

The Stage left Courichan on Tuesday again and they started it for us at six so that we might catch the train to Victoria - You can imagine that drive was most lovely, in the early morning. We knew by P.C. from Aunt Isa that her steamer would arrive in the evening and that Pascal wd. get rooms at the New England Hotel - so we went there but couldn't find P. and as the Dallas was very much nicer & close to the sea (& moderate too) we counter-ordered the rooms, later, by telephone. The steamer came in abt. an hour earlier than ~~we were~~ ^{we} expected, passing close to the Dallas just as N & I were beginning Dinner. The porter ran in and told us and we all three ran for the ^(Electric) tram - the Porter as anxious as ourselves that the ladies should not be taken in and done for by the wrong hotel. Indeed the Porter stood in front by the Tram driver & the Tram simply galloped into the town with a speed that clearly pointed to persuasion or prompting on the part of the porter.

We met very happily at the Wharf and all five had Dinner very happily at the Dallas (I got letter from Uncle J. and a Y. cheering one from O. to Mrs. D.)

The Two following days we spent together at the Dallas and in shopping preparatory to a stay on this Island - Pascal having told us that the store ^{near} ~~at~~ Barnsbury was ~~not~~ very good or very cheap. N. & I got camping things (for use here or elsewhere) a capital tent 8' x 10' with a 'fly' to go over it, a Klondike stove & cooking & eating utensils, 2 Tarpaulins, a waterproof canvas bag, 2 huge blankets and a lot of stores.

On the 14th we got up at 6.30 to be in time for the 9 a.m. train to Hanaimo (passing thro' Dumcans - v. p. i.) where we spent a few hours at the Hotel Wilson and Aunt Isa visited the S.A. people. The steamer spends the night there so we ~~went~~ ^{left} aboard and had breakfast next day after she had been an hour or two under way. The weather was rainy & misty - we passed thro' shoals of dog-fish - great fellows - abt. 3 or 4 feet long who splashed away from us on the top of the water. At Veouvia Bay (abt. 10 am) we landed & got into various 'rigs' wh. took us a pretty but very wet forest drive of half an hour or so to the Post office
8.

The Post Office has been great fun. Mr. Wilson arranged for Aunt Isa to go there and we found that the 'Postmaster' (a young man very kind hearted & 'happy-go-lucky' - ~~that~~ ^{whom} we call "Joel", and never think of as the 'Postmaster' at all) had a spare room wh. N. x 9 could have. This plan worked admirably as we made a jolly party together, and, as Aunt Isa hadn't been able to get a servant, we fell to work, as to the manner born, & pumped water & ran the stove and cooked and washed-up in great style. Aunt Isa & H. had each a room and there was a sitting room & dining room: The latter was the Telephone Exchange room! Just think of a little district with about a dozen houses in it, in a little Island, like this, having a telephone system! There was a great excitement whenever the bell rang and after sundry mistakes & interruptions of conversations I learnt ^{how} to work the switches - the installation was a second-hand one & set up by amateurs in the happy-go-lucky way of the people of this island!

9.

There are four bells on, and one of these has three people on it, so that there are 6 houses & the Central on the system. They are now putting up a wire to another place abt. 9 miles off; the longest distance at present is 3 miles. When Pascal had meals with us he ran the Central ^{most energetically and} with great eclat.

^{one evening} I showed Aunt Isa how to work it and she switched people on and had a talk with Pascal but I ^{accidentally} left a plug in a wrong hole and so deranged the 'system' for the rest of the evening. Joel thought it a great joke & of course nobody minded, at any rate they didn't understand.

On Sunday the rural dean a Mr. Cowper preached he and Mrs. Cowper came over with us on the steam. Mrs. C. knew a good deal about Cromer some years ago, and had met one or two Buxtons & she had been there once in a room with about 20 others who all called each other by their Christian names. Coming back from church we got some wild strawberries the first I've had since ^{the} Tunbridge Wells time (19 years ago I think).

From Monday (20th) to Saturday (25th) we had a number of walks together, making

tea over a fire several times. The first 3 or 4 days were very wet and we went out in the intervals. Such weather is most unusual here and it soon gave place to good haymaking weather - the normal state of things. On the 22nd we pitched our tent in the orchard and slept in it - This was to be an experimental camp so we left Aunt Isa to Hilda's care on the morning of the 26th and did for ourselves on the stove wh. is splendid & puffs away just like a little steam-engine. We had dinner together as I had made a lot of Scotch broth wh. we wanted to share. on Monday the 27th we drove out here about 6 miles & camped by the lakeside: Our time promises to be a very pleasant one, together. Aunt Isa is wonderfully well, and, tho' perhaps "the Cook" shouldn't say it, she did ample justice to the food we prepared. So are we all, well and happy tho' the heat thro' the day makes exertion of any kind rather a fag. N. takes this over this evening ^{1. July} to catch the mail with our letters tomorrow when he comes back here with the incoming mail (By walking 3 miles we can telephone to the P.O. wh. is handy) 11. (over)

3.

Cusheon Lake Thursday 7th July '98.

