AUTOBIOGRAPHY (SINCE 1910)

GRACE WORTH

Editor's Note — Mr. and Mrs. Harry Worth in the late spring of 1901 left Devonshire as newlyweds, and shortly after arriving in Vernon took over a pre-emption in Trinity Valley. Last year's, the thirty-third report of the Okanagan Historical Society, carried the first part of Mrs. Worth's autobiography —an account of horses dying after fighting through the deep snows of winter, of the hazards of wilderness fires in the summer, of diphtheria and of near-fatal accidents with doctors far off and a hospital even farther, of friendly Indians, unfriendly wolves, and 50-below-zero air-conditioning in a Lumby shack. Through it all, through the grinding hardship of creating a new property, Grace Worth's recollections are as much of the laughter and good-heartedness of pioneers, as of the anxieties and indeed the anguish of many of those bygone days. Her autobiography, abridged, is here concluded.

In September 1910 there was a circus in Vernon. The previous week it was advertised in the Vernon News. My boys had never seen a circus, and when they knew there would be elephants and wild animals, they begged us to take them.

Harry and Grace Worth, age 80 years, at home in Vernon.

We started out from Trinity Valley the day before circus day, and when we got to Lumby I picked up the mail. There was a letter from my brother Henry. I had not seen him since I left England. It was written from Vancouver and he said he would be staying near Kamloops with Senator Bostock, who would drive him to Vernon in his car. The day he expected to be in Vernon was circus day. Had there been no circus he would have arrived in Trinity Valley before his letter. It was wonderful news for me, but nevertheless a worrying "kettle of fish." I was figuring where I should put him to sleep, and what I should feed him, and what kind of a mess Harry would have made in the house at home. But all I could do was pack up my troubles and smile. One thing that comforted me was that I could save money on the circus by letting Uncle Henry pay.

We got into Vernon the afternoon before circus day, and I had to find a bed for that night. Every hotel was full. I met Mrs. Wilson who had lived in Lumby, but had recently moved to Vernon. She asked me if I had found lodging for the night. I told her I was looking for one and she said "Our house is crammed with visitors, but if you don't find a place come to us, and we'll manage to hang you on a clothes-peg."

Those were the days when friends were friends, and when down on my luck their cheer gave me pluck. However we went back to the Vernon Hotel,

and met a man who had taken up land in Trinity Valley. When he heard of our plight he asked Mr. Cox the proprietor to give us his room, and make up a cot for him in the corridor.

The next morning we inquired at the Kalamalka and the other hotels and searched Bernard Avenue, but no uncle. It would be a long time before the train came in, and the boys kept agitating for the circus, which was out at the race course. There was a charabanc running out there, but that meant money so we walked.

It was a wonderful circus. We were late getting in to the big tent, so we had to sit down in front almost on the ground. When the elephants walked around we thought they would tread on us and the boys were frightened. But on the whole they enjoyed all they saw.

We left rather early for we had to walk back down town and look for Uncle Henry. While walking down Seventh street, we met a friend who asked the boys if they had seen the monkeys, we had overlooked the monkeys, so there was an immediate demand that I turn back and go and see the monkeys. This was out of the question as it meant paying again, so I continued downtown with many protests. When we got to Barnard Avenue we met Mr. V. L. E. Miller, our neighbour. He asked the boys about the circus, and they complained to him about the monkeys and their mother's obstinacy. He straightaway gave Harvey a five dollar bill, and told him to make his mother go back and see the monkeys.

However we continued to the Kalamalka Hotel, and there finally met Uncle Henry on the steps. Mr. Price Ellison was there also, and he looked with surprise when he saw me embracing a strange man.

There was of course an immediate demand for the monkeys. Although he said he didn't come to Canada to waste precious time looking at monkeys, he was compelled to go. This time we rode in the charabanc, and it didn't take long. Then we had to hurry to get home that evening.

Henry inquired as to our mode of travel, and I told him it was a shabby cart of which I was ashamed. He said "Aren't there any new ones here?" And I said "I saw one in the carriage shop this morning." So he said "Let's us go and buy it." Which he did.

Henry could stay with us only one night. And so the next day accompanied by my little boys, I drove him to Lumby in our new cart.

Through Earl Grey, my brother had an introduction to Mr. Ricardo, manager of the Coldstream Ranch, and Mr. Husband who was at that time Mayor of Vernon. Mr. Ricardo was away, but the Vernon Council sent a jitney, operated by Mr. Polson, son of the Mr. Polson who donated the Polson Park to Vernon. His was the first motor conveyance for hire, operated in the North Okanagan and called a jitney. This car came to Lumby to meet us, and all stared at us. We were taken to Mayor Husband's house in the Coldstream district. There we had tea.

From Husband's place we were driven into Vernon, and Henry went to Mr. Pound's and bought some furs which he sent to his wife in England. While we were in Mr. Pound's store, Dr. K. C. MacDonald came in, and as they were both good Liberals I introduced them. They enjoyed their talk, and Dr. MacDonald saw Henry off on the train, which met the boat at Okanagan Landing, as he was due to lecture in Kelowna. He wanted to take us to Kelowna with him, and we longed to go. But as my husband, Harry, was away from home working on the road, it was my duty to care for the cows, pigs, and chickens. Cecil Saunders had kindly cared for them for two days,

but I had not made arrangements for longer. So with many regrets we returned in the jitney to Lumby, and drove home from Lumby in the cart, - a sad little family. During the drive home Harvey said "Mamma, you told us what a good man Uncle Henry was, but he smoked a cigar and said damn it." And I was thankful that Harvey was asleep when the whiskey had been produced.

Our valley in those days was a maze without a plan. Because of the haphazard way of carrying on, both humans and animals underwent unnecessary suffering. There were many failures which ordinary common sense could have foreseen and avoided.

One example will suffice. Mr. Shipman was from London, England, where he had been in the publishing business. He had a wife and daughter who were somewhere in Eastern Canada. The wife being a professional nurse had a position there.

He pre-empted land near the old trail which led to Mabel Lake. He was not young and absolutely useless as a working man. In the spring of 1911 he decided to make a living raising pigs. He bought a dozen or more weanling pigs. There was water on his place but no cultivation whatever. His idea was that the young pigs would gather sustenance from the wild growth on the place. This he helped out by feeding them a small allowance of grain. He paid the stage-driver, Mr. Conn, to haul this up from Lumby. He dared not leave the place for any length of time in case wild animals should steal the pigs. The poor stunted creatures evolved into wiry little wild things, and in the fall they were little heavier than in the spring but tougher. He probably sold them for less than he paid, while the grain and hauling would augment the loss.

That spring the men of the valley were nearly all working on the extension of the main road towards the north. One day Mr. Conn had gone to Lumby to fetch goods for the road camp, so Mrs. Conn came to visit me. I decided to walk back with her - six miles - have supper at her place and walk home again. We left our place after lunch and when we got half-way we met Mr. Shipmen.

