

Memories

1916-1997



By Elsie Catherine (Brown) Paul
February 15, 1997

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Memories

"Granny, what was it like when you were growing up?" you asked me. "How did you manage during the Depression?" "What were the War years like World War II'?"

Well, come and take a walk with me down Memory Lane and I'll see how much I can remember. But, first of all I will give you some information about Mother and Dad so you will get some idea of my background. Unfortunately there is not much to tell as I know very little about their early life.

Dad

Thomas Henry Brown was born January 21, 1867 in Hull, Yorkshire, England. His parents were very poor so he did not get very much education. Jobs were scarce in England so he emigrated to the United States in search of work. He settled in Tacoma Washington probably around 1890. He had one sister Sabina Elizabeth who was married in England and then came to Tacoma Washington I presume it was in Tacoma that Dad married his first wife, Catherine Charlotte Axford. They had two children:

William Thomas Brown	Born: July 22, 1893 Tacoma Wash. Died: 1984 Carmel, Cal.
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Gertrude Elizabeth Brown	Born: April 30, 1895 Tacoma Wash. Died: May 16, 1983 Penticton B.C.
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They moved to Rossland B.C. around 1896 because of Catherine's health but to no avail she died in Rossland 1898.

Dad worked in the famous gold mines in the booming town of Rossland. Later he worked for the Bank of Montreal before deciding to start his own business, a Dry Goods store (fabrics, sewing materials, women's and children's clothing).

Dad enjoyed walking fishing, gardening, music, and picking huckleberries on Mount Roberts.

He died in Rossland Feb. 1957 and was buried in the old cemetery in Rossland.

Mother

Mary Jane Scott was born March 13, 1884 in Edinburgh, Scotland one of eight children. As was the custom in those days in the poor families when girls reached the age of fourteen or fifteen they had to leave school and go to work, usually as maids. Jobs were very scarce in the old country so Mother came to Canada with a group of girls to find employment. She was one of the lucky ones and got into a good home with a banker in Hamilton Ontario, she was fourteen. Although she had to work quite hard she was treated more as a member of the family than a maid. I have no idea how she got from Hamilton to Rossland nor the reason for the move. It was in Rossland that she met and later married Thomas Henry Brown in St. Georges Anglican Church September 5, 1906. I still have the beautiful marble clock which was given to them as a wedding gift from the members of the church choir. It has an engraved inscription on it.

The house that Dad built to bring Mother to live in after their honeymoon in Spokane Washington was very comfortable but not too fancy. Mother kept the house very clean and Dad kept it in good repair. He was a 'Jack of all Trades' doing painting, paper hanging, and plumbing. Both Mary and I were born in the upstairs bedroom of that house.



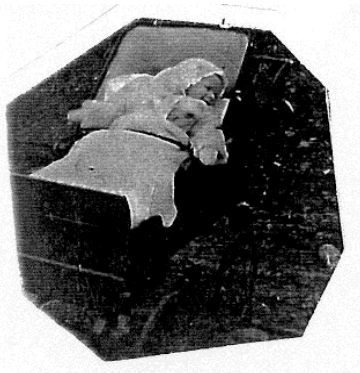
Mother was married in a dark brown suit, white blouse and a gorgeous white hat which I believe she made. It was beautiful lacy material with a raised daisy pattern on it. An ostrich plume curled around the brim of the hat. Years later Mary and I used to play 'dress up' in the hat and suit.



Mother had dark brown eyes and dark brown hair that fell to her waist. She wore it up in a bun. She was very neat and clean in her person and in her home. There were two children:

Mary Helen Brown Born: October 13, 1909 Rossland B.C.

Elsie Catherine Brown Born: July 17, 1916 Rossland B.C.
Christened: Oct. 1, 1916 in St. Georges Anglican Church
Confirmed: May 29, 1926



My First Wheels

Mother must have had a fair education as she helped us with our school work. She spent a lot of time reading to us, singing songs and playing games with us.

So, you see I had one full sister, Mary and one half-sister Gertrude and a half-brother William (Bill).

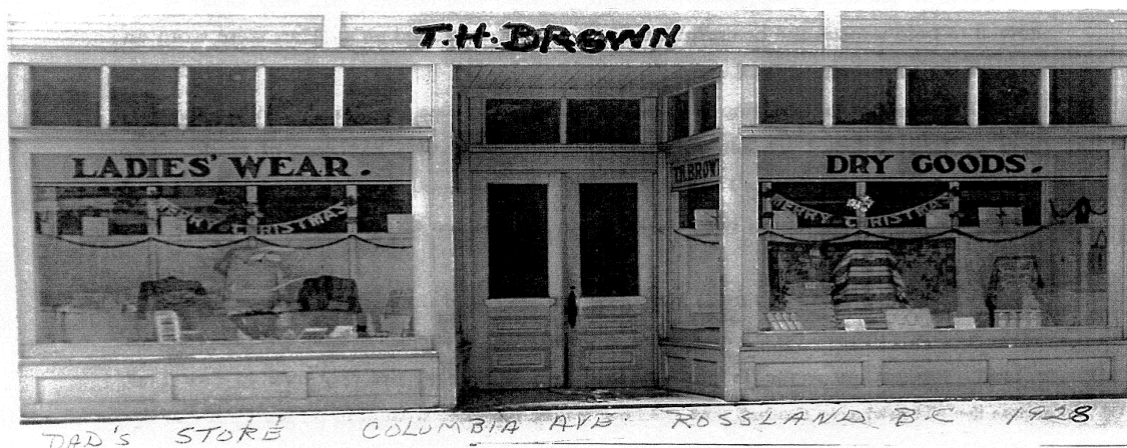
Mother died in Rossland May 18, 1963 and was buried in the old Rossland Cemetery.

Mother and Dad

Mother and Dad took an active part in the Church. Dad sang in the choir and Mother was active in the Women's Auxiliary and Altar Guild. They had many good friends in the church and community. Music was an important part of their life. Dad played the flute and piccolo. We had a piano and a windup gramophone.

No Radio or TV until much later.

If Dad had to be away for any reason or was sick, Mother could look after the store very capably. She would do the housework and pack the lunch before heading up to open the store at 8:30am. Mary and I would go on to school, coming back at noon so we could all eat lunch at the store. The store closed at 6:00pm.



