

The Burgoyne Valley was occupied before the white man came. Half of it was occupied by the Cowichan Indians, and the other half by the Saanich Indians. The Saanich owned the bottom half, the Fulford half, the Cowichans owned the upper half, towards Burgoyne Bay.

The chief of the Cowichans had a camp right at the head of the bay, where he used to come in and dry clams and dry fish in the fall of the year, and it was just below where the dairy farm is now. There's a little creek that crosses the valley, that was the line between the Cowichans and the Saanich. They had to get permission if they wanted to hunt -- if the Cowichans wanted to hunt on the Fulford side, they'd have to ask the chief, and vice versa.

My grandmother was a daughter of the chief of the Cowichans, and she told me a lot of stories of the early days. She told me quite an interesting story: when she was a little girl, that is before the white man came, she and her father and mother and her brother were going down to visit the Saanich Indians, down where the Drummond property is, that Betty [Drummond] owned.

They were coming down the creek -- there was a trail down the creek, the whole valley was forest in those days, there was a trail down the creek -- and her dad told her "I know where there's a wolf den, it's up a little branch creek, running into the main creek, and we'll go up and see if..." They heard the wolves up on the hill, running, and they thought they'd be away, so they'd go up and take a look and see if there were any little ones. So they went up and there were three little pups, and so ~~the children and~~ ^{and her brother} my grandmother -- they were only about 6 or 7 years old -- they said they wanted to take them and show

them to their friends down at Fulford. ^{Her} ~~My~~ grandfather said "You can't do that." But they just kept after him, like children will do, and they said "We'll just take them and show them and bring them back up again." So anyway, the ~~grand~~father, he gave in to them, and they took them down to show the children at Fulford.

This was in the evening, and they had a fire going on the beach, at Betty's place, I guess, and they were playing with the little wolf pups. They heard the wolves coming down the creek, they heard them howling, coming down. So they were following them. When they got back to their den, the pups were gone, so they followed my grandmother's dad and the children down to Fulford. The family said "We'll see what they're going to do." The wolves came down, right in around the beach, not too far from the fire. They just went around a few times and I guess they could hear the little pups making their little noise. The grandfather said "Well, now, you children, they want those pups back, you'll have to take them out and get them off the beach." Anyway, before they could get them out of there, the wolves went up into the back, above the bridge, and they heard them running. Pretty soon down came a deer, right into the water, right close to where the fire was. So, -- I guess they were pretty close to nature, those people, in those days -- the grandfather said "They've given us a scare, you'll have to give them their pups right back." So they took the pups and put them out next to the low tide, close to where they had the deer, and the deer was standing out there. They put the little pups down and the wolves picked them up in their mouths and took them back up to their den.

I thought that was quite a story. My grandmother said that it was a true story, she was there. It's hard to believe, but being so close to nature, I guess, they understand each other. So that's just a little story. I could tell

you a lot more stories, but there isn't time today.

Burgoyne Bay: the first people there after the Indians was a chap by the name of John Maxwell. He came out of Barkerville in the very early sixties and took up land in Burgoyne Bay, took up about a thousand acres. He raised a family there, he married an Indian girl -- in those days there were not too many white women around, so he married an Indian girl from the Cowichans. They raised a family, I think, of five boys and three girls, and cleared all that area from the bottom of Lee's Hill and followed the valley through to Burgoyne. They worked all by hand in those days, they had to dig the stumps out, they didn't have any stumping powder. They just had oxen.

Then further down there were the Furnesses. The Furnesses were where Furness Road is now. They owned both sides of the road there. That would be in the sixties. And down on the other side there were the Lees, there are still relations of the Lees down in Fulford. Then down on the right again, where the dairy farm is, was Joe Nightingale, he was a cousin of Florence Nightingale. They lived just back of where the United Church is now, the dairy farm's there. After that there were the ^{Reids.} ~~Reeves.~~ Across from there, the ^{Mollets,} ~~Mollets~~ and just below the ^{Mollets} ~~Mollets~~ there were the Highnalls. Across from the Highnalls: there was Mr. ^{Mollet} ~~Mollet~~ senior, who came down from Alberni. He was one of the first white settlers in the Alberni valley in the early days, and moved down to the valley here. Then across from him, below where Mrs. Laundry lived, there was Fred Raynes. He was a bridge builder and a wharf builder. He built a lot of the wharves around the Gulf Islands in the early days. My dad worked with him. In the 1880s my dad worked with him on the wharves.