He told us he was going to walk to the road camp, many miles away, to get Mr. Saunders, his neighbour, to connect his stove with the stove pipe. He said "Ernest went to camp yesterday and left this for me to do, and I find it impossible, for the pipe doesn't reach the stove by six inches." "Don't you have another length of pipe Mr. Shipman, that you could cut?" "Oh yes, but it is too long and I have noting to cut it with." Mrs. Conn said, "Andy has something you would cut it with, it won't be necessary to take Ernest away from his job." I suggested that he put six inch blocks of wood under the stove to lift it up. He thanked us for the information and feeling comforted, returned with us to Mrs. Conn's. He had to wait there anyway for mail and meat which Mr. Conn was to bring him from Lumby.

But Mr. Shipmen's troubles were not over, for Mr. Conn didn't bring his meat, and he said he couldn't live without it. Mr. Conn said "I must have left it back at the corner with the camp supplies, I'll drive back and get it." But after having driven Jerry and Tom another six miles he returned without it. In accusing the camp people for having taken it he used rather strong language. Mr. Shipman said "My dear Andy expletives and vituperation are entirely useless." (The camp cook told me later that they didn't get the meat.) But this time Mr. Conn's imagination was really expensive, for when he returned the second time without the meat, Mr. Ship-

men's dread of starvation, andthe all around concern, compelled Mr. Conn to take a gun and shoot a chicken in the yard. And Mr. Shipman's further worries as to how he could possibly pluck and prepare a chicken, flew like an arrow to Mrs. Conn's soft heart, and she did this for him. However after we had all enjoyed a delicious supper, Mr. Shipmen recovered sufficiently to carry home a dressed chicken and a pair of shears to cut his stove pipe. God bless the pioneers.

On July 1st. that year, (1911) the valley having attracted so many settlers, it was decided to gather at Christie lake - we called it Conn's lake because the Conns lived there - have a huge picnic and make it a day of rejoicing. But it ended by the valley being wrapt in grief. We lost one of our finest and most lovable young men, who had every quality that makes a man humane. He was respected by every soul in the valley and the little children ran to welcome him. In fact it was his love for the little ones that helped to cause his death.

Ernest was the first of the Saunders' family to come to the valley, to seek settlements for parents, brothers, and sisters. Their pre-emptions were mostly contiguous.

Mr. Conn had projected a small pier out into the lake and had a row-boat there. Ernest was proficient in everything connected with the water. He was delighted to give all who enjoyed it a ride in the boat. I stood near the landing place, in charge of my own boys and the Dodds' children, and they were begging permission to go out in the boat. I had been afraid of the water ever since being frightened as a small child. My answer was "no!" My excuse was the Dodds' children could not go without their mother's permission. Ernest's mother was there and said "Don't be afraid, Mrs. Worth, if the boat did upset Ernest is a wonderful swimmer." Soon, Mrs. Dodds appeared and was pleased to allow them to go. I stood, watched and worried until they returned.

After the children had had their ride, Ernest, his brother Cecil and Mr. Plum, decided to row out to the center of the lake and have a swim. Ernest dived in first and did not come up again very soon. When he did he waved his hands. He was such a wonderful swimmer that he often performed antics while in the water, and that is what they thought he was doing. That was the last time he was seen alive. When Cecil became alarmed he dived for him but it was too late. It was a hot day, his heart had been taxed by a long period of strenuous exercise.

The water at the center of the lake was very cold, and we all presumed it was more than his heart could stand. His mother was overwhelmed and every heart sorrowed.

The lake had a muddy bottom, and it was sometime before they could find the body. The service was held at th little Presbyterian Church in Lumby. I played the organ. I had lived long enough to see them come and go, but that was the death that cut the deepest.

With dampened spirits we returned to our common tasks. The road work was our main standby. The boys—Harvey 8 and Kenneth 5—and I were alone on the place most of the time. We had cows, chickens and a litter of young Berkshire pigs to feed for market that fall. They had ideal conditions in a field of clover, and we fed them milk and grain. I was very proud of them and boasted of my ability as a swine-herd. But pride goeth before a fall. We had recently butchered a calf, and in my eagerness for economy I decided to boil the feet to a jelly and feed the results to the pigs. I did not cook it suf-

ficiently and there were lumps of gristle in it. Several of the pigs started to choke on it, and all except one managed to move it along. I saw that he would die a painful death unless I could relieve him. To no avail I tried molasses and whites of eggs.

Forcing open the mouth of a pig is a job for an expert, and I soon realized that I would have to kill the pig to save it, and do it quickly. I rushed to the house, sharpened the butcher knife, and took the gun off the wall, telling Harvey to light the fire and put the wash boiler on with water for scalding. My next action was the only one in my whole life I considered brave. It was momentous and horrfying decision for I deliberately killed. It was the only way to stop the suffering. Yet at the same time common sese from the èconomic point of view persuaded me to do it in the correct way. I knew that bleeding was necessary, and that was the most repulsive part of the job. Between us we managed to get the pig on the wheelbarrow and wheel it to a low pile of lumber near the back door. When the water came to scalding point, I scalded it bit by bit using a big kettle and a pig-scraper. We could not find a rope, so we used the driving lines.

Then we wheeled it to an old root house which had a low beam, adjusted a spreader between the hind legs and pulled up the pig for the next phase of action. This was the easiest part of all, I had seen it done so many times from childhood on, that I was almost a professional.

The next morning Harry had occasion to come home. Ernest Andrews the London bank assistant came with him, and stood in admiration when he saw my handiwork. He said "Mrs. Worth I couldn't have done it." His praise pleased my pride, and I decided right then woman was not made from man. The pig weighed 125 pounds. The next day I made a brine, cut up the carcass and put the meat to pickle. When it was ready I smoked it under a barrel and we had delicious bacon for the winter.

It was September 1912 that my brother Henry visited us in Trinity Valley. Harry was working on the road which would open up our valley to the town of Enderby. He came home on week-ends only. Mrs. Quesnel invited Harvey to stay for awhile in Lumby and attend school there. Kenneth was

Getting ice from Choretee Lake in 1939. Harry Worth, Sr., on the left, Claude Ricketts on sleigh.

seven and stayed on the farm to keep me company.

One Sunday evening Reg Saunders was driving his team and wagon to the road camp. He called at our place to see if there was anything for the camp. I asked him to have supper. He said "No thank you, I have a man with me who seems a queer fellow. He is going to camp to look for work." After they had gone, Kenneth who had been busy in the yard came in and said "That was a bad man, he said beastly things to me." I decided the man was drunk and was glad he had gone on.

The next evening, this man returned from the camp, and called to ask if I could give him supper and a bed for the night. Not knowing I was the road foreman's wife, he said "That bloody road foreman wouldn't give me a job." I gave him his supper and told him it was impossible to give him a bed. But I told him that John Dodds lived in a shack about a quarter of a mile further on, just off the main road, and that he could get a bed there. He said "What do I do if he isn't there?" I told him the door was never locked and that John wouldn't mind if he slept there. He then asked me to walk up the road with him to put him on the trail that led to the shack. So Kenneth and I and the dog did this.

I got no sleep that night as I was afraid that if John Dodds was not at home, the man might return to our place. So I took Kenneth and the big collie dog into my bedroom and bolted all the doors. I also loaded the revolver and put in under my pillow. Then I dared not sleep, in case I should dream and shoot someone in my sleep. (Perhaps I should explain here that twice, as a small girl in Devon I had been caught walking in my sleep. Once I had unbolted the door and reached the outer courtyard of the farm.)

