

HISTORY OF ERIC W. ROBINSON, RPF40, deceased

Publishers Note: *The Forest History Association of BC is pleased to publish this memoir of a significant BC forester, completed for the most part autobiographically by Eric and Barb Robinson in 2012, prior to their passing in 2015. It was edited June 19, 2019, by Bruce Devitt, RPF Ret., and Jeannie Haug from EWR family history documents prepared by Eric W Robinson.*

The document may be found on the web at <https://fhabc.org/documents/Eric-W-Robinson-Forester-History-FHABC-2019.pdf>, and may be read online, or downloaded free of charge for personal, non-commercial purposes. Photos with no attributions come from family photo albums.

An obituary prepared by the family follows the document on page 34



Chapter One: The Trap Line Story - Early Life of Eric W. Robinson

The Squamish wind was having one of its finest hours raging in from the north sending the sound in turmoil of white and grey spray. It was cold and no boat was in sight. One could see the smoke across Howe Sound rising above Woodfibre and the White Mountains towering to the west. The Squamish always came from the north bringing with it cold wintery air from the interior and distributing it here and there along the way. It would run out in to the Strait of Georgia tainting the shore lines of the east coast of Vancouver Island finally dissipating into a gentle breeze, dying. But here it was not dying but very much alive and raging. Should it rage much longer or get any fiercer surely then I would be in trouble.

Snow began to fall but the wind drove it parallel to the trail, it seemingly not to settle as it should. Anvil Island to the North West took on an eerie shape and appeared to be sinking deeper into the swirling mass as if its name alone were cause enough to sink. Sparks and steam erupted from its distant base as rollers, I could not see, crashed on the exposed side.

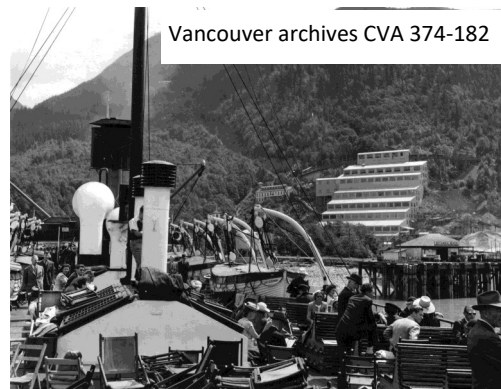
I knew now I was on an exposed bluff not where I should have been. It was apparent to anyone who saw that the situation was not hopeless and that I was not lost but in the wrong place. This bothered me a great deal and something had to be done about it and soon for tomorrow was Friday and at this moment it was doubtful if it would ever come, at least for me. In any event, the storm could not continue till then and at that time if it did tomorrow then would be Saturday. What foolish thoughts raged through a mind bothered by the stormy wind. I'm way

up here and my boat is down there somewhere and I suppose if I get to it what then. The sky erupted and let loose snow, white driving flakes that settled now slippery, cold and wet.

I never liked the wind then and still don't. I suppose it is a necessary phenomenon to repopulate the forests, to cleanse the earth of dust and dirt, and to deposit a lot of things into the sea to disappear. I wondered if such a fate was also intended for me. I had not as yet been given the necessary years to repopulate my kind in nature. "What if I don't get home anyway", I thought to myself. "Mom will worry some. No one will bother to look for me because they don't know where to look. The boat will be missing but they won't know if I went down to Furry Creek or across the Sound." I had gone like this before.

I often took the scout boat and on weekends sailed or rode down to South Valley and tended Slim's trap line for him. It was not an easy job and I had no training in this type of thing but Slim had told me what to do under certain circumstances. To date the only thing found in the number two steal traps had been birds and squirrels. I had thought this a disgusting waste and did not relish the thought of removing such innocent little creatures from the steel jaws. They were usually frozen in any event and of course dead. Had they been alive what a sickening thought for I would have to mercifully kill them. I was no killer. I enjoyed helping Slim and I liked to do things on my own with little assistance. I was tending to this business seven miles from home at Britannia in the dead of winter all alone and lonely and the wind was really blowing.

I was born, not in the rainforest where I was now living, but in the interior of British Columbia, "Beautiful British Columbia", the most westerly province of Canada and by far the most exciting and glamorous part of the world. I had been born in Armstrong almost ten years ago in 1921 and had moved to the coast at the age of five. I knew little of the interior but had returned there on holidays on occasion to help in the fields and ride horses. My mother and father had settled in that part of the province following the First World War and I could remember the summer heat and the warmth of the farmers in that valley. My grandmother and aunt lived in a little town called Enderby. The farm my father settled on turned out to be a rock pile and farming this type of land was not profitable, especially by a man who at one time was to be a doctor and whose father was a Vicar. Thomas Windover Robinson, then with his wife Winifred and two sons Eric and Ray, and experience gained in the rock pile turned into mining and moved to Britannia Beach in the year 1926. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson were to remain there for 25 years and Ray would remain longer, Eric would leave after 13 years to attend UBC.



The union steamship boat, Lady Alexandra, appeared on the horizon in the gap between Anvil Island and the mainland on her daily journey up the sound. I could see she was having a battle forcing herself forward in the raging Squamish wind but she always made it even though she would have difficulty docking at the Britannia Beach wharf. She would make it to Squamish at the head of the sound. She would be late though as it was now 11:30am and she was usually in the gap by 11:00 am. It was a normal 3 hour trip from Vancouver to Britannia via Bowen Island. The union steamships provided the only way of communication to

Vancouver at the time. Everyone on board would be sea sick today for sure. I almost felt sick watching her and thinking about it for I at one time got sick in a row boat and in buses. I would overcome this in time. Then the airplane would have to be conquered next but all in due course.

The Christmas holidays would soon come to a very satisfactory ending and I would have to get back to school. This was another part of life which I enjoyed, in fact relished. I had been fortunate in being taught by good teachers. My sense of clean, honest competition made me work hard for I had to work harder than most to attain my desired goals. Had I had the opportunity to acquire my early education in Vancouver where facilities would have been better I may have been better able to cope with higher education.

I had cut myself a six foot pole, longer than a broom handle but of the same size. I hoped I would not have to use it or the rope on my pack board. Each time Colin Stewart had been with me on this trip we had not used it. I had brought the one quarter inch rope with me by habit. If only the noisy, scary wind would stop. It made the cedars grown and moan and the woods mysterious and spooky, especially to a 10 year old.

None of the traps I inspected had been visited. Each one in turn was met with a sigh of relief. I didn't particularly enjoy this type of work but I was learning and I was cold and scared and wet.

I was at the right place now, no longer lost. The trap line told me this. I now know the direction of the trail to the dam site which led up Furry Creek on a steady upward climb of about 5 miles. Should I decide not to row back to Britannia today or decide I could not in this weather I was relieved to know I could at least hike to the dam. Slim would be there in his snug cabin with good food and a bed.

The wind carried the sound of the twelve o'clock whistle. All the workers at Britannia would now be bustling home to dinner or opening their lunch buckets. Soon the Lady Alexandra would announce her arrival with a deep blast from the whistle. The skip would hurry down to meet her and the skip tenders would take her lines and make her fast. There would be more than one try to land today. The skip was an electric tram on narrow gauge tracks.

I took off my pack board and finding a sheltered spot on the lee ward side inside a rotten hole of a tiring old cedar made myself as comfortable as possible. It was cold but not too cold out of the wind and in the bowels of the cedar. I found the bag of walnuts, raisons, and peanuts, which were the sole food I carried on such short trips and settled back to enjoy them.

Slim would be annoyed when he found that the line was producing absolutely nothing of value. It wasn't costing him anything but it wasn't making him anything either, or Colin and me for that matter. The only thing I would get out of it was experience and probably a few traps. The price of fur was way down. The bobcat were too red this year and would probably fetch about two dollars; ermine about fifty cents each. I wouldn't know what I had in a trap other than a squirrel or a bird, for sure, until I had showed the catch to Slim and sometimes Slim would kid me.

The wind had died down considerably after I had finished munching. The snow was still falling but appeared to be letting up. I crawled from the cedar and readied myself for a look at the six remaining sets. The first two were undisturbed, the next one, better than the most, had been tripped only. This one reset, I continued to the next. Something was snared in this one- A black animal about a foot long with narrow zig- zag faint white markings over it throughout its body. It was dead and frozen and could be of value. I would now have to go up to the dam and find out what this was. I reset the trap quickly - two more to go.



I rounded the corner to be met by a hissing, growling cat of some kind. The area surrounding the trap was all torn up and scattered. This must be a bobcat. It was close to four feet long and looked like an overgrown tom cat. He or she was caught by its right front paw. It appeared that two pads were caught in the jaws of the trap. Knowing what I had to do, I wondered if the trap would hold the animal securely until such time as I disposed of it. Had I brought the 22 I would have gladly shot it between the eyes. Colin had the rifle so I had not brought it. Slim had said not to shoot any trapped animal unless absolutely essential for fear the skin be spoiled. “You

must place a noose around their necks and choke them” he had said, “and provided they are firmly in the trap there is nothing to it.” The pole and the rope were for this purpose.