I wrote the 1st part of this letter on 4 July to post it on the 5th but failed in this because we thought the Steamer came to Ganges Harbour - this side of the Island - & found after 2 hours ^{waiting} that she was coming that day to Vesuvius Bay on the other side. We walked on to the Post Office & got our mails & Aunt Isa & Hilda gave us lunch. This will not go now till

Saturday the 9th from Ganges Bay & as I believe the post for England closes in Victoria on Tuesdays and takes nearly a fortnight that means you won't get this till about Tuesday 26th July. N. & I calculate we

shall probably be at Glacier House, B.C. from ~~29-31 July~~ ^{29-31 July} leaving ^{1. August} ~~on 1. August~~ (N. will get out at Calgary ^{to stay on at Quebec} & I shall go straight on to Quebec). If you want to catch me ~~at~~ ^{at one of our}

~~Glacier House you had better write after getting this about whether there is a mail & when a letter sent by it would get to British Columbia (Glacier House in the Rockies) I shd. think it would take 11 days and that it would hardly be worth risking it & that it wd. be better now ^{after getting this} to write to P.O. Quebec where I shall probably be abt. the ~~11th~~ ^{6th 7th & 8th} ~~11th~~ ^{Aug.}~~

I have no more news to speak of: Aunt & H. & P. spent the day with us yest.. It seems a pity to me that M. shd. work till he feels somewhat better, but I daresay he knows best, & its better not to get rusty & affectionate. (* see back)

VI. In our Camp by
Cusheon Lake, Salt
Spring Island, B. C.
Written on the 20th day
of July 1898. by E.J.

HAVING proved our experimental
Camp by the Post Office, an expedition
was planned ^{on the 27th July} that we might see
whether the much-talked-of Cusheon Lake
was a good place to camp by. After the
rig had been ordered for our party of four,
it occurred to Neil that we might as well
strike our camp and take it with us so
that if we liked the place - as we expected -
we might begin at once. The striking
camp & packing stores and clothes took
a wonderfully short time, with the help
of Joel-the-willing, and, later, of two passing
Japs, whom we rewarded with inexpensive
praise, saying "Good man" when they carried
our boxes to the road-side. That is the
way you say "Thankyou" to Japs, Indians
& Chinese. We had a lovely 5 mile
drive, passing Ganges harbour about half
way. The horse that drew us has taken
prizes and is one of the best horses on the Id
he did not mind the heavy load, but took
it easy and brought us here in an hour & a half.

We left the Post Office about 2.30 and got here about 4 pm. While Harrison, the owner of the rig - a 6-foot, superior mulatto boiled the kettle the party made a call on Philips ~~the~~ who lives a mile further on, at the other end of the Lake and who rents and ranches this piece of land. Tho' he cannot close the lake to fishers - it being above the limit of size legally closable and tho' campers and picnickers come often it is said, we thought to make friends with him, to 'rub him the right way' by asking permission, to spy the land and perhaps get a dozen new-laid eggs from him: and all this we did. He saw us from the hayfield looking in at his windows and so came to find out what we wanted.

He is an English gentle man, hailing from ^{somewhere} near London. He is rather deaf (and knowing that, we thought he'd not heard our knocking, hence we shewed ourselves at the windows) and lives all by himself, reading a good deal, and working his small ranch: A very decent fellow, with whom we are now on very good terms, having borrowed his boat and taking lettuces from his garden whenever we want them.

(He was at Newcastle some years ago, serving his time as an Engineer.)

very
Rough plan
of
SALT SPRING I.



Note: the Island is
about 12 miles long.



1. ——— Wharf
2. S. Mary's Lake
3. Post Office
4. Barnsbury (Res. S.F.I.)
5. Vesuvius Bay (a wharf)
6. Frank Scott's Ranch
7. Toulson's Ranch
8. Ganges Harbour
9. "Divide" School House
10. Cusheon Lake
x site of Camp
11. Conery's Ranch
(with small lake)
12. Philip's Ranch
13. Beddis' Ranch
14. Burgoyne Bay (wharf)
15. Fulford Harbour (..)
16. Mountains
- V. "The Valley"

Of course there are a number of places and Ranches on the island that are not down in the opposite list but they are of no particular interest to us.

Cusheon Lake is almost exactly a mile in length. Its width varies from about 200 yards, opposite the camp, to nearly a third of a mile in the widest part. It lies East & West. It is crawling with trout which run up to a pound or more, third and half-pounders being common. The water is too warm now, and the fishing season is best in May & October - Then any number of fish can be caught with lumps of venison (or other meat) and rough tackle. We have not tried the fishing seriously, now you have to work for your fish.

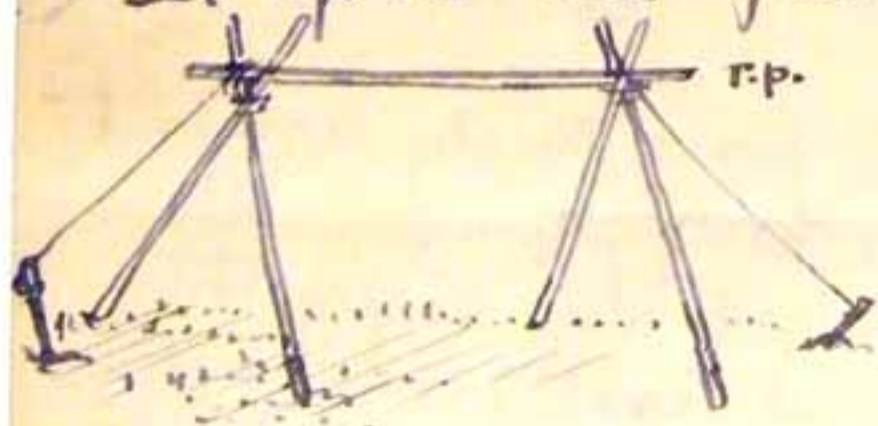


Cushman Lake, looking East



Our Camp looking South.