Hence my fear, but what a night! I thought morning would never come. We learned later that this man was known as the "Camp Inspector". He lived by imposing himself on the different camps all over the country. In those days Canadian hospitality was a wonderful encouragement to shirkers learning geography at first hand.

As we expected our third baby in March, it was decided that as soon as the road work closed down in the valley, that the boys and I should stay in Vernon with Mr. and Mrs. Dodds, and the boys could go to school. The road camp did not close until December, and as Kenneth had not previously attended school, it was necessary for me to leave him in Vernon early in the term or he would be rejected. So I left him with Mrs. Dodds and I returned home, where I stayed alone for six weeks. My only companion was the collie, with my nearest neighbour four miles away. My duties were to milk the cow, and care for the chickens and pigs. The other cattle were free to graze where they wandered. Harry came home Saturday evenings and left Sunday afternoons. The nights got longer and colder, and one incident I clearly recall.

The shades of the eve were falling when I went to the barn to milk the cow, and I thought I had better light the coal-oil lamp for convenience when I returned. On arriving at the back door with my pail of milk I heard voices, and decided the loneliness was affecting my brain. But then came knocking at the front door and my heart went down in my boots. Nevertheless I opened the door and greeted the strangers with a smile, realizing that diplomacy was essential. They were two immigrants from Sweden, and only one of them could speak a little English. They had walked from Enderby - 18 miles - and were going to Lumby, - another 15 miles. When darkness came on they thought they would walk until they found a light. If I had not lit the lamp when I did, they would have had to walk another 12 miles to see a light. They

had not had supper, and as luck would have it, I had stuffed and boiled an old hen that day. It was my fresh meat supply for the week. With some vegetables they enjoyed the chicken, plus some home-made bread, butter, and canned or bottled raspberries for dessert. Intuition told me they were decent men, so I turned out the old davenport, and invited them to stay the night. There was plenty of bacon and eggs for breakfast in the morning, then they started off for Lumby. I have never heard of them since and have forgotten their names.

After the Trinity Valley road was opened in to Enderby in December 1912, the boys and I moved to Vernon and lived in a shack behind the Dodds' house on 8th Street. Mr. Quesnel drove us from Lumby in his new Cadillac with an open top. We were well wrapped up and supplied with footwarmers and a buffalo robe. This was one of the first cars in the Lumby district.

On the morning of March 20, 1913 Mr. Dodds borrowed George Calder's horse and buggy and drove me up to the Vernon Jubilee Hospital. There had been a hard frost that night and the frozen ruts of mud along Seventh Street caused much jolting. The birth to me of my third child was disappointing, and I said to Dr. Morris, "After waiting more than seven years another boy!" Being fond of children and having none he said "Some people have waited longer than seven years, Mrs. Worth, and haven't even got a boy. If you don't want him I'll take him." Naturally the offer was rejected.

We lived in our shack in Vernon until summer holidays came. Then we rode in Johnnie Genier's newly acquired motor stage to Lumby. Harry was running a road camp at the bottom of Derby Hill about three miles from Lumby. The government was putting a new road there to reduce the grade of the hill. We stayed in a tent, which would hve been pleasant had it not been for swarms of mosquitoes. We had to sleep under a net. The baby slept in his carriage which had been covered completely with netting. This meant much distubrance of my sleep at night. But the two boys slept soundly under their nets and had delightful days, bathing and fishing in the creek which ran beside us.

My memories of that summer are too numerous to mention here, but there is one incident which is worthy of recall.

Walter Remsberry, our neighbour, was a very obliging man, by profession a gardener, but willing to try his hand at anything. Mrs. Finzel, who had been a good cook, had left the camp and taken her recipes of which she was very jealous. So Mr. Remsberry took on the job with trepidation. But he was a good family man and understood babies. I welcomed almost any work in exchange of baby care. Consequently there was much reciprocation between us.

He kept the meat in the big crock in the creek. One hot afternoon that summer he came to me in great distress. The only meat he had was a leg of pork in the crock. It smelt so badly that he was afraid to cook it, and yet it was impossible to get more from Lumby. So I said "you take over the baby and I'll see what I can do." I cut the pork up in fair sized chunks and washed it well in the creek. Then I parboiled it in slightly salted water with some baking soda and a little vinegar added and threw away the liquer. After cutting it again in small pieces I dressed it with plenty of bread-crumbs, sage onions, pepper and salt moistened with milk. This was baked well in a dripping pan until a golden brown. Then Mr. Remsberry took over and served supper. They "licked the platter clean" and after the meal Bill Marshall, who loved to find fault, said "Hi, Walter, that was sure a good

supper we had tonight, but what was it? Was it chicken?"

In the late fall of 1913 we gathered our flocks, from the range and our few milk cows which had been in the charge of Mr. Quesnel in Lumby, and returned to our home in Tinity Valley, prepared for the common round. With so much snow our winter roads were still our greatest obstacle to progress, but they were better than in the first few years in the century when our only neighbour was Mr. V. L. E. Miller. He gave me many books and the latest English and American magazines, including the London Times. In the English literature of that year there was much evidence of dissension between the British and German Empires, and the minds of the people were being prepared for the coming slaughter. During the spring and summer of 1914 dozens of men called at our house for a meal and sometimes a bed. They were wandering the country looking for work.

The first baby ever born in upper Trinity Valley was born on August 3, 1914. I was sleeping soundly when Mr. Getty awakened us to ask me to go to the Alger's house, a mile distant, to help Mrs. Conn the midwife. He was on his road to get Dr. Nash of Lumby, who also kept a drug store at this time. I carried our big galvanized wash tub with me in case it was needed for a hot-sitz-bath, and trudged along in the moonlight. Everything went well and Miss Mabel Alger was born long before the doctor arrived, and I was able to get back in time to have breakfast with my family.

In the summer of 1915 Harry bought two little Berkshire pigs from Tow Ward at Lavington. On the homeward trip he rested and fed his team at Howard Derby's place three miles north of Lumby. The pigs were in a slatted box in the back of the democrat. The horses were allowed to take the hill quite slowly, while Harry read the Vernon News, - our link with the outside world.

When he arrived at the top of the hill he missed the grunts of the pigs. On investigation, the slats had become loose and there were no little pigs to be seen anywhere. He left the box at the side of the road and scattered oats within and around to entice them to the spot. The next morning Harry and Harvey left before daylight to find the pigs, and succeeded in capturing them with some milk in a pail. Such is the tale I have been telling friends for over fifty years, but when repeating it to Mrs. Derby she said, "He didn't tell you what he told us, -that I had given him too much of my dandelion wine which caused him to fall asleep going up the hill!" History even at first hand is not always reliable!

In September, 1915 James Grant married Beatrix Saunders, who had previously come from London, England, to join the family. The male members of the Saunders family had pre-empted land near the Bobbie Burns Mountain on the east side of Trinity Valley. Much of the history of the Saunders family is intermingled with the history of Trinity Valley.