I noosed the rope, and placed the noose in the forked end of the pole, then started to perspire with the activity and the thought of what I had to do. Why couldn't this have happened all these times I was with Colin? We would have had a better chance with two. I edged to within reaching distance of the pole, and pointed it in the general direction of the cats' head. Its left paw shot out at the noose, it spat and growled and the rope went flying. The cat was tremendously agile and I felt I would never get that noose around the cats' neck. If I did it would be luck, but Slim said it was possible so I tried time and time again. The cat was getting tired and I was acquiring the knack – finally the noose was around the cat's head. I dropped the pole and pulled. The noose tightened around the cat's neck and the rope was taut. It was just a matter now of time and pressure, provided the trap held the cat's paw, and the trap was solidly held in place. If that cat should get loose of the trap I didn't know what I would have done.

The bobcat was dead. Slim would be pleased. This time we wouldn't be skunked and I had done this on my own without assistance from anyone. I was exhilarated with the excitement and with the activity of it all, but disgusted with the whole procedure.

I placed the trap in a new location, making sure it was well secured in event I had to do this again and sheltered it with stakes. With the cat on my pack, the rope coiled, and the pole in

hand, I had one more trap to go. Time had passed quickly and I had been some considerable time at the last trap. Anyway I would know better of what to do the next time.

The next time was not long in coming for as I approached I could hear that I was going to have another battle from another cat. For sure, I thought its mate must be snared too. And rightly so, my assumption and hearing were accurate for I had another sad noosing to perform. I did not relish the thought; one killing in a day was quite enough. I had thought that of all the animals he would get would already have seen their maker. Today I had found two who hadn't and both were cats. Which of their lives was I destroying? Did they really have nine lives? Or did such things only apply to domestic cats, like the family cat "Barney", probably asleep at home behind the kitchen stove.

I had already made one stab at noosing this cat. It was bigger than the first and faster and meaner. It was the female of the pair. Colin had warned me that girls were mean. Slim confirmed this adding that trapped female fur animals were truly the meanest of creatures. This I was about to learn and never forget.

She was caught by only one pad of her right paw. The trap was between two old decaying Douglas-fir trees which had long been lying on the forest floor. The trap was held by one of them. I was not sure how it would hold against the pull when and if I noosed her. I wondered if I ever would. Then she hunched up on her hind and as she came down I managed to pull the noose clearly over her head. Quickly tightening the rope I jerked it and I had her. The rope stayed taut. No noise came from her. Then she slipped from the trap. The rope slackened. I had pulled too hard. I fell back head long into a pile of brush and snow, the cat on the end of the rope lay where I had stood. Scrambling up I approached the cat cautiously and crammed the instep of my boot into the cats' Adams apple and held it there. Nothing moved. The wind had stopped. It was no longer snowing. There were two hours of daylight left at most. I had an uphill one hour hike ahead of me. This had been a truly eventful day and I had much to discuss with Slim - Two cats and one creature, identity unknown. I almost threw up over the whole thought provoking experience and vowed that this was not the life for me.



Chapter Two: The Laird

I suddenly felt tired and exhausted and thought of going home, down the trail, rather than up to the cabin. I wanted someone to talk to more than anything. Everything was now much too quiet and morbid. The air was peaceful, no wind, no fighting cats, and the sun must be low on the horizon behind the low hanging sky. Dusk would be soon approaching and soon after that darkness. Darkness came quickly this time of the year and without too much warning. I decided to see Slim as it was up the trail rather than down. I cached the rope and pole beside the trail and high balled up the valley anxiously looking forward to showing Slim the catch and receiving some praise or otherwise.

Slim was not an old man but we looked upon him as such. Anyone as old as 28 we considered 'old'. Slim was more than 28 and was considered eccentric by some. However, we thought he was great. He wrote poetry, he trapped, he made root beer, and he made you eat his kind of mush for breakfast which you sometimes were served in bed of all things. He loved to be on his own and did not exactly appreciate crowds of people. One might call him a bit of a recluse and he took a lot of understanding. Strength of body was lacking, he was aging before his time. It rather amazes me now but I have forgotten many things about him I thought I would never forget. He smoked a pipe and had many. He didn't eat very much, but he was paunchy with very fine features. If anyone was misplaced Slim was. His job didn't just fit his character with the exception that he was happiest when on his own, without bother so he could contemplate and possibly dream. He was called "The Laird" and he called himself "The Laird" and this is the name he used to sign to his poetry and writing. This is what he was too. As youngsters we looked up to this strange wonderful man as our friend and we liked to help him.

Slim's family, the Lowthers, lived at Britannia Beach in one of the larger homes. His missus was a grand pianist who taught piano on occasion until arthritis crippled her. She fought this dreaded disease continually even after Slim died. They had one girl, Shirley, and two boys, Roy and Bruce, all extremely intellectual in their own rights. They were different than other children – heritable characteristics only made them what they were. They were good kids and were friends to me.

I kept looking behind me as I made steady progress up the trail. I was approaching the summit at which point I always felt I was entering a different world, the world of the Laird. The air was clearer, purer and different. I was sure something was following me, following the smell of me and my pack load. This made me go all the faster. The snow was a little deeper now because of the elevation, it did make it easier to see though as darkness now settled upon this strange and wonderful valley. I knew the trail well and I had not far to go. It would soon level off, cross a short bridge, then up a short grade and the cabin and the entering light from a gas lantern would welcome me.

I shouted to announce my coming and to prepare Slim for this late disturbance of his coveted privacy. Arrival was usually announced with a shout as a matter of courtesy, something akin to phoning prior to a visit to someone's house. Slim appreciated this forewarning which allowed him time to straighten and clean up the place a bit so that whoever it was would not be too shocked at his living conditions. "Halloo", I shouted. He would just hear this in the confines

of his cabin, push the coffee pot over on the stove, pull his braces up over his shoulders, light another gas lamp, and do whatever was necessary to smarten the place up a bit. I could foresee all this happening.

A light appeared on the porch to bid me welcome and I hurried up the last part of the trail, glad that “The Laird” was still up and about. Slim met me at the top of the stairs, “Well Eric, what are you doing up here and all alone this late at night?”

“It’s a little late I know but I had to come up and show you this catch. I was planning to go home, but I thought you might like a little company. So here I am.”

“I see that. Where is Colin? Didn’t he come with you?”

“No I came alone, and this is the first time there was any excitement. Let’s get inside, and I’ll get this pack off and you can have a look and I’ll tell you all about it. I don’t know what all I’ve got here either, and I don’t like killing animals, and that’s for sure.”

“Here let’s get those damp clothes off of you first and fix you up with a coffee or would you sooner have one of my root beers?”

“Some root beer if you don’t mind Slim – I’ve been looking forward to that since I started up the long grind. First though I should phone Bess and give her a message for Mom.”

Slim said he would phone while I got settled down a bit. The phone had been acting up apparently because of the snow storm, but he managed to get through to Bess at the Britannia switch board.

Bess McKnight was a friend of Mom’s and would get a message to her even though we didn’t have a phone. She was the telephone operator and had been there for years. She was a spinster and enjoyed Mom’s company. All Britannia business was known to her, and all the monkey business too but she kept everything within the confines of her person. She was respected by the towns’ people but there were those who did not appreciate her position.

The dam was very low and ice was everywhere according to Slim. He had been having a difficult time with the water level, and the pipeline from the dam to the Britannia powerhouse was leaking quite badly inside one of the longest tunnels it was carried through. It was one of my jobs during the summer to help with maintenance of this line and it was the breaks in the tunnels which caused the most concern.

These thoughts ran quickly through my mind as I pulled off my boots and socks, at the same time wondering what might be available to eat as I was not only thirsty but hungry.

“The Laird” was examining my catch and I could hear him rustling about in the adjoining room. The two cats pleased him – mink would have made a better impression. The other creature though caused him some concern and he came in holding it by one leg.

“What did you bring this up here to me for?”

“I brought it because I didn't know what it was. I take it from your expression that it's no good.”



“Right lad, it's a civet cat, related to the skunks. It looks like a skunk but without the white stripes down each side of the back. We learn something new every day. The fur is good, as is the skunk, and will be valuable some day but not now. Anyway we'll not waste it.” He went out to store the animals in the shed in the rear, safe from marauders. I relaxed in front of the stove and proceeded to ease my hunger and thirst with a can of peaches.

When Slim returned I was ready for bed - in fact we both were. Going to bed was simple. There were two large beds in the third room both piled with rough blankets. Slim slept in the room furthest from the kitchen. Clothed in now dry long underwear and heavy woolen work socks I crawled under the blankets in the other room. Sleep came easily in this cabin. The continual distant din of the river and the fall of water from the spilling on the dam had a hypnotic effect. “Good nights” were not necessary and were taken for granted.

It was snowing again. Everything was peace and happiness and I slept soundly and did not dream of my never to be forgotten experience with Mr. and Mrs. Cat, but did dream contentedly of my beloved mother, my dad, my brother and somehow those people related to me some of which I never met but wished I could have.

