

Ruth Heinecke
Mary Goodrich

Vesuvius

Goodrich

-Heinecke

by Mary Williamson
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Mary: Being the closest point on Salt Spring to Vancouver Island, Vesuvius was one of the earliest settlements and it still has quite a different character. It is a cluster of small summer houses which rise above the warm waters of the public beach. There are four short streets each containing, perhaps, half a dozen houses. One of these, Goodrich Street, was my first home on Salt Spring so it's fitting and a great pleasure to me to be sitting in this spacious living room of the Heinecky farm with the Goodrich sisters. Ruth Goodrich has been Ruth Heinecky for many years now, and her sister, Iris Patterson has recently returned here after thirty years absence.

Now, I just want to establish the different voices of these two and then I am going to bow out and let Ruth and Iris just talk about their reminiscences of Vesuvius going back as far as they can and telling from their fathers memory too and then bringing us up to date with maybe other characters who are still living here. Iris, you have been away how long?

Iris: Approximately thirty years.

Ruth: We came back two years ago and have built next door to Ruth in the Bay.

Mary: Actually on the same property?

Ruth: Yes. on the original Goodrich property. When it was divided we saved a lot from it and kept it all these years.

Mary: And Ruth, I have known for the seven years I have lived here. She was a marvelous neighbor to us when we first arrived. I have a very warm and special place in my heart for her. So I want to thank you Ruth for allowing us to do this in your living room. And now just introduce yourselves so that we can hear your voice to.

Ruth: Well as a Heinecky, I have been here for thirty-seven years and was born here. All my life I have lived here, except for one year that was war service. With George, we traveled all around the country and decided that it was better for me to stay put and raise kids here while he was away. On returning we went farming. But other than that my whole life has been spent here and presumably the next stop will be Pioneer Village. But this is where I plan to stay until then.

Mary: Now, you've mentioned something that I am quite sure you won't bring up again so I'm going to now. You talked about raising kids but in fact you have raised a good many more than your own kids. I seem to remember hearing that you have helped to bring up fifty-three different people in your family and I want to get that on the record!

Ruth: Well, there have been fifty-three young people live with us, five of which we call our foster kids. But of the fifty-three there, it has been the most fantastic experience and one I would repeat any time if it came to repeating. I would have no qualms about doing it again. It has been a fun experience that not everybody has been privileged to do. It has had its un-fun moments to!

Mary: All right now I am going to turn the tape over to the two of you so please carry on.

Iris: Thank you, I thought, Ruth, that we could perhaps start with the Bittencourts that came to Vesuvius - probably the first people that came to Vesuvius. As Dad used to know Mr. Bittencourt and talk to him he passed on a lot of his early experiences to Dad that he has repeated to you. Perhaps you could start from here.

Ruth: Well it seems they were a Portuguese family that arrived on Salt Spring, and particularly Vesuvius, in their sloops. There are many stories of them being shipwrecked and landed here. But I don't think that was the truth. I think they saw an opportunity and embarked on it. The original Mr. Bittencourt had five sons and built the lodge. Rriginally it was the store, saloon, post office, what have you.

Mary: Where was the lodge.

Ruth: Right at the Vesuvius wharf which what was later known as the Hotel Vesuvius. It had many and varied owners. It was idle for years. In fact we called it "The Haunted House". It was a brave kid that could run through the front room, and we weren't very brave! We were less brave if my Dad found out we were doing it. The famous Bittencourts had coal mines and copper mines or excavations for the same coal mine over in Dock Bay. On the map you will find it a Duck Bay, but originally it was Dock Bay because it was so sheltered and thats where the slopes used to enter. But kids used to just call it "the creek". Well, it was St. Mary's outlet is what it was which was resonably good fishing at one time. Atone time Lori Moat used to get his coal from the beach, years ago, just by waiting for the low tide when the seams ran right out. And this was in the forties it wasn't a good quality but it was usable. There are copper cribs all along this coast and definitely along right opposite Vancouver Island. In our great wisdom we thought there were wells cause they were all cribed down but we found out later they had been excavating for copper and there is an abundance there but it is just to expensive to do enything about. I think Beaver Point has its copper deposits as well but its just not high grade enough to be economical to do enything about. Of course, those old birds could make a nickel where nobody could anyways. His idea of keeping his five sons out of his saloon was to keep them busy and some of his mayjor projects were fence building, wood cutting, breakwater making - all these things that had no begining and no end. In the back of our property that my Dad bought from Bittencourt is about five miles of snake fences that go no where, have no fields, no nothing and when asked about this he said "how the hell else you going to keep five boys busy", and this is literally why there are cords of wood out there. And some said what did you cut it for - boats? ships? what? And he said "no it kept them out of the pud". How he had five sons do this day after day was something the rest of us would sure like to have known. It was an authority none of us had.