The first world war broke up this family, both directly and indirectly. Cecil Saunders, the eldest son at that time, was killed in action in France. he health of Donald the youngest was shattered while overseas. Reginald, who remained on the farm in Canada, died later from typhoid while working in Saskatchewan. And meanwhile both father and mother passed away long before they should have done. This is a typical story of hundreds of Canadian families during world war one.

I attended "Jim" Grant's funeral. He was eighty-eight and one of a very few left to remember our Valley in its early days.

For those who remain of the Worth family Jim' Grant's wedding

brings back pungent memories, -memories of a dog.

The dog was young but fully grown. On the evening of the wedding after we got home he wandered into our yard with a thin and hungry look. He was part hound, it was hunting season, and he was lost. I fed him and next day Harry took him to Lumby, hoping he would sense his whereabouts and find his home. But he would not leave the waggon. We tried in every way to find his owner. But we didn't advertise for that cost money which was scarce. So the dog stayed and became one of the family.

We called him Jack. He was the pal of Harry junior, and pulled him around on wheels and on his little sled.

Almost exactly a year after he came, Joe Nicholas an Indian from the Enderby reservation came with his family to pick huckleberries on Mabel Lake mountain. He called at our house to get some butter, and of course the dogs rushed out to bark at him. He immediately said "You got my dog and I want my dog." Here was a pretty kettle of fish. My husband was not there, but the boys and I received a shock, while the "baby" burst into tears. Mrs. Nicholas said "Aw, big baby cry about um dog." I realized I must play for time, so I said "Come here Jack" and shut the dog in the front room saying, "How do I know he is your dog?" He said "Jack, that's what we call him, and do you think I tell um lies. I pay five dollars to Simard for that pup to hunt deer and I lost him last September at the south end of Mabel Lake."

The dog must have come in through the gap by Bobbie Burns' Mountain. It was a striking co-incidence that we bth called the dog Jack, yet I realized that much of what he said was the truth. But I had no more intention of giving him the dog than I had of giving him the baby. So I said he would have to bring me proof that the dog was his.

He was very annoyed with me, and in a few days he returned with the Indian policeman and a note from Mr. Simard saying he had sold the pup to Jim Nicholas for five dollars eighteen months previously. Probably the policeman had told him he was in a precarious position for he said, "You give um me five dollars and keep um dog." Taking a chance and hoping to save the five dollars I said "You give um me ten dollars for the dog's keep

Mother and three sons, Harvey, Harry and Kenneth, in 1933.

and take up dog." He said "Aw, it don't cost nothing to feed um dog." Had I gone to law I think I should have won, for he didn't advertise the dog, and by his own admission he was illegally hunting deer with him. But for five dollars it was not worth the trouble. So I wrote out a recept on the transaction, to which Jim Nicholas put his X. After the bargain was closed he said "I would rather have um dog."

The dog lived for sixteen years. He was then feeble and prtially blind, so I allowed him to sleep in the house and fed him outside in the evening. He would take some exercise and bark to be admitted when he returned. One night I waited until 12 p.m. but he never returned, and although I hunted around the next day I never saw him again. I think that is how a dog prefers to die if the choice is left to him. He lives in memory only, but we loved him.

It was in December of 1918. There was to be a chicken show at Armstrong, and I was preparing to leave the following morning. Billy Clarke of Clarke and Elliot, lumber contractors, was on his way home to Enderby. He called at our place for supper and to rest his horse. I gave him supper in the front room, as my birds were getting their beauty parlor treatment in the kitchen. It was about 20 degrees below zero.

He said "My God, women, are you so crazy as to go to a chicken show in this weather?" Of course Harry agreed with him and prophesied death from exposure.

There was good sleighing from home as far as Enderby, but after that wheels were required. So the next morning Harvey and I set out in the democrat, with the birds crated in the back. These included a pen of ten hens and a cockerel for Mr. Pritchard at Knob Hill not far from Armstrong. It was an unlucky trip in some ways. When we were going down the hill by the big bridge which crosses the Shuswap River near Ashton Creek, a wheel of the democrat came off and trundled down the hill. We borrowed sleighs from Mr. Boyd who lived there, and continued to Enderby. Then we borrowed Mr. Polson's democrat.

We had never been to Knob Hill before and had to inquire at houses on the way. We called at the Worthington place. Both Mr. and Mrs. Worthington came to the door, and Mrs. Worthington said "My heavens, are you going to Pritchard's tonight? Do you know it is thirty below zero?"

However we eventually reached the Pritchard place in safety, but we had been so anxious to keep the birds warm, that one of Mr. Pritchard's birds was smothered to death. We enjoyed supper and stayed the night. That twenty-four mile trip was a hard day's work and tough for all the animals concerned. We arrived at the show early the next day and won the ribbons. The prizes in themselves were small, but the honor and glory lasts as long as memory lasts.

I had heard that similar help in regard to improving the cattle industry could be obtained from the Dominion Government, but it was with great difficulty that the boys and I persuaded Harry to make enquiries.

Many of the settlers owned a few cows, and found it very inconvenient to plod so many miles to Lumby for breeding purposes. Eventually, the neighbors near and far attended a meeting at our place, and a club was formed as per directions from the Government. Officers were elected and Grace Worth was the secretary. The caretaker of the bull had of necessity to be Harry Worth, as no other settler had sufficient fodder to maintain the animal over winter. Because they produced the greatest quantity of milk,

and raising pigs was considered as a side line, the Holstein breed was decided on.

Mr. Pat Owens of Salmon Arm had at that time a famous herd of Holsteins, and the Dominion Government bought our first bull - Black Jack Hengerveld - from Mr. Owens. By this time the Worths were doing most of their business with Enderby merchants, but our mailing address was Lumby. When the bull was ready, Mr. Owens sent a wire to our Lumby address saying the bull would be delivered at Mr. Sparrow's livery stable at Enderby on a certain date. There was no phone in our Valley and telegrams were not delivered, so we did not know it had been sent until Harry went to Enderby on business. Consequently our club started out with a livery stable bill for care of animal in Sparrow's livery stable where he was an unwelcome guest. But compared to some of our bulls he was quite docile.

I remember it was a cold winter with much snow when Mr. Saunders senior died. On the day of the funeral which was in Lumby it was 30 below in the Valley. Harry and the two boys went to the funeral and I was left at home with the baby. Proper accommodation for the bull had not been completed, and during the deep snow he was allowed to run in the yard with the cows. My duty that day was to go out to the barn before dark, throw out sufficient hay from the loft, and spread it in heaps around the yard. I was very much afraid of the bull, so struggled through the waist-deep snow behind the fences to reach the barn. I threw out plenty of hay, but it was not scattered as it should have been, as I kept as close to the barn as possible with one eye on Black Jack in case retreat was necessary. Then I returned to the house in a round-about-way, thinkful that the task was ended.

For many years after our return to the Valley, missionaries of various sects visited there, endeavouring to plant their beliefs in the minds of the settlers, whose minds had already been tuned to various "keys". Often on a Sunday afternoon they gathered at our house to hear the preacher.