Below Mr. Raynes was my grandfather's place. He called it the Travellers' Rest in the early days. He had a little hotel there, and store. That would be in the sixties. He raised a family there, five boys and three girls. His eldest daughter was the grandmother of Mac Mouat — there was Mac and Laurie and Bill Mouat. My first cousin was ^{Mac Mouat's mother.} ~~Mrs. Nightingale. She was Mac Mouat's grandmother.~~ Just below that was the Edward's store, I have a picture here of it, they had the post office there and a little general store. They had just about everything in it you could want to buy, from a mousetrap to feed for the cows.

Across from there was Michael Gyves, who was my grandfather. He came in the sixties, he was from Ireland. He was a friend of Mr. Maxwell, and Mr. Maxwell talked him into coming to Salt Spring. He cut shakes, split shakes. There was a lot of cedar on his place and he cut shakes for Owen Hammer and he took them by canoe down to Victoria and sold them to the community that was just building up there. I guess he would sell these shakes and maybe bring back flour and sugar, or what they needed. He and my other grandfather, they both left England. My grandfather Akerman left England in 1855 when he was 17 years old, travelled around the States for a while and then found Victoria, and from Victoria he moved out to Salt Spring.

Grandfather Gyves, he left Ireland in the potato famine in 1855. He lived in New York, he and his two brothers. He joined the American army, and he used to come across the plains, in the early days with the covered waggons. He spent, I think, five years with the army at that time and got into Oregon, and his company had to march up the coast and go across to the San

Juans. They were having trouble with the line there, it was 1860. He stayed there for a year with the American army. In his time off he used to take a canoe and come around the islands, just looking around, I guess he had the idea that when he got out of the army -- he had one more year to go -- he would make a move up here. He found Fulford and the valley, and saw that, and when he met Mr. Maxwell, Mr. Maxwell talked him into moving up.

Then we go down the valley from there. Our neighbours were the Shaws, John Shaw was, before the turn of the century, a naval architect, is that right, Betty? Your dad was a naval architect? [No, he was an engineer and architect in Glasgow.] He was a very, very fine neighbour. He was good to the community, he worked hard for the community. He was very good to us young fellows who were all interested in soccer and baseball and he always gave us his field and kept his fields up for us. So we really thought a lot of Mr. John Shaw.

Below that was the Sewell property. So that takes us right down to Fulford. Right at the head of the bay the first hotel was the Rogers' Hotel. Jim Rogers. They were an old family there, they had a store. That hotel burnt down. Then there was the white house, Mr. Blandy built the white house there. Then a chap by the name of Mr. Tebbs, he took it over and ran it for a while, and then Mr. Eaton came in the twenties, A. J. Eaton, he ran the hotel. Then a Mrs. ^{Cullington} ~~Collington~~ from West Vancouver came in and did a lot of work on it, fixed it all up. She ran the store for a while, then she rented it out to a chap by the name of Kingsley, from Shawnigan Lake, an old family of Shawnigan Lake. They had it for a while, they had a pub there, a neighbourhood pub, and it burnt. There was nothing done to the property for a while. Then a Mr. Kennedy, he

built a hotel, sold it out. It changed hands several times, and that burnt down. Nothing was done to that piece of property until just a few years ago when they built the new hotel; it's still there and I hope it doesn't burn down. Fulford Hall burnt down three times, the first was built in 1925.

[Question. How long would it have taken for your grandfather to clear the first few acres when he came to the valley -- it would be just all trees, wouldn't it?] It must have taken him quite a while because my dad and uncles were clearing land in the valley. They cleared a lot of it too, his boys, five boys, they all worked clearing. [Question. They would be enormous trees, I imagine?] Oh yes, a lot of them maybe up to seven feet -- we still have a cedar tree on our property there, the old property, and it's seven feet in diameter, it's still standing there. They had to dig them up, dig all the roots clear and then haul them out. The oxen pulling together.