This store was burned down in the big fire 1929.

Growing Up in a Small Town

Growing up in a small town back in the early days was much different and safer than today. We celebrated Christmas more as the true meaning not as commercialized as now. We were content with the simpler things in life. We had dolls and doll buggies, teddy bears and lots of books. We made our own fun playing house and playing school. After breakfast on Christmas morning we opened our presents then got ready to go to Church. In the afternoon Dad would take us for a walk while mother prepared dinner. Mother used to take us to all the Christmas concerts. During the Christmas holidays we would go to visit our friends to see their Christmas tree and presents. Then we would have hot cocoa, sandwiches and cookies; no Pizza or hamburgers or Junk Food. Christmas time was fun in the store helping to decorate. Easter was another fun time when we were allowed to help unpack the beautiful Easter hats for women and girls. Hats were worn on most occasions and always in Church.

I was not an outstanding student but managed to pass each grade. When I was in grade IV I lost a lot of school due to sickness. I had a very bad case of scarlet fever followed by rheumatic fever. I really started to enjoy school when I got to grade VII. I had a wonderful teacher strict but very kind and she had the ability to make all the lessons interesting.

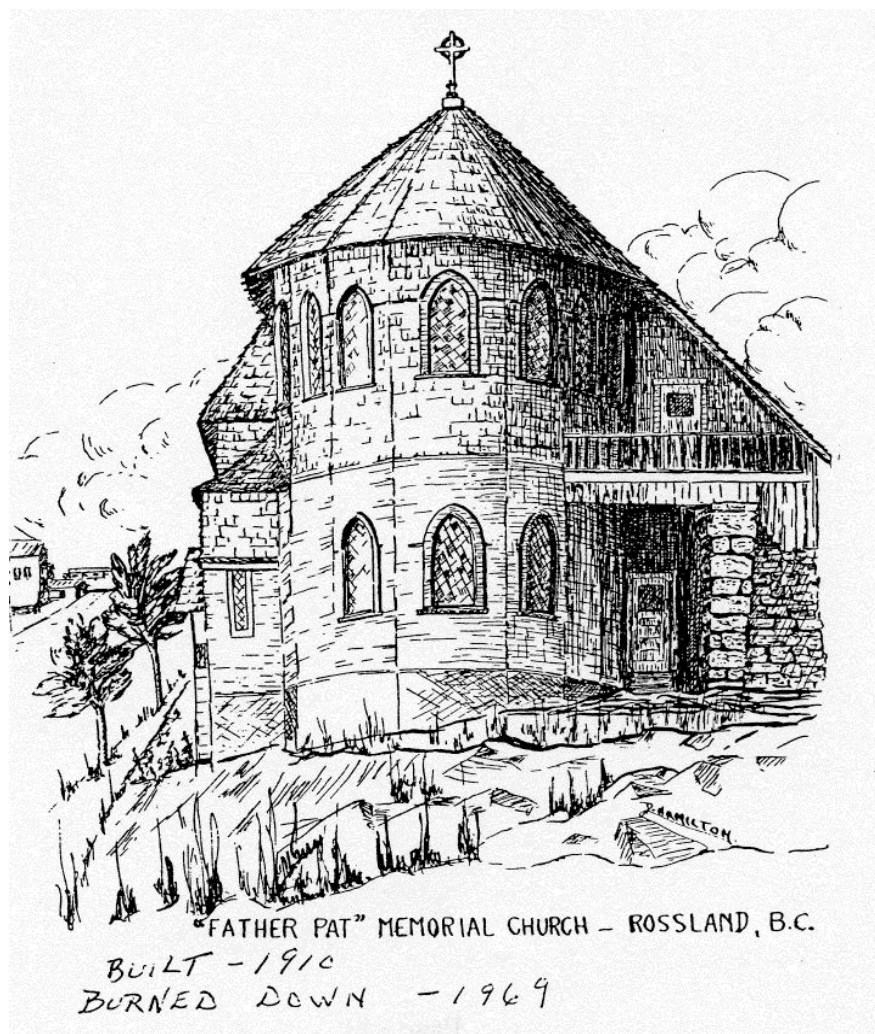
In the summer I liked to go swimming, picking wild flowers and hiking. Dad used to take us down to Trail on the coal burning steam train to attend the May 201 celebrations in Trail. We got out at the Trail station and then walked all the way over to East Trail across the old bridge to the ball park. At noon time we were treated to dinner at one of the restaurants. After supper with friends (The Miles Family) we visited until time to catch the midnight train to come home.

Quite often on a Sunday afternoon in the summer time we would walk down the old Trail road to Endersby's Ranch. They had a big herd of milk cows and sold milk and cream to people in Rossland. It was fun watching the cows being milked and there were usually two or

three barn cats patiently waiting for a saucer of warm milk. We were always invited to stay for supper and then there was the long walk back home.

Halloween we did not go out Trick or Treating as people did not have the money to spare to buy a lot of treats to hand out. We usually had a nice dinner at home or across the street at our neighbors where we would 'bob' for apples and play games. If we dressed funny we made up our own costumes as there was no money for an expensive costume ready made.

Winter fun was going bobsledding down those steep hills in Rossland, snowshoeing and skating. Women and girls did not wear slacks in those days. You wore a warm wool skirt with a heavy sweater or coat and long wool stockings. If your skirt blew up in the wind it showed your fleece-lined bloomers. Whoopee!!



A Saturday afternoon matinee cost ten cents, an ice cream cone cost five cents as did a chocolate bar. You could skate for two hours in the afternoon for fifteen cents on real ice, not artificial.

In my teens I became interested in a C.G.I.T. group (a church group) Canadian Girls in Training. I went on to take a leadership course and became a leader of a group of my own. I also belonged to a young people's group. We had meetings with speakers as guests or had musical evenings. We went hiking and had wiener roasts, skating parties and dances. I loved to dance. By then I had learned to sew on Mother's Singer treadle sewing machine and made a lot of my clothes. That machine is still in working order and is in Dennis and Ann Matthews' home in Rutland. Dennis did a beautiful job of refinishing the machine.