Iris: Well he brought quite a few things to the Bay in the way of agriculture didn't he?

Ruth: He was responsable for the orchards that are in the Bay plus Juniper trees which every authority will tell you that there are two kinds in BC. And some in the interior, some on the coast and there are only two kinds but these are quite different. The only place on Salt Spring that you find them naturally is in this area and if you find them somewhere else then they

have been transplanted from here. I think the apple orchards that they have are varieties that are just not heard of anywhere else in BC. Its a pity no one propropagated them more. Well he brought the Junipers from portugal. They came with him. So this was a completely new type of tree that was introduced by him. But it is quite different from the normal Juniper and they seem to get just so big and then they deplete themselves and die off.

Iris: In the very early days, didn't they have a wharf at Vesuvius that regular boats stopped at: The CPR boats stopped in around the island, I think it was nine wharfs, and since there were no roads they stopped at the water cources and Vesuvius was a regular port of Call.

Ruth: I think one of the early boats that I remember was the Old Otter. The Otter was due to sail Thursday but if it would arrive by Friday Night, well, so hot but if it got back to Vancouver by Monday that was even a bigger miracle. But it did get there and that was the earliest transportation in our life I think perhaps there were othere like ? to Crofton and to west home and down by the trian into Victoria but we certainly never traveled that way. It was always boat and I don't think there were to much commerce that went from Vesuvius because the product part of the economy went form Fernwood. But here I think it was a matter of survival.

Iris: Now what about the Quarry? Ruth, of course, thats another major project or has been in the Bay area.

Ruth: It seems to me that this was harry Coldwell that told me this. That stated in the 1886's which is about the beginning of the lodge time and that is how the Mouats, and the Maxwells and the Coldwells came to the island. According to Harry, the Coldwells brought then all, maybe the other people will say its the other way around, but the Maxwells were the skeppers on the barges and the Mouats, and the Coldwells. These were the barges that took the Quarries and the maysons that cut the rock and this was a particular type of sandstone that does not deteriorate a when it is exposed to the air. And they can barge it from about a quarter of a mile down the coast from where we are now. And they could take to places by barge that there was no other transportation and it got as far south as San Fransisco. People have seen the place in the library that was put there stating just this, and that was 1886 plus the cossway in front of the Parliament Buildings in Victoria and Ornan Point Breakwater and part of wharf street. This will be argued because its all a granite now, but that is the original and obviously the money and excessories are better they changed that face but the original rock has brought them down here and its a particially facinating point type of mining, now powder just rows of holes that they filled with chissels and then banged them in and then the rock broke swuare. This was the whole value of that particular type and even now the remains of the slag getties went out into the water where the barges came in. There were drums that winched it up and down where ever it had to be winched because there was no other type of power. The most fascinating thing is the remains of the cabing that the workmen lived in because theres like a fireplace at one end of an obvious cabin and a dutch oven, the log part since rotted away. The treasures that were around

ther, we very foolishly left like ten gallon wash tubs, types of things that were hand manufactured because they were rivited and the dates were stamped in not written on. We left them there simply because we enjoyed looking at them and my Dad figured anyone else would do the same but no one else valued them and they used them for targets.

Iris: Those lights for instance and lanterns....

