake in 1924. Today, the Burquitlam Plaza occupies this site.





Margaret Shepherd's cousins, Vera and Hannah, go for a ride down Clarke Road in 1920.

waxed very, very highly. That was a real chore. You also learned to cook out of nothing. I mean, you had to use your imagination and make everything go far.

My husband found work at a lumber company in New Westminster and continued to earn 18 cents an hour, right into the early 1930s. We worked hard and we played hard. Most of the time, we were so physically tired at the end of a day's work of eight to 10 hours that we would be glad to stay home, have supper and go to bed.

In spite of the sometimes gruelling housework, we also had a whale of a time. You would meet people in church, visit people, go to parties. Women got together in bridge clubs. And there would be dancing at St. Stephen's hall, doing the old dances like the fox trot, waltz and square dancing.

At the Agricultural Hall on Austin, we had badminton clubs and an annual exhibition of vegetables, fruits, plants, flowers and craft works. The hall, located where Christmas Manor now stands, burned down in 1932. In the winter, the children would sled along North Road from Austin to the railroad bridge. There wasn't much traffic then.

For the most part back then, we just got on with living. For instance, we didn't pay much attention to the fashions of the day. We didn't have television to see what was happening in other parts of the world, and it was just as well because we didn't have a lot of leisure time.

I didn't read much simply because I couldn't afford books. It was a luxury to own a good book, and we didn't have any public libraries then. Books would be passed on from one neighbor to another. We largely read newspapers. My husband used to play golf at the Vancouver Golf Club.

My uncle Henry Shepherd, who came to Coquitlam in 1910, owned 10 acres of land where Burquitlam Plaza now stands. The area was known as Shepherd's Bush. He and his family lived at Clarke and Como Lake Road, which was then a farming area.

The area on both sides of North Road was known as Burquitlam in those days. It wasn't until we had our mail delivered to the house that North Road became a boundary, separating Coquitlam on the east side from Burnaby on the west side of the street.

Because we didn't have a car, we walked from Smith Road right to New Westminster. We got our exercise without thinking anything of it. Along North Road and Clarke Road there was one post office where you got your mail and one grocery store – Eden's – where you bought your groceries. There were also some greenhouses on North Road. There was a jitney which came along twice a day, once at nine in the morning and again at nine in the evening. Not many people could afford to ride on it.

There weren't a lot of policemen around, but then we never really had much trouble in Coquitlam. In fact, I can recall the first policeman I knew; his name was Const. Pare. It was quiet and peaceful, and you weren't afraid to walk around at night alone.

I remember a friend who used to work at the Vancouver Golf Club would walk right across the golf course to Austin Road in the dark. She told me there was only one night when she was really, really scared.

She could see something with great big eyes coming towards her. She thought at first it might be a bear, but when it came nearer, she found that it was a big, friendly dog. She said she could have kissed it!

Coming to Coquitlam was the nicest thing that ever happened to me. Coquitlam was a haven really; everybody knew everybody, and everybody was friendly. If a neighbor were sick, there'd be other neighbors that would come in and do things for them.

I think, sometimes, we lived better and cheaper. For example, I would be able to buy a good-sized roast for 50 cents, although mind you, the wages were a lot lower. The quality of everything was far superior to today. Life was far simpler then too.

Vera Smith Burns

One of five children of Percy and Della (Beaulieu) Smith, Vera Smith Burns was born at Royal Columbian Hospital in 1924. She was raised in the family home on Jackson Street in Maillardville.

She married Jim Burns, a mill maintenance foreman, at the Union Church in 1947. They raised a son and a daughter and now have three grandchildren.

Mrs. Burns recalls her early days at Millside School. Her story won honorable mention in the Pioneer Tales of Coquitlam contest.

I have fond memories of growing up in Coquitlam. "I am a gingerbread boy." These, I believe, were the first words I learned to read. I remember when I first sensed that printed words have meaning."I . . . am . . . a . . . ginger . . . bread . . . boy."

Violet Coatham was my first-grade teacher at Millside school, and on a Friday after we had completed the ginger-bread story, she announced a surprise. "But first, pick up the scrap paper to your right . . . now to your left . . . and now under your seats." The first row finished, with each pupil sitting erect, and hands folded on his or her desk, they would now leave with a real ginger-bread cookie.

When I was a little girl, it seemed that nearly everyone was afraid of storms, 'specially my aunts. The night-time storms in March and April were the most terrifying. If it was day time, we would study the clouds – "that cloud has yellow in it . . . must have hail . . . believe it's going to blow over" – or, "lots of wind in that storm."

Occasionally, they would all gather at our house on Jackson Street, being of sound foundation. I can remember Mr. Newman's newly-built, partially-finished house across the street from us being blown clear off its foundation.

As mid-summer approached, we began watching for the blackberries and huckleberries to ripen. Then, up early and armed with buckets, we would head through the trails towards Alderson Avenue. This meant jelly, cobblers and pies. On one occasion, my brother Jim came across a brown bear. The bucket was dropped and he ran for home, never looking back. We never cared for berry picking time after that.

For real action, nothing could substitute for a good game of cowboys 'n' Indians. You learned to run in a gallop, and grab your chest with a jerk when you were shot, hanging momentarily in the air, then slowly falling in a heap to the ground. This good game covered several blocks in the neighborhood.

With old tires, we would roll up inside while a friend pushed you down the hill. I also remember the "swing for your life" in a big tree alongside the creek on the Millside school grounds. First, you rubbed your hands in the dust to dry the sweat, lest you lose your grip and end up getting wet.

Tipping toilets on Halloween night reached a height of popularity during teenage years. Usually, one or two toilets in any one neighborhood were tipped. But there was always a good deal of apprehension over whose turn it might be this year, for most of the outhouses were rather flimsy and, if pushed with any force, were likely to collapse in a cloud of dust and splinters.

Then the porch light would come on, and out would burst the householders, shading their eyes with their



Tipping toilets was a popular Halloween prank in the early days of Coquitlam. This outhouse was located behind the home on Hillcrest Street.



Band marches past Coquitlam's first municipal hall. This property was purchased in 1919 from Fraser Mills for $900. Today, the portables that make up the present municipal hall are located here.

hands, peering into the darkness and hollering: "I know who you are, and if you do that again, I'm going to . . . " And believe it or not, I can still hear the laughing!

Somehow, Saturday is intertwined in my memory with a few pennies for chores and running to Landry's store for jaw breakers or snow balls. I then feel very close to my girlhood. The months and years have come and gone, but Coquitlam will always have many cherished memories.

Congratulations, Coquitlam, on your centennial!



CHAPTER V

1931–1940

The Depression and the bitter strike at Fraser Mills left many Coquitlam residents faced with a daily struggle to feed and clothe their families.

By the summer of 1931, wages had once again been cut at Fraser Mills, with management maintaining they were operating on a non-profit basis, and workers declaring they were unable to exist on the salaries being offered. The strike began Sept. 17, with the provincial police and RCMP quickly called in to quell the strikers. Maillardville rallied around its people, establishing soup kitchens and organizing the generous donations from Chinese sympathizers and Fraser Valley farmers and fishermen.

Six weeks later, it was all over. The workers achieved few economic gains and many of the strike leaders were blacklisted. The strike, however, was the impetus for the later development of a strong arm of the International Woodworkers of America at the mill.

Coquitlam residents were shocked when one of their councillors, Thomas Douglas, was gunned down in his North Road gas station July 13, 1934. Douglas had run provincially for the United Front, a Socialist party. It was speculated at the time that it was a political assassination.

Nights in Coquitlam were illuminated by the flickering fires of the hobos as they kept themselves warm after a day of searching for work and food. The hobos were a familiar sight on the streets of Coquitlam and were treated kindly by residents.

To relieve the monotony that accompanies poverty, residents began a May Days celebration with festivities held in Blue Mountain Park. The grand parade started at Millside School, headed along Brunette, up Blue Mountain Hill and into the park.

Maillardville was still the heart of Coquitlam. Mackin Park, with its twin pools and baseball diamond, was the main recreational facility in the 1930s. Another became available to locals with the development of Blue Mountain Park and its play area and wading pool. Parks superintendent Reg Caddy operated out of his car and stored his tools at home.

Fire claimed the Agricultural Centre in 1932, and the area was sold for homesites. The district dedicated 160 acres of land surrounding Mundy Lake as parkland in 1933.

With construction of the district's first high school in 1938, students no longer had to travel into New Westminster to continue their education.

When Britain declared war on Germany in September 1939, Canada found itself plunged into a second world conflict. Young men flocked to the army as a means of escaping the grinding poverty, and the economy improved as industry geared up to provide war materials. At Fraser Mills and throughout the municipality, wages and spirits rose after a long decade of struggle.

Overleaf: Corpus Christi procession makes its way down Laval Street in Maillardville. The church was the centre of both religious and social activities for the early Coquitlam settlers.

Roy La Vigne

Born on June 18, 1910, in Minnesota, Roy La Vigne moved to northeast Coquitlam in 1931 from the Prairies with his parents, Richard and Jessie La Vigne, and three brothers. Cutting pulp wood around Minnekhada did not keep the family eating; they moved to Burquitlam, and Roy La Vigne learned to cut meat from a butcher named Harry Thrift.

In 1956, he became head meat cutter at Essondale, retiring in 1973.

Mr. La Vigne remained true to his lifelong union principles there and was involved in the first-ever strike of B.C. civil servants in 1957. An injunction ended it after just four hours.

He and his first wife, Doris Barry La Vigne – they were married in 1938 – had two children; he was later remarried, to Cecile Simmer. They have two grandchildren and live in retirement in New Westminster.

I came to British Columbia from the Prairies with my mother and three brothers in 1931. My dad followed almost a year later. We settled in east Coquitlam – over towards Pitt Lake, near the Minnekhada Ranch – with the idea of homesteading or building a place.

Things were tough. We made our living cutting pulp wood; the four of us could cut one cord of pulp wood a day, if we were lucky and everything turned out well. Actually, it was not a cord, but longer; it came to about a cord and a quarter. For this, piled on the road, we got $3.25.

My memory of Minnekhada is not too great. I was offered a job as a teamster there at $15 a month, the same as I got at Blakeburn Ranch, which was owned by Pat Burns of the Burns meat company. Out of that $15, we were required to pay 15 cents for what was called the Jones tax. Everybody had to pay one per cent of his salary for this provincial tax.

Soon after I'd spent some time in Everson, Wash., my family gave up on east Coquitlam and moved into the Burquitlam area, around 1933. Things were not much better. All five of us were at home besides mother, and we did whatever we could to make a living. The way things are now, it's hard to imagine what Burquitlam was like back then.

My brothers and I would walk into New Westminster down the old North Road; sometimes we would meet one, sometimes two cars, and sometimes no cars at all. The only people who lived along North Road were mainly small chicken ranchers with 100 chickens or so; they were able to make just enough to live.

One day, while my cousin and I were walking down the road, we met a man carrying a shotgun. There was quite a lot of hunting – in and out of season – in those days, so we didn't pay a lot of attention to him. But on our way back, we met him again, this time going in the opposite direction.

He had gone down to the corner of Austin Road and North Road to a little filling station run by a councillor named Thomas Douglas, and shot him in the stomach. People tried to tie the murder in with the big strike at Fraser Mills in 1931, but there was no reason to believe this was so.

You see, Tom had played quite an important role as councillor in the strike and had aligned himself completely with the strikers. He had even spent one day in the old jail in Maillardville. So it was tempting to say Tom was shot because he was a dangerous person, but it was never proven and not really believed.

When we first moved out to North Road, there was one store, maybe two, with the Burquitlam post office in one of them. We picked up all our mail there. Some of us had telephones, but the only place we could phone without paying a toll was New Westminster. I remember the whole area well because I delivered meat for Harry Thrift, who had a store in Maillardville.

When we were still living in the east Coquitlam area, a strike broke out at Fraser Mills. I was not an employee of Fraser Mills but I associated myself with the strike because I knew many of the men. They were friends of mine, so I helped out with the strike as much as I could in my own way; so did a couple of my brothers.

This is where I first met Harold Pritchett, who later became president of the International Woodworkers of America, a union that was formed in British Columbia some several years later. He was one of the leaders of the strike – they were later let go by the company without exception, fired – and he was also blacklisted.

Prior to the strike, the men were getting 25 cents an hour, I believe, and were completely unorganized. Everybody was out for himself. Then the company cut the wages to 20 cents an hour, and people said enough is enough, we can't live on that. So they organized a strike committee and walked out.

The company had kept the fear of God in its employees with discrimination and, among other things, firing a person for nothing, when there were probably 50 men standing at the gate waiting for a job. Many of the employees had to pay their bosses to keep their jobs.

The strike was long and bitter. The provincial police were brought in, and many of our people got beaten by mounted policemen with clubs. On the other hand, we got some licks in too. Around that time, there were more than 2,000 employees at Fraser Mills.

Things were tough for the Fraser Mills strikers. There were not a lot of unions that could give support like they can now, and the few unions around were small and fragmented and didn't have much money. Quite a lot of the craft unions looked upon this sort of thing with as much horror as the employers and didn't want to identify with us at all.

Well, the craft unions were organized on the basis of trade, and they looked with a great deal of disfavor



Workers gather outside the Coquitlam Municipal Hall for the trial of Fraser Mills strikers on Sept. 25, 1931.

upon the idea of organizing all the people in an industry into the same union. Their idea was to put all the engineers in one union, all the millwrights in another and so on.

The company brought in "scabs," professional strike breakers, from the outside. They were already in the mill preparing to try to operate it, and we could see that if this was allowed to go on, the strike was finished because the spirit of the strikers would be broken.

A meeting was held at old Tremblay Hall, and there was a long discussion about the strike breakers. Big Albert Nielsen was there, and he said: "Brother chairman, give me the pick of this crew, and I will get the scabs out of the mill." So we gave him permission.

Nielsen picked out the strongest, biggest, toughest and meanest-looking men he could find. A considerable number of out-of-work loggers reinforced our picket lines and were a great help to us. So Nielsen picked his crew and stormed out of the hall.

We didn't find out until later what actually happened, but they apparently took an axe and cut some maple sticks – good big clubs – and marched like soldiers into the mill. I'm not sure about all what they did, but Nielsen was a good deer stalker, among other things. He could walk through the woods, huge man that he was, and nobody could hear him, not even the deer. So Nielsen waited behind a lumber pile for the provincial policemen who were guarding the scabs. He met one coming around the corner, beaned him with his stick and took his whistle.

Then he went around another lumber pile, and blew the whistle; when the other policemen came running, he piled them up like cord wood. After they had settled scores with a few provincial police, they took after the scabs; some of them apparently jumped into the Fraser River to get away.

Anyway, Nielsen came back within a couple of hours, and said: "Mr. Chairman, we would like to report that there are no more scabs at Fraser Mills." The strike went on for several months, and it was eventually won to the extent that the wages were not cut down to 20 cents. I think they won a few concessions too.

A large soup kitchen was set up during the strike, and the Finnish people who had established a kind of communal settlement at Webster's Corner, on the other side of Haney, helped out a great deal. They were members of a progressive organization called the Finnish Order and had come from Sointula, off Vancouver Island.

They brought us produce from their farms, they brought chickens, they brought eggs and they brought vegetables. Still, things were tough. The jails were full all the time; as soon as some strikers were discharged, more were put in, most of them for inciting a riot. They all did a day or two and were let out again.

The strike, it turned out, was hardest on the leaders, who were picked off one by one by the company. Harold Pritchett, who had kids of school age, was first. And Leonard Hachey. And many others. The mill workers' morale went right down when the leaders were fired, and they realized that the gains made were very small.

Now we come to 1943, and we have a completely different situation. War on, lots of work, and provincial legislation providing for collective bargaining, union recognition on the 51-per-cent rule, and company collection of union dues. We figured the time was right to organize Fraser Mills. So we did.

Me, a meat cutter, and Jack Renaud and Percy Smith, who became the first president of Local 357 at the little office on Columbia Street. This time, with so many jobs available, company threats of firing had no effect. The workers just laughed at them. "Fire me. They want men at the Mohawk Mill."

I got a job with old Harry Thrift, who had a little meat market on Brunette Street in Maillardville, and I learned the meat trade from him. Eventually, I got a job at a butcher shop in New Westminster, where the

owner told me: "If you can't make your wages over the scale, I don't want you."

I was a pretty good meat cutter, but business was not my thing. A partner and myself built a pulp-blowing system so that the millions of tonnes of wood waste from the mills could be transported by scow to the pulp mills, where it could be made into chips. It worked quite well, and we sold a few small ones in the U.S.

But with my kids growing up, I didn't like this travelling all the time. So I went back into meat, applying for the job of head meat cutter at Essondale, where they were trying to clean out the department, stealing, and so on. I got the job with the understanding that I would clean things up.

When I started there in 1956, they were feeding 6,000 people, not only patients, but staff. We'd go through 100 beef a month, around 55,000 pounds. We got our own pigs from Colony Farm and went through 5,000 pounds of pork a week. Plus turkeys and chickens and fish and all those other things. I had seven cutters and a helper. A big staff to look after, but it was a pretty good job. Didn't pay too well, but we didn't work very hard, either. Colony Farm played a major role in supplying food for Essondale but wasn't able to supply nearly all of it. We had to get our beef from a packing house.

Colony Farm kept a record of Holstein cows, all registered animals, some of the finest in the world. They exported heifers and bulls to places such as New Zealand, South Africa and Cuba. Because a record was being kept of their milk production, these cows were milked by hand.

About 50 patients would be working at Colony Farm at any one time. There were some in stores, some in the laundry. They looked after the flower beds and they built the stone fence that used to run along Lougheed Highway. Some of the patients worked for me too.

The stone fence was a beautiful thing, all built by hand without an ounce of mortar. A master stone mason, a patient, supervised other patients who split the stones to size by drilling holes and inserting a "wedge feather." The stones were just fitted together and set; the fence must have been a half-mile long. Most of the patients had ground privileges and had a great deal of freedom. I think they had two cars with three people in each patrolling the grounds. Down on the farm, Riverside housed order-in-council patients, those who had committed serious crimes and were considered unfit to stand trial. It was enclosed with an eight-foot chain-link fence, and barbed wire.

Those patients not capable of looking after themselves were up at East Lawn. But the patients on the whole, gosh, they worked hard.

Of course, I joined the union as soon as I started and kept up my union principles. I had been there only a few months when, by gosh, we had a strike. Over wages. First in history. Not only at Essondale, but province-wide, liquor stores, everything. Early spring of '57, I think.

This was the first strike of civil servants ever in B.C., a total shutdown of all services in the province. Lasted only four hours, and then old W. A. C. Bennett got an injunction, forcing us back. An awful lot of people on the picket line were happy to see the injunction.

Joseph Chabot

For the head of a family in Maillardville, to be blacklisted by his employer was trauma enough; to be blackballed during the Depression was truly devastating.

Joseph Chabot was one of a handful barred, theoretically, from ever again working in the lumber industry by the Canadian Western Lumber Co. at Fraser Mills in 1933.

What instigated such a drastic move by management? In Mr. Chabot's case, the company deemed him guilty of helping to organize a union. While management's conspiracy of silence regarding the blacklist was bad enough, ostracism by former fellow workers, and even by friends, was worse.

When the mill workers hit the bricks on Sept. 17, 1931 – the often bitter strike did not end until Dec. 1 – their union was still in its formative stages. Activists like Mr. Chabot continued their organizing work after the strike had ended; thus their banishment by the company.

True, there followed some tough times, when the family was on relief. But Mr. Chabot persevered by earning his plumber's papers, later working on many municipal projects, and even for mill management personnel that had once blacklisted him. He remains remarkably unembittered by the experience.

Born in Quebec on Oct. 26, 1903, Joseph Chabot arrived alone in Maillardville in 1924, via Manitoba, and found work as a boiler man at Fraser Mills. He married Bertha Filiatrault, from a pioneer Maillardville family, in 1925; they raised eight children. Now a widower a second time, Mr. Chabot has nine grandchildren and six great-grandchildren, and lives in the Alderson Avenue house he built himself.

I came out here in 1924 on my own – I was single then – and got a job at the mill. I worked in a gang for a few days, and then I got a job from the chief engineer to look after 16 boilers at Fraser Mills. My family had left Quebec after my dad sold his farm for $7,000 and were living in Manitoba.

My job at the mill was to feed the boilers with sawdust, which went down a chute. The boilers also had to be supplied with water, which came through the pipes. I got 38 cents an hour, and I worked 10 and 12 hours every day, six days a week. Sometimes, seven.

I always walked to, and from, work. From where the railway was at the mill, I went up to Nelson Street,



Strikers from Fraser Mills mix with police in front of Coquitlam municipal hall on Sept. 23, 1931.

then had to walk about four blocks more to where we had a house. That was in 1926. My wife was sick so bad once, and the doctor had to leave his car and walk up with his satchel, it was so swampy.

There were Chinese, Japanese and Hindus all working at the mill, and we were all friendly with each other. Each community had their own village, with their own stores, on the mill site. We used to go and drink in Chinatown and play checkers with them.

One time, I went to a Hindu funeral where they had a funeral pyre. They would be in traditional dress, and have traditional songs, and their own religious ceremony. The pyre was burned with wood from the mill, and the ashes were later scattered in the Fraser River. The ashes were to flow in the river to wherever they would go; something to do with the immortality of the soul.

No separation of groups during strikes; we were all united, all together.

One morning, all the Chinese said they wouldn't work, and they wouldn't talk. One man, the boss man, would negotiate with the company for all the Chinese. They were as happy as anybody else to get into the union, which did not come about until after the war.

The big strike in 1931 was not just for wages; it was to have lunch rooms, and better working conditions. They were trying to organize a union then; Pritchett was one of the organizers. There were some outside organizers, too, but I don't remember their names.

Working conditions were very poor before the strike. There was not that much unrest, but the workers on the whole wanted better working conditions; that was the basic concern. I don't recall any effort on the part of management at that time to lower the wages.

I don't think the strike was very long – five or six weeks. The RCMP tried to keep order. When this manager named Mackin came up to the picket line one day in his nice car, I said "you can't go," and another fellow grabbed his cigar, and some tried to lift his car, and he got scared.

Some of the men were clubbed by the police. Otherwise, we had no trouble with the RCMP, no difficulties. The RCMP was always called in such matters as a strike, not local police. Pare was the police chief in Maillardville, and he was not involved with the RCMP.

They had a soup kitchen on Cartier Avenue, a big house for cooking and tables outside, and such. This was when I ate some good food. We had a lot of support. Some farmers supplied milk free, and the Chinese gardens supplied food. It was kind of fun. People were making beer, and playing music, and dancing.

When the strike was over, the organizers were allowed back. We got the toilets with running water, and the lunch room, and better wages. People were well satisfied. The union movement was underground then. Organizing continued after the strike.

The workers were organized at the time of the strike, but the union itself had not been established as yet. The workers were just a local, organized group. They had their secret organizing meetings in a big room at a big house on Begin Street, in Maillardville.

Mr. Winch used to attend some of the meetings because they were both for union activity and the organizing of the CCF party. We had some of the meetings in our own barn here, and another gentleman had a place on Stewart, where we used to go at night to hear the talks.

The meetings were secret because both the local religious hierachy, and the local political groups, were against the CCF at that time. The CCF was being organized strictly as a workers' party and Mr. Winch

was to become the first party head for British Columbia.

In 1933, I started helping organize a union, and I was blacklisted by the company along with four or five others. We were blacklisted because we were caught organizing at the mill. Not one of us was ever able to work again in any mill.

There were some demonstrations over the blacklisting, but they soon died down. The union was finally recognized after the war, when there was another strike. After they were organized, they asked me to go back to work at the mill, but I told them, "Maybe not now, because my wife is sick."

The four years from 1936 to 1940 were really bad years for me. Many families had little or no food, and some families subsisted on apples over the winter. We were on relief, but we ate because we had a big garden. There was some bitterness, but I have kept the good memories in my mind.

After the blacklisting, most people forgot about us. We were more or less abandoned by our so-called friends, and fellow workers. They never had much consideration for us after we were blacklisted. I learned to do a bit of plumbing on my own.

Under the relief program sponsored by the municipality, the man in the family would have to work 13 days a month for his $42 per month. I jumped a box car to see my dad, who was still living on the Prairies, and while I was away, some people took potatoes and onions from my garden. We always had a good garden.

I bought a Buick in 1936, and I used to take the family to White Rock and all the beaches. The relief authorities then told me I couldn't use the car. I couldn't, anyway, because I didn't have the money to run it, so we put it up on blocks.

Sometime before I started plumbing, I took a contract for digging ditches. I used dynamite, and did the whole Dawes Hill area for drainage ditches and water pipes. I made $1.10 an hour, and I worked like two men; that was good money then.

Rain or snow, I was on the job at eight in the morning, and at five, I would come back. I worked 80 hours a week, and I have never worked less than that ever since. Just me, with no help. I believe the job lasted over two months. They gave me a cheque for over $900!

I taught myself plumbing by doing odd jobs, when I was on relief. I had a series of books on plumbing, and I would study them. Working on steam pipes was second nature to me, anyway. I converted the Buick into a plumbing truck, and worked at it for 33 years.

Some of the people forgot about the blacklisting when I became a plumber. The chief engineer at Fraser Mills asked me to do the plumbing for the houses they built for themselves, the management personnel, at the town site. I did lots of jobs for the company big shots.

I did just about anything necessary, for all types of building. I did the fire hall for the municipality, I did the plumbing for the arena and the Dogwood Pavilion, connected the sewer and everything. I did the plumbing for the Woods beer parlor, and others as they were built.

I worked in schools, on dentists' chairs. When I retired from my business, municipal council offered me a job as plumbing inspector because of my reputation as a good plumber. But I turned it down because I wasn't good enough in the English language.

I always managed, even when we were on relief, to stay out of debt. My dad gave me $500 when he retired in 1936, and I put that $500 in the Caisse Populaire, and it's still there. I joined the Caisse when it began, and over 39 years, I belong to it.

Old Mr. Filiatrault, my wife's uncle, once owned nearly a quarter of the whole Maillardville territory. They had lots and lots of acreage in the area. The brothers and sons all had many lots. Some of the Filiatrault sons made their living by building one or two homes a year, then renting them.

On this block down here on Alderson, there are now six homes owned by them. They had houses along Brunette, which was the main street then, and Alderson. They also had a big store and an apartment block.

Mrs. Filiatrault, my mother-in-law, had a store and a restaurant – they're gone now – below Laval Square. Some of the costlier and more up-to-date homes of that era were down there.

We shopped in Maillardville at the corner of Laval and Brunette, and at the butcher shop on the other corner. Most of the area was all bush, with big trees, in 1924. Como Lake Road was a little trail just wide enough for one truck, and the rest was bush. Blue Mountain Road was a gravel trail.

Nan Douglas Nixon

During the 1930s, only the most sensational of tragedies in Coquitlam warranted front-page mention in the Vancouver daily newspapers.

When Thomas Douglas, a Coquitlam councillor, was murdered on July 12, 1934, headline stories dominated page one of the Province on four different days.

"Imagined Poison Plot Believed To Be Motive In Coquitlam Slaying," screamed The Province headline of July 13, a day after another front-page squib had beaten the deadline to report the murder. The story went on that the alleged killer, Robert McFadden, had given as a motive his belief that he was being poisoned by the district's water.

In post-murder stories, the newspaper sandwiched facts around further conjecture. Councillor Douglas, 53, died at Royal Columbian Hospital at 2:45 p.m. on July 12, after he was allegedly shot by Robert McFadden, 39, who was in Oakalla facing a murder charge.



Golf club service station on North Road in the 1930s. The owner, Thomas Douglas, a Coquitlam councillor, was murdered here.

Mr. Douglas had been found at 2 p.m. by his wife, and his aged father, John. A shotgun casing was found nearby. The dying man's last words were, "I don't know what he wanted to shoot me for." He then assured his wife that his sons would look after her.

A more analytical story in The British Columbian, which was based in New Westminster and enjoyed wide circulation in Coquitlam, noted that the accused had borrowed the shotgun from his friend, Percy Baker, "to shoot pigeons," and had fired it at so close a range that not one stray pellet was found at the scene.

The Province described Mr. Douglas as "out-spoken and radical, but well-liked," and went on to say how the shooting had shocked the community. Mr. Douglas, the story continued, had run provincially for the United Front, a socialist party, and that might have had something to do with the murder.

The story on the inquest, in the July 14 edition of The Province, was equally lurid. Even Coquitlam's reeve, R.C. MacDonald, testified. A witness named Ellen Walker quoted the dying victim, "Why has he done this? What have I done to Mac? He said not a word. He just came in and shot me."

The final story, aside from those on the fate of Robert McFadden, described the funeral on Sunday, July 15, 1934. Over 1,000 mourners packed the Columbia Funeral Service chapel in New Westminster. Hundreds more gathered outside in the heavy rain. The Rev. Willey delivered an eloquent tribute, telling of the universal respect Mr. Douglas commanded.

Mr. Douglas was the social activist on Coquitlam council for years, and became so popular he hardly ever had to campaign for re-election, despite the whispering that he was a socialist, or a Communist. Ald. Eunice Parker, who researched Mr. Douglas's life, says the little people he represented so well dubbed him Senator.

Thomas Avenue was later named after Mr. Douglas, who served as councillor in 1929-30, and 1932-34. Although Coquitlam usually designated streets with a pioneer family's surname, council decided that in this case, there were already too many Douglas Roads in the Lower Mainland, and voted to use Mr. Douglas' first name.

The newspapers, of course, seldom reveal the plight of the survivors. The Douglas family was devastated by the loss of a loving father and husband, who was in the prime of life. Nan Douglas Nixon gives us an insight into the human impact the tragic death had on them, and also recounts the chain of events of that fateful day.

Nan Douglas was the second-youngest of the five children of Thomas and Agnes Douglas. Mr. Douglas was once a Baptist minister and dairy farmer. The family emigrated in 1924, living in New Westminster and in Burquitlam, on the Burnaby side of North Road, before settling in Coquitlam around 1924.

Nan Douglas married the boy next door, Basil Nixon, in 1930. Mr. Nixon was a New Westminster fireman who later was appointed provincial fire marshal. They raised three sons. Mrs. Nixon, who now travels extensively, has nine grandchildren and 11 great-grandchildren, and recently moved back to Coquitlam.

We came to Canada in 1924 from Scotland, my mom and dad, myself, four brothers, and a grandfather. I was born in 1909 in Scotland; I was the second youngest child. Conditions in Scotland was the reason for our family coming here. My dad was in the dairy business, and at one time, he was a Baptist minister.

He had two brothers here, and that's why he picked this area. We lived for a few months in New Westminster, then moved into the Seven Gables, on what is now called Sullivan Street – it was Kent Street back then – on the Burnaby side of North Road. The area was called Burquitlam at the time. That was Christmas, 1924. There's a lot of history to that building.

Dad then bought one acre in Coquitlam, at the corner of Austin Road and North Road, right across from Lougheed Mall, where the pancake house is now. My brothers helped my dad build a gas station and a house facing North Road.

Dad quite enjoyed the gas station. He didn't do repairs; it was strictly a gas station with Home gasoline at the start, and later, Shell. It was a good thing, but at a bad time, as the Depression came along. The Depression made things really tough. At times, we barely had the money to meet the bills for gas.

Dad built a kind of pool room in the back for the young fellows and he had a booth where he sold ice cream. We used to call it the "information, wind and

water" because a lot of the people who drove up didn't buy anything, but only wanted free information and water.

Between the house and the gas station, there was an apple tree and under the tree was an old car, just the top of an old Ford. Grandpa used to have his naps in there when things were quiet, or at lunch time. He helped dad out at the gas station.

Our whole family loved dancing. We were a noisy bunch, and people just seemed to congregate at that corner. Our house always seemed to be full of people. A lot of the young girls and boys in this area came to our house in the evenings. Mother would do all kinds of baking, so everyone had something to eat.

I was a Highland dancer when we came here, and so we went to dances at the Agricultural Hall, and the churches would have dances. I taught people how to do the Charleston. Each year, there would be an exhibition at the hall, and everybody took their crafts and baking, and their cattle, and such.

One of my brothers had the Douglas bakery service. He made glazed doughnuts. My oldest brother worked with him with his own truck, something like a franchise. I never went to school here, instead marrying the boy next door, in 1930. Christmas Manor was the Agricultural Hall then, and that's where we had our wedding reception.

When we lived in Britain, being a Liberal was bad – it was like being a Communist – and when we came here, being socialist was a dirty word. Getting around to the socialist part, that was just about the same thing. Some said we were Communists; it's so stupid being called that, just because you wanted to help people.

But dad had seen a lot of suffering in his time and that's why he left the church. He helped others on a personal level and he did that for a great many. He gave money away to people to get food for their children. There were times when we could not meet the gas bills, because he had given the money away.

On one occasion during the Depression, they had a desperate time in Maillardville. So many people on relief, and quite a few of the councillors had gone – it was a long weekend – and the people were down there, milling around municipal hall, and they were just going wild.

Council was supposed to arrive, but the clerk had gone away, and wouldn't be back over the weekend, so their cheques would not be out. I can't remember just who it was, but Sgt. Hooker, a policeman who was a good friend of my dad's called, so dad went down there.

Later that day, my dad sent someone to the gas station, and he had phoned my mother, and told her to give this fellow all the money we had. That was the first time we could not pay our gas bill. Dad was quite the socialist in that he was always helping the poor and the unemployed. He would take his trucks, and cart children of the unemployed on picnics.

Between his religious background, and the stories he'd tell the young men – the gas station with its pool room was the only place for them to hang out – the young fellows called him Major Hoople. Dad had wonderful theories on everything. The minister from the little United church nearby – Rev. Willey – always said he got most of his sermons from listening to him.

My dad was on Coquitlam council for six or seven years, or maybe longer. Everyone realized he was a humanitarian. That's why he was so popular when it came to voting time. He got the Catholic vote, too, but he was not popular with the Roman Catholic hierarchy. The priests, and some of the politicians, didn't like his politics.

The murder happened in 1934. It was terrible for the family. Even today – I'm going on 81 now – I think about it, how such a terrible thing could happen to an active and healthy man like father. The RCMP told me many, many years later that the case has never been closed.

On that July day in 1934, Dad was having lunch at the house, and the two dogs – they always followed



Mourners lined the street following the funeral of Thomas Douglas in July 1934.

him around – were up there, too. My grandfather was sitting in the little car under the apple tree. Someone at the information, wind and water honked a horn, so my dad went over to see who it was.

Ordinarily, the dogs would have gone with him, but I guess my dad figured he'd come right back, because things were so quiet. When the shot was heard, my grandfather hurried over. My mother went running down, and so did my sister-in-law, who was at the house then.

There was a fellow lived on the other side of the road – Jimmy Bremner – and when he heard the shot, he came over, and a man with a shotgun told him he'd better get back, or he'd give it to him, too. Then the man with the gun came out of the gas station and walked away towards the Port Moody hill.

Grandpa made a pillow with his jacket for dad. My mother was so upset my sister-in-law ran back to phone for an ambulance. I think the police picked the man up on North Road as he was heading for Port Moody. The murderer turned out to be a young man named McFadden, who had been at our house several times.

Dad must have gone down to the station – there was "no sale" rung up on the cash register – to find out who was honking the horn. We figured afterwards that it wasn't anyone buying anything. McFadden knew what he was up to all the time.

Lots of theories on the murder came up afterwards. Some said it was because dad was a Communist. There was talk of it being an assassination, and and not a murder, because McFadden was a strong Roman Catholic, and dad was not popular with Catholics per se because of his politics.

McFadden had been in our house before, looking for help. I only knew him as Mac; everybody called him that. I remember, my dad bought him a truck load of shingle bolts once, and McFadden sold it without telling Dad, and he had warned him, "You won't do this again to me, Mac."

He was at a party of my brother's on New Year's Eve – that would have been New Year of 1934 – and I wondered about him as he never smiled, or anything. I asked who he was, and they said his name was Mac, and he was around quite a bit. I saw him, but I didn't know him.

The inquest was told that McFadden was living with some other men in a little shack on what we called Snake Hill, now known as Burnaby Mountain. This man was supposedly shell-shocked from the First World War, but he must have been dreadfully young to be in the war, because at the time of my father's death, he was around 30.

He was unemployed, and he was having problems. He was in Shaughnessy Hospital, in the mental health care part, and he couldn't do anything. He hadn't done anything that (the authorities) could do anything about, but he certainly wasn't right.

On the morning of the murder, McFadden had got up, and the friend that lived with him, a man named Baker, told the other fellows in the group, "That man's going to kill someone yet." Baker said that as he was leaving to go up north to find work.

Well, he left, and that same morning, McFadden attacked a man named Gordie Wilson with an axe handle. There wasn't a head on it, luckily, but he picked up the handle, and hit Gordie with it. Now, if this had been reported, maybe the whole incident might have been avoided.

McFadden then tried to borrow my cousin's gun – they had a little place in the hollow, between North Road and Snake Mountain – but my cousin told him his dad wouldn't let him loan it. I don't know where McFadden finally got the shotgun, and it never came out in the inquest.

McFadden first went after a union man who lived in Burquitlam – Harold Pritchett – but couldn't find him. Then he went to the home of a wealthy man named Webster – they had a large home on North Road, where the funeral home is now – but he wasn't in, either.

The last time I saw my father was when he and grandpa brought a truck load of unemployed people and their children to White Rock for a picnic. I was having a little holiday with two of my kids in a White Rock apartment, and he came to see us while the picnic was on down at the beach.

McFadden was sick, very sick. He went to Essondale for six months, and then they sent him over to – I believe it is Willingdon now – the institution for the criminally insane, and he was there, and he escaped. My oldest brother wrote to the attorney-general to find out what happened and was told it was true that McFadden had escaped.

The RCMP came over to my house after the escape – I was living in New Westminster then – to ask me some questions. They told me the case was still open. They knew who did it, but they still did not know what McFadden's motives were and where he got the shotgun, but I guess that all died with him.

My oldest brother sold the gas station and the house about 1935, or '36. He got another house as a down payment, and my mother lived in that for a while, but I don't know anything about the business side. My younger brother could have run the gas station, but things were really bad then, and so it was sold.

My brothers supplied a home for my mother for the rest of her life, not with them, but part of, living upstairs. One brother supplied the living quarters, and another looked after her; my younger brother waited a long time before he got married, because of mother.

After I was married, we lived in New Westminster because my husband was a fireman there, and at that time, you had to live in the city. When he became provincial fire marshal, we could live anywhere, but we stayed in the house we'd built in the west end.

My husband was a fireman through the Depression; his wages were $125 a month, our rent, $18. When he became fire marshal for all of B.C., the New West fire hall had a picture and story of him saying: Local Boy Makes Good. He was also a commander in the navy and represented Canada and the U.S. at NATO meetings.

I sold the house in New Westminster three years ago and came back to Coquitlam, where I live in an apartment. I've travelled quite a lot, especially since my husband died, and my place is full of pictures, and notes I've written about my travels.

Frank Cotton

The Vancouver Golf Club officially opened on June 24, 1911, and has since developed into one of the finest championship courses in the nation. VGC has long been a Coquitlam landmark.

Avid golfer Frank Cotton joined the club in 1931. He also purchased his property from the club in 1946.

Born July 30, 1900, Frank Cotton attended Duke of Connaught High School in New Westminster and became the sheriff of Westminster County. He served civil processes and made debt seizures with warrants of execution. He was also responsible for the hanging preparations at Oakalla prison farm.

He married Helen Grant in 1927; they raised one son. The Cottons still live on property they bought from VGC. Mr. Cotton is an honorary life member of the Vancouver Golf Club.

When I first joined Vancouver Golf Club – my wife and I joined in 1931 – it cost $100 a share for the men and the dues were $6 a month. The dues stayed there for years. But then when times got hard, they brought in the plan where you paid $1 a month and two bits every time you played, up to a maximum of $6 a month.

That was during the Depression, so it was a lot of money in those days. When I first joined, the caddies got maybe 75 cents or a dollar for about four hours' work.

Once you bought your $100 share, that was for a lifetime, and you only had to pay the monthly dues after that. You can't sell your share.

Whenever the Vancouver Golf Club needed money, it seemed they sold off some chunks of land. There was a Dr. Wilson who bought land and a Mr. Noble, and the five acres beyond theirs were bought by other club members.

The club sold a lot of land to people, including the property all along the back and right down to the end of the golf course. I presume this was because they were pretty broke at times and they needed to raise money. The little apartment at the foot of the hill was once golf club property.

When we were first married, we lived in New Westminster. Both of us were fond of the outdoors, and some friends of mine got after me to join the golf club. After we joined, the club agreed to sell me two-and-a-half acres of land along Austin Road.

We cleared the lot and built our own house here; actually, we hired some day labor to help us build it. We just started at the road – it was solid bush – and cleared a little bit each weekend. At first, we would only clear on Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning and we would take time off after clearing to play some golf.

There were no other houses in this area when we moved into our house – the address is now 901 Austin Rd. – in 1946. All bush. There were some houses on Blue Mountain, down near the mill, but not up here. North Road was more or less a trail all the way to Port Moody, and most of the development in Coquitlam was south of Austin Road.

Austin was just two lanes. We had our own car in

The east wing of this clubhouse combined the kitchen and women' locker room. The west wing housed the men's bar and locker room. The men's dormitory was on the second floor. This clubhouse burned to the ground Nov. 14, 1937.



The first tee as it appeared in 1915.

1931, when we would come out here. The only way out from Westminster was to get off at the end of the Sapperton streetcar line at Hume Park and walk, or have your own car. Lots of people did it.

We don't get any broken windows, but we do find the odd golf ball on the property. We're the only ones around here that have kept the property and have not subdivided. The barn for the horses used on the golf course was right up here at the back of our property.

Vancouver Golf Club was one of the earliest courses built in British Columbia. Jericho was the first. When we joined in 1931, it was already an established 18-hole course. The maintenance was done with horses in those days. I think they had watering carts at first, motorized sprinkling wagons. Now the sprinklers are all built in.

Manny Gueho, who was in that position for many, many years, was head of the greens, the greenskeeper. He lived down here on Walker Avenue, I think – I don't know where the fellow who worked with him lived – and they did most of the work, but they also had some extra help.



Luxurious interior of the second clubhouse in 1915.

A lot of the players came out from Vancouver on the interurban and would spend the night here. About half way in from Austin was the farm house, which was used as the clubhouse. The new one they built to replace that burned down in 1937. The new clubhouse had eight or 10 rooms and some dormitories upstairs, male and female.

After the fire in 1937, the men went back to using the farm house, which was also the pro shop. The women had to change shoes and stuff in their car. There was no restaurant then. It was a few years after the fire before the next clubhouse was built.

Aside from the dormitories and some private rooms upstairs in the third clubhouse, downstairs, there was a big lounge, big dining room and a smaller lounge. Then there was the men's locker room and the women's locker room, all on the main floor. This clubhouse, which was huge, also burned down.

The fourth clubhouse had a lounge, dining room, women's locker room and the men's locker room, all downstairs. The restaurant was in the middle. The office was in there somewhere, too. I can't remember when it was torn down, and the present clubhouse built.

To help get some extra petty cash, they used to have three or four slot machines in the clubhouse. The slot machines were in the men's locker room; I think they were illegal. One fellow played golf so much he became addicted to the slot machines, and had to resign from the golf club.

I don't remember how many members the club had when we joined; the membership was nothing like it is now – it wasn't that big then. It was quite a social thing. There was a strict dress code, neck ties, and all; we had to wear neck ties even while we were playing. That was gradually phased out.

There were dances about once a month, and lots of other social events, at the golf course. They would hire an orchestra, and the women wore long dresses, the

men dinner jackets or tails. Now we go for dinner once in a while – we don't go to the dances any more – and I don't think they're as formal as they once were.

Caddying was done mostly by local teenagers. For other local children, looking for lost golf balls was profitable. We never used caddies; we always carried our own bags. There are very few caddies now at any golf course; most of the golfers use carts.

At one time, we all had our own carts and stored them at the golf club. Then they changed the system, and the pro bought all the carts, and you rented them from him.

Golf clubs used to all have hickory shafts. Now they're all steel. You weren't allowed to play in a tournament if you didn't have hickory shafts on all your clubs.

The course used to shut down for three months in the winter.

I was club champion about five times back in the '30s and '40s; at one time, my handicap was three. But I never considered turning pro.

I guess the club secretary did most of the managing. The best name I can remember is Fred Wood. He became a well-known pro. Professionals in the early days were interested just in golf; nowadays, they have a shop with clothes and everything.

In those days, there was just one pro, and he had a pro shop, but he only sold golf clubs and balls. The pro's main job was giving lessons. Today, there is still one pro, but he has two or three assistants.

We struggled during the war, the golf club carrying on as best it could, just like it did during the Depression, when both the men's share, the monthly dues and the green fees were very low. After the war, as people moved into the area, there was a lot of new members joining.

In the 58 or so years we've been members, there haven't been that many changes to the course itself, no serious changes, only modifications. It's more or less the same as it was in 1931. They did change the 17th and 18th greens about five or six years ago.

The seventh hole used to be a par four, and now it's a par three. The 10th was lengthened to a par five. Most of the changes have just been improvements, except for the 17th and 18th, which are brand-new holes. They've also left the rest of the property as is.

I was sheriff of Westminster County, which covers the area from Boundary Road to Boston Bar, for more than 40 years, retiring in 1964 at 63.

When I was working, there was capital punishment, and if you were sentenced to be hanged, it didn't matter where you were living or where you were tried, they were all held at Oakalla, and that was in my county. They did the hangings right in Oakalla, so I had to make all the arrangements. I saw 42 hangings. Anyone could apply to be a witness, and a surprising number of people did.

Frank Edward

Born on Feb. 20, 1905, in Rocanville, Sask., Frank Edward moved to British Columbia in 1909. His father was a printer for the local newspaper. The family returned to the Prairies in 1916, but Mr. Edward was back here by 1926.

Frank and Anne (McCourt) Edward raised four children. Mr. Edward continues to live on the old homestead on Burke Mountain.

Dad began homesteading in 1903 in Saskatchewan, and I was born there on Feb. 20, 1905. We arrived in B.C. four years later. I attended school in Vancouver until 1916, when my dad decided he wanted to go farming again. So we went back out to the Prairies. We spent 10 years there, but I didn't want to stay there.

So I came back to Vancouver when I was 18. My dad said he might as well too, so he came back and located a fruit and dairy farm on Lulu Island. We came to Coquitlam, to Burke Mountain, in 1933. My brother-in-law had the other end of the valley, and I took this end, and we moved. There was no road into the place, so we had to do a lot of packing.

My dad was over 70, but we slept on the old skid road with just a blanket. That winter, it was like summer up there for three months, not much snow. We cleared the stumps out and one thing after another. And we happened to be in the place I wanted.

So I took poles from there and built the home myself. It was supposed to be just a temporary house, but my wife made a home out of it, and we made a few changes here and there. It's been standing 57 years now. My boys and I spent one winter making a fireplace in the living room with rocks out of the creek.



The McCourt brothers haul shingle bolts from Burke Mountain in 1937.



Edward family home on Burke Mountain.

I used cedar boards for the flooring and I planed them so they fit together. After we got the floor in, I edged it flat, so it was level. There's a thousand caulk marks in the cedar floor because we had a party once, and a lot of the fellows didn't take their boots off.

I met my wife after I had apprenticed as a machinist. I was in sales and I was calling on households. I sold a lot of different things. This one day, I was way over to Locarno, in that area, and you're not supposed to miss any houses.

So there was a big house and there was a girl about half way down the steps and she was kind of – well, I figured that girl was my wife. But I went on to the next house. I didn't see her again until I met her in the mountains about a month or two later.

I used to hike, and she was one of the first women that used to hike in jeans. She was a professional swimmer and that's why she was heavy – she weighed 160 pounds. She used to swim across the inlet and she could hike packing 60 pounds.

She was one of the six that started the annual polar bear swim – her and Peter Pantages. I can't remember the others. She used to compete in long-distance swims and had a professional trainer.

We married in 1930 and lived in Vancouver for a while. I was running a little machine shop with a little factory, but things got so bad that we just walked out and shut the door and left everything. This was during the Depression. I made my own jobs for a while.

Then a friend of mine who had gone north wanted me to come up there and assist in setting up a placer mine and, of course, my grandfather was one of the top men in that field, and I had plenty of instruction. So I went up there and set them up.

We'd been up there two years, so this was more or less the time to move. My brother-in-law found this place out here on Burke Mountain, and he wanted us to come down. I had an old car that we drove down in; our son, Bob, was born up there, and we brought him down when he was two weeks old.

We had a standard homestead – 80 acres – on Burke Mountain. All you had to do was apply for it. You also had to do qualification work on it. As I said, when I built the house up there, there was no road, just a trail. That's why I had to build everything myself.

My first shake roof was on there 32 years – the house has only had two roofs in 50-some years. My brother-in-law and myself went into the shake business after that. We had a crew of 23 men and we were the largest shake producers in B.C. at one time.

The thing is, we knew how to handle shakes and knew what kind of shakes to put on. So the roofs lasted. Ultimately, I went into the roofing business.

We used to work up in Burke Mountain long before we moved there in 1933. I was the first one to take out the big firs. When I first went through there in 1914, I saw firs eight feet in diameter. But they had all started to rot, so I asked MacMillan Bloedel – they owned the property – if I could get the timber up there. They wanted to know what I wanted it for, and I said for cutting the wood for anything I could sell. I paid them 50 cents a thousand, very little, and in the meantime, I cut some down to test them. I found that I could get a good section of log, so I cut them in nine-foot lengths. Some were only one log to a truck load!

I sold them back to the company for making veneer down at the mill; they wanted to know where I'd got them, and I wouldn't tell them, but they said they could take all I got. So I made a living that way. I

bought myself Cats from Finning's – one gas and one diesel – and built a 24-foot sled and used it to bring the logs down.

Sometimes the load would outweigh the Cat, and some couldn't figure out how I got it down. There were some exciting times when it would run away from you on the mountain. I got $1.75 a cord for hauling; that was for making roads, loading the logs up and bringing them down to the mill.

My brothers-in-law were cutting, and they got $1.50 a cord. It was a very long day, really hard, bucking and splitting and piling. This was in the late '30s. You could make five bucks a day. Everybody thought we were better off than most people because we were in the shake business. We were right into the Depression then.

I used a nine-foot crosscut saw to get the cedar down for making shakes.

Originally, I had 80 acres of land but after I bought out my son, Barry, I had 120. I ultimately quit the shake business and the woods and I was not planning to go back into it until a relative's house in Maillardville needed a roof. When I finished that, the next-door neighbor wanted one, and it went from there. That's how I found myself in the roofing business. The boys worked with me.

Burke Mountain was known as Dollar Mountain because the Dollar Logging Co., did all their logging up there with horses. We always called it Dollar Mountain, and it was known as that for a long, long time. I don't know how the name got changed.

Dollar's logs went down the mountain at different angles and ended up at Port Moody. There used to be piles of horseshoes all over the place. The company had a shingle mill over in Port Moody; that's where they used to dump the shingle bolts and logs.