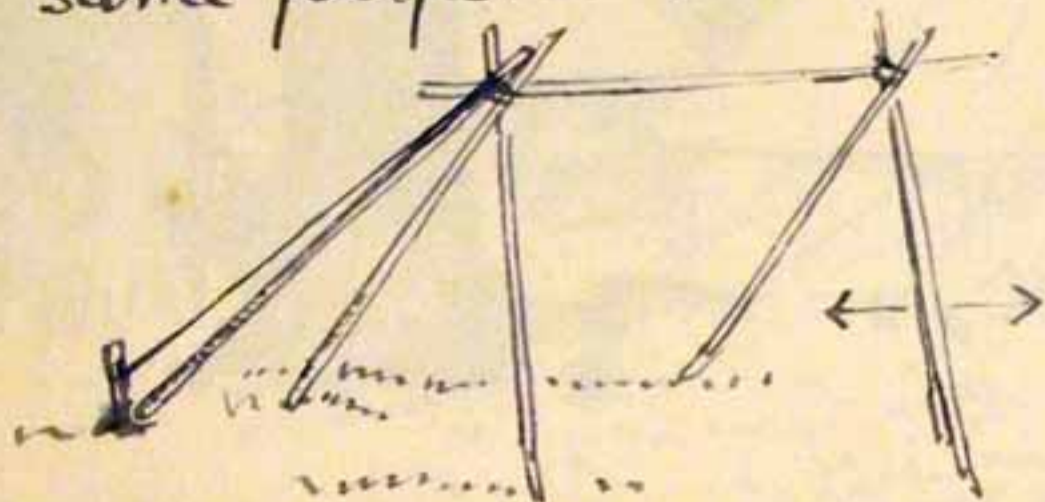
Our tent was pitched with Harrison's help on the evening of the day we came here - after tea - H. & Neil cut down about half-a-dozen young fir trees near by & trimmed them into poles which were set up in this fashion:



the ridge-pole, having been first passed thro' the holes made for it in the ends of the

tent, was hoisted onto the end-poles which had been previously tied together and the whole was then held in place by the end ropes, tied to temporary pegs, while the side (or guy) ropes were sorted. The next day we took away the rope in front, wh.

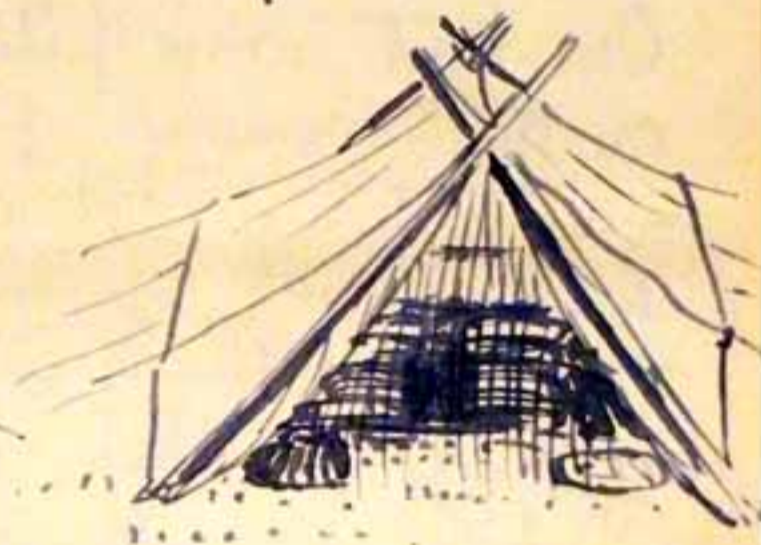
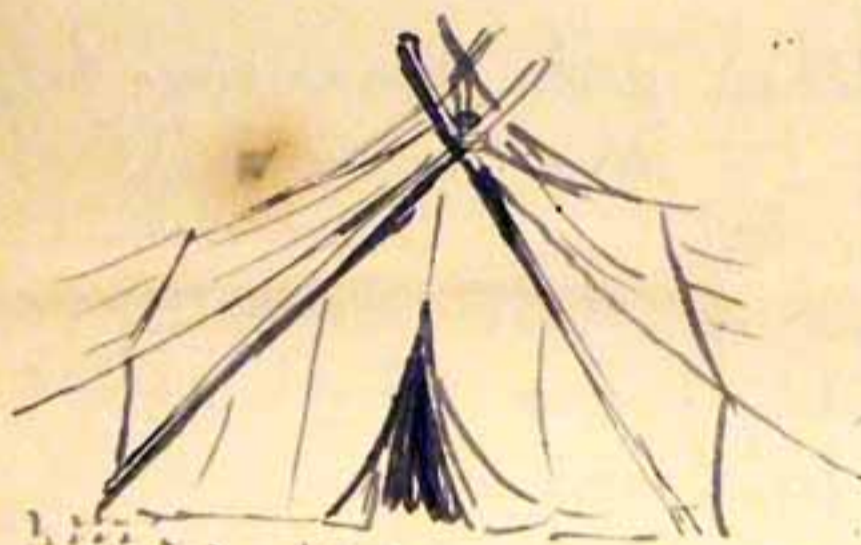
was much in the way, and put a ^{instead} thrust-pole behind which served the same purpose:



Thus leaving the front clear for going in & out.

The door ^{way} which had been like this:

We split (or unrolled the sewing, rather) up to the top and folded back thus



so that we could pass freely without bending our heads every time. We could also lie in bed and enjoy the fresh air & the view (at least) could after Neil had got up, and opened the tent, to make early cocoa).

The tent faces South, and stands on a flat bit of ground on the steep slope up from the lake, which lies below and in front about 30 yards distant.