Ruth: Yes, there were these old fashined Isin glass storm lanterns and they were a little collapsed but quite distinguished and we hung them in the trees thinking they were such fascinating objects only to find they were blasted full of holes. Old shoes with hand cut brades that kept the leather on them and all these fascinating things that people would have valued beyond anything and we felt leaving them there was the best thing you could do but it wasn't and all the bottles got broken. There was literally hundreds of bricks that no one seems to know why they were there but think perhaps it was where the forage room was for sharpening all the bits. I think there are about 10 of these fireplaces in evidence though of course people find the rocks fascinating and swipe them for patios or what have you.

Mary: What type of person worked on the quarry Ruth?

Ruth: Well, if you talk to someone who has been on the island 10 minutes he'll tell you they were Italian masons but they weren't they were presumably Scottish mason like Mouats, Coldwells, Maxwells, there obviously not Italians! The earliest ones, were latterly told after the 1900's there was a re-growth of youth for that quarry and a contractor was in there and he had a crew of east-indians. This caused lots of consternation because they had to get fresh milk and as Des Crofton used to tell us his Dad would bring the fresh milk out every Saturday. For these settlements it could have only have been very shortly lived, I don't think they were there for any particular time.

Mary: Now another industry that was in the Bay area, Ruth, was the Ty Tye Mill that was in the Creek bottom from St. Mary's Lake.

Ruth: I think its called Duck Creek but thats not what we called it but I think thats what its known as now. These were the portable singes saw mills that cut the railroad tyes and it seemas that at that point, this would be the mid-twenties. Everyone worked in the tye mill even my crippled Dad worked there... he drove a horse and every Saturday we would take his lunch to him. And he shouldn't had worked there but he did. Bill Evans was one of there oringinal teamsters and they had a truck that Mr. Looney drove.

Iris: Mr. Looney was quite a character he actually later in years lived up in the cranberry and was actually and completely stone deaf and his wife used to get so cross that she used to write him otes and when he was reading it at her, he would crumple them up and throw them out he wouldn't even bother to read them. She could never get he anger across to him because he was frusted at every turn.

Mary: I imagine after the saw mill the Chaplins chickens ranch that they had was probably one of the biggest industries in the Bay.

Ruth: That was just loved dearly because he loved our cats, he fed our cats and then he ate our cats!!!

Iris: We didn't find this out until after several very plump cats disappeared from his doorstep. He used to keep them tied with a little collar and rope to his doorstep and then that cat would be gone and he would want another kitten and we thought that he was marvelous because he looked after our animals so well... anyway he was kind of a dear old fellow.

Ruth: They had several different partners in that and then it was depression that sort of put the skids on that mostly one partner went to Victoria and one stayed here and one went back to England. The business depleted.

Iris: Well who was the chap that Ingliss's bought from me that were the place that came up from our boundry?

Ruth: I think Lanley was the name, isn't that Lanley road, yes that's right well they were there I can never remember them they were long gone in my memory. All those houses I believe were all up that road like what is now the corner one and the one they moved out of the Bay that was all built by Bittencourt. And he is prefab he bought the lumber in Victoria and cut them all on the barge on the way up so when he got here all he had to do was to assemble them. And if they think prefabbing is knew they didn't know Mr. Bittencourt that's all there is to it.

Iris: Well when Mr. and Mrs. Ingliss decided to make an Otter Court out of their chicken ranch do you remember when they made what they called the Community Kitchen out of the Bruder House. And we referred it as the Bruder House and poor Mr. Ingliss used to get into an absolute state because here were these guests coming and we'd say "Oh well there going over to the Bruder House instead of the Community Kitchen.