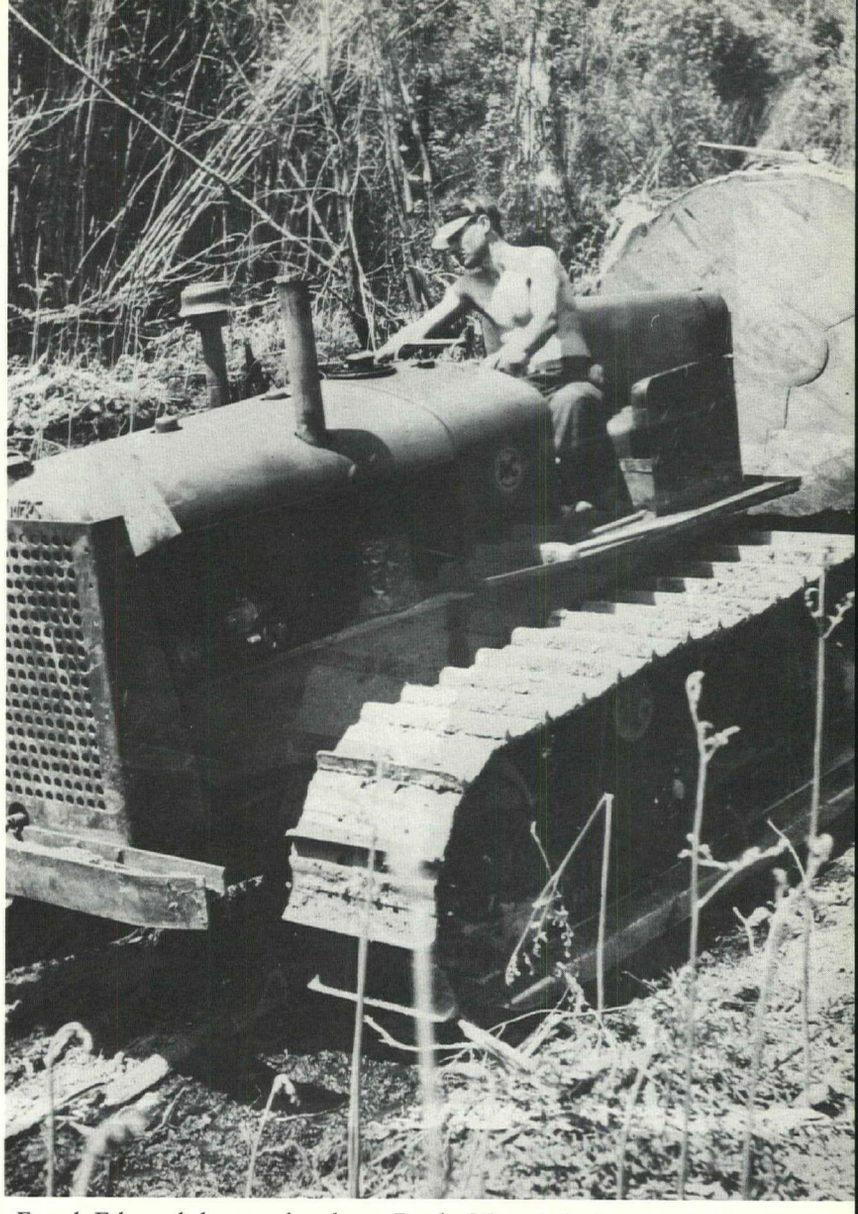
Did you know that Dollar Mountain was raised by an earthquake? At one time, Pitt River was an inlet of the sea, around 3,600 feet deep. A friend of mine started drilling a gas well over here once, and shortly before he left, he was down to 3,600 feet and he says, "I'm still going through big rock that was brought in with the ice during the Ice Age."

I plumbed Pitt Lake once with 1,800 feet of line, and I still got down only part way. It's the only fresh water lake in the world with a tide. There are things caused by the Ice Age up in the mountains that, if they were some place else, would be a tourist attraction because they are so unusual.

There are many unexplained things up in the mountains. A balancing rock up there weighs tonnes, but you can move it with your hands. And the tip of a mountain there – it'd come down where we were working, logging – it's as big as this whole house across underneath and it's perfectly flat, just as if it were broken off and it's sitting absolutely level on three points of rock.

Quarry Road and the bottom-dike road were the only ones here in the '30s. There was a fellow – Ewings – down at the bottom of the hill, and an old sea captain with him. Ewings was an electrician in Vancouver. They were our nearest neighbors – it was quite isolated.

I like the isolation – no people on top of you. I've had a diesel plant for years, and my water comes from a spring. We had our own vegetable garden and we had turkeys, geese, a cow, a horse and such. At that time, there was lots of wild life in the area.



Frank Edward drags a log down Burke Mountain in 1939.

Most winters weren't too bad. In the early days, we'd just walk up and down when the snow was deep and pack it that way.

Dogpatch Hall, where we used to meet – that's a situation where my father-in-law and I and a few others wanted to build a big, round-roofed barn because it gives more room, upstairs and downstairs. But some of the other fellows wanted a town-type building, more modern, so they finally went out and built it themselves.

My wife used to work with Mrs. Hamber at Minnekhada, looking after her gardens because she was a green-thumb gardener. They were friends and one thing and another. When Mrs. Hamber had parties down there, my wife used to go and help in the big house. She also cooked breakfast for the men in the bunk house and did their cleaning. She started at the bunk house and then moved up to the lodge.

Pollard was one of the original shake men around the country. In 1914, he put a road through the valley, a skid road, and they used to haul cut shingle



Edward family photograph: Brothers Bob, left, and Barry. Frank Edward is holding Dawn, Anne Edward is holding Marjorie.

bolts. The area was never logged; just cedar shingles taken out. His people still live in this area.

The biggest tree we came across up there – the biggest stump, I should say – was found by my father-in-law. He was wandering around looking for things, and there was a ring of roots so immense we measured it up. It was 63 feet around and, I think, 22 or 23 feet across.

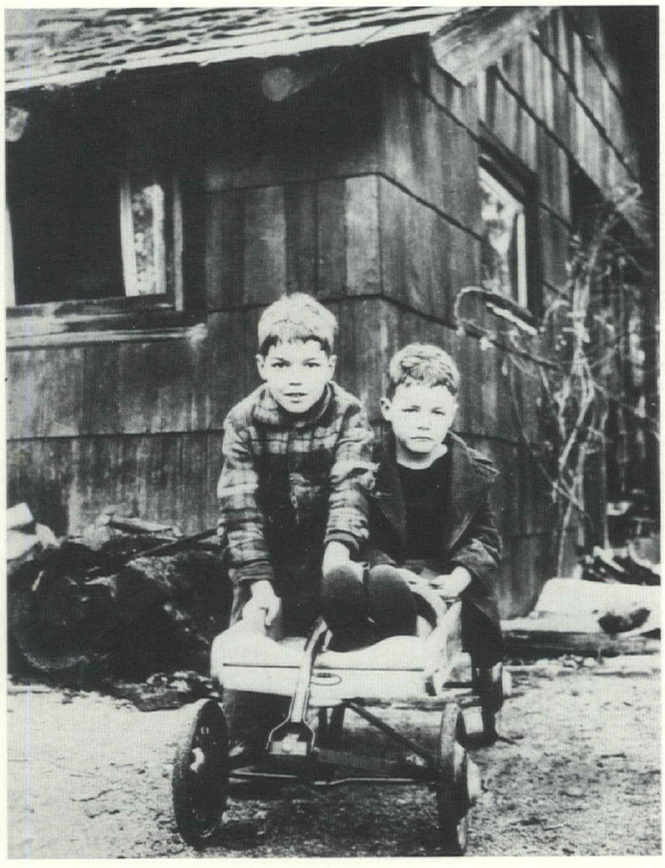
It had been a huge tree, but because they rot in the middle, someone had set fire to it and burned it. This kind of tree makes for easy burning. They just left a ring of roots around it.

Victoria Drive stopped a little beyond where we are now. I put this road in but I didn't want it named after me, Edward Road, but they called it that. Somebody sitting in the hall must be doing nothing but thinking up fancy, new names.

During the big flood of 1948, a partner and myself were cutting shakes up in the woods, and we had to get them out, regardless of the flood. So we wanted to build a bridge at the bottom; we hauled out some huge cedar logs for bridge ringers and hid them in the bush close by.

Then we went to Minnekhada to see (B.C. Lt.-Gov.) Hamber about it. He wanted to know who the heck we were. But inside an hour, he had the whole council out there. They agreed to pay us $3,600 to build this bridge and gave us 30 days to do it.

We had it done in less than a week because we already had everything there. The bridge is over Innis Creek, which some are now calling Parkington Creek. But to me, it'll always be Innis. Gilley's son had a big truck, 17 tonnes and drove over it. It settled the bridge, but it held.



Barry and Bob Edwards in front of the family home on Burke Mountain in 1941.

Robert Edward

Born in Quesnel on Sept. 4, 1933, to Anne and Frank Edward, Robert (Bob) Edward was brought by his parents to their Burke Mountain homestead when he was two weeks old.

He began working at Minnekhada when he was a boy and was employed there for a number of years. After leaving Minnekhada, he logged Burke Mountain, worked for an oil company, then established a logging and tree service company, which he still operates. Bob and Beverly Edward raised four children.

Bob Edward, who has two grandchildren, recently moved into a house on Quarry Road with his second wife, Judy.

I arrived in this country in 1933 with my mom and dad when I was about a week old. I was born in Quesnel, and then they hustled me out of there because, apparently, of the noise I was making. I was raised on Burke Mountain; now I live on Victoria

Drive and have done so for 32 years.

I don't think we ever left Burke Mountain in those days because of the distance and lack of cars. My older brother, Barry, was my companion. I guess I taught him how to speak because when he was in Quesnel, he didn't have any friends, and mom and dad were out hunting, trying to survive.

Barry spent all his time with the dog, so he did more barking than speaking. When I came along, I taught him how to speak a little bit, just because we had each other to talk to. My younger years were spent mostly at home.

I went to Victoria Drive school for Grade 1, 2 and 3; the first year, we walked there. Then we took a bus – walked a mile and caught the bus. I went for Grade 4, 5 and 6 to Glen School, then to Austin junior-senior high school for Grade 7 to 12. We took the bus there; we would leave home at 10 minutes to seven in the morning and get home about 5:30 at night.

We had no electricity then and, of course, we had a mile to walk along a narrow road up the mountain after school. Our only source of light was something we made called the "bug." Basically, you punched a hole through the bottom of a jam can and stuck a candle in.

Then you put a couple of knife slots in the back for breathing space and a handle over the top. The bug gave off enough light for everything, for chores like feeding animals, cutting wood – everything. We had flashlights too, but we couldn't afford batteries.

Flashlights were quite new at that time, and when we did have batteries, they would wear out, and then my dad would punch holes in them and put them in a solution of salt and water until they recharged. We always had these things sitting around home.

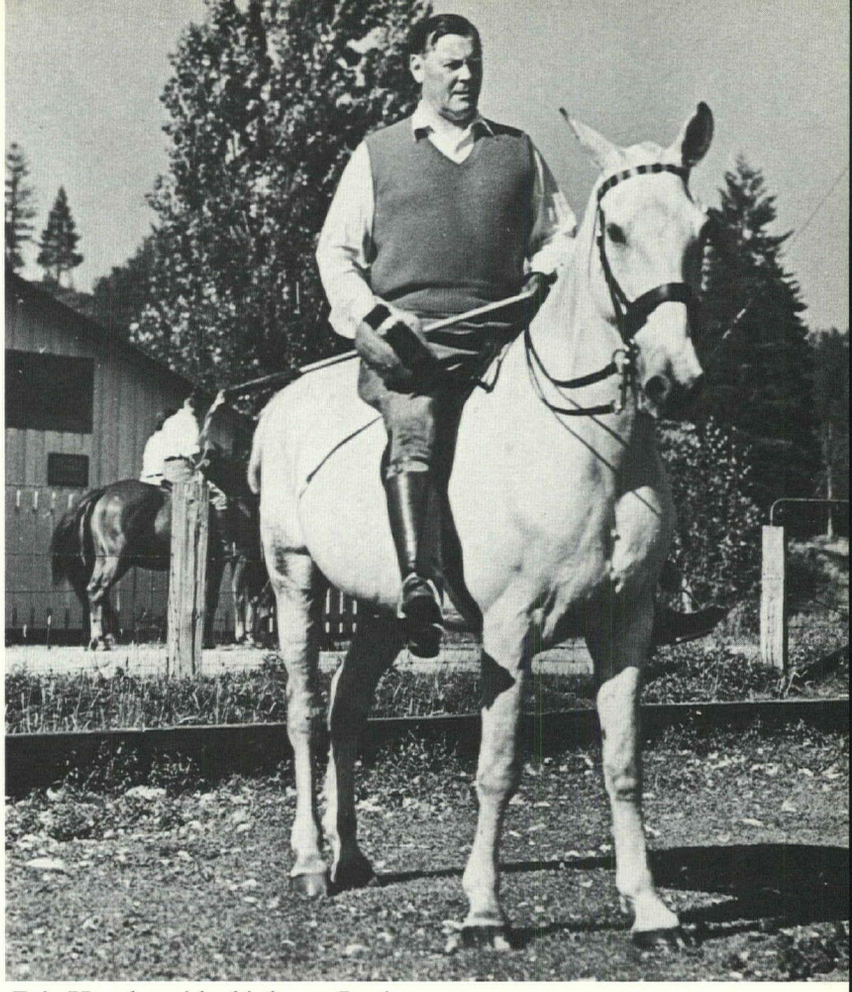
We had no refrigerator, of course, so we drank powdered milk, which was new then. We had a cow, but when the cow was dry, we drank powdered or canned milk, which was the big deal. When our chickens were laying well, we had an excess of eggs, so we would store them in sodium silicate, which is water glass.

We had a big tub of it and we'd put the eggs in there, and they would last for three months. The water glass keeps the air absolutely away from the eggs and fills the pores. Instead of making the shell a living, breathing organism, it makes a solid thing around the egg so they last a lot longer.

We had the cow, so we made our own butter, which us kids hated to do. After churning, you had the buttermilk, which kept on its own. A skin forms on top, so you just move it aside and pour the new buttermilk under it, then let the skin go back over. The buttermilk got better and better the older it got.

We used to play down at Minnekhada; my closest friends – Gordon, Ron and Joyce Bradshaw – were the children of Gordon Bradshaw Sr., the foreman at the ranch. I started helping Mr. Bradshaw, and when he moved away around 1948, I got a job at Minnekhada after school and on weekends.

I got to know the Hambers quite well, and Mrs. Hamber took a liking to me. She used to call her husband Tammy – everybody called him that – his pet name. He was Mr. Hamber to me. Tammy was the



Eric Hamber rides his horse, Justice.

lord of the roost. He ruled with an iron fist, especially the men who worked there and the boys, like myself. He knew that my dad was a logger, and so I used to cut all the trees for him.

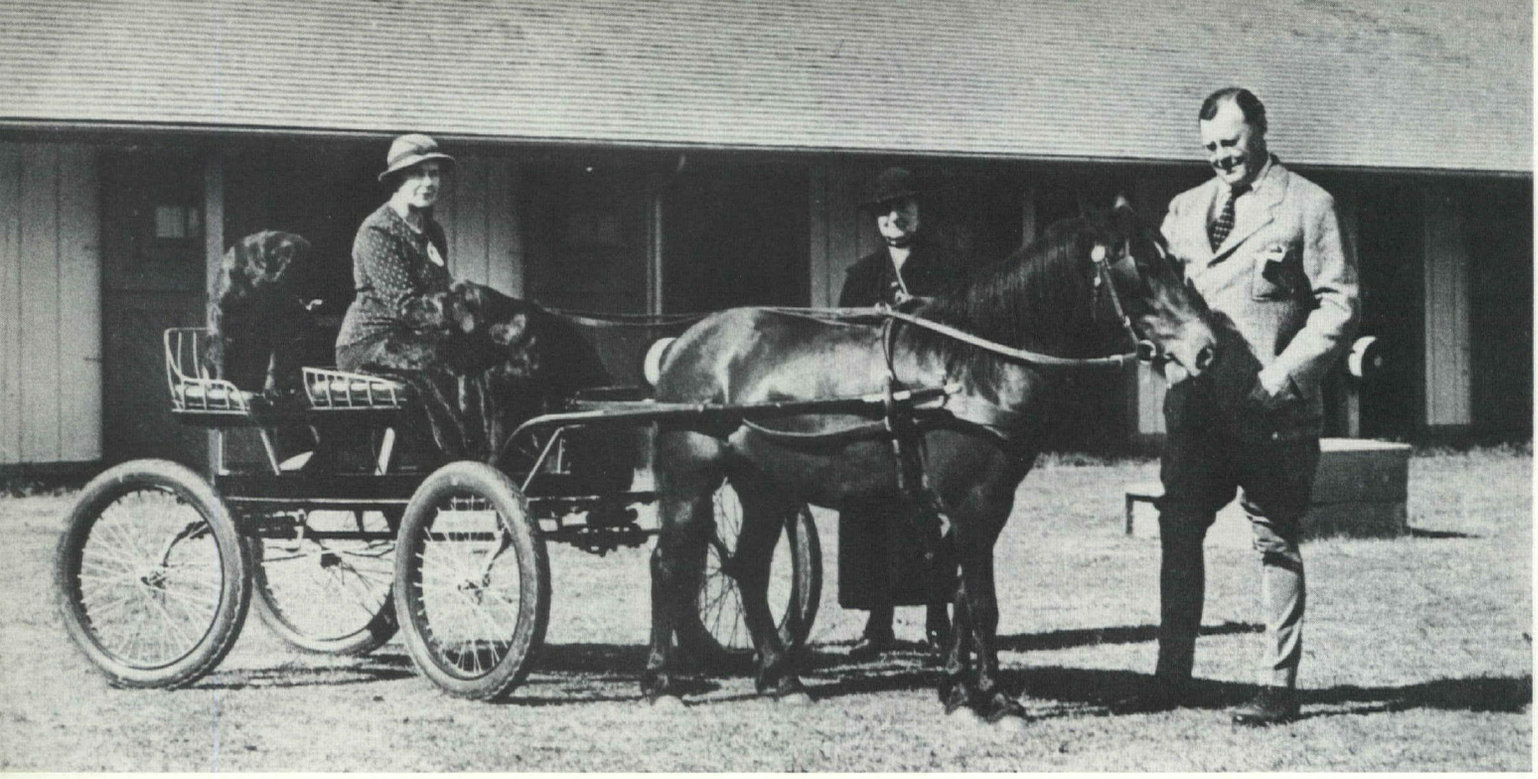
When they hunted on the Minnekhada marsh, we sometimes had to scare the ducks out for them – run around the bush, and scare the pheasants and the ducks out. At that time, they used to bring pheasants out and turn them loose, buy 500 of them and raise them on the farm.

Because they weren't very afraid of us, we'd have to put them out there a month or so before the pheasant season started, to get them a little bit wild. And so one of our jobs was to terrorize these pheasants, so that when they saw a human, they would fly up. We had a lot of fun with that.

The marsh for duck hunting was on the north corner of what is now Minnekhada Park, and the trail went all around it. They used to hunt here and out in front of the lodge, toward the dikes. The idea was to have a crew from the front scaring the ducks at a certain time, so they would fly over the little hill and land on the marsh.

We used to have the blinds well hidden there and we used to tend his decoys and stuff like that. You could walk all the way around the marsh then. I was getting 32 cents an hour. My mom was helping in the lodge kitchen, cooking and serving. She was also working in the gardens, so I got to do a lot in the gardens as a helper.

Mr. Hamber had this Model A Ford – this was his first farm vehicle – and would virtually go everywhere in it. He had tire chains on it in case he got stuck. So



The Hambers with a horse-drawn carriage in front of the Minnekhada stables.

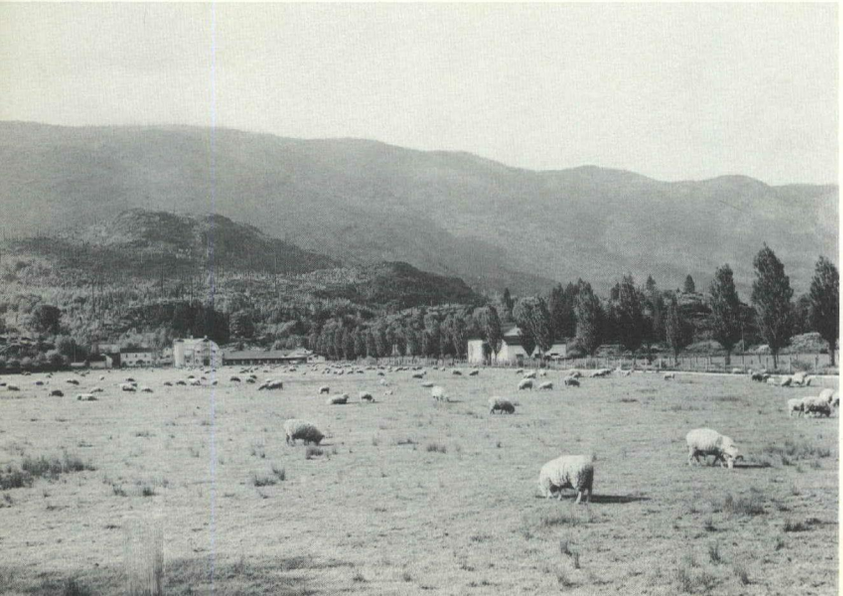
we went all over – he carried his axe, and I had mine – and we'd clear trails.

He'd drive out to the marsh where they had duck blinds and he'd say, "Okay boy, we're going to cut through here," and we went through there and we'd cut trails to where they would have the duck blinds, so when his rich friends came from town, they could walk freely.

Unbeknownst to just about everybody, that marsh was also full of very nice trout. I used to catch these beautiful trout off horseback. I know Mr. Hamber was quite interested and wondered where he could find these trout. But I couldn't tell him because I was stealing them off his marsh.

The Hambers would come out mostly on the weekends; they had big parties. Mrs. Hamber was a very generous lady. She used to treat me very well, always making sure she knew when my birthday was and stuff like that. I would just happen to mention it casually.

I know one Easter time, she called me over at lunch time, and Tammy was eating, and she had a present for me. I wasn't to open it until I got home and I wasn't to shake it. It was an Easter egg that must have been eight to 10 inches long, and six to eight inches in diameter, a chocolate Easter egg full of little chocolates.



The Hambers raised sheep on the Minnekhada farm.

There were about 1,200 acres on the Minnekhada Farm, but for many, many years I suppose it was just basically a tax write-off. Earlier on, they raised sheep there. I know they used to grow peas at Minnekhada too.

The original gates that are there now may have been built at the same time as the lodge. I used to help repair them. I used to do a lot of tinkering for Mr. Hamber, but he was a flighty man. We'd start on a job, and we'd get half way through it, and he'd change his mind.

In later years, I had a pack horse that my dad used for bringing shakes off Burke Mountain, and Christmas trees, which we used to sell. She was called Lady and she was quite a horse. My dad bought her from a man who kept her tied up in the barn and was afraid to go near her.

Anyway, Mr. Hamber took a liking to her and wanted to buy her. Well, I didn't particularly want to sell because she was my transportation – you couldn't ride up the hill on the bike. So one day, he made me an offer of $75, which was pretty good, but the final offer became the $75 plus another horse. So I ended up with Scotty, and he ended up with Lady.

Mr. Hamber was going to breed Lady to Papworth, his thoroughbred race horse, a fantastic horse. Papworth was huge, so the idea was to breed the two – Lady was a small mare – and make a mid-sized horse. Unfortunately, Lady would have nothing to do with Papworth. Whether she was spayed or what we never ever knew, but she would not breed. So I ended up with a horse and $75, and Mr. Hamber ended up with a liability. He had to feed this poor mare. So that was my big financial deal with the lieutenant-governor of British Columbia, with Mr. Hamber.

The Japanese garden looks nothing now like what it used to, when my mother and myself looked after it. We once dumped garbage over the cliff, where the



A polo match at Minnekhada farm.

garden and pool were later built. They used to have deer in there too, three tame deer in a pen. They were Mrs. Hamber's pets. They disappeared one day; I don't know where they went.

When I first started to work at Minnekhada, there was a polo field directly south of the stable, a very smooth field. Well groomed and looked after. Now it's a total mess; they do nothing with it. The tack room is still there. The polo area was always full of princes and what-not. Lots of royalty – Queen Elizabeth was one – stayed at the lodge.

In those days, Minnekhada encompassed all the area from the first gate to the Pitt River and right out to the dike, then beyond the dike, which is Addington Point. Blakeburn Ranch was across the other side of the dike, going right through from De Bouville Slough on that side, and Minnekhada on this side, south to Dominion Street in Port Coquitlam.

Eventually, I got to drive the tractors at Minnekhada, strange tractors that had the motor set off to the right. You steered by putting one brake on and turning the wheel, so you could really turn sharp. But one day, I went the opposite way and after I got three spins into it, I rolled the tractor and wrecked it. That was the end of my career at Minnekhada; this would be in the '50s.

Actually, I did work there after that because I was hired to keep out duck hunters who'd sneaked in. There were usually two or three of us riding on horseback around the perimeter of the farm – we were supposed to ride separate because it was a big farm to cover – for about three months in the winter, during duck-hunting season.

It was very cold riding horseback, and we found that if we picked up cottonwood branches that had died and were very dry, we could light a fire with them, and they didn't smoke. And so we'd all be sitting around the fire keeping warm, and no one knew – no smoke. As soon as we heard shooting, we'd all get on our horse and terrorize the hunters.

My first job in the logging business was in Widgeon Valley in 1949, where I worked with my dad. We had to go in by boat. We cut bean stakes and fence posts, then got into the shake business, all on Burke Mountain and right on our own property too. With the timber rights my uncles had bought, we took in just about the whole side of Burke Mountain.

We used to cut Christmas trees on Burke Mountain in the wintertime, and sell them on the corner of Eighth and Columbia. We'd bring them off the mountain on a pack horse and we'd take them on the old truck to New Westminster, set up shop right at the Pacific Cafe, and we'd have a little camp fire there.

I was probably 12 or 13 years old when I got my first car, a 1927 Chev we paid a neighbor $12.50 for. We drove it on the mountain. We later used it to drive to Dogpatch Hall, which was a meeting place for everybody. We had badminton clubs and stuff like that down there. There were no such things as insurance or driver's licences.

Our cars were usually open because we would just take an axe and chop off the top from behind the front seat, make a truck out of it and build a deck on it. No sense having a sedan, but a truck was of some use around the farm. They didn't have many pick-ups then, and they cost big money.

In the '30s or '40s, we used to get three to four feet of snow every winter. There was so much snow then. We were frozen in once at Widgeon Creek for weeks and we had to cut our way out with axes. Took us three days to get from Widgeon Creek to the Pitt River Bridge.

We were cutting shakes on Burke Mountain above dad's place one winter and we measured the snow where we were working, which was not at the top of the mountain; we had 21 feet! We'd cut shakes and leave them there, hauling them out when the snow melted.

Mr. Hamber had the only telephone line out here for many, many years. Pike Ewings then got a telephone,

The Minnekhada Lodge in 1934.

and he had a Pelton wheel to generate his own electricity. He was our nearest neighbor, about a mile away, so if we wanted to telephone, we had to go down to his place. The Hambers, Ewings and Capt. Best were only ones with electricity in this whole country then.

Everybody knew everybody, and everybody helped each other in our little community, where there were probably 10 families. There was Pike Ewings and Wid Lofting, and Fred Burdett beyond that – he had a bunch of kids – and Mr. Grant, who had a store right on Innis Creek.

Beyond him was Archie Bennie, and the Hansens, who had a big three-storey house in the bush. They're all gone now, and so is the store. Beyond that was the log house where Jack Murphy lived; they moved out and left everything, and as kids, we stole a lot of stuff out of there and hid it in a stump because if my parents found out, they'd kill us.

Then there was a whole group of houses – we called it the summer resort – down on the Pitt River. Dr. Chipperfield, a wealthy doctor, originally had a big house down there. And past that lived the Furniss family, and below them was a little house where Dick Kay lived – then a house where the hatchery is now.

There was a townsite at Gilley's quarry with six company houses – the people who lived there worked in the quarry. All kinds of people lived beyond that, but all those houses are gone. Past the quarry was a



The Hambers inside Minnekhada Lodge in 1958.

school for the loggers' children – Summerdale. Only one new house has been built in this area the last 30 years!

This property that I'm on now – I bought these five acres for $1,050, and had it appraised in 1982 at $600,000. Now I can't get $300 for it. I built the original house myself with the help of friends and what not and I split all the shakes for the roof. We don't have water or sewer.

You know, the bottom road now called Cedar Drive – Back Ditch Road back then – was always classified as a dike, not a road. The road was supposed to go on the north side of De Bouville Slough, but Cedar Drive led to Minnekhada, and apparently, Mr. Hamber was going to have some highfalutin' guests out there. Royalty or something, and he didn't want them driving on a dusty, gravelly road. That's how it was paved. Mr. Hamber paid to have it paved from Prairie Road all the way out to Minnekhada.Victoria Drive was paved only in the 1960s. Cedar Drive was the only paved road out here for many, many years.

John Turner

Born in Drumheller, Alta., John (Jack) Turner was four years old when he came to Coquitlam with his family. Travelling in the 1929 Dodge were the six children – four girls, two boys – their parents John and Victoria May (Llewellyn) Turner, and Rover, the family's pet dog.

John Turner Sr. worked for the municipality and then became a saw carrier at Fraser Mills. He bought two lots at the corner of Austin and LeBleu and built a house, after painstakingly clearing the land.

Jack Turner married Joyce McAdam, and they raised four children – two daughters and two sons. The Turners currently live on Charland Avenue.

We migrated to Coquitlam from Drumheller, Alta., in 1934, when I was four years old. Dad worked in the coal mine there. When it closed, he came West to find a job. Dad and mom, four of my sisters, myself sitting on mom's knee, and my one-year-old brother were packed into the 1929 Dodge. We mustn't forget our dog Rover, who piled in too.

Coquitlam was a vast forest then. We lived in a number of places when we arrived, first boarding in Mr. Irwin's garage on Blue Mountain, just below Rochester. Soon, we rented a house at the intersection of Rochester, North Road and a trail that later grew over with bush; it is now Lougheed Highway.

Our rent was $10 a month. The going rent for one-bedroom houses then was $25 per month, for two bedrooms, $35. Later, we moved east a quarter of a mile up Rochester, near Walker Road. Then dad decided to build a house, so he purchased two lots at the corner of Austin Avenue and LeBleu Street.

Dad first got a job with the municipality, doing all kinds of construction work. Then, in order to have money to buy all the lumber needed for our new house, he went to work for Fraser Mills in 1935. Dad worked as a saw carrier for 29 cents an hour, six days a week.

Dad once said they couldn't fire him because he owed them so much money from all the lumber he bought. For two years, he would get up early in the morning and walk to Fraser Mills via the trail, where Lougheed Highway now is. The mill employed both men and women by then and got its water from Como Lake.

Fraser Mills used to deliver firewood with a horse and cart to the townsite on the outskirts of the mill, for 50 cents per load. And lumber too. One time, somebody stole dad's lumber. Before returning home after a day's work at the mill, dad would walk up



Jack Turner and his father, John, stand on the base of a fir tree at 708 Austin Rd. in 1954.



Corner of Austin and Gatensbury in 1937.

Marmont to the property and start clearing land. We eventually cleared the lot with the help of a hand stump-puller borrowed from our neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Burien. The area must have been burned before because there were many stumps around. The house, which was at LeBleu and Austin, was finally completed in 1935.

We later needed more room, so dad decided to build a basement. The house was jacked up, supported only by posts. We would start digging on Saturday mornings; we spent gruelling hours shovelling earth and wheelbarrowing it out from underneath our house.

I remember the time we found this huge rock down there. We removed it by alternately setting a fire around it and then pouring cold creek water on to it until it cracked and broke into pieces. We would stand outside the house, and the neighbors would go crazy because smoke would be coming out from underneath. Everybody thought the house was on fire.

The land was cleared manually. We used the stump-puller, hooking it on to a big tree and pulling the cable around the stump to get it real tight. We used to tighten the stump-puller up during the day, and it would come right off the ground. It was a slow process, almost like pulling out a big tooth. It took four or five days to get the stump out.

For some of the big ones we couldn't get out, dad would dig under the stump, and fill the hole full of wood. He'd get a fire going and stick two three-inch pipes into it, on opposite sides. A draft would blow through, and the smoke would come out the other pipe.

We'd get up the next morning, and there would be nothing underneath – the whole stump would be burned up.

There was this big stump up on Austin, must have been six feet across. Us kids were seven or eight years old then, and all we had was a dull axe. It took us three months to cut that thing down. We chopped and chopped and chopped. Finally, this one Saturday was going to be our initiation day for this big tree to come down. And it did. Boy, what a relief when that thing came down at last!

We had a wood furnace in the basement and the cook stove upstairs. Mom, my brother and myself used to help dad bring in the wood for the winter. It took quite a while to cut and chop the wood, then carry it into the house in a wheelbarrow or cradled in our arms.

The trees we cut for firewood were mostly fir and alder. The fir trees were anywhere from 12 inches to three or four feet in diameter. We used to cut them down with a six-foot crosscut saw, sledge hammer and wedges. I still have an auger and a crosscut saw.

Otto Burien used to cut wood in the lane between Charland and Dansey in the wintertime, using a German shepherd dog to pull the sleigh loaded with the wood. The Dansey and Blue Mountain area was cleared by Mr. Pare. Dansey was only two lots long at that time and was first settled by the Vikes.

We used to go up Austin to Poirier to get our Christmas trees and clothesline poles, whenever mom needed one. It was just bush up there, around where Centennial School is now. Dad would drive us to the end of Austin, which came to a dead end by Mundy Road.

He used to throw a rope and our roller skates in the car; we would attach a roller skate at the end of the tree, so it wouldn't drag on the road. The rope was then tied to the other end and attached to the bumper of the car. The tree would swing all over the road, and the other cars would be dodging it. By the time we got home, there would be nothing left of the roller skate.

Sometimes, dad brought leather home from Fraser Mills, heavy leather, and nailed it to the bottom of our shoes. In the wintertime, he would buy liquid rubber, and paint it on the soles with a brush. We never bought rubber boots.

Saturday night was bath night at home. We would be crouched in either round or square tubs; we preferred the round ones because there was more room. You usually had your bath in the kitchen. The water was heated on the stove, and you could dump it over your head. You had a brush to do your back.

There weren't many homes in our area at first. Our neighbors were the Buriens, who lived where the Petro-Canada station is now, at the corner of Austin and Blue Mountain. The Yates family had lived in the house previous to the Buriens. Across the street was the Pas family, where the Shell station is now.

The Jacura family later moved in there. At the back of their house lived the Foxes. Mr. and Mrs. Caddy were on Rochester, by Donald Street. On our side of Austin, the areas would be mostly bush, while north of Austin was covered with fir trees.

At the corner of Austin and North Road was the first Royalties service station, owned by Henry Holmes. He used to sell a car called the Skoda; it had three wheels, and the doors lifted vertically. The Skoda came in a crate. There was a Bell's service station too on Austin between Marmont and Gatensbury, where the Petro-Canada garage is now.

We used to get gum over at Merv William's store, on the corner of Charland and Blue Mountain. You could buy a package of Wrigley's gum for a penny. If you got one black stick inside, you would get a free package of gum. We always had lots to do.

We often spent time inventing things to amuse ourselves – like making whistles in the spring with pieces of alder. On many a Saturday night, we made plates out of old records. We would place the record on a glass plate, put it inside the stove, then watch it melt and settle. When you pulled it out, you had a nice plate made out of a record.

Do you know what we used to do with Carnation evaporated-milk cans? Once the milk was gone, we would take the cans and flatten them. Then we would drive them into our shoes and run around with the cans on our feet, having fun by making a lot of noise. Sometimes, we used to wait for a car to come up Blue Mountain. Then at the top of the hill, we would line old tires up with the oncoming car and let them roll. Then we would quickly run into the bush and hide. We also played wheelies for hours. You only needed a cross-shaped wooden stick and a bicycle wheel.

When we got scooters, we could be seen going all over the place on them. Once we got bicycles, the quay on Front Street in New Westminster became a favorite place of mine. I used to ride down to the Fraser River on a Saturday and sit there, sometimes for the whole day, watching all the fish boats come in.

The dump where the Baptist Church is now, at the corner of Blue Mountain and Austin, was like our playground. We would fool around in there until mom called, 'Lunch!' In the winter, we would ice skate there. The big deal on Halloween was shoving outhouses down or moving them.

I remember Pobst, who lived by Gatensbury. Every Saturday morning, he would go by with a cow tied to the back of his car, a funny sight, the cow walking all the way from here to Columbia Street. He would drive slowly.

We used to sled a lot in the wintertime, sometimes blocking traffic on Brunette Street. We would have somebody standing all along the way down at different corners. When the bobsled with six or eight kids ran by, we would yell and stop the cars.

If we couldn't stop one, somebody would yell, 'A car's coming!' and the bobsled would head for the ditch. My wife was in an accident once when a sleigh didn't take to the ditch, and got a broken jaw. Blue Mountain was another popular run.

When Austin, Blue Mountain, Ridgeway and North Road were black-topped, we used to watch the graders drop the gravel, and the trucks coming in with the tar. That's the way they did it back then. When the tar melted in the summer, we would pull it out and chew on it.

We'd go over to Vancouver Golf Club, and play golf on the practice range on Saturdays and Sundays. Sometimes we would caddy. Or find golf balls and sell them to the golfers. We would go down to Front Street in New Westminster, to a second-hand store, and buy a golf club for 50 cents.

School seemed to be a little nicer than now, in spite of the strap. One day, at Austin Heights, Johnny Jacura and I were playing with this big rubber ball outside and were trying to kick it through the girls' door. Johnny lines the ball up and lets it go.

Miss Bournes, our principal, happened to open the door. The ball hit her right in the face and knocked her right back into the room. Well, out came the hands for the strap. We wouldn't say anything about it at home because if we did, we would get it with a pointer stick.

I used to get E's in school, and they weren't for excellent, either. I quit after Grade 10. I told dad: 'I'll tell you what. If you let me quit school, I'll get a job and I'll help you and mom pay the bills.' Then I went to work at Horne's bakery on Fourth Avenue in New Westminster for $15 every two weeks. I had to thumb my way to work.

Anyway, after the second month, I had to borrow some money off my parents to buy a car. Shows how much money I had. When we got the union at the bakery, our wages doubled to $29 every two weeks. Later, I got a job at Pacific Veneer Division, by the bridge in Sapperton.

The Second War affected Coquitlam in different ways. On the day the war started, in 1939, we were sent home from school. Dad once had his car tires stolen, apparently by some neighbors. You couldn't buy tires during the war, and the neighbors must have been desperate.

Everybody was working, lots at the ship yard. Even mom worked, at Boeing, which had a big place here making Catalina flying boats. Pacific Veneer, where I was, made plywood for Mosquito bombers. We had to put blankets over the windows at night because they didn't want any lights to shine out. Cars were driven around with headlights almost completely covered.

Donald Turner

Born in 1933, Don Turner was a one-year-old when his family drove to Coquitlam. His father, John, a coal miner in Drumheller, Alta., was forced to relocate when the Depression wiped out his job. Don, his older brother Jack (whose story precedes this one) and four older sisters were raised in a house their father built at Austin and LeBleu.

Don Turner worked for an electronics firm as purchasing manager before taking early retirement. He still remains quite active, and his latest invention is a board game for seniors called Golden Years, developed in collaboration with one of his two sons.

Don Turner married Helen Bell Pare in 1957. They have lived on MacIntosh Street the past 25 years and recently became grandparents for the first time.

I was frantic. 'Mae! Mae!' I hollered. The fire was beginning to spread like crazy. The dry ferns and old, burned tree stumps went up in smoke so fast that in no time, the fire swept through from Austin to Nelson and then down to Rochester. Later, I ran down to see how much bush land was burned.

I was about four or five years old then. Bert Woods, myself and my friends used to play down in the bush. We had a fire going, burning stumps because my family was clearing the land. I had a whole pile of newspapers, which my friend and I stuck into the flames. We were just fooling around. All of a sudden, the bush caught fire and burned out of control.

Mae, my oldest sister, came out and hooked up a hose. Unfortunately, there was hardly any water pressure. We stood there, helpless, the hose squirting a little bit of water out as we watched the hungry flames eat up the bush land. I tell you, I'll never forget that day.

We couldn't put the fire out, and there was no fire department in Coquitlam to help us. The Buriens, whose house was next to ours, thought they were going to lose their home. Thank goodness there weren't many homes in the area. I got hell afterwards. Nobody was hurt, but the place was just a real mess.

We used to have a lot of chimney fires in our house. You would have a wood stove, and these pipes going up. Whenever you heard this boiling, moaning sound, you would yell, 'Chimney fire! Everybody out!' Dad would climb up the ladder with a hose to the top of the chimney and yell: 'Get the tap turned on.'

There were lots of things to do in Coquitlam then without getting into any mischief. We used to skate at the municipal gravel pit, where the Baptist Church is now, on the corner of Blue Mountain and Austin. It was really a garbage dump. In the summer, we would swim in there, among the cans and broken bottles. The police also practised target-shooting around there. They would sandwich sand between two 10-

Teachers of Austin Heights School in 1942.





Austin Heights School was located at the corner of Austin and Nelson.

foot-tall planks, and when they shot at it, the bullet would get stuck in the sand. Whenever we heard them shooting down there, we would sneak into the bushes and watch them. After they were through, we would takes axes and chop the planks down.

Then we'd dig all the lead slugs out. The police used to get mad because they didn't know who was cutting this thing down. At that time, there was only one policeman – McGarry. We used the slugs in our sling shots, which we made out of vine maple, to shoot at birds.

There was a rope in a nearby ravine, so we would just swing off it. Or we would take pages from the mail-order catalogue and make paper airplanes and throw them off the banks. We also played forts with bracken ferns, throwing them at each other like spears.

Before there was a Blue Mountain Park, there was a creek which went right through the area. It was a sort of wide ditch, with fast-running water. We used to build little wooden boats with sails and we would have boat races. They would sail down to Austin Road.

As the area began to develop, the dump was closed and moved to a place near the Gain Medical Centre, by Gatensbury. There was once a deep ravine there; bears would come and rummage through the garbage. We'd go up there with our sling shots and aim at the bears from the top of the steep ravine.

We also played stink holes, a game of marbles. The object was to get your marbles in five holes, but your opponent was allowed to hit your marble away. It was a good game. Some of the kids would lie down to aim their marbles, and when they got up, their clothes would be covered in dirt.

If you had one of those big marbles called steelies, you would be very popular because everybody wanted one. Anyone who shot his glass marble at your steelie would break it. You could get a steelie by taking off old gear-shift knobs. The glass marbles were black; you couldn't get colored ones because of the war.

Another game we used to play was kick the can. You had a can at the centre; somebody had to guard it. That person also had to find the people who were hiding. Once he spotted you, he would say, 'I see you.' Then both of you had to race for the can. You were 'home free' if you were first. You didn't have to be spotted to run out and kick the can.

We often spent the whole day at Blue Mountain swimming pool when the weather was hot in the summer. The water was about two feet deep, and brown needles would be floating in it. They wouldn't change the water, just turning on more cold water. Then they smartened up the place a little, and began throwing dehydrated lime into the pool to kill the germs.

We also swam in Como Lake. We'd jump off the diving board and get peat up to our shoulders. We would also take our rafts down there and ride them in the lake. This area was pretty bushy. Austin was a trail just big enough for one car, a gravel road with big pot-holes.

There was nothing nicer than sitting around a stump fire on a Saturday night with all your friends. We would throw bucketfuls of potatoes on the fire, then go and play hide and seek. Everybody had fires going in those days because land was being cleared. And everybody grew potatoes in the back yard, so they were plentiful.

The potatoes would burn jet black, and the skin would become extra thick. Oh, they were good! You'd eat them – skin and all – and you'd come home, hands and mouth blackened. If the potatoes didn't burn that night, you'd eat them the next morning.

A lot of kids in those days had warts on their hands. People used to say that you got warts from picking up frogs. If you did get them, you would get half a potato, rub it on the warts, go into the bush, then throw it over your left shoulder.

If you didn't tell anybody where the potato landed, your warts would disappear. I would rub my warts with bacon. Then I'd bury the bacon, and when it rotted, your warts would be gone. Whether it was psychological or not, it seemed to work for me.

No one cleared the roads then. In the wintertime, the snow on the roads would be packed down by cars going over. It used to freeze so hard that us kids would ice skate on the roads from our place on Le Bleu and Austin, head down the hill and then into the gravel pit.

When the roads were finally black-topped, we would break a piece of tar off and chew it; it was like chewing gum with a flat taste. Mom would say: 'Well, it'll keep your teeth clean.' We'd also put kernels of wheat into our mouths so we would get a bigger wad of gum.

There was a slaughter house on Gatensbury and Howie, near where the Gain Medical Centre is now. I remember the pigs getting out of their pens once. One Sunday morning, we looked out the front window and saw about five pigs in our yard.

Dad sat me on the biggest pig, and with a shovel in his hand, he started batting the pig's rear end. My brother, Jack, helped out. He and Dad goaded the fat white pigs back to Albert, who was the owner of the slaughter house. One of the hermits around there lived in a chicken coop and sewed his clothes with wire.

Central United Church, on Austin where Safeway now stands, was a landmark in our neighborhood. The tiny one-room church could seat 25 to 30 people, and it was always full. The children would attend Sunday school first. Every time we attended Sunday school, we got a star; I still have them. We would put in one or two pennies in the collection pot.

Mom used to make hot chocolate for the kids at Austin Heights School in the winter months. Mrs. Farebrother made the cocoa powder and gave it to mom. She would mix it with water in a thick aluminum pot on the wood stove, and we'd pack it up to the school. I used to help serve the kids. The cost for a cup of cocoa for a week was 10 cents.

I later attended Austin Heights – actually there were two school buildings – from Grade 1 to 12. One small building, recently razed by Lumberland, was at Austin and Nelson and had classes from kindergarten to Grade 6. The other building was called Coquitlam High School and had classes from Grade 7 to 12. I graduated from that school.

When I was in Grade 1, I got the strap 12 times on each hand. You couldn't even touch your hands afterwards because they were so swollen. You'd walk around with the palms open. Boy, did you ever get strapped! The strap was usually a leather belt.

Some kids at school used to get into lots of trouble. I remember this one guy, Arthur, and the teacher one day brought in a special strap for him, extra wide, smooth on one side, and rough on the other. Within two days, he got it. He was a pretty tough guy but he cried. There were some big tough kids then, and some were very mischievous, they were.

Another thing – say two people were fooling around in the classroom. The two would be taken into the cloak room, where they were told to strap each other. Because you didn't want to hurt each other, you'd strap your friend lightly. The teacher would say, 'Harder.' So the next thing you knew, you'd whack each other so hard both of you would cry.

There was this one guy who always walked to school bare foot, even in the frost and snow. We had class detention this one day and had to stay after school. So this guy gets up and says, 'But I can't, Mr. Sheeley. I've got to go home and feed my rabbits.' The teacher says, 'You're staying.'

So when the end of the school day came, we all went back to class for three quarters of an hour of detention. The guy gets up and says again, 'Mister, I can't. I've got to feed my rabbits.' When he was refused again, the bare-foot guy charged the teacher, knocked him to the ground and ran down the stairs. He never came back to school.

My Grade 1 teacher was Miss Stewart; one of the other teachers I remember was Miss Custance. And Miss Van Norman. She would always wear a turban, red or white, because she was bald due to some kind of medical problem or other. One of the kids caught her putting it on, and that's how we all knew.

Miss Bournes was our principal. She had respect from the teaching staff and from the pupils. She was just like a grandmother to us; she was good to all the kids. Even when they were in the hospital, sick, she'd send them fruit and cards. We used to send her cards too, right up to the day she passed away.

I recall how the first vocational class – for people who weren't too academic – got started at Austin Heights. At Grade 9, we had a choice of either the academic or vocational stream. The mischievous kids and ruffians went into the vocational class, building houses and selling them at a profit, and taking courses like lumber grading and drafting.

When you came home from school, you would chop wood, the biggest, time-consuming job. You would see three huge truck loads of wood. You then had to chop the wood into pieces that fit into the stove, and it took ages! Then you had to pile the wood well, or else it would fall over, and you had to do it again. Once you finished, you were free to roam around, like listen to the radio. There were 15-minute programs like Superman, Dick Tracy and Roy Rogers. We would huddle around the radio from four to six in the evening, and there wouldn't be a murmur from anybody. We'd just listen. Jack Benny, Charlie McCarthy.

Your mind was right in the program, and the sound effects were great. Inner Sanctum. I'm telling you, when I listened to that show, my hair used to stand straight up. It was a horror show with the greatest sound effects; they would have squeaking doors and everything. There was also The Shadow, The Green Hornet and I Love a Mystery.

Gangbusters was on Saturday nights, so we'd continue to listen after supper. Mom used to make a treat for us. She would take home-made bread, cut it in half, and cut off all the crusts. Then she would make chocolate icing, spread it on all four sides of the bread and roll it in coconut. Oh, that was good! We would sit there by the radio and eat it. Another thing we used to make was cold candy. You'd boil white sugar until it got real sticky, put in vanilla for flavoring and pour a bit of vinegar in. Once it had cooled off, you'd put butter on your hands, pull out the candy, roll it into a long thin roll and cut it. The toffee would turn out white in color. Good too.

My parents did stress education at home, but jobs were very easy to come by then. I could take any job I wanted to when I graduated. I could go to any mill without any problem and make pretty good money. Because I took vocational courses, employers guaranteed me a job when I was out of school.

I'd worked at Pacific Veneer Division on holidays and during the summer when I was 16 or 17 years old. Pacific Pine offered me a job too, but I never took it because it was too far. No buses here then except Columbia Stage Lines. So I said thanks a lot,

I'll look around. Then I got a job at Vancouver Golf Club.

I had caddied at VGC. My friend Bert Woods and I used to be steady caddies for the Wilsons, owners of the Georgia Hotel. They came often, driving a Lincoln. They were just short little guys with long, white hair; they would bring this lady with them all the time.

We would get $5 each for the whole day, as they played nine holes. The Wilsons would bring a picnic lunch and take a couple hours to eat it over at the practice fairway. While they were doing that, we would go home for lunch, then come back and finish the round. Sometimes they would give you 35 to 50 cents to go buy lunch.

I became a junior member at VGC, paying $15 a year because I wanted club privileges. You could have a locker in the clubhouse and play in club events. Actually, you could play even if you weren't a member. There was no fence then, so my brother Jack used to sneak on to the course and play a round.

Working as a grounds man there, I used to cut the greens and do manual work. They used to have this tractor with big scoop on the fairways. You'd fill the scoop full of earth and take it up to where you wanted to dump it. Then you ran back and did the same thing again.

When the Second World War was on, you could get into a show free if you brought a piece of aluminum, so we used to go to the dumps and gather all the aluminum pots and pans. You took them to the Edison Theatre on Columbia Street in New Westminster and threw them on to a pile.

My sister-in-law used to say to her uncle: 'Hurry up and smoke your cigarettes.' She would then peel the aluminum wrapper from the paper and make it into a ball. With that, you could enter the cinema free. Later, there was also Sam's Theatre on Brunette Street.

During the Second World War, a local mobilized force called the Rangers would gather at Vancouver Golf Club and do some training. I remember this one night, they were going to capture the school and had all these smoke bombs and flares going. We were in the bush with them. One of our neighbors' kids, Otto Burien, was killed within the first year of the war.

Minnie Ebert Best

In the early years, Coquitlam had just one police officer. His job was made easier by help from community-minded citizens like Al Best.