Forest, primeval

Hot water

Lentil soup
on boiled rice

Firewood

Pig Pails

Dishes

Cold water
from the
Lake

The Klondyke stove

This again, is not a drawing to scale but a very rough sketch of our admirable Klondyke stove and the other cooking things all under the cooking 'fly' (v. sketch on p. 2). For the first week we had the stove on the ground just by the tent door, and, beside it a rack of pans and forks & spoons, most picturesque - but we were driven by the heat to put up the fly which sheltered us when cooking, from the sun. The stove is supported on four bits of wood driven into



the ground. The pipe passes thro a hole in a tin plate that is 'let into the Fly. As to the other things: the pots and pans are hung on the end pole and, referring to the sketch, I may say the frying pan is not 3 feet in diameter, but just an ordinary tinned-iron frying pan that has done us much service and cooked many^a bacon-&-eggs (or as the Chinese at Cowichan called it Bake'n-egg) a dish that, looked at from an artistic point of view, has, I think, an infinite variety, that custom (at any rate) cannot stale.

Below the pots stands a chopping block that we used as a kitchen table or chopped firewood on as we happened to need it.

We now chop our firewood on another of these blocks, by the tent door and pile it at the foot of the tree and round the stove. Now & then we go out from camp a hundred yards or so and 'haul' wood or bark: the wood we cut off fallen trees, or pick up, and make into a great bundle that we drag along the ground, the bark we ~~cut~~^{peel or huck} off fallen trees it is several inches thick and makes a hot fire, swelling like burnt cork and burning somewhat ~~like~~ as peat does. (Note, the best & most lasting fire is made of a mixture of bark

and wood or perhaps the best plan is to pack the stove as tight as you can with little 3-inch logs, tho' they are harder to cut)

To start the stove we use gum from the fir trees or tufts of dry, hairy lichen; both are very inflammable. The gum oozes out of the bark and runs down onto the ground where it can be easily gathered up on the end of a stick, when burning it smells something like the Beeches incense.

In ^{or two} A minute after lighting the stove, the fire begins to roar up the pipe (at night we can see it shooting out a foot or more above the chimney top) and in a short time most parts of the stove are red hot.

It is made of thin sheet iron with no pan-holes so that the top has become somewhat buckled with the heat and tho' we can get water that is really boiling in a very few minutes from the time of lighting, it is more difficult to get it actually bubbling in such a short time & the pan or kettle has to be carefully set down on the flattest place. When in full blast the stove literally puffs like a little steam engine (I think this must be that the ascending hot air sets up a note in the stove pipe of such a low pitch that there is an appreciable interval between the beats. v. musical flames, in any book of Physics)

It may be considered weak to dwell so fondly on a mere cooking stove, but I cannot help being fond of fires & hearths and grates and even stoves when they are pretty and good, and when I think of this stove and remember that it has been as good as it is pretty. I have quite a warm feeling for it, and write these, in sadness, as a memoir knowing that this warmhearted, biddable & gentle thing must be left behind to pine away and rust in chilly Canada.

Here follows a LIST OF POTS AND PANS &

"Granite-ware"



2. galls cold water



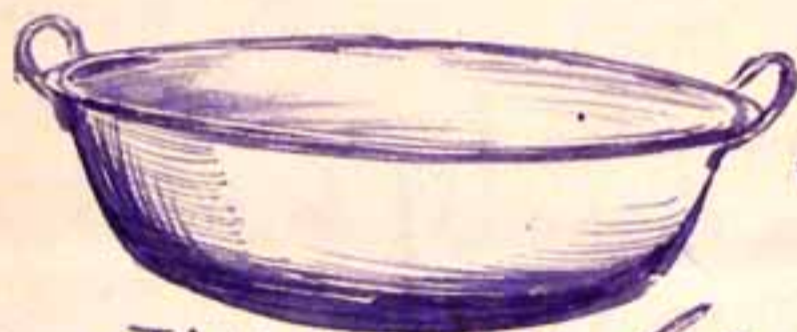
Hot water



Rice Barley or Lentils



Boiling water (Can be used as tea or coffee pot)



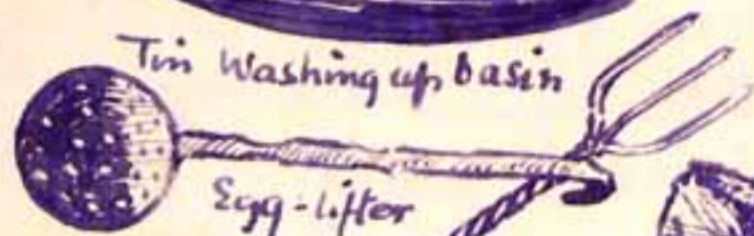
Tin Washing up basin



Sauce-pan "Mush"



frying-pan



Egg-lifter



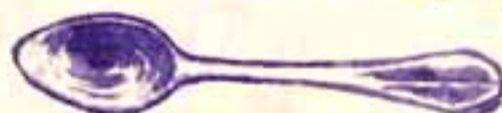
General & Bread Knife



2 Cooking & Roasting Forks



Pan-brush



3 Aluminium Table spoons

2. Dish cloths
1. Drying do.
Several rags.

3 Al. tea spoons	2 Tin do. do.
2 Tin do. do.	1 " bent ladle
1 Tea making spoon	3 Knives & 3 forks



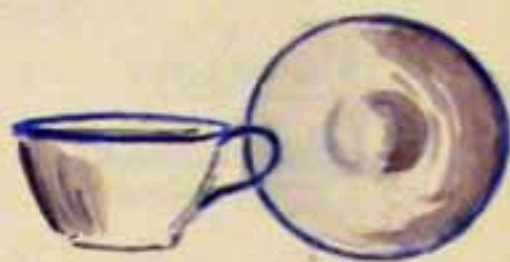
2 large mugs
Cocoa &c



1 med.