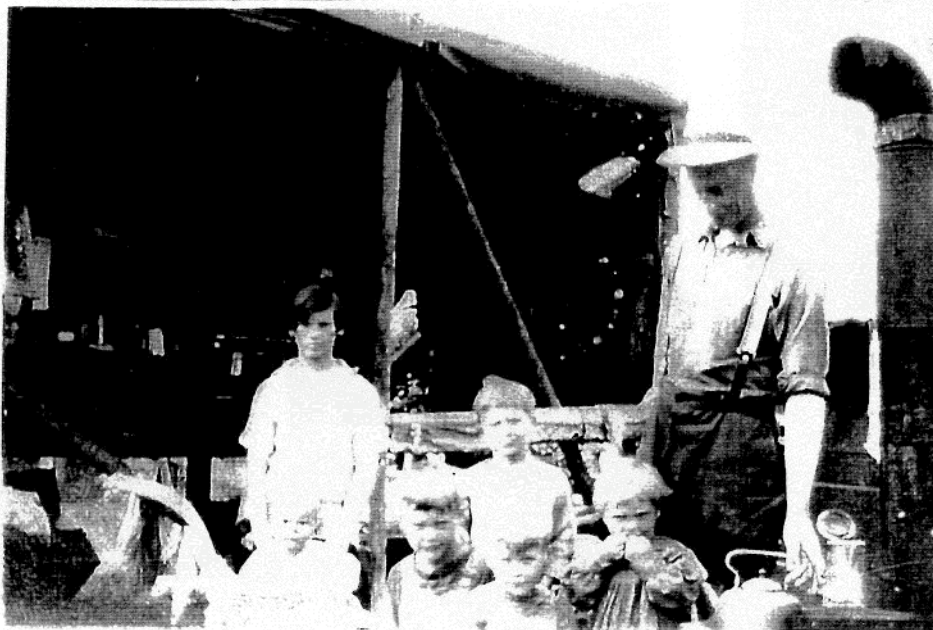
Summer Holidays

I was only three years old when Mother took Mary and me to Vancouver by train to visit Gertrude. I don't remember it but have pictures of it.



I had my ninth birthday in Tacoma Washington when we went to visit Aunt Sabina. She gave me a beautiful doll. We travelled by train. We also went to Portland Oregon to visit Bill and his wife Mary.

At the age of ten Gertrude took me with her family, husband Will (Rev.) and sons Bernard and Denys and daughter Betty, to spend the summer at Slocan. They packed up tents, pots and pans, their three kids and me and the family cat and boarded the train in Rossland to travel to Slocan City. We were met by the Clay family, friend of Gerturde's. They met us with their horse and buggy to take us to their beautiful ranch about two miles out of Slocan City. The tents were set up on the bank of the Slocan River. We spent long summer days playing in the water, going for long walks, and picnicking. I came home from there by bus.



Will Beames
Elsie Brown
Bernard Beames
Denys Beames
Betty Beames
Isabelle + John Cla

CAMP AT SLOCAN

Edgewood B.C., a small town on the Lower Arrow lakes was my next destination for a summer holiday. I was twelve years old. I got to Edgewood via a stern wheel boat. I stayed with a nice couple who used to be our neighbors in Rossiand. They called themselves my other Ma and Pa. I was flower girl at their daughter's wedding when I was eight years old. I still have the gold pendant that I was given for a gift. Many happy hours were spent going out in their row boat to catch fish. I spent a lot of time in the water and on the beach. I came home by boat to Robson where I was met and taken to Rossland by car.



At the age of fourteen I spent the summer again with Gertrude and her family (which had increased by one, Bill had been born). This time at Okanagan Landing. I got a ride there with friends from Rossland to the Okanagan. That's when I fell in love with the Okanagan, never dreaming that one day I would be lucky enough to move to Penticton to live. We stayed in a little summer cottage by Okanagan Lake and enjoyed swimming, boating and having picnic suppers on the beach and sitting around the bonfire singing songs. I came home from there on the Sicamous stem wheel boat to Penticton to get on the train to go to Robson where I was met and taken by car to Rossland.



A couple of years later I attended Camp Koolaree (a church camp) for ten days. This was on the Kootenay Lake near Nelson B.C. It was at this camp I met a very good friend who lived in Grand Forks B.C. In 1932 I visited her in Grand Forks for a week. This friendship lasted for many years.



Depression Days

The Depression or the "Dirty Thirties" as it was often called was a time when jobs were scarce and money was very scarce. There was no "Welfare" or "Credit Cards". If you didn't have the money you did without. Business was slow in the store but we didn't suffer too much. Due to Dad being a good gardener we always had plenty of vegetables, fruit and berries. Mother used to can quarts and quarts of fruit, made jams and jellies and pickles. Dad used to pick a winter's supply of huckleberries for Mother to can for the winter. No deep freeze in those days. Carrots and beets were packed in boxes of sand and stored in the cellar for the winter. Potatoes were in a big bin. Apples were packed in wooden barrels. If I wanted some apples to eat while doing my homework I had to go down to the cellar with only a small flashlight. No electric lights down there! Oh! Horrors! I was sure there were big monster lurking in the dark corners and fierce animals waiting to leap out at me. Probably the fiercest one was a little mouse on the shelves, killing himself laughing at me. If he had squeaked I would have freaked out completely. I was such a wimp, afraid of the dark, afraid of dogs and afraid of snakes.

Mother was such a good cook. We always had good nourishing meals. Would you believe twenty five cents would buy enough round steak to feed four of us and a Sunday roast of beef cost one dollar? Mother was also very clever at sewing and could make over Mary's outgrown clothes into dresses and skirts that looked like brand new garments. She taught me how to sew, knit, and do embroidery work. She knitted mitts for all of the grandchildren.

The mines in Rossland had closed and most of the men tried to get work at the Trail Smelter (Cominco). Some were lucky enough but many had to go away to seek employment. We didn't have very much spending money in those days.

War Time

When I graduated from High School I wanted to take a Business Course and become a secretary but there was not enough money so I spent a year at home and helped in the store when needed. The following year I got married on August 31, 1935 to Erwin Dimsdale Matthews in St. Georges Anglican Church Rossland B.C.

Just during that period of time styles had changed quite a bit. Brides were getting away from the traditional white wedding dress. One of my friends was married in a very pale pink satin dress with a white veil. Another friend was married in peach satin, Having a summer wedding I chose a pale yellow organdy floor length dress with a little cape of same material to go around my shoulders. I wore a white hat instead of a veil and carried a bouquet of white sweet peas, I decided the design of my dress and had it made by a friend who was a dress maker.