Mr.Best operated a gas and service station on Brunette Street. His widow, Minnie Ebert Best, tells how her husband was often called upon to help out Jimmy McGarry, the only policeman in town in the 1930s.

As one of the few Maillardville residents who had a car, Mr. Best would drive expectant mothers to Royal Columbian Hospital in New Westminster.

Mrs. Best also recalls that during the big flood of 1948, their home became a baking centre. From there, pies were delivered to volunteers of the sandbag brigades on the dikes. All the ingredients and work that went into the baking were donated by local merchants and residents.

Born in Quebec, Minnie Ebert Best was one of eight children. She came to Coquitlam from Vancouver with her husband in 1934, two years after they were married. Al Best operated the Shell gas station on Brunette for the owners for two years, then opened his own Chevron station in the same vicinity. Mrs. Best was a substitute teacher at various Coquitlam schools.

We were married just a short time, only two years, when my husband, Al, took me to live in Coquitlam in 1934. We lived in a house that was located behind the Shell gas station on Brunette, where Al worked for the owner. I still live in that house – 202 Allard – today.

Al had always enjoyed cars, always pulling them apart, then putting them back together again and doing all sorts of weird and wonderful things to them. He did wonderful work and he was very anxious to have a shop of his own.

Two years later, the Chevron people came after my husband, wanting him to work for them. You see, my husband was a wonderful worker and could fix almost everything. The agreement was that Al would get his



Al Best at work in 1939.



Al Best's service station at 945 Brunette Ave. in 1937.

own place, and they would build us a house as well, if we wanted.

So before I knew it, my husband's dream gas station and garage were built for him in 1936, and I had a very beautiful new house in a jiffy. How could I not want that? Quite a few other gas stations around then, but ours was the biggest and, well, I guess one of the best, so people tell me. Soon after the gas station was established, Al became the legal owner; as a matter of fact, I still own it today. Just before we were married, Al worked in Vancouver for a while, so naturally, when he moved out here, the customers who really liked his service would come all the way out to Coquitlam.

If Al had his own way, he would have had as many cars as he pleased; naturally, we didn't have that kind of money. However, I can say that even though we didn't have an expensive car parked in our driveway, we did always have a nice car. For a while, we both had a Durante, a nice car.

My husband was indeed an awfully good man, not only to me, but to all of Coquitlam. He loved to help people out, especially if they were in some sort of trouble or awkward situation. For instance, there was this doctor down at the Fraser Mills, and he would often ask Al to take a woman to Royal Columbian Hospital, in Sapperton, to have her baby.

You must understand, there weren't all that many cars around at that time. We were lucky enough to have one; therefore, Al felt that the least he could do was help others out. Sometimes, he would get a call in the middle of the night. So off he'd go, not always completely awake at first, I don't think. I thought he was quite funny, really.

Al was always busy with all kinds of things, other than his work at the garage. He would often help the Coquitlam police force, which only consisted of one man at that time. Can you believe it? Only one man! There were so many times that Al would be off with the policeman – Mr. Jimmy McGarry – helping maintain law and order. Oh, he just loved that. I think sometimes he wished he'd become a police officer.

Sometimes, they were called to deal with some people that were not always regarded as dangerous, but were merely strangers. There was this one time when this whole group of men came from Vancouver, as they couldn't find work. They were headed out East or wherever they might find work. We would call them hobos today.

Five or six of them would get together and walk all the way out to Coquitlam, from Vancouver. They would go to the police station here and sleep there, if they could. Of course, if the policeman came in, he'd chase them out. After a while, the policeman got quite fed up, so he called Al to ask for help.

He had these five or six big guys one day, and when Al asked him what he was planning to do, McGarry told him he would take them out to this place far past Coquitlam – Haney. Actually, he was only going to take them as far as the Pitt River bridge; they would have to go the rest of the way themselves.

Al went over and overheard some of the men talking about how they would only go so far, then return to Coquitlam. Then he and McGarry took them out to the bridge. But the men were stubborn, so Al and the policeman held on to them, then gave them a kick in the rear, staying until the men were over the bridge.

Al was good at police work, and always did a good job because he was never really afraid of anyone. But you know, there were times when I was very scared. I would sometimes accompany my husband when he took a patient to Essondale. The rule was that you needed two people for this, one to drive the car, the other to sit beside the patient.

In later years, there was this police lady from

Coquitlam, whose job it was to pick up these people bound for Essondale and take them there. As this definitely was not a job to be done by oneself, many times, she would ask me to go with her. So I did a little police work, too

Sometimes, Essondale patients would get fed up, and run away from the hospital. They would pass through Coquitlam on their way to Vancouver. They'd quite frequently go past the gas station, where Al would see them. After he'd phoned the institution, he would think of some way to attract the person's attention and talk to them, until someone from the institution could come over.

One day, the police came to Al saying: "Come on down, I need your help. I've got a man here with a butcher knife. He won't talk to anyone and won't go to the hospital." He had this big idea in his head that he was going to kill himself, or kill somebody else.

When Al arrived at the house with the policeman, they realized there were two doors leading inside; problem was, they didn't know which one led to the man with the knife. So they each took a door. It was Al's luck that he got the one the man they were looking for was behind.

I think he was maybe a little scared for a split second, as he found himself directly in front of a man waving a big butcher knife. Nevertheless, Al ignored fear for his life. He just went right over and talked to him, calmed him down. After Al had talked for a while, the man handed over the knife. Then he started to cry.

Al comforted him before putting him in a police van. My husband was not a big man, by the way, but was average, I guess, with big, strong arms from always having worked hard. Every time he went to work with the police, I prayed hard that he'd arrive home safely, in one piece.

Al and Mr. Marmont, reeve of Coquitlam at one time, were once invited to this house beside municipal hall, on Brunette. The man's wife had gone into town, so four or five people who worked at city hall were going to have a drink. The man reached into the cabinet for a bottle when he saw his wife, who would come home early.

Well, there was no boozing that night. The poor old fellow quietly returned the bottle to the cabinet, shut the door, and said: "Bye, bye, boys." They all laughed a lot over that incident for a long time afterwards. All of us wives didn't mind, as it really was such a cute story.

When we first settled in Coquitlam, I found that I was quite uncomfortable in some places, as I was one of the few English-speaking people in Maillardville. A lot of us would gather together, at least once a month, to play cards at Millside School.

I remember one year, around the time May Day was being held in Coquitlam. My husband drove this big army truck down to Millside School and picked up all the children because they had no other way of getting to the festivities. He took them to Blue Mountain Park, where they were having all the dances and other activities. May Day lasted only one day, but it was loads of fun!

Almost all the men in Maillardville, and many in Coquitlam, would get their hair cut at Louis Boileau's barber shop on Brunette. He was a funny kind of man who bashed his customers around, always quite rough, turning them that way and this way. But everyone loved Louis, as he had a wonderful personality and did a grand job with their hair. He was a very nice, plump man, real cute.

Louis had a pool room next to his barber shop. My husband enjoyed playing pool very much, and was also very good at it. The people who ran the hall liked him a lot and were very good to him. They would look after his money. You see, they were sort of like a bank. That is where we kept our money even after we moved, as there weren't any banks in the early days in Coquitlam.

I was educated as a school teacher and taught for about 10 years before I was married to Al in 1932. When I moved to Coquitlam, I was called by the school board many times to be a substitute teacher. So I managed to teach all over Coquitlam in different schools. I really enjoyed the job as I love children very much.

This one time, Millside School called me. I had just moved to Coquitlam and hadn't done all that much teaching for quite some time. I wasn't really prepared to teach on such short notice. There was a great big class of kids, and I wondered what I would do, as I hadn't had time to get any stories or anything. So I started by talking to the kids for a little while. Then they asked me if they could sing. Their request was a song called Davy, Davy Crockett, so I let them, and they sang it the whole afternoon. We had the greatest time! I always had such lovely kids to teach.

There were these two delightful people who were quite the religious folks but simply a joy, especially to the young people. Their names were Miss Stewart and Mr. McBay. The kids loved them. They started up this nice little young people's group through the church. Off they would go every now and then, particularly during the summer, for all sorts of things like swimming or the theatre or to play some kind of sport.

There used to be this old fellow that lived just beyond Fraser Mills, used to raise turkeys. He would often bring us some lovely eggs. So one year, we thought we'd try to raise some turkeys too. We brought in a couple of turkeys and attempted to get them into our yard. They turned out to be lovely animals.

But we had a heck of a time because the boys that were hanging around the garage, Al's friends and staff, would always talk about getting them. They would kill the turkeys, they said, and have them for a great big dinner. They had a lot of fun about that. Al's buddies were always hiding the turkeys as a little joke.

One spring, I think it was 1948, we had a very bad flood in Coquitlam, very serious. The Fraser River had overflowed, and the men had to work night and day to keep the water from going throughout the city. All the available men worked placing sand bags by the side of the river, trying to control the flood.

Someone had the great idea that we should do something for these men, as they were working so very hard to save Coquitlam from possible devastation. So we decided it would be real nice if we

made them some pies. Guess whose house was chosen as the centre for all this pie-making?

I offered it and I was glad I was able to do it. In my basement, I had a great big ping-pong table that was used as a counter where the ladies made the pies. I would cook as many as I could in my oven. Some of the women would take them home to bake; I couldn't fit them all in, there were so many of them.

So I didn't take all the glory. We had a lot of fun. I really enjoyed it. I got to know so many nice people. Even the stores donated a lot of the ingredients; you'd be surprised at how much they gave! A man with a big car came, picked up all the pies and delivered them to the men on the dikes.

It was so nice that everyone wanted to help out, just a lovely thing. I'd say that, indeed, it was the best thing I did ever since I came here to Coquitlam. There were a lot of beautiful pies that came out of it, let me tell you.

Digging around in my garden, I have found a few stones of different sizes and peculiar shapes – Indian artifacts. So we were definitely not the first, but I have been in Coquitlam a long time now and I love it here. It's a wonderful place to live. We always had lovely friends, and Al had a career that satisfied him. It was always what he wanted to do.

Byron Alexander

Roy Alexander, father of Byron Alexander, moved to British Columbia from Saskatchewan during the Depression. Once settling in Burquitlam, he tried large-scale farming. But he soon gave that up and went to work for the Brackman & Ker feed company.

Byron Alexander met Doreen Thorpe while he was overseas in the service during the Second World War. They married and returned here. The young war bride was taken by the friendliness of Burquitlam.

The Alexanders raised six children – three sons, three daughters – and now have eight grandchildren. They have lived in their Cottonwood Avenue house the past 45 years, a house they built on land given them as a wedding gift by Roy Alexander.



Byron Alexander and his father, Roy, in 1941.

I moved here in 1935, when I was 16, from Sutherland, a rural community near Saskatoon. We came in November, and our first impression was that the grass was green, which was amazing to us as we had just left two feet of snow. We were running around without coats or anything and we just couldn't believe that.

My dad rented a farm for a year or so right at the top of Moody Hill, where Thompson Road is now. It was the Thompson farm at that time; now there's an apartment there, right where the old house used to be. I was the oldest of five children.

We had 20 acres that run right back down to the creek, down at the back. We didn't grow a good deal of anything, mostly hay. My dad got a couple of cows and was going to start dairy farming, but without capital that was a lost cause.

Finally, he gave up on that and went to work for Brackman & Ker, a feed company in New Westminster. This was the following October after we'd arrived here, almost a year before he got anything steady. He worked there for the rest of his days.

We were fortunate that we could get out of Saskatchewan. My uncle was a well-to-do doctor, and he bought our farm, which abutted his. I think dad sold 12 years' work for $1,000. He had already traded the farm with my uncle for a house in town and he got $1,000 for it. That money brought us out here and kept us until he found work.

Dad got a couple of cows when we came out here, but it didn't work out. Times were very tough in 1935. There were established farms that could keep

the market going here. The little bit of cash we had from Saskatchewan was gone.

Starting in November, I went to school till the following July, finished my Grade 10, then went to work at Flavelle Cedar in Port Moody. That was the end of my school days. My dad had not found a job by that time, so one of us had to go to work, and I was the first one able to get a job.

We left the Thompson place and moved up here on to Fairview and we were there for a couple of years. Right here on Cottonwood, at the end of the road, there was a property that went all across – eight acres – and that house on the back of it was the original house on the property. We lived there for a time.

There were chicken barns on it and there was a chap raising capons. He never got very far. You would raise them and then you couldn't sell them, so that wiped him out. A woman in Vancouver owned this whole block, just wild land, 20 acres all together.

My dad took the agency to sell the land, and he picked out these two acres down here, as he liked the garden. He bought the two acres, and we started clearing it. He and I cleared a lot on the top of it; this is the bottom lot. He gave me this lot as a wedding present when I come back from overseas.

There was a family on Clarke Road that had a horse, and when I came home from work at the mill on a Saturday, I would stop by and pick up the horse. Then we would haul everything we could off the lot. We finally got enough cleared to build a house – we had some help building it – back in there.

At that time, dad and I were both working, so there was a little bit of money. I was able to get lumber at Flavelle Cedar, and he used to get a lot of lumber working at Brackman & Ker. They'd be loading lumber at Fraser Mills and a sling would slip, and the lumber would go into the river. They'd get the lumber as it drifted past. My dad got all kinds of good-dimension lumber that way, the best of lumber.

I remember the old Burquitlam post office, just an old country store called Copping's. It was a big frame building, and the people lived in back of it. The store was in a room probably 30 by 20 feet with a high ceiling, and they had shelves with all the grocery stuff.

They didn't go in much for perishable stuff. Mostly, there were canned goods and things that wouldn't perish. There was no refrigeration to speak of in those days.

The lady at Copping's had a little alcove in the back, where she dispensed the mail. The post office was used mostly by Burnaby people for mail delivery. Most of us got our mail from New Westminster. Across from Copping's store were the Whiting greenhouses.

Whiting Way was named for the greenhouse owner, old Jack Whiting. I think they grew pretty well everything, all kinds of bedding plants. We used to get our tomato plants there and everything like that. I think they grew some flowers too.

The Farmers Institute, run by a fellow by the name of Westerby, was quite a gathering place. There was always something going on. They sold a lot of chicken feed and stuff like that. You would go up to the institute and get a sack of grain and throw it in your car and take off.

There were no big farms around Burquitlam, so it wasn't a matter of going to the Farmers Institute and taking on big loads. There were a few farms raising pigs and there were a few chicken ranches. I don't think you could make a living at it.

There was a pheasant farm right at the corner of Foster and Robinson, across from the graveyard. They used to raise ringnecks. In those days, they used to sell them for banquet purposes; they were quite a novelty at that time.

I wasn't interested in the Farmers Institute when I was a kid. And after I came back from overseas, I would go up there and get what I needed. But I was busy as all get out working and building this house at the same time, so I didn't have much time to hang around there.

Besides the stock of grain and feed at the Farmers Institute, you could get building supplies there. I bought all the bricks for my chimney there, as well as tile for around the house and everything. Red clay bricks were six cents each – I think used ones are worth about 50 cents apiece now.

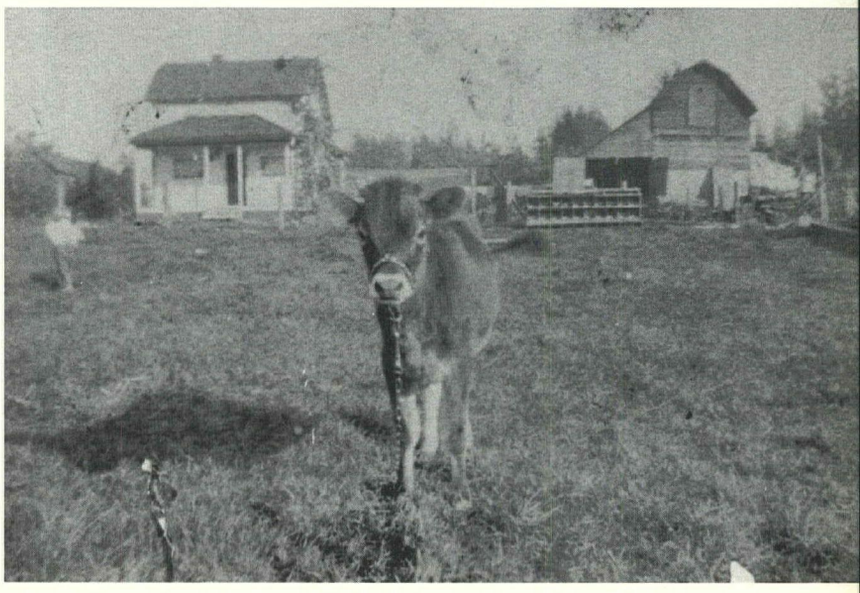
When we moved here to Cottonwood, the roads weren't paved; this one was a corduroy road, stuck in here for logging. It was all cedar poles or slabs underneath, with a few loads of gravel on top. You'd see the ends of the posts sticking out. It was just a bog in here; we put in all our own ditches.

The ditches were still here when the apartments went in. The water still comes down pretty heavy into this hollow. The builders plugged off all the ditches, and just about flooded everything, so they had to put sump pumps in to get rid of the water.

During the Depression, I guess some people really suffered, but more down around Maillardville, where they didn't have little farms and were dependent on their jobs, and the mills weren't running that good. There were shutdowns.

We never really got down that far. You could go down and buy fish off the boats for $1, and they didn't care how big or what. My dad used to go down

The Alexander's eight-acre property at Smith and Fairview in 1937.



to Piggly-Wiggly on Columbia Street every Thursday at noon hour. They would have round steak for 25 cents a pound.

The relief people all went on strike one time and occupied city hall and wouldn't get out. They had quite a set-to with them. Oh yes, they called the police, but there were only two policemen out here, so they weren't too worried. Provincial police, operated from city hall, I guess.

We almost always got snow in the wintertime in those days and used to spend our evenings sleigh-riding down on North Road. We'd have to stop once or twice a night for a car to come up. We'd start off by the Pleasant Hill store and go clear down to the Reynolds gravel pit, which was on the other side of North Road.

You could really zip down there; Lougheed Highway wasn't there before the war. The gravel pit was down where London Drugs is now. There was a little church, a United Church, right where the bank is now, where the shopping centre is, on top of the hill.

A lot of the social life revolved around the churches. My mother used to be very strong on the United Church. A lot of the old-timers went there, and most of the kids started off in Sunday school there, in that little church.

Radio was the main entertainment at home. I still remember Orson Welles's War of the Worlds program just about scaring us all to death. It had a real impact, made your hair stand on end. Because we turned it on in progress, we never had an inkling that it wasn't real. We didn't have a phone, so we couldn't check with anyone.

Burquitlam was a close community then; you knew everybody for miles around. There would sometimes be a card game at someone's house. The young people used to have dances, some of them pretty wild. I used to play lacrosse and basketball in Port Moody.

I went back to work at Flavelle Cedar after the war, leaving in 1948 and sawing shingles around. I worked nights and rode up and down to work on a bicycle. I rode down and walked back, pushing the bicycle up the hill. Nobody else working nights had a car.

I went overseas in the spring of '42. I built up 800 and some-odd dollars in credits while in the service, so my wife and I – she was a war bride – put it into this little house. We've never quite finished it, but it's done us for 45 years and it's our home.

We never went into debt or anything. We just built as we could.

Anne Bohonos Protheroe

Trev's store is one of the oldest businesses in Coquitlam and is still operated by the original proprietor.

Trev's started as Filiatrault's barber shop and hairdressing salon in the early 1930s. Anne Bohonos Protheroe, who was born in Meleb, Man., on April 27, 1913, was hired as a hairdresser. When Mr. Filiatrault quit the business, Mrs. Protheroe bought the shop and renamed it Anne's Beauty Shoppe.

She married Trevor James Protheroe in 1939, and the couple expanded the premises to include living quarters. They also launched Trev's Fountain Lunch.

Over the years, Trev's also housed a kindergarten and a club room. The Protheroes raised three children – Tom, Patricia and John. Mrs. Protheroe, who has five grandchildren, still puts in daily shifts at the store.

Anne and James Trevor Protheroe.



I was living in Vancouver and working my way through a beauty course at Molner's. When I finished, I answered an ad placed by a Don Taylor. So I applied for the job and I became a hair dresser at 1121 Brunette in Maillardville, near the city hall. That was in 1935.

Mr. Filiatrault owned it then – he owned the building – and it was a one-room barber shop. He worked in the mill, so he did the barbering at night and I did the hair dressing in the day time. My perms used to be $1.95, haircuts were 25 cents, a shampoo and wave was 50 cents, and there were no tips in those days.

Mr. Filiatrault did not want to do just any haircut – old men not working and all that – so I had to do some of the haircuts for the men and children, and all the big haircuts. Although it was not all that busy, the shop was open all the time, and I worked seven days a week.

Not long after, I took over the shop, bought it and I named it Anne's Beauty Shoppe. Mr. Filiatrault had quit, and Don Taylor had left, so it was just me until I got married in 1939. I was living then on Begin Street; the shop did not provide somewhere to live, so I had rent a place myself.

Coquitlam was mostly a farming district then. Everything was horse-driven, and there was no bus, just the tram that ran from Fraser Mills and the packing house. Pitt River Road, the main street in



The barber shop that was bought by Anne later became the first Trev's store.

Maillardville, was just gravel and ditches. The cows pasturing around here used to come through my yard.

The old Pitt River Road, now Brunette Road, used to be all farming straight through – goose farms and Chinese gardens – and there were lots of chickens, cows and horses. There were no sidewalks, all the roads were gravel, there were no buses and barely any cars and it was much friendlier.

I did not speak French – I should have – but everyone thought I was French, anyway. A lot of my customers were French at this end. As a matter of fact, when I first came out and was living over on Begin Street, I used to think that the French kids with their dark eyes and black hair were so pretty.

Some of them were brought up in English, but Maillardville was all French then. Later on, people of different nationalities came in, so it all got mixed up.

I loved the Fraser Mills townsite because they used to keep that so nice, and the people were nice and friendly. The trees were always trimmed, and the people kept their company houses up, and they all looked after their yards. Many of my customers came from there.

The first fire I saw somewhere out there, they had this old wheel, so they had to push this, and the hose was on this thing. I would see them running down the streets, the kids and dogs following – it was quite a sight. I guess they got water somehow or other, but it couldn't have been very much because there wasn't that much.

I was married in 1939 when Trev came back from a long boat trip. He went on this freighter to work as a fireman, and they were in this typhoon, and he was a fireman, so he got burned a bit. Then the burns became infected, and he got carbuncles on his back, and so he had a fever too.

They had to take him to Kobe, Japan, to get the carbuncles taken out, so they had patched him up and put him back on the same freighter. When the infection set in, they rushed him to a hospital in Hong Kong. He was there three months, and the boat could not wait for him, so they sailed without him.

So he was in Hong Kong three months, and in the meantime – this was not the war, but Japan was at war – his boat was sunk. He came back to Canada later on

Trev's store at 1121 Brunette. The original building, right, was expanded to include Trev's store and coffee bar as well as Anne's Beauty Shoppe.





Anne Protheroe stands in front of Trev's store and coffee bar.

the Empress of Japan. I already had the beauty shop and was living there, and when we were married, we moved into rented quarters on Marmont Road.

My husband was not well enough to work, so we thought we'd start building, and so my beauty shop grew from there, until we opened up a new beauty shop on the same side I was in before. And on the other side, we had the store and a place to eat.

Trev's Fountain Lunch had just one counter and that's all, a light-lunch counter. The old menu was 15 cents for a sandwich, two doughnuts for five cents, coffee and pop, also for five cents. That's how the Trev's coffee bar and store I still run today started.

When we were building the place, there were two Fraser Mills houses that were not selling – my husband was supposed to clean them up – so we bought one for $5 and Mr. McCutcheon, a friend of ours, took the other, also for $5. Mr. McCutcheon and Trev sort of worked together and moved the two houses up in sections.

We had made the foundations – we were next to city hall, same as now – and then we just brought the houses in sections and stood them up. There were people going past in the morning, and there was nothing there, no building, and coming home at night, you could hear them saying: "Oh, that was not there when we left."

It took a few years before we got it going, little by little, and there was not much money around then, just what the beauty shop made, and I was working there on my own, and they moved me around to the side. We were extending, doing nothing but extending, extending and extending, one thing or another, all the time.

City hall had the jail at the bottom, and there was only one constable, McGarry – he was the only one there. The prison was in the basement. Mr. Pobst was the clerk. They did not come in for coffee at that time because they were working practically all day, all the time.

Eventually, people off the street – a few, not very many – came into the coffee shop. We got some help, we got a couple of girls working with my husband because I had to look after the beauty shop, and my husband was . . . well, let's just say he was an adventurer and an inventor and he was always full of life.

Trev had his fireman's ticket, and he was a volunteer fireman for Maillardville at first. He did that for a while. Then they built the fire hall right here, next door, between us and municipal hall, and I used to serve the firemen porridge. I guess I knew them all, and they all knew me.

I continued to work in between having kids. Oh, yes, there was a period between them that I went back to do all the cooking. I had two children and I used to make 12 pies at a time for the lunch counter. And I made meat pies and froze them in small cups. All my life I knew nothing but work, but that was my life, so it had to be.

We were living on the premises, downstairs at the back, and did that for years, but as we extended the shop we kept moving back and back and back again. Then we ran out of ground and started building upstairs. I loved the upstairs, I loved the place, because I had the big window, and municipal hall always had such beautiful trees.

My daughter was never without animals. She had cats, dogs, birds and little fish. In my little backyard, 12 by 12, we had little bantam chickens – one male, two little hens – and some rabbits at one time. The kids liked the little eggs from the bantams.

I just loved the scenery, but my husband wanted a club room, so my room with the view was partitioned off and the platform built there. I lost my window. The club room was for business, playing cards and all

that sort of thing, and naturally, we took pride in it. The club was for men only and lasted for a while, but it did not pan out.

The far room used to be a kindergarten; the person who ran it worked at the city hall – what was her name? – and she had about 10 children, all little ones, and we had small chairs, a little bathroom with a little sink in there – a beautiful room. That was about 1947.

My beauty salon customers were mainly Fraser Mills people who lived in the company houses down there. Soon, I was getting real busy, so I hired a girl who helped me here for over 30 years. Barbie Charlton would probably still be here – this was like her second home – but she was a heart patient and could not continue working.

I used to do hair styling they don't do now, I used to do waving and I had my own perm machine. The big night was when someone was getting married. I was the only hair dresser, the only place in Maillardville then, so I fixed up the hair of all those young people before their weddings or whatever.

Then I did a lot of their children's hair. I would remember their grandmothers and great-grandmothers – I used to do their hair too – and they would come in the store, saying: "I remember when you did my hair years ago." I was quite happy. I enjoyed doing hair and I enjoyed people.

Did I have any famous customers? I did the reeves, the wives, the mayors – they all came to me because I was the only hair dresser in town. I stayed up with the latest fashions by looking at magazines; in fact, my perms were the same as they are now, all cut to contour the head, all short and tight curls.

Mind you, there was a lot of pin-curls then. I hated hair coloring because at that time they used bleach. I never recommended that because it made the hair dry and brittle. Now they have beautiful colors, and I think coloring is even good for the hair, it is.

Our store has always been pretty well stocked – my place was just packed – because there was a gift line and toys of every kind, as well as clothing and shoes. I was always able to find things for people, never stuck for something.

One Sunday, a fellow from the hall next door here, he came into the store and said he'd forgotten his glasses, so I let him try mine on. They were basically the same, so he borrowed them. People used to say that if you can't find it at Trev's, then you would never find it anywhere.

We had lots of regular customers, and for years we kept penny things for the kids that came in with their fathers. The father would say: "When I was your age, I used to buy those candies here" – they always remembered that from when they were kids – and now they were fathers and grandfathers. The continuity is quite nice.

During the war, I would send parcels overseas to my husband's family in Wales and England, and oh, did they appreciate that! Of course, I made them Christmas cakes and I would shove an odd stocking inside because they were hard to get over there. They really appreciated that.

My husband sent a picture of me once, I guess, and his mother wrote back and said: "Anne looks homely." That hurt me very much, but what they meant by homely was a "home person." I never said anything for a long time until I asked Trev, and he said they meant a homey person.

Trev was the entertainer – I was the silent one – so they would all come into the coffee shop to listen to his stories, and he loved it. It was so much fun then. My husband would go off to do different things, so I would have to look after the store as well as the hair dressing, which I enjoyed.

We had the punch board downstairs – it is illegal now, I guess – and if you were lucky, you got $5 or a box of chocolates. On many, many nights, the fellows coming home from work at the mill would come in around one o'clock in the morning, play the punch board and sit and listen to Trev's stories until three or four.

Around 12 o'clock midnight, you could hear them; at night, the sound carries. I used to love that. You would hear these men coming home with their lunch buckets, whistling away, singing and talking, and to hear them coming home, you would never think they had just done a day's work.

Then there was Trev's close friend, Bill Fletcher, who was from Yorkshire. And Reeve Jimmy Christmas. When the municipal elections were on, they used to all come in for a chit-chat. I thought Jimmy Christmas was the greatest man they ever had at municipal hall until he passed away – that was 25 years ago – and I think he'd still be mayor if he had not.

Jimmy Christmas was a great big fellow, one of those country boys. He would come in and play cards with Trev, and they used to have some great times. They would pull things on Jimmy, and he loved all of it.

Even when we were building this place, Trev was not a worker. Everybody loved him for that. I can always see him sitting on the plank, and the kids would be wheeling and digging all the dirt out, and Trev would sit there smoking, and telling them stories. He would have everyone in stitches.

He was a great reader and he had the brains, but unfortunately, as an inventor, well, in the days before the artificial Christmas tree came, he invented one. Now the $30 he spent on that was a lot of money in those days. He had so many inventions; most of them failed.

As Coquitlam got bigger, it was not so friendly any more, and we couldn't leave the place unlocked as we used to do sometimes.

At one time, people coming back from town after a show or something would want some milk and bread, and they would stop off. But now, you cannot stop. So now I get mostly the hall people, and this place gets packed.

I had to close up the beauty shop in the late '60s, after the children left home. I have done people's hair since, but I had to cut out most of it.

I minded my own business, loved the people and never interfered in their lives. I have lots of friends. Sure, I never had a chance to go to dances – I loved dancing – because I was too busy working and supporting a family. But I've always worked very, very hard. That's life.

Alvin Antonson

Part of the Depression wave of migrants from Saskatchewan, Alvin Antonson came to Coquitlam in 1936 with his parents.

Sigurd and Mina Antonson were Norwegian immigrants, and along with Alvin's three brothers, Alf, Oscar and Marble, they settled in the MacIntosh Road area.

The Antonson family name was originally spelled Antonsen back in Norway, but an immigration officer altered it when he mistook the written "e" for an "a."

The fog and mist that prevailed during Coquitlam winters was a change from sunny Saskatchewan. Mr. Antonson describes life in Coquitlam following the Depression and the work it took to dig a well before the days of "city water." Later, the Antonsons must have set a local precedent of sorts when all four boys served in the Second World War.

Sigurd Antonsen adds a lean-to to a small dwelling on McIntosh Street in 1936.



Al and Elsie Antonson, who now live in Burnaby, raised three sons and a daughter, and have five grandchildren. Mr. Antonson wrote and submitted the following story, which was awarded honorable mention in the Pioneer Tales of Coquitlam contest.

I remember when we arrived in Coquitlam in October, 1936 to misty and foggy days. Fresh from sunny Saskatchewan to foggy Coquitlam was certainly a shock. It took me a full year to appreciate this wonderful part of Canada.

We stayed with the Phillipses, former Saskatchewan neighbors of ours, on MacIntosh Road for a short while. Dad then bought an acre of land about half way down the road from Como Lake Road, now 843 and 853 MacIntosh, and similar addresses on Jarvis Street.

For that one acre of partly-cleared land with a small, two-room shack on it, he paid $50. What a deal that would be today! But money was hard to come by in 1936, with the country just starting to recover from the Depression.

Dad quickly added lean-tos for bedrooms for himself, mom, and us four boys, who ranged in age from 11 to 17 years. We had outside plumbing and no running water, at first.

Within a couple of years, dad had built a new, four-room house with a room set aside for a future bathroom and two rooms in the attic. By then, the two oldest boys were beginning to work out on farms for $15 a month, plus room and board.

We were almost a mile and a half from the nearest telephone at Copping's store, on North Road at Clarke. We didn't get "city water" until the early 1940s, so I had to help dad dig a well.

I held the chisel while he wielded a sledge hammer to dig a hole in a huge rock, which was in the middle on the well, for blasting. You dug where the willow stick told you to, rock or no rock.

Dad learned to do his own blasting of rocks and stumps. Our acre of land was covered with huge stumps, several feet across, from some good logging times many years before.

Blasting, cutting and burning went on for a long time to gain a few more square feet of cleared land. Some of the roots were so hard, and so loaded with pitch, that they made a great fire in the kitchen stove and heater. No central heating then.

Somewhere in the late 1930s, we got electricity. It cost 50 cents a month, and if the bill was more than that, we heard about it. Wasting money!

We raised chickens and sold eggs. I remember, we had roast chicken every Sunday. We also had a goat or two and



Looking north from the 800 block of McIntosh Street in 1949.

some rabbits. When dad butchered a little black and white pet goat for food, it was impossible for us boys to eat it.

Every year, we had a big garden and lots of raspberries and strawberries. Dad also worked out whenever he could on construction, or whatever, to earn a few cents an hour. When I left Coquitlam in 1942 to go to work in Vancouver at the tender age of 16, I also left behind for good the small-farm life.

There was the egg buyer, the feed salesman and the mail man, who came in a car to the mail boxes up on Como Lake Road. You had to supply your own box. Milk was bought locally in glass bottles from someone who had a cow or two.

The paper boy, one of the Reynolds, came in all weather. He would start from Como Lake and Clarke roads, and delivered beyond us, over to Lillian Road. Just about everything came to your front door in those days.

One by one, the four of us boys left home to work, and then into the army in 1940, 1941 and 1942. I joined in 1944. We chalked up 13 1/2 years of service among us in the Second World War, over a period of six and a half years. I was discharged in 1946.

The two oldest, Oscar and Alf, served in England, later going from Normandy onward to the continent with the Sixth Field Engineers from North Vancouver. Alf was wounded near the end of the war by several pieces of shrapnel. Marble and myself served in Canada.

Dad and mom lived in that house for many years, then built a new one on the next acre to the north, now 905 McIntosh St., living there for a few years before moving to New Westminster. They eventually moved to Kelowna.

Life wasn't all that great during our years in Coquitlam, but I don't think it hurt any of us, because everybody was in the same boat. All the other people in the area had just as tough a time as we did back then.

Caroline Fenton LeClair

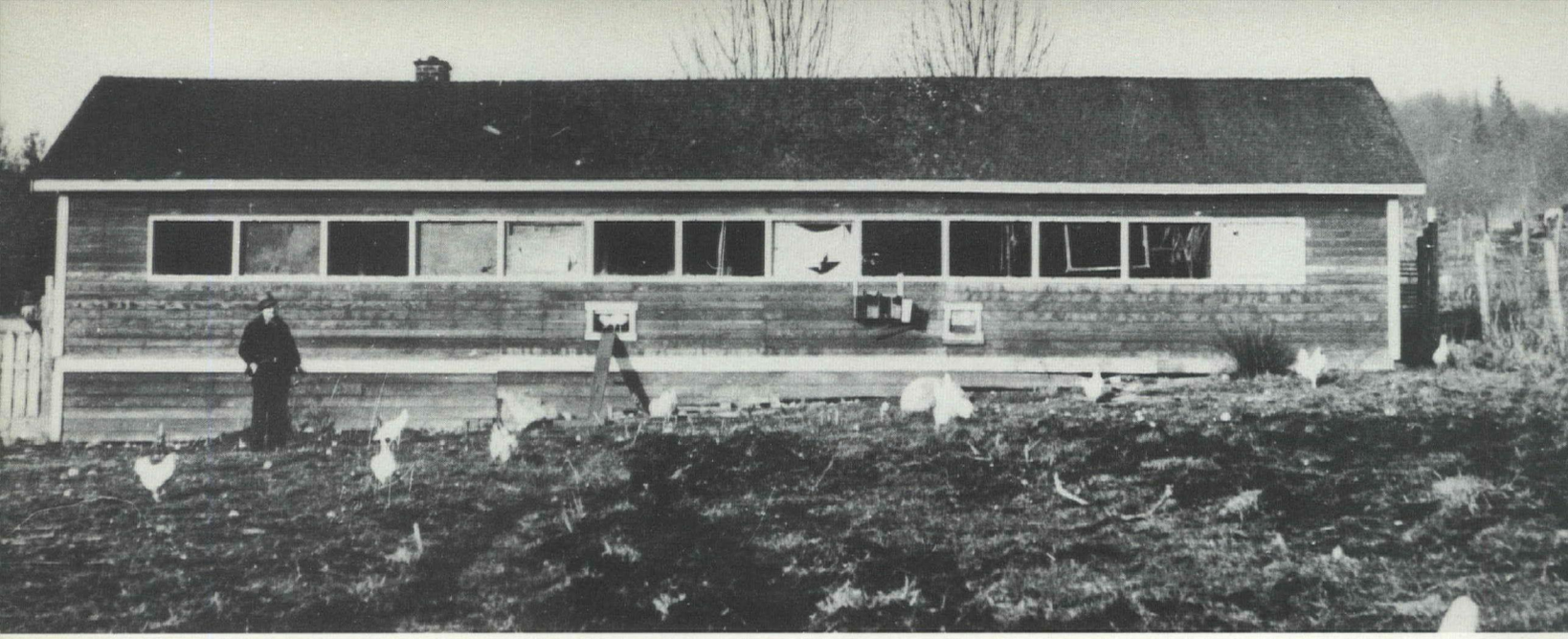
For Raymond and Carrie LeClair (Fenton), being first is almost second nature.

Raymond became the district of Coquitlam's first municipal manager in 1967. Both LeClairs – they were married in 1950 – were in the first class to be graduated from the first high school in Coquitlam, in the spring of 1947.

Altogether, Mr. LeClair worked some 35 years for the municipality, starting as a junior clerk back around 1947, soon after graduation from Coquitlam high school. He was hired by Reeve Jimmy Christmas. Perfectly bilingual, Mr. LeClair was ideally suited for his work at municipal hall, located in the heart of French-speaking Maillardville.

His family came to Coquitlam in 1936, the same year as the Fentons, from Lafleche, Sask. He was one of 10 children. The LeClairs first lived at Brunette and Laval, near the Lourdes church, then built a house at 759 Thomas Ave. As more children arrived, this house was replaced with a roomier one, and re-numbered 1213.

Carrie Fenton was born in Belfast, Northern Ireland, on Jan. 24, 1928, and was to be the second-oldest of seven Fenton children, five born in Canada. Following



The chicken coop built in the early '30s behind the Fenton home on Alderson.

their wedding at the Lourdes Catholic church – she was raised an Anglican – Carrie and Raymond LeClair built themselves a small house on Schoolhouse Road, using lumber from an old building in Fraser Mills. In 1955, they built a larger house at 704 Edgar Ave., where Mrs. LeClair still lives.

The LeClairs raised three children, two boys and a girl. Son Bill, perhaps influenced by his father's long and distinguished career in public service, entered municipal politics, and was elected a Coquitlam alderman in 1984. He is just completing his third two-year term in office. Mrs. LeClair has five grandchildren.

The extended Fenton family, always close, has expanded from the original seven children to include 23 grandchildren, and 19 great-grandchildren, at latest count. Although they are scattered about, they still manage to gather occasionally for a grand reunion.

My recollections of the early days in Coquitlam are from 1936 on. We came by train from northern Saskatchewan to Vancouver, and stayed in this hotel in Vancouver called the Balmoral. I was about eight years old, one of five children, with two more to come.

My brother, Jim, had never seen flush toilets, until we got to the Balmoral. He flushed these toilets, thought perhaps he had broken something and came running madly back to the room to get my dad and mother. He couldn't figure out what he had done, with all this water gushing out.

From there, we moved to a motel – this all happened in 1936 – and having never been in a city before, there were many new things. Playing with a lacrosse ball was a real treat. I had never tasted peanut butter before; I remember my dad buying this big can of peanut butter and honey.

When we first came here, my sister, Phyllis, was very ill with pneumonia. She would have been, maybe, two or three at that time, and to get medicine and to overcome this sickness, my mother pawned a beautiful gold bracelet she had.

After living on Sixth Street in New Westminster briefly, we moved to Allard Street in Coquitlam. I

Caroline Fenton feeds the family's chickens in 1940.



started school at Millside; I was in Grade 3 then, and I was in the four-room building. My brothers and sisters were in the small annexes. We walked to school from our house on Allard.

Many were the times I sat on my suitcase and cried while my brother, Jim, took a round out of a few kids. He'd take on anybody; just a silly thing. He was a fighter and he had this bit of an Irish temper – still has. He was two years younger than me.

About that time, another brother, Mickey, was born. My mother was very ill at the time – I was 10 years old – so I had to stay home from school to look after this baby brother. From the time he was born, in April, I did not go back to school until September.

I remember our neighbor, Mrs. Allard, coming in to help me. She would make cookies and help me do the other children's hair and get them all off to school. I remember my dad coming home from work in Fraser Mills and saying he was needed at the hospital.

My mother needed a transfusion; it was a pretty scary time. Anyway, she recovered, and went on to have another child six years later. She was a very hard-working woman. And she was strict. My mother did a lot of sewing; she also did a lot of knitting.

Of course, most of the people didn't have a great deal, so they were very neighborly and helped each other. Like the Allard family that helped us when we needed it. And later on, Mrs. Wright that lived next door, she used to grow a big garden with melons, squash, pumpkins and things.

On Jan. 24, 1939, on my 11th birthday, we moved from Allard Street into a house on Alderson Avenue. One of the things my parents were able to buy, soon after we moved to Alderson, was a sewing machine. When I got to be about 15, I did a lot of sewing myself and would sometimes make clothes for my mother.

The only time we ever got a birthday gift was when we needed some clothes. We always had a cake, though, and I do remember, my mother usually cooked a turkey on my birthday. That was the celebration. You got your favorite food on your birthday.

My mother sewed most of our clothing; we didn't have much clothes, but we were always dressed well. Things that had been given to her, or things she might have bought at the Salvation Army, she would remake into coats or dresses for us.

She had some lovely things she had brought over from Ireland, such as linens and things, and sometimes, she'd even cut up something like that to make us clothing, out of the linen. She always had curtains on the cupboards; she sewed those as well.

One of my friends was Betty Christmas – her father was reeve of Coquitlam – and they lived up the street from us. So I used to hop on the bike, and run up, and visit her for a while, and then get into trouble at home because I wasn't back early enough to do the dishes.

My mother kept a fairly strict regimen – everybody had a job to do. The dishes, the outside work. I milked the cows and made the lunches in the morning before we'd go to school. There was always a lot to do in the mornings with the feeding of animals and, of course, heating with wood.

In the winter, the boys would split the wood, and the girls would pile it. We were a very close family. I

Jim Fenton hitches a cart to one of the family's goats. Picture was taken at 705 Alderson in 1940.



remember having to walk to St. Mary's Anglican Church in Sapperton. Sometimes, we had to make the long walk twice a day because were were taking our catechism. I also sang in the choir at that time, so often, I even had to go back at night.

Our Saturday bath time at Alderson was in a metal bath tub on this porch we had, at the back of the house. Or, if we were young enough, it was out in the back yard in the summer time; everybody had his bath out there. My mother would heat the water in the boiler on the kitchen stove.

We didn't have indoor plumbing on Alderson; we were there five years before the plumbing was put in, and then, we didn't have it fully plumbed. And we still had to share the bath water. There wasn't a shortage of water, but a shortage of heat for hot water.

Monday was wash day. My mother had huge clothes lines, and did all the laundry by hand, on a scrubbing board. I remember, it took her probably from eight in the morning 'til eight at night before the laundry was all done. We all had to help with the ironing.

All this was hard on my mother, because she'd come from the city in Ireland, where she had a piano and beautiful furniture and things. It must have been harder for her than we could imagine. Just when they started to get back on their feet, really, well, my father died.

I remember once when Johnsey, Jimmy, and myself were picking strawberries at the end of Austin Road. Mother had packed us a big lunch, and after we'd picked this big bucket of strawberries she wanted, we were pulling it back home on a wagon along Blue Mountain, which was a gravel road.

I guess we got a little tired of pulling the wagon, so on the way down Blue Mountain hill, the three of us sat in this wagon, holding the bucket of strawberries. When we went to make the turn at Alderson, we tipped over. We didn't want to tell Mom what had happened because she would give us heck, but she knew something had happened, because the strawberries had gravel all over them.

Mother used to can a lot. She didn't have a summer kitchen, but she did have what she called her fruit room, and in that, she would put down between 700 and 1,000 quart jars of produce from the garden – peas, beans, fruit, relishes, jams and pickles.

Johnsey worked at the packing plant, so when we raised pigs, he would butcher them while we looked out the kitchen window. He'd have this big barrel of oil and water, and he'd first stick the pig in the neck to kill it, then put in on the hoist, and dip it into this stuff.

We then spent the while salting pork, and making head cheese. We had to do that because we didn't have a freezer or anything, we had a "coolerator" – it looked like a fridge, but you had to put a block of ice on top. The ice cost 75 cents a block.

Pretty well every Saturday, they would chop the head off a chicken, and that would be Sunday dinner. Sometimes, several chickens. We used to feed all the strays that came from Saskatchewan. One thing was, we had enough to eat; we didn't go short of food once we moved over to the Alderson property.

This was all bush here when we were growing up, like most of Coquitlam. My brother used to shoot pheasants in the bush. I remember going to ice skate at Como Lake from school. It must have been a good hour's walk along a little trail. Mundy Park was the same.

People next door to us had 10 acres and then the Caldwells had a five-acre dairy farm. They were nice people. The two boys, Jimmy and Jack, ran the dairy and delivered the milk. Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell lived there on the farm. A small dairy operation, quite common in those days.

This family called Bartholomew lived on the corner of Hart and Alderson, in a little house that looked just like an English cottage. They were very proper. He was a stately English gentleman and she was very English too. Their house disappeared when the highway came through.

We used to go for walks in the evenings and we used to hear this music coming from the Bartholomew house. Upstairs, behind a little window, he had a phonograph, and he'd be playing classical music very loud because he was a bit deaf. The neighborhood kids used to dance on the street to the music for entertainment.

Another strange family were the Haliburtons; the grandfather, or father, was a reeve in Coquitlam, or something. Maybe an alderman. One of the first afternoon teas we went to was at the Haliburtons, and because they were very English, you had to really dress up.

I believe their son, Godfrey, used to write local newspaper articles for the Coquitlam Star and used to sit in on all the council meetings. They used to go to St. Mary's like us. Very stately people, who dressed up like the king and queen for tea. They became recluses as they grew older.

Where the Great Northern tracks went under the North Road bridge, from the R.C. MacDonald house on Alderson, there was a triangle property, and all the teenagers from Brunette Street, up and over to North Road, used to gather there to play softball. We had a softball team when we were all in our teens.

When I was 15, I got a job in the summer at Royal Columbian Hospital as a house maid. I worked 12 hours a day, six days a week and I made $60 a month, and I did that for two summers. With what I earned, I'd buy my clothes for going back to school; I was able to help out at home too.

I had met my husband in Grade 10; we were in the very first graduating class Coquitlam ever had, in 1947. There were 23 of us in the university-entrance program and about 13 in the business program. We had a dance and a dinner in the gymnasium – our parents were invited to the dinner – with the girls wearing long graduation dresses.

Raymond was students' council president during his years in high school and he was a cadet major. Not many of the class of 23 went on to university. Our class had a lot of small reunions because most of our Grade 12 class still live around Coquitlam. And then, in 1977, we held this grand reunion because the school was going to be torn down. About 700 former students showed up.

Raymond was working for a bank in Powell River

when Reeve Jimmy Christmas phoned Coquitlam high school to ask the principal, W. J. Mouat, which of his recent graduates would be the most likely candidate for a junior clerk's job at municipal hall. Then he called Raymond, who accepted, of course, and was very happy to come home in 1949.

We got married in Our Lady of Lourdes, but I did not have to change religion. My children were brought up Catholics. The priest was very good. The difference in religion wasn't a problem with our families and was never a problem throughout our marriage. When we were married in '50, I was making $90 a month at Canadian Forest Products, more than my husband was making at municipal hall. We built a small house with lumber and tar paper on Schoolhouse Road, but first, we dismantled an old barn of a water building at Fraser Mills, with help from the family and carried the lumber up.

Raymond took courses at UBC, things like that, and worked his way up until finally, in 1967, he became municipal manager of Coquitlam, the first one ever.

Raymond could speak, read and write in French, so that was a great asset to his job at municipal hall. He could send out letters in French. He enjoyed his work as municipal manager and was very involved. Work was his life.



The McCourt residence on a 40-acre lot on Burke Mountain. Picture was taken in 1947.

Douglas Bennie

Long before the word hippie was even coined, there were scattered homesteads in the isolated Gilley's quarry area of northeast Coquitlam, where artisans and philosophers lived off the land and did their thing. Doug Bennie, who was raised there, knew of them because they were on his Province newspaper route. Local working residents called them eccentrics.

During the Depression, many unemployed opted for such a lifestyle by acquiring 40-acre homesteads in the area. Homesteading regulations required that they clear one acre a year for five years, meanwhile paying but dollar a year in taxes. After five years, the land was deeded to them.

Once the necessary clearing was done, the



Gilley's quarry at the foot of Burke Mountain in the 1940s.

homesteaders could grow their own food and spend the rest of the time contemplating life or art. The quarry area, in the shadow of Burke Mountain, was so remote families like the Bennies had their staples delivered from New Westminster on boats that plied the Pitt River.

Residents beyond the quarry had to hack their way to civilization by building their own road. And the road leading to the quarry itself was not improved until the head of Gilley Bros., Byron (Boss) Johnson, later a Liberal premier of B.C., once damaged his car on the rough surface.

Born in Sapperton, Doug Bennie came to Coquitlam from Port Coquitlam with his parents in 1937, when he was nine years old. He was the oldest of three children of Archie and Helen Bennie. His father had worked at Gilley's quarry since 1927, and when a company house became available, he jumped at the chance.

Archie Bennie had emigrated from Scotland in 1923 with his brother; they were to work for an uncle, who owned a farm in Moose Jaw, Sask. When Mr. Bennie then had a disagreement with his uncle, he headed for B.C., and what he hoped was an orchard in the Okanagan. Instead, he ended up in New Westminster, married a local girl in 1926 and went to work for Gilley's. Doug Bennie married Vivienne Nelson in 1953. The couple settled in Port Coquitlam, where they still live. Both were active in that community. In recognition of his many years as district Boy Scout commissioner, and his service on the flood relief committee in 1948 and 1961, Mr. Bennie was named Port Coquitlam's Citizen of the Year in 1965.

Mrs. Bennie helped her friend, Edith Chambers, compile the book, History of Port Coquitlam. The Bennies have one son, David.

The area where I was living during the first part of the Depression, the area I can vividly remember, was in Port Coquitlam. The reason we moved from there was because my dad was out of work so much, although he had a job at Gilley's quarry in northeast Coquitlam.

So he couldn't turn down the chance of living in a company house at Gilley's quarry for $5 a month, as opposed to something like $25 a month. That was a tremendously big saving, so we moved into Coquitlam in 1937, when I was nine years old.