Ruth: That same family was the most fantastic neighbors you could ever get, that's really much of history, she sat with my mother when we were born and then she sat with me when my kids were born and you know the kind of neighbors that probably only Pioneering days will ever know because the need was so great I mean they needed each other so much. They were quit a family with four boys and there were three of us and the ages corresponded. Those kids were so bad that you could only be proud of them and I mean this wasn't naughty bad it was disobient bad. But they all had bikes from our famous Aunt Auna and the booms used to be tied to Vesuvius and the little devils would get out and ride on the booms on these bikes well there were broken arms and broken legs, half drown kids being hauled out of the water all the time. We didn't have bikes but I couldn't emagine having the nerve to try something like that it seems to me somebody was asked to dive for the kids bikes off the wharf they would fly down and go over but they all survived it. It's like telling a kid to go play in traffic, go play on the wharf. But the thing they had that we didn't have was an Aunt Auna that had a good job she always brought them mounds of goodies at Easter and their Christmas parcels were fantastic. Wo we all adopted Aunt Auna and about Iris and I's best claim to Aunt Auna was that she'd send here clothes to Mrs. Ingliss which was no more than what it always was like hand downs and when Mrs. Ingliss got a new parcel we could hardly wait to see what was in it to see what she was ging to give to us which was usually navy blue

blumers that none of us wanted but mother thought they were so practical. Aunt Anna wasn't a favorite when this happened but when she sent us a blouse that we liked, well she was a great person.

Iris: Well what about the great Indians that used to fish for blue backs usually in the winter months here, they were marvelous people to.

Ruth: Well, they came from Cuper Island that was always a bit of a just here because our fisherman always used to go up around Cuper and Tent Island and fish but in the early days the Cuper Island Indians used to come to Vesuvius to fish. There couldn't have been more than one reason for that, we never did know their name, this family, but they had twelve dids we do know that and the father would come in sit on my Dad's bed and converse with him but he'd send the old lady and all the kids out fishing and they had a dreadful boat and they towed all these dugouts down and they would still go fishing. he would come in and have tea with my Dad and then he would go down on the rock and give the most god-offle screech and they'd all come in from fishing and then mama would make then cocoa and the father would ahve tea with Dad but the dids and the mother would come in and have this cocoa and warm buns and we called he Adden Uff actually, and that was the whole thing.

Iris: Tell them how she go the name of Adden Uff.

Ruth: She would come in and leave this coke - and mother would say well you have some more add-enough. And we would say right down the line the twelve kids you have somemore add-enough, so you see, we never called her enything else. She came one day and she had no kids with her and she ate all she could eat and she'd had-enough and mom said wheres all your kids and she said them all go mumps. I guess if she told her this before she wouldn't have go the cocoa.

Iris: We used to have apples, Dad, was a great one for in the Bay of course there were just hundreds of apple trees and we used to have a fruit celler that bulged. An offle lot of the Indians used ot come and trade apples for fish and we got all of our fish that way. They would probably bring three or four blue backs, and Dad would give them half a sack of apples.

Ruth: The bigger the apple the better the old cooking apples that looked like balloon well, they were just prized but their big prize were pears which they called bears. "You have bear, we have fish", and this was the martery so, between had-enough, bears, and apples we lived very well.

Iris: Ruth, you should tell them about Mrs. Ingliss's little boy that was burnt that time.

Ruth: Well this goes back to things that people are trying to recapture and are missing about 100%. This little chap had a very bad burn on his shoulder and oh so infected and flamed and he was suffering badly with this and had-enough arrived one day. She took one look at it and said "I'll be back", and she went up above the lodge and along the beach and she came back with a handful of real gucky looking stuff, mostly seaweed and she patted in in her hands a few times then slapped it on his back and put a patch ove it and said finally, "Now you leave it for

three days, and don't touch it!" Mrs. Ingliss was a nurse and nearly died weeing this gunk going on her sons shoulder but three days later the inflamation was gone and it was heeling beautifully, but they never thought to ask her what she put on it and now you'll give your right teeth to know.

Iris: But in those days, before antibiotics and that, Ruth and I can remember all the treatments mother always put on bread poltice which we found out later was the start to penicillin. If we had blood poisoning in the finger we would soke it for days in hot water, and I mean hot, it was changed every ten minutes. For Inpotigal which we got off the barnicles off the beach it was sulfer and lard and that cured it as good as eny antibiotics that they have today. And of course living to we had the most fantastic storms and our house being very old farmhouse its a wonder we made it through!

Ruth: It was a badly built old farmhouse!

Iris: Do you remember the time, Ruth, we looked out and this was a dreadful storm and hear was this house sailing past the rocks. It was one of those Japanese places up in the Cannel and the high tide was there and just had literally blown it out and it went sailing past and I suppose eventually it disintegrated, and the Japanese were taking out nets and things that they had stored in it.