This marriage produced three boys.


Donald Dale Matthews: Born October 27, 1938

Kenneth William Matthews: Born June 16, 1940

Dennis Henry Matthews: Born August 19, 1942

By then we were well into World War II. Some food was rationed such as tea, coffee, butter, sugar and meat. Candy and fancy foods were very scarce. Gasoline was also rationed so if you owned a car you didn't get enough gas to go on holidays or be dashing out to Christina Lake every weekend. Doctors, Ministers and essential services got special gas rations as did the men who had to drive to Trail every day to their work at the Smelter.

Ration Books

LETTERS VW	NUMBERS 011258	Prefix and Serial Number No de Série (avec lettres)
LETTERS Name Nom	NUMBERS Last Name—Nom de famille	First Name—Prénom
Street Address or R.R. No. No et rue ou R.R. No. P.O. Box 1326		
City or Town Ville ou Village Rossland		
Province Province B.C.	Telephone Number	Numéro de Téléphone
RATION BOOK 6		CARNET DE RATIONNEMENT 6
RB-275	CANADA	

PRIMARY PRODUCERS, SUCH AS FARMERS, who produce rationed foods, must collect coupons for all sales of rationed foods and deliver them to their Local Ration Board. Primary producers must also deliver coupons to Local Ration Boards, according to current regulations, against the consumption in their household of certain rationed foods produced by them.

BOOK-HOLDERS' RESPONSIBILITIES

The law requires that:

- a book-holder must detach from his ration book and destroy all unused coupons which have EXPIRED for use by him.
- ration book must be surrendered promptly to the Board if the book-holder dies, joins the armed forces, or ceases to reside in Canada.
- when buying rationed commodities, coupons must be detached only in the presence of the supplier or his representative. It is illegal to use coupons detached in any other manner.
- ration books may be used only by or for the person to whom issued. (Severe penalties are provided for mis-use of ration book or false statement in connection therewith).

THERE IS A LOCAL RATION BOARD IN YOUR COMMUNITY. If you have a rationing problem, phone, write or visit your Board. A group of citizens serve voluntarily on this Board. Please give them your co-operation.

Name
Nom
Address
Adresse

B 71	B 70	B 61	B 60	M 76
B 72	B 69	B 62	B 59	M 77
B 73	B 68	B 63	B 58	M 78
B 74	B 67	B 64	B 57	B 54
B 75	B 66	B 65	B 56	B 55

PLIEZ SUR LA LIGNE AVANT DE DÉTACHER LES COUPONS

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Those were sad times and party times. It was sad to see the local men going away to join the Forces so you partied when they left not knowing if or when you would see them again. War weddings were 'spur of the moment' affairs. When a man knew he was being sent overseas he wanted to marry his sweetheart before leaving. There was no time to have anything very elegant. Most of the brides were dressed in a suit with hat and gloves and corsage, or wore a nice afternoon dress. The men wore their uniforms.

Many of the women went to work at the Trail Smelter to fill in where men had left otherwise the Smelter would not have kept running. That was the beginning of women taking such an important part in the work force. Due to rationing, Church groups and lodges could not raise money by having teas, bake sales and dinners. They had to resort to thinking up other ways to make money for their charities. They put on concerts and had dances.

At the end of the war there was a great housing shortage. Many of the beautiful big houses in Rossland were divided into two or three small apartments to rent out.

I don't have any old style dresses tucked away in a trunk. But I do have my Aunt Sabina's wedding bonnet dating back to April 16, 1890. It is in remarkable condition considering its age. I have my Christening robe. Several generations have been Christened in this robe.

As you have no doubt figured out by now, I spent the war years washing diapers. There were lots of dances to go to and the local theatre did a roaring business especially on weekends. You lived one day at time because you weren't sure if there would be a tomorrow.

Yesterday and Today

I was born halfway through World War I (1914-19) and lived through World War II (1939-1945).

There have been so many changes in my life time:

From outdoor toilets to indoor bathrooms

From coal oil lamps to electric lights

From wood and coal stoves to electric ones and microwave ovens

From doing laundry in the old wash tub and wash board and hanging the clothes out on a line to dry to automatic washers and dryers. Water for washing was heated on the stove in boilers or tubs. I still have Mother's wash board hanging in my laundry room.

From the horse and buggy days to motor cars, to busses, jet planes and space ships. The most exciting thing was watching the Astronauts walk on the moon, thanks to television.

From a piano in the parlor to a wind up gramophone to radio to stereo and to television.

Our neighbors had a Jersey cow named Bessie, and we got our daily supply of milk from them. We carried the milk home in a lard pail. Lard used to be packed in metal pails with tight lids and carrying handles. The pails came in three pound size, five pound size, and ten pound size, which when empty of lard made handy pails for storing food stuff in and for huckleberry pails. As the town grew so did rules and regulations. No longer were people allowed to keep a cow, or pig or chickens in the city limits. We then got our milk from Drakes Dairy on the outskirts of town. They delivered milk daily to homes in either pint sized bottles or quart sized. A half-pint bottle was for cream. (I still have one bottle of each size up on my kitchen cupboard). Then more rules came in and raw milk was not allowed to be sold. It all had to be pasteurize. Cows were milked by milking machines instead of the 'udder' way by hand. Today pasturized milk is either sold in cardboard containers or plastic jugs on the supermarket shelves.

There are push buttons for everything now and zoom, the job done. And there is that new monster 'the computer' which completely boggles my mind.

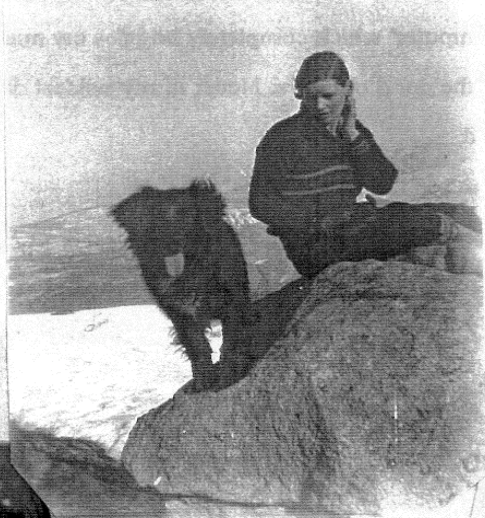
And so it was in the good old days. Never in my wildest dreams did I think I would live to be eighty years old.