The nearest school was about six miles away. Walking to school was a hair-raising experience. You were in a wilderness area, and it was nothing to walk along the



The Bennie family's homestead on Quarry Road in the winter of 1943.

road and run into a couple of bears, or see the odd cougar. The wild animals are still there, but you don't see them.

My father worked for Gilley Bros., later to become Ocean Cement, at their quarry, the forerunner to what you would now call Seaspan, or Inland Cement. The company started off as Gilley Bros., then amalgamated with another firm, Evans Coleman & Evans, and became an even bigger outfit.

When he started at Gilley's, he went up there by boat, by a second tug boat, after he'd missed the first one. He was so disgusted with the place that at the end of the day, he quit. But he went back. And he ended up working for them from 1927 until about the early '60s, when he retired from the company.

Around 1938 or '39, and through probably to the end of the war years – after that, I lost track – I used to deliver papers. The Province at that time was 75 cents a month, of which the paper boy got 25 cents. I had 12 customers over six miles, and believe me, if you don't think 13 is an unlucky number, I can tell you it is, because I could never get over that number.

To give you an idea of the road conditions, I could leave our home at the quarry on my bicycle, and I could go the three miles to Minnekhada, pick up my bundle, and be back again on my bike before the company bus would be two miles out. That's how bad the road was.

On a bicycle, though, you could go in amongst the ruts. It was a challenge to see how far you could get ahead of the bus, and be back on your route. That was under ideal conditions. I would say the average time for delivering was two to three hours.

All these people didn't live along the road – they lived off it. Some of them lived up to a half-mile off, so you had to go down through the forest trails to them. You were also a mobile courier of daily news. You had to chit-chat with each of your customers; one would tell me what the weather was going to do and another might ask if I'd seen a certain person that day.

Some of these chaps were fascinating, interesting. I probably learned more from them than I did in correspondence school. Joe was a Yugoslavian fellow, hadn't been out of the area in 20 years. He was, more or less, a hermit. But he was extremely interested in the world around him.

He could tell you how many miles it was to the moon, and how large in diameter the moon was and where the various stars in the heavens were. He did a lot of reading, and he remembered what he read. A very meticulous person, he had wood piles as straight as a die, every block of wood exactly the same length.

Another interesting chap was an old German seaman who looked after the water-power source for Gilley's, which had two dams on top of the mountain. He used to look after those dams, open and close the gates. He was a very eccentric person.

You would deliver his paper in the winter, and it would just be pouring and he would look up at the sky and the clouds, and say they're moving this way, or that way, so tomorrow will be a good day. The next evening, you were drenched to the skin, but he'd say tomorrow will be a good day.

He was a fantastic artist in his own right, doing a lot of painting of ships, sailing ships, and what-not, obviously from his background in the German merchant marine. He didn't have enough money to buy canvas, so he painted on the back of a big fungus that grows on trees. People were extremely resourceful then.

Ted Kay lived right on the company property after he'd retired from the mountain service, and he was like a guard – always had a dog, a big part-Lab, part-Collie dog. He never married. During the time I knew him, he had two dogs – all his dogs were named Rover.

We used to get his paycheque, and he would come down to the house to get it from us. On this one occasion, he didn't show up in the evening, so I chose to take it over by boat the following night. I went down to my little row boat and rowed over to his dock.

As I approached the area, his dog started to bark loudly; I got right up to the dock, and Ted came out and never said anything. I handed him his cheque; he took it, then blew his cork. He gave me supreme hell for being a day late with it.

The dog was still barking louder than ever, so he turned to it, and said, "Rover, shut up, I'm doing the talking!" At that, I just cracked up; the dog was a person to him. If Ted were telling a story, he would always refer to Rover as if it were another person.

One of the fellows at the very end of my route would have been Polish, I believe. He had visions on how to run the war. He used to bring letters down, and give them to my dad, so he could mail them for him. The letters were to President Roosevelt and Winston Churchill, telling them what to do. He used to send them out about once a month.

We were not totally isolated. In fact, there were far more people living in this area prior to the Second World War, than after it.

There was a vast array of intellect around, you might say. Some people had very little education and some had a reasonably-good education, but they were all hurled into the same boat – unemployment and no money. So the tendency was to help one another out.

Once a month, the whole community would get together, rotating from one house to another and you'd have a big party. There would be no booze. The women talked and gossiped and the men told jokes, and everybody had a good time. There might be a few games played, and they'd all bring cakes, pies, and what-not.

There was no church anywhere in the area – I'm afraid we were somewhat like heathens! There were a couple of people that professed to be very, very religious, and they would expound their views. The only other entertainment was going into Westminster on a Saturday evening; the stores were open until nine, and if you were lucky, you would take a show in.

When we first moved there, we had no car, so we used to get our groceries by boat. There were two persons that had a transportation system into Pitt Lake, and they used to take people and supplies from Westminster all the way up to the lake. They served the logging camps and whoever lived along the river and the lake shore.

So you would phone in your grocery order to a place called Westminster Supply on Front Street, and they would make sure it got on board the boat. Then you would pick up your boxes of goodies at the dock and pack them up the hill, or to wherever your home was.

One chap – I've long forgotten his name – had the boat called the Pitt Navigator; McTavish had the other boat. The competition was quite keen between the two. They used to take loggers in, and bring them out and take in supplies. They would be loaded to the gunwales with groceries and also machinery parts for the logging companies.

I couldn't venture to say how many families the boats serviced, because I don't know about the Pitt Lake area, how many people lived there. I would say probably a dozen families lived at the quarry, well, not necessarily all families, but some single persons as well.

There weren't too many families here because schools were a difficulty – the school bus didn't run that far. There were quite a few homes up toward the lake, owned by doctors, and what-not; they used them for summer homes. They would have people living on their property to look after things.

I can remember that in the winter of 1942-43, the weather turned extremely cold and the river froze over, and traditionally, we got our groceries by boat. The most common transportation would be by car, or truck, if you were affluent enough in those days to have one.

We had to have a sled and a team of horses bring in the food because the road was under three feet of snow. Keep in mind, these were war-time years and there wasn't the man-power to get bulldozers in. The roads were pretty poor for a car anyway, and winter conditions, forget it. Absolutely impassable.

When we first came to this area in 1937, the road into the place was strictly one-way and if you met another car, you had to back up to pass each other. The brush from either side of the road shook hands and when you went through, the brush scraped the side of the car; it was like a wide trail.

The last steep hill going into the area was covered with cobble stones, placed where the ruts once were. From then on, it was known as Rock hill. The boss of the firm, Byron Johnson, tore the bottom of his car out once, so he got a bulldozer in and ripped the rocks out, then resurfaced hill. Johnson later became the premier of B.C.

The original road to the quarry ended at the top of the hill just above the plant, which was like an open-pit mine. So the homes past there, where these elderly people lived, had no road. So they all got together

during the early part of the war and they hand-built a road of about a mile, a mile and a quarter. It went down a very steep, wooded area to the river.

And guess what they named it? Burma Road. It was just as wicked, and rugged, and dangerous as that road over the Himalayas in Burma – in the winter time, it was impassable. There was no gravel, so the mud and snow would make it impossible to use in the winter.

Gilley Bros. supplied all the crushed rocks for projects such as the Pattullo bridge, and many other bridges in B.C., from the quarry up here. Some of it was blasted and came out in chunks, what they call one-man rock. Others went through crushers and were broken down into various sizes. It made the best road bed you could imagine.

During the war years, the quarry was on war-time contracts to produce crushed rock for runways at Boundary Bay, where there was a military airport. They hauled the rock from here.

I can remember the real high flood conditions of 1948, when the river flooded its banks. Don't forget, in those days, records of water levels weren't that prevalent. Things would be okay for a year or two, then all of a sudden, a heavy snow load in the Fraser basin and a sudden warm spell, and you had extremely high water down here.

The water came down in one big surge that year, and coupled with the traditional high tides, the Fraser and Pitt rivers rose to over 25 feet above their normal levels. All the land, across from where the Widgeon Valley is, was completely covered with water.

Jean Lambert

The only Catholic parish in Maillardville bulged at the seams just after the Second World War.

When Father Tec complained about the overcrowding at Paroisse Notre-Dame de Lourdes, parishioners such as Jean Lambert listened, and soon decided that a second parish was the only answer.

And so was founded Paroisse Notre-Dame de Fatima, with the Oblate priest, Father Ovila Meunier, celebrating the first mass on Dec. 8, 1946, in a little house on Alderson Avenue, which, today, is part of the rectory.

The split with the established parish founded in 1910 was amicable, with Lourdes taking the area east of LeBleu Street by agreement, and Fatima the west.

Land was purchased, but pending construction of the

Paroisse Notre-Dame de Fatima. Jean Lambert was elected the first president of the parish council.



church, Mass was said in Alderson school, the parishioners sitting on benches transported every Sunday from Blue Mountain Park. A number of fundraising drives later, a building combining the church, school and meeting hall was opened.

Fernand Filiatrault, a carpenter who had built the Lourdes convent school, was commissioned to build a similar structure at Fatima and this building was opened on Sept. 20, 1948. The church itself was not to be completed until June of 1959, and only after the supervising priest, Father Leduc, had died suddenly of a heart attack.

At the request of Archbishop Duke, who had blessed the church-hall building in 1947, Fatima offered mass in both French and English, an unprecedented service, and one which taxed the parish priests to the utmost. But the tradition was continued, and remains in effect today.

Jean Lambert, who was active during the formative years of the new parish, was elected the first president of the parish council. The mandate of the 12-member council included retirement of the debt and maintenance of the existing buildings. Mr. Lambert served on the council in various capacities for many years.

Jean Lambert was the oldest of four children. After moving his family to Maillardville in 1938, Jean's father, Ernest Lambert, worked briefly at Fraser Mills before opening a successful grocery store in Laval Square.

A Boy Scout back in Saskatchewan, Jean Lambert founded the French Cubs and Boy Scouts in Maillardville, and was later named regional commissioner, and president, for French Scouts of B.C. He was succeeded as commissioner by his daughter, Diane.

Jean and Suzanne Lambert (Goulet), raised five daughters, and now have 10 grandchildren.

One of the proudest moments in Mr. Lambert's life came in 1988, when the storied Mother Teresa visited this area. He helped a son-in-law drive Mother Teresa and her party around, and also helped with the security detail. "I was honored," Jean Lambert says, "and I got to speak to Mother Teresa three times."

I came to Maillardville in 1938 with mom and dad from Willow Bunch, Saskatchewan, where I was born. When we first came here, it was right during the Depression in Saskatchewan, and things weren't too rosy around here, either.

You needed a number to get a job at Fraser Mills, because jobs were really scarce at that time and there were lots of people around wanting them.

Dad couldn't get a job, so we started renting a small house behind Trev's, which is still there. The rent was only $15 a month, but even then, we couldn't afford to pay, so we used to work for the owner digging hardpan for septic tanks for 35 cents an hour. That wasn't much fun.

The first year we came, 1938, I went to school at Austin Heights, which was the only secondary school in Coquitlam. I thought that after the little school in Saskatchewan, this place up on Austin was quite something. I learned all about wood working because I thought it would be nice to get into tools. My brother and sister went to the Lourdes school.

After a while, dad did get a job at Fraser Mills. He started in the green chain, like everyone else. When dad got kind of fed up working on the green chain, he bought Mr. Hammond's house on Laval Square and started a little store, a grocery, and also a confectionery. He sold Watkins products on the side; he was quite the salesman. Dad did quite well.

My mother, sister and brother helped out at the store, but then, I figured I'd better find myself a job, because money was still scarce. So I'd walk down to Fraser Mills, and I'd go to the creosote plant, and I'd go to Pacific Veneer Division, P.V., and I'd end up at the Swift's packing plant.

One day, after doing the rounds for a month, a friend got me a job at Swift's. He was a truck driver there, and he said, "You can start shaking hides." I asked, "Well, what's shaking hides?" I'd never heard of it. But I needed a job, anything, so I took it. So I started working there at 45 cents an hour. It was very heavy work.

They would have four men, one at each leg of a hide – sometimes, the hide was so heavy, they'd have a man at the head, also – and they'd lift these hides up and down, up and down, and shake the manure and everything out of them. Then you had to roll them, and tie them, and they'd load them in box cars.

For a little guy of 16, I was pretty tired at the end of the day. There were no unions then, so you got on four hours, you had a half-hour for lunch, and then you worked another four hours. Before I left, I did just about every job there was at Swift's.

I think that shortly after dad sold the store, he bought a truck and hauled wood from Fraser Mills, also. We used to deliver wood for $5 a load. That was quite a bit of money then. Most people either paid the rent or the wood bill. There weren't many houses above Austin.

In 1938, there were quite a few living at the Fraser Mills townsite, and the rest were around the square. You could buy an acre for $50. There were a couple of stores on Brunette, Pett's – I can't remember the other – and my uncle had a little confectionery. There was also a pool room, which was handy for all the boys to meet each other.

Johnny Dicaire used to run most of the dances in New West because there was really no hall in Maillardville. So we used to dance at the Arenex, or the Oddfellows Hall, in Westminster.

So Johnny said to me one day."We've got to do something about getting a hall in Maillardville. We'll ask Mr. Mackin if we can get part of his land, and build a hall there. We'll close off Brunette Street, and we'll dance on the street, and we'll raise money that way."

Well, there was only one policeman in Maillardville then, and you had all these people dancing – most of it was square dancing – right on Brunette Street. It was something. It was a family thing. There were all kinds of fiddlers around then, and we brought them all in to play. That's how we started to build; but we only got as far as the platform.

I joined the French federation about that time. We

didn't have much to do besides going to dances. We used to fool around with the guitar and the banjo, and the fiddle, get together and have a jam session. So we were talking one day and said maybe we should form a band and have some fun, and we did.

The federation bought the musical instruments – we had to pay for them so much a month – and Fred Turner, who was leading the Royal City band at that time, would come and teach us in the basement of Notre Dame de Lourdes. That's how we formed a band.

I met my wife shortly after her family arrived from northern Saskatchewan – she went to Austin Heights school in 1945 – and married her in 1947. When we first got married, I bought a house on Laval Street just behind my dad's. I paid $1,500 for that. Of course, I had to do some work on it; I actually met my wife while I was fixing it up.

Father Tec from Belgium was the priest at that time. He was quite strict, but he was an okay guy as far as I was concerned. But the Notre Dame de Lourdes parish was getting a bit much for him, as more and more people moved into Maillardville, especially on the other side of LeBleu, as far as North Road.
So a bunch of people from the west side of LeBleu got together and said, "Why don't we build our own parish?" There were 10 acres for sale on Alderson, cheap enough, $1,000 an acre, and we figured it was our chance to start another parish.

That's how Paroisse Notre-Dame de Fatima, Our Lady of Fatima parish, got started. Later on, when a committee was needed to look after the existing buildings, keep them in shape and look after the funding of the parish debt, the parish council was formed. I was elected its first president.

The council president served a one-year term; then you had a three- year term as director. The committee had 12 members, with four of them changed every year. So I remained on the council for quite a few years and we got quite a few renovations done, but there was always more to do, lots of problems. But I enjoyed it.

Going back to the start, the split was a friendly one because everyone knew Lourdes was too large. First, we got a priest from the Oblate order, Father Ovila Meunier, who was quite a go-getter. When he needed money, he would collect it himself, visiting other parishes and making collections for his new parish.

Father Meunier even went to Quebec and Saskatchewan to raise money. He would stay at any parish only as long as he was able to continue building. Once the church and the school at Fatima were finished, he moved on. He would go to another new parish, where money and buildings were needed.

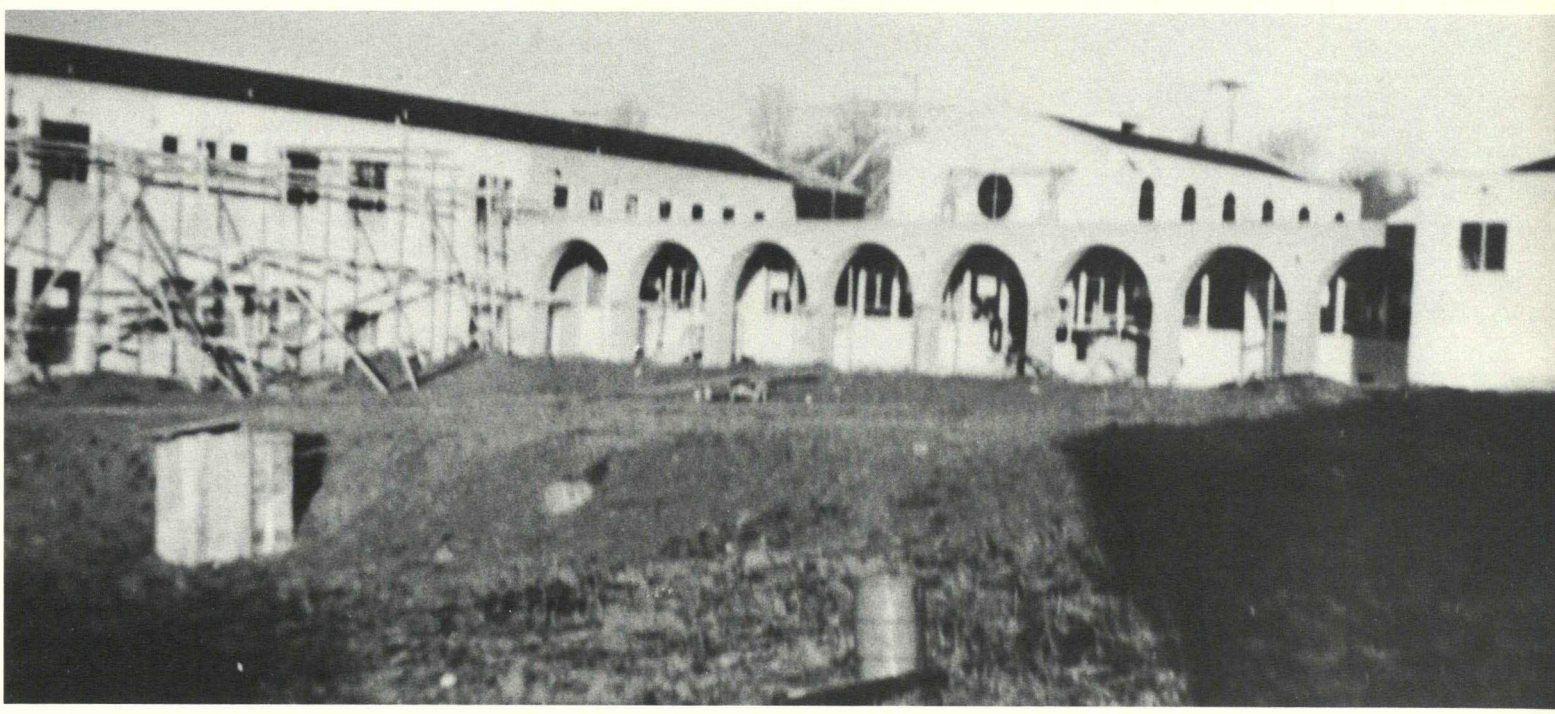
Father Meunier was also a real good preacher, a fire-and-brimstone preacher. Our 10 acres was all forest at first, except for two small houses, so we cleared just enough for the church and school, the rest staying in trees and stumps. Father Meunier would get up on a huge stump, and preach from there.

Father Meunier was quite the one for starting things and having everything go first class, and that's why he started so many committees. He had volunteers for the administrative committee, construction committee, bazaar committee, fund-raising committee and even a drama-and-music committee.

We started a hall right away; this served as the church and school while the other construction was going on. All we had were four walls and a roof that leaked. Mr. Filiatrault, a good carpenter who built the school at Lourdes, built the first church and school for Fatima. Everyone in the community helped out.
The school was an elementary one, and it's still there. After a while, they figured a secondary school was also needed, so they built that beside the church.Three nuns from les Soeurs de l'enfant Jesus and Mme. Bibiane Finnigan were the first teachers there.

Around 1955 or 1956, I think, the teachers and all

Paroisse Notre-Dame de Fatima in the late '40s.



the kids went on strike. Fatima was the only parish school that ever went on strike. We were out of funds because we had to pay taxes, and such, so finally, the education committee got together and decided to refuse to pay the taxes.

The sisters and the parents didn't want the kids to waste their schooling, but they said there was a limit to what they could pay. The strike was approved by the bishop, and it lasted over a year, so they had to take our kids into the public schools. That's how the Catholic schools gained their tax exemptions from the provincial government.

After the strike – maybe it was 1951 – the sisters went to teach at Lourdes, so Father Meunier called in les Soeurs du Bon Pasteur de Quebec from Montreal to teach. There were nine teaching sisters in 1956; their number increased to 15 the following year, as 40 boarders and 190 students enrolled at the elementary and secondary levels.

When Archbishop Duke approved the Fatima project, there were quite a few English-speaking people who wanted to join the parish. So the archbishop asked Fatima to take them in, and that's how it became a bilingual parish.

We had separate English and French masses at first, but after a while, they became bilingual masses, quite a chore for the priests. People were happy with it, though, and it's still done today.

Father Gerard Leduc took over for a short time from Father Meunier. Then Father Gerard Labonte came in and finished the church. He was succeeded by Father Guy Michaud, who was in charge when I served as president of the parish council, which he started.

We now have a stable congregation of about 300 families. It took a couple of years to build the new church, which cost $225,000 and is now valued at over a million. We had to get this money by raising funds, but there were debts to pay off, too. So we would have still another fund-raising drive.

I had been in Boy Scouts on the Prairies, and I always wanted to pass it on to the boys in B.C., especially in Maillardville. I thought it would be nice to have a French movement in B.C., as there had never been one. It was difficult to start, but after a few letters to Edmonton, they referred me to Montreal.

And so in 1955, after going to the Knights of Columbus for financial help, and help in getting leaders, I started a Cub pack. We started in the basement at Lourdes with 24 Cubs, a full pack, and two leaders – Mr. Gareau and Mr. Gamache. A couple of years later, we drove to Montreal in three days to attend a camp for Scout leaders, and came back full of enthusiasm. We started the Maillardville Boy Scouts in 1957. We had a regional jamboree in Belcarra Park, and brought in 300 French-speaking Scouts from here to St. Boniface, Man. It was a tremendous success.

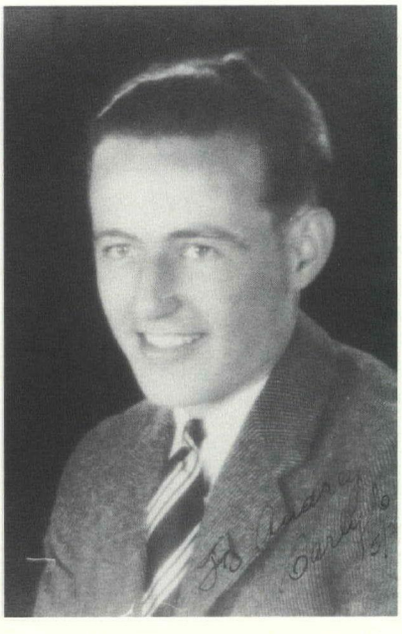
Then I became regional commissioner for French Boy Scouts in B.C., and president of the region and I was on the national council later on. So I was quite involved. My daughter, Diane, later became commissioner.

Seeing we had five daughters, my wife said we'd better do something for them. So in 1957, she and Mrs. Gamache started the Girl Guides in Maillardville. We kept it up, and the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides have been going ever since here.

Clara Guiol Jacobs



Hollywood portrait of Clara Jacobs.



Canadian-born stuntman Karl Jacobs.

Coquitlam was Hollywood North long before today's big influx of movie-making in British Columbia. Rural Coquitlam of the late 1930s and '40s played host for years to some of the greatest of screen stars. They were attracted by the splendid isolation of the Steelhead Ranch in the northeastern sector of the municipality, built in 1939 by Clara (Babe) Jacobs and her husband, Karl.

Both Babe and Karl Jacobs had Hollywood connections, which might account, in part, for the patronage of Steelhead by the brightest of stars such as Clark Gable, his wife Carole Lombard, John Wayne and Roy Rogers.

When Karl Jacobs, a Canadian-born stunt man, and two cousins purchased the Oxbow Ranch lands along the Coquitlam River, in what is now called River Springs, the area was covered with vine maples, and was virtually inaccessible by car until Shaughnessy was extended northwards from Port Coquitlam.

Mr. Jacobs later built a dirt road into the ranch, which had no electricity, and no running water. Stars were often seen heading for the ranch in luxury cars loaded with supplies for roughing it. Babe Jacobs herself became a familiar sight, dressed to the nines, and tooling by in her shiny Ford roadster with the rumble seat.

The area was often victimized by roaring brush fires in the summer, flooding in the spring and heavy snows in the winter. Once Mr. Jacobs had built the centre-



Clara Jacobs, second from the left, in a line of Hollywood starlets.

piece Steelhead Lodge and the cluster of cabins, he installed a pulley-and-cable device for emergency escapes from Mother Nature's rampages. Steelhead's very remoteness, of course, appealed to the harried stars.

Born in Mexico, Clara Guiol moved to Los Angeles with her family and launched her acting career at age 15. She appeared in a number of movies with stars such as comedian Stan Laurel, and was the Lux girl in soap advertisements for many years.

Her brother, Fred Guiol, was associated with famed director, George Stevens, and himself directed several motion pictures, including Live and Learn, The Cohens and Kellys in Trouble, The Nitwits, Hayfoot, and Here Comes Trouble.

Following the death of her husband, in 1964, Babe Jacobs sold the 126-acre Steelhead Ranch property to a gravel company and moved to Welcher Avenue in Port Coquitlam. She has lived at Hawthorne Lodge since 1982.

Fred Guiol, second from the left, attends a Hollywood function with a young Elizabeth Taylor.





One of the cabins frequented by Hollywood stars who regularly visited Coquitlam's Oxbow Ranch.

I was born on Aug. 12, 1908 in Puebla, Mexico, and I was only 15 years old when I left for the States. My parents owned a lot of property along Pasadena Road in Los Angeles. My mother did not do anything in the movies and my father was not in the film industry, either.

Both my brothers – one of them died of pneumonia and the flu – were older. I was, like, the runt of the litter, real little, so little I could easily crawl underneath the bed when my mother was angry with me. That's why I was always called Babe.

My stage name was Clara Guiol. I liked being an actress and I worked at it from about 15, after I told them I was 18. My brother, Fred, was in the movie industry, too. He was involved with Gone With the Wind and Diary of Anne Frank. He owned the place on Sunset Boulevard where they had the movies.

I married my husband, Karl Jacobs, in Hollywood, in 1939. He was a Canadian. He had a career as a stunt man and he did different stunts, on the street, outside. I was never afraid that he would get hurt. I remember, during the filming of a movie called Big Bend, they used a dummy for him, and the head flew off!

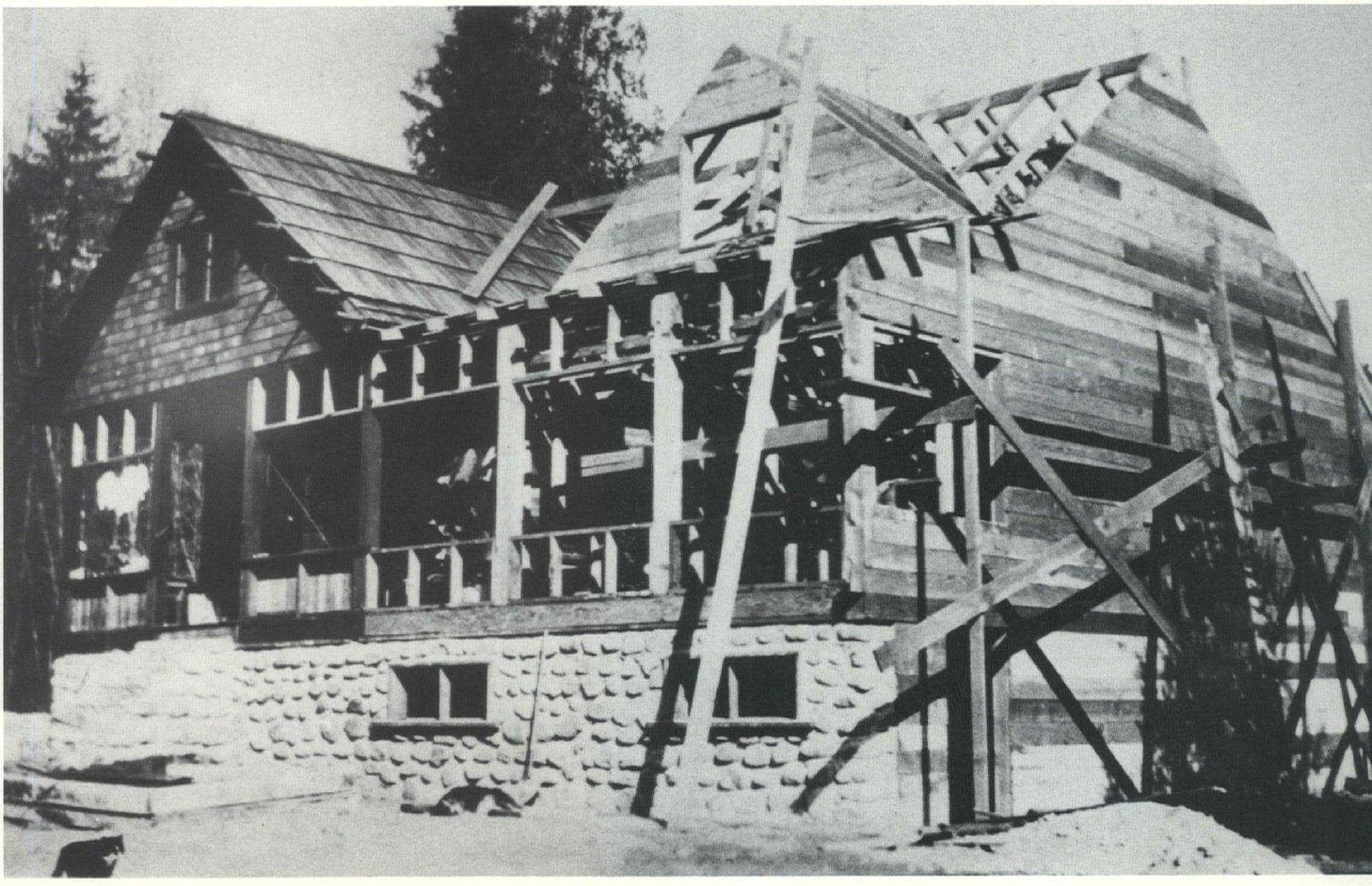
We came up to Steelhead Ranch in 1939, after we were married. The property, 126 acres, belonged to my husband and two cousins, but after Karl fixed up the whole place, they decided he had worked so hard it was his. We had lots of little cabins and we named them after the stars who stayed there.

Carole Lombard stayed there. Clark Gable stayed with us, too. I remember him coming up – he and my brother liked to fish, and they liked to catch rattle snakes. Clark Gable played the piano,and I played the guitar, and we had lots of fun. Gable was so nice and he always came by himself, no girlfriends, just came to fish. He would always stay for a while.

Roy Rogers showed me how to twirl a rope, lassoes. Some of the other famous people that stayed there were Will Rogers and John Wayne. Once, we all went on a boat from Vancouver – can't think of the name – with some girls. Steelhead was a retreat for a lot of these stars. They wanted some private time and would come up.

When we first came, it was dark, and there was no

The Steelhead Lodge under construction in 1939 at the Oxbow Ranch.



phone or electricity. I missed all our friends from Hollywood, but they came to visit us anyway. I had so many long-distance calls that my husband thought he'd better let them all come up here. I was always on the phone.

The place was called Oxbow Ranch at first, and then, when we took it over in 1939, we called it Steelhead, after the fish. They call it River Springs now. Our guests used to catch steelhead and pike in the Coquitlam River; there was good fishing there. I caught a big steelhead myself one day, must have weighed 26 pounds, but I didn't eat it.

Steelhead Ranch was real isolated when we first came up. We had to build our own roads, and everything, taking the rocks out of the Coquitlam River. No, we did not have a cable car to get there. For the first few years, we didn't even have a road.

There was just bush when my husband first bought the property. He had to build the road before he could take our car up there. We had to walk at first. The place was at the end of Shaughnessy Street, and it was a bit gloomy because of the cliffs.

We had a Ford with a rumble seat. Later, we had a '55 Cadillac too, and the stars had their own cars. They brought in their own supplies; I do not know where they got them from. We got our supplies by car. We got our vegetables from a Japanese farmer down the street, and we would buy all our milk from there too, before he was taken away to concentration camp.

Some of the streets in Port Coquitlam were named after the stars who stayed at Steelhead Ranch, like Gable Drive and Lombard Drive. We picked up our mail at 8:30 in the morning from a woman who is working here (at Hawthorne Lodge) now.

We did our cooking on an iron stove. We often had wonderful steaks, got them from a butcher in Coquitlam. I would make some real good waffles, too, right on the stove. We'd often cook steaks for parties when our friends arrived. Our guests also brought in lots of fish when they were here.

I cooked all the meals when my friends came to stay. My husband and I did, and some of the others would help. The guests slept in their cabins, but everybody ate in the lodge, at a big table, where we sat everybody. I remember, they would bring some big dogs, which were as high as the table.

We always made kickapoo juice for our parties, made our own booze. I forget what we had in it now. We would all get stoned on it. A man named Fergie helped us look after the place. I remember, he never took a bath and he would wash his underwear, and hang it up in the bush.

My husband was very handy, and he put in the pool and built the cabin we had. We had places to play tennis and downstairs in the fishing lodge, there was a ping-pong table. You had to go down all these steps into the basement. We used to dance at night. We built these little cabins for our guests.

The stars who stayed with us always had dogs and cats, lots of them, and the bears, owls, raccoons and deer around the ranch used to scare them. One of the cats was killed once. Lots of wildlife around, and I had to go out at night time and scare the owls away.



Clara Jacobs plays a telephone operator in a 1929 movie with Charlie Chase.

People from Coquitlam, mostly kids from north Coquitlam, would come out and visit, too. The guests came out any time, summer or winter, if they wanted to camp. We never had any doctors out there, but people were stronger, and more self-reliant, in those days.

We had plenty of snow up there and all the water in the spring time was from the melted snow. Quite often, in the winter, you could not go any place – we could not get out of the lodge because of the weather. Sometimes, we could not stay there because it was too cold.

I remember two big floods. Once, I took my dog Michelle – she was the cutest dog and used to wear a hat and a skirt, and dance for the kids at Halloween – on a bicycle down the road from the ranch. We had more water from the Coquitlam River than they had in Coquitlam. We saved the horses that belonged to

Clara Jacobs, right, in a scene from a Hollywood movie with Stan Laurel.



this fellow – horses can swim, you know.

Steelhead also burned down a couple of times. One fire started from somebody smoking in a room and the other one, well, the police were after someone for burning down houses. During the time we had no road, I was kind of scared that we wouldn't be able to get out if there was another fire or flood so Karl devised an escape route for us.

I always had lovely clothes and when we lived at Steelhead Ranch. I bought them in Vancouver, not California. I always wore sunglasses, black ones, when I drove the car. I had a lot of fur coats and a lot of jewelry, but some of it was stolen while we were away once.

Karl and I did not have any children. His cousin, Audrey, used to come up and visit from Ontario. I can't remember how long we owned the ranch. After we sold the ranch, we lived in Victoria for a while, and I made a couple of movies there.

Marjorie Tryon Jones

Local residents like Marjorie Tryon Jones called it Nob Hill, origin obscure. Others knew it as Ranch Park.

Whatever the name, this area of Coquitlam, near the intersection of Dewdney Trunk Road and Mariner Way, was among the last of the old-growth timber stands in the municipality, and it's just now being fully developed into housing subdivisions.

When Mrs. Jones arrived there in 1941 to run one of her father's two chicken farms, the area was sparsely populated and the roads were nothing but trails.

Born on May 17, 1920 in Calgary, Marjorie Tryon Jones was the fourth of six children. Her father, Charles Tryon, was from Westport, Ont., which is in the Ottawa area. After he had married a girl from nearby Almonte, they moved to Winnipeg, where he worked for a newspaper.

He then founded the Saskatoon Star, shipping the printing equipment by oxen and cart from Winnipeg. He later launched the Calgary News-Telegram with a partner. Subsequently, he started a chicken farm in Point Grey, and when urban encroachment forced him out, he bought 60 acres in Coquitlam's Nob Hill in 1939.

His daughter, Marjorie, and her husband, Dave Jones, were recruited to operate one of the ranches, which housed around 3,000 chickens. Nanny Heckbert, one of Coquitlam's earliest pioneers, was a neighbor for many years.

Mrs. Jones, who has a teaching degree from UBC, taught art for 20 years. The Joneses raised three sons. Mrs. Jones, who now has three grandchildren, lives on Viewmount Drive, not far from the family chicken farms of yore.



Charles and Laura Tryon in 1951.

When my father got tired of newspapers, he decided to go West and have a chicken farm. So in 1921, he moved to Point Grey, which was not a part of Vancouver at that time, and started a chicken farm there. By 1939, the city of Vancouver had moved in around him.

So my father started casting around and when he decided to come out to Coquitlam, he bought property on Nob Hill along Dewdney Trunk Road, around 1939. This property ran across the tracks as far north as Crabbe Road. He developed two farms, one on this side of the tracks and one on the other, about 60 acres in all. My father hired a man to run the part that was on the north side of the tracks. My husband and I moved out here and managed the area on the south side. Then the war came along, and my husband was conscripted in 1942 into the army, so we left the farm while he was in Chilliwack for training.

My father still had a residue of the farm in Point Grey until then. He had white Leghorn chickens, sold his eggs wholesale to stores in Vancouver, and worked closely with UBC agriculture on research. He was also into breeding, hatching baby chicks in large incubators and selling them. So when he finally moved out to Coquitlam, he carried a lot of the chicken-and-egg business with him.

Log cabin where the Tryon family lived in 1939. Known as Nob Hill, the 60-acre property was located on Dewdney Trunk Road, below the current Ranch Park subdivision.

During the Depression, my father was still in Point Grey selling his eggs to retail outlets in Vancouver. Of course, the prices had dropped right down to where the eggs were about 10 or 15 cents a dozen, so my father was definitely losing money. It was a very difficult time.

I was going to school in Vancouver and I can remember not being able to have a new pair of shoes for school, and I found a pair in the garbage can. I was so proud that I brought them home. But we managed, and after the Depression, my father did very well.

While my husband managed one of the farms in Coquitlam for my father – from the fall of '41 to the late spring of '42, before he went into the army – I was teaching Grade 1 to 4 at Ioco school. Charlotte Wilson taught the senior grades, four to seven, I think.

We lived at that time in a log cabin, had a well for water, and had to get our groceries in Vancouver or New Westminster. It was really rural living. There weren't very many people around in the way of neighbors, just a few houses close by. Granny Heckbert was north of us a little bit and the Cranstons were across Dewdney Trunk Road.

Granny Heckbert was a very interesting person. She was living in Hawthorne Lodge and was 100 or more when she died recently. She told us that she was born under the Pitt River bridge years and years ago. She has a daughter living in Port Coquitlam and another daughter in the States, I think.

I remember Granny Heckbert as an older, short, stocky woman. She had a crippled son, probably 40 or 50 years old, in a wheel chair, and she cared for him, a big job for her. Lifted him into bed and lifted him out. She worked very hard. I think the husband had died quite a while before.

Granny became a very close friend of my mother's when they moved out to Coquitlam. The Cranstons were also friends of my mother's. They had some chickens, so Mr. Cranston used to talk business with my dad a lot. The Hardys lived a little further down from Granny's.

Past the Cranstons up the hill, across Dewdney Trunk Road from us, was a German family called Wagner. They used to do a lot of weaving, dyeing the wool in a big bathtub and selling the finished woollen fabric to retail outlets like Hudson Bay in Vancouver.

When we first moved into the log cabin, my parents were still in Vancouver, so my brothers and sisters would come out on the weekends. We had a lot of fun. We'd go down to Scott Creek and have picnics and swim in the creek.

There was a railway spur line that ran north from the

Buildings begin to take shape in 1942 on the Tryon farm. Picture was taken from Dewdney Trunk looking towards Scott Creek.





Poultry farm buildings in 1942. Today, this site is occupied by a Lumberland store near Coquitlam Centre.

mainline tracks to a sawmill. We used to walk along that line to get to our other farm, which was on the other side of the tracks, along Crabbe Road. When we needed materials or eggs, and so on, we took the truck and drove around.

The log cabin was, well, strictly a log cabin, a very small place with a coal-wood stove. My father had put a plank high up across Scott Creek for us to get to the other side and it was always a challenge to reach the other side without falling in.

Finally, he built a bridge, which used to get washed out every spring when the creek became swollen up and flooded. My father used to fork the spawning salmon, the dead salmon, on to the field, and plough them under for fertilizer. He grew the hay there and ran the chickens down by the creek.

One day, I had to stay at the school in Ioco and came home very late. Because I hadn't been living in the log cabin for very long at that time, I was unsure whether I could find the driveway down the hill to the cabin. I knew it was right next to a house that had just been built, so that was the landmark I was looking for in the dark.

After hiking all the way from the intersection down here by St. John's and Dewdney Trunk, I came walking up the hill, and I couldn't find the house. I walked east over the hill, back west over the hill, then east again and I was so frightened because I couldn't find the house, or the driveway.

I did see someone at a bonfire. Later, I learned that the house that was my landmark had burned down earlier that day. I had no way of knowing where our house was, because Mariner Way was not there then. There were no streets, no street signs and only dirt roads and lanes leading to each person's place.

After my husband came back from the war in 1945, he tried employment in Vancouver and didn't like it, so my father encouraged him to come back to Coquitlam and manage the farm on Nob Hill. This time, we lived in a different house, a little shack that had been put up.

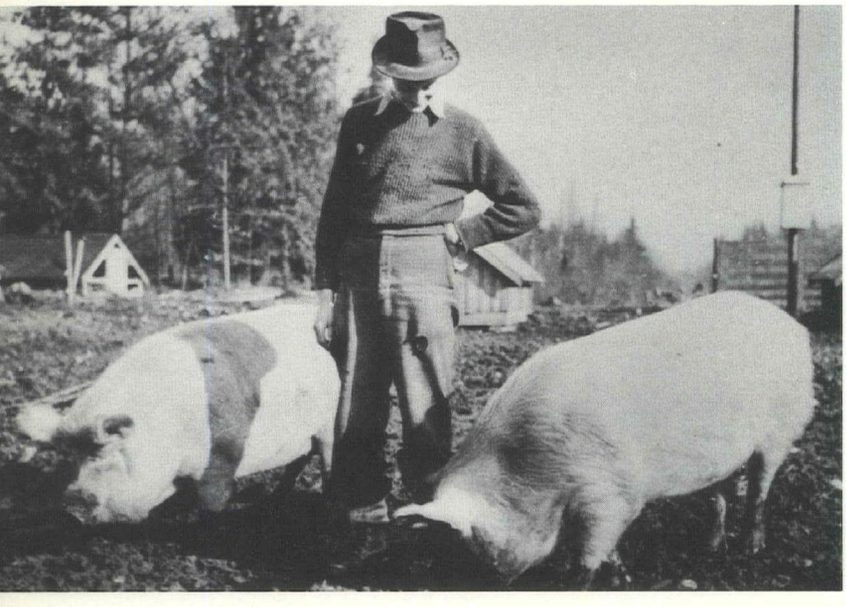
I had a coal-wood stove, and a cooler in the corner for food. The baby slept in the only bedroom and we slept in the living room. By this time, we could buy the odd thing in Port Coquitlam. In order to get there, I would walk along the tracks.

There was no transportation, no public transportation, and I had no other way of getting around. The main centre in Port Coquitlam, the business section, was on the west side of the bridge over the Coquitlam River. The station was right on the triangle of land between Kingsway and the tracks.

Where Westwood now crosses the tracks, on the southeast corner, was a Buckerfield's distributor. It was managed by Barry and Irene Hardy, who lived near Granny Heckbert's and us, up on Nob Hill. We knew Barry very well. He used to trade horses all over the valley.

We eventually moved out of the little shack, on the south side of Scott Creek, to a little white cottage on the north side. Just the bare necessities, no freezer, no phones, none of that sort of thing. We finally got indoor plumbing, though, which was nice after years of outhouses.

David Jones ran the farm for Charles Tryon in 1942.



My father had built the house for a hired man he was putting on the other farm. Later on, when the house was empty for a time, two escapees from Essondale holed up in there, hiding in there and using all our food. My sister, who used to come out on weekends to use the place, discovered them.

While living in the white house, my son fell and cut his head badly one day, so I had to rush him to a doctor. I found Dr. Berkeley, a young man at that time, in Port Moody. He stitched my son up and he was fine by the time we brought him home. We were really quite rural then, and I don't know quite how I got him to the doctor's, and back home again.

We were a little pocket then, sort of a back street, and all very rural until you got to either Port Moody, or Port Coquitlam. The Barnet Highway didn't exist at all; neither did the Lougheed. There was a road past Essondale, but it wasn't called Westwood, I don't think, where Harry's Corner is.

When my little son was approaching two, I took him sleigh-riding on Nob Hill, going west towards Port Moody. You could sleigh-ride anywhere then. Where the tracks cross on Westwood at Buckerfield's, the train would just whistle as it came through, and it wasn't until my in-laws were in a big accident that gates were installed.

Nob Hill was called that when we first came to Coquitlam; I have no idea how it got its name. Back in the '30s and, perhaps earlier, my brother- in-law used to view this area when it was being logged – he was a log scaler – and it was apparently known as Nob Hill even then.

Judith Lumb Forst

Mention Coquitlam residents who have been acclaimed in their fields and Judith Forst comes to mind.

Then there's John Dixon, head of the B.C. Civil Liberties Association, who is often in the news. Coincidentally, both were raised in the townsite of Fraser Mills, where their families were near-neighbors and often picnicked together.

From her childhood days at Fraser Mills, where she often sang and played the piano at Christmas gatherings, Judith Forst has become a world-renowned mezzo-soprano. Her career reached its zenith when she performed at New York's Metropolitan Opera House in a number of leading roles.

Born on Nov. 7, 1943 at St. Mary's Hospital in Sapperton to Gordon and Euna Lumb (Thomson), Judith Forst – she was to have a younger brother, Donald – was raised in two different company houses in the townsite.

Following intensive training in piano, singing and voice with various teachers, Mrs. Forst enrolled at the University of B.C., graduating in 1964 with a bachelor's degree in music. She first became interested in opera while at UBC, and prepared for it by studying languages such as French, Italian and German.

She tried out for the Met in 1968 at the urging of her husband, Graham Forst, a college English professor who was always supportive of her career. She won the competition, but only made it to next stop, Seattle. The following year, she went all the way, and was rewarded with a five-year contract from the Metropolitan Opera Association of New York.

Because she wanted to give her two children, Noel and Paula, the secure childhood she had enjoyed in Fraser Mills, she has since subordinated her career to family considerations. Earlier on, she had always noticed an improved attitude in her children after they'd been left with their grandparents while she was off performing.

When she was under contract to the Met, she and her husband lived in New York for seven years – she continued making guest appearances at the Met – and chose to return home, rather than establish permanent residency there. She considers herself lucky, indeed, that she can today pick her roles with family in mind. The Forsts now live in Port Moody.

I was raised in Fraser Mills, in the townsite, which was a special kind of community because everyone knew everyone. The doors were never locked. Christmas time, people did not phone and ask if they could come over; they just knocked on the door and were there. We used to sing constantly.

Fraser Mills was a very comfortable community because it was insular. I do not know how many houses there were on the main street – King Edward – maybe 20 on each side, down toward where Lougheed Highway is now. When I travel somewhere, and I see these villages they have created with the wooden sidewalks, I laugh because we had wooden sidewalks when I was growing up.

They had people who worked in the mill that looked after the interior decorating of your house. You had your turn every four years and you chose everything you wanted; they did your wall papering and painting, and things like that. To this day, I can walk into a room that has been newly painted and it all comes back to me in a flash.

King Edward Avenue, which was the road into Fraser Mills leading down from Brunette, was quite a slope and that was where we always used to take our sleds in the winter time. I mean, it was no big deal, not like coming down Marmont, which was straight down, but we had a lot of fun.

I would never have tackled Marmont like some of the others did. Some of them would start right at the top, cross Brunette, and continue down into the townsite. Of course, with me not being too athletic, I did as little as possible along those lines. I think there was more snow in those days than we have now.

They tell me I sang even as a child, even in our first

house – I do not remember – so they tell me. Christmas was the thing; Christmas was when I played the piano. There was always singing at our gatherings. Remember, there was no television in those days.

I started taking music lessons when I was four, singing lessons, and then piano lessons when I was seven, but then I stopped with the singing lessons and kept on with the piano lessons. I stopped with the singing when I was in junior high at Como Lake Secondary School.

My mother says my high school principal told her I was good in the sciences, that I should pursue a career in that field instead of singing, which I wanted to do. Well, I was good in English, hopeless in math, and I do not even remember the sciences!

There was a Chinese community then at Fraser Mills; they were quite a piece away in a different area, near the mill. We were not allowed down there, but we certainly were friends at school. As a matter of fact, my daughter had one of the kids, Doug Wong, for social studies at Banting school last year.

Doug was older than me, but his brother, Arthur, was in my grade. We walked to Millside school, sometimes the whole group together and sometimes not, but there would usually be quite a few. The friendships were not forged by the mill but by the people who lived in the townsite and happened to work in the mill.

I do not remember the mill giving Christmas parties for the kids – I guess there were some once in a while – but there was a Halloween party at a kind of community centre with a big room in it. They decided to have this party instead of trick or treating; they stopped for a while and then resumed them.

I remember them putting the Lougheed Highway in. I remember the great big drums – they were like cement circles – huge things and they were piled two high, and they were to be used for the road foundation. It was a great place for us to play, to hide in those things.

On the other side of what is now the Lougheed Highway, closer to the mill, there were these other streets in the townsite. Of course, those were the streets that would get it if there was any flooding, not where we lived. We lived down there when I was very small, but I do not really remember.

The things I remember about that area were from later, because we had very close friends living there – Jack and Verna Hart – whom we used to visit all the time. I used to play down there. I think there was a wooden "tram," a roadway of sorts with wooden planks, that went between some of the houses.

They drove cars on it and there were lanes that went to the houses. The tram was also a cover for the creek that divided the houses – there was a creek under the tram – and we used to go underneath it to catch minnows. We still visit with Verna Hart.

Our neighbors on one side, the Vallances, are also still very close friends. They had two daughters and sons, Marlin and Joe, and we were very good friends, my brother and I. Then the Dixons were up, sort of, on the hill part, and they are still close friends.

Every Sunday with the Dixons, we would be off on picnics in Stanley Park, or to Birch Bay for a two-week holiday. We also used to go out to Haney, to Swan's Point, a great expedition. We always had a good time. John Dixon is now head of civil liberties.

I remember standing out in the back, in the lane, when the Dixons would be coming down from their garage in their grey Pontiac. We would usually take two cars because we could not always all fit in one. Frequently, though, we did go in one car or the other, loaded up.

Fraser Mills was a great place for a child. To look out of our houses, there were no trees, but behind, not right behind where all the houses were, but a bit behind the garage, there were all kinds of trees. My brother used to play a lot there.

We used to have, at one point, a grocery store and butcher shop – it would have been a company store – when we first moved to Fraser Mills, and when we moved to King Edward Avenue. It was there for a while at first, but not in later years.