1 small



2 cups & saucers



2 bowls



2 large plates



2 Soup plates



2 Tumblers
that, turned
upside down,
act as egg-
cups.

Enamel-ware
&c.

From these lists it will appear that we are well furnished with hard-ware & tho' that is a fact, we find there is by no means a superfluity of anything, we could in fact do with 2 more bowls. Everything has proved most satisfactory except, perhaps, the forks, which, having short handles, do not rest well on the edge of the plates but slip into the gravy handle and all. We have more than a gallon of ^{hot} water on the stove as a rule & ^{so} washing-up takes about 2 to 3 minutes ^{only} only after every meal.

A List of Stores

Fresh - bought & given

<u>Venison</u>	2 ^{ce}	from Conery's (see Dear)	
Chickens Old Hen	2 ^{ce}	@ 50c. from Philips	
Pair of "Broilers"	2 ^{ce}	@ 50c. from Conery's (see below) *	
Bread Butter Milk Cream Eggs	}	bought from Conery's (One of us went over to Conery's - 10 min. walk - as a regular thing, every evening to get those. They have 11 cats (to kill the mice) that wait for the cows to be milked - I saw 7 lapping out of one pan. Conery says they give the milk & the cats find the fresh food)	
<u>Trout</u>			(half a dozen times or more filleted and oatmeal)
Lettuces			from Philips
Onions			from Conery's

In Box in Tent

Oatmeal	<u>Tinned Meats</u>	<u>Tinned Veg. etc.</u>
Rolled oats	Roast Mutton	Peas
" wheat	" Beef	Beans
Barley	Corned "	Tomatoes
Rice	Rabbit	Corn
Lentils	Boneless Turkey	Pears
Flour	" Duck	Evap. Apples
Soda Crackers	Potted Ham	" Apricots
Tea	" Tongue	Raisins
Cocoa (V.H.)	Tongue	Prunes
Coffee Ess. (Sym.)	Fresh Herrings	Figs
Sugar	Kipperd "	Ginger
Mustard	Sardines	Lemons
Pepper	Oysters	" Evaporated Cream
Salt	Oxtail soup	really condensed
W. Sauce	Chicken "	Milk not a
Squish	Mulligatawny "	qt. success
Jam	Kidney "	tinned Fresh
Cheese	(Pea Soup, powder)	Cream
Curry powder	Sliced Bacon	Tricky but
Baking powder (soda)	Campaigning food	not bad
	Lard	
		6. Cake

Comments on Stores

Old Hens

not good enough. 50c. each or \$5 a doz. = the Market price, wh. seems unaccountably high.

"Broilers"

ie. chickens usually split open & "broiled" with a little water in a frying pan! very good & well worth 25c.

* Note In America they have "gentlemen Cows" &c. & "Roosters" the ordinary English terms for these being quite improper. The conerys are Americans, & Mrs C. spoke of getting 2 "young Cockerels" for us; at once correcting herself, she said: "gentlemen Pullets"!

Trout

av. nearly
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

These were usually caught with bait (venison & trout being best) by a line tied to a floating bit of ~~water~~ wood or by a Rod left on the boat-stage & looked at now & then. Some were silvery with pink flesh like sea trout others like ordinary lake trout. ~~Fried~~ Fried with oatmeal they were excellent.

Lentils

turned a very dark brown when boiled & wouldn't go down. Why? They made decent soup nevertheless.

Flour

We made capital Scones whenever the bread supply ran short.

Sliced Bacon

A great luxury as a labour-saving device - very good bacon already sliced thin for frying: so thin that it cooks almost as fast as you put it into the pan.

Campaigning Foods small tins supposed to contain a days rations - to be noted later;

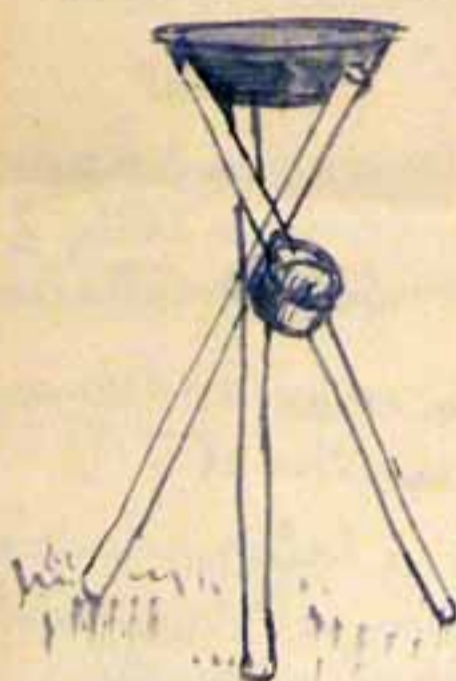
c.f.