Now my goal is to see the turn of the Century!! We'll see, we'll see!!!



Other Pictures

TOP of COLUMBIA-KOOTENAY
MOUNTAIN



ELSIE - OSCAR - MARY



Life Goes On

When the war was finally over things slowly got back to some sort of order. Families were reunited and factories and business resumed their former work.

Many changes took place, as did, in my life. I met and married Charles Edward Paul on July 28, 1947. He was the son of William Edward Paul and Jennie Charlotte Stenson. We were married in the Rossland Court House by a justice of the Peace.

Charles, better known as Chuck, was one of seven children Edna, Bertha, Gordon, Lawrence and twin brother Charles, Lois and Sidney.



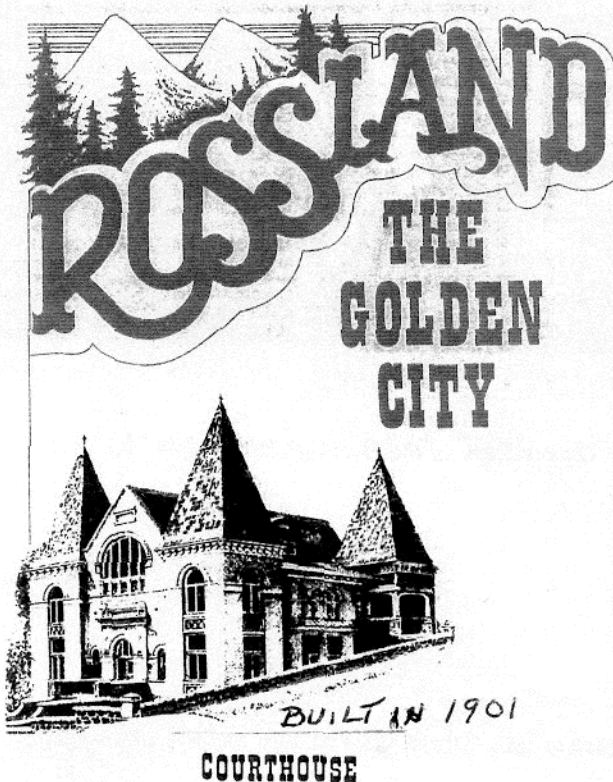
On the Steps of the Heritage House July 28, 1947

I wore a white silk jersey dress, a white straw hat, white gloves and shoes, my cordage was pink carnations. Chuck wore a pin-striped suit

The Court House and the Paul family home in Rossland have been declared Heritage Buildings. The house was built for Mr. Dempster, a prominent mining man during the gold mining boom days of Rossland. Chuck's mother worked in the house as a maid before she was married, little realizing that years down the road it would be her family home. There were fifteen rooms in the house. It was built in 1896.



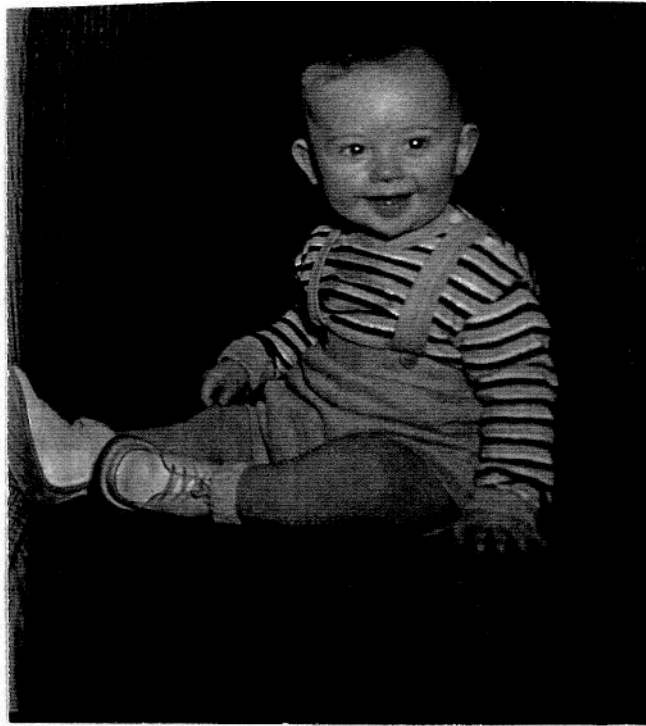
1345 Spokane Street Rossland 1896



Dinner in the Big House

Chuck worked in his dad's sawmill and logging business until 1956 when the business was closed. He became a Fourth Class Steam engineer and worked for the Trail School District #11.

Our son Brian Charles was born February 19, 1950 at the Mater Misericordiae Hospital in Rossland. That expanded our family to four boys, Dale, Kenneth, Dennis and Brian.



All the boys attended school in Rossland. Dale graduated in 1956 and later attended Art School in Vancouver B.C. for four years. Dennis also attended Vancouver Art School after graduation. Kenneth did not go to grade ten due to ill health. He took a Hair Dressing Course in Vancouver, working in Vancouver and the Kootenays. Brian graduated in 1968. He took an apprenticeship in Trail and became a mechanic. He now works for the City of Trail.

Being a housewife and looking after four boys kept me busy at home. I baked all my own bread, cakes, pies and cookies. I also did a lot of canning, making jams and jellies as well as freezing fruits and vegetables.



Kootenay Avenue House 1947

My hobbies are sewing, knitting, doing crafts and embroidering pictures for my own home and also for the family. I enjoy reading and in the summers like to hike around the hills to pick huckleberries and wild flowers.

I had activities outside the home. Even though the war was over I continued to knit socks for the Red Cross. I made baby nightgowns and cotton dresses and matching panties for little girls. The Red Cross Society sent these garments to needy families in other countries.

I was a member of the Hospital Auxiliary taking turns working in the Thrift Shop, which raised money for the hospital. Many pieces of equipment were purchased for use in the hospital.

In 1952 I joined the Ladies Auxiliary to the Royal Canadian Legion Branch 14. I was secretary for seven years, VicePresident for two years and President for two years.