Chapter Three: Windover and Robinson Kin

Why Windover? My dad was Thomas Windover Robinson, my brother was Raymond Windover Robinson, and I am Eric Windover Robinson. I have not been able to remember the origin of this middle name but I hazily remembered dad mentioning that it was the “nee” name of a distant relative, which so far I have failed to uncover. Had I been blessed with a son I doubt we would have carried on the tradition and we did not think it fair to name our two daughters 'Windover' and my good wife Barbara wouldn't even consider it for a minute. My brother Ray married a Scottish girl Madge Malcolm and in 1954 had a son which they named Colin Malcolm Robinson retaining his mothers Malcolm “nee” name and the Windover tradition ended abruptly.

My father Thomas Windover Robinson was the youngest of the family Robinson, probably born in 1890. He grew up and went to a boys' school at Weston-Super-Mare. He had plans to be a doctor. He was in a horse regiment during the war of 1914-18. He joined up after coming to B.C. I remember a picture of him in officer's uniform sitting on a horse - a very handsome young man. He must have left England before the war probably in 1913 and came to the Enderby district where he met my mother, nee Winifred Salvidge. She came from England about the same time as a housekeep and nanny to the Moore Family whose farm was on the Back Enderby Road.

She was a very hard worker and used to do many chores with the men, haying, getting lake ice and such. There is a picture of her in the Enderby museum sawing blocks of ice out of a lake or river somewhere. In any event, on Sept. 17, 1920 mom and dad were married and took up residence on the Back Enderby Road across from the Moore Farm. I was born in the hospital at Armstrong on July 27, 1921. Brother Ray was born June 2, 1923 at Enderby.

Your song at night ; song, Alfred Crayden. © 1 c. Mar. 7, 1935; E unp. 100684; Thomas Windover Robinson, Britannia Beach, B. C., Canada.
7505

Editors note: It appears Thomas was also a musician...

Chapter Four: Early Days in Britannia

The farm proved to be too small and the soil not too good so mom and dad pulled up stakes on or about 1925-26 and we all went to Britannia Beach, dad to work for the Britannia Mining and Smelting Co. where dad was an assayer for many years. Britannia mines were discovered in 1888, it started producing in 1904, and in the 1920's was the largest producer in the British Empire. It operated continually for 70 years and closed down in 1974. It suffered a serious flood in 1921 and again in 1992. Both Ray and I had all our elementary schooling, grade one to grade 8, at the school at the Beach. Britannia was actually two towns -The Beach at water level on Howe Sound and the Townsite back in the mountains which you reached by skip (an electric railway). The so-called skip had to be pulled up a mile long average 45 degree incline. Once it was being unhooked from the cable at the top and it got loose and came screaming down the incline and landed in the middle of the mill.

<https://www.britanniaminemuseum.ca/pages/archival-photos>



Our high school was located at the Townsite and we had four years of going by skip to school, winter and summer. Britannia was a company town and we had free access to tennis courts, pools, ball parks, gymnasium, pool hall, swimming, boating and salmon fishing on Howe Sound.

Our grade one to four teacher was Miss McIntyre who taught the four classes in one room. The grade five to eight grades were taught in the other room. For a while

Mrs. Thompson taught there and when I was in grade 8 the teacher was a Mr. Wilson. The school had washrooms and a library which served as the place we were sent to for strapping when we had to be disciplined. There was a flag pole, with flag, at the front and the United Church with the Catholic Church on top, at the rear. Mr McGinnis taught high school classes at the Townsite. He lived in one room right in the school just off the one major classroom. Other teachers were Ms. Audrey Jost and Mr. Petch, who changed his name to Edmonds. Ray was two years behind me but each of us spent twelve years at school with the same friends so we had very close friendships. One of my best friends was John Stewart, who was a year or two older than me and who lived with his brothers, Cam and Don, and his sister Hazel up on the hill above us, his dad managed the store. His mother was Aunt Etta. John and I could communicate by hollering up or down at one another from our homes. We spent a lot of time together at play, at school, and at UBC later. Regretfully John passed away in 1992. From around 1927 until about 1939 we enjoyed the youthful opportunities in Britannia.

There was always keen competition between those who lived at the Beach and those who lived at the Townsite. The Beach celebrated the 24th of May and the Townsite the 1st of July. I can remember dancing around the May Pole and Ray as a May Queen Crown bearer. There were always competitive ball games (fastball), tennis and races of all kinds.

The flume carrying tailings from the mill was high up on pilings and ran in deep centre field towards the sea. A well hit ball would on occasion end up in the flume and be carried away. We would race to a low spot in an effort to retrieve the ball but usually it would be lost and end up in the salt chuck. There was a federal customs office at the Beach and Bert Bacon was the customs officer. He constructed a wooden swimming pool in his back yard and taught us to swim. I got to be a very good swimmer and Bud Munro and I were good competitors. He was the mine superintendent's son. We competed at swimming and wrestling and Mr. Alex Munro always encouraged us. Bud was more Ray's friend than mine as I was two years older. During this period we spent time with the Steven's family. Mr. Stevens was head machinist. His wife was Lena and they had two boys, George, my age, and Leonard, two years older. Mr. Stevens used to tease us and pretend to hurt Lena by putting her down on the floor and pinching her nose with pliers! George took after his father and was always doing something funny. Shirley Craig used to give us boxing lessons and George knocked me out once.



Brittania Beach Museum
Mt. Sheer - the townsite



Chapter Five: Britannia Beach (1926-1939)

This was originally a company mining town and is a private town to this day although with no commercial mining. The BC Mining Museum is located here. The Britannia Beach Historical Society is the governing body of the museum. Historic Britannia Beach is being rehabilitated by the society. It produced mainly copper but also lead, zinc and gold. The ore came by train out by tunnel from the bowels of the mountain and entered the top of the concentrator (the mill) where it was crushed and processed, and the resulting concentrate shipped by boat to Tacoma for smelting. The tailings from the mill were transported by flume and dumped into Howe Sound. They were first passed over gold blankets which caught the heavier gold in its ridges. At one time the flume went right in front of our house and it was discovered that gold worth \$500 per day was pouring past our house. It was not being picked up by the existing blankets so more blankets were installed. Our house was right on the water front where the present railway and road leave Britannia north of town. Sometimes when the tide was extra high the house would be surrounded with water and we would have to canoe across to get to school.

The house rentals were very reasonable at \$5.00 per month in the 1920's and 30's. The houses were not well constructed. I can remember when the carpenter gang was putting on an additional layer of shiplap on our house and the nails came right through and knocked the pictures off the wall. They were cold in winter when it would go below zero Fahrenheit on occasion. With a Squamish wind blowing and what with the dampness it was very cold. One

winter one of my fingers froze. We used to ski a lot. I still have the same skis.

Ray(7), Winifred, Eric(9) In front of Britannia Beach



During the summer we always had lots to do and we did lots of hiking and swimming. John and I built a log cabin not too far from home and we spent a lot of time on this project. We used to take John's dog 'Scott' with us and his little pal 'So Big', McKnight's dog. 'Scott' loved to chew on boulders and dig holes. I used to go out in the scout row-boat a lot and did a lot of salmon fishing. We used heavy green line with a #7 spoon or plug and flasher. When I was alone I tied the line around my knee. I remember one fish I caught weighed about the same as I did and I didn't have the strength to get it into the boat. I beached the boat and then dragged it in. Joe Dunbar, the butcher, had it on display at the butcher shop for all to see. At that time it was a record catch-some 70 odd pounds. It put up a long hard fight.

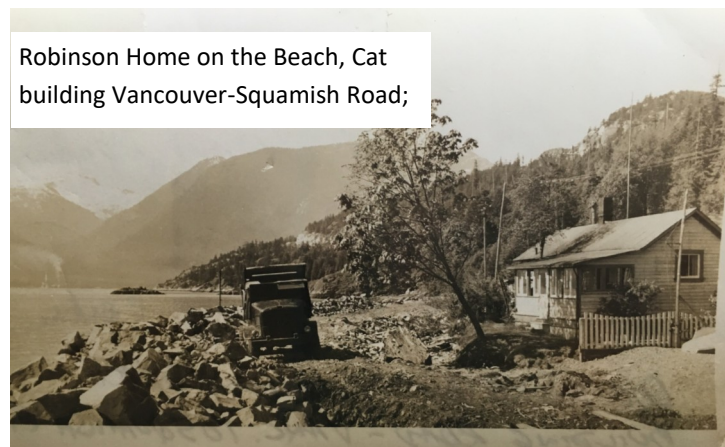
Bill and Gertie Lewis and their son Bill lived close to us. I used to take Bill for rides on my bike and also pull him around on a basket arrangement in the sand from the tailing in front of

our house. The tailings from the mill built up a beautiful beach where we used to play with tinker toys and little cars and trucks with little roads all over the place. We also enjoyed the water, and made rafts and kept ourselves amused continually on the water. All the sand eventually sank with the weight and the shoreline receded.