Ruth: They rescued it but an offle lot of Japanese was being said and very little action being done. That same storm was one of the funniest things that ever came to the farm when we had a chicken cage on this side of the ridge and the wind picked all the chickens up and blew them over the hill into the other valley. These things were sailing over like footballs not flying not doing anything and their not the brightest looking critters in the world and to see them go sailing without flying... it took about three days to find them all.

Iris: Dad came to Salt Spring about 1918 I think, didn't he Ruth, he was first world war veterine and really very badly wounded and he brought mother who who was straight from England from London and dropped her right in the middle of Vesuvius and it was secluded and really isolated.

Ruth: Well no one lived here then there were thousands but nobody lived here and no phone, no light, no nothing and mother was a little person like 90 pounds soking wet sort of thing. I don't think she'd ever seen a cow until she'd hit Salt Spring so I think the isolation and the quietness could have just about done her in really exopt that they got to love the place so much they wouldn't have parted with it for enything but I think the first two or three years must have been absolutely beyond indurance bu some standards.

Iris: I know the electricity never came to Salt Spring until 1937, I think and we had no refrigaration and no lights and we ate by the season didn't we Ruth. In the summer, which wouldn't be approved, we ate nothing but venison all summer. . And in the fall we ate nothing but venison and in the winter we ate cod and salmon because they were in season and Dad used to shoot... well 'the only light we had really that was man made was Dads pit - lamping flashlight that had five cells and he would

go out at night and aim the flashlight over his head down his gun barrel and hit a pair of eyes and that deer was dead and just that quickly. We ate everything, we didn't waist one morsel of that meat we ate it, and ate is and ate it didn't we Ruth.

Ruth: Dad was leathle with guns and he never waisted amunition and that was expensive so enything they shot and died thats all there is to it. They used to pit - lamp the coon on the beach because you could get about well 75¢ for skin if you were lucky. This particular night we had rode him around Vesuvius to go hunting this coon and he puts the light up the tree and there were the eyes but nothing fell out of it and this was absolutely un- heard of, enyways he told lus to move the boat and we did and two stars pointing, shining through the branches and he had done his best to shoot thæ branches so hunting was over then that was so absolutely embarrassing to have this happen we came home. End of the hunt!

It really was a matter of survival on the that we were raised on Dad's military pension and we were so lucky because of this military pension but nobody knew it was seven dollars a month you see. And when the season came that the chickens didn't need grain and Dad didn't want to buy enymore so he used to send us kids over to the beach to dig up clams to supplement the chickens food you would just throw the clams to the chickens and they would eat them up and you could eat eggs or eat clams but I'm dammed if you could tell the difference between them.

Iris: The outdoor plumbing was another joy, everybody has been tracked in the outdoor plumbing but if you made a quick dash before you went to bed with your...the bug. You better tell them what the bug is.

Ruth: You take a jam tin and you turn it sideways and poke a candle up through the bottom and put a bail over the top and keep i out of the wind or it will go out... but it takes a good wind to blow it out. Enyways, fly for the gahoohy and have your bug go out, and there you are trapped until somebody rescues you.

Iris: Ruth and I used to make this track everynight about eight o'clock and it would be pitch dark and windy and stormy and we would get inside the little outhouse which was a two seater then we would start thinking there was a cougar outside and we used to stay in there for I don't know how long but when we got back, mother used to be so mad a t us because we were late getting to bed. But there was no way we would get out of that door because we were sure there was a cougar and then when w did we would run and break the 4 minute mile getting back to the house.

Ruth: This pit - lamping bit, I don't think enybody in those early days ate eny other meat but what they, I'm quite sure they didn't.

Iris: Everyone lived on venison.

Ruth: There are some great tales about various game wardens that weren't plentiful and made a darn good point of not coming to the Island and it was safer that way and the police didn't mind. It was never the mind shooting the deer it was getting caught doing it and believe me you didn't get caught thats all there was to it.