Corn

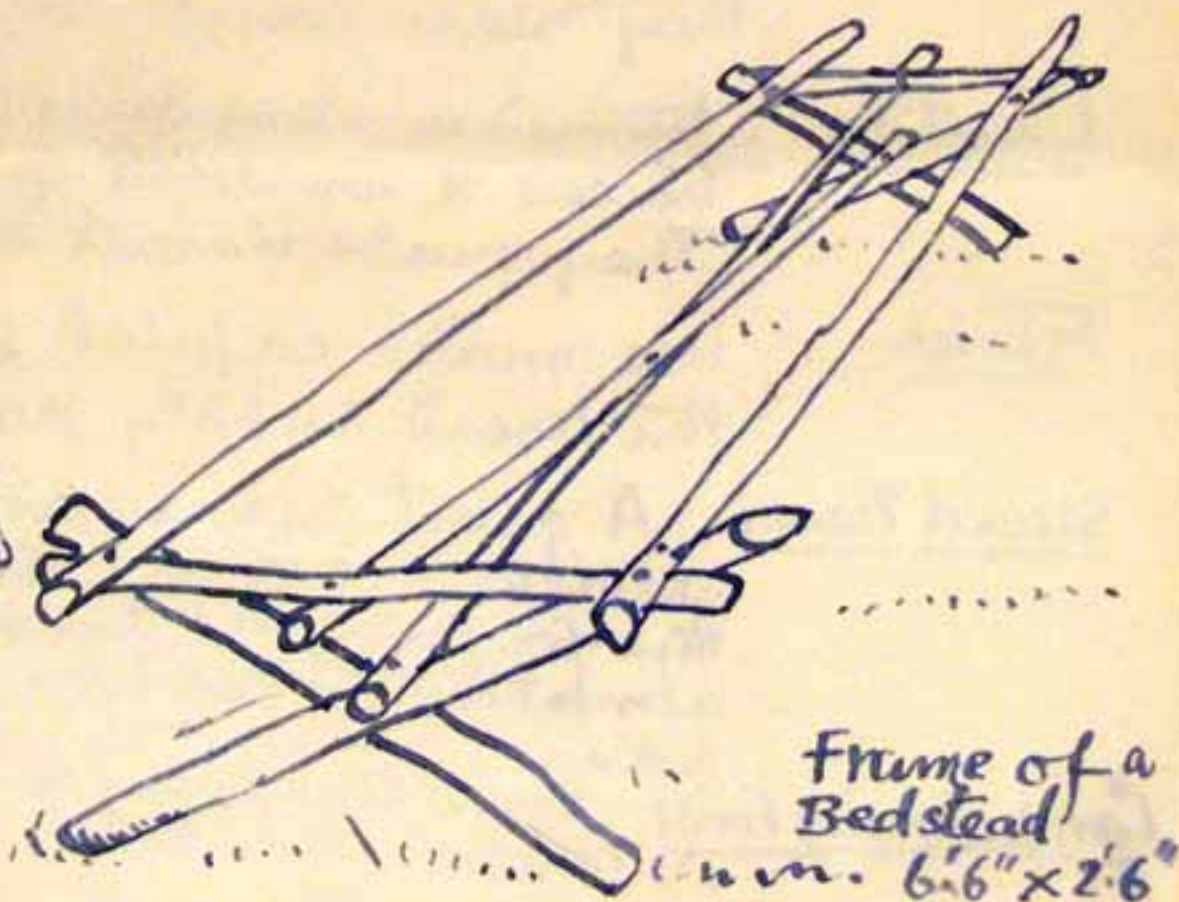
This canned corn that some of us use at home is universally eaten out here and in the States, where, mixed with beans & boiled, it is called "succotash". It makes an excellent omelet (1/3rd can + 3 eggs quite enough for 2)

Camp Furniture

We brought several pounds of nails, with us, and we are free to go into the primeval forest and cut down trees whenever we like; we have thus been enabled to make clothes racks, a wash-stand, & bedsteads, a table & a larder and, in various ways, to make the camp more habitable & some rope



Wash-stand
with meat-tin
Soap dish



Frame of a
Bedstead

6'6" x 2'6"