Other families who lived nearby (that I can remember) during this period where Watsons, Stevens, Hurley's, Craig's, Bagshaw's, Gibson's, Thompson's, Pepper's, Munsey's, Phillips,, Wilkinson's, Madore's, Munro's, and the hospital was between Munro's and Gibson's. The Gibson house was later occupied by the Rice Family. George Stevens married Pearl Rice in later years. Familys that lived up on the hill were Lowthers, Hatch's, McKnights, McKenzie's, Stewart's, O'Conner's, Vollin's, Russell;s, Adamson's, and Gillinghams, below Adamson's.

Further along and down the railway tram tracks towards "Jap Town" lived the Kemper's and the Charlton's, in a type of duplex. Connie Kemper married Marsh Monroe and they had a son Patrick Monroe the popular C.B.C. announcer.

There were a lot of Japanese people who worked at Britannia and much of the ore produced went to Japan. One of my Japanese friends was Jimmy Kakatani but we had others. We could speak some Japanese as a result but I soon forgot all I knew. I will always remember Jimmy as he inadvertently hit me on the head with a rock and I still have a slight bump to prove it. All the Japanese lived in one area and there was also a bunkhouse for them.



Robinson Home on the Beach, Cat building Vancouver-Squamish Road;

There were also families living in this general area beside the Britannia Creek, Granbergs, Clarks, Newberries, Olivers, Akers, Whartons, Patenaudes, and in other parts of town. I can recall the following names, Bacon's, Reighs, Trittons, Dave Clarks, Herons, Rayburns, Dunbars, Carl Berg, McKenzies, Donahughs, FitzPatrick, Finns. There were two bunkhouses beside the store and rooms above the

store for the single men. There also was a large cookhouse nearby to feed them.

C.P. Browning was the General Manager and the house they lived in was huge and at the west end of town near the ore loading dock. The Brownings had two sons, Oliver (Buster) (adopted) and Jackson and one daughter, the oldest, Emily. The Browning's were very good to Ray and I and they took us on many occasions in their small yacht up the sound. We also used to go with them to their summer place on a lake we called Browning's Lake 3 km north of Britannia and now named Murrin Lake. It is now Murrin Lake Provincial Park and straddles Highway 99. It was donated by BC Electric and is named after the company president who served from 1929-1946. We always thought that the Browning's owned this lake. They had a very nice log cabin and two separate small log bunkhouses. They had also built a badminton court and a pole pool in the lake plus a dock with diving board. We used to hike to the lake from Britannia a lot and in the winter we would skate on the lake ice. The large rock on the north west or road side of the lake that we used as a base in the winter is still there. We used to hike also to Shannon Falls and fish. We had many wonderful times here but of course with the coming of the highway and the railway everything changed. There was a trail from Britannia to Browning's lake which continued to Shannon Falls and on to Squamish. There was also a trail from the Browning

mooring ramp on the sound up to the lake. They left the boat and hiked up to the lake. It was easier and quicker for the family. In later years the Browning's moved to a new house above Stewart's. When the mine closed down they moved to California. I should mention that the Charlton family had serious difficulties and the boys Doug and Ron were more or less on their own. Doug was much older and went on his own but Ron was more or less looked after by the Browning's. Ron eventually became, and at this time, is president of the Wayjax Company and resides in Toronto. Doug retired from the BC Forest Service and lived in Sidney, BC and is now deceased.

The Matheson family also had a nice house near the loading dock. He was the store and Post Office Manager. Bill, their only son, was one of our school day chums. A board walk went around Browning's house and led to further homes in an area called Minety Bay. Bob Swan and family lived down this way. Bob was boss of the bull gang, a crew that did all of the heavy dirty jobs such as delivering coal, loading ore boats, construction and such. Jack Balderson lived down here too, plus the Spilsbury's, Henshaw's, Running's and others I can't remember. Jack Balderson also worked on the bull gang. He was a very happy-go-lucky kind of man. I thought a great deal of him and Bob when I worked with them on the bull gang to earn money to go to university. Bob taught me how to sharpen saws and splice rope and cable. I was probably the best educated on the crew at one time so Bob used to put me on the weigh scales when loading the big Japanese ore ships. The ore went through the scales on a conveyor belt on rollers hydro powered. I used to worry a lot on this job for fear of overloading boats by some mathematical mistake so I would regularly check how far the ship was sinking into the water. Anyway we never sank a ship. Bob also thought I should be the one to label all the cans of oil, gas, etc. because of my advanced education. I never heard the last of it when they discovered I had labeled one can as 'motor' oil – very embarrassing. While on the scales I had to listen for 'canaries'. The rollers squealed if not greased properly – thus 'canaries' and it was my job to see that they were oiled and greased. Sometimes it was necessary to crawl out over the water and ship on the conveyor to get to a 'canary'.



Most of the jobs I had at Britannia were during the summer while in my high school years and later while attending the University of British Columbia. During high school we did odd jobs and I worked at the store with John Stewart. On one occasion John and I were down in the store basement and John was doing something with a large file and hit a hot electric circuit and his arm flew back and the file flew through the air and stuck in a wooden support post just missing my head. On another memorable occasion in this basement I

went down to get some oranges in the cold storage locker. It was a big room and the door was big. When I opened the door the light didn't go on so I thought the copper strap was not making the proper contact so I got up on top of some orange crates and grabbed it and the electric shock knocked me over and I landed on my back on the saw dust floor – live and learn.

I was very active in sports and played third base in championship softball; basketball, and roller hockey – throughout high school and university. We also played a lot of competitive tennis.

Chapter Six: Britannia and Vancouver (1939-44)

Upon leaving school, brother Ray worked in the foundry for many years. He also joined the navy and served on both the Huron and the Haida and spent time on the run to Murmansk. He never talked very much about the war.

The skidder #4 crew with Eric far right



He also worked in the ball plant, where they made iron balls from old railway rails. These were used in large rotating bins (I forget the actual name) and crushed the coarse ore into a concentrate near the top of the mill. After I left Britannia he laboured at the gravel pit.

I was examined for war service but because of one lazy eye (0-20) and a hernia I was classified

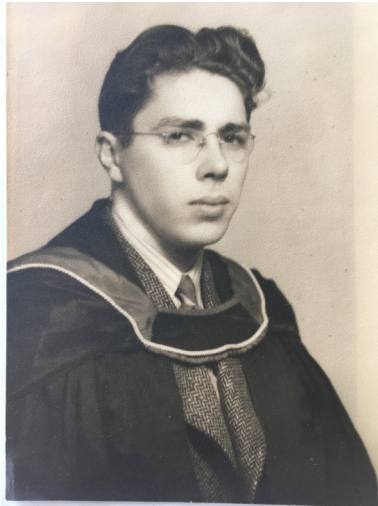
as 'F'. In 1939 I went to St. Paul's Hospital in Vancouver and had my hernia repaired by Dr. Huggard for the first time, and graduated from high school and entered first year at U.B.C. for one year. During my first year John and I boarded at Mrs. McKenzie's who had moved to Vancouver after Mr. McKenzie passed away. During this time I spent many summers working at Britannia, as above on the bull gang, but also on pipeline maintenance, which work involved a lot of back packing. This is when I worked for Slim Lowther, the "Laird". The pipeline brought water to the power house at Britannia from Fury Creek, which was damned about 5 miles up the creek. Slim's responsibility was to watch the dam and keep the pipe in repair. The power house supplied all the electricity for Britannia. The powerhouse built around 1915 was destroyed by fire in 1992. During my tenure at Britannia, Mr. McKenzie was the power house man in charge. The diameter of the wooden pipe at the dam was about 5 feet and at the power house about 3 feet or less. Pressure at the power house was high as over about 5 miles it dropped about the

same distance. We had to continually install new rods, plates, shoes, and patches. Repair of



Eric R meets George Silburn 1942 Franklyn River both in front row Eric to the left and George to the right of the chap in the white "T"shirt.

leaks was quite an art and we got to be experts. Much of the trail for us was on the pipe, even on snowshoes. Once in a while we would fall off and in doing so we had to clear the rod ends that pointed up on all sides. Those friends who worked on pipeline maintenance when I was there were Russ Stewart, Len and Vic Henshaw and Harvey Rees. We back packed rods, plates and shoes. The rods were mostly about 12 feet long and heavy steel and the plates (patches) were heavy too and shoes were wood but bulky. My hernia suffered from carrying these loads.



I spent five years at UBC, from 1939-44. For two of these years I was classified as C-2 and was signed up in the C.O.T.C. (Canadian Officers Training Corp.) at UBC under Col. Shrum and Major McLeod. This was part time training and after the two years I was reclassified and discharged from further training.

It was my intention to become a forester and I registered for a combined course of Commerce and Forestry. During the first year I played frosh basketball and in later years progressed to Senior 'B'. I was not good enough for the Senior 'A' Thunderbirds. My friend Art Barton and Sandy Hay were stars for the Thunderbirds. Sandy passed away some years ago but Art was in the insurance business in Kamloops and he is still at Kamloops but retired I believe. He had a deadly left handed hook shot, which was a treat to watch.