- Iris: People in those days just hunted to eat, there was no game shooting, I mean there was no fantastic deer hunting season because there made no difference people shot the deer to eat.
- Ruth: Later when neighbors started to come and we'd be getting on to it we had a magistrate come to live in the Bay and Dad still had to shoot deer but he was a little reluctant to be obvious about it so he used to send Iris and I over to talk to this guy till we heard the shot. And then we would have to come home and help bring this beast in. The idea was we were to keep everyone so occupied that they wouldn't hear the shot.
- Iris: And in the summer when we used to have summer visitors and they would say "oh my, what's this meat?" so then we'd say oh it was veal or goat; and they thought it was marvelous and never thought it was anything else.
- Ruth: The only other industry or agriculture in the area was that violet farm, and that was where Dr. Cock's place is and all that and it's five acres of solid violets. But then they didn't make enough money off that so they had large chicken buildings there which one compensated for the other. The violets smelled beautiful, I can't say that the chickens didn't but that was the return shoulder settlement. They farmed that for quite a few years then went back to England every body saw the depression and went back. Those were the days when the whales went through here now this has to be mentioned Mary, because it would take three days for the herds of whales to go through these narrows and I mean night and day that channel would be solid black with whales. And they will tell you now that killer whales are not aggressive and all like that it's only because there are so few of them because the fights that went on out there was absolutely epic. No fisherman, the Japanese or the Indian fisherman, would get to shore fast when the schools went through. The natural enemy of the sealion is the whale and they would come up on the beach and they would roar their hearts out but they wouldn't stay in the water. You could get within ten or fifteen feet on these enormous bold sealions and he would roar at you and sort of make lunges but he would do anything but go back into the water. They would sit on the rocks as long as the whale went through which sometime would be three days and we got to know the old clumps. Some were quite different from the others and they had bigger fins. The schools particularly the black fish (there were others), in the spring they seem to go north and in the fall they come back and they would have the young with them. That was really something when you could see this enormous fin and then the little fins beside them.
- Iris: Of course we used to, as children, walk to school three miles and at least we used to always say it was three miles since shrunk to two and a half. Actual entertainment as children was mainly in row boats on the beach and Ken the older brother, his main Saturday occupation was to catch octopus off the rocks, and some were literally huge. And we counted nine foot legs on them so that would make it up to twenty feet that was the tentacles. The beach was mostly a playground.
- Mary: When you started farming, Ruth, that was about the 1946's approximately.

- Ruth: That was three cows a truck and 125 dollars I think, no barn no nothing. Before we finished we had 30 cows and a couple of trucks, two milking machines and the thing is to farm on Salt Spring you need as much equipment to farm 70 acres as you would hundreds of acres, you needed the convenient of it which defeats any project.
- Mary: I think some of your experiences on that milk run are absolutely marvelous.
- Iris: Ruth and George used to start delevering at 4 o'clock in the morning and of course nobody was up then or if they were there would quite often be some fantastic arguments and differences because the wrong cars were parked in front of the wrong houses.
- Ruth: Well, I think this is the lovelist part of it because the population considerably smaller and everybody was known by everybody. And you'd see the wrong cars at the wrong gate at 4 in the morning you'd say, "I know where you were last night!". And they would either hate you or were really nice to you which ever they would figure would do the best good.
- Iris: You should tell them about the trips with the truck in the snow, it would just break the heart of the normal person.
- Ruth: Well, I don't know its so funny now but at the time I think you could sit in the middle of the road and think I simply will not go another inch. But I think our eppic trip was out Trip Road at 5 o'clock and the snow plows had been out and they'd plowed the road and made right angle turns into the driveways and turning the van around was just next door to impossible without a lot of two inch jiggling and George was never the most patient man at that hour of the morning, It was usually, "Get out and show me where I am", so you'd smack the side of the van wichever side he was supposed to turn to. It took thirty turns to get him turned around at Trellfords, of all places. I guess he was so emotioned in this turn that he just drove off and left me standing there, and I'm thinking how deaf he is and if I yell I'll wake up Trellfords but I'll never get George back here. So, I'm thinking he's gayly going off to central wandering why the old bag isn't answering him to all these questions so he has to come all teh way back and the same damm thing happens again. And I say if you go leave in the middle of the road again... but he didn't. It seemed the last thing you needed on the milk run was sensitive feelings because it was always snow thether and for a few winters we had some dandies. He'd start laboring up the hills and say "Get in the back!" meaning the extra weight was needed and you'd get up the hill and he'd never remember to stop and let you back in the car and you would be sailing through Ganges in the back of the truck. It was about this time and we would start taking a thurmous with us which would break the manotany, 6 o'clock in the morning when the cars would be going to the ferry here was the Heineckys having coffee on the side of the road and they would think, "so early in the morning". It seemed to me we were on the road before the road crew was and I don't know why we didn't wait except if it was cold whether and you waited to long the milk froze and rose above the top of the bottles. Not to many people are going to by milk thats exposed two inches to the air so we got it out there or we didn't and they say why do you bother and we'd say for the simple reason if you don't get it out you don't get paid for it, and that was rather an