Mr. Saunders senior had become appointed as a lay preacher for the Anglican Church. One summer Archdeacon Beer of the Kootenay Diocese honoured the Valley with a visit. He came on Saturday and stayed overnight, to hold service at the road camp on Sunday afternoon. It was arranged that he should go to Mrs. Conn's for lunch on the Saturday and sleep at her house as she was the only one with a spare bedroom.

And he was to have lunch at the Worths on Sunday. On Saturday morning Mr. Saunders came to our place and borrowed the cart to fetch the Archdeacon from Lumby. Mr. Saunders was very deaf and got slightly mixed up.

After lunch time on Saturday I had all the front room chairs placed on the table, and the floor swept ready to be scrubbed. But as Harry had just killed two young cockerels for me, I decided to pluck them while warm. Clothed in sack-cloth—without ashes—and decorated with feathers, I was sitting in the back shed performing the job, when a smiling Mr. Saunders arrived with the Archdeacon for lunch. Crushed beneath the weight of unfortunate circumstances, I cursed within me, but arose with a smiling countenance to welcome the Archdeacon to Trinity Valley. Of course Mrs. Conn was waiting five miles away with everything ready and in apple-pie order. It was late, they were hungry, and the horse needed a rest. Fortunately there was plenty of bacon and eggs, bottled fruit, etc. When I apologized for the substitute lunch, the Archdeacon said "No don't you worry about that, wherever I go I get chicken dinner and the Church's One

Foundation, this is a delightful change." This compliment was compensation and of course I had an easier day on Sunday.

A noteworthy preacher was Samuel Polson from Enderby who came quite often on Saturday to supper and stayed over Sunday. Mr. Polson had been prepared for the Presbyterian ministry, but because of his refusal to accept the belief that in case of death an unbaptised baby would not be accepted in Heaven, he was rejected by that church.

Mr. Polson did not come under the auspices of any organization, but I have since concluded that he preached Christian Socialism. At that time Mr. Polson, who had acquired a lot of real estate in the North Okanagan, was getting rid of it. He told me personally that no man should be allowed to control as much land as he had acquired and that the land was for the use of all people. Beautiful Polson Park in Vernon was given to the city by Samuel Polson. Also Riverside Park in Enderby, and valuable lots in that city.

Mr. Saunders called Mr. Polson the "Old Windbag". And Mr. Polson said Mr. Saunders belonged to the church that did those things they ought not to do and left undone those things they ought to do. They loved one another like "good citizens" often do love one another. Mr. Saunders preached what was then called Anglo-Isaelism.

The acquisition of a pure-bred Holstein bull for our community encouraged the Worth family to branch out into the breeding of pure-breds. So we wrote to Mr. Owens of Salmon Arm to ask if he could supply us with a young femele, unrelated to Black Jack. The consequence was that Harry and I and the "baby" who was then four years old, journeyed to Salmon Arm in March 1917 to inspect Mr. Owens' herd. As the roads were made quite difficult by the deep snow, we decided to leave the team to rest at the livery stable in Enderby, and go by train to Salmon Arm via Sicamous. That was an unwise decision at that time of the year. We knew a lot about snow on the roads, but little about snow on the railway. Although it was a momentous and difficult trip both going and returning.

When we arrived at Sicamous we were informed that the train going west would not arrive until the following morning, because of snow-slides in the mountains, and that we had better make arrangements to sleep the night in Sicamous. There was no room at the C.P.R. hotel, so we got a room at the other hotel a short way down the Okanagan railway track. The authorities at the station said that if the train arrived in the night, they would phone the watchmen at our hotel to wake us. As we were very tired we slept well through the night, and woke in the morning to find that we had been forgotten.

Our train had gone through, and it would be necessary to stay there until the next train from the east which might arrive arrive some time that evening. We were disgusted, especially with ourselves for not staying at Enderby the night and take the team to Salmon Arm, which would have been both cheaper and more comfortable, and I fretted and fumed around like a broody hen that had lost her nest.

We went to the refreshment room to get breakfast. A "lady" from London, England, was behind the counter. She was very upset and gave us the news. There had been a terrible battle overseas, in which the enemy had triumphed. She said "Our boys have just been slaughtered by those bloody Germans."

While I was talking to her a freight train came in going west. She said to me "There is your chance, dearie, get them to give you a ride on that

freight." So I went to the booking office and asked. But the man, who answered me with a strong Scotch accent told me it was impossible as the freight did not stop at Salmon Arm. So I said "It is entirely the fault of you people here, so all I can do now is try to entice the engineer, and I started for the platform. He called me back saying "Wait a minute." Then he phoned to someone and said "It's all right you can go." I wore a lovely purple velvet dress - a hand-me-down - and I can only think that he summed me up as an undesirable character, and decided that if I stayed in Sicamous I should be a nuisance to him. Or because of my daring approach he might have thought I was a V.I.P. in touch with his superiors.

We rode in the caboose, and the two men in charge there snubbed us with disdain, but they were very pleasant to the "baby". After all we had paid, our fare and the C.P.R. servants were responsible for our plight, and this incivility squashed the pleasure we had anticipated. From the Salmon Arm station we had to walk about a mile through deep wet mud and ruts to the Owens' farm. Harry carried our four-year-old, - a heavy burden - and I lagged behind, constantly having to retrieve my rubbers from the mud.

We bought a yearling heifer for a hundred and fifty dollars. Mr. Owens registered her as Trinity Valley Maud, and although we bought more purebreds later, Maud, because of her model form, was the foundation of our show-ring herd. We spent the night at Owens' farm, and went back to Enderby next day by C.P.R. Here we had to collect feed and groceries, and as the roads were so bad it was necessary to stay another night in the hotel there. The out-going trip had been tough and discouraging, but the homeward journey between Enderby and our farm was killing.

I was not feeling well when we left Enderby. But managed fairly until we reached the Doubek place. From there to our place it was seven miles uphill all the way to our home, with one neighbour in between three miles from Doubek's. These seven miles were entirely blocked with snow. So we unharnessed the ponies and left our sleighs and groceries by the roadside near the Doubek place. Joe Doubek brought us out hot coffee before we left and Harry decided that the baby could ride the smaller pony, I could ride the other, and he could walk. Riding a pony on a good road would have been difficult in my condition, but when the pony lost his footing and stumbled every few steps causing me to fall over his head, it was impossible. In this way we struggled along for about two miles. Then I lay down in the snow and begged Harry to leave me there, and go to Mr. Wickstorm's a mile further on and ask them to fetch me. "In sickness and in health till death do us part." In health he wasn't too bad, but when I was sick he loved to dominate. He said "If I leave you lying in the snow you'll freeze to death, you let me drag you." And for the next mile it was mostly dragging.

At that time Mrs. and Mr. Oleen were staying with Mr. Wickstrom, and they were wonderful neighbours to me in adversity. Mr. Oleen shared Mr. Wickstrom's bed that night, and I slept with Mrs. Oleen. They gave us refreshments and put me to bed where I slept until late the next morning, but Harry and the boy finished their journey. The next morning they came with a fresh team and sleighs, and took me home. Harvey was fourteen and an excellent helper in the house, and Kenneth was able to help Harry with the animals. So while I recuperated we managed without having to seek help from our distant neighbors.