After the first year I boarded on my own with Frisby's at 4467 West 13th St. Mrs. Frisby (Mam) was very small and thin and suffered severe migraines at times. She had been a very beautiful young lady I'm sure and I was very fond of her and she looked after me as if I was the son she never had. Mr. Frisby was a street-car motor-man. They took in as many as four boarders even though they had two young working daughters, Marjorie and Marie, to care for. Marj worked as a steno in downtown Vancouver and Marie worked at the cafe at the University. When studying late at the UBC library or attending a late basketball practice Mam would have my dinner ready for me in the oven. I was always hungry in those days and the food would be piled high on my plate.

For a couple of years Paul Hooking and Al Narod boarded with us. Paul was a good pianist and entertained us regularly. Al was very interested in the COTC and was very neat and all spit and polish. Once he inadvertently somehow misplaced some ammunition in his waste basket and Mam had dumped it into the fireplace. We were all relaxing in the front room with the fire place lit and screamed when all hell broke loose and every one of us hit the floor fast. I can't remember how many shells exploded, but there were many holes in the screen and walls but no one, thank heaven, was hit which was a miracle.

Meal times together were lots of fun. Both Marj and Marie had boyfriends, Don Ivey and Bud Horton, attending UBC and living in the area, so they were around a lot. Marj ended up getting married to Don and Marie to Bud. Don and Marj presently (1993) live in Don Mills, Ont. Don is now retired but was a prominent force at the University of Toronto. Their family have all branched out on their own. Marie and Bud divorced and their son Danny was adopted by Mr. and

Mrs. Frisby. Marie married again and passed away in California some years ago. Mr and Mrs. Frisby both predeceased her. Marj is now deceased.

I will never forget the day that Marj, after dinner, with us all sitting around the table, decided to show us how to remove the tablecloth from under all the dishes without disturbing a thing. After she did her performance all the dishes were on the floor with most of them broken. Marj was lots of fun but her mother did not think this very funny but did have a laugh with the rest of us, as we all set about picking up the pieces.

While attending University John and I spent a lot of time at Esplins just up the street from Frisby's. The Esplins were related to the Stewarts. Mrs. Esplin was a big lady and lots of fun but I was always a little afraid of Mr. Esplin. They had four daughters Bobby, Jean, Roberta and Lauris. Jean attended UBC with us and we all graduated within one year of each other. Later, John and Jean were married and they were blessed with a large family. I graduated as a Bachelor of Commerce (B.Com) in 1943 and as a Bachelor of Forestry (B.S.F.) in 1944. There were only four of us in the forestry graduating class, Gordon Roche, Dave Roussel, Ian Matheson and me. Our professors were Tom Wright, Braham Griffiths, and Malcolm Knapp. They taught us all our applied forestry subjects.



Courtesy UBC Rare Books and Special Collections,
MacMillan Bloedel Ltd fonds, RBSC-ARC-1343-BC-
1930-19-56

One summer, I believe it was 1942; I spent with Bloedel, Stewart and Welch (later M and B) at Franklin River, Camp B, on the Alberni Canal. I was quite small and wore glasses so they started me off on the railway gang which was mostly a Chinese crew. However I begged and pestered to get on a skidder as chokerman. Finally one morning the push said "Come on dude, get your lunch pail and some cork boots and the train's leaving in 15 minutes and we're going to try you out with Joe Dibble's crew on skidder no. 4". So I was a Skidder Chokerman at a raise in pay and I flew

around with boot laces flying and made the train in good time.

In the short time I was there I saw men killed, men thrown in the air by the haul back, and a whistle punk get both his legs broken by a snag caught in the turn. I worked cold deck piles with 23 foot chokers, and logs so big that dynamite was used to make an opening under the logs before we could choker them. This was quite enough for me - too many people getting hurt and killed – so it was time to move along but not before Joe begged me to stay. Skidder 4 was one of the most productive and we had a good crew. Competition was keen.

In 1943 Guy Cawley and I worked together in and around Alberni for Bloedel, Stewart and Welsh Ltd. on regeneration studies. We gathered information for HR's submission to the 1943-45 Royal Commission on Forestry. HR MacMillan's forester at the time was John Gilmor and we were hired and worked under his direction. He was quite a boozier and as Guy and I didn't drink we used to give him our liquor coupons. Because of the war most things were rationed and required coupons. John Gilmor was a famous figure in forestry circles but in all the time we knew him his time was spent in the office and on the phone to us.

Guy and I spent a good part of the summer at APL camp one (Alberni Pacific). They had a super good cook and the meals were out of this world and the loggers had real appetites. Rather than a small bowl of mush or a piece of pie they would eat the whole bowl or whole pie. While working out of this camp we teamed up with a BC Forest Service crew doing the same work under George Silburn. I was very impressed with him and how they performed so I asked George for a job. He arranged for an appointment for me with FS McKinnon, then IC of the Economics Division. As a result of this I was hired with this division in September 1944 and went to work at Victoria in the Parliament buildings under 'Alex' Alexander. I stayed with the B.C.F.S. For 35 years.

Chapter Seven: Early Forest Service Days in Kamloops BC

I had lots of relatives living in Victoria, but for the short time I was there I stayed at the YMCA and in my spare time played basketball for the 'Y'.

It wasn't long before Clark McBride, a forester at the Kamloops Forest Service headquarters, came to Victoria looking for help with his work in silviculture. So I was anxious to go and arrived in Kamloops in 1945 to work for Clark. This I will never regret.

I worked out of the District Forester's office in Kamloops. The District Forester (now referred to as the Regional Manager) at that time was Colonel Parlow. My job was in silviculture and I was in charge of tree marking, that is we designated what trees were to be cut by stamping them with a marking axe. It was later done with paint. The tree was blazed and then stamped near the ground. If there was no stamp on the stump then the tree was cut in trespass. Timber was sold mostly by timber sale in the 1940s and whenever the sale called for selective cutting we would have to mark it. Sometimes we only marked the trees to be left standing. The contract indicated a diameter breast high (DBH) (4 ½ feet from the ground) to which trees could be cut and then we marked trees above this diameter limit that had to be left. All Yellow Pine (Ponderosa Pine) sales were marked to cut using Keene's Classification System. Basically this system marked all those trees most susceptible to beetle attack. We marked all Yellow Pine for cutting, some of the Douglas-fir sales and for a short period Spruce, Balsam stands. The latter stands were in the Kelowna and Valemount areas but mostly in the Bolean Lake area in the name of Vernon Box. Most of the Spruce trees left under this system blew down after logging and as a result Spruce marking was abandoned. Spruce grows in wet areas and the root system grows near the ground surface like a plate so they blow over easily in strong winds. Douglas-fir and Yellow Pine, because of their tap root system, are more wind firm and lend themselves to selective logging. Spruce stands are best clear cut in 100-150 acre patches to avoid waste from blow down. Lodgepole Pine too cannot be selectively logged for similar reasons and should be cut when 80-100 years old. It is very susceptible to beetle attack and when beetles are present the attacked trees must be removed and utilized as soon as possible. Spruce stands in the Prince George and Kamloops regions have also been subject to serious beetle attack - Another reason for clear cutting.

Tree markers of note who worked with me in this initial introduction to tree selection were John Noble, whose dad was a Forest Ranger at Birch Island for many years; George Ritchie, whose dad was an early MP for the Salmon Arm area; and Pat Cowan, who ended his Forest Service career as Chief Clerk at Kamloops head office.

Pat was a brilliant man but was addicted to alcohol and had a tremendous appetite. I have seen him sit down to breakfast and eat one dozen fried eggs at one sitting. He was a hard worker and I learned a lot from him.

I had a room for a short time at Al Norberg's house on Pine St. until I moved to room and board with Enid and Eric Finn. I knew them from Britannia where Enid was a friend of my mother's and Eric was an electrician. He had a similar job at Kamloops. Al came to Kamloops from Williams Lake. His sons Reg and Doug at this writing still live there. Al was a good friend and finally retired from the Forest Service after 45 years service. He is now deceased. His second wife was Ruth Willy and she resides in West Vancouver, as far as I know.

Chapter Eight: I Meet Barbara Harris



During 1945-46 Eric and Enid Finn moved from Britannia to Kamloops and bought a house at 470 St. Paul Street. Eric worked for Giddens Electric and Enid, among other things, taught piano. Enid was originally a Pellet and grew up in Armstrong and was a friend to the Harris family. Both families were active members of the Anglican Church at Armstrong. Enid and Eric moved and retired at Sorrento, BC. Eric subsequently passed away and Enid in 1993, was the Anglican Minister at Sorrento. She died in 1996.

Barbara's parents were Beatrice Adela and Sydney Colin Harris. Her mother was one of nine children born to Frank Shephard Hawes and Adelaide Ann (Price) Hawes. Barbara's middle name 'Adelaide' was given her in memory of her grandmother. Her Uncle Laurie, her mother's brother, came to Canada in the early 1900's and had a dairy farm at New Denver, BC. Another brother Ernest came out from London, England in 1911 and joined him. Her mother followed in 1912. Her dad left Wiltshire, England in 1906 and spent a short time in Ontario and Carberry Manitoba and in 1908 was in New Denver where he later met her mother. Uncle Laurie returned to England, Uncle Ernest bought the present farm at Armstrong in 1913. Her mom and dad were married at the Anglican Church in Armstrong on Jan. 1, 1916 and they went on their honeymoon to Penticton on the stern wheeler S.S. Sicamous which is presently located on the shore of Okanagan Lake at Penticton. Both Uncle Ernest and her dad went overseas during the 1914-18 war and her dad was discharged honorable in April 1919 at Victoria. Both returned to Armstrong to the farm purchased by Uncle Ernest. They raised chickens, sold eggs and also foxes.