I worked on various other committees such as hospital visiting. I put in many hours helping with the catering to social events. I was presented with an Honor Certificate in 1973. I have PastPresidents pin, a 45 year membership pin and a Life Membership pin. I still knit little caps for new born and premature babies for the Hospital Nursery. I transferred from Rossland Branch 14 Auxiliary to the Penticton Auxiliary Branch 40

I was an active member of the St. Georges Anglican Church, Kossland and the Anglican Church Women's group. Money was raised for the church by having teas, coffee parties, luncheons and rummage sales. On moving to Penticton I became an active member of St. Saviours Anglican Church and member of the Women's Guild.

Wedding Bells

The year 1962 was popular for weddings. Dale married Phyllis Anne Sutherland in Vancouver June 16, 1962; Kenneth married Beverly Calverhill April 13, 1962 in Red Deer Alta.; Dennis married Shirley Place August 18 1962 in Rossland; and niece Barbara Tobiasson married Albert Chambers of England on August 25, 1962 in Rossland their wedding reception was held at our house on Kootenay Avenue. Brian married LeeAnne Fletcher June 2, 1973 in Rossland.

When Dennis' first marriage ended he went to Jamaica as a member of C.U.S.O (Canadian University Service Overseas) for two years. He taught Art in a Boy's Private School in Kingston, Jamaica. It was there that he met Barbara Arm Leduc of Ottawa who was also a member of C.U.S.O teaching in a rural school for two years. After returning to Vancouver their Friendship continued and they were married June 6, 1970 in Vancouver.

Then in due time the grandchildren appeared.

Born to Dale and Phyllis: Jennifer Anne Matthews, May 7, 1968 Vancouver

Kenneth John Matthews, October 3, 1970 Vancouver

Kenneth and Beverly did not have any children, nor did Dennis and Shirley.

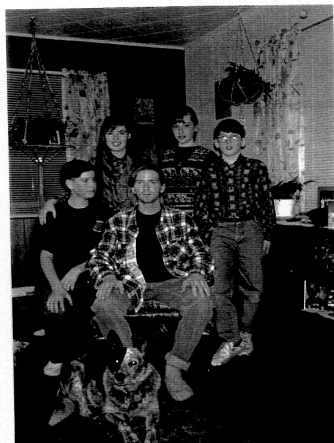
Born to Dermis and Ann: Danielle Elizabeth Matthews, August 13, 1973 Vancouver

Philip Alan Matthews, December 13, 1978 Kelowna

Born to Brian and LeeAnne: Leah Catherine Paul, May 23, 1980 Rossland

Michael Edward Paul, March 16, 1982 Rossland

It has been interesting to watch the grandchildren grow up. Jenny has her B.A. and a degree in Social Work and works as a counsellor in a Transition House in Victoria. John works at Deep Cove Bike Shop in Vancouver as a bicycle mechanic. Danielle is a computer programmer for Western Star Trucks in Kelowna. Philip is in his second year of college studying to be a Physics and Chemistry teacher. Leah will graduate in June 1998 from Rossland Secondary School. Michael is in Grade X at Rossland Secondary School. All of them are excellent skiers and love out of door sports.



Saying Goodbye to Rossland

In 1976 we moved from Rossland to Penticton in the Sunny Okanagan to get away from the long severe winters in Rossland. Chuck transferred to Penticton School District and worked there until his retirement. We lived in a very small house fairly close to Penticton Secondary School. Penticton is situated between two beautiful lakes, Skaha to the south and Okanagan to the north. In the spring it is beautiful when all the orchards are in full bloom. Then in the summer and fall the trees are laden with luscious fruit. My first experience seeing a green Christmas was my first Christmas in Penticton. We got a chance to get settled in before Chuck retired.

June 21, 1980 soon rolled around. The school board put on a great retirement party in the Elks Hall for Chuck. The evening started with a social hour, followed by a delicious dinner complete with a big fancy decorated cake. All the boys were able to come with their families including party girl grand daughter Leah at age of three weeks. After the dinner, speeches and gift presentations there was dancing. A good time was had by all.

Next day we packed a picnic lunch and went to Beames' lakeside home for another party so the grandchildren could help Grampa eat the rest of his fancy cake. Retirement is when you have nothing to do all day and all day to do it in. HA! HA!



The Garnett Forest Fire will long be remembered in Penticton. It was a warm July evening and I was sitting out on our front deck when all of a sudden flames shot right up the mountain side to the east of us.

And then all hell broke loose!! It was a huge forest fire that raged for days. No one will forget the Garnett Forrest Fire of July 1994. It was very close to us but suddenly the wind changed direction and took the fire away up Carmi Ave. It was good luck for our own area but bad luck for all those homes up in the Upper Carmi area. So many homes were burned to the ground and people lost everything especially all those treasures that cannot be replaced. Our house was not in danger of being burned but the dense smoke was affecting peoples breathing. We could not see the house right across the street from us.

The people of Penticton were wonderful. They opened their homes to give shelter to people. There were emergency shelters set up quickly. The West Kootenay Power Plant was surrounded by fire and if the town had lost its power the pumps could not keep the water supply going.

It was like a war zone for days with the huge water bombers zooming over head. They seemed as if they were almost on our roof. There were helicopters dropping fire retardant on the mountains and down into the canyons. Luckily there was no loss of life. Finally the blaze was brought under control and then the tremendous job of cleaning up began. The blackened areas are slowly turning green. It took such a long time before the smell of smoke finally cleared out of our house.

It was very scary! And the sad part was that it had been deliberately set by a Penticton boy.

Here and There

Mount St Helens Volcano in Washington State, USA erupted May 18, 1980. We were booked to go to Cannel California to visit brother Bill. We left June 1, 1980. The volcano affected us in the Okanagan. Our car and garden were all covered with ash. As we got down near Yakima the smoke was still hanging over the town like a gray poll. We didn't see the sun until much farther along. Piles of ash were all along the sides of the streets and roads where it had been pushed like piles of snow.

Expo 86, The World's Fair held in Vancouver 1986 was very interesting. It was like a trip around the world seeing all the different displays of Arts and Culture. What I enjoyed most was sitting on a bench watching the crowds go by. There were people of all ages, color and creed. The language barrier did not seem to be a problem. Vancouver is such a beautiful City. Dale chauffeured us around (Just so the old folks did not get lost!). The Garnett Forest Fire will long be remembered in Penticton. It was a warm July evening and I was sitting out on our front deck when all of a sudden flames shot right up the mountain side to the east of us.