Clare Miller owned the store, or maybe he leased it, I don't know, but he was certainly there looking after it. When people starting moving into Fraser Mills in the early years, the store was important because there would not have been much else, and people would have had to go to New Westminster pretty much for any shopping.

For clothing and things, as kids, I think we went to New Westminster. The bus that used to bring the workers to the mill actually stopped outside our house when we lived on King Edward. There was a bus stop right outside the house.

For most of my clothes, I just went into the kitchen where my mother sewed them. Not many of the neighbors had homemade clothes then. I remember the kids across the street were never too happy with me because I had things they kind of wished they had.

My mother sewed everything and still does. She sews all my concert gowns; you cannot buy them. Some singers do, spending $6,000 to $7,000, but you can only wear them once in any one city – it's no fun – and then they do not fit or they are not right. We try to pick up fabric in New York or San Francisco.

When I was very young, I had Lila McCormick from New Westminster as my voice teacher – I do not know that there were any teachers in Fraser Mills – and Dorothy Wilson for piano. She was also in New Westminster. Then, when I was older, I went into Vancouver for my piano lessons; that was a long trek.

I went to Glen Geary for piano and weekly to Beth Watson for singing, also in Vancouver. Mr. Geary's was every Friday night, and then, eventually, we changed it to Saturday so I could have the singing and piano on the same day, and it was only one trip. There was no freeway then, so Vancouver was a long way from Fraser Mills.

Then I had Phyllis English in West Vancouver for voice, and by that time I was ready to go to UBC. I studied voice in the faculty of music there under Dr. Robert Morris, and eventually they started an opera work shop in the summer with French Tickner, who came up from Los Angeles.

The workshop later became a winter-session program, but by then I was finished. I did go one year. I had not always been interested in opera and I

did not know anything about it. A chap by the name of Ian Dougherty, who was in the extension department, got me interested.

He was very keen on anything to do with music and he had heard me sing at UBC, and he thought I should be in opera so he made me a librarian. That way, they could give me a scholarship to pay for the opera workshop program at summer school.

I thought the program was quite interesting and I took to opera straight away. Some of it I hated though. We had to take languages at UBC – French, Italian, German – as part of the curriculum. I do not speak them fluently because I have not lived in those countries, but I understand them.

When I tried out for the Met in 1968, it was very exciting because I did not have much to do with it – my husband, who is very supportive of my career, put my application in – so I went into the competition, which was held in Vancouver.

If you were chosen, you went to Seattle, and if you were chosen there, then you went to New York. The first year I went to Seattle, but did not go to New York; the second year, I did. I had a contract with the Metropolitan Opera Association of New York – I was there five years – then went back frequently as a guest.

I will be there this year as a guest artist just for one show, not one performance, but one opera. I do not have a favorite role; it depends what I am working on for the moment. I enjoy learning new roles – it's hard work – but you're never finished, always studying.



World-renowned mezzo-soprano Judith Forst was raised in Fraser Mills.

While I was singing under contract at the Met, we were not tempted to stay or live in New York, not with our families being here. We were back and forth, and back every summer. At one point, we had to either stay in New York and get a much bigger apartment or buy a house in upstate New York or New Jersey.

Then my husband, who is an English professor, was offered a position at Capilano College, and we decided staying in New York was ridiculous when we could come home with the children and they could get to know all their family, and grow up as a family.

I can live here and work from here. When I would go away for a show – some shows would go two or three weeks at a time – my mother looked after our son, and when our daughter was born, she looked after both of them. Once in a while I would get a show in Toronto for five weeks, but not often.

Shows very seldom run longer than that. My work schedule is different every season, depending on what my commitments are at home. I do not have to make a living and that does make a difference. If I do not want to do a job, I am not obliged to accept it.

My parents generally came over to our place to look after the children. When we first moved back from New York, we lived upstairs and slept downstairs, where my parents also slept. Actually, I was less nervous about taking an engagement because the kids were nicer after living with their grandparents.

The things my dad with our son were just special, although they were just little, everyday things – you know, like building things in the basement – time they might not have had if we had not been in New York. And my daughter also had time with my husband's mother that she might not have had otherwise.

My brother was a fine singer too but I am afraid I was partially guilty of suggesting to him that singing is a very difficult career. He is a very outspoken person who does not take to injustice and there is a lot of injustice in my business.

There are times when you have to keep your mouth shut despite things that are not as they should be, or somebody is being mistreated, and there are ways to fix it. My brother would not have been able to stand that. He would never go to bed without practice. He practised singing faithfully every night.

Both our children have had lessons playing instruments and have played in the school band, and have seen opera all over the world but I do not think they will make a career in music. I think my daughter would rather be involved in five different sports.

We grew up in a stable environment in Fraser Mills. We were very secure kids. You want that for your children, that sense of security; growing up with the extended family is important for them, gives them a sense of belonging. That's why we came back here.

CHAPTER VI

1941–1950



A wave of prosperity flowed through Coquitlam during this decade, beginning at Fraser Mills and rippling throughout the district. The lumber business flourished as the war effort demanded round-the-clock shifts. An increasing number of women entered the workforce, and life grew easier for the pioneers who could turn their attention now to developing a full social, cultural and recreational life within their municipality.

The B.C. Electric Company's old tram line was replaced with a bus system, the old plank road at King Edward Avenue was replaced with asphalt, and the municipality blossomed. Schools opened at Glen, Alderson and Mundy, and most homes converted to electric power courtesy the B.C. Electric Power Corporation, which had acquired land at Fraser Mills on which to run its powerlines.

The sale of the land resulted in the demise of the little general store and post office that had served the community so well for nearly half a century.

Street parties celebrated the end of the Second World War in 1945. Soldiers gradually returned home from overseas, some of them bringing new wives and sweethearts from war-torn Europe. Land was set aside under the Veteran's Land Act and homes were built, bringing new residents and a new vigor to the community.

Disaster struck May 31, 1948, when the Fraser River rose to unprecedented levels and flooded much of Fraser Mills and parts of Maillardville. The west dike at Colony Farm broke on June 8. Children began fishing in flat-bottomed boats while older students and residents were pressed into sandbag duty. Dead cattle floated downstream from the flooded farmlands of the Fraser Valley.

Overleaf: disaster struck in May 1948 when the Fraser River overflowed. Fraser Mills was one of the hardest-hit areas. Nearby residents used wood from the mill to make elevated walkways to enable them to travel between the buildings.

Anne Ruzicka Florian

While not all that common in early Burquitlam, there was the odd mushroom farm tucked in amongst the ubiquitous chicken farms.

Anne Ruzicka Florian's father had bought a five-acre chicken farm at the corner of Como Lake and Porter in 1941, continuing to raise chickens until the bottom fell out of the poultry-and-egg market.

He switched to mushrooms which required a lot more care and coddling. Oldtimers swear their noses would tell them exactly where each mushroom house was located. Anne was the last in her family to move to Coquitlam, arriving in 1944, after she had finished high school in the Crows Nest area of Alberta.

Her parents, Vince and Rose Ruzicka, were Czechoslovakian immigrants. Mrs. Florian worked at Essondale for years, then made an extensive tour of Europe and worked in various countries as a secretary.

She married Roman Florian at Nice, on the French Riviera, in 1958. They had three children. Mrs. Florian still lives on part of the family's original mushroom farm.



Anne Ruzicka Florian in 1944.

I was 16 when I came to Coquitlam in 1944. My family was originally from Czechoslovakia, emigrating to Canada when I was three years old. My parents were already settled in Coquitlam when I arrived by train from the Crows Nest area of Alberta.

I was the last to come out, as I wanted to finish school and be present for my graduation. During the summer, I embarked on my journey to Coquitlam by train all by myself. It was quite exciting, as I was on my way to my family's new life.

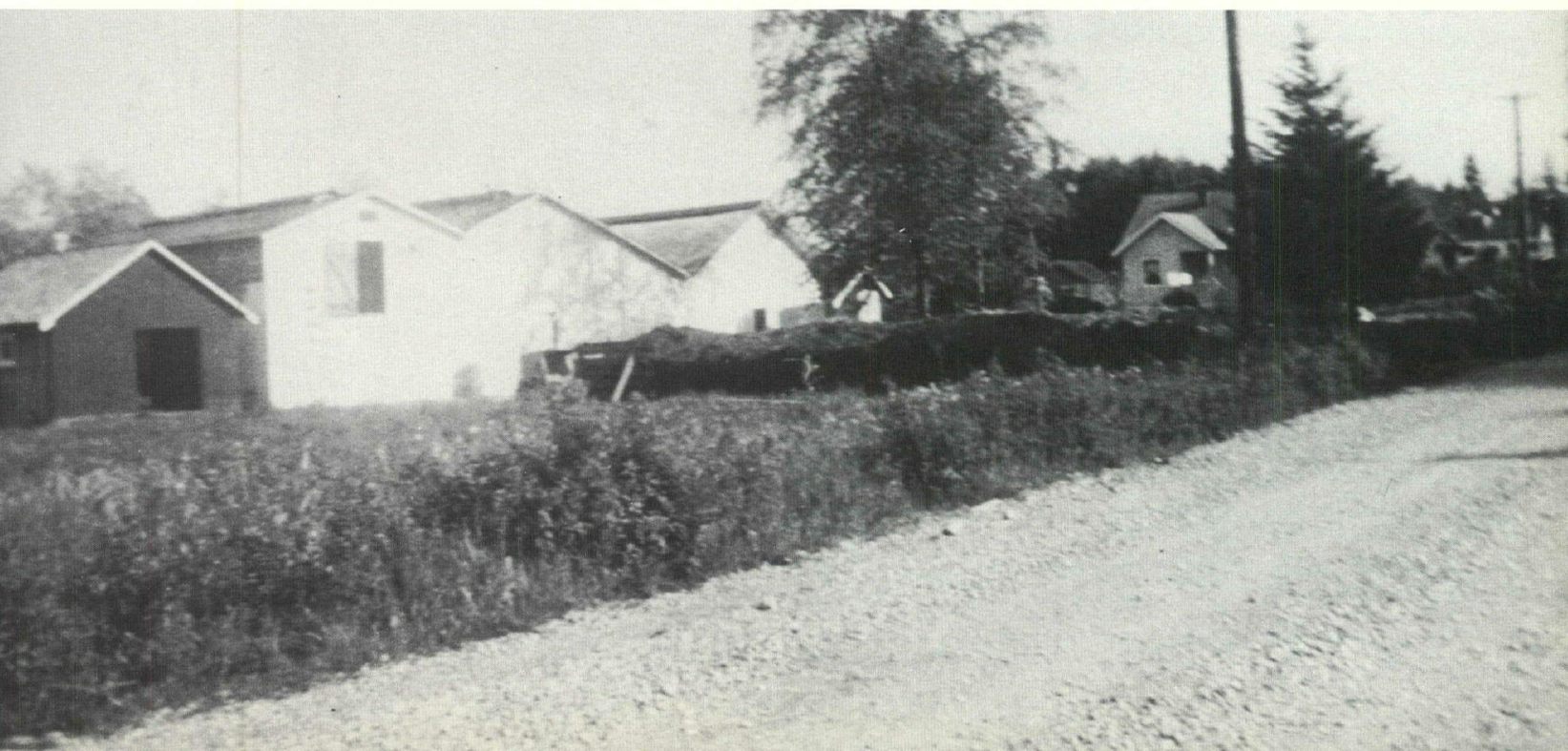
There weren't too many houses in Coquitlam when I arrived, at least not as many as there are today. Only about a house on each block. So you can see, it wasn't all bush, anyway.

Around 1941, before my mother and I came out West, my father had made the land deal and such, buying the corner house at Como Lake and Porter from a Mr. Porter, after whom the street was named. The farm was located at 809 Porter St.

Since the house was so small, my father renovated it and made it larger. He had five acres of land at the time. Eventually, he would build a much larger house at the other end of the five acres, and then build the mushroom facilities.

In the beginning, the farm we lived on was a chicken farm but my parents later went into mushrooms. It was, and still is, a very beautiful area. I guess that's why I still live here. Only now, I am situated on just a very small part of what was once a five-acre farm.

The Ruzicka mushroom farm in the 800-block Porter Street in 1945.





Vince Ruzicka in his mushroom house.

Even though we never really cared for chickens, we nevertheless raised them for a short time after we had settled in. The mushroom operation was located on what are now three lots. On this land my father had three heated mushroom houses, so he could grow mushrooms all year round.

My father was quite successful in the mushroom business. Mushrooms are really quite funny things – they just sort of pop up overnight. This meant they would have to be picked almost immediately in order for them to stay fresh-looking for market and to prevent them from going mouldy.

Some of our neighbors wanting to make some pocket money would help my father out by picking the mushrooms and getting them ready to cart to Money's, the buyer of our mushrooms. If, by chance, there were more mushrooms than usual, and we needed extra help, I would often pitch in.

Generally, we never really had any bad luck with our mushroom crops. There was, however, the odd time when we had a few problems with disease in some of the mushrooms. This was quite serious in those days because it was contagious and would spread throughout the rest of the crop.

In that case, we would have to burn the whole crop and then start all over again. Lots of time, as well as profit, was lost. One would think that because we grew them, we would have some wonderful-tasting mushroom recipes in our house.

Funny, neither my father, mother, nor I liked the things! I do now, though. I guess people's tastes change. You can eat things if you don't have to grow them and see them every day, I suppose.

There was always lots to do in Coquitlam. When I was younger, I did a little bit of golfing, but not at the Vancouver Golf Club which was a private course. I also did a little bit of skiing on local mountains, a little bit of whatever.

And during the summer months, it would get fairly warm, much more so than today. My friends and I would often take the trail off Como Lake Avenue down to Port Moody, where we would go swimming in Burrard Inlet. Or we might swim at what we called Red Bridge at Essondale.

Right after I graduated from the college in New Westminster, I got a job at the Essondale institution, now called Riverview Hospital. I worked in the library there for a few years and, of course, the patients came in, but they were all very nice and well behaved.

The library was well used by all the patients. To them, it was a great attraction and escape, if you will. Perhaps things have changed by now; I don't know. Later, I became an administrative secretary, a job I had until I retired.

Como Lake Road was not paved for a long time and had only two lanes, one on each side. Not that there were that many cars around. And imagine not having a telephone! We didn't have one for a long time; that's something I know I would have difficulty doing without now.

The bus service itself was very limited but we didn't have much fear walking at any time. Quite often, one had to walk alone at midnight from Burquitlam, where Lougheed Mall is now, to one's home, in my case, on the corner of Como Lake and Porter.

I must say that I loved Coquitlam from the day I first arrived back in 1944, and I still do today. I have been back several times to my native Czechoslovakia since I've been here. I've always returned, however, to this beautiful suburb.

Prior to running their mushroom farm, the Ruzickas owned this chicken farm at 1055 Como Lake. Picture was taken in 1942.



Mary D'Aoust Cope

Teachers commanded universal respect in Coquitlam in the early days. Even crusty octogenarians from that era still refer, with great deference, to their school principals and teachers as Mr. Clark, or Mr. Mouat, or Miss Custance, or Miss Bournes, and so on.

It wasn't common, however, for a teacher in those days to be addressed as Missus. Few school boards allowed married women to teach until, possibly, the Second World War. Mary D'Aoust, herself, was forced to quit the profession after 13 years when she became Mrs. Cope on Christmas Day of 1937.

Born in Vancouver on Sept. 26, 1906, Mary D'Aoust was the eldest of three children. Her father, Joseph D'Aoust, was a merchant tailor from Buckingham, Que., and her mother, Anita, came to Canada from Siberia in 1884.

Once she had completed high school at Kitsilano, her professional choices as a woman were rather limited. She chose teaching over nursing and earned her first-class certificate after studying at the University of B.C., and at Normal school. She later helped her sister and brother through UBC.

When she married Herbert Cope, he already had a daughter from a previous marriage. They raised four children of their own and Mrs. Cope's stepdaughter helped out around the house, and was very good with her new siblings. The Copes moved on to two acres in the Como Lake Road area of Coquitlam in 1941.

Some of the original land was sold when her husband, who worked at Pacific Veneer Division by day and cleared land at night, found his health threatened. Mrs. Cope now has seven grandchildren, and three great- grandchildren, and still lives on Como Lake Road on a part of the property.



Mary Cope's son Herb on his way to his first music lesson in 1940. In the background is a familiar landmark – one of the steel towers that carried power lines along Como Lake Road.

We came to Coquitlam in 1941 from Ocean Park with our daughter and little son, moving onto a two-acre plot of land with a house, a little outhouse, and a beautiful well with sparkling water. We bought all that for $1,800. Our address was 1320 Como Lake Rd; it was a quiet, quiet place.

The water didn't come through from the city until March of the following year; then along came the plumbing, of course, and the usual. Our postal service was a row of boxes at the corner of Gatensbury and Como Lake Road; we paid $4 for our postal box, which still sits outside our gate.

Como Lake Road – it was changed to avenue later – was just an old dirt road, a very, very quiet road. We had a few horses that would come up and down, that we all knew. A strange car would bring us to the window wondering who dared to trespass.

The nearest neighbors were 100 feet east of us; the people who lived there had built their house two years prior to our moving here. They had four foster children at that time and it turned out two of them had been in my classes at school in Vancouver. So we had quite a reunion.

They had two acres like us, and kept a cow. Down our block, there were several more cows, and little calves used to graze on the empty lot next to us. The farmers would have feed delivered to the corner of Gatensbury and Como, and they'd come down with wheelbarrows and haul the sacks of grain home.

We had some good stands of trees around here so there were several private logging firms.

One company up the road also used to raise its own hogs and sell the meat, and one day my little Czech neighbor got some from a very old boar. She couldn't understand why it was so tough, no matter how long she cooked it.

We had other neighbors that were immigrants, most of them Finnish and some from Czechoslovakia, Sweden, Denmark. The Finnish group had its own church and every time they put up a new home, we were all invited for the housewarming.

Very few had English as their own language; they used to refer us as English and we weren't. Everybody

mixed with everyone, but there was an underlying racism against non-whites. We didn't realize that until a native Indian boy, who worked in this area with a builder, had some nasty things done to him.

We heated the house with a wood stove, and sometimes, we'd get up in the morning and the windows would be coated with ice, so we'd get the fire crackling in the kitchen. As it got warmer we'd open the doors to the other parts of the house to let them warm up.

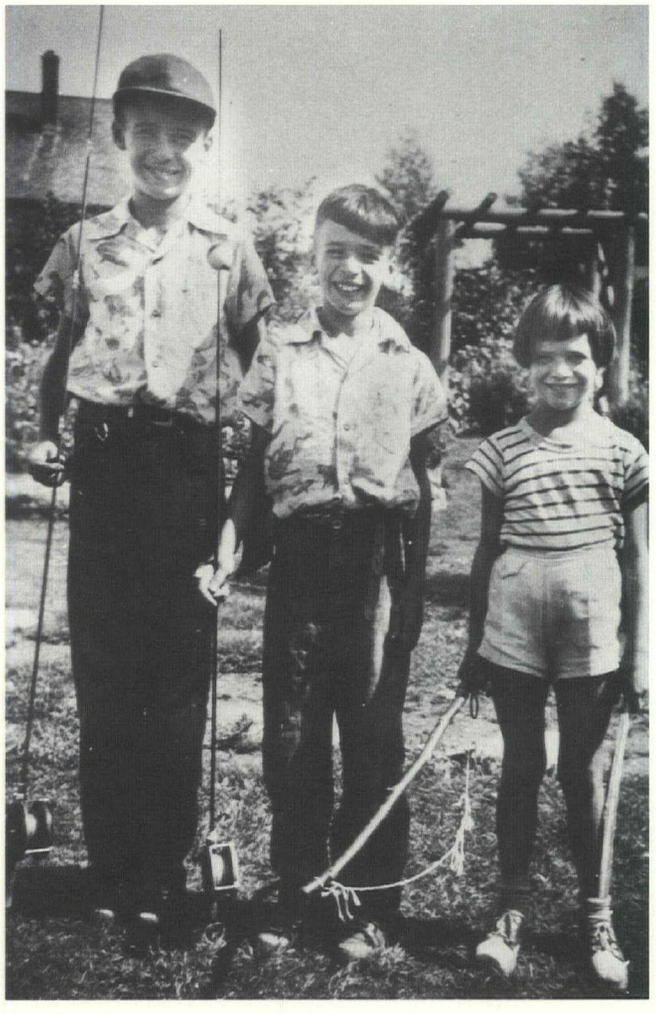
We'd always fill the kettles the night before, on cold winter days, to make sure we had water in the morning because, sometimes, the pump would freeze up overnight. We had our own well with good, cold water.

We had to petition for 14 years before we got a phone, and then it was all through Port Moody and any call beyond Vancouver was long distance. When they came to put up the telephone pole, they were going to put it right in the middle of my husband's beloved rose bed.

He grew about 200 roses, 100 varieties, and they were his pride and joy, and that's where the telephone company's survey put the pole.

We checked with municipal hall about the lane allowance and were told there was one, so the pole went in the far end, across from our house.

One of my fondest childhood memories is Christmas at home. Christmases were beautiful. Dad would take the children out to get a tree, but he would only cut the top off. Christmas was a good feeling inside, nothing whatsoever to do with material things.



Three of the Cope children fishing at Como Lake in 1950.

You never thought about what you were going to get, but what you were going to give. We had to make a lot of our gifts when things were rough. And it was something you did for months ahead.

I remember having 25 cents to spend on Christmas, for a family of five. Handkerchiefs were two for five cents and pen nibs were several for five cents.

I was a teacher for 13 years in east Vancouver. I loved children, but I wasn't sad to give up teaching, because I felt that my husband and my daughter needed me too. There were very few choices for women then. I had to choose between nursing and teaching.

I had wanted to be a nurse, but when my father was in St. Paul's Hospital following surgery, he heard how some men talked to the nurses, and said, "No little girl of mine is going to go through that." You continued your education to become a nurse or teacher, or else you went to work behind a counter.

I took one year university after finishing high school, then a year at Normal school, where I was among 400 graduates. That qualified me for a first-class teaching certificate. My pay was $102 for 10 months a year. When I left – married women weren't allowed to teach – I was getting $168, the most I could with my credentials.

The fee at UBC was $50 when I took my first year, and that was at a little building near Vancouver General Hospital. My brother was one of the first mechanical engineers to graduate from the university after the engineering building was built out in Point Grey. He graduated in '27.

My husband worked at Pacific Veneer Division, now Canadian Forest Products, in Sapperton for 31 years, and was in the war effort. He made around 72 cents an hour during the war, wonderful money for those days, and worked for 50 cents an hour earlier on.

For a long time, we shopped right here at our doorstep, because we had people coming around selling everything. Cec Ford's mobile grocery store – that's right, a rolling grocery store – came twice a week from Maillardville. He brought around fresh meats, tinned goods, bread and butter, that sort of thing.

Then Hung Gow, a dear Chinese man, also called twice a week with fresh vegetables. He was very poor so we would buy as much as we could from him. He went home to China, and brought back quite an old wife, and they had three little ones.

Mr. Vanderpol, who, I believe, came from Holland with 10 children and an ailing wife, used to come by in a little, tiny wagon. He started by selling fish, then went into poultry and eggs. His son has a wonderful egg business now and has a fleet of trucks.

We would sometimes go to the farmer's co-op near Mountain View school, and buy flour and sugar. You paid a $1 fee to belong to it, and you could get 100-pound sacks of sugar and flour at a very reasonable price, and oats, different things like that.

There was one little store on MacIntosh, about a half-mile from here, which sold milk and eggs. But we could get most of that from farmers. Milk was eight cents a quart, but after a mild milk war between neighboring farms, the price dropped to seven cents.

Como Lake grocery store is still there. They have had many owners over the years. All very interesting people, very gracious. Some are still living in the area, while others we've lost track of. But they served us very well and it was nice to be able to go down there and pick up necessities.

We had an ice box to start with, and then we had little fridges, but no freezers. They came much later. There was a cold-storage plant in Coquitlam where farmers would put their meats. Ken Black had a little stall where he sold meat. Some people moving out from the city would kill chickens and put them in cold storage, feathers and all!

Sometimes, we'd go to Westminster to the Fraser Cafe, or to the Royal City Cafe, just to splurge. That was a very special treat. Later on, we could have Chinese food at the Austin Road restaurant owned by York and Lillian Lee. It was across the street from this tiny store they had started.

Kenny's nursery near our place – now it's a housing development beside Como Lake – had been there 32 years, but before that, it was Larsen's greenhouse. They grew mostly tomatoes in summer, chrysanthemums in the winter. When Kenny's took over, he expanded and added bedding plants. Regan Avenue – there wasn't even a Regan then – was a trail. It went to the very back of our two acres and you parted the bushes to find the trail to the lake, which was just lovely. There were wild cranberries growing there and wild tiger lilies – just a beautiful spot.

The winters were much more severe; the lake would freeze for three weeks at a time. When the ice was three inches thick, or more, we'd hear the whoosh-whoosh of skates, and in the moonlight, it was beautiful. Wee fires all around, where people would make hot coffee for the skaters.

There was a gun club that used to meet every Sunday, in the summer time, up on Como Lake Road, and there were doctors from town among its members, and a lot of other professional men. The road was dirt, and very dusty, so when they drove by in their beautiful sports cars, we all had to bring our babies inside.

So we went down to see Reeve Jimmy Christmas, a very fine man, and you know, he was just wonderful. And we told him of our plight, and the next thing we knew, the road had gotten treated for dust. Then they began to pave all the roads and that was a great improvement. The black top made the roads impervious to the frost troubles we used to have.

The children started at a little school called Austin Elementary, and my stepdaughter started at Coquitlam High on Austin. Both are now gone. The school bus could not pick up any children who lived less than three miles from school, so some of them had to walk up to three miles.



Above: Herb and Mary Cope in 1950.



Right: Iris Cope and her brother, Herb, on Como Lake Road. Picture was taken in 1945.

And there were so many children that, at one time, they had to have shifts. One year, we had a child in the morning shift, another in the afternoon shift, and one going all day. With a husband on shift work too, and a delicate baby, it was sink to stove to table to sink, all day long.

I used to love wet Sundays because my husband wasn't working in the garden and we were all in for a hot dinner, and then, you know, listening to the radio shows that were so very good in those days. We didn't go out to shows a great deal.

I couldn't believe the wonder of television when I first saw it, but we didn't have it until the children were older. We had a good radio and listened to good things. And we had good music on our old Victrola and we read a lot. Everybody read. Books were special.

People grumbled about rations here and rations there during the war and it was unbelievable because they had no idea what it was like over there. There was no rationing for clothing, just on a few items like tea, coffee, sugar, butter – that sort of thing.

We used very little coffee or tea, and just a little bit of sugar and my Czech neighbor made her own butter, so I would trade my coffee and sugar coupons for her butter coupons. It worked out beautifully; she had her coffee with sugar and we had enough butter.

When the Fraser River flooded in 1948, we weren't close to it, or in any danger, but our men went down to pack sand bags. We baked and baked and baked, and others made sandwiches for the dike workers. The flood was quite devastating – we couldn't believe people were suffering like that so close to our own doors.

You'd go down to the river and you'd see a piece of a chicken coop floating by with a poor chicken sitting on top. And cows, and horses. Houses washed away and the poor creatures too, and no one could save them. It was dreadful. Everybody helped. We emptied our closets for any clothes we could spare.

Douglas Tuckey

Soon after Mac Tuckey, father of Douglas Tuckey, arrived here from Alberta with his family in 1942, he bought Maillardville Hardware at 929 Brunette St.

While the store was popular with local residents, the kids were more interested in Bob's Burgers next door, which became the teenage gathering spot of the day.

Later on, Mr. Tuckey operated Tuckey's grocery store at Austin Road and Nelson, in Burquitlam. He then leased the confectionery part to his son, Douglas, who sold a lot of noon-hour hot dogs and ice cream to the children from the nearby school.

In addition to Douglas, Mac and Noella Tuckey (LaFrance) had five other children – three boys and two girls.

As for Maillardville Hardware, it was stocked with plumbing supplies, as well as other hard goods, and Douglas delivered pipe for his father in a Model A. Once a pretty fair hockey player, he admits he "sowed his wild oats" for years, working for a while in the Yukon, at the Seagram's distillery on Braid Street, and as a car salesman.

Mr. Tuckey is currently a jockey's agent at Exhibition Park race track in Vancouver. He and his wife, Therese Tuckey (Guilbault) of Maillardville, have two daughters, and three grandchildren. They live on Blue Mountain Street.

When we moved here from Alberta in 1942 – I was 14 years old – we came to a Coquitlam in which everyone knew everyone. However, there were no sidewalks and we basically lived in the bushes. My dad, Mac Tuckey, was very entrepreneurial.

Eventually, he came to own Maillardville Hardware on Brunette and, later, Tuckey's grocery store at Austin Road and Nelson. He bought the hardware store from a man named Gus Fano; it was the only one in town. Our family lived upstairs, above the store.

The store was located on Brunette, just east of what is now Lougheed Highway. The businesses around us were Bob's Burgers, the Jubilee and the Woods Hotel. I think the French Quarter pub is there now. Oh, and there was Sam's Theatre, which was called the Academe, I think. Other than that, there was a lot of bush around.

We stocked all kinds of plumbing supplies in the store, from oakum packs to pipes, as well as different kinds of hardware, of course. You don't know what oakum is? Well, it was a kind of filling, or packing, used by plumbers when they installed pipes.

I helped out by delivering pipe and other hardware. We used a Model A with the rumble seat removed and the top cut off. We had a red flag, and everything, for the pipes. I used to have lots of fights with my brother, Lloyd, to see who would drive.

We didn't speak French, and neither did my dad, but people in Maillardville would always talk to us in French. They would call my dad Monsieur Tuckey, with the accent on the last syllable, you know, Tuck-ee. I was even called Monsieur Tuckey at times.

I remember this Mr. LaFleur, who used to live near the Red bridge, up by Essondale. He would call and ask for Monsieur Tuckey, and ask if he had any nails. You know, nails were rationed during the Second World War, so we always kept them for our best customers.

The hardware store was good business. My father sold it around 1945 to the Thirsk family, who were from Camrose, Alta. They were quite well known around Maillardville and operated the store for quite a few more years. My father is 87 now and lives in Burnaby, near Lougheed Mall.

My dad later offered to sell me the confectionery part of his grocery store, which was the only one along Austin until you got to Goesen's at Mundy Road. So I paid rent and ran my first business. A lot of people in Coquitlam will recall buying ice cream as

kids at our confectionery. I served lots of hot dogs and ice cream during the noon hour.

I always had a bunch of wieners boiling in the pot and when the kids from Austin school would come in, I would just pop one in a bun. I also had a punch board in the back and the janitor from Coquitlam high school, which was right next to the elementary school, would come in regularly to play.

School was quite different in those days – fewer kids, more grade changes. Before going on to a high school in New Westminster for Grade 12, we went to Coquitlam high school, which later became Austin Heights, for Grades 7 to 11, and Our Lady of Lourdes for all the grades prior.

I especially remember the French-speaking kids who had attended Lourdes, and then come up to high school. They knew the English language – grammatically, spoken, the whole shot – better than most of the English- speaking kids did. There was never any bitterness between the two factions.

The French kids were very hospitable. We all wanted to go to French houses for dinner, because it was so much fun. Every Sunday night, the Gravelle household would have poker games. I believe the Gravelles were the first, or one of the first, settlers in Coquitlam. Those poker games there were less for the money than the camaraderie.

After school, the kids usually went to Bob's Burgers, a teen spot which opened around 1946. Bob's was located next to our hardware store and you had to wait in line to sit at one of Bob's nine stools to eat. It was quite a hang-out. Bob also sponsored baseball.

Kids would draw the Flat Top character from Dick Tracy on the walls. Bob eventually built a bigger place above the pool hall, but strangely, nobody went, and Bob lost his business. I'll never forget how good and how juicy Bob's hamburgers were.

In the summer, we would go to Louis Boileau's pool hall and play pea pool for nickels. The pool hall was such a thrill, as gambling was illegal. There always seemed to be something for us to do – house parties, skating, sports.

A place called Popeye's dam was the popular swimming hole at the time. We could also catch vaudeville acts at the Edison Theatre in New Westminster. Always something.

My wife's brother, Jean Guilbault, was the first, and only, president of Teen Town, which was formed to organize kids' activities.

One of my more sensory memories was riding the Fraser Mills bus past Swift's packing house, which smelled to high heaven. The bus driver, in his usual round of humor, would yell, "Hold your nose! Here comes the headache factory!" What a horror! Pickton's piggery on Pitt River Road, now Cape Horn, didn't exactly smell like a bed of roses, either.

Fraser Mills was a big baseball sponsor in those days, but what we really needed sponsorship for was to raise money for a community hall in Mackin Park. So we would have a legalized casino night called the Frenchman's Frolic to raise money. The community hall was never built.

Our first official swim pool came to Blue Mountain Park when every family put in $10 to build it. Thanks



The Caisse Populaire Maillardville Credit Union was built on a $1,000 budget in 1949 at the corner of Nelson and Brunette. It was moved in 1957 and replaced 10 years later with a new building.

to that pool, and everyone's love for bicycling, there were no fat kids here. Everyone was very fit. I would bike to Red Bridge on the Coquitlam River, and sometimes go swimming there.

Or, we'd take our bicycles to Mundy Lake on a hot day. We were always told about the water snakes in the lake, and there was a lot of peat, just like in Como Lake, but we liked to swim there because of the diving board. Sometimes, we'd walk along the gravel trail and get even hotter after a cool swim.

The big authorities at the time were the reeve, L. J. Christmas, and Coquitlam's only police officer, Const. Jimmy McGarry. Christmas drove for Imperial Oil while he was mayor; he was loved and respected. McGarry was the one-man provincial police force, and I could tell you a million stories about him.

McGarry was a real good cop and he was good with us kids. He was involved in everything, from Teen Town to coaching sports teams. I remember, he was my coach when I played basketball once at the boys' industrial school in Essondale, the so-called reform school.

McGarry also knew how to handle kids at night, I can tell you. He would raid our little antics at Blue Mountain pool, and shine a light on us as we swam at night, my brother and I. He would yell, "Big Tuckey! Little Tuckey! Get out!" He instilled the fear of God into us.

The year Dad sold the hardware store – 1945 – big bands and Frank Sinatra were in. Buying sheet music for the big songs of the day was all the craze. The girls wore bobby socks, saddle shoes and sweaters, and the guys just stood there, jealous of Sinatra.

Back in Alberta, I always wanted to become a National Hockey League player, and I even returned to Edmonton once to play on a juvenile hockey team there. A guy named Bill Gadsby had played on the same team the year before. Professional hockey wasn't in the cards for me, I guess.

I worked at a lot of things while I was trying to find myself. After the confectionery, I worked in the Yukon, (then) at B.C. Distilleries – now Seagram's – and for Commercial Truck in New Westminster. After 13 years at the distillery, I became a car salesman, and people said I was crazy.

I used to bet a few bucks at Hastings Park regularly, and would even drive to Seattle, to Longacres track down there. Trev Protheroe, you know, from Trev's store on Brunette, he liked horse racing too, and he would often give me money to bet. I'm a jockey's agent at Exhibition Park race track now.

You know, eh, I recall Jimmy Allard once pouring cement in my dad's driveway. Little did we know that he would later own Allard Contractors. It was a time when we didn't worry about toxic waste, or pollution. Environmental concern didn't exist in a big way, and why should it have? The feeling of community was present everywhere, something I'll never forget.

Reginald Goesen

Corner grocers like Reginald Goesen, whose friends called him Reg or Rex, were trusted members of the community. The trust was mutual. Many a Coquitlam store keeper tided families over rough spots, especially during the Depression, by extending credit, and few customers ever reneged.

Goesen's Grocery, established in 1945 near the intersection of Austin and Mundy roads, where Harris Road joined in, was also a local gathering place. School children would come in for candy, 10 to a penny, and their parents might use the sub-post office there, or buy a loaf of bread, all the time catching up on the neighborhood news.

Mr. Goesen was also active in the community. He served as president of the Austin community hall for years, and around 1954, he and other interested residents built a baseball diamond at what is now Mundy Park. The construction of the baseball field marked the start of the development of the park.

One of eight children, Mr. Goesen was born in 1919 in Fort McLeod, Alta., where his parents, George and Amy Goesen (Medlen) had homesteaded since 1902. When the Goesens retired to B.C. around 1937 in search of a better climate – they moved to Coquitlam in 1942 – Reg came out with them, then returned to Coquitlam for good after air force service during the Second World War.

Goesen's Grocery was part of the United Purity chain, a loose association of stores supplied by Malkin's. The closest competitor was Tuckey's. Reg Goesen did not confine himself to storekeeping and community affairs. He bought, sold and developed property in the area, which was almost all strawberry farms until the late 1950s.

Reg and Myrtle Goesen (Sheets) raised two sons. Mrs. Goesen, whose brother Jimmy has been a long-time printer at municipal hall, contributed toward the following story about Goesen's Grocery, where she also worked. The Goesens, who live on Lakeview Street, have four grandchildren.

Mother and dad retired out here in about 1937, in that area, and moved to 356 Mundy in Coquitlam around 1942. They were coming from Alberta to a better climate. My dad bought 10 acres off Mundy. He later subdivided it, and sold it off.

At first, myself and my second-oldest sister came out to the coast with our parents. I was about 18 then. I didn't stay, though, going back to Alberta to run the farm until I joined the air force. I was a navigator in the air force. Got let out in '45 and that's when I moved here for good.

Bought a half-acre where Wong's grocery store is now; I owned that originally. I paid $1,200 for the half-acre with this small house on it. Then I built the store, because I had worked in a store on and off before I joined the air force, and because it was something to do.

My folks wanted me to move out here. I always said I won't work for anyone else, I would work for myself, and that's what I did. Working on a farm, you make your own decisions and are more or less independent. My father helped me build the store.

The closest store then was run by Tuckey, up on the 1000 block Austin, where the Luxury Freeze is now. My store was a general store – groceries and meat; I had to learn to butcher. I joined the United Purity group, which bought groceries wholesale through Malkin's.

United Purity was something like a co-op, just an amalgamated group of grocery stores. The advantage was the buying power. We got things cheaper. We bought dairy products from Dairyland. The meat was from Burns, or wherever we got the best buy – Canada Packers, Burns.

Lots of penny candies too. Mundy school had opened up just after that, and there were lots of children. They got their nickels, of course, and had to spend it. You got 10 of something for a penny in those days.



Reg Goesen with wife Myrtle in 1946.

Austin then was gravel to the corner of Mundy; the gully wasn't filled in. It was just a culvert, and very narrow. The bus – we used to call it the Dawes Hill bus – ran up Austin and down Mundy to Dawes Hill, then turned around and came back through. That was our transportation.

My first car was a 1935 Ford; we used to take the bus before. Like when we went to a show, or something, we'd just jump on a bus and away we'd go to New West – that was the centre in those days for entertainment, and everything. I don't think there was a real feeling of being from Coquitlam then.

We didn't have a car when we first got married. My wife came out here for Christmas to see her folks, who'd bought land off my parents. She worked in my store for a while. After going out a couple of times, we got married.

I remember the spring break-up. The bus used to run down Mundy, like I said, but they couldn't go down Mundy at this time of the year, because the mud was a foot deep. It must have been that way about 10 years before they paved it. I think they gravelled it first, and paved it later.

Mundy Park wasn't anything then, either. At that time, I was president of the Austin community hall, which folded because of lack of interest. The Legion old-age home is there now. The roof always leaked, but there used to be some good times in that hall.

Mrs. Faust was the secretary when I was the president; Mrs. Muir was the secretary before that. I tried to get a hold of the minutes from when it was first organized, but Mrs. Faust couldn't find them. Somebody – Mrs. Muir had just died – just threw them away, I guess.

It's a shame because there was a lot of history there. I wasn't here when it was first formed. The hall was built just for a community centre – card games and dances, and stuff. Live music and fights. There were two factions, though.

One would just drink and get carried away. It got so bad they were going to close up, so when I took over, we stopped the drinking, inside at least. From then on, it ran smoothly, but it just went down hill. I guess the people liked the old atmosphere. I mean, there was never a dull moment at the Austin community hall.

Anyway, we formed an athletic society, and they decided they wanted to play baseball. So the land was levelled and we went out with our rakes, raked it, levelled it all, and made a baseball field. So Mundy Park was actually started kind of through the Austin community hall. That was about 1954.

The street then wasn't called Hillcrest, it was Harris. Right across from our store, where Realty World is now, was all owned by a guy named Harris. He sold one chunk of it – there used to be a Hudson's Bay trading post there at one time.

Harris lived in a little shack with a steel floor. A trail through his property used to go down through, and end up on Brunette, down through where Schoolhouse is now. There were bears, and everything, around in those days.

The guy who bought the piece of property from Harris built a garage. He tore off the shakes from the old barn on Harris' property; some of those shakes are still there on that garage. Big, long shakes, split.

We lived right behind our store for the first while. When I was overseas in England, my mother wrote me and asked if I wanted to invest in property because I was sending money home every month. I wrote back "yes," and forgot about it. It was the square from where Lorraine Avenue is now, right down to Dawes Hill, a big chunk in there selling for $1,200.

I come back from overseas and never thought about it any more. I said to my mother, I says, "Where is this property you bought for me?" And a funny look come over her face, and she said, "We didn't want to take a chance with your money." I was disappointed because I would have been in the contracting business, instead of the store.

We used part of that money to start the store. As it was, I bought the two next lots, on the west side of my store. In those days, there was a lot of strawberry fields. It was all bush in behind our store. I also bought a duplex property for $500, right opposite Mundy, 2199 and 2197.

A man named Gardner was subdividing Harris' property and he was stuck for a surveyor, and he came to me and asked if I could help him out. So I asked him how much he owed, and he said $200. I said, "Okay, Mr. Gardner, I'll give you the $200, but I want that piece of property for $500, and you take the



Goesen's Grocery on Austin was a meeting place for the community, where residents could buy everything from candy to meat. It even once contained a sub-post office. Picture was taken in 1945.

rest out in groceries." So we had a deal.

A Mr. Petrie owned five or six acres on the left-hand side of Hillcrest and it was all in strawberries. Gordon and Irvine lived together, and they owned a piece of property in there too. Across the road was Hammond, then McKay, and they were all strawberries. It was pretty well all that way, until about 1955.

We opened the store at nine – no, we opened at eight or 8:30, before the kids went to school, and we were open until six, five days a week. I closed Sundays and Mondays. I loved it when the kids came in. I have people come up that were kids who came in the store when they were little, and they still remember us.

I had a good relationship with the children. I will say, there was the odd one that tried to lift stuff, but there was a faction that thought I was just it, and they policed themselves. There was one young fellow come to me, and he said, "Reg, if you have any trouble, just let me know. We'll straighten it out ourselves." And that's what we did, and from then on, I never had any problems with the children. They were good. I think, myself, that's the right way – if you respect somebody, they respect you back.

There was a boy come in once and was acting smart, so I grabbed him and shook him, and shook him until his head was snapping, and I said, "If your family can't teach you any manners, I sure in heck can." After that shaking, he was the nicest boy you'd want to have around.

I remember, when this boy left for Australia at 19 or 20, he came in to thank me. I wouldn't want the store today. I see a difference in the children today than what used to come into the store when I had it. I think the kids had more respect years ago.

I used to have accounts for customers. I usually let it run one month, and that was it. People in general were pretty good. We didn't get stuck with very many bad bills. If they didn't pay the bills, they got a bad reputation in the community and all their credit was cut off.

We also had a sub-post office in the store for years. We got rid of it because they weren't my customers using it. They'd come in and use the post office, and be gone, so we didn't make anything on it. Lots of times, we were real busy, and you'd have to leave the grocery customer to go look after the post office.

I would go away and the inspector would come to look the post office over. My wife didn't know how to do some of it and he didn't think much of that.

We both worked at the store. We had an intercom between, and I'd run back and forth when she needed help. We used to keep the boys in paper boxes when they were little.

Bread was seven cents for any of them – McGavin's, General Bakeries, and there was another. One dozen eggs cost 40 cents, or was it 36 cents? Maybe two bits. Peanut butter was 30 cents.

We would put hamburger on sale for 33 cents a

pound – straight meat and we ground it ourselves.

I dealt with Malkin's, and one time, I ordered six pounds of Nabob tea because I didn't sell that much in those days, and they misquoted or something and I was charged for six pounds, but received 60 pounds. I waited for the salesman to come the next week and I told him what happened, and you know, it paid off. If they made a mistake the other way, all I had to do was tell them, and there was no argument. They knew my word was good.

I found out about joining Malkin's because the salesman came around. Thrift's Market, down in Maillardville, was United Purity, too – he and I were the two Purity stores here. We went to meetings about once a month for different marketing procedures, and such. Took about three years for a store to get on its feet.

I had always said if I had to work seven days a week in a store, I'd get out. And it was getting that way, and that's why I sold. I had to. Neither of our boys was interested in taking over the store. I missed meeting people when I sold it and walked out.

I sold the store about 20 years ago, when I was 50, and moved down here to Lakeview Street in 1969. We bought this lot for $3,000, and built the house and furnished it, all for $15,000. We had built a dentist's office and hairdresser shop on property we owned, so we had rents coming in by then.

I've sold all the properties now.

James Sheets

Since 1951, the following imprimatur has appeared on a number of publications emanating from municipal hall in Coquitlam – Printing and engraving by: James Sheets, staff of the District of Coquitlam.

As the municipal printer of everything from garbage notices to brochures extolling the virtues of Coquitlam, Mr. Sheets could sense the remarkable growth of the municipality by the volume of notices handled by his department. And it has been during his tenure that this growth has been the most dramatic.

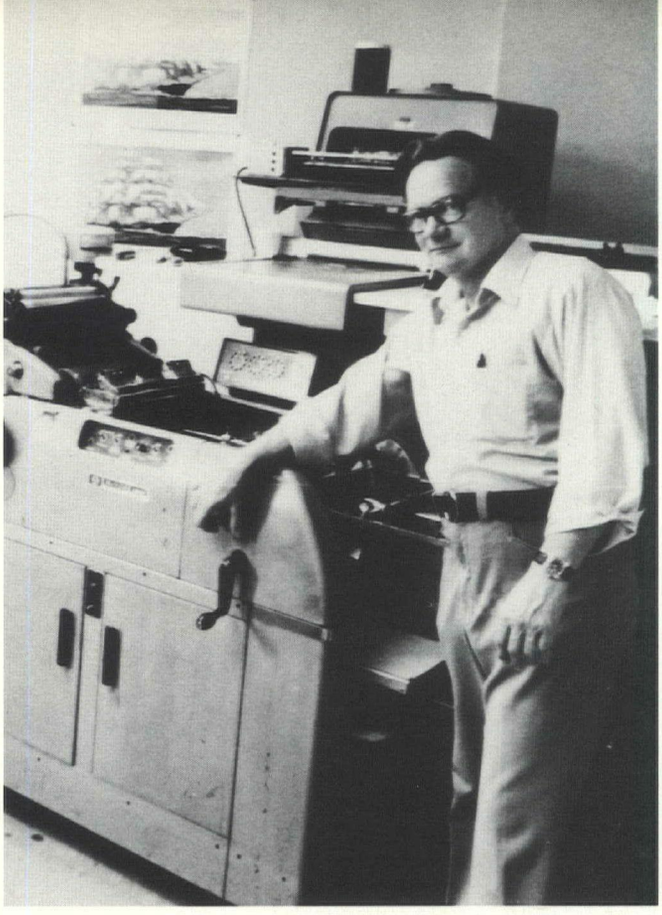
Around the time he started, for instance, there were 5,000 names on the voters' list; by 1987, the total was 42,730. The voters' list was so small at first that it was typed by hand, while water bills and tax notices were handwritten.

Born in Calgary in 1930 to Chris and Hazel Sheets, Jim was one of seven children – four girls, three boys. Except for the two older girls, the whole family came to Coquitlam in 1945. Jim quit school before graduation and worked at a number of jobs before becoming the municipal printer.

He once helped lay bricks for Crease Clinic at Essondale, and sold chicken manure to Coquitlam strawberry farmers. At 95 cents a load, that turned out to be a successful venture and he was able to pay off his pickup truck. His father had purchased nine acres at Mundy and Lorraine in 1945, kept only enough

The former public works yard garage was located behind municipal hall on Brunette.





James Sheets has been the municipal printer since 1951.

land for the family home and subdivided the rest. Mr. Sheets has a son and daughter from his first marriage, and now lives in Maple Ridge with his second wife.

My family came from Calgary to Coquitlam in 1945, when I was 15, after my dad transferred to Dominion Bridge from the CPR. He was a machinist. Wasn't long after we moved here that his job was finished at Dominion Bridge, so he worked at Fraser Mills for a year, maybe more.

After working for the District of Coquitlam another six months, he ended up going to Kitimat when Alcan first started to develop the area. He was there for about three years. He then worked for the CPR in Port Coquitlam before retiring.

We lived at Mundy and Lorraine, where my dad subdivided nine acres. Lorraine Avenue was named after my sister in Alberta. When the water mains were going in, my younger brother and I had to dig the ditches out with pick and shovel after school.

I wasn't happy when we came out here. In fact, I was ready to go back because of all the rain. I went to Austin Heights, the only high school in the area at the time. I quit school in '47 and went to work at Swift's packing house. They went on strike after I'd been there six months, so after the strike, I went on a holiday and decided I wouldn't go back.

I worked in a mill for two weeks and in a department store for two days. Then I got on at the American News Company, a magazine distributor, and worked there for about two years. Then I got on as a printer with the District of Coquitlam – that was in 1951 – and I'm still there.

The magazine company introduced me to printing, but other than that, I had no experience. The salesman selling the equipment showed me how to operate everything and what to do. When they advertised for the job, only myself and this other fellow applied.

The other fellow had worked in a print shop in Ottawa and was just here on holidays. He and I had to demonstrate in front of the reeve and council what we could do on the machine. This fellow had a big overcoat on and didn't even take it off before running a couple of copies.

When I went in, I took my jacket off and rolled up my sleeves, so the reeve, Jimmy Christmas, said, "I want the guy with the sleeves rolled up." He said he knew he had a worker.

Municipal hall was right in the same place as it is now. It was the old building that they tore down. I think there were nine employees, counting myself, in the office at that time. Even the outside staff worked from the same location in those years.

I didn't think the district was booming much at that time, but it did a few years later. I did all the assessment roll – tax roll, water roll – the whole works. There were 10,000 parcels of property at the time, 3,500 water bills, 400 trade licences, 1,500 for garbage pick up and 5,000 on the voters' list. Compare the voters' list to 1987, when there were 42,730! About 23,000 tax notices go out of there now; water bills, I'm not sure. Trade licences are done on computer and garbage accounts we don't have any more. The voters' list was typed by hand – names and addresses. The assessment roll was all handwritten, as were the water bills and tax notices.