important part of our economy was to get that money at the end of the month.

Mary: We want to hear a little more about the Model T your father had.

Ruth: Oh that thing, we spent one winter in the cramberry following these particular time mills and I guess it was when we were all coming home that it was I guess that I don't know everything was such accation and mother would get in the front and one by one we would get into the back and everybody would get settled and then father would crank it up and we wnt over that bank that is just past the old Gossits farm, Fox Club Farm. I think it was a sixty - seven foot bank which went to the bottom then rolled right over but nobody was hurt and two big sweed packed the car back up to the road and then we drove it home. It always had a had turn to the right and you never know where its going because it was angled that way and it scared the geewiz out of people who were coming towards you particularilly when you make a left hand turn looking like you were going right.

Iris: And of course it happened several times that you would be driving down the road and look ahead at you and here would be your front wheel taring along the road ahead of you. The car stayed up even on only three wheels not like a car would so today flop over.

Ruth: The thing you are forgetting is that mother was in that car!

Iris: Yes, mother didn't drive but she was very vocal...

Ruth: I don't think eny car could have survived mothers instructions...

Mary: Ruth, do you know of eny funny incidents that happened, I'm thinking of Mrs. Ingliss and the store.

Ruth: These local people a new comer is as tight as a tick he just didn't spend a nickel if he could get away with it or borrow it that is. But he went to the store and bought a cake of soap for 3¢ and then he got home and found he had a little piece of soap so he brought it back and said he had only washed one time so would you mind taking it back. I don't know whether she did or not but she probably did.

Iris: I think she probably did.

Mary: Do you have some more deriving stories to other people driving you Ruth?

Ruth: These are new modern ones in a modern Austin and I needed a ride to Ganges very badly and Margaret Garlille a very sweet old lady dicided to drive me in you start at 90 miles standing start and you fly into the ditch over the white line all the way to Ganges and when you hit the big hill she says, "I never drive very fast you know, I have no breaks", about this time your in total calapse or you hesterical.

Mary: Ruth, tell us about the team that was brought back from Crofton that night.

Ruth: This goes back even before my Dad's time but, I guess it couldn't be basketball because thats a reasonably new game it had to be a soccer team that had been to Duncan to play soccer and they used to get a launch to come from Maple Bay over to Vesuvius and pick up the team and take them back and they'd play the game and by the time they got back here it was getting the we small hours

in the morning. Highly excited team arrives and the launch lets them off at the rocks and they all clammer ashore and find they had been left on the farthest island of the point and they walk the island until morning wondering where the hell the road had got to.

Mary: Ruth, tell us the serious note which we should record here which was when you found the family.

Ruth: Aman and his wife and his two youngsters had been clam digging at Booth Canal and tried to go home at the face of a storm and didn't make it and washed in on the beach here and it was actually about now it was in May that this happened and why it was so cold, but it was a bitterly cold wind, unexpectedly came up. Three of them washed in and the father didn't turn up for a month or so.

Mary: You were looking out of the window?

Ruth: Theahabit I have is looking out of the window first thing in the morning and there is a bucket on the beach so I went down to retrieve it and nearly fell over the mother and two children that were washed ashore.