Barbara's older and only sister, Jeanette Beatrice, was born on the farm in 1920 and Barbara Adelaide was also born on the farm on March 8, 1927. Place of birth on Barb's birth certificate is Spallumcheen, BC and Jean's is Armstrong. Jean and Barb had all their schooling at Armstrong. The Elementary School they went to is still there in all its splendour and is still Armstrong's elementary school and probably always will be.

Barbara's best friend was Janet Murray and they spent all their elementary and high school years together. During the summers they worked in the fields and used to bike all the way to Mabel Lake. About a year after graduation from high school they left Armstrong for Kamloops and worked for Mr. J. J. Embury in his camera and photography shop on Victoria St. The place is still there and is now called the Camera House. The heritage building is presently being demolished which decision caused some concern to many of the Kamloops citizens. The arrangement was for them to room and board with Enid Finn and this is where I met Barbara in 1946. As I lived there too at this time, together with Bev Bouton, who also worked for the Forest Service. Geo Ritchie who worked with John Noble and me on the marking crew met Janet here

at the same time. We all chummed around together. The group also included Frank Maber and Donna Armstrong, both of whom also worked for the Forest Service at that time at Kamloops.

In 1947 I received a promotion to the Prince George Forest District H.Q. Office, so off I went on my own by bus to take up my new duties. Before leaving we got Barb's family's consent and arranged to be married on Aug.22, 1947 at the Anglican Church at Armstrong. We were married on this nice sunny day and the reception was held on the land of the home of Barb's Auntie Tots and Uncle Ted Keevil. We honeymooned in a borrowed car down the Okanagan Valley then left for a five year stint at Prince George. George and Janet were married the following month and Frank and Donna shortly thereafter, all in 1947. John Noble married Gert some years later.

We left many friends at Kamloops, and employees of the Kamloops Forest District. Eric Bowers was the Radio Technician; Pat Stevens was i/c of Management; Jim McDonald was in Protection; as was Harry Mayson; Harry Parker was Chief Clerk; Al Norberg and Gordon Bregolis were office staff; Ron Noakes was Draughtsman; Roy Eden was Forest Ranger at Kelowna; Jack Boydell was the Ranger at Salmon Arm; Harry Dearing was the Ranger at Princeton; Cym Williams was the Ranger at Kamloops; Emery Scott was the Ranger at Penticton; Charlie Robertson at Clinton; Bill Noble (John's dad) at Birch Island; Jack Hayhurst was Ranger at Vernon; Ray Downing was Roy Eden's Dispatcher at Kelowna.

I worked at Kamloops from 1945-1947 and boarded at Finns on St. Paul St. for most of that time. My work involved tree marking of Yellow Pine stands mostly. John Noble and George Ritchie made up my crew, but I also worked with Pat Conan doing timber cruising and tree marking.



Wedding
Party
Thomas,
Winifred,
Eric, Barb,
Beatrice,
Colin;

Chapter Nine: The Forest Service days in Prince George

From 1947 to 1952 Barb and I lived at Prince George where I worked for the Forest Service in management at the district office headquarters. Our first daughter, Barbara Kathleen, was born at the old Prince George hospital on Oct.2, 1948. My long time best friend John Corner was first to see her and in order to gain admittance he said he was Barb's husband. When I finally arrived I had to do some fast talking and explain what John had done and that I was the real husband and new father. John has worked with bees all his life and has kept his personal hives located on the farm at Armstrong. John was for many years the Provincial Apiarist. Upon retiring he traveled around the world for CETA passing along his knowledge of bees to people in Kenya, Guatemala and Peru to mention a few. Our dear friend John Corner died on Feb 26, 2010 after a long ordeal with Alzheimer's disease and shortly after his wife Dodie passed away. He was like "family".



Barb and I made many friends while living in Prince George who are still our friends today. Grace and Lorne Swannell, Dorothy and Al Dixon, Gwen and Dennis Glew, Bus Ross, Mary and Danny Palumbo, Florence and Floyd Nelson, Marion and Don Ritson, Doug Charlton, Ray Williston, Wilf and Mae Peckham, Len Peckham. Len was draughtsman with the Forest Service and loved a party and was a very good pianist.

Wilf, John, and I did a lot of curling together and won many trophies. John Corner and I also played softball (fastball) and basketball together. We also built a log cabin at Cluculz Lake, just East of Vanderhoof. We hired a horse, called Ben, who knew more about logging than we did, and decked pine logs for us at a landing beside the highway. The cabin was about 20' x 40'. We got it to about six logs high when John was transferred to Vernon in 1951 and I was transferred to Kamloops in 1952. I sold the place for \$600; \$200 to John, \$200 for a lumber bill and \$200 to me which paid for Barb's new teeth. Dodie Corner helped Barb with Kathy at birth as we didn't know much about feeding and were quite ignorant about a lot of things.

On arrival at Prince George, which was a long trip in those days, our first home was a rented garage of two rooms with an indoor outhouse! Barb thought the trip was never going to end and was scared stiff of the ordeal of meeting all my friends and Forest Service employees. The garage belonged to John McInnis, local CCF member, and owner of McInnis Lumber. His son John was a dentist and played on our basketball team with me, John and Bus Ross.

We soon moved from the garage to a frame house which was vacated by Irene and Ken Kenny when they were transferred to Victoria. The house has since been demolished but the house below it is still there and occupied to this day (1994) in downtown Prince George. We

lived in this house for a couple of years through some record cold winters. The ice would build up about two centimetres thick on the inside of the kitchen door. One could also see frost build up in all the walls on the nail heads. This was without a bathroom. As a matter of fact we lived without a bathroom of our own until we moved to Kamloops in 1952. It had an outhouse in a shed in the back yard and a chemical toilet just outside the back door in a small closet. Dumping this toilet in the outhouse during the winter months is a job I would just as soon forget! Across the street was a church. We could, on a Sunday, watch the action from our front room window. This church in later years became a restaurant, 'The Weiner Schnitzel'. I am not sure what is there now. The house was owned by Kennedy's and the rent the first year was \$25.00 per month and went up \$5.00 per month when they put on another layer of wallpaper. Kathy spent her first days here in this cold house. She continually would get her little hands out of her bunny bag at night and they would get white with cold. Because of the cold we had to put her to bed at night all bundled up in a bunny bag and lots of blankets. So that we could unthaw our pipes each morning we filled our electric kettle with water and plugged it in the morning and used the hot water to free our water pipe of ice! While in this house we witnessed an earthquake. My mother was visiting us at the time and she thought I was under the house causing it to shake. I was outside cutting and piling firewood and the row of wood toppled over.

At first opportunity, we moved to Danny and Mary Palumbo's basement suite. We still didn't have our own bathroom but we did have the use of one. Mary and Danny were very good to us and took great delight in our Kathy. I worked with some very good people in Prince George. Bob Carter was an institution in himself and was Chief Clerk and I forgot to mention him earlier in this chapter. Lorne Swannell and I boarded at the Carter's for a short time before we got married. Others who were in the district in those days that I recall were Art McCabe and son Bill, Al Nevison, Gerry McKee; Phyllis Fisk; Claud Heggie; Cy French; Jim Macalister; Gordan Jones; Alf Specht; George Meents; Doreen Tobiason (George and Doreen married); Ken and Rene Kenny – both moved to and died at Victoria.