There was no Women's Institute branch in Lumby in 1917 but that winter Harry and I attended a Farmer's Institute there. It was the day for

election of officers, and to the surprise of the meeting Mr. "Pete" Catt nominated Grace Worth as a director. I accepted and was elected. Those were the days when the very idea of a woman in public office was scorned by the majority. It was worse than a commoner infusing new blood into a royal family. The president and secretary were far from enthusiastic about the matter, and apparently did what they could to discourage me. Our mail was delivered in the valley once a week, and notices of the meetings would be posted just a day too late for our stage, so that I could not receive them until the following week, when the meeting would be over. However through the help of friends picking up my mail in Lumby, I did to a great extent overcome this obstacle, and attended many of the meetings, although the roads were generally difficult.

One trip to carry out this duty stands out very clearly. As the "baby" was useless at home I had to take him with me. It was in April and the roads were breaking up. Prince was needed at home so I had to take Dick in the cutter. The cutter was a red box with a spring seat on runners, and young Harry was good company on a long journey, and a help in many ways. When we reached the top of Derby Hill the snow had gone. So we left the cutter at the side of the road and walked two miles with Dick in his harness to Howard Derby's place. Then we hitched the horse to Mr. Derby's buggy and proceeded to Lumby. I attended the meeting in Lumby, and we spent the night at Quesnel Ranch. The next morning we got back to Mrs. Derby's where we - including Dick - had lunch. Those were the days when we really visited, and lived a lovely life for every moment, with no fear of death on the road.

In 1918 we bought three more registered Holstein cows from a man who had been running a dairy in Keremeos, and was selling out. To do this we had to borrow some money from the B.C. Government, and it was harder to pay it back than to borrow it. It wasn't a case of no down payment in those days. They apparently took a down payment before they gave you the money.

The cows were Betty KeKol, Larrie Hengerveld, and Segis MacKinley, and the poor animals certainly hd a trying time during their journey from Keremoes to Trinity Valley. Harry and Harvey went to fetch them. They took two days to make it from Keremeos to Penticton, staying one night at Mr. LeFevre's farm on the way to Penticton. From there they travelled by C.P.R. boat to Okanagan Landing, and from there by train to Enderby. Harry was tired out when he got home and angry because he couldn't get a comfortable seat while travelling. The C.P.R. authorities would not allow them near the ordinary passengers, as they carried a cow effluvia. But I think the animals with the four legs suffered most, for their feet were in a sorry state when they finally made home, with not even a chance to grumble.

Some people thought that such isolation of a dairy herd would be bad for marketing. In selling the day-to-day produce that was true. But for selling pure bred stock from the herd, isolation was our salvation. The herd was tested frequently, both for R.O.P. and disease. And in all the years we never had a reactor. There was no question of impurity, and all stock sold for breeding purposes brought good prices.

Unlike many families during the depression, our family had plenty to eat. Our meat supply was plentiful and we grew a big garden. Although much farm produce was needed to exchange for other necessities at the stores, by dint of hard work we kept things going. We were fortunate too that

we were warmly clad in winter, much of our clothes being charity from England. And I always looked on myself as "Second Hand Rose."

The extension of the herd mde more work for me. I made the butter in a barrel churn and worked it on a V-shaped contrivance with a kind of roller, weighed the pounds and shaped them. Harvey was a wonderful helper both inside the house and out. He made some wooden boxes which each held 24 pounds of butter, these were easy to pack and carry.

In the fall we killed the young pigs, cut them up and pickled the joints in barrels. When ready we dried and smoked them and sold them as hams and bacon. The road to Enderby was open and it was a good market for us. But as we were unable to undertake raising much grain we had to buy a lot for the animals, and Harry would return home with a far heavier load then he took out. As for financial accumulation I always thought we resembled "Napoleon" the Negro's grand action pony, that picked his feet up high and put them down again in about the same place. "Gid ap Napoleon you am holdin yo own." For a few years I raised turkeys, but that is another story.

Harry was very proud of his herd and loved to show them off. One year a few days before Armstrong Exhibition, Harold Steves, President of the Holstein Association, accompanied by an official of the B.C. Agricultural Department, visited us, and inspected the herd. A few days later at the opening of the Exhibition, Mr. Steves in a public speech said "Last week we had the pleasure of inspecting one of the finest herds in British Columbia." Of course man-like all the credit was given to Harry Worth, and Harry beamed with self-satisfaction.

The following spring Laurie Hengerveld injured one of her hind legs and was too lame to range with with the herd. So Harry tethered her inside the garden fence where there was ample feed. When she had cropped all around her, I undertook to re-tether her. In my ignorance I tied her to the fence rail, where she got entangled, and fell, breaking her hip-bone.

Of course we should have sent for a veterinary but could not afford him. At a dollar a mile it would mean $32.00 and probably several trips would be necessary. On English farms there was a veterinary near, so Harry knew nothing about broken bones. But Harvey and I decided to try and mend Laurie's leg. - poor Laurie!

At first we swung her off her legs in the stable, but she soon developed sores and we had to let her down. I sent for elastic bandages from the drug store at Enderby, but they were too expensive. So I tore up old flannelette sheets. These had to be soaked, washed and boiled, dried and rolled everyday, and most of my time was taken up. Later, Harvey made a kind of corset by stitching splints in canvas, which we laced up. We bathed and dressed it everyday. It was a very unpleasant job. After many months it healed, but she was always lame and not able to take her chance with the herd. Cows are most unkind to their sick sisters. After she had borne and raised her calf, she was fed up and slaughtered, but my heart is still sore in that I blame myself for her suffering. Her calf was a beauty, and through her decendants Laurie's world is without end.

That same year early one morning in September, Harry Sr. was mounting Brownie, one of the ponies, when he reared and threw him off.

In falling his leg was broken below the knee. Only little Harry and I were there, with no way of getting the neighbours except on Brownie, and I was afraid to allow the boy to ride him. But by co-incidence Mr. Grant was passing just after it happened. He helped to get Harry to bed. Then while I

attended to the leg, Mr. Grant walked the four miles to his place, and got his team and democrat.

Having had much recent experience with the cow's leg, and having attended St. John's Ambulance classes in England, it was not too difficult to fix Harry's leg. There were splints of all sizes in stock which Harvey had made, and I still had the elastic bandage which cost fifty cents in Enderby. By the time Mr. Grant returned with his democrat, the leg was bandaged, Harry was bathed, and his clothes changed, ready for the eighteen mile trip to Enderby. That evening when the work was done, I was so tired I just rolled into bed and left the dishes until morning.

Harry remained in the hospital about a week and after he came home he told me that when the doctor removed the bandage to examine his leg, the doctor said "Do you have a nurse in Trinity Valley? This looks like a professional job!" There's nothing worse than a woman scorned, but a women praised will forget even slavery.

Although the doctor ordered Harry to rest, the turnips had to be pulled, so the next day he took a stool and a knife to the turnip field, and pulled, and prepared turnips for winter storage.

When Mr. Kane, our first teacher left, he was replaced by Howard Daniels from the New Westminster district, where I believe his father was a Baptist Minister. He was very young, very jolly, and a good singer. He was known as Howie. When visiting the people of the Valley, he rode a bicycle and carried his ukulele in his hand. His comic songs were enjoyed by all, and he was a willing entertainer. I do not know the class of his certificate, or whether he strictly adhered to the school curriculum, but his genial personality gave him a welcome everywhere.