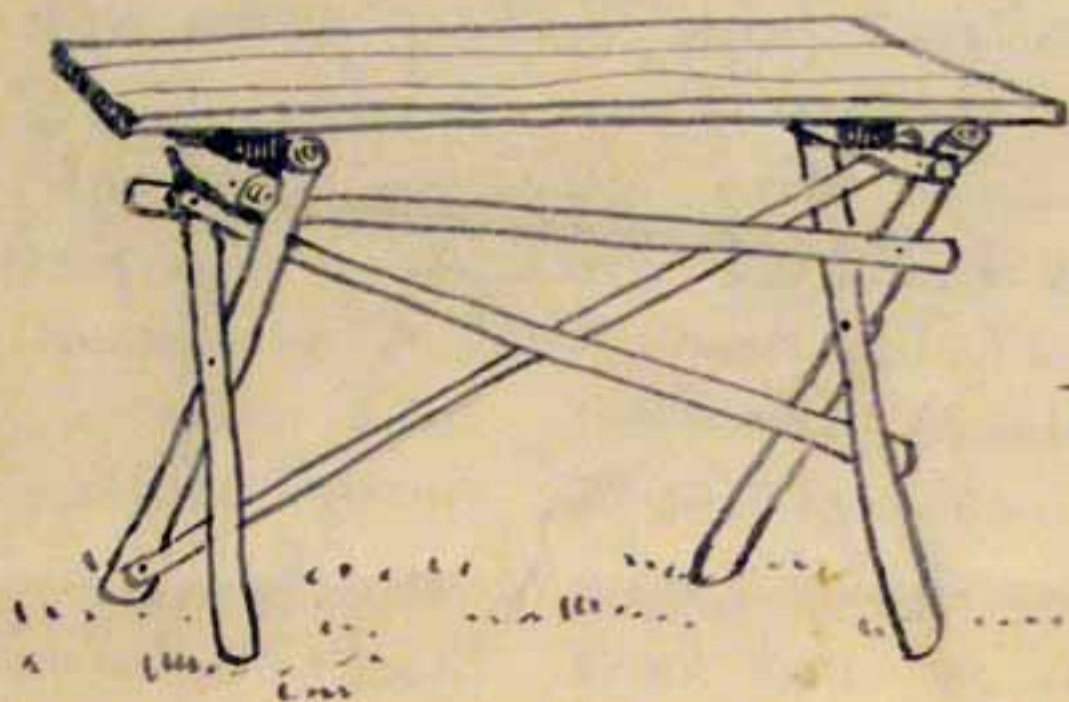
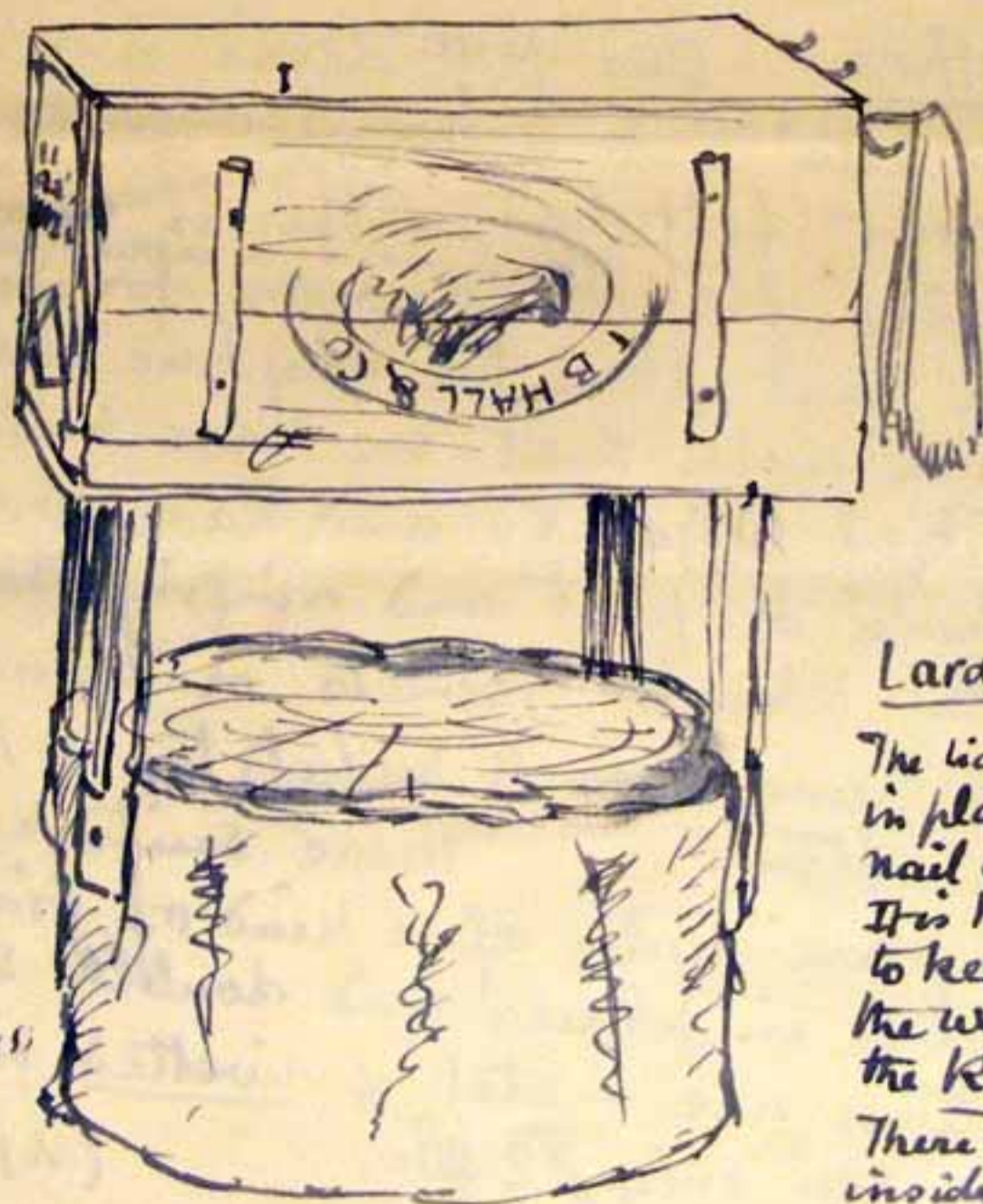


Table 3' x 1.9'