[Question. What would be the first thing that they would do -- they'd live off the land, pretty well, wouldn't they?] My grandfather had quite a big garden and orchard. How they used to fell the trees -- they didn't have any saws, they didn't have even the cross-cut saw -- to fell a big tree, say six feet through, they would get an auger and they would bore into it and then they would bore another hole down on an angle to meet that hole maybe a foot or two in. Then they would take charcoal, coals from their fires that they were clearing land with, and they would push these coals into that hole, and keep pushing them in until they got the wood started, and they got into some pitch or something, and then it would come in there and come up through this other hole and cause a draught. Then all that edge would burn out, you see. It would take them

a day, three of them, to take one tree down. When they got it on the ground, they would do the same thing. They would bore in and bore down, and put coals in it, every so far along the tree.

My grandmother, Martha Clay, left England in 1859, I think. She and two sisters came out on the Robert Low. It was a bride ship that came into Victoria, and she came up with Mrs. David Spencer -- they were merchants in Victoria in the early days. She worked for her for a while until she met my granddad and they were married in Victoria. Then they moved up in the early sixties to Salt Spring. That family -- grandfather Akerman and grannie Akerman and the children -- they were the first white family in the Burgoyne area.

[Comment by Mary Inglin. I'm glad to hear that, because Joe Garner asked me the other day who were the first white family on Salt Spring, and I thought it was the Akermans,] Well, I didn't like to say Salt Spring, but I know they were the first white family in that area. [Comment by Ivan Mouat. Well, I always knew that your uncle Joe was the first white child born on Salt Spring.] That's what I heard -- you remember Johnny Whims? Johnny Whims, he's sitting on the plough down in Mouat's Mall -- did you see that picture? He was quite a character, you know, always joking. In the early days the boats used to come into Ganges and all the old-timers liked to go down to see them come in, for something to do. Johnny was standing there and this tourist traveller came in and he asked Johnny about early days, and if there were any old-timers around, and Johnny -- he was a black, eh? -- he says "Oh yes, that man over there, sitting on a guard rail, that's Joe Akerman, he was the first

white child born on Salt Spring -- and I was the second." He didn't crack a smile, you know. He got a big kick out of that.

[Question. You said your father was working in the eighties?]

This picture here, of the church. * That's him sitting on the fence post back there, he was about 12 years old and he transported a lot of that lumber, windows, doors, from Burgoyne Bay down to build that church. You see, a lot of the windows and doors and flooring came from the Butter Church at Cowichan Bay. I don't know if you've ever heard of the old stone church at Cowichan Bay, the Butter Church? They built it there in the early days and they found they were on the wrong property. So they had to give it up. The windows and doors, flooring and a lot of the lumber was donated to this church at Fulford. The windows that are in there now are actually from the Butter Church at Cowichan Bay

[Question. Both your grandmothers lived to an old age. I remember them both, grannie Akerman and grannie Gyves. How old was grannie Akerman when she died?] 96. Both grandfathers lived till close to 92. So maybe I've got a little time yet.

I think one of the biggest worries of the old-timers in the early days was if anybody was badly hurt or sick, they didn't have a doctor or anyone to look after them. My grandmother Gyves, the daughter of the chief of the Cowichans, she was pretty good on anything like that, sickness. She was told from her people how to look after people that were sick, maternity work and things like that.

I think that she brought into the world all the babies in those days around that area.

[Question. Was your grandmother Gyves sister of the wife of Mr. ^{Tragge} ~~Traggy~~?]

They were cousins.

[Question. You gave us a kind of verbal description of those properties. Is that down on paper anywhere, in the form of a map or a survey? It would be very useful to have that down in an orderly fashion on a kind of diagram of the valley.] Oh yes, I could get a map of the valley and put down who owned it at that time. I will get a map of that area and then I can put on it the original owners.

[Question. Who was it that built that nice old square-timbered log house on your property?] That's the old Travellers' Rest. Grandfather in the first year he came in built a small log cabin just up the valley, but more under Mount Bruce. He planted an orchard there, right away, and I guess it must have been in the summer time, because it was all nice and sunshine. When the winter came along he wasn't getting any sunshine, so he moved across the valley, over to where the Travellers' Rest is now.