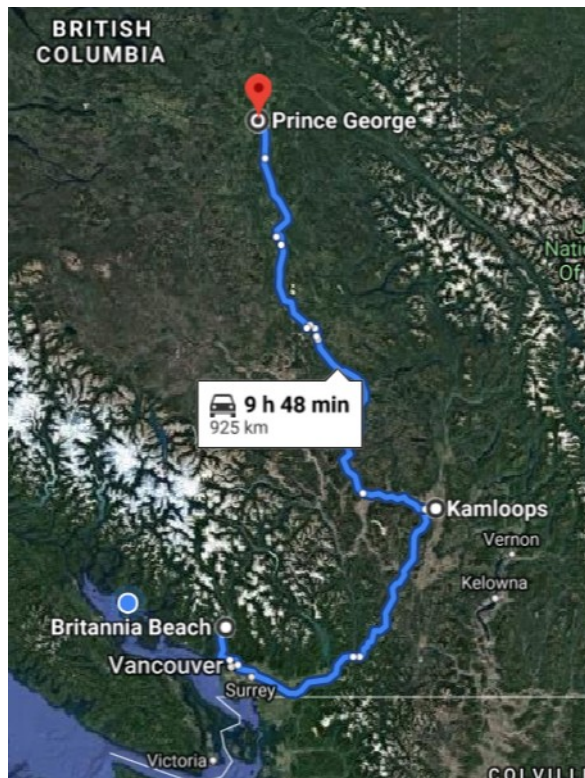
Prince George then had some wooden sidewalks and muddy streets. We stayed at Prince George for 5 years and made many old friends many of whom are still alive today and some still living in Prince George. Most Forest Service friends have moved away. Lorne Swannell, whose dad was an early surveyor, was the District Forester. Lorne married Grace Wisendon in 1949. Following his stint in Prince George he moved to Kamloops then to Victoria where he retired. They are our youngest daughter Jeannie's god parents. We first met John and Dodie Corner here in 1947. John worked at the experimental station with bees. We started curling here in 1947 on two sheets of natural ice just behind the present firehall location. Bill Peckham taught us the game. I curled also regularly as third for Bill's son Wilf and we had much success and always did well competing for the prestigious Kelly Cup. John and I curled once for Mel Rustad and we will never forget beating Topping (the bird) from Osoyoos at a bonspiel at Kamloops. We also met our dear friends Al and Dorothy Dixon here. Al was Assistant District Forester – later District Forester at Kamloops also i/c of the Forest Service Ranger School. Before the last war he was a Ranger on the BC coast. Al and Dorothy spent a good deal of Forest Service time at Kamloops and retired there and moved to Abbotsford in 1997. Other friends we first met in Prince George were Bus and Molly Ross, Dennis and Gwen Glew, Don Ritson and Marion, Walter Henning. There are many more but the names elude me.

Chapter Ten: Forest Service back to Kamloops

In 1952, Barb, Kathy and I moved by CNR from Prince George back to Kamloops. Kathy was four and Jeannie would be born at the Royal Inland Hospital at Kamloops that year on June 1. We stayed at an upstairs apartment on Pine St. for a short time after Jeannie was born but soon acquired our first house at 1175 Columbia Street. We also bought our first car from the government. The house was a war time house and cost \$4000. The car didn't cost much either. The house had a crawl space only and it had our first very own bathroom! We wanted a basement so we dug it out. We were pouring ready-mix cement for walls when the forms collapsed and cement spilled all over the place. I hastily phoned my neighbour and co-worker Spud Huffman and we cemented the floor and did the wall later. The house is still there on the corner of 12th and Columbia St. and doesn't look much different than it did 50 years ago.

We lived and worked at Kamloops for 5 years until 1956. I was basically involved with timber management, cruising, appraisals, timber sale, contracts and specialty jobs. The District Forester, Colonel Parlow retired and Lorne Swannell soon arrived to take over the District Forester position. I was employed as a Management Forester and as such had little to do with fires and protection. My office was on the second floor of the building presently housing the Kamloops Forest Service Regional Office on Columbia St. There were four Robinson's in the office – Jack, Don, Stewart and me.

We made many long term friends while here among them being Harry and Brenda Mayson, Art and Charity Kirk, Lorne and Grace Swannell, Harry and Betsy Forse, Ralph Johnston, John and Gert Noble, Al and Ruth Norberg, Ron and Ethel Noakes, Bill Lehrle, and many others.



During my Kamloops district days I had lots of close contact with all the Forest Rangers, Cym Williams, Roy Eden, Jack Boydel, Emery Scott, Jack Hayhurst, to name a few of the old timers. Whenever Barb and I pass through Clinton we always say hello to Roy Eden who is buried in the cemetery there which is visible from the highway 97.

I did lots of flying with Jim Marshall as pilot, on cruising ventures with Bill Lehrle and I mention this later in chapter 13.

Kathy started school at Lloyd George, Kamloops in 1954.

Chapter Eleven: Forest Service days in Nelson

In 1955 at Kamloops Art Kirk and I met with the Chief Forester, Dr. Orchard, who wanted to send one of us to the Forest Service Ranger School at Green Timbers Tree Nursery in Surrey, BC. After some discussion it was decided that Art would go to the Ranger School in 1955 as assistant to A.H. Dixon, the Dean at the time, and I would go to Nelson, as Assistant District Forester and go to the BCFS Ranger School at a later date.

So Barb and I, Kathy and Jeannie set out in our car in 1956 for Nelson, via Kelowna, Penticton, and Osoyoos and up the Anarchist Mountain Hwy. through Grand Forks, Castlegar to Nelson. All the way Jeannie was sobbing “I want to go home!” Along the way (a lot of the roads were gravel) we happened to see the moving van that was taking what little furniture we had to Nelson. The chesterfield was secured to the back of the van open to the dust and weather but it all got there in one piece. All went into storage while we looked for a house. Initially we all stayed at the Villa Motel where the owners the Gagnes' were very good to us. Their police dog “Din” was very protective of Kathy and Jeannie. Barb had little to do so she helped Roger, the son, with all the work at the motel, making beds, cleaning rooms etc. and she really enjoyed it.

We soon found a house at 623 - 7th St. and moved in next door to Tom and Phemie Nutter, both now deceased – but their daughter Florence (now Mrs. Norman Hughes) still keeps in touch at Christmas. Jeannie started school at the Hume School, a very good school with a very good teacher – Kathy continued her schooling in Grade 3. Jeannie visited Nelson in November 2000 and took pictures of our old house and the Hume School.

We spent three enjoyable years at Nelson. Harry Forse was the District Forester (Regional Manager). I was his assistant. Harry and Betsy Forse had a house just down the hill from our house. They were Uncle Harry and Auntie Betsy to Jeannie and Kathy. We made many friends while there, long and lasting friendships. I am going to list many of them that I remember. Most of them are deceased.

Bill Bishop, Hilda Babs Robertson (Chorlton) Bill Lehrle, Marjorie (Sonia)
Herb Couling , Eve Ole Kettleson, Joanelle Lou Chase, Ruby
Harry Potts Doug Djader Bob Robinson – Ranger
Al Larsen – Ranger Ollie Christie – Ranger Supervisor
Jim MacDonald – Ranger Supervisor Bus Barnes Lawrence Ott
Gill Cartwright – Ranger Bus Ross – Ranger, Molly Cliff Jupp
Art Waldie Tom Hubbard Jack Raven – Ranger
Bill Haggard – Ranger John Ivens – Ranger Bill Uphill – Ranger
John Gierl – Ranger

As an aside, I travelled a great deal with the ranger supervisors and took an added interest in fire protection as up till now I was involved mostly with timber management. 1958 was a bad year for forest fires and increased use was made of aircraft in dropping supplies to firefighters and dumping water on fires. We tried the beaver with 45 gal. Dump buckets on the pontoons. It wasn't too effective. Don Thompson was the pilot and I flew a lot with him. While at Kamloops, the beaver pilot was Jim Marshall and I flew more with him, with great trust. Don Thompson

ended up at the Crease Clinic at Essondale and now deceased. Jim Marshall crashed and was killed in the Cariboo. Memorable flights with Jim into the Kwoiek Creek and Humamilt Lake areas for cruising timber with Bill Lehrle in those areas. Jim wouldn't land in the lake we wanted to land on when cruising the Kwoiek Creek drainage so we free dropped a lot of our equipment and landed at a lake further afield. We never did find this drop but we did have a radio so got them to drop more to us by parachute, which we found including cigarettes for me as I smoked at the time. We walked out to Lytton when we completed this job.

We lived and worked in Nelson until 1959. I did a lot of fishing close by Nelson and I curled a lot. Jeannie entered and won a hoola hoop contest at the local arena. She was very good at it and was only 8 years old.

Chapter Twelve: The Ranger School (1959-67)

In 1959 Harry Forse was moved to Vancouver, I think if I remember correctly, later to be moved to Victoria i/c of the Protection Division. I was promoted to i/c BCFS Ranger School and replaced Al Dixon who I believe was moved to District Forester Prince George. So I joined Art Kirk at the school and he and I worked there together until 1967. Art continued on at the school. I was sent to Victoria i/c of the Reforestation Division.

We bought a house at 11404 92A Ave. Delta, BC. Close to the Surrey border of Scott Road and got the girls settled into the Annieville School about a block away. Here we met the Hendy family who remain close friends to this day.

Over the eight years we changed the name of the Ranger School to the BC Forest Service Training School and introduced a 3 month basic class and a 6 month advanced class. The need was apparent for more basic instruction to fill Forest Service needs. About the late 60's the BCIT School in Burnaby was starting courses to suit the forest service. Art stayed at the school for 18 years and left in 1974 for health problems. We trained hundreds of F.S. Employees and as such got to know a good percentage of F.S. Personnel. Pictures were taken of all classes and these are presently properly stored at the Duncan Forest Museum, now called, at the time of this writing (Sept 2003) the BC Forest Discovery Centre. The storage and concern for the safety of all these pictures was due to the efforts of Tom Walker, Doug Adderly and Geoff Bate, all good friends of mine and all with historical Forest Service backgrounds.

The staff at the Forest Service Training School during my tenure there were as follows:

Dean – Eric Windover Robinson

Assistant Dean – Arthur J. Kirk Assistants – Lou Chase, briefly; Don Fraser, briefly

Janitors– Alec Dick, John Kleber Gardener – John Vroom

Cook – Cathy Hesketh Flunkies – Phylis Van Ieperen, Robin ?