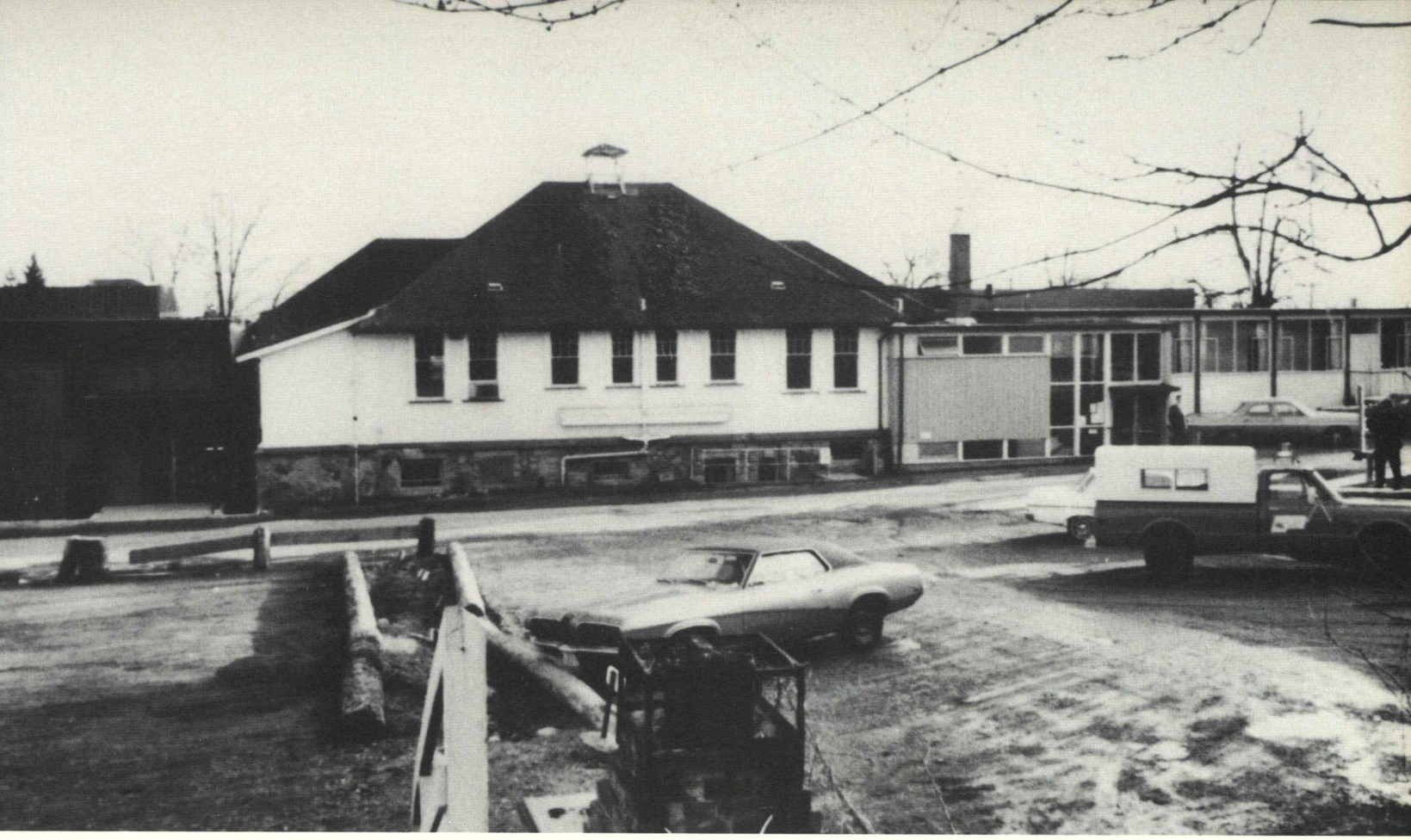
Then we got an addressograph, so I did all the addressing on that. The calculation of tax was still done manually, though. The idea at the time was to have a printer and an addressograph set-up, so I did both. I still have the plates – zinc offset plates. I would print the water bills and the tax notices, then imprint them from the addressograph, then it was hand calculated from there.

We had our printing press going in Coquitlam before Burnaby had one, although the city of Vancouver had theirs before. Today, I do all the printing for the municipality, other than anything for the computer. I don't print the tax notices any more, because that's done on continual feed and done on the computer. I do the recreation brochures, all the letterheads and business cards and all the internal forms.

The municipality is really growing by leaps and bounds right now. Building permits were worth $54 million in '85, and $106 million in '87. Doubled in two years. I would say growth in Coquitlam has been steadily uphill, instead of stops and spurts. The last few years, it's really been booming.

When I first started, the printing facilities were built in the old jail cells. I helped the carpenter remodel the area for the printing facilities. When we had the provincial police, their offices were at the front of the hall, and in behind, they had the jail cells.

Remodelling took three months in 1951, and when we got the equipment in, I spent about a year setting up the voters' list and tax roll. Before Coquitlam got its own set-up, Miller Printing used to do all the



The print shop was located in the basement of municipal hall on Brunette.

printing. We still use them. Mrs. Miller, who lives at 709 Como Lake, did all the ballots this year because I was too busy myself.

I've always tried to steer shy of the politicians because I don't want to get involved with them. In a way, it does have a bearing on all the staff. There must have been some real contentious issues, but I was never involved in council, or anything like that – I just did the printing.

Jimmy Christmas was reeve when I first started. I think he tried to keep taxes down and the people happy, so they'd keep voting him back in. I think he was wrong because he should have upped the taxes and done road improvements, and such. But that was his way of going at it.

The parks and recreation department, well, there wasn't one when I started working here. Don Cunnings, who is recreation director at the moment, worked part time at Essondale and was going to UBC to get his degree. He put in part-time work free of charge for the district.

Just after he got his degree, he was brought on full time, and built it up from there. It's quite an empire now. There weren't even any community centres when he first came here. Most things happened around the churches, and were done by ratepayers' groups and such. The Elks Hall, Austin community hall and the high school auditorium were often used for community activities.

When I first started at municipal hall, there was Bill Joyce, the assessor – he could also take shorthand; Frank Pobst was the municipal clerk and treasurer; Raymond LeClair was chief bookkeeper; Bert Martin was a bookkeeper and cashier; and, Tillie Gerard was the water and tax clerk and also a cashier.

There wasn't really an engineering department until later. They'd hire outside engineering outfits and so on. Any growth at first just came slowly – nothing really planned. I think the land had to be divided into one-acre lots until sometime in the '70s.

I remember when the water mains were put into my father's property, wooden ones. And I can remember that when it rained in Maillardville, most of the septic tanks drained down into the ditch. Sewers started going in sometime in the '60s.

I think some of the new subdivisions, like Bel-Aire and Ranch Park, insisted on sewers. I feel the Coquitlam Town Centre has really put the municipality on the map; same with the Mayfair Industrial Park area. To me, those two are the real makings of Coquitlam.

I have a lot of items here from the earlier years. Here's a print of the old fire truck and the volunteer fire chief, Bunny Falcon. I've got cuts from the parks and recreation commission from the early '60s. I have voters' lists from 1951 on.

As things got busier in Coquitlam, I bought my own hand addressograph and, after a while, an offset printing press. When the Legion was first formed, I did their newsletter and addressing. I also did printing for the Chamber of Commerce and in the late '50s, I started doing a newsletter for them once a month.

Around '60 or '61, they wanted to put out a brochure, so I printed it for them. I also did the newsletter for the Port Coquitlam Hunting and Fishing Club – in fact, I designed their letterhead and newsletter, and they're still using them today. That had to be about 1964. I did all these things at home.

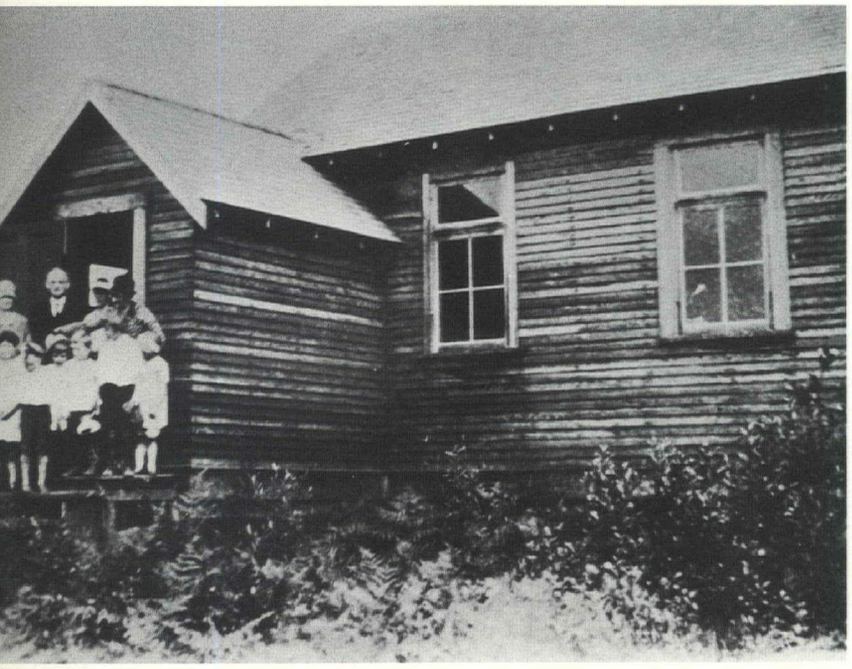
Whitney Marshall

Churches of all faiths formed an integral part of the social fabric of early Coquitlam.

Apart from fulfilling the spiritual needs of the residents, much of their socializing revolved around the church, in the absence of community centres and other recreational facilities.

Como Lake United Church in Burquitlam, of which Whitney Marshall was once a lifetime trustee, had its roots in a small, wood-frame building built in 1926, opposite the elementary school on Austin Road. Services were conducted by theological students from Union College.

As the congregation grew, so did the church, through various expansion phases. In 1951, a new church was built at the corner of Austin and King



Central United Church in 1926 on Austin Road later became the Como Lake United Church.

Albert. Mr. Marshall served for many years as the church treasurer, while his wife, Vivian Marshall (Johnston), was treasurer of the building fund for the new church.

Both the Marshalls had been named lifetime trustees of the church. A controversy erupted over the last addition, which was approved without consultation with the congregation, or with the trustees. Faced with an ultimatum, Vivian and Whitney Marshall resigned, along with some other trustees.

Born on Sept. 2, 1902 in Listowel, Ont., Whitney Marshall came to New Westminster in 1910 with his parents, two brothers and a sister. Another sister was born here.

After attending Central, Kelvin and Lister schools, he followed his father into Fraser Mills, starting work there in 1917. Mr. Marshall was to succeed Mr. Stewart as mill supervisor.

Whitney and Vivian Marshall, whose family had come to Vancouver from Ontario, were married in 1939. They lived in New Westminster at first, then moved to Fairway Street in Coquitlam around 1945. Mr. Marshall traces the growth years of Como Lake United Church, and also gives us a management perspective on Fraser Mills.

We left Toronto by CPR in 1910, and I don't know exactly how many days it was to come out here, but it was at least six. We eventually arrived in New Westminster, I don't remember much about the trip. I started at Central school just across from the Windsor Hotel, where we stayed at first.

When I got married in 1939, my wife and I built a house at Edinburgh and 15th Street in Westminster. I was working at Fraser Mills at that time, and I became mill superintendent a few months afterwards. We moved out here to Coquitlam in 1945, and had this place built.

A friend of mine that I worked with had told me there was a chunk of land for sale on Walker, and I had better buy it, so I borrowed the money and bought it. I had an acre, but when I retired, I chopped some off and sold it. The first taxes we paid were $18 a year on the land; now it's over $100 a month.

I actually started at Fraser Mills as a kid, you know, it'd be about 1917 originally. Just worked in the door factory. My father was working at the mill at that time. Then I was over in Vancouver Island, in the mills, for a while. Came back somewhere in the mid-1920s. I know I got 37 1/2 cents an hour tallying lumber, a little better job.

I worked under Snap Stewart. He started there in 1905 and was mill foreman until he retired. I took his job eventually – when he retired, I took his job, taking over in November, 1939. I fell heir to a diary he kept, too. Somebody borrowed it, but I think I've tracked it down now.

I held the superintendent job for quite a while, and when Crown Zellerbach took over, we couldn't get along and they moved me. I learned to cut lumber one way, and Crown Zellerbach wanted it done differently. I ended up as a cargo shipper, or whatever you want to call it. We would ship our products all over the world. I stayed at Fraser Mills until I retired in September, 1967.

Fraser Mills was a protected industry during the war years. We didn't actually have to stay there and work – you could leave – but we were classified as essential workers. The men who worked there didn't have to join up because of that.

During the war, we had three full shifts. A lot of the timber went to the U.K. for the replacement of docks. Some of it went to the U.S. We also shipped lumber to Germany during the Second World War, believe it or not. The order was produced and it went through Antwerp, Belgium.

The biggest timber we ever made at Fraser Mills – this was around the war years – was a spud for a derrick on Lake Ontario. It was 36 inches square and it was 85 feet long. It was shipped back to Toronto on three railway flat cars.

During my years at Fraser Mills, we had three head-rigs with 18 men working around them, around this machine and the machine didn't stop for the men. If they had to get off to change, or go to the washroom, or whatever, we sent one man up there and it took him a good two hours to relieve someone.

So we started shutting down the head-rigs for 10 minutes and gave the men 12 minutes – 10 minutes for a break, and two minutes to get there and back – and I'm reasonably sure what is now the coffee break started during my regime at Fraser Mills.

They had a veneer plant, sash-and-door factory, shingle mill, sawmill, planing mill and a lath mill, all operating at Fraser Mills. The door factory closed before the last war, and the shingle mill stopped too, but I don't know when that happened. They still have the plywood plant and a sawmill and a planing mill.

Most of the management lived locally back then. They had a big townsite there at Fraser Mills, and the management lived up there, at the top. I was offered a home in Fraser Mills when I got married, but we had already started to build in New Westminster.

The operation became unionized when I was there. We knew it was coming. I went through several strikes, but being a supervisor, some of us had to go in to have fire watch. I always worked day shifts as supervisor, so I went grave-yard shift on fire watch. It made for long, long days.

We would have the odd fire at the mill, but we had a very efficient fire department run by an old friend, Harold Schiefke. I still see him occasionally. He was the fire chief for the municipality of Fraser Mills too, and had a volunteer fire department.

We were closed down several weeks – I'm not exactly sure, but it was a minimum of five or six weeks – when the whole plant flooded in 1948. The townsite was flooded and the plant was flooded. The whole place was sand-bagged, but the water just kept going up, up, up.

People were called in to lift the machinery out of the water and there was a crew went in, and worked in there all the time it was flooded, to get the machinery out. The whole valley was flooded and it backed up everywhere. I don't think there was anyone evacuated from the townsite, but I'm not sure.

In those days, everybody helped each other, and when you had a job to do, the neighbors would come on weekends, and you'd do it together. And at Christmas, we would patronize different houses – go here, go there for a Christmas or New Year gathering. A good, neighborly feeling.

We became involved with the church shortly after we moved out here. My wife was especially involved. She was connected with Como Lake United Church for many, many years, and I, myself, was treasurer for a good number of years. She and Mrs. Frost – she's gone now, too – started a choir. My wife was the teacher and Mrs. Frost was the pianist. They taught these kids to sing, and all.

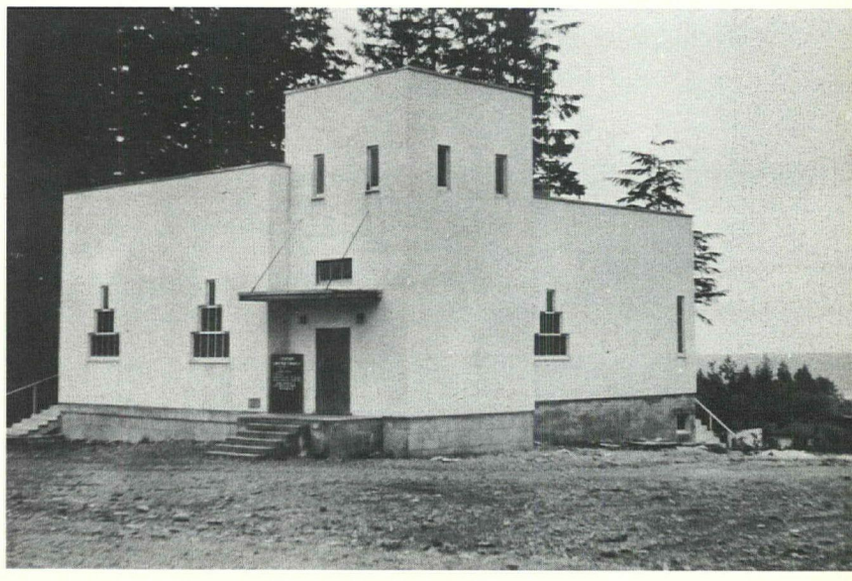


Central United Church in 1924. The congregation outgrew this building and built the new Como Lake United Church. This site on Austin Avenue is now the Safeway parking lot.

The church was where the Safeway store is now, on Austin Road, and it was called Central United Church. We had student ministers to begin with, and a small congregation. I think the the first ordained minister we had was a fellow by the name of Stephens.

The original building was a little place, very small, with a wood stove to heat it. From Austin, it was moved to the Marmont and King Albert area, where it presently is, and renamed Como Lake United. Very small at first, but we just grew.

My wife was in charge of the ladies' auxiliary as well as the choir, working in that for many years. The money-raising activities for the church were done by



Right: the first Como Lake United Church was built at the corner of King Albert and Marmont in 1951.

the auxiliary. We had a church building at the start, and then we added on to it, and now they've added on to it again.

I was still treasurer when the new church was built. We'd been made trustees for life, but we were never asked about the last addition until we were told to come to a meeting. We heard there that they were going to have to borrow money from the bank.

We never had any meeting before, no meetings, so I knew nothing about it. We were given the ultimatum to sign the authorization, or else, and I refused, because we'd had nothing to say about it. So I resigned. Several other trustees, not all, also resigned.

When the original phase was built in the early '50s, my wife was treasurer of the building fund. To raise money, we would have choir presentations, festivals, and things like that. And the fall fair every year, an auction – they still carry on with it. The people would bring whatever they had raised to sell, with all the money going to the church.

There was a history of the church done, but what's happened to it I couldn't tell you for sure. Since my wife is gone, and I'm not treasurer any more, I haven't got much interest in the church. When they were putting this new addition in, they buried it in the concrete, or something.

Bibiane Lacerte Finnigan



Bibiane Finnigan in 1940.

The Lacerte family was active in the new Catholic parish of Notre Dame de Fatima from its inception. They arrived in Maillardville around 1945 from the French settlement of Ste.-Anne-des-Chenes, near Winnipeg.

The first mass at Maillardville's new church was celebrated by the founding Oblate priest, Father Ovila Meunier, on Dec. 8, 1946. The official birth date of the parish is Nov. 17, 1946, when a group of Lourdes parishioners living west of LeBleu Street met with Father Meunier.

Arthur Lacerte, father of Bibiane Lacerte Finnigan, was in that group, and was later named to the parish's first board of administration, whose mandate was to raise capital-construction funds.

Mme. Finnigan, as she was respectfully known, became the first lay teacher at the Fatima school, teaching Grade 5 and music between 1948 and 1961. The other three teachers at the start were nuns from the order of the Child Jesus. Mme. Finnigan was also the church organist on the fateful day that she has written about. She entered her story, entitled The Day the Church Floor Caved In, in the Pioneer Tales of Coquitlam contest, and won third prize. She notes, "Memory has a habit of playing tricks on one, but as I remember it, this is what happened."

The Day the Church Floor Caved In

"Will it ever stop raining?" Father Meunier asked my father. Our pastor had dropped in to visit us, as he often did in the early 1950s. Sometimes it was at meal time, just by luck! He seemed able to predict when my mother had baked cinnamon rolls, or a coconut-cream pie.

"We have a large contingent of our friends and benefactors arriving from Quebec," he continued. "They are to be visiting us on Sunday for Mass, lunch, then Benediction in the afternoon. We'll want everything to be perfect. We could have an outdoor meal, a banquet – weather permitting."

The rain didn't seem to let up. In fact, torrents of water poured down the hill, along the ditches, between the houses and even through the crawl spaces under buildings. Nevertheless, committees were formed.

Some people were to meet the train, some to prepare the feast and serve it, some to set up the tables. Maybe they even had a committee to pray for the rains to stop. Because on the Sunday of La Grande Visite, the sun rose in all its splendor, not a cloud in the wide, clear-blue sky. A day such as one can find only in B.C. It was glorious!

The train was met and our visitors escorted in style to the morning High Mass. There were so many visitors! At least a hundred, I'm sure. The church was packed. Father Meunier beamed with pride.

When he ascended the high pulpit, stretched out his long arms, and turned his brilliant smile on all of us, he didn't have to say, "Bienvenue! Bienvenue, chers compatriotes de la belle province." His sparkling eyes said it all.



A banquet at Notre Dame de Fatima, hours before the floor caved in.

But he did speak. For over an hour, he talked about love, and brotherhood. He was such a charmer that no one minded his lengthy sermons. What eloquence! He could charm gold from a piece of stone.

He thanked God for the beautiful day, for the great joy of being able to greet cousins and friends from our former home. He conveyed to the friends the parishioners' gratitude for all the generous donations that had been sent from Quebec to help build the new parish of Notre Dame de Fatima.

The choir surpassed itself in singing Mass in Latin, as was the custom in those days. We were moved to tears when our favorite tenor sang Ave Veum at communion time. I was proud to be the organist for that wonderful choir.

After the church service, we all proceeded to the outdoor banquet. Long tables covered with beautiful, starched, white table cloths had been arranged between the school and the church. The tables were set with real china and silver. There were even candles in crystal holders.

Tantalizing aromas filled the air. The Ladies of Ste. Anne, the ladies' group affiliated with our church, had prepared a sumptuous feast. Now, young men dressed in smart, white shirts, and jackets with bow ties, were standing, ready to serve.

Every woman was wearing her best ensemble, topped with a becoming hat. The men were debonair in their best Sunday suits. "Come and sit here, chere Mme. Finnigan," called a proud Father Meunier to me, indicating the end of the table. "Come and meet some of our compatriotes."

The woman sitting next to me was a Mme. Tremblay from northern Quebec. Her husband was the owner of a rich asbestos mine. She exuded money. She was a most-pleasant dinner guest. "I didn't expect to hear

so much French spoken at the West Coast, and by such a cultured people," she said enthusiastically. "You make us feel very much at home here."

She was delighted to hear that my grandfather had come from Quebec, migrating to Manitoba in 1879 from the town of Yamamiche. Of course, she knew of Yamamiche, and had often visited friends there. We were attracted to each other as if we were cousins. Perhaps we were.

We ate and ate. We couldn't say no to any of the delicious dishes we were offered. Finally, wonderful homemade pies were presented to complete the meal. Various people slowly rose from the still-laden tables to extend salutations and greetings.

Then Father Meunier, looking as comfortably fed as everyone else, rose and invited everyone to return to the church for the Benediction service. Although I, too, had probably eaten a bit too much, I quickly slipped up to the choir loft to play soft music, to entice the people inside. The choir people were still mixing, so I was the only one in the loft.

The church was slowly filling up. The centre aisle was packed, and a few people had reached their seats in the pews when – and I shall always remember it – I heard a strange sound, a long, breathy SWOOSH! Then a sudden movement of air brushed past my perspiring face.

I glanced from my music and noticed that the church floor had just caved in! Not all the floor, but a large portion of the centre aisle had collapsed at least three to four feet! Everyone stopped in his tracks and was gasping. There was dead silence. Husbands looked at wives, children grasped parents' hands. Consternation! In a flash, Father Meunier was up in the pulpit.

With his long arms extended, and in his soft, reassuring voice, he cajoled the congregation, saying, "Do not panic, my dear people. Don't worry. Don't worry. There is absolutely no danger. The floor is down as far as it will go. I assure you. No panic, please. Just leave quietly, and all will be well."

I thought to myself, selfishly, "How lucky I am to be up here in the choir loft, away from all that danger." I watched the people gingerly making their way to the exits.

After laughing over the incident – "you didn't have to go to such great lengths to provide a moving experience for us, Pere Meunier!" – many goodbyes and au revoirs were said and our friends finally left. What a memorable day it had been!

The next day, Father Meunier came to visit my father. "Little did they know," he confided, "that that section of floor was being supported by just two water-logged, rotten posts, and the whole church could have caved in, bringing down the pews, the people, the choir loft.

"And your daughter, the organist, on top of it all, like a big cherry on top of a sundae!"



Norma Finnigan Charles

By the summer of 1947, when Lum King became the special friend of Norma Finnigan Charles, his fortunes were on the decline.

The comfortable home, where he had once entertained his neighbors, had become nothing more than a shack. And the vast tract of land he had farmed for years had shrunken, due largely to exploitation by others, and poor business practices by himself.

Lum King was probably the best known of the Chinese, aside from those at Fraser Mills, who contributed towards the development of Coquitlam. Norma Finnigan Charles, on the other hand, had just arrived from Manitoba with her parents, Bibiane and Norman Finnigan. She was to be one of five Finnigan children – three boys and two girls.

That an aging Chinese truck farmer, often taunted by neighborhood children, and a young Caucasian girl from Fort Garry, Man., became friends is understandable only in context. Lum King's farm was right behind the Finnigans' first home on Quadling. And Norma was lonely in her new environment, as children of uprooted families often are.

Lum King, a moving story of how a unique friendship resulted in a human life saved, and a beloved pet lost, was written by Mrs. Charles and won first prize in the Pioneer Tales of Coquitlam contest.

Norma Finnigan receives a cake from neighbor and friend, Lum King, in 1949.



Cow runs through the cherry trees on Blue Mountain Road.

The memory of Lum King is perpetuated by the naming of tiny King Street, which links Quadling and Alderson. Norma and Carlos Charles, a social worker, raised four children – two girls and two boys. Mrs. Charles, who has a grandson, is presently a teacher-librarian at Van Horne Elementary School in Vancouver. She also writes children's books.

Lum King

It was a sunny spring morning, and that meant one thing at our house: Washing Day. In those days before automatic washers and dryers, when everything from pillow cases to shirts were ironed, Washing Day was one whole day's work.

Every family member was assigned a task. My particular job was playing with my little brother, Duncan, to keep him out of mom's way. Sometimes, I didn't mind playing with him, but he was so crabby that day that all our games ended with him screaming.

"Read him a story," Mom suggested. I used to read Duncan lots of stories then. I had to. Sometimes, it was the only way to keep him quiet. I read him the thickest book I had – Winnie the Pooh – and before I got to the end of the first chapter, he was fast asleep, right there in the middle of the kitchen floor.

Mom said to cover him up and, yes, I could go out for some fresh air for a while, but not too long, because she'd be needing me again. Yellow-green sunlight filtered through the new leaves in our back yard. Small, white button daisies grew down among the long grass, perfect for a daisy chain. Soon, I'd gathered a whole skirt full.

I wandered out behind our yard to the lane and sat down in a sunny spot on a high, grassy mound to make the chain. From where I sat, I overlooked Lum King's farm and his old tar-paper shack, which squatted at the edge of his huge vegetable garden.

I didn't know many kids yet, so Lum King, the Chinese farmer, was probably my best friend. He wasn't the kind of friend you'd go bike riding or swinging with, but the kind of friend you could be comfortable with, without even trying.

Whenever I was lonely or down in the dumps, I could always console myself with the thought that, at least, Lum King thought I was someone special. That's how he made you feel.

In the summer of 1947, when we first moved out here to Coquitlam from Winnipeg, he'd let me help out in his garden, pulling weeds and collecting plump, red tomatoes and prickly cucumbers. The following spring, he'd given me some cucumber seeds and shown me where to plant them on a small, sunny square of rich, brown soil, between the back lane and his spring vegetables.

I thought I'd finish this daisy chain, then check if my cucumber plants had grown since yesterday. I'd told Lum King that they didn't seem to grow at all, and he said that I should check them just once a week. Then I'd notice the change.

I stood up on the grassy mound to see if I could spot Lum King anywhere in his garden. He wasn't there. He must have gone up to the store, or maybe he was in his little house. Either way, I'd have to wait to see him.

I'd never been inside his house. It wasn't that I was

scared of it, exactly; somehow, it was his own private place. I'd never seen anyone but him ever go inside. He must not have had any relatives, or many friends, because no one ever came to visit him.

After a while, he emerged from his house. He always looked the same, as if he'd grown out of the brown soil of his own garden. His wrinkled, brown face blended with his faded, dusty, work clothes.

"Ah, Lona-may." That's what he called me. "And



The Finnigan home at 910 Quadling. Picture was taken in 1949.

how you? Look at the cucumbers yet today?"

"No, not yet. I'm fine. How's your horse?"

"Horse? Ah, horse. Good, good." As if in answer to being called, Lum King's old mare came out of the lean-to attached to the shack. She nudged Lum King's shoulder. He gently rubbed her nose.

The horse had probably once been a great help in his garden, but now she could barely see and I'm sure she was almost totally deaf. Her back swayed into a U, although Lum King never rode her. He'd even stopped tying small loads on to her back. He carried the loads himself, slung over his own broad shoulders.

The old horse followed him around with the devotion of a faithful pet dog. Whether he was weeding the long rows of vegetables, or walking to Young's Market, the corner store on Blue Mountain Road, there was that ancient mare, right behind him.

I came down to pat the horse; Lum King went back inside his hut. When I rubbed the mare's velvety neck, she lowered her head so I could reach between her ears. As I scratched, her long-lashed eyelids fluttered shut, and she sighed.

I pulled some fresh, green grass, and offered it to her. She lapped it up with her long, grey, sandpaper tongue. Soon, Lum King came out with a large piece of golden butter cake.

"You eat. Good," he said, offering it to me. The cake was as rich and golden as that spring day, the most delicious I've ever tasted. The horse sniffed loudly, and neighed a small, begging chuckle.

"Ah. So you want some cake, too." Lum King disappeared into his hut again. He soon returned with a piece of cake for his horse. He grinned when it vanished with one flick of that long, grey tongue.

I brushed the horse's speckled, brown coat hard, but no matter how much I brushed it, I couldn't get it to shine. I could see that she enjoyed being brushed, though, the way she wrinkled up her skin, and snorted softly through her nose now and then.

Lum King filled two large, hemp gunny sacks with fresh spring vegetables – lettuce, onions, radishes. Then he slung the sacks over his shoulder. "Going to Young's to sell some good spring-time vegetables," he said. He smiled his yellow-toothed, wrinkle-eyed smile and shuffled down the gravel lane.

I gave the horse one last pat on the rump; then she clippety-clopped away to follow. When Lum King came to the end of the lane, he turned right. That meant he'd be taking the roundabout route to the market.

That way, he'd avoid the hard pavement and, also, the kids' cruel taunts. "Chinky, chinky Chinaman," those dumb kids would yell, whenever they saw him. He'd ignore them, so after a while, they'd get bored, and go away.

I went back to my grassy mound, and soon finished my daisy chain. I hung it on Lum King's door handle. Then I walked past the clover field, which Lum King's horse often shared with baseball-playing kids. There was no game that day, so I walked past down to the ravine.

The ravine was a place that looked as if a giant had taken his knife and sliced a huge gouge out of the land, leaving a swift-running stream at the bottom and, at either side, steep cliffs partly covered with prickly bushes and tall cedar trees.

My older brother said it wasn't a giant knife that had cut out this ravine. I knew that, really. He said it had been carved by that stream, which flowed at the bottom. The only time you could believe that theory was in the spring, when the stream swelled up like a real river with all the rains and melting snow.

My brother and his friends had tied a long rope to one of the high branches of an especially-tall cedar tree, which overhung the crashing stream. I climbed the tree. After swaying around in the breeze for a while, I got the end of the rope and climbed down.

I carried it up the bank as far as I dared. Holding on to the thick knot at the end of the rope, I took a deep breath. Then I jumped out over the ravine. Down the cliff I swung, leaving my stomach behind, down almost into the rushing stream.

The rope tightened; up the opposite bank I went. Again, my stomach lurching, down I swung to the stream, then back up, up the steep cliff. Oh, what a glorious sensation! After a few more swings, the jumps were becoming a bit tame so, holding the rope, I climbed to a higher ledge.

I twirled one leg around the rope, took a very deep breath, then squeezed my eyes shut. Falling, falling, I almost touched the stream. The rope tightened, and I drifted half way up the other bank, my legs brushing the bushes. Then back down again I swung. Suddenly, the rope snapped! I plunged into that boiling stream. The icy water grasped me. It devoured me. Down I went, somersaulting in the powerful current.

Struggling against it, I searched for something to

grab onto. Grey, black, brown flashed by. Up, which way was up? My legs! My whole body throbbed with cold and pain.

Panic seized me! I couldn't get a breath. Air! My lungs! Oh, my lungs were bursting! Darkness overtook me. Crashing silence. I was drowning, drowning. Suddenly, my hair! My hair was being tugged out by the roots. I thrashed about wildly to untangle it.

"It okay, Lona-may. It okay." Lum King. It was Lum King! He was dragging me out of that icy water. I grabbed at his shirt sleeve, trying to hold onto him. "It okay, It okay," he kept repeating calmly, soothingly. He got me out to the muddy edge of the stream. My teeth were chattering so much I couldn't even say thanks.

He was helping me up over some prickly blackberry bushes, when all at once, we heard the loud crash of breaking branches. Something was tumbling down above us. I instinctively crumpled up on the ground, and hid my head behind my arms.

I heard Lum King cry out with a low, guttural cry. He leaped forward. Then I saw it. His horse! It was his dear, faithful horse. His half- blind, almost-deaf old mare! Apparently, she'd tried to follow him, as usual, and had lost her footing on the slippery bank above.

She seemed to scream as she hit the water, head first. The swift waters swept the old horse under and dragged her downstream. The torrent shoved the horse against a huge boulder in mid-stream, her rump sticking grotesquely out of the water, her head deep down in the current.

Lum King lunged through the dense, prickly undergrowth towards his horse. A root caught his foot. He yanked, and wrenched his ankle. Frantically, he worked himself free and scrambled through the thorny bush on his knees, uttering some gibberish I could not understand.

Lum King knelt at the edge of the stream, his scratched face contorted in anguish. Tears streamed down his wrinkled, leathery cheeks. He swayed back and forth, and moaned and moaned. I heard another man's voice.

"What's going on down there? Do you need help?"

"Help!" I managed to croak. "Help!"

Mr. McFarlin, who lived near the ravine, quickly clambered down the steep bank. He held out his flannel shirt to me. Before wrapping myself in it, I whimpered through chattering teeth, "Lum King. Over there. He needs help! His horse!"

Mr. McFarlin scrambled to where Lum King squatted by the water, staring at his overturned horse. Mr. McFarlin talked and Lum King shook his head. He wouldn't move. He wouldn't leave his faithful old friend.

Mr. McFarlin helped me up the bank and took me home. There, mom dropped her ironing and stuck me into a hot bath right in the laundry tub, before she'd even let me explain what had happened. It took a long time for my teeth to stop chattering.

Dad and my older brother, who were building a shed, dropped their tools and ran down to the ravine with Mr. McFarlin. My brother told me later that there wasn't much they could do. They tugged the drowned horse out of the water with ropes. Then they helped Lum King, who had a wrenched ankle, up the steep bank.

The next day, all the neighbors helped Lum King bury his horse in the clover field by the ravine. He placed that long daisy chain I'd made on top of the dirt mound. After that, we always called that field Lum King's horse's field.

Lum King himself seemed to grow older, and more stooped, overnight. He walked now with a limpy shuffle, supporting himself with a wooden cane. But always alone. No faithful old mare to keep him company.

One thing though, the kids stopped calling him, "Chinky, chinky Chinaman," even when he walked straight up the sidewalk to the store, with his sacks of vegetables slung over his shoulder.

Ruth Hoyem

Living next door to Como Lake provided many stories for a young Ruth Hoyem.

The daughter of Betty and Otto Hoyem grew up at the family home at 1125 Smith Ave. in the late '50s and early '60s, when Coquitlam was slowly turning into a suburban community.

A Coquitlam Chamber of Commerce publication entitled Investment Opportunity, published in 1961, cites Harbour Chines, Harbour Chines Heights and Como Lake Park as "just a few of the developments where beautiful home sites are available." These subdivisions, just then developing, were in the vicinity of the Hoyems.

Born in 1953, Miss Hoyem was three years younger than her brother, Elliot, her partner in so many childhood escapades. Her father was sales manager for Western Equipment Co., which supplied machinery to mills throughout B.C. Her mother was one of the original nurses at the Simon Fraser health unit.

Since there were no pre-school facilities in Coquitlam, young Ruth attended Christopher Robin Kindergarten in New Westminster, sharing a taxi daily with a boy who lived on a sheep farm behind Moore's Poultry Farm, located at Foster and Robinson. "Bud, the taxi driver" then picked up a third child en route.

Miss Hoyem recalls that only after she had finished Grade 1 and 2 at Austin Heights, in the 1960s was Porter Street elementary built. The opening of this school coincided with the first big influx of new families into the area, and the pupils were soon forced into classroom shifts.

Miss Hoyem wrote the following recollections herself and entered them in the Pioneer Tales of Coquitlam contest. Her story won an honorable mention. She



Ruth Hoyem, fifth from the left in the back row, at her birthday party in 1961. Living next door to Como Lake provided moments of great fun and adventure for children.

now lives on Arbutus Street in New Westminster.

My parents bought one acre of land on the west side of Como Lake in 1949, and my father built the house, which is still standing, at 1125 Smith Ave. For the first two years, the house on Smith was heated by the fireplace, and mom used to say that she'd wait until the temperature reached 60 degrees Fahrenheit before bathing my older brother, Elliot. I waited for the installation of an oil furnace before being born.

Our neighborhood was a wonderful and magical place to spend childhood. Como Lake was undeveloped and surrounded by wild azaleas and willow trees. Next to us lived Roy and Maria Ivens, and beside them was the Excavation, a local gathering place for the neighborhood kids.

Our property bordered on Como Lake, so the lower section was always quite soggy. I remember mom saying that she could never grow anything in the bottom portion because of the peaty dampness. Como Lake was often referred to as the Peat Bog. One afternoon, while clearing land, mom set the peat on fire. Fortunately, the volunteer fire department was quick to move in and douse the flames.

There were a lot of truths, and lots of myths, about Como Lake. At one time, it was the water source for Fraser Mills, which has been documented. Joan and Sid Walker used to swim across it when they first moved into the area, in the late 1940s.

Our Siamese cat, Suki, used to bring home catfish, which were often alive and flopping when presented to the family. Then, there were the seeming tales about the lake being bottomless, of huge, snapping turtles, of quicksand at the north end – and Pat Peplow's account of seeing and/or planting a huge sturgeon in the murky depths.

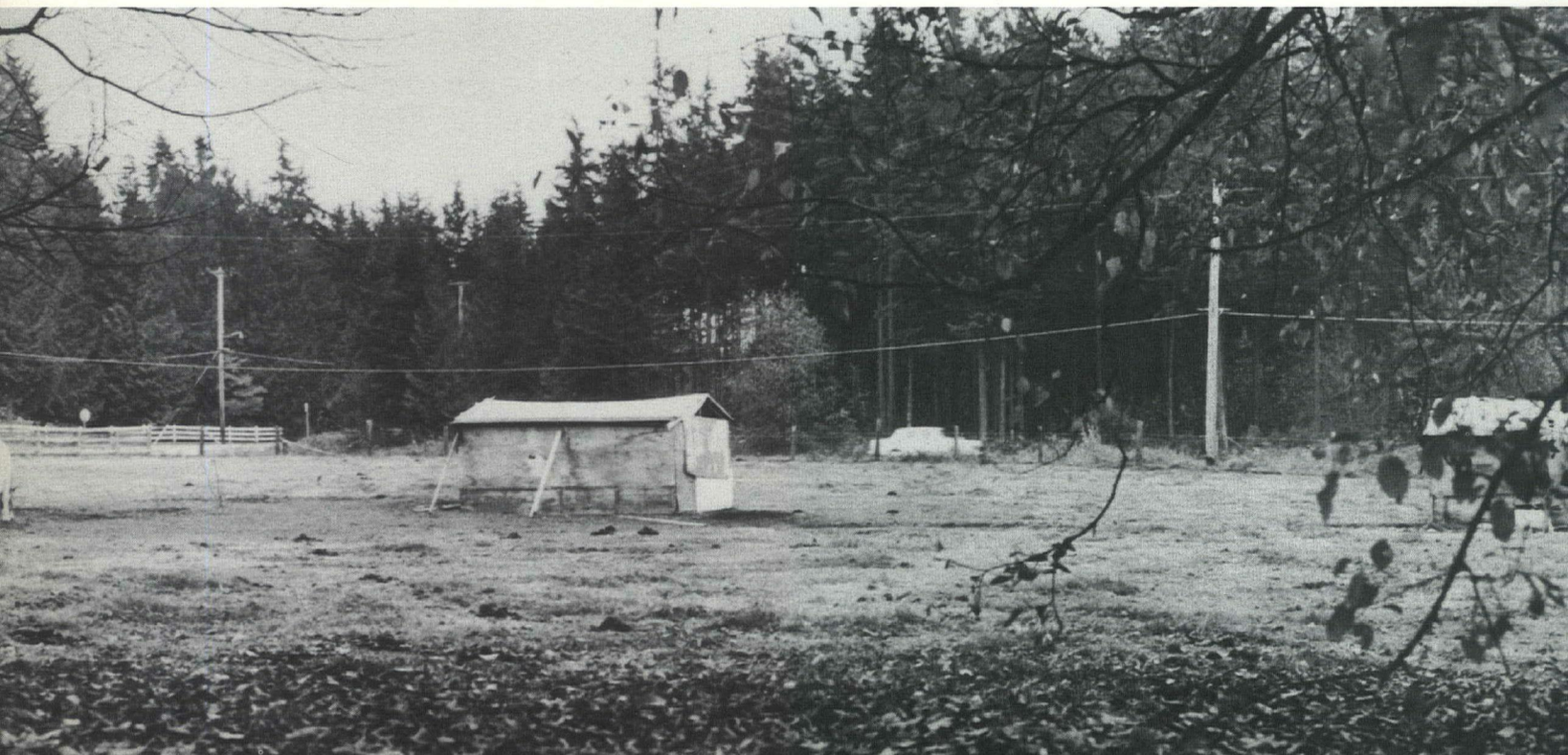
The lake is fed by a spring, and contains layers of suspended peat, so any attempts that have been made at dredging it over the years have proven fruitless. Around 1957, power boats on the lake were banned, leaving the waters to the peace and quiet of oar-and wind-driven craft.

Como Lake was an extended playground; still, one had to be careful. There were romantic stories about the bum who lived amidst the underbrush, and any indication of a campsite became big news. A charred bit of wood, an old tin can, or a scrambled bit of fishing line became huge fragments of proof that the bum did exist and that we'd have to be very cautious that we didn't get stolen away.

Occasionally, we'd spot a lynx, or a bear, but more than often, it was merely a family of pheasant living in the brush. At that time, there were no resident ducks, just the wild flocks that passed through on their migration.

But there were ducks across the street from our house, where the Flummerfelt property extended right down to the border of the lake. In addition to two of the most spoiled horses known to mankind, Trixie and Major, a lion-hunting, mild-mannered

Moore's Turkey Farm at Robinson and Foster.





Como Lake was a poular place to play for Ruth Hoyem and other children growing up in Coquitlam during the 1950s.

Rhodesian ridgeback dog named Kelly, and hives of exotic bees, there were the mallard ducks.

The mallards had their own private pond not far from the barn, a life to rival royalty, and no apparent reason to follow the call of the wild down to Como Lake. They spent their days following Leon Flummerfelt, or wandering over to our yard to lay eggs in the heather.

Another favorite activity of ours was boating on Como Lake. My father built a sabot aptly named *Half 'Ast* – most of the time, it was – and that became the mainstay of marine transportation. We'd load up a lunch, and launch the boat for a day of fishing, frog-catching, or just plain water-fighting.

And if the boat capsized, we could never hide the evidence, as our bodies and clothing would be covered with peat from the lake. Anyone who went in for a dip came out looking like a bear.

Unbeknownst to the family, my brother, who was always looking for a way to make money, took it upon himself to go on a frog-collecting expedition on Como Lake, with the intent of selling them to the UBC research labs. I remember arriving home one afternoon with my mother to find the house filled with boxes upon boxes of frogs, the pride of Elliot's activities.

After some time trying to explain the humanitarian reasons for letting the frogs go, and the fact UBC bred their own, the frogs were reluctantly released from the boxes into our front yard. As mom said, "it looked like a scene from Cannery Row" as the front lawn erupted into a swell of green, hopping bodies scrambling towards the lake.

Areas bounding Como Lake were great places for digging up buckets of clay for moulding our earthenware dishes, left to dry by the side of the lake, but most often to disintegrate in the rain. The pussy willows and alders formed a perfect setting for acting out our dreams of Robin Hood, Maid Marion and Little John and the merry men, all armed with bracken ferns and sticks.

When the lake froze over in the winter, it became our private ice rink. Each day, we'd just move over on to a new patch of clean ice. There were many days spent skating from dawn to dusk, with perhaps 20 people in total sharing our lake. Dad insisted we wear lifejackets so that if we did break through the ice, at least we'd bob back to the surface.

Hockey games were the main attraction, and I'll never forget my mother shinnying with the best of them. She wore a pair of CCM tube skates, circa 1926, that she bound to her feet with electrician's tape, because the eyelets were pretty well shot and the leather no longer lent support.

But, could she skate! She and Leon Flummerfelt seemed to enjoy the hockey matches as much as, or more, than the kids. Roy Ivens would string together a line of sleighs to haul the non-skating youngsters about at terrifying speeds, stopping suddenly to send the whole crew laughing and sliding across the ice.

Those were great times on the lake. My brother built a fort of sorts in the wooded area behind our house. The kids who lived on Regan Avenue had their own fort. Every once in a while, one or the other of the forts was raided. These raids inevitably escalated to an all-out war, the full force of which meant flailing bracken fern spears until one group retreated.

And God help them if they ever tried to infiltrate our Excavation. The Excavation was just that. It stood, until the mid-60s, as a huge, square hole in the lot next to the Ivens, constantly filled with water, anywhere up to three feet deep.

It was a safe place to skate in the winter time and a constant source of entertainment during the summer months. Full of frogs and all manner of water creatures. The Excavation was a meeting place and a place that was protected with our lives. The Excavation was our sanctuary.

Growing up in Coquitlam was a time of great fun and adventure. Everyone in our neighborhood knew one another and all the families looked out for one another's children. The area that was considered the sticks at one time is now part of suburbia.

We had woods to explore, Como Lake to conquer and endless days of catching tadpoles in the ditches. Como Lake now has a new face of lawns, bridges and a hog-fuel path.

I am glad to have the memories of a less-manicured time, when we had the freedom and the space to explore nature.



James and Mary McMichael on their wedding day in 1946.

Mary Milliken McMichael

Freeways and the automobile were changing the face of Coquitlam.

The completion of the Port Mann bridge, and to a lesser degree, the opening of Lougheed Highway about 10 years earlier, helped turn Coquitlam into the modern suburb it is today.

But what was good for Coquitlam was not necessarily good for area residents, who objected to the new sources of noise and dust.

Having settled in the Cape Horn area in 1949, Mary Milliken McMichael had to endure both of these major projects. Worse still, much of the crushed rock for the Lougheed road bed came from the Best gravel pit, which was in her neighborhood. Residents would rise bleary eyed as heavy machinery rumbled all night, every night.

Mrs. McMichael, being a long-time community activist, decided to do something about it. First, she mobilized the local ratepayers association. When Coquitlam council was slow to act, she forced its hand through publicity in the media. The result was Coquitlam's first municipal noise bylaw, which effectively curtailed construction hours.

The anti-noise campaign was neither the first, nor last, of Mrs. McMichael's lobbies on behalf of Cape Horn residents. Earlier, eight families, including hers, petitioned for the blacktopping of Old Pitt River Road, now called Cape Horn. They were successful, but had to pay the tab themselves.

Later on, working at various levels of government, they succeeded in establishing both Cape Horn Park and Dawes Hill Park, and continued the fight to retain access to the Fraser River, especially after Mayfair Industrial Park was built, and other industries began to move into the surrounding area.

Born in Scotland, Mrs. McMichael was a war bride of April 1944 – she married James McMichael in Aberdeen – and came to Canada in 1946, joining her husband in New Westminster. They also lived briefly in Burnaby prior to moving to Coquitlam in 1949.

Mrs. McMichael knew the Dart sisters, after whom neighboring Dartmoor Highlands was named. As for Cape Horn Avenue, she recalls the name referred to the sharp curve at Mundy, which buses could barely navigate, spurring some wag to suggest it was as treacherous as Cape Horn at the southernmost tip of South America.

I was a war bride of April, 1944, and came out here from Scotland in August, 1946. I was born in Scotland. I came to Canada, to Halifax, on the last war-time sailing of the Queen Mary, then crossed Canada by train. We were allowed to break up our journey on the way out.

I had no idea what I was coming to, only what the Canadians had told us. They told us everybody had a washing machine and fridge, and you name it, which

was far from true. My husband was already home when I came out. He had returned in February, 1946.

We first lived in a rented, up-and-down duplex beside the Royal Columbian Hospital, then bought on Stride Avenue and were there about three years. We were more than a year negotiating on this property here in Cape Horn. We moved here in 1949. Originally, the piece of land we sit on, where this house is, was not in the deal.

I came out one Wednesday by bus, and got the owner to sign, so that we could get this place. We were dealing with a prairie farmer named Knapp, who had come in and subdivided. This farmer took a lot of timber off the hillside, dragged it to Fraser Mills, and brought it back as lumber.

He would cut these huge, first-growth trees on the property, and haul them down to the mill by tractor. He knew somebody down there. They would mill the timber into lumber and beams. The original house was built with that lumber, so it was really well built.

We used to live just down the hill from here, in what is now the 2300 block Cape Horn. This was a new house then; so was another house on the other side and the fellow who lived there worked at Fraser Mills. When we came here in 1949, these were the only two houses on the street.

We originally had two and a half acres of land, because the Veterans' Land Act stipulated we must buy $1,000 worth. This house we're in now is all plaster, not gyproc. We bulldozed the land when we were in the house, half way up, and then we bulldozed from here, half way down.

Dawes Hill Road is now a continuation of Brunette, and Mathewson Road is an extension of Dawes Hill Road, going through Riverview Hospital, and linking up with Pitt River Road at Lougheed Highway. When we came here in 1949, it was Old Pitt River Road, which ran all the way out to Haney.

Because it was the main road – it went from Westminster to Port Coquitlam, then into the valley – the bus service was excellent, better than now. They ran every half-hour from Westminster to Port Coquitlam, and returned through Essondale. You had to go under the railway and along by the Commercial Hotel.

The buses were busy all the time, because the people from Port Coquitlam were dependent on them for shopping in Westminster. Then you had the extra buses that went to Harrison, three or four of them every day. We went to Maillardville on the bus for small shopping, otherwise to Westminster.

My husband worked at Riverview Hospital for many years and he would walk to work, and back, along Dawes Hill Road, which was a continuation of Brunette. The bulk of the nurses at Riverview lived in Sapperton in those days and they also walked along Brunette to work.

Our mailing address at first was Rural Route No. 2, Pitt River Road, New Westminster, B.C. Then it became Cape Horn. Cape Horn was named because of this big rock, and bad bend, at Mundy Road, where the buses had a hard time. It started out as a nickname, you know, because it was so treacherous to go around, just like the cape itself.

There were only seven houses when we came. The houses up on Mundy Road were built on what used to be the Best gravel pit. This hill is all gravel; the biggest gravel pit in B.C. was over here. Lougheed Highway, which was finished in the early '50s, was built with material from here.

The Pickton brothers – Stanley, Harold, Clifford – had a piggery. Their original house was floated down the river, and placed on Dominion Avenue. They used to bring their groceries home to the farm in a wheelbarrow. The power line that goes to Squamish went right through the Picktons' property, and they got $3,000 for it.