Iris: For one thing in this particular channel which is Stewart Channel one of the most treacherous areas in as much as the storms can get up, well years ago we didn't have weather forecasting, but they could laterally get up in ten minutes it would be calm and in ten minutes it would be a real raging storm. And if you happened to be, well-I think Ruth remembers this, when I was 7 and Ruth was 8 and we were caught out in a storm we started out in September and the weather was beautiful and mother was with us and this speaks very highly of Ruth's ability with a boat. Dad and Ken, my brother, had gone hunting over at the Cranberry Outlet and we were to go and pick them up midafternoon we were within ten minutes of getting to that beach and four hours later we still hadn't made it ashore and finally went with the wind and ended up on Layered Beach which was the Rainbow beach camp but Ruth rolled that time and I don't know how she did it she was sturdy, it certainly was the life and death struggle.

Ruth: We were to go over there by ourselves and mother decided to come with us and I don't know if that was good or bad.

Iris: Well, I think it was in a way because she could at least have an adult's outlook on things. But she had just recently recovered from a very serious operation and she could have been no help physically.

Ruth: When these herds of whales would go through the population of whales and sealions was absolutely it was unbelievable the hundreds and hundreds of these animals that were here and the big sealion wrockerries that were up at Cape Mudge they still are but they are very minimal now. The mounties in those days, had nothing to do with the civil policing at all they were strictly federal and fisheries is federal and they would go up with the mouny boat and turn the machine guns on the wrockerries to keep the population down just thousands of them and they had to be controlled but Cape Mudge isn't that far away and the beasts would float down and they got about half inch thick leather hide on them and by the time they got down here they were well and

trully high but the leather would hold them together but when they landed on the beach they ruptured its absolutely unbelievable it would usually be in the summer. Getting rid of these two beasts was always an eppic sometimes they would try and sink they but it was an impossibility but Dad had a fantastic way of turning, marsheling, every thing like "you kids get rid of that sealion", and we would tow it out and get it in the current that would take it somewhere else. With these neighbor boys and ourselves, we would tow these damm things out and one time we ran into a tug and a tow going through and it had a big boom on it so we hooked this big sealion on the end of the boom. The other thing if you couldn't get rid of them you couln't dianomite them, so we would have towed more than one to Crofton and tied it to the dock, the worst the Crofton people could do would be to let go of it and it would drift on their beach. It wasn't a matter of eliminating the evidence it was just spreading it around a bit. The other story of this same thing was when the Layerds originally came to the island which had to be even the early 1900's and they had a whale go up Booth Canal and get stuck in the mud. This was when the Layerds, Togy, I think was 17 and his brother was about 2 years older and there solution was to dynamite the thing and blast it into small pieces which would go out with the tide but being there ages they over estimated it and they didn't blow the thing to pieces to go out with the tide they blew it up into the trees.

Iris: You should tell the story about Sputnick your cat, when you left it at the animal shelter and George thought it might have come up the Canel to escape.

Ruth: The only cat that escaped from Ireane Hox. We went on our first holiday after we sold our herd, and I thought we were going to Europe because I had been given the present of matching luggage but we went to Barkerville and camped so... We had to put the dog and the cat into the dennel and when we got home, we were gone two weeks, and the day after we left this crazy cat of our escaped and we hadn't found it at least two weeks later but George got this eppic idea that the cat would find its way home , they always do but he'd go and help look for it. So he takes his gun, it was hunting season, and he walks straight through here which is two miles to the Canel thinking he might see a bird so he won't waist his time even if he is looking for the cat and he's roaming through the bush calling "here kitty, kitty", and he meets Ben Greenoff and he says "You must be awfully mad at that cat to run through the bush with that gun". George was so tatally embarrassed he didn't want to be seen calling kitty in the bush when he was supposed to be deer hunting. The cat didn't come home but we did find him in the graveyard about two weeks later still alive but he had been on his own for that about of time, alive that is!

Mary: Well I don't know how this will turn out on tape but I have really had such an enchanting and entertaining morninga and I just want to thank you both very much indeed.