Our next teacher was Rita Insley from Vernon who boarded with the Grants, quite near the school. But many of her weekends were spent at the Worth Farm. It was the only place where there were young people her own age, and as we shopped in Enderby on weekends she often went with us. Thus we were able to give our teacher a little pleasure in her spare time.

The Worth meadow in Trinity Valley

A few hundred yards from our house in Trinity Valley, Lossie Creek ran under a bridge to join the main creek a little lower down.

One morning in May when the snow in the mountains was melting fast, and Lossie Creek was swollen over its banks, the children on their way to school noticed the creek near the bridge had washed our a part of its bank and was filling a old channel which ran close to the house, The reason for this divergence was that a cattle fence across the creek a little lower down, had gathered logs and debris which prevented the free flow of water. Harry junior who was about thirteen, saw the the situation was serious, and that unless this stoppage was cleared right away, the house would be undermined, and probably washed away. His Dad and big brothers were all out of the valley. So he told Amy Pritchard to ride to school and explain his absence to the teacher, Then he returned to tell me of the danger.

We harnessed Buttons, took chains and long ropes and hurried back to the point of destruction. We could neigher of us swim, and right then my hair started to turn gray, and I felt I would rather save my boy than save the house, for the water was very deep and strong. I wanted to tie one of the long ropes around his waist, to make sure of him, but he pooh-poohed the idea, and commanded me to obey. I was to drive Buttons and remove the logs to a safe distance, when he attached the chain to the log. This I did and we were there for many hours, which seemed an eternity to me. He was wet through and through, and I foresaw pneumonia and every ill. But of course constant action kept him warm. We were not only clearing the spring's accumulation, but the accumulation of every year since my husband erected the fence. And my husband was reminded of his neglect most strongly when he returned home. And nagging just puts more flies in the ointment. Yet if it was possible my baby boy went up a notch in my estimation.

While speaking of Lossie Creek, here is a little bit of North Okanagan history. I had heard different versions of the names of the physical features of our Valley, but most people agreed that the names had been given by Jim Christie who discovered the Valley. Different people had given me different explanations. One was that the water of Lossie Creek went underground for much of the way in summer. It was lost and therefore named Lossie. Another that it was called after Christie's dog Lassie.

But fortunately later in life I became aquainted with Jim Christie and he gave me the true story. I quote: "I called it after the River Lossie in Scotland. We lived on one side of the mouth of the Lossie, and Ramsay McDonald lived on the other side, in one of our cottages. His family was of the Christie biscuit firm, and Ramsay MacDonald became (Socialist) Prime Minister of Britain."

When we first went to Trinity Valley I was interested in finding out the source of its name. At that time Mrs. Deschaump of Lumby told me hat when the road was first put in, several French Canadian men from Lumby worked on it, and it seemed to take such a long time to reach the end of the surveyor's layout, they named it Eternity Valley. But many years later when I became aquainted with Jim Christie he gave me reasons for some of the place names.

He entered the Valley from Mabel Lake by following up a creek. He stood on a high mound of land somewhere near the place which afterwards became the home of the Saunders family. From there he could see three mountain ranges, and as the discoverers were a man, his dog and his pony, he decided to name it Trinity Valley. Being the son of an English Church

clergyman, he apparently knew something about Hell, from the creek that ran into Mabel Lake he called the Styx, as he had had "A hell of a time making his way up." Being a true Scot, the mountain on his left he called Bobbie Burns' Mountain. Further west he found several lakes which were called Christie Lakes.

In the spring of 1932 the Valley was feeling the great depression. Some of the school children were having bread and lard in the place of the usual sandwich for lunch. Our family was lucky as we produced our own meat and butter, and I decided it would be false economy to sell these products for next to nothing and deny the family healthy foods.

But we had to sell some dairy products to buy flour and other necessary products which we couldn't produce. Harry was an excellent gardener, and we had vegetables in plenty, from asparagus in early spring to juicy swede turnips in the late fall, and a supply of root vegetables in the root-house for winter. We had an abundance of rhubarb, with currants, strawberries, raspberries and crabapples in due season.

A visit to Vancouver in 1933, because of my health and necessary treatment, was my first out of the Okanagan since coming to Canada in 1901. My son Harvey drove me in his car.

About 1930 my beloved brother Henry had died in England. And at the end of 1933 brother Fred died at Alameda, California. My brother Henry's widow in London worried about my health, and sent me a cheque for Christmas, hoping it would help me go to California and visit my sister Alice. She thought the change of air would do me good. I left Vernon on January 17th, 1934, and travelled by Greyhound on the trip.

In October 1941 we had a Provincial Election in British Columbia. At that time I was secretary of the Lumby C.C.F. club which was the only active club in the North Okanagan Riding. A few years previous to 1941 there had been active clubs at Vernon, Armstrong and Grindrod, and although Grindrod still existed as a club it was sluggish.

Gordon Herbert was the C.C.F. Candidate, as it turned out, and I acted as his campaign manager.

I was not fitted as a campaign manager, for at that time I knew nothing of the tricks of politicians. In talking to Mr. Wood after the nomination meeting I mentioned Gorden Herbert as my "boss." Mr. Wood said, "For goodness sake, Mrs. Worth, see that he does what you tell him, **you** are the boss." This was not easy. Anyway, we lost.

In November of 1947 my niece Mary Bright who had visited us in 1935 with her mother and two little boys, emigrated from England with her husband and the two boys, who were in their teens, and came to reside in Trinity Valley. They bought my son's place where there was a very good log house, and they also bought an adjoining place of 320 acres.

In May 1948 there was a Federal by-election in Yale Constituency which embraced the main towns of the Okanagan. The C.C.F. candidate was Mr. O. L. Jones of Kelowna. As I was an active member of that party, I was asked to conduct our committee rooms in Vernon. I had had a slight pain in my left breast for some time, and thought I would take advantage of being in Vernon to call the doctor's attention to it.

Mr. Coldwell who was to speak for the C.C.F. on the 28th of May was a Devonshire man and I wanted very much to meet him. So I put off my visit to

the doctor until the 27th of May, thinking that by this postponement I should not be ordered to the hospital until after the 28th.

In this I was disappointed for the doctor said "cancer" and would not wait one day. I was rushed to the hospital and operated on for cancer of the breast the next morning. My doctor, Hugh Campbell-Brown, was the chairman for the big meeting, and although M. J. Coldwell expressed a wish to see me he was not allowed to do so. This dampened my spirits, and I did not get another chance to see him for about ten years. Our candidate was successful and one of my Liberal friends in Lumby said "Poor old lady, now Jones has got in, she will die happy anyway." I didn't die.