There were mostly farms in the area then. The Booth farm and dairy was at the foot of Dawes Hill. Booth Creek, which drains Como Lake right down to the Fraser River, ran right through their building, and they would set cans of milk in the creek, inside the building, to keep them cool.

I knew Henry and Margaret Dart, and the Dart sisters; they owned five acres of land. Mrs. Dart was an avid gardener. Dartmoor Highlands subdivision, which is between Cape Horn and Essondale, and Dartmoor Drive, were named after the family.

We used to have pot-luck dinner at Doris Smith's every year, and everyone went. Doris was a nurse at the boys' industrial school at Essondale – she taught up there. The industrial school was later moved to Brannen Lake on Vancouver Island. Essondale school was about where these apartments are now, on Cape Horn.

We were on well water when we first came here; the well was on gravity feed. We had one for the house and one for the garden. The last of our wells was destroyed only last fall. I could run sprinklers off the well, so I had the greenest lawns around in the summer.

In those days, the grocery people delivered to your kitchen table. I would go by bus to Overwaitea on Columbia Street in New Westminster and all I did was give them a list. They would deliver for 10 cents. We did that once a month, as that was how we got paid. I also got the dairy and Royal City laundry calling.

We had the ratepayers association here, and it was very important in this community for over 25 years. Many things that happened came from the association. We were instrumental in getting the garbage started in 1949, when we petitioned for collection. We got running water piped in from the main on Pipe Line Road.

Eight of us had to pay for the blacktopping of Old Pitt River Road. There were telephone poles in the middle, so we had them moved back. We made all the arrangements just by talking to Jimmy Christmas, who was the reeve of Coquitlam at that time.

Council didn't give us much support on the noise bylaw we got, really, because it didn't affect where they lived. They were at the other end of town. When they started to put all the fill down there for Lougheed Highway – this was in the '50s, prior to the Port Mann bridge – it became very noisy.

First, they started to pump all day. Then they started to overhaul their equipment at night and grade the road. Well, you couldn't get your rest, you see. But the worst was when the Port Mann Bridge started and

the fill for it, and what have you, went on for a long, long time.

They would overhaul their machinery at night, too, and you'd hardly fall asleep, and they would start up again. One week, it go so bad you'd never slept by Friday. You had to go to work and you really didn't know what you were doing.

A neighbor who lived on the other side of the street, she and I were getting tired of all the talk and nothing happening. They were blaming the tides, and this, and that. I got The Sun paper to come out, and with them doing a story with photographs, we pressed for a municipal noise bylaw, the original. The bylaw is still in effect and if the contractors didn't abide by it, they have to pay a $100 fine.

The contractors agreed that in the summer time, they would work two eight-hour shifts, which was more than feasible and then in the winter time, these shifts would be cut down. Half the bridge and approaches were built by a contractor on this side, and half by another, from the other side.

Walter Koerner of Alaska Pine and Cellulose Co. owned the land for the access roads on this side and actually never sold it. He apparently got an agreement for $5,000 a year forever for a lease of the land. He didn't sell this side. The money went into the Koerner Foundation at UBC.

I remember, back in 1949, when we had hardly been here two weeks, we went down to the river, where it was very boggy. Two men from Winnipeg were down there, and one had a map of where the Port Mann Bridge was to be. For years, everybody denied that a bridge was going in there, and yet, they had the map back then.

The school band from Port Coquitlam played at the opening of the bridge in 1958. The idea for the lighting on the bridge, installed underneath the railings, was taken from the Mussolini Bridge in Italy. The Stevenson company from New Westminster tried different kinds of lighting for a long time before deciding on this type.

As long as Mr. Koerner was alive, we knew nothing would ever happen to that land at the north end of Port Mann Bridge, where Mayfair Industrial Park now is. Mayor Jim Tonn put through a bylaw that the railway would never come in there, but they did. And when the railway came, eventually, Mayfair followed in the late '60s or '70s, after Mr. Koerner died.

The ratepayers association would charter a boat every year and go up the Pitt River for a picnic. Another thing the ratepayers did was to make sure enough land was preserved around here for parks. This piece of park down on the flats was where Columbia Bitulithic Ltd. was when they moved into Cape Horn.

They agreed we'd always have access to the river, but when they started up, they let on they didn't really want you going down there, so we quickly made them give up land for the park. See, that's where the railroad came in, the railroad that was never supposed to be built.

Dawes Hill Park was Michuk's land – he had 10 acres here, and also all the acreage where Cape Horn school is, right through – and the municipality sort of forced him to move from there. They first took the school land away from him – they gave him less than $1,000 an acre – and then said this land here was required for a reservoir.

When they found out they couldn't pump water all that distance from here to Riverview, they built a new pumping station right at the gates to Essondale on Austin Road. Then they closed down this station. The park is now finished to what it is going to be.

When we were living down on Cape Horn, Mitchuk came one night and asked us to sign a petition and he took it to Victoria, and this park was seeded in the snow, because that was one of the conditions. It's on record. His daughter put up a sign saying it was Cape Horn Park.

After a lot of public hearings, and what have you, it was decided that the trees, where they put this new road through, were to be left and a natural trail put in. Here, they designated a children's park because they were proposing a great baseball park in the far corner, which was never built because of the drainage and the lack of space.

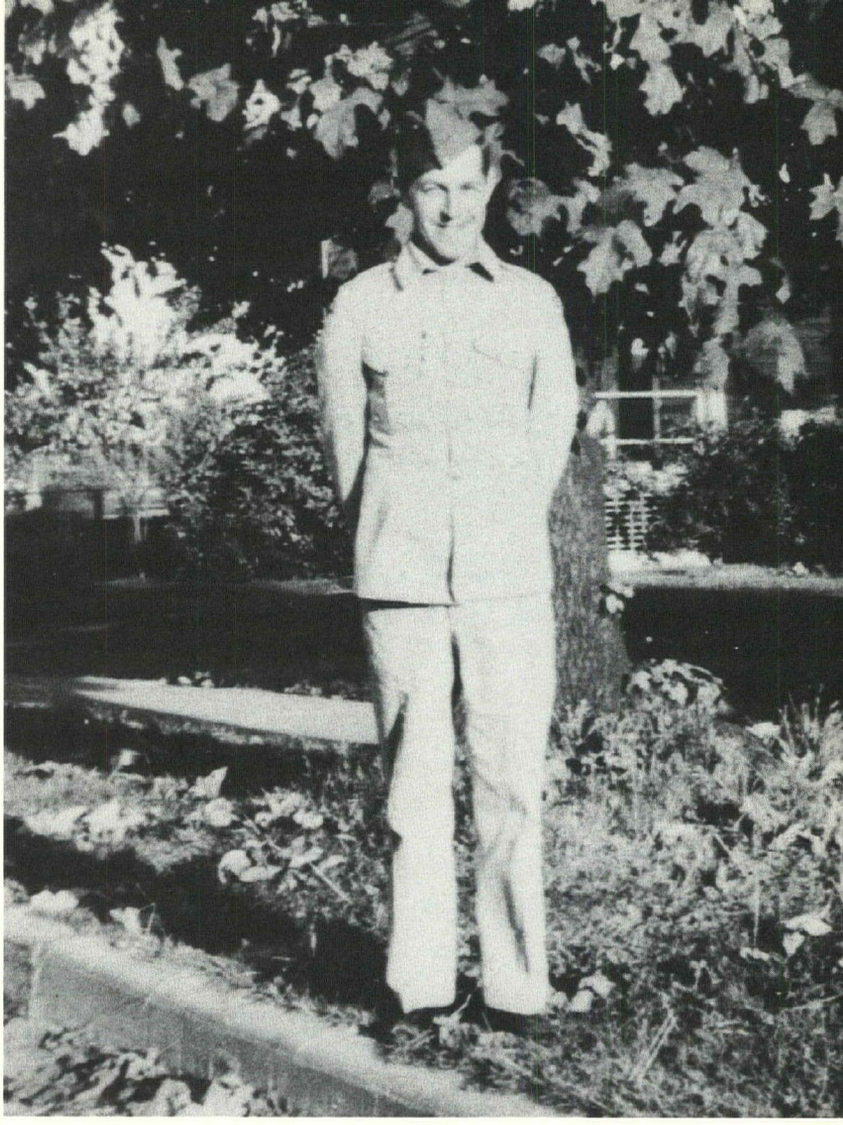
So they decided to leave the park natural. Later, the ditches were taken away and extra parking space installed. They were also going to put up high fencing, but I went to Cunnings and told him the people didn't want that, so the fence was never put up.

We still have five lots of the original two and a half acres we bought back in the '40s. At the time we bought the land, it was the most expensive in the municipality of Coquitlam. We could have had five acres at Como Lake for what we paid for this.



Pitt River Road, now Cape Horn Avenue, in 1950.

James McMichael



James McMichael heads off to war in 1942.

One of the finest areas of agricultural land in Canada was perhaps Colony Farm.

The farm produced much of the food for the Essondale mental institution, where James McMichael worked for almost 20 of his 34 years as a cook.

The 1,000 acres purchased by the provincial government in 1904 to consolidate mental facilities included the Wilson Ranch, later to become part of Colony Farm, and the bench land on Mount Coquitlam, where the buildings would be located. Clearing of farm land began in 1905, and temporary buildings were erected.

Jenny Gardner Lenihan once collaborated with Esther Stroyan Davis on an historical essay of Colony Farm, which provided background for this introduction. Mrs. Davis' father, Spence Stroyan, worked at Colony Farm between 1917 and 1944, first as a milker, then as a herdsman in charge of the prize Holsteins.

While Colony Farm soon became the finest farm in the province, the practical aspects must not be forgotten. The piggery, fertile land, dairy herd and cannery produced much of the food for Essondale, which was to become a community unto itself. And farm work was therapeutic for many of the patients.

The prize Holstein herd was assembled in 1910 from breeders in B.C. and New York state, and was B.C.'s biggest, and oldest, registered herd. The cows were milked four times a day by hand, so the milkers formed the majority of the work force. Colony Farm pioneered the use of artificial insemination for pure-bred dairy cattle.

The Clydesdales, numbering 10 to 12 teams, and eight to 12 young stock, were housed in the huge arena, along with the teamsters and dairy men. In the loft were enormous bins of wheat, oats and peanut germ. The piggery, on the old Wilson property, produced sausages, pork chops, and cured bacon. Three Collies helped round up the Dorset sheep daily.

Grain, pumpkins, turnips, celery, onions, mangel beets, rhubarb, lettuce and corn were grown in the fields, and in the cannery, which adjoined the boiler room, were preserved various vegetables, as well as pears, peaches, apples and apricots. The canners also produced different jams.

The employees and management took great pride in their work. Nothing was out of place and everything was spotless. Married men were allotted houses for their families, while single men lived in bunk-bed rooms in the various buildings. They all gathered daily in a common dining room for their meals.

Colony Farm was not without adversity during its existence, between 1905 and 1983. The Coquitlam dam broke in 1921, and the subsequent torrent weakened the farm's dikes and flooded the land. The hay barn burned down in 1928. And 1946 was the year of arson, when a number of buildings were torched.

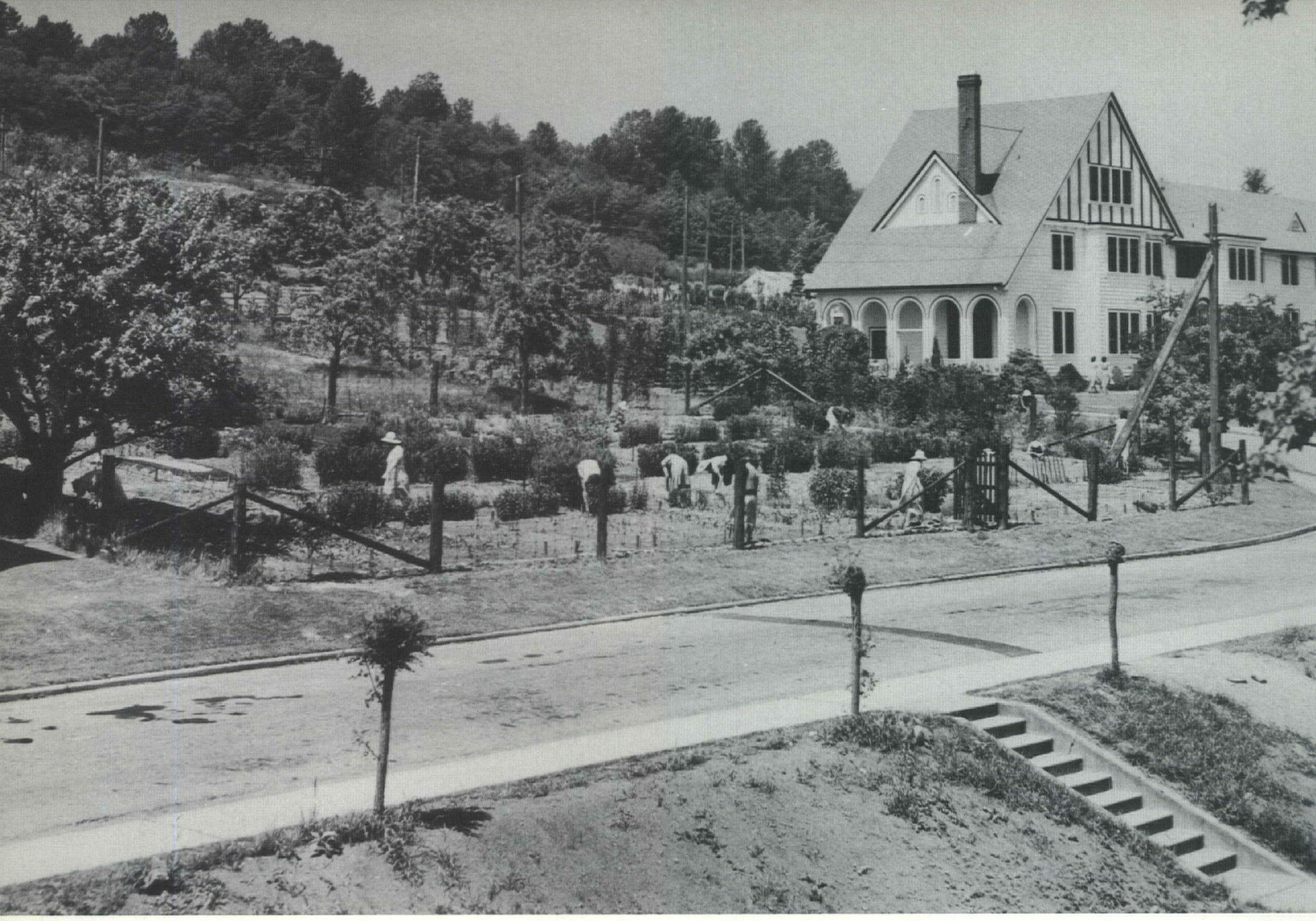
The blaze that utterly destroyed the arena was the most tragic of all. Prideful teamsters and grooms wept as the foot-thick wooden beams burned, then collapsed. One employee, and several young Clydesdale horses, were lost. The Clydesdale operation was never the same again.

More tears were shed at the Colony Farm dispersal sale of 1983. An era had ended. Today, the lands which once accommodated one of the finest model farms ever, are under consideration for redevelopment.

I was born back East in 1914, and lived in Fort William, Ont., until I was about two, coming to Vancouver when I was four years old. We chose this area because we had relatives here. We stopped long enough for my sister to be born in Calgary. My father was an elevator worker in Ontario.

We lived in Vancouver until I was 14 years old; I attended Hastings school. Then we moved to Burnaby Lake, where George Derby Hospital is today and we leased three acres and kept a dozen cows. Dairy farming was old hat for my mother, who was born in Newmarket, Ont., to dairy people.

When I was about 18, I went to work in the logging camps up around Campbell River. Then I went overseas to Scotland for the war. I was put into the forestry corps – I never took much training – and we



Female patients working in the gardens at Essondale Hospital in 1949.

took portable mills to Scotland, where I worked logging off the Seaforth estate for trenches.

I was later transferred to the service corps, which was all cooks and truck drivers, and all that like. I'd been a kitchen helper in the logging camps and a baker's helper. I was assigned to the 13th Field Artillery – we went in on D-Day – and I cooked for 50 men. The war ended for me in Amsterdam and I was put in charge of a PoW camp.

I met my wife in Scotland and we were married in Aberdeen. When I came back, my family still had the dairy farm at Burnaby Lake. I couldn't go back to logging camps because I had gotten married and needed a steady income, and the logging camps were always shutting down. I got several offers from the Loggers' Agency, but I said no.

I put in an application to the B.C. government and I went to work right away at Essondale, which is now called Riverview, as a cook. There were about six buildings there and they all had kitchens. I worked first in Crease Clinic, and the last 20 years, I worked for the attorney-general's department at the forensic centre at Colony Farm.

My wife and I moved out to Dawes Hill Road in Coquitlam in 1949. I logged all the property off, selling the straight trees to Fraser River Pile Driving Co. We had one of the largest gardens between Westminster and Essondale.

The road was called Pitt River Road then. Most of the workers at Essondale would bicycle in from Sapperton to work. I walked to work. In fact, that's why we bought here, so I could walk to work. There were only seven families between my place and Riverview at first.

When I started at Essondale, I was cooking on the spare board, and I would fill in for anybody that was sick. Some weeks, I worked seven days right through, and they'd give me four or five days off, but if anybody was sick, they'd call me in. This went on until I was established in one place.

We worked 12-hour shifts at first; around 1953, we got the eight-hour shifts. I enjoyed working there, as I liked cooking. I never considered working for a restaurant because it was too risky a business, unless you worked for yourself. Many restaurants went broke, so there was no stability.

With all the buildings at Essondale, we were cooking for pretty close to 10,000 people, patients and staff. It was a city unto itself. I found it a challenge to cook for that many people. Our bake shop also supplied all the bread and buns for Haney, Oakalla and Woodlands.

Everyone was always fed good. Some of my favorites were pies and spare ribs. Every time the dietician put bread pudding on the list, I would make a pie, because I couldn't stand bread pudding. Ernie Winch, one of the founders of the CCF party, had a restaurant

on Hastings Street – he served old-country fish and chips – and he would give you bread pudding free, so we always called it CCF pudding.

We had about 20 acres in strawberries at Essondale and the patients – the better ones – used to do the work themselves. We also had one of the largest herds of cows in British Columbia – Holsteins – and calves were shipped all around the world. They always took prizes at exhibitions and stuff like that.

There was also a big fruit orchard down there, and a cannery, and we did all our own canning. The farming unit got double rations, as they were working outside. The food was brought in by CPR train; they had a switching yard down there, at the mouth of the Coquitlam River.

I remember the big flood of 1948. All the farm land was flooded out. They worked around the clock, sandbagging and bulldozing. I went to the kitchen at Crease Clinic in a row boat. I had to cook all night long for the volunteers, and such. The farm animals were all moved up the hill.

The brick building at Colony Farm was the first one at Essondale and it was built back around 1908. The female chronic wards had about 1,100 patients, the acute building about 500, and West Lawn, the male chronic section, about 750 patients.

Crease Clinic had about 400 patients, coming and going. Crease had been adapted for operating and X-ray rooms. The operating rooms were never used. Surgery patients were all taken to the Royal Columbian. The X-ray rooms were always busy because all staff and everyone in the hospital had to have an X-ray every six months for tuberculosis.

The North Lawn building was built in 1954 for use as a tuberculosis clinic. Tranquille was the big T.B. clinic in the Interior. T.B. was very prevalent amongst the Indians, but the disease was pretty well arrested in 1961 or '62. North Lawn was then turned into an infirmary, and anybody who got bed-ridden and had to have nursing care was taken there.

The other buildings were for mentally-retarded people and each building did its own cooking. As I was a full-fledged cook, they moved me around and I took charge of different places. I worked in pretty well every kitchen at Essondale.

The forensic centre used to be the veteran's block. When Wilkinson Road prison in Victoria, which was for the criminally insane, was closed up, they brought all the inmates here, and put them in the vets' building. The few vets left from the First World War went to George Derby Hospital; others went to Shaughnessy. The vets were mainly shell-shocked.

My kitchen staff at the forensic centre varied from 10 in the day time, to less at night. The night shift had to cook only one meal, for the night-shift nurses. When I first started, we cooked with coal, with steam. Later on, you worked with modern commercial equipment.

In the first 10 years I worked there, we had to train the patients to cook, and after that – about 1952 – we got cooks' helpers, who were regular staff. A male nurse would come down with the patients when we were training them and he was responsible for them. I only had to show them what to do.

I did all the butchering and preparation of meals and I did all the ordering. I laid down the work for the patients to do and it worked well. Other patients, the better ones, helped out in the kitchen, cleaning up, mainly, and washing dishes. The laundry for all the institutions was done here with the help of the patients.

I took a course at UBC on kitchen management, learning how to coordinate all the different people. The dieticians who made up the menus – one in every building – came in during1945. Mrs. Marr was the only one at first, but the work finally got too much for her.

After 1949, we got dietary aides, who served the food in the wards behind hot trays. We had hot wagons and cold wagons, just like at UBC, same set-up. Patients that weren't bed-ridden were sent down to the cafeteria. It was all cafeteria style and most of the patients would come down.

There was one set of food, no choice; every day, the food was different. We worked on a 10-week cycle, as this made it easier to order food from the wholesalers. The food was good. I wish I could eat as good today as I did at Essondale.

The quality of the food changed for the better over the years, partly because of getting the dieticians, partly because we all had to take courses in therapeutic cooking. I went down to Colony Farm about 1960 and worked there until I retired in 1978.

Altogether, I worked at Essondale for 34 years. My army time counted towards my seniority, so I had 35 or 37 years in. My cheque today is actually bigger than the paycheques I was getting when I worked.

Sports day was a popular annual event with patients and staff at Essondale. Picture was taken in 1950.



Jenny Gardner Lenihan

Jenny Lenihan was born May 9, 1930, to Bob and Janet (Brown) Gardner. Her father was foreman at Colony Farm, and Jenny grew up on the farm.

Bob Gardner came from Airdrie, Scotland, in 1912. He brought three Clydesdales broodmares to Colony Farm and worked with the horses until he was made acting superintendent in 1921. However, he preferred the outdoor life and returned to his job as foreman, a position he held until 1954. He died in 1958.

Jenny Gardner Lenihan attended Essondale School until Grade 8. She next went to Coquitlam High School where she was among the first graduating class in 1948. She earned her teaching certificate at the Normal School, and her first job was in 1950 at Millside School. Apart from two years in the Kootenays, Mrs. Lenihan taught at School District 43 for 23 years, including stints at Central, Mary Hill and Montgomery schools.

She married Pat Lenihan in 1971, has one son and lives in Port Coquitlam, not far from Colony Farm. She is active in the United Church and has taught both choir and Sunday school.

My father, Bob Gardner, came out from Scotland in 1912, bringing three top-of-the-line Clydesdale broodmares to Colony Farm. He worked at the farm as a teamster – in those days, many of the teamsters were Scottish – and then became foreman and in 1921 was made superintendent. He didn't like being indoors with the bookwork, he appreciated being with his Clydes and with his men on the farm, so he reverted back to being a foreman – a position he held until he retired in 1954.

Colony Farm was absolutely gorgeous, the cattle were knee-deep in straw, the barns were immaculately kept, all the timbers and building were painted white, and you could walk in your white shoes and not get dirty.

Some of the cattle were milked four times a day. This meant the men started at three or four o'clock in the morning; the same select two or three men would do all the milking for these record milk-producing cattle. The rest of the cattle, over 200 head, were milked three times a day.

Colony Farm was the province's showpiece, and people came from all over the world to see the prize-winning Holsteins and Clydesdales. Spence Stroyan was in charge of the cattle. He came to the farm in 1917 and worked with the Holsteins until 1944.

The farm provided all the produce for Essondale – rhubarb, onions, potatoes, carrots, peas, beans, corn, everything. My father was also in charge of the sheep and swine. The pigs were taken originally to the slaughterhouse behind Essondale, and Mr. Tucker would make the most fantastic bacon and sausages.

Volunteers carry sandbags along the dikes at Colony Farm to reinforce the dike.





Volunteers work to repair a break in the dike at Colony Farm during the 1948 flood.

But as Essondale grew larger, the pigs were sent to Swift's for slaughtering.

The sheep were kept near the west dike that is now part of the Mayfair Industrial site. It was a beautiful farm, and I used to love seeing the threshing machines at work behind the bunk house.

My parents married in 1923 and lived on Colony Farm in the second building next to the bunk house. We were the only family living on the farm until the 1950s.

My sister Margaret, who is four years older than me, and I went to Essondale School at the top of Colony Farm Road. It was a one-room schoolhouse from Grades 1 to 8 and had about 35 students and one teacher. We would walk or bicycle through the woods just below Matheson Road and see deer and wildlife every day. Most of the students had parents employed at Essondale, but there were some children from the surrounding area.

Colony Farm and Essondale were a tight little community, but because it was government-run, the people seemed to prosper and many of the students became doctors and lawyers.

My father was responsible for all the produce grown for Essondale as well as for the horses. He also saw to all the diking, put in all the drains. Lying between the two rivers there were a terrible number of dikes as well as two pumping stations which had to be manned constantly during the spring. The farm was dad's whole life.

The workers were either single men or patients, and they lived in the bunk houses. There must have been about 18 teamsters and about 40 milkers living at the farm, in addition to the outside help. One of the milkers, Bob Pickard, was a firebug, but it was a year before he was discovered by the provincial police. In that time, he burned down almost the entire farm.

It started in December 1946, and in one night alone he set six fires. It was a traumatic experience. If you lived that close to fire, you don't ever forget it. My hair turned white within a year, and my dad's too. The arena was the first big fire in the December of 1946. It was a massive, gorgeous building with huge oil paintings of the prize-winning Clydesdales and the Holsteins, all the shiny harnesses, trophies and records. The working horses were kept along one side of the downstairs, the young stock the other side, and upstairs were the sleeping quarters for the men.

As we opened our door we could see the tall tower of the arena collapsing, that's how intense the fire was. They got all the teams out by pulling them through the bull pens with wet sacks over their heads and then into the open fields. But they couldn't get to the young stock. It all happened so fast; men wearing glasses didn't even have time to put them on. One man was trapped upstairs. All the records and harnesses, everything, was lost. The working teams were put into new buildings, but they all perished in the fires except two pair, which were later sent to Fort Steele.

Pickard used lighter fluid, put a match to it and then

disappeared back to the bunk house where he waited for someone to discover the fire, then he'd come out and help with everybody else.

He never destroyed any of the cattle, probably because there were always people around and he'd have been spotted. But he set a series of fires, and by the last tragic fire exactly a year later, the whole farm was an inferno. The fires had destroyed the arena, the hay barn and two milking parlours, as well as other buildings.

There were security men on the farm, and we had to move about in groups of two since the first fires started. You were not allowed out of the house without a partner. Although they had no proof, the police finally just told Pickard he'd set the fires, and he admitted it was him. He didn't get a very long sentence because the judge decided it was all one continuous fire as it was all on the same property.

It was a bad time and the next year was the big flood. Every spring there'd be little freshet floods, but in June 1948 the water rose in the Fraser too quickly and the west dike, over by the Wilson farm, broke.

There were always flood warnings, but no one thought it would come quite so high. The dikes had been satisfactory for all those years, and of course, they kept the pump houses going all through the spring, so that water which seeped through the dikes could be pumped back out.

I was in Grade 12 when all of a sudden people said, "the floods are coming, the floods are coming, we've got to sandbag." And crews of people, all local, came and were given the uniforms of working patients. They worked around the clock. They were volunteers, local people who just knew they had to come and help Colony Farm.

Essondale kitchens provided all the sandwiches and coffee, and there was an enormous spotlight at the top of the west dike, and it shone down the whole dike to the Fraser River so the men could see at night. The spotlight was on some aristocrat's property on the hill.

I was shipped to Maillardville because I was in Grade 12 and I mustn't miss any school, so I only got home on Friday nights. I liked to go around with the grub vans and hit all the dikes.

The flood went on for weeks. In the beginning, the banks were two-feet high, and this was all that was holding back the huge mass of water. And of course, it finally would break through. The Wilson Farm, which was part of Colony Farm, was flooded first, but even though the Fraser backed up right into Coquitlam and Pitt Rivers, the farm buildings were never flooded. You could still get to the farm along the road, though it was under water.

The army was called in to help with the sandbagging. I'd guess the actual flooding lasted about three weeks, but it took an enormous amount of time to clean up and try to get the farm back to what it was.

The flood completely destroyed the crops. They had to drain off the water and then burn off the grass, and the stench was something terrible that winter. Then the soil had to be turned over and replanted.

There was a real sense of community during the flood. Everyone took pride in doing what they could. My dad remembered the 1921 flood and made us put everything in the house on blocks of wood. That was when the Coquitlam Dam burst. There was no warning, and the water rushed down the river, flooding Shaughnessy Street, the Red Bridge area, fanning out as it went. The water came right into the building on Colony Farm and the damage was far more extensive than the '48 flood. The west bank broke, but luckily the dike on the south of the Fraser held.

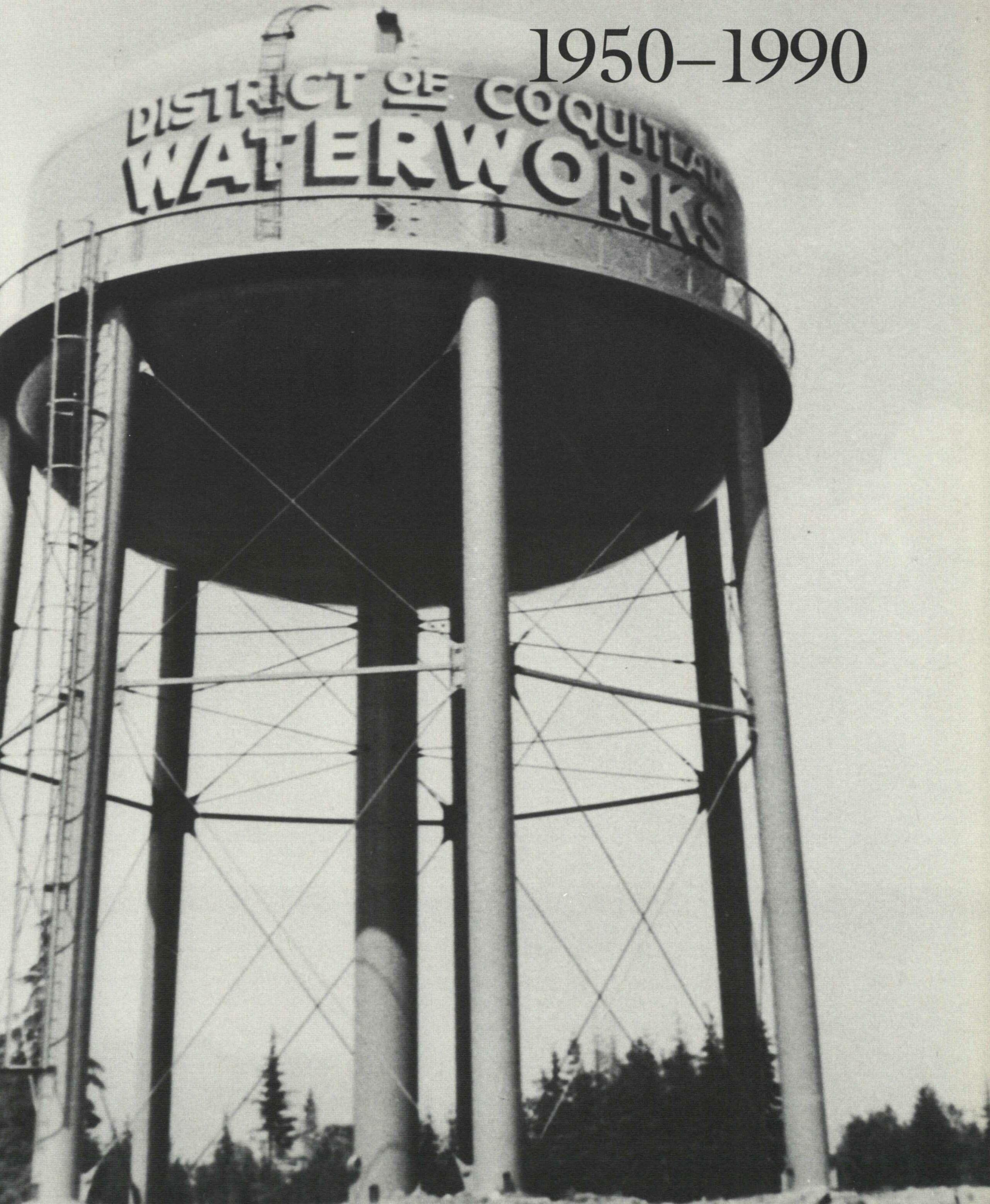
There was a great sense of community at Colony Farm. I grew up with the workers, they were all like brothers, and to this day I still see some of them. It was a beautiful farm.

Dikes on the Colony Farm property hold back the rising water during the 1948 flood.



CHAPTER VII

1950–1990



Coquitlam began the post-war era with major growth as roads were cut into the bush to open up new areas of the district for development.

The new Lougheed Highway was completed in 1953, resulting in an increased flow of traffic through the municipality.

Developers were advertising exclusively planned neighborhoods in Harbour Chines and Ranch Park.

As Coquitlam's population increased, services were expanded and upgraded to meet the demands. In 1957, the District of Coquitlam spent $80,000 to construct a water tower at the corner of Como Lake Road and Poirier Street. It would stand as a landmark and symbol of growth for the next 20 years.

Young families moving to the district during the '60s placed increasing demands on the school system, making it one of the fastest growing school districts in the province. School construction, however, couldn't keep pace. Gymnasiums were turned into classrooms and the school day was divided into shifts to accommodate the overflow of students.

One of the new schools that opened during this decade was Centennial Secondary School, boasting the most modern educational facilities in B.C.

The '60s ended on a sad note. Jimmy Christmas, the longest-serving mayor in B.C. history, died during his 25th year in office.

Coquitlam was in the political spotlight during the '70s when MLA Dave Barrett led the NDP to victory, becoming B.C.'s premier.

Coquitlam's population began to shift northwards with the opening of Eagle Ridge. Retail growth soon followed when Coquitlam Centre opened in August 1979.

Through the '80s, more shopping centres and retail businesses opened in the area and developers pushed further up the hills into the Westwood Plateau to meet the demands for more housing. The district continued to expand services, building new firehalls, a library and a stadium.

Overleaf: the District of Coquitlam water tower, built in 1957 at the corner of Poirier Street and Como Lake Road, was as a local landmark for 20 years.



Signs at the corner of North Road and Clarke lead prospective home buyers to Coquitlam's new subdivisions in 1956.

1956 HOME BUYERS ATTRACTED TO COQUITLAM

While skeptics claimed that Coquitlam would never thrive as a bedroom community because it was too far away from urban centres, the developers behind projects like the Ranch Park subdivision found many buyers for the large, modern, treed lots on streets with quaint western names such as Lazy A, Wagon Wheel and Pasture Circle.

A large ad in the April 28, 1956, edition of The Columbian described Ranch Park as "B.C.'s most outstanding subdivision – exclusively planned and engineered." It offered large quarter acre, sewered lots from $2,475 to $3,575.

A subsequent full-page advertisement in The Columbian proclaimed, "There's something MAGIC about CAPE HORN, Southern Terrace Home Sites."

The ad continued, "There's a new adventure in living awaiting you in sparkling Cape Horn, where gracious urban living is next door to city activity. Cape Horn has everything you have been waiting for. It is serene and substantial, enchanting and enduring, dramatic and discriminating, and priced within the range of most families that plan for or dream about today's and tomorrow's modern living.

"CHOICE COQUITLAM HOMES AT POPULAR PRICES . . . Located where MOST FAMILIES WANT TO LIVE IN MODERN STYLE. This development, already served by fast major routes, will soon be served by the new north side freeway."

Modern roadway cuts through the bush of Coquitlam as more properties open up to potential Coquitlam homeowners.



Cariboo Shopping Centre was the site of the dramatic 1956 shootout. This picture was taken from Lougheed and North Road, looking north towards Austin Avenue.



Cpl. Bud Johnstone at home with family – daughter Paige, wife Edith and father Lester – after his release from hospital.

1956 SHOOTOUT AT CARIBOO TRAIL SHOPPING CENTRE

The Cariboo Trail Hotel has always had an aura of the frontier, but on April 3, 1956, it was the nearby Royal Bank of Canada that was the scene of a Wild-West-style shootout.

Shortly after the bank opened, three masked men armed with revolvers and a sawed-off shotgun entered the bank; their getaway driver waited outside in a panel truck. The bank manager, Joseph Howat, pressed a concealed alarm button that alerted Burnaby RCMP, who in turn called the Maillardville detachment. Within minutes, Maillardville constables Bud Johnstone, Al Beach and Bert Schroeder arrived on the scene.

Johnstone, the first to go through the door, was shot. He fell to the ground, bleeding from several wounds. But the 29-year-old constable managed to get up and chase two of the bandits outside. During the following exchange of gunfire, one bandit was killed and another wounded.

Two of the robbers surrendered, while the driver took off up North Road. He abandoned his truck on

Cameron Street but was soon caught in nearby bushes by Burnaby RCMP.

The slain bandit was identified as Herbert William Howerton, 23, of Langley Prairie. His accomplices were Howard Folster of Langley, Billy Banks of Burnaby and Gerry Owen of Milner.

Johnstone, who was rushed to Royal Columbian Hospital, recovered from his eight bullet wounds – he was wounded twice in the arm, three times in the chest area, twice in the left arm and once in the left leg. He was awarded the George Medal and promoted to corporal.

Johnstone recalls the events of that day that began just after 10 a.m.

"Consts. Al Beach, Bert Schroeder and I left for the bank. We went down the Lougheed and as we got to the bank, Beach left me off and he went into the parking lot. Schroeder took his car around another way.

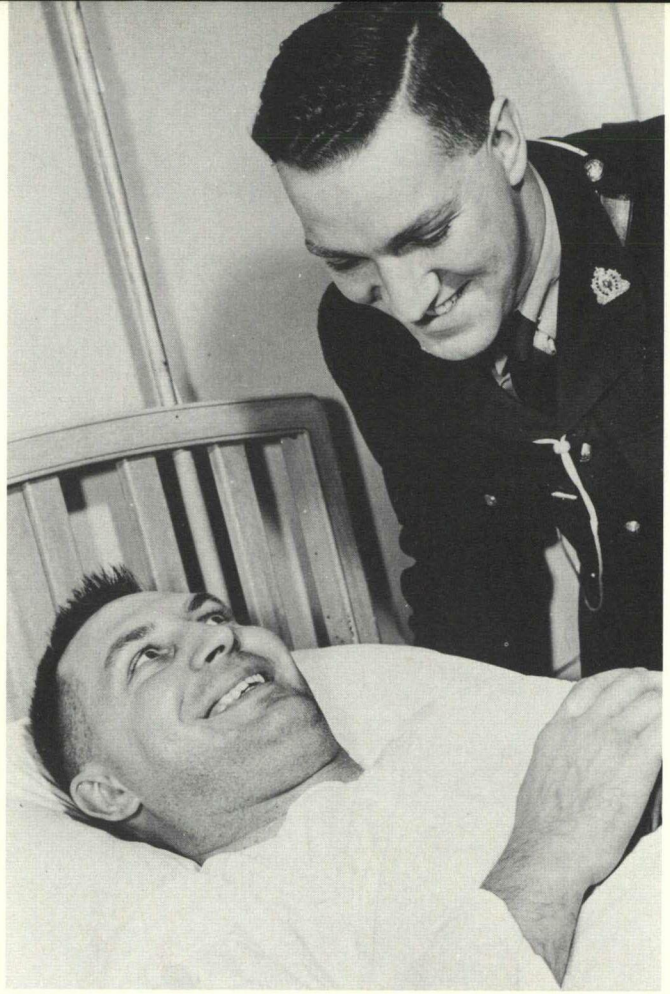
"I ran along the front of the bank and through the front door – there was only one door – and saw the manager behind the counter and asked if everything was okay. He shook his head and then they opened fire. One was down to my right at the vault, one was behind the counter, one was in the manager's office and, unbeknownst to me, there was one outside with the getaway car.

"It all happened in an instant, I was in the middle of all these people and they were all shooting. I was shot eight times. As things progressed I wounded the one on my left and a good thing too, as he had a shotgun which if he'd fired at such close range, would have killed me.

"The chap in front of me had a .38 and the chap on my right had a .32 and they opened fire and I returned the fire. Beach came around into the lot and he fired some shots at the getaway car which tried to run him down. Beach ran out of ammunition then threw his gun at the van. The chap on my right ran at me screaming and emptied his gun at me and the chap ahead came over the counter firing as well. I was on the ground and it was over in a matter of minutes. You don't have time to think, although I had a feeling I was going to die.

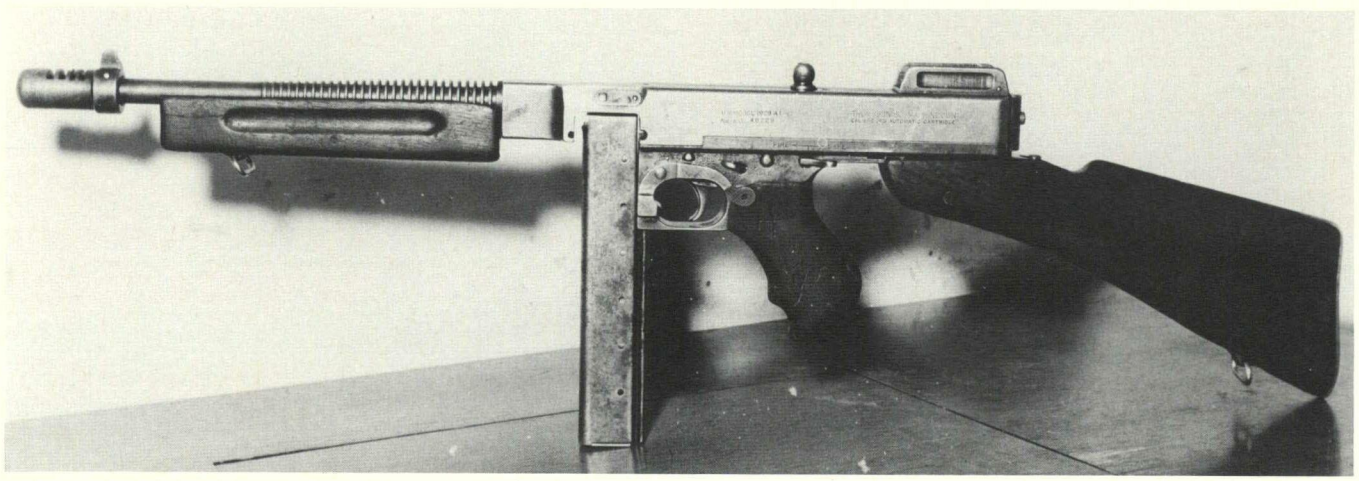
"Herbert Howerton was dead, Folster and Banks gave up. Owen was in the van and a civilian chased him, showing a lot of pluck. Owen put the vehicle into a ditch and ran into the bush where he hid his Tomson sub-machine gun. Two members responding to the holdup coming from Burnaby spotted this chap and arrested him, and the dog tracked down the gun and his patch back to where he'd abandoned the van so there would be no doubt.

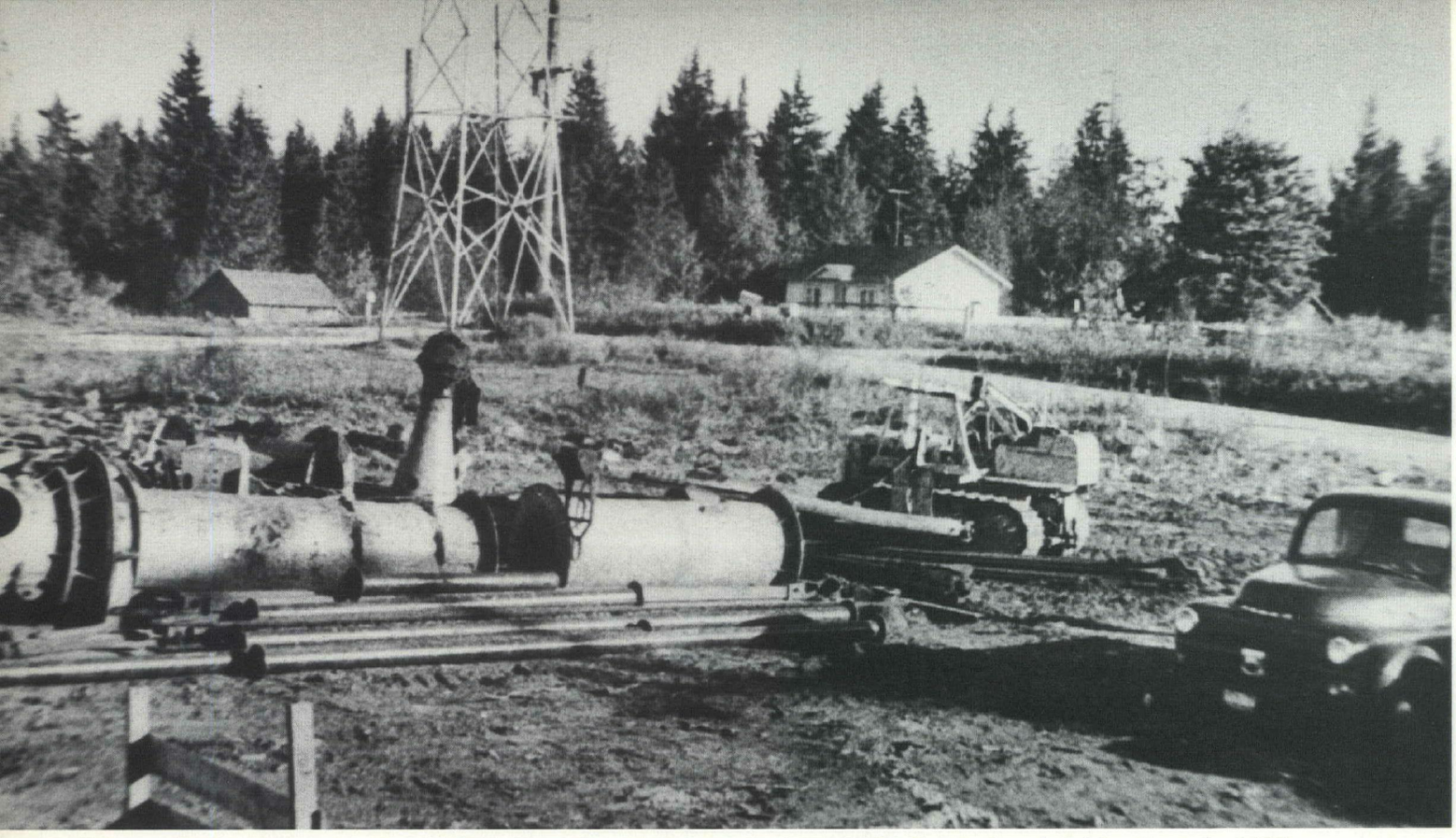
"The case received a lot of publicity because it was the first time a machine gun was used in a robbery in B.C. and probably Canada too. The violence was rather unusual."



Cpl. Bud Johnstone, recovering from eight bullet wounds, is visited by a fellow officer at Royal Columbian Hospital.

This machine gun – believed to be the first one used during a B.C. bank robbery – was ditched in bushes as the robbers tried to escape.





Water tower under construction at the northeast corner of Como Lake Road and Poirier Street in 1957.

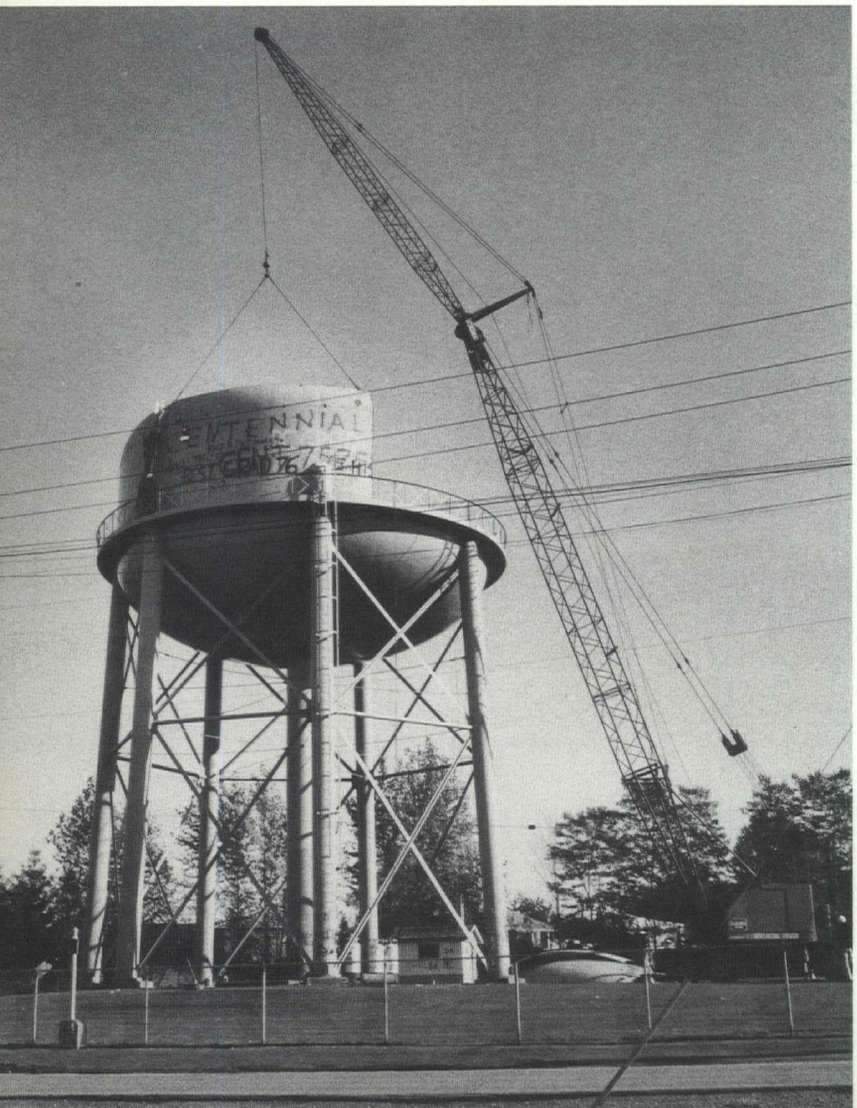
1957 COQUITLAM WATER TOWER WAS A LANDMARK

District of Coquitlam's water tower provided more than just a practical function for the newly developed area, it was also a familiar landmark for locals and even the canvas for Centennial School students.