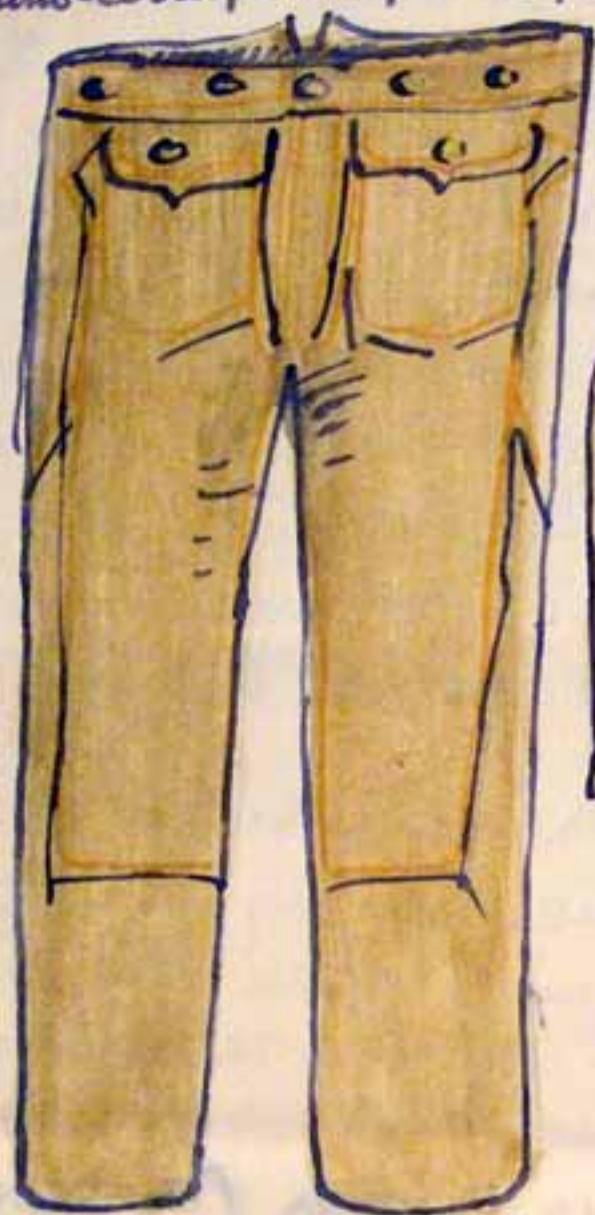
Larder (V. sketch)
(No. 3)

The lid is held
in place by the
nail above.
It is kept on
to keep out
the wasps &
the Ritten
There is shelf
inside

For these different things we cut down
slender young firs (where they were crowded) about
20 or 25 feet high, ^{thus} getting poles abt. 15 feet
long & tapered from 3 inches to 1 1/4".
The bark was gummy & rough, so we
peeled them at once ^{- easily -} and the poles came
out white and wet & slippery - they
soon dried, however, and were a great
improvement on the rough sticks. It
is important, when making any log
buildings out here, that the wood shd.
be peeled, it lasts much longer & is cleaner so.

Clothes Our 'full dress' is a pair of
"Overalls" and a kharki jacket with
a soft felt hat. This is varied by
having flannel ^{as nappier material} trousers for Sunday etc.
The heat thro' the day has been so great
as a rule that we have had an extra
suit of pyjamas and have worn in
whole or part and ringing the changes
with kharki jackets or flannel shirts.
We have overall jackets too & N. wears
his often. These suits are capital
they are made of a kind of fine canvas
double in places and double sewn the
buttons are metal & riveted into the stuff.
They cost only \$2.00. (v. photographs)

These have a couple of hip pockets behind - corresponding to the front pockets - for a revolver etc.



Jacket

Overalls

"Miner" is the dog, a Spaniel, who has had a great many masters: 'when we came to the Island we found him living at the Post office and he soon became our devoted servant and took to our experimental camp as a duck takes to water (not to mention Miner himself, who sometimes spends half a day standing in the water and staring fascinated, at the water-spiders).

when we came here, of course Miner came with us and he is now our watch dog & scrap-eater. We have been told that he has never looked in such good condition before, and, tho' we only give him porridge & scrapings, we know he will miss us sadly when he loses his regular supper, and goes back to getting one day and kicking the next. He is most affectionate and, I daresay, we shall miss him too, when we leave.

"Cusheon" Is an extremely sweet Tabby
(1. July) Kitten given us by Philips to keep down the mice when they should come (The mice out West are always a trouble to campers tho' we did not notice any round our camp for several weeks). Her mother and father belong to Philips and the Father of course spends his time hunting, living on Young Grouse principally. They have a ladder in a corner of the barn where there are scraps of grouse & pheasant & squirrels and other small deer. I brought Cusheon home in my pocket she was very wild - quite a little wild cat - & till she was hidden in my pocket, that seemed to her a refuge, she howled with fear. I rowed back with her thus, and then, having to cook & work

before bed time I hung my coat up, with her still there, lest she should get lost in the dark, she spent about 3 hours that way and then slept with me (N. was at the P.O. that night to catch the mail next day) hidden well under the thick Klondyke blanket. Next morning she purred, for the first time, in two days she was tame but nervous; now she is tame but unsubduable, roaming round the camp and working her wicked will, purring like an angel but repaying our kindness with claws and teeth. She is yet so young that when she's sleepy she mistakes the woolly blanket for her mother and paws it and thinks she's getting some nourishment out of it - poor dear! and yet the night before last she caught her first mouse and never was grown up cat so proud and never did the adult grimalkin growl so fearsomely or play so tigerishly with its victim!

So far No. VI. has been little better than an illustrated catalogue of our effects, and doubtless therefore it is lacking in general interest, but it will make a useful reference on camping, and, besides its personal interest, several friends

will probably find ^{various} details in it to entertain them, or to 'set their anxious mind at rest, and soothe them.

I think one conclusion that can be drawn is evident, and that is, that we now ^{can} fairly claim to be 'up to the ropes' of camping & to understand gastronomic & domestic economy and autonomy sufficiently well to be able to 'do for ourselves' whenever we like.

Again, it may strike some friends that we might as well be camped out at Home, and, that when we are out here, we should hustle around more, I can only say that we ban sight-seeing & that too-many-interests gives us "Museum headache", that here, we are very happy & in excellent health, and, I may ask, is there a primeval forest at Home that we may camp in, and cut down in, what trees we like?

I hope before leaving the Island to write an appendix to this, with some brief Natural History & other notes.

(Erratum V)

for (Rural Dean) Cooper
read Cooper

F.B.J. → A.J. → M.M.I.
P.H.J. → M.E.D. → J.J.
J.C. → O.J. (keep carefully)