When I left the hospital I was supposed to go right away to Vancouver for X-ray treatment, but the Fraser River flooded so badly that spring it was impossible to get there. While waiting for the floods to subside, I had to go to the clinic every other day to get my would dressed. My own doctor having left the city for awhile, I was attended to by a young red-headed doctor called Finlayson. I asked the nurse who was assisting him if she was studying to be a doctor. The doctor answered me saying "Of course not, women are no good for doctors." I said "That's what you think, but your man-world has never given them a chance, in many ways they may prove superior." The last dressing I had before leaving from Vancouver was done by Dr. Campbell Brown, and Dr. Finlayson was in the room. Dr. Brown said "I am sending you to Dr. Ethlyn Trapp, she has one of the best medical brains in Canada." Of course I had to say "There you are Dr. Finlayson, digest that."

I am sorry to say that not long after that, Dr. Finlayson who was a wonderful surgeon was killed in an accident while driving from Vernon to Oyama. His car went over a guard rail and fell into the abyss below.

I went to Vancouver and took X-ray treatment under the supervision of Dr. Ethlyn Trapp in the Medical Dental Building. After my discharge there I went to stay with my son and his family at Nanoose Bay.

While I was trying to recuperate on Vancouver Island, Harry stayed at home and managed the farm. He got a great surprise when a man came along one day and asked if he would sell the farm. He knew that I would not be able to work on the farm again, so he sold it, cattle and all, and for far less than he should have. The following year the price of cattle went up, and he could have got more for the cattle alone, than he got for the farm and the cattle. But Harry was like a ship without a rudder. Through his knowledge of people he had known in the past, who had died after the operation for cancer, he did not expect me to live long. So after he had arranged his business matters he journeyed to Nanoose Bay, Vancouver Island, where we spent the winter with our youngest son and his family. And that was the first time Harry had left the Okanagan in fifty years. The sea air stimulated my appetite and I enjoyed the fresh oysters Harry gathered from the rocks. But the after effects of the operation and the X-ray treatment, gave me on the whole a miserable winter.

When spring came we decided to buy a home. Altough the Island was attractive in many ways, we naturally decided to go back to the Okanagan which was equally attractive and where we had lived for so long. After all the human element is the strongest magnet, and home is where the heart is.

We went to a real estate agent in Vernon. We saw several houses which were for sale at inflated prices, but they didn't please me. Then the agent who was an Englishmen said "There is a nice property at the north end Mrs. Worth, but you wouldn't want to live there, for the neighbours are all Ger-

mans and Ukrainians." I assured him that if the house was suitable that was just where I wanted to go. It was suitable, so we bought it and moved in on May 9th, 1949. The neighbours are neighbourly so here I have remained. There is a big garden, the soil is rich, and as soon as we learned about the dangers of insecticides, we grew our garden in the organic way. That I believe is one of the chief reasons I am here to write this when so many of my past friends have departed.

During our Provincial Election of September 1960, I was in charge of the committee rooms for our party and Mary, my niece, came over from Nelson to give me a hand. In the mornings she kept house for me and came to the office in the afternoons. We walked two miles home every evening and delivered literature to the houses on our way, each taking one side of the street. On the first of September she left for Nelson in order to help with the party there. We said good-bye on the bus in Vernon and that was the last time I saw Mary. She wrote me a long letter in October saying she was not feeling well. She died on December 24th of a tumor on the brain, which the specialist in Vancouver said was too deep-seated for an operation.

Since coming to Canada in 1947 Mary had been as a daughter to me, and her death was a great shock to all the family.

About a month after she died Harry and I journeyed to Nelson intending to spend the winter with Charles, her husband, and keep him company.

Just before leaving our home at the end of January, Harry danced a jig in the kitchen. When I suggested that he had gone off his head, he said "You know we've been married all these years, and this is the first time we have been able to go away goether for a holiday, and I am just overjoyed."

He enjoyed every mile of his bus journey and every moment of his stay in Nelson. But alas, he died suddenly on February 24th. Had he lived another month we would have been married sixty years, with a previous three year engagement and a wobbly courtship from school days "when we were a couple of kids." But when it is too late we say "If we had done this, or if we had known that." Yet both of us were glad and proud that we were able to jog along together through the fair and cloudy "weather" which evolved while we struggled to carve a home from the evergreen hinterland of British Columbia.

So after I had carried out all the duties demanded of me in connection with Harry's death, - the burial expenses were far more than Harry and I had anticipated - I decided that this story would keep me too busy for loneliness and self pity. And now after five years alone I am nearing the end of the things I remember which are worthy of mention.

Mrs. Pritchard who was my friend for nearly sixty years, was very good in coming often to stay with me for awhile after Harry died, and helped to make me feel less lonely.

In October 1961 Mrs. Pritchard and I went to Vancouver to attend the last convention in British Columbia held in the auspices of the C.C.F. We rode down to the coast with Jim Foord who also attended the convention. We enjoyed our re-union with old friends.

Just a year after that in October 1962, we again attended a convention in New Westminster. This time, my son and his wife took us in their car, and Mr. Foord went with us as a delegate.

Between the two conventions the C.C.F. had got "married" to a new

partner and naturally took on a new name — The New Democratic Party. Whether it was for better or for worse remains to be seen, they are too newly married to tell. Marriage vows are not respected as they were when I was young, and although marriages seem heavenly at first, they often lead to a hell-of-a-time.

The thoughts of this meeting sadly remind me of so many old friends who have passed away. Angus MacInnis who was crippled with rheumatism, reproved me because I had walked up the stairs to get the view from the top of a tower, instead of taking the elevator. It took me four minutes to walk up, but only one minute to come down. I wish I had the chance to do it everyday, it is wonderful exercise.

I often wonder if this return trip from this honeymoon convention was ominous, as we seemed to have bad luck all the way. A few miles east of Chilliwack we had a flat, and we soon discovered the spare tire was no good either. We spent a long time at Hope trying to get a second-hand tire, but in the end we had to buy buy a new one. After leaving Hope the driver heard a noise in the works which worried him. We called at a garage at Spence's Bridge for a diagnosis, but they could find nothing wrong. We went into a room there to get refreshment and Mr. Foord got the shoulder of his best suit hooked up in a card of fish hooks. We spent a long time trying to remove them without success. I tried without avail to get Mr. Foord to buy them and leave them where they were until he wanted to go fishing. In the end a lady lent us a darning needle, and with great care and patience we were able to extract them with little damage and a few damns.

When we left Spence's Bridge the fog was so thick that we could but crawl along, and it was morning when we got home. We seem to have been crawling ever since. But it's always darkest before dawn, and a dawn with a rosy morning is on the horizon.

Before closing I leave with you my song of praise for British Columbia.

THE LAND I LOVE

I love a land that reaches up to heaven and sweetly sleeps
beside the silvery sea,
Where clouds blow-round to show their rosy linings and every-
thing that breathes is fair and free;
British Columbia, fairest of daughters, there's mystical music
in thy rippling waters.

Your face reflects the light of smiling sunshine,
Your form is ever constant, ever true.
Your limpid lakes are emerald eyes that welcome,
Your evergreens, they whisper, "I love you."
British Columbia, God's golden west,
Land of my heart, I love thee best.

When woefully I wander from your borders,
In dreams I hear your voice sent to recall,
In majesty your mountains beckon homewards,
And I yearn for you, the dearest land of all.
British Columbia, let me abide with thee forever,
Neath thy mountains' side.