And then all hell broke loose!! It was a huge forest fire that raged for days. No one will forget the Garnett Forrest Fire of July 1994. It was very close to us but suddenly the wind

changed direction and took the fire away up Carmi Ave. It was good luck for our own area but bad luck for all those homes up in the Upper Carmi area. So many homes were burned to the ground and people lost everything especially all those treasures that cannot be replaced. Our house was not in danger of being burned but the dense smoke was affecting peoples breathing. We could not see the house right across the street from us.

The people of Penticton were wonderful. They opened their homes to give shelter to people. There were emergency shelters set up quickly. The West Kootenay Power Plant was surrounded by fire and if the town had lost its power the pumps could not keep the water supply going.

It was like a war zone for days with the huge water bombers zooming over head. They seemed as if they were almost on our roof. There were helicopters dropping fire retardant on the mountains and down into the canyons. Luckily there was no loss of life. Finally the blaze was brought under control and then the tremendous job of cleaning up began. The blackened areas are slowly turning green. It took such a long time before the smell of smoke finally cleared out of our house.

It was very scary! And the sad part was that it had been deliberately set by a Penticton boy.

Happy Birthday

My niece Barbara and her husband Al had a party for my 80" birthday. It was held on their beautiful lawn. Dinner was served outside. Dale and Phyllis came from Vancouver, Dennis, Ann, Danielle and Philip came from Rutland, Brian and Lee Anne, Leah and Michael came from Rossland. The big surprise was that they had invited my best friend Louise and her husband, Vic, from Kamloops to help me celebrate. Philip's friend Sheila was there too.



July 17, 1996

Rossland's Centennial Year 1877-1997

The year 1997 was Rossland's 100th Birthday so there were centennial celebrations all during the year. We attended the Pioneers luncheon June 28th at the Odd Fellows Hall. The luncheon was all people who had been born in Rossland or lived there since 1920. It was fun meeting so many old friends. There was a lot of hand shaking,, hugging and kissing and every one talking at once.



After the delicious luncheon Mayor Bill Profili presented each person with a Centennial Medal with their name engraved on it, Mayor Profili had good reason to be very proud of his city

and all the people who worked so hard to make every thing so enjoyable. I was proud to say I was born in Rossland and spent a good part of my life there.

The Scott Family of Scotland

Jane McLaren, Spinster, domestic servant, aged 20 and James Scott Bachelor, Hatter's salesman, aged 21 were married November 15, 1883 in Edinburgh, Scotland, There were eight children in the family: Mary Jane, John, Elizabeth (Lizzie), James (Jimmy), Georgina, George, Sarah, and Annie.



Jane McLaren Born: 1863



Jane (McLaren) Scott and daughters from left to right Mary Jane, born March 13, 1884 (my mother), Georgina, and Elizabeth (Lizzie). All born in Edinburgh.



Georgina Scott born <insert date> Edinburgh, Scotland. Emigrated to Canada in 1898 with Mary Jane (my mother). They got work as domestics. Mary Jane got work with a banker and his family in Hamilton, Ontario. Sometime between 1901 and 1904 she moved with the Gait family to Rossland B.C. There she met and married Thomas Henry Brown. Georgina also married a Rossland man Charles Henderson. They had three children Catherine, Lucille and Lloyd. I have lost track of them. Mother and Georgina kept in touch with their family in Scotland but never went back to visit.

Sarah Scott Born December 24, <date> in Edinburgh. She married John Watt and had two children.

John Scott Born March 17, 1893 School Lane Spittal. He was killed during at the age of 23 in the battle of Somme 1916 during World War I. He was not married.





OLD COLLIERY

SIR, — In reference to your inquiry about Scremerston old colliery on the main Ael road. It was my first job after leaving school along with two brothers — one on the night shift and one in the brick sheds where they made bricks in those days. I think it would be in the year 1912 I started to work on the seams dressing the coal before it dropped into the railway waggons. A while after that I got down the pit to work.

When the 1914 war broke out both my brothers enlisted. After serving eighteen months in France they got their first leave. They were only a few weeks back in France when one was wounded and the other missing, after nine months presumed killed. His name is third from the bottom on the memorial at Scremerston. There is quite a lot I can remember about the Pit in those days and would be prepared to give it, but not to write it as I'm in my 78th year, and living on my own.

G. SCOTT.

Turnbull Court,
Langtongate, Duns.

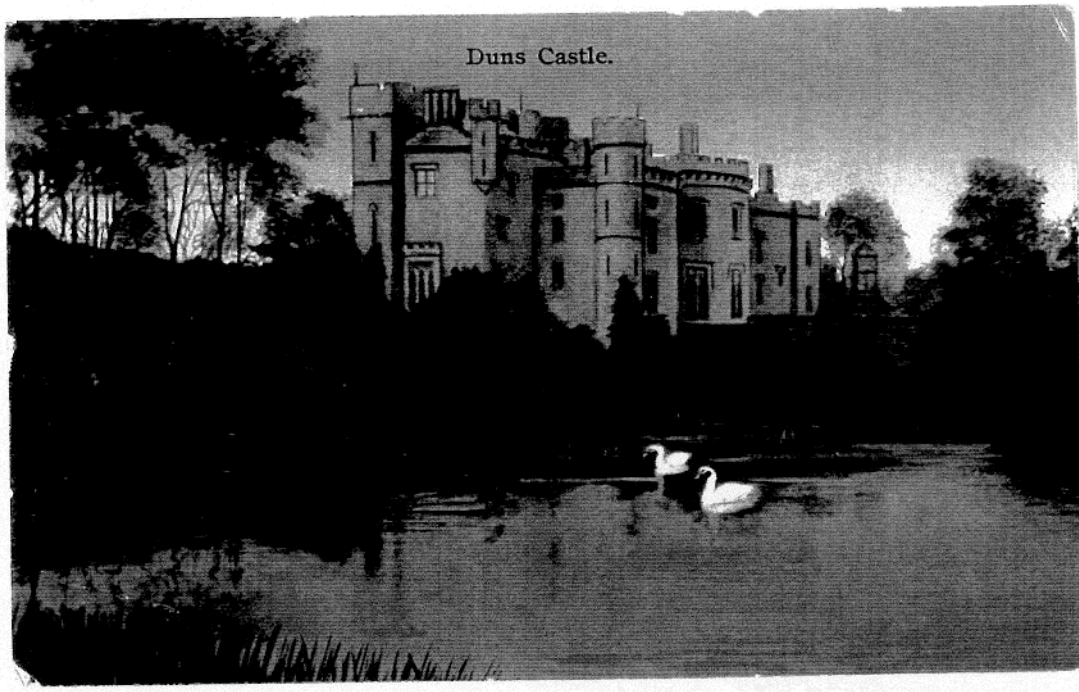
James Scott Born <replace date>. He was killed in World War I.