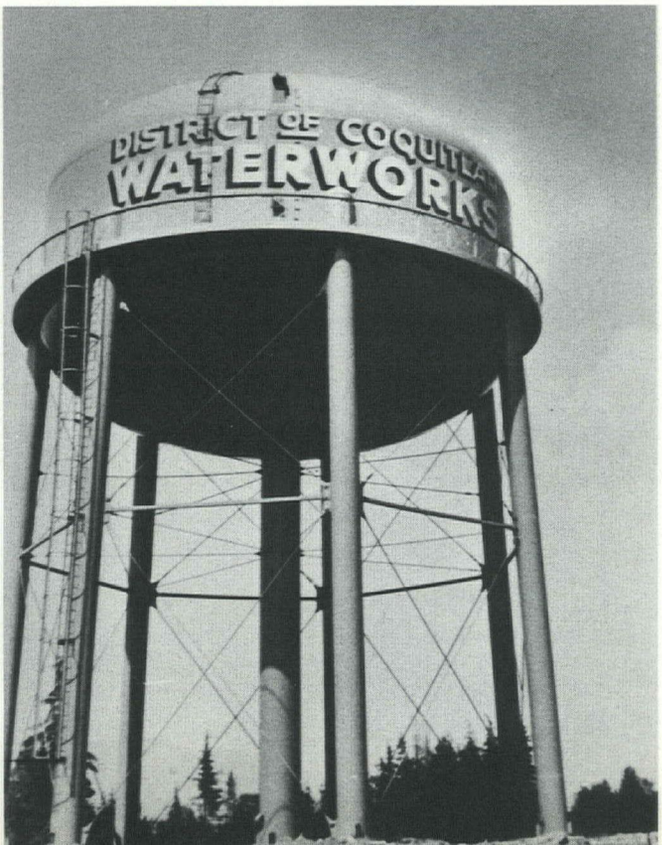
The water tower was completed by Marpole Construction in 1958 at a cost of $80,000. The 400,000-gallon tank stood 635 feet above sea level at the corner of Poirier Street and Como Lake Avenue.

In later years, it became a graduation ritual at Centennial School, as students scaled the tower in the dead of night to paint their graduating year in bold colors. The tower was dismantled in November 1976.

In 1976 the tower was dismantled; today, the site is occupied by houses.



The water tower, which was completed in 1958, was a familiar landmark in Coquitlam for 18 years.





Above: the track, which has been the host to many exciting races, is scheduled to be shut down at the end of the 1990 race season to make way for a housing development. Below: race cars pass the starting line at one of the last races to be held at Westwood track.

1959 WESTWOOD – 31 YEARS OF FAST CARS

The last cars and motorcycles raced around the famous curves and corners of Coquitlam's Westwood Motorsport Park in the fall of 1990, marking the end of an era. The circuit was the result of years of site-searching and hard work by the Sports Car Club of B.C. At the time of construction, Westwood was the only European-style race track in Canada.

In the 1950s, Westwood's founders chose the northwest Coquitlam site partly because it was removed from population centres, but booming suburban growth caught up with the club in the 1980s. The Westwood circuit sat in the middle of the enormous Westwood Plateau development site, which was sold by the provincial government to private interests in 1989. Thus the motorsport park was required to vacate.

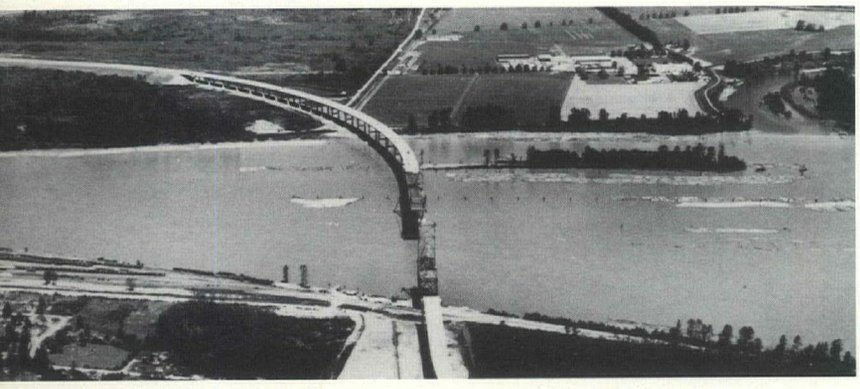
Westwood opened in July 1959, when 15,000 people crammed on to the site to view the inaugural races. Traffic was backed up from the track's access road all the way to Port Moody, and more than 5,000 would-be spectators were turned away.

Over the years, the circuit played host to hundreds of local racers and well-known U.S. and Canadian drivers, including Gilles Villeneuve, Michael Andretti, Bobby Rahal and Danny Sullivan. Pro series held at Westwood ranged from the Player's Pacific and Pepsi Pro to the Formula Ford, Honda/Michelin and Player's/GM.

Westwood, a perfect name for a race track nestled in the trees, was named after B.C. Recreation Minister Earl Westwood, who made the Crown land for the track available through an initial 10-year lease.



The Port Mann Bridge in its early stage of construction in 1960.





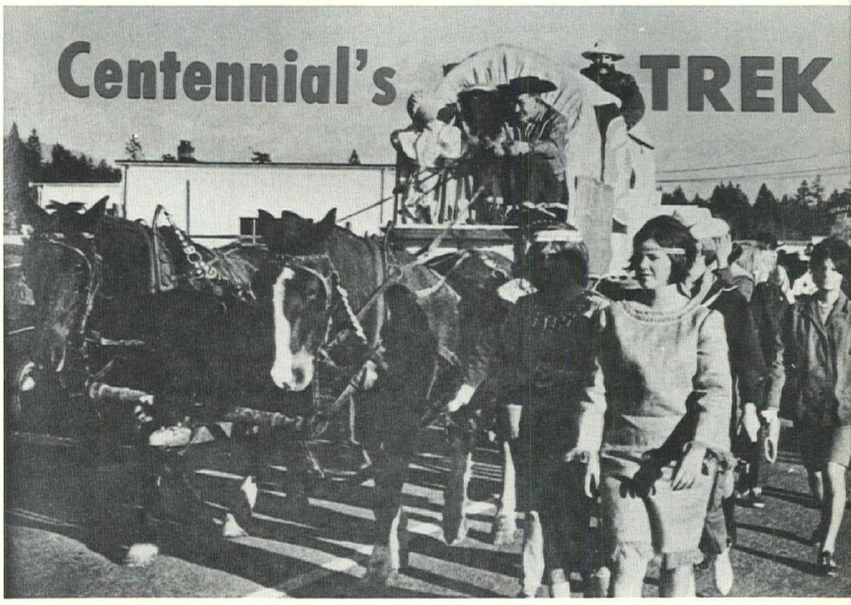
1964 PORT MANN BRIDGE REDUCES TRAVEL TIME

Coquitlam and Surrey were officially linked in 1964 when the Port Mann bridge portion of the Trans-Canada Highway was opened. Tens of thousands of motorists – all with the same idea of being one of the first over the bridge and excited by the 70 mph speed limit – created B.C.'s largest traffic jam ever, foreshadowing what is now a twice-daily occurrence. The Columbian newspaper clocked the stretch from Langley to Burnaby's Willingdon interchange in just 16 minutes. The Port Mann freeway was the most expensive piece of highway in Canada at the time.

Above left: the Port Mann Bridge that will eventually join Surrey and Coquitlam nears completion in 1962. Left, below: British Columbia's Highways Minister Phil Gaglardi unveils the plaque at the bridge's official opening ceremony in 1964.



Above: Centennial Secondary School under construction in 1966. Right: It was the Great Trek of 1967 – Coquitlam students, dressed in costumes, accompanied home-made floats along Winslow Avenue from their former school, Como Lake High, to the new, modern Centennial Secondary School.

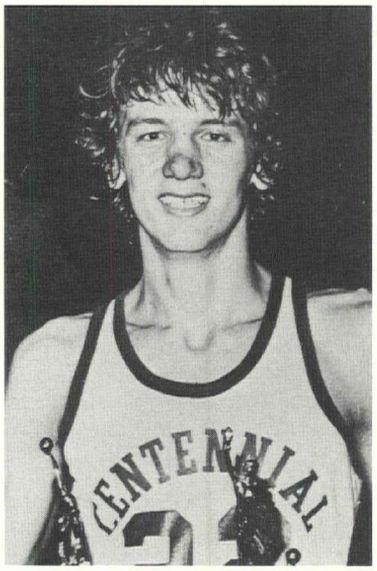


1967 SECONDARY SCHOOL OPENS IN CENTENNIAL YEAR

Centennial Senior Secondary School, completed in 1967, has served as a model school since it officially opened in Canada's centennial year.

Centennial's facilities were a vast improvement for the students and teachers who completed the "Great Trek" from Como Lake High, which became a junior high school when Centennial opened. The new school featured a 250-seat auditorium, fully equipped industrial education shops, commercial "office" classrooms, sophisticated science labs and a modern library with individual study space.

Centennial's administration has always found that if you treat students as responsible adults, that's how they behave. There are no bells at Centennial – students are expected to get to class on time on their own initiative. And they do. Homework and regular attendance are also the responsibility of the individual student. There's no set lunch hour either – students and teachers generally have a free "block" scheduled at some point in the day.



Lars Hansen

An early highlight of Centennial's long string of athletic accomplishments came at the 1972 B.C. High School boys' basketball championships, when the Centaurs, aided greatly by 6'10" Lars Hansen, defeated defending champions North Delta Huskies 60-40 to win the title.

Hansen scored a record 39 points in the final, and more than 100 (also a new record) over the course of the tournament. He later went on to play for the University of Washington Huskies. Hansen had a tryout with the Seattle SuperSonics and eventually played professionally in Europe.

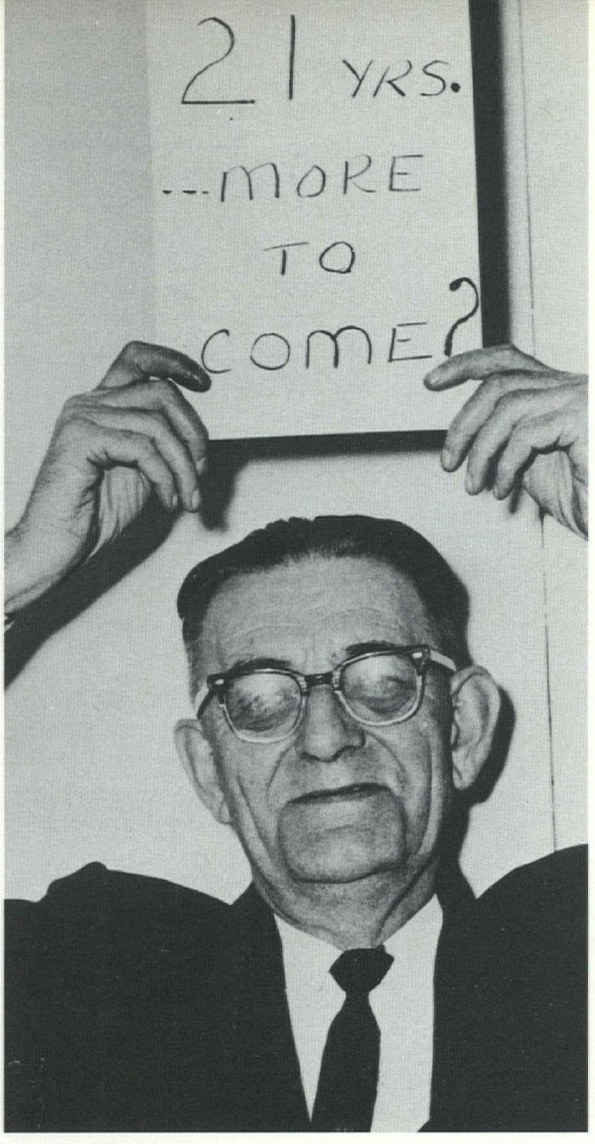
The girls' team has also won the provincial title. The school has produced many university-calibre athletes and some professionals.

Centennial's student-produced newspaper, the Catalyst, has garnered praise from many corners. It has won numerous awards, including three International First Place Awards in the University of Iowa's competition.

Since its inception in 1967, the Catalyst remains uncensored by the administration. The newspaper has tackled heady issues ranging from abortion to education policy, and served as a paper of record for B.C.'s largest secondary school.

Many Catalyst alumni have gone on to successful careers in journalism, communications and public relations.





Jimmy Christmas on election night in 1965 begins his 22nd consecutive year as reeve of Coquitlam.

Above: Jimmy Christmas and his wife, Jessie, in the yard of their Alderson Avenue home in 1959. Below: Hundreds of mourners came to pay their last respects to Coquitlam Mayor Jimmy Christmas who died during his 25th year in office.



1969 JIMMY CHRISTMAS: COQUITLAM'S LONGEST-SERVING MAYOR

Mayor Jimmy Christmas – a Coquitlam legend and one of B.C.'s most colorful politicians – died of a heart attack in July 1969. At the time of his death, he was the longest serving mayor in B.C. history, with almost 25 years in office.

Christmas had entered municipal politics as a councillor in 1943 and became reeve of Coquitlam in 1945 (the title was changed to mayor in 1967). Mayor Christmas was praised by officials from his own and other municipalities for his devotion, unfailing good humor, patience in solving problems and quick wit.

Coquitlam residents appreciated Mayor Christmas for his "intimate knowledge of the municipality and his insistence that no resident should suffer from the policies of his council" (The Columbian).

L. J. Christmas Manor, the Coquitlam Lions' seniors apartment complex on Austin Avenue, is named for Mayor Christmas.

Jimmy Christmas was succeeded by Jack Ballard. Ballard, a newcomer to municipal politics, served only one term as mayor. Ald.Jim Tonn defeated Ballard at the polls in 1972 and went on to serve five more terms until his resignation in 1983. Ald. Lou Sekora beat Ald. Les Garrison in the 1984 mayoralty election and has held the position ever since.



Jack Ballard is congratulated by his wife, Agne, on election night in 1969. Ballard served a two-year term as mayor.

Below: Jim Tonn watches the returns on election night in 1971 with his wife, Gail, and daughters Susan and Lori. This was the first of four successful mayoralty campaigns for Tonn.



1969 RECREATION PARADISE ON BURKE MOUNTAIN

Its supporters once claimed that Burke Mountain had the potential to rival Whistler. But while Whistler went from being a low-key skiers' paradise to a world-class resort, the Burke Mountain Ski Village went downhill.

In the late 1960s, Burke Mountain Ski Resorts Ltd., offered transportation up the east Coquitlam mountain, a lodge and rope tows for two seasons. But it discontinued service in 1969.

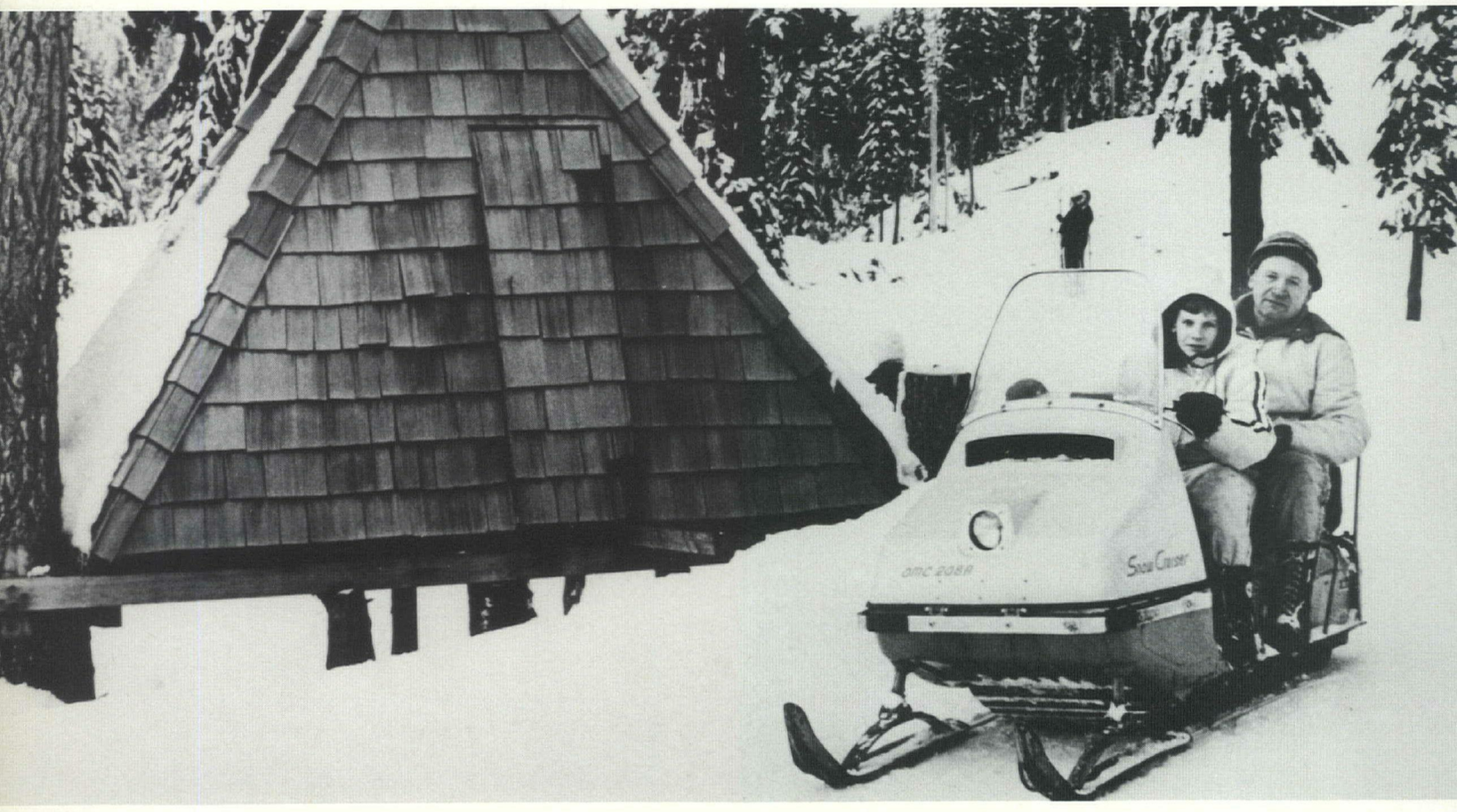
More than 100 families held leases on the "working class" mountain and built their own cabins, hauling in all the materials themselves.

They continued to enjoy the mountain after the official resort closed, although access was made more difficult when the municipality stopped maintaining the road in 1971.

The rocky road had originally opened in 1948, when Burke Mountain was declared a park by Coquitlam authorities who leased the land from the province for 15 cents per acre.

Burke Mountain is still popular with hikers, mountain bikers, and snowmobile and four-wheel drive enthusiasts, but it has received minimal development as a park and has not grown to be the resort that some dreamed it could become.



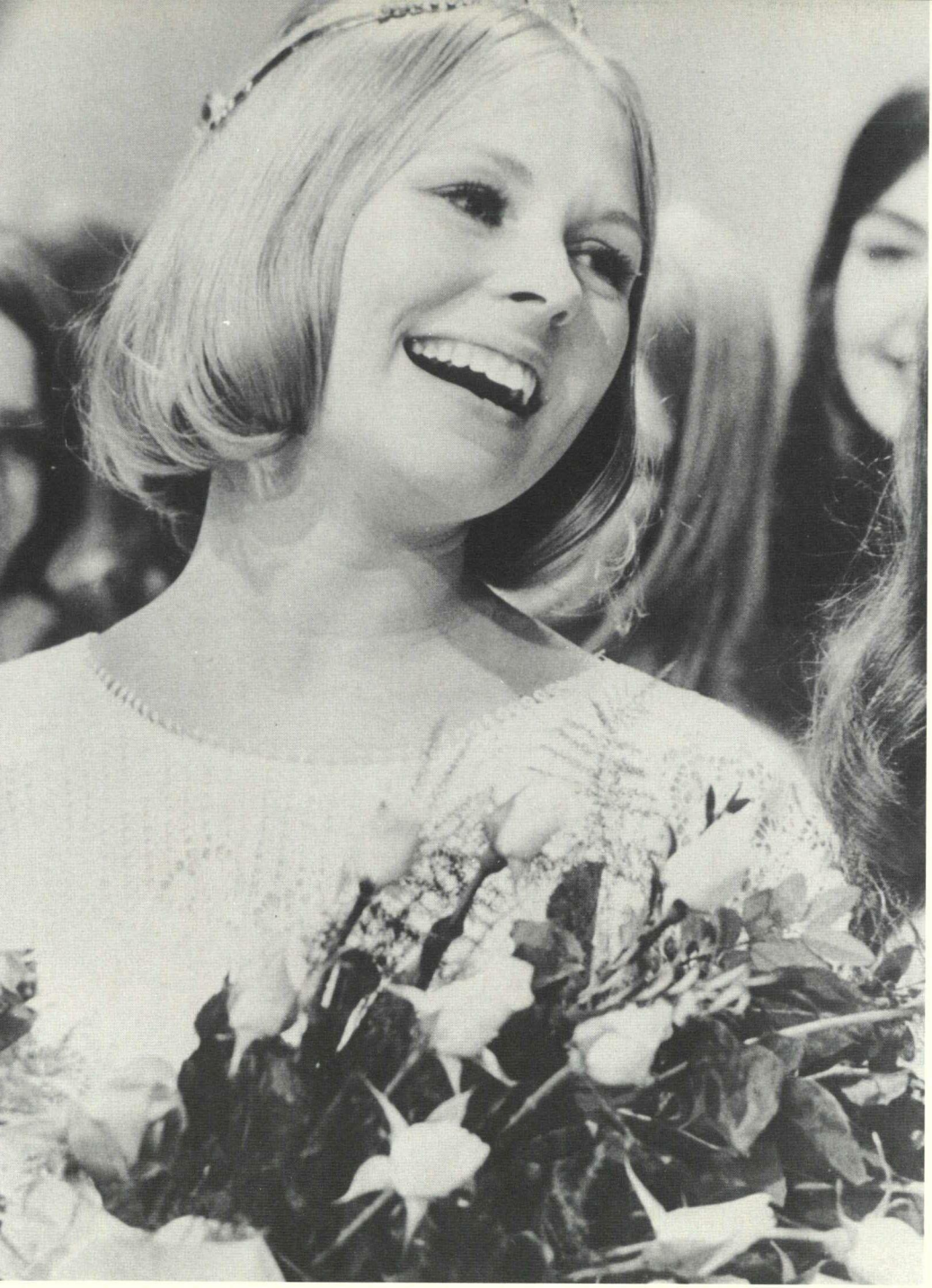




Top: Burke Mountain's search and rescue team dig their snowmobile out of deep snow during a practice.

Above: skiers arrive by snowmobile at one of the 100 cabins located on Burke Mountain in 1969.

Left: A rope tow was set up in Burke Mountain in the late 60s, raising hopes among many local skiers that the mountain would be developed into a viable ski resort. The resort, however, only operated for two years .





Above: Miss Teen Canada Jana Jorgenson is greeted at the airport by Mayor Jack Ballard, right, and her parents before being whisked away to a civic welcome in Coquitlam.

Left: Centennial student Jana Jorgenson, 18, is crowned Miss Teen Canada before a nationwide television audience on April 7, 1970.

1970 COQUITLAM STUDENT WINS MISS TEEN CANADA

Jana Jorgenson was an 18-year-old Centennial student when she won the Miss Teen Canada pageant on April 6, 1970. She was feted locally, provincially and nationally and spent the summer of 1970 touring more than 40 Canadian cities, as well as London, England.

At one of the many civic receptions held to honor her achievement, Jorgenson was presented with a Key to the District of Coquitlam. Today, she lives in Coquitlam with her two children and has a clothing manufacturing business.

Jorgenson recalls the excitement of the pageant. "The day it was televised I was very nervous, but you don't really have time to think about yourself and how you look. I had already chosen the girls I thought would win, so when they called out my name, I didn't cry or anything, I was in total shock."

From there, it was an exciting round of events for Jorgenson. "I went on a talk-show program the next day and somehow received an invitation to attend a reception with Queen Elizabeth who was visiting Vancouver," she says.

On Jorgenson's return to Vancouver, she was greeted at the airport by about 150 people, including Coquitlam Mayor Jack Ballard.

After the school year ended, Jorgenson travelled throughout Canada, cutting ribbons, promoting youth, and visiting hospitals and geriatric wards. "It was a real eye-opener for a young person," she says. "I saw so many children who were suffering and so many old people who were lonely, I was emotionally drained at the end of it."

Along with the title, Jorgenson won a trip to England and about $10,000 in prizes, including a scholarship to UBC where she studied home economics.

Newly elected premier Dave Barrett, right, is congratulated by party members as he makes his way to the victory platform on election night, Aug. 30, 1972.

1972 MLA DAVE BARRETT LEADS PARTY TO VICTORY

The cheers shaking the rafters in the Coquitlam Sports Centre were heard around the province on Aug. 30, 1972.



Barrett supporters cheer their candidate during a 1972 election rally.

Inside the centre, MLA for Coquitlam and premier-elect Dave Barrett and more than 1,000 supporters celebrated the New Democratic Party's provincial election victory over W. A. C. Bennett's Social Credit party - ending Bennett's 20-year reign as premier. The NDP won 38 seats provincewide while the Socreds were reduced to nine.

Barrett won in Coquitlam by a margin of more than 12,000 votes.



George "The Giant-Killer" Kerster

But three years later, on Dec. 11, 1975, Social Credit swept back into power, this time led by W. A. C.'s son, Bill Bennett.

Barrett was defeated in his own Coquitlam riding by Socred and car salesman George Kerster, who billed himself as "George the Giant-Killer." Kerster, a first-time candidate, defeated Barrett by only 19 votes in the final count, although he held a 167 vote margin on election night.

Barrett continued as provincial NDP leader until 1984 but did not run in the Coquitlam riding again. After failing a second attempt to lead his party to victory, Barrett resigned as party leader and is currently sitting as a member of Parliament in Ottawa.



Lougheed Highway crosses Scott Creek travelling along what is now Kingsway Avenue near Westwood Street. The highway was eventually rerouted behind the barn at right.

1972 RAILWAY UNDERPASS ASSISTS COMMUTERS

Plans to reroute the Lougheed Highway in 1972 were met with mixed reactions.

The highway had previously turned east at Riverview, followed Kingsway and then continued north on what is currently Westwood Street.

Commuters, frustrated by long delays at the railway crossing on Westwood Street, eagerly awaited the building of the bypass, which would include a railway underpass. Ranch Park residents, however, feared the new bypass would change the entire neighborhood and launched a six-month campaign to block its construction. John Symons, who was president of the Ranch Park Ratepayers Association in the early '70s, remembers, "In those days, Ranch Park was a rural subdivision, there were goats on Norman Avenue and just north of Riverview was a small farm, and the bypass was slated to go right through its fields.

"We held a picnic/protest with about 50 to 100 people and told Premier Barrett that his government talked of preserving agricultural land, yet here it was being destroyed.

"The real reason for the bypass and related construction wasn't evident until much later when the Coquitlam Centre began construction."

Below left: Ranch Park residents trying to gain support for a public hearing on the planned relocation of Lougheed Highway near Riverview Hospital held a picnic/protest at the Green Acres Farm – the site of the proposed bypass – on April 15, 1973. Below right: Construction began on the $2-million Lougheed Highway expansion and railway underpass in 1974.







Getaway car, far right, is recovered from bushes. The shot-out window of the police car clearly shows the danger of the chase.

1975 BANK ROBBERY ENDS IN BULLET-RIDDEN CHASE

Nineteen years after Coquitlam's famous "Royal Bank shootout," a similar event occurred at the Austin and Marmont branch of the Bank of Montreal.

On March 30, 1975, bank employees arriving for work in the morning were met by two gunmen who forced them into the building. The gunmen were about to handcuff them when police arrived. A third gang member, acting as a lookout, opened fire on the police in the parking lot and then jumped into a getaway car driven by a fourth accomplice.

As police took off in pursuit, the two holdup men still in the bank prepared to escape, taking the assistant bank manager as hostage. The manager was able to break free, and the two bandits took off. Their abandoned car was found in Port Coquitlam, and they were subsequently arrested in Quebec several weeks later.

Meanwhile, the first getaway car was leading four police cars on a wild bullet-ridden chase through Coquitlam's residential streets into Port Moody. The suspects would drive until they were out of sight and then wait in ambush for police cars. This tactic disabled several police cars during the chase.

As the getaway vehicle attempted to run a road block in Port Moody, the bandits released a barrage of shots from an automatic rifle. Const. Dennis Fyculak was hit in the chest by bullet fragments, and Const. Robert Ellergodt was injured when hit by metal fragments from his car door. Both police officers recovered.

The suspects abandoned their car, which set off an extensive search of the area around Riverview Hospital. The men were spotted moving along Colony Farm Road.

More than 70 police officers staged an all-night manhunt, using tracker dogs, helicopters, rifles with infra-red sightlines, and a fixed wing aircraft.

Their vigilance paid off at dawn when two men – one armed with a loaded Luger pistol – were arrested in the Dartmoor subdivision near the intersection of Mathewson and Gloucester streets.

Cpl. Bruce Barclay Carrie was on his first day at the job at the Coquitlam detachment when he became involved with this incident.

Carrie recalls that morning. As a recruit, he was working with a trainer who was assigned to look after him. They had just left the police office on Christmas Way and were travelling by car on the Barnet when the call came in that there was a problem at the bank.

"Essentially the information we had at the time was that the bank manager had begun his way across to work and had noticed some staff inside and there was a look about some of the staff which made him concerned, so he backed off and phoned the office," Carrie says.

Carrie, who had been driving, stopped the car to change places with the trainer. "We certainly didn't get very far along, just into Port Moody when things became extremely hectic. You could tell from radio conversations there was an extreme emergency, shouting about shots being fired and a high-speed chase underway."

He continues, "I recall during the course of the radio conversation that there were indications that maybe there was a hostage inside the car, people just weren't sure. I recall lots of radio conversations with regard to staying back, not going to close to them and I can recall hearing the callout where they were going at the time. One person in particular, a fellow by the name of Brian Tuckey, he was taking control of what was becoming a high-speed chase and shootout."

At the corner of St. John's and Gatensbury, Carrie saw the getaway car was coming towards their vehicle. "There was by now a great number of police cars, and we had crossed the intersection. I recall thinking



Police officer prepares to join in the manhunt for two armed men who attempted to rob an Austin Avenue bank in 1975. Suspects fired at police during the chase. Several bullet holes are visible in the side of this police car.

specifically as the trainer turned the car around that he had put my side of the car to face these people as they were coming towards us.

"I could see the fellow, he had his head out the passenger window and he had a rifle of some sort and he turned around and started shooting at us, and I can recall very distinctly seeing the smoke coming out the barrel of the gun as my trainer pulled out basically on top of them. And there was no way they were going to stop at that, and he let them carry on through.

"We pulled out behind them – and for a brief moment we were the closest car to them – our speed picked up and we were going upwards of 80 or 90 miles an hour going along St. John's Street and we were heading towards Port Coquitlam.

"As I said, I can recall the speedometer at 80 or 90 miles an hour and I can remember very clearly the man, he turned around now facing us, hanging out the passenger window, and again I could see tufts of smoke coming out the end of the barrel.

"I don't think I've every known terror as much as I experienced that particular day. Being in that situation is not fun, it's not exciting, it's absolutely terrifying, and anybody would be a fool to say that it was. It was the most terrifying think I've ever been involved in."

As they approached Port Moody, two other police cars had attempted to put up a road block at the Port Moody Inn. They angled themselves across the road, leaving a distance between the cars that would force the getaway vehicle to slow down.

"However, before they (the police officers) had a chance to get out of their cars, the person in the car on the south side of the road called over the radio he was shot and he needed an ambulance. We locked up our car, and I recall seeing smoke all around us, and we stopped – my trainer and myself – to see how this person was. He was bleeding very badly. We took him out of the car and at that point, my trainer said, "The ambulance is coming, you look after him," and he continued in the chase.

"I recall the blood was coming out of him so quickly my first thought as I looked at him was 'my word, this man is going to die and I don't even know his name yet.' And he was very clearly in shock, he was extremely upset, so myself and other citizens who came up did first aid until the ambulance took him away. Fortunately, his injuries weren't life threatening."



Left: Armed RCMP police officers stop cars at a roadblock. Roadblocks were set up throughout Coquitlam during a massive search for the bank robbers.





Above: Centennial School served as the first home to Coquitlam's Public Library.
Top right: MLA George Kerster, left, and library board chairman Lyle Lonneberg check out the first branch of Coquitlam's Public Library on Ridgeway in 1978.
Below: the Poirier Street branch opened in 1989 at a cost of $2.2-million.

1978 FIRST COQUITLAM PUBLIC LIBRARY OPENS

Scores of books found a new home in 1978 when the first branch of the Coquitlam Public Library opened on Ridgeway Avenue. Previously, Coquitlam's library had been housed at Centennial School.

A 1976 referendum approved the development of a more extensive library system. Other branches soon opened in Burquitlam and Lincoln Centre.

In 1989, the new main branch on Poirier Street opened. The $2.2-million facility offered more storage space for books and materials, special meeting rooms and a bookstore in the same building – a first for British Columbia.

The Ridgeway and Burquitlam branches closed when the Poirier branch opened.



Mayor Jim Tonn cuts the ribbon during the official opening of Coquitlam Centre, Aug. 16, 1979, as throngs of eager shoppers wait for their glimpse of the new mall.

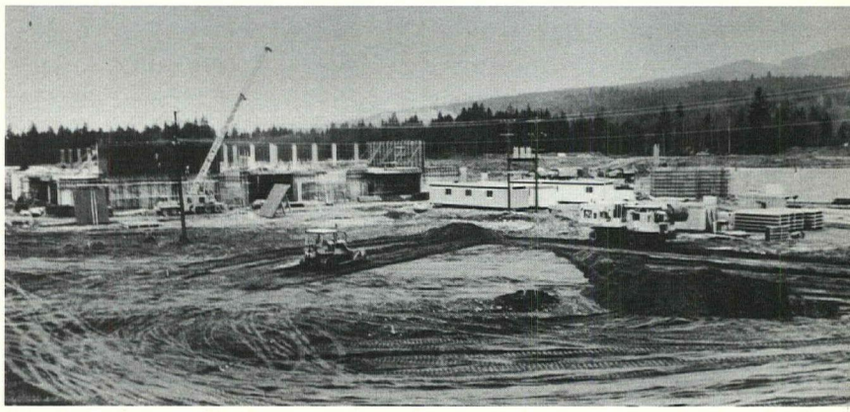
1979 COQUITLAM CENTRE – THE MALL IN THE WOODS

When Coquitlam Centre opened, there was no Sunwood Square or Pinetree Village. There was just the mall in the woods, a mega-shopping centre surrounded by a huge parking lot and beyond that, evergreen trees.

Construction started immediately after developer Ira Young officiated at the ground-breaking ceremony on May 26, 1977.

Shoppers from Coquitlam and neighboring communities thronged to the new Coquitlam Centre when it opened Aug. 16, 1979, causing traffic jams similar to those sparked by the opening of nearby Westwood Racing Circuit in 1959.

The mall's 4,200-stall parking lot was filled early on opening day, prompting many eager shoppers to park down the highway at rival Westwood Mall. Other malls reported that business was dismal on the day of the Coquitlam mall's premiere.

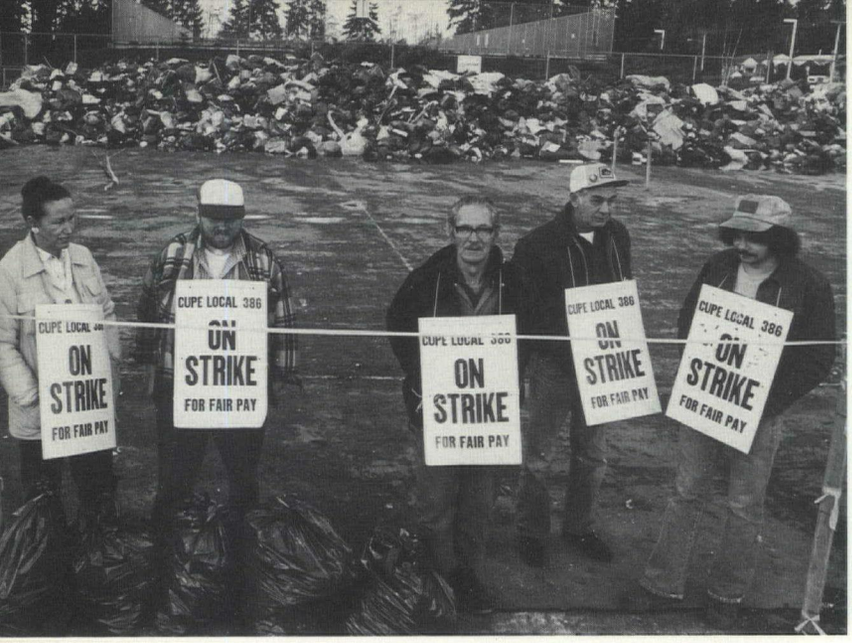


Trucks from the Pipeline Road gravel pits detoured on to residential streets to try to avoid the crowds.

Coquitlam Centre became just that: the centre of huge commercial and residential development in northeast Coquitlam.



This 1978 aerial photo taken from Pinetree and Lougheed Highway shows roof being added to Coquitlam Centre.





Left: CUPE members picket in front of makeshift garbage dump at a Coquitlam tennis court. Right: District of Coquitlam employee checks a resident's vehicle that is about to enter a temporary garbage dump in a park behind the Burquitlam Shopping Centre. As the CUPE strike dragged on and garbage piled up, officials began to crack down on the amount and type of garbage that could be dropped off at the sites.

1981 GARBAGE PILES UP DURING CUPE STRIKE

Spring was a little less fragrant for Coquitlam residents in 1981, especially for those who lived near Burquitlam, Blue Mountain, Town Centre and Mackin parks.

Those and other sites became makeshift garbage dumps when a strike by Canadian Union of Public Employees put a stop to garbage pickup for several weeks.

Public tennis courts were soon transformed into heaping hills of garbage by residents who forced to deal with the refuse that piled up at their homes. Picket lines stopped most people trying to take their garbage to Coquitlam's Terra Nova landfill.

The municipality officially closed several of the makeshift dumps when they quickly filled to overflowing, but illicit dumping continued.

Neighbors of the unsightly mounds of garbage breathed a collective sigh of relief when the workers returned to the job.

Tennis courts that had been used as temporary garbage dumps during the 1981 CUPE strike eventually overflowed and had to be closed.



1983 THE COLUMBIAN NEWSPAPER FOLDS

An old Coquitlam friend came to a sad end in November 1983.

The Columbian, B.C.'s oldest daily newspaper, ceased publication on Nov. 15, 1983. The newspaper had been publishing for 123 years.

For the last seven years of its long and illustrious life, *The Columbian* had been based in Coquitlam, with its editorial, sales and production departments housed at 329 North Rd.

A year after the paper closed, the North Road building was demolished to make way for a London Drugs and shopping centre.

Originally a New Westminster publication, *The Columbian* was aimed at the suburban market and offset what many felt was inadequate local coverage by its two Vancouver rivals. The Now newspaper group rose from the ashes of *The Columbian* and was staffed by former *Columbian* journalists.

Ironically, the Now chain, along with several other Lower Mainland community papers, was purchased in 1990 by the Southam Newspaper Group, publishers of *The Vancouver Sun* and *The Province,* old rivals of *The Columbian.*



Above: the Columbian *newsroom shortly after the opening of the new Coquitlam plant 1972. Below: after 123 years of publishing,* The Columbian *newspaper printed its last edition Nov. 15, 1983.*


Crime figure found in trunk

Bruins on hunt for right key

Surrey eyeing GVRD again

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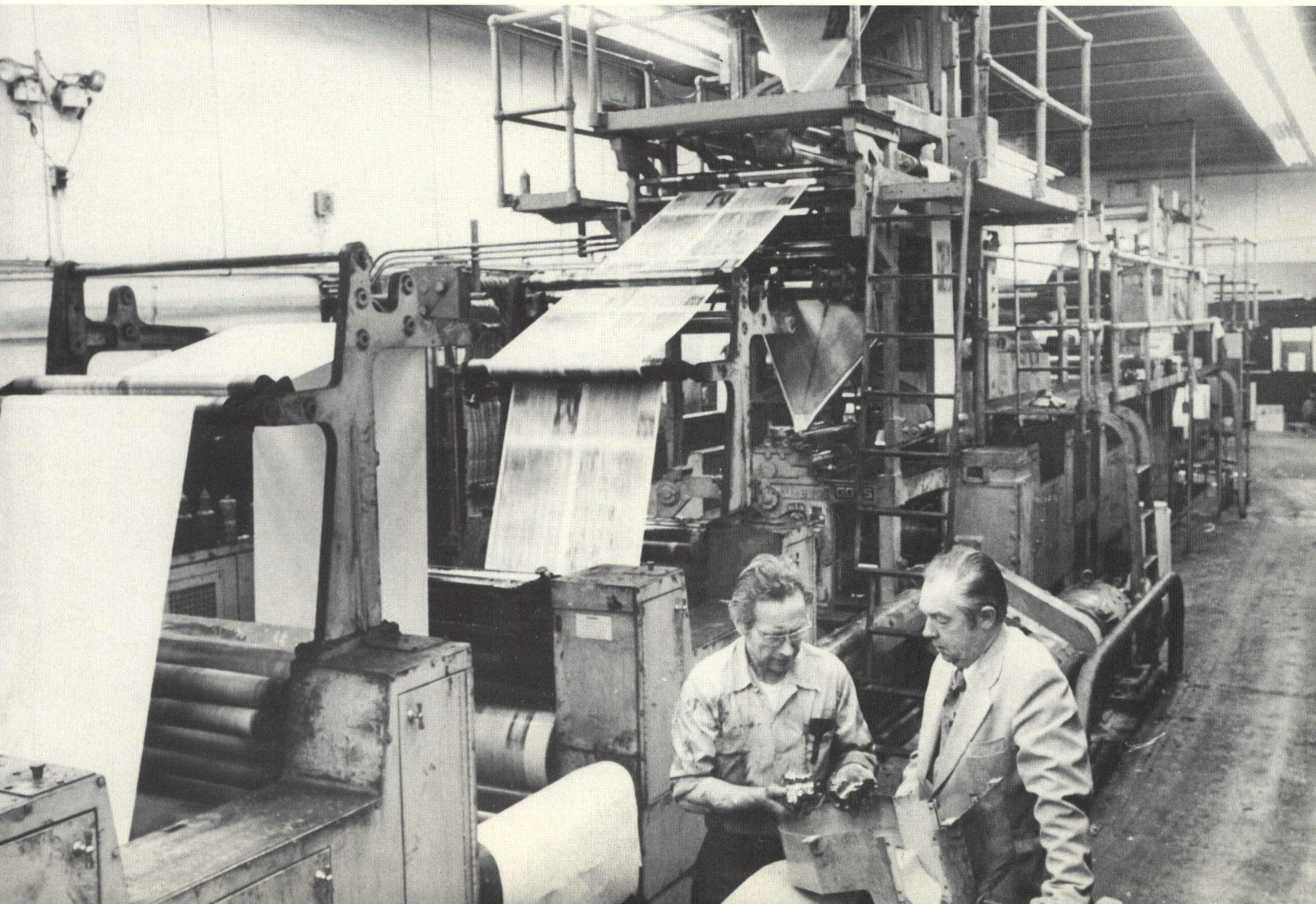
The Columbian

Final

UNIVERSE TO GO OUT CRYING

It's all over for The Columbian

The Columbian*'s North Road facility included two printing presses. One was a commercial printing press and the other press printed the daily newspaper.*



1985 RAGING FIRE DESTROYS MAILLARDVILLE SHOPPING CENTRE

In the early hours of Wednesday, March 27, 1985, the Maillardville Shopping Centre was destroyed by a $1.5-million blaze that raged for nearly five hours.

More than 40 firefighters from the Coquitlam and Burnaby fire departments battled the flames, attempting to save the two-storey wood building.

Flames were visible through the roof of the structure when the first firefighters arrived at 5:30 a.m. By 6 a.m., firefighters realized they wouldn't be able to stop the fire from spreading and requested an aerial pumper from Burnaby under a mutual aid agreement. Coquitlam's new aerial, which just arrived the previous week, was not yet in service.

At the height of the blaze, the walls of the structure collapsed, sending huge columns of smoke into the air that were visible to morning commuters throughout the Lower Mainland.

More than half a dozen store owners lost their businesses in the fire and about 20 people were left unemployed. Business that were lost included well-known Best Value Foods Ltd., a dry cleaning store, a martial arts studio, a coin machine supply company, a dentist's office, a tool shop, a hairdressing salon and a shoe repair shop.



Right: Coquitlam firefighters set up for another attack as the walls of the Maillardville Shopping Centre collapse beside them.
Below: firefighters battle the $1.5-million Maillardville Shopping Centre fire, March 27, 1985.



1987 RICK HANSEN MEETS THE CHALLENGE

The fact that much of Coquitlam is on the top of a hill was made painfully obvious on May 24, 1987. In the early morning hours of that day, Coquitlam welcomed Man-in-Motion Rick Hansen as he completed the end of his two-year global wheelchair odyssey.

Hansen wheeled through 34 countries, covering the circumference of the earth – or more than 45,000 km – to increase awareness about "physically challenged" people and to raise money for spinal cord research.

Hansen started the morning at the Pitt River Bridge. He stopped briefly in Port Coquitlam to pay tribute to his friend Terry Fox, the Port Coquitlam native who had lost a leg to cancer and tried to run across Canada to raise money for cancer research in 1980. Fox's run was cut short when his cancer returned, and he died in 1981 at the age of 22. Terry Fox was the inspiration behind Hansen's world journey.

One of Hansen's biggest challenges during his trip waited for him in Coquitlam. In order to get from Port Moody to a reception in Coquitlam where thousands of well-wishers waited, Hansen had to tackle Thermal Drive.

The 1.7-km hill, with a 17-per-cent incline, was the toughest stretch Hansen faced in North America. Only the Great Wall of China rivaled it for steepness and difficulty.

Cheered by hundreds of supporters who lined the hill, Hansen and accompanying wheelchair athletes made short work of Thermal Drive, which many people would hesitate to walk up.

He then wheeled down Como Lake Avenue and Poirier Street to the Centennial School Oval, where thousands watched a special ceremony in which physically challenged people from all over the province presented Hansen with cheques from their communities. Mayor Lou Sekora presented a cheque for $70,000 on behalf of the District of Coquitlam.

The procession then continued down Poirier to Austin Avenue, where Hansen was rewarded for his climb up Thermal with a nice, easy coast down to Burnaby. The streets were lined with people all along Hansen's route on that final day.

He continued on the Lougheed Highway through Burnaby, along Hastings Street, through downtown Vancouver, and finally down Cambie to Oakridge Mall, where he had started his journey in March 1985.

Thousands greeted the 29-year-old Hansen at every point along the way. He struck an emotional chord in many, and helped everyone look at physically challenged people in a new, positive light.



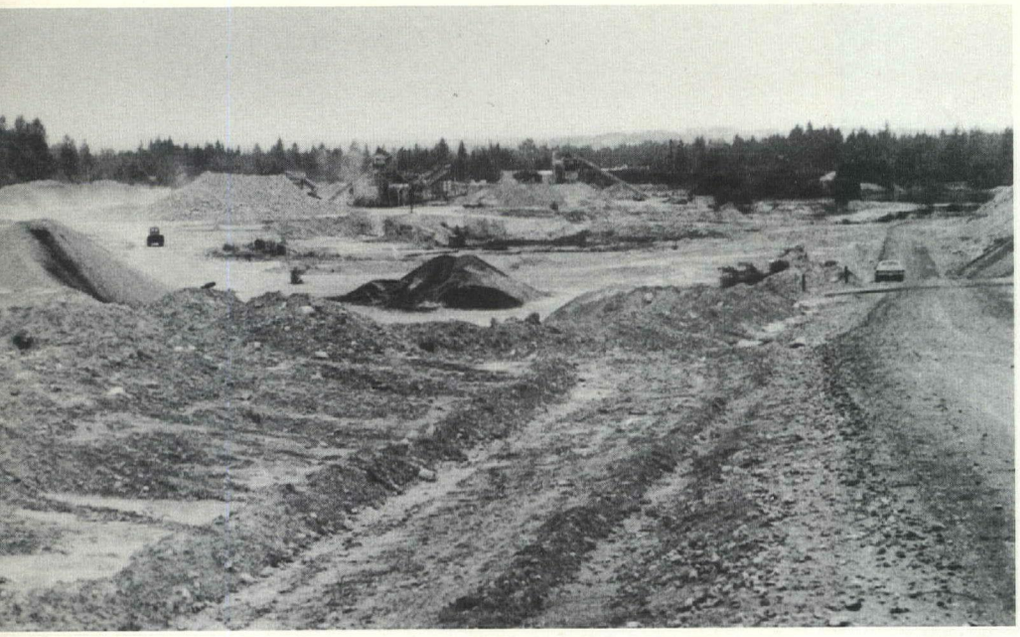
Rick Hansen slowly inches his way up the Thermal Drive Hill on the last day of his 45,000-km Man-In-Motion world tour.

Hansen resettled in Vancouver after his journey, married Amanda Reid, the physiotherapist who accompanied him on the trip. He took a job with the University of British Columbia, focusing on issues affecting physically challenged people.

The Man-In-Motion tour raised more than $22-million.

On May 24, 1987, more than a thousand Coquitlam residents lined Thermal Drive Hill to cheer on Rick Hansen as he tackled one of the steepest climbs in his round-the-world tour.







Above: Lafarge gravel pit in 1970 would soon be transformed into a recreation facilty. Right: Mayor Lou Sekora officiates at the opening ceremony of the $30-million Town Centre Park in May 1989.

1989 FROM GRAVEL PIT TO RECREATION COMPLEX

It was once the site of a gravel pit. Today, this same property is the site of the picturesque Lafarge Lake and Town Centre Park recreation complex.

The gradual transformation from resource recovery site to recreation and leisure facility took place gradually. What evolved was a first-rate recreation area to serve the fast-growing Coquitlam Town Centre.

When Town Centre Park officially opened in May 1989, it was the newest and finest facility of its kind on the Lower Mainland. A prestigious NAIA District 1 track meet hosted by Simon Fraser University was the first event held at Town Centre Park stadium.

One of the major features of the 100-acre development is its capability to host several types of sports events.

Expected to complement the $30-million Town Centre Park development in the near future are plans for a new municipal hall, a new RCMP headquarters, a Douglas College campus, other major recreational facilities and a cultural centre – all slated for the Town Centre area. The proposed cultural centre may, in fact, be located within Town Centre Park.

The Town Centre Park stadium nears completion in April 1989.







Company homes near Fraser Mills. Picture was taken in early 1900's, from the corner of what is today Lougheed Highway and King Edward Street.

More excerpts from 'Coquitlam –100 years'

"In the 30's when there were lots of cabins (at Oxbow Ranch) the stars would come out in boxes on pulleys, so people wouldn't see them. Clark Gable, Errol Flynn and Kim Novak stayed there."
– *Evelyn Lamoureux McAdam (1930's)*

"In the winter, adults and kids would sleigh-ride down North Road on bobsleds and go down as far as Brunette Creek. North Road, Austin Road, and Rochester Road all had board sidewalks, but the road surface was such that your teeth would rattle whenever you rode in a vehicle."
– *Kathleen Whiting Towers (1930's)*

"I heard a strange sound, a long, breathy *swoosh . . .!* Then a sudden movement of air brushed past my perspiring face. I glanced from my music and noticed the church floor had just caved in."
– *Bibiane Lacerte Finnigan (1950)*

"It all happened in an instant. I was in the middle of all these people and they were all shooting. I was shot eight times. The chap on my right ran at me screaming and emptied his gun at me and the chap ahead came over the counter firing as well. You don't have time to think, although I had a feeling I was going to die."
– *R.C.M.P. Cpl. Bud Johnstone (1956)*


ANIMUS POPULI
FLUMINUM·VIRES