George Scott Born November 11, 1898



To Riggie
from Annie

Annie Scott Born January 11, 1904 at Green Field Place Spittal Scotland, She was the youngest of the eight children and is the only one still living. She married William Forrest at Houndwood Church in Berwickshire, December 31, 1926. They went to Ayton Berwickshire to live and their daughter Mary was born there May 18, 1928. Their son Ian William was born February 19, 1941 at Edinburgh



Built in, the 1600's

They moved to Duns Castle in Duns December 10, 1928 where both Willie and Annie worked in the Castle. Willie was head Carter and Annie was a cook. A Carter had to haul wood and coal to fill up the Castle cellars. Each worker got one ton of coal as part of their wages.

After Mr. Hay (the Laird of the Castle) died, Mrs. Hay moved out of the castle and lived in the Dower house. Many of the staff were laid off for a year. When she returned there was a full staff for inside duties, which consisted of cook, house keeper, butler, hall boy who fed the peacocks and took mail to the post office, two house maids, a ladies maid, footman, a chauffeur and two laundry maids. The outside staff consisted of an overseer, 12 foresters, 10 gardeners, 3 game keepers. There were also 2 joiners (carpenters), 2 plumbers, 2 groundsmen (whose duties included winding the clock in the square), 2 casual workers, a dairyman and his wife who milked the cows, separated the milk and made butter. The people who lived on the estate got free milk and could buy fresh butter if there was surplus. Aunt Annie and Uncle Willie lived in Buchan Cottage on the Castle grounds until their retirement.

During the war there were many changes. Most of the young people were called up for war service and staff was difficult to get. Ian was 10 years old when Aunt Annie was asked to



help in the kitchens and later became the cook. The old part of the Castle was upgraded and made into a lovely home. They now do weddings in the Castle and arrange shooting parties on the estate. The cost of this was near £30,000.00

After retirement Aunt Annie and Uncle Willie moved into a Seniors Apartment which was much warmer and comfortable than Buchan Cottage.



Aunt Annie, Uncle Willie, Mary and Ian

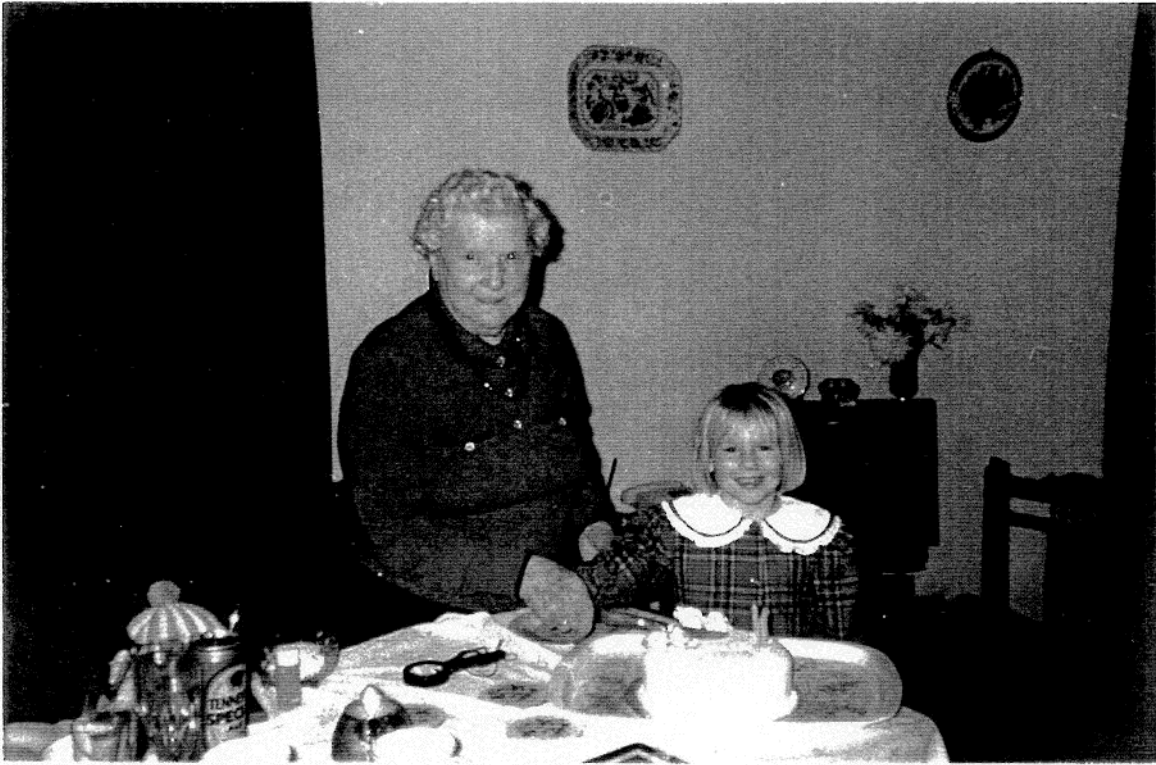


26A North Street, Duns, Berwickshire, Scotland

Dale, Aunt Annie and Uncle Willie pose on the steps of their comfortable home in Duns,

Uncle Willie passed away December 12, 1989

I keep in touch regularly with Aunt Annie. She is a very remarkable person. Up until her eyes started to fail she spent many hours knitting and sewing garments for needy children. She is very faithful to her church and at the age of 93 she still makes orange marmalade and bakes for the Church bake sales. She also likes to travel.



Aunt Annie's 93rd Birthday January 11th, 1997. Granddaughter Denise (Ian's Daughter) is helping to cut the cake.