Clerks – Ted Stennett , Dave Finlayson

Blackie (Leonard) Platt was i/c Green Timbers Nursery after Tom Wells retired.

During the summer of 1966 we looked for property to buy in the Okanagan and finally settled on a nice piece of beach near Vernon, BC owned by Bill and Frieda Hellwig. It had 140 feet of lake frontage on Okanagan Lake and a quarter of an acre in size adjacent to Eastside Road about 8 miles from downtown Vernon. It cost \$8200 including survey fees. When making out the cheque I asked Bill how to spell his name. He said “Hell” with a “wig” on it! We camped on this property from then until 1991 when we put a house on it. Until then we tented and later had a 8' x 16' cabin. If you wanted this place in 2004 the assessed value was \$380,000. Assessed value in 2012 was \$1,085,000.

During my tenure at the Ranger School I became involved on the Council of the Association of BC Registered Foresters (now the Association of BC Forest Professionals) with Tom Wright, Gerry Burch and others. I was president in 1963. I joined the Association the year it was formed in 1947 at Prince George – Reg. No.40.



BCFS Training School

Art Kirk, Al Dixon, Bill Lehrle (behind), Eric Robinson

Chapter Thirteen – Forest Service days in Victoria (1967-1972)

In 1967 I was transferred from the BC Forest Service Training School (the name was changed from Ranger School in 1962) to be in-charge of the Reforestation Division at Victoria. This division was located in a building behind the Parliament Buildings along with the Protection Division on the second floor. The division was responsible for all tree nurseries, collection of seed, and tree planting throughout the province – or in other words anything to do with reforestation. In our nurseries we grew trees for Forest Service planting and industrial planting. All our efforts were earmarked to produce stock of superior quality from reliable seed of known provenance.

During my tenure of office over the period of 1967-72 my staff consisted of the following very professional group of people.

Alf Bamford – 2 i/c
Bruce Devitt – Seeds and Nurseries
Dave Wallinger – Supervisor – Interior
Pete Robson – Supervisor – Coast
Dave Armit – Liaison Forester, Victoria
Jack Long – Nursery Supervisor, Duncan
Len Platt – Nursery Superintendent, Surrey
Rolf Hellenius – Nursery Superintendent, Red Rock
Jim Sweeten – Liaison Forester, Surrey
Jenji Konishi – Liaison Forester, Duncan
John Revel – Liaison Forester, Redrock
Mike Collard, Nursery Superintendent, Campbell River
Ulf Bitterlich - Chilliwack, River Nursery
Ted Whiting – Coordinator, Corrections Branch
Nils Sjoberg – Forester Planting Stock Development

In 1967 we sold the house in Delta at 11404 – 92A Ave and moved to Victoria, where we bought a house at 4105 Borden Street. Jeannie came with us and finished high school at Mount Doug. Kathy remained in Delta working at the Royal Bank at the corner of Town Line and Scott Road in Surrey, BC. She stayed with Karen Kennard for awhile and later both Kathy and Karen joined us at Victoria. Kathy remained with the bank and Karen worked for Safeway. Kathy had finished her schooling and met Graham Edney whom she married in 1971 and moved to Gibsons, BC on the Sunshine Coast. Jeannie finished high school and took a stenographic course after graduation which paid off in dividends later in her life. We made many friends at Victoria. Tom and Meiri Earl and family lived across the street on McBriar. Tom passed away and Meiri still lives there on her own. We correspond on birthdays and at Christmas. They were good friends and I arranged a job for Tom with the Forest Service. He ended up in personnel and did a good job. Harry and Betsy Forse were living in Victoria at the same time as us and remained there for the rest of his career i/c of Protection Division. Also our very good friends, Lorne and Grace Swannell, at this writing in 2004, still live in retirement at Victoria. Harry Forse has since died and Betsy has moved to Tsawwassen, close to her daughter Barbara. We have many many friends who have retired from the Forest Service and remain in Victoria. Don and Marion Ritson, who were at Prince George with us in 1947-52 are retired in Victoria.

We didn't see too much of Kathy after she moved away. When Shelly was born at Sechelt in 1973 we lived at William's Lake. Then when Janice was born on the same day (Oct.9) as Shelly in 1974 we went to Gibsons and looked after Shelly on the occasion of her 1st birthday. Her mom said to give her her birthday cake which we did. What a mess, but she really enjoyed it. Needless to say there was much cleaning up to do.

In August of 1972 while we were vacationing at our property on Okanagan Lake, I was advised that I had been given the job of District Forester at Williams Lake. So we were on the move again and as it worked out it was the last move for us while employed by the BC Forest Service.



Reforestation Officers Meeting Victoria Jan 27-28 1971. Left to Right:

Back row - Pete Robson, HQ; Art Waldie, Nelson; Eric Robinson, Forester i/c Rn HQ; Charlie Johnson, Pr. Rupert; Dave Wallinger, HQ; Amund Groner, Kamloops; Dick Clifford, Pr. George

Front row - Wilf Rhodes, HQ; Frank Pendl, Vancouver; Denis Garon, Pr. Rupert; Don Grant, Vancouver; Ray Gill HQ

Chapter Fourteen – The Forest Service days end in Williams Lake – 1972-1979

While holidaying on our property at 9493 Eastside Road, Vernon, BC in August 1972, the Vernon Ranger District (I think it was Al Garling or Jake Walusuk) arrived with a message to phone John Stokes, Deputy Minister of Forests at Victoria. When I got to a phone he advised that he would like me to go to Williams Lake and fill the position of District Forester for the Cariboo Forest District. So after returning to Victoria we proceeded to sell the house on Borden Street and arranged for the move to Williams Lake. Jeannie arranged for an apartment and remained in Victoria. She had met Mike Haug at the lake at Vernon in 1971 and they were together in Victoria for awhile and then were married in St. James Anglican Church at Armstrong on Mar.3rd 1973. Kathy was of course married to Graham Edney and lived at Gibsons.

When we arrived at Williams Lake in September, 1972 we stayed initially at the Slumber Lodge Motel with Punky, our cat. Our motel room on the ground floor allowed us to give Punky access through a window to the outdoors.

The Cariboo Forest District was made up of part of the Prince George Forest District and part of Kamloops Forest District and was established in 1972 and organized by Ted young and Bill Wicken. Once established, Ted Young returned to Victoria and I took over basically as the first District Forester of the new Cariboo Forest District. There were now six Forest Districts; Vancouver, Kamloops, Nelson, Prince Rupert, Prince George and Cariboo (Williams Lake).

The District Headquarters was housed in the Government building called the White House during my tenure in office from 1972-1978. What with holiday leave build-up and other perks, I formally retired from there in 1979.

The experience as District Forester was very gratifying as I had an experienced staff picked from all over the Province and they were all anxious to work in a new environment.

Because of the influx of so many new employees into Williams Lake the initial housing situation was taken care of by trailers. Barb and I stayed in one until we finally bought a house at 711 Western Ave on April 27, 1973. We bought it in desperation – a flat roof – and on a one-half acre lot with 200 Fir trees per acre or close to it. The trailers were provided by the Forest Service. Rental was \$70 per month. From memory I believe there were initially about 30 trailers in use – and slowly as employees built or acquired more permanent accommodation they all were no longer required.

I had a maximum of about 680 + employees under me. This included 22 Ranger District staff, suppression crews, and special fire fighting crew (CIFAC).; The tanker base, warehouse, mechanical repair crew, scalers, cruising crews and 60 positions in the White House Forest District Headquarters office. I had a very large office on the second floor on the SE corner. It was furnished with a conference table and planning meetings were always held there, which was most convenient. My Secretary was Eleanor Hughes, who was probably the first person hired locally in 1971-2 during the organization period. She remained as my Secretary until my retirement in 1978. She retired in 1980. Her office was next to mine with the Assistant D.F. On

the other side. During my tenure, Maury Isenor was Asst. D.F. for awhile and then transferred to Prince George. A.B. Robinson took his place, then transferred to Victoria. Denny MacDonald replaced Tony and became District Forester after I left in 1978.

There was a large office staff under Bill Wicken. Other sections were as follows with those in charge -

- Management, Timber Sales etc – D.T. Grant
- Protection, Fire, Insects etc – Arnold Ginnever
- Grazing, Range Management, etc – E.R. Smith
- Engineering, Roads, Mechanical etc. - Erno Krajczar
- Scaling – Ivan Lacouvee
- Draughting – Herb Steel
- Research – Alan Vise
- Radio Operater – Ed Moxey
- Radio Technician – Stu Hoy
- And many more people who reported to the above individuals.

The District Forester position and the Forest Service was changed radically by the Liberal Government and by 2003 the Forest Service was not the same. Ranger Districts were abandoned and became Forest Districts. The 6 major Forest Districts were named Regional Districts with Regional Managers in charge. The Williams Lake Regional District was cancelled as were other regions throughout the Province. Research was more or less cancelled. The Province was divided basically into two regions with headquarters at Prince George and Kamloops. (On the Coast the Regional Office was moved to Nanaimo) The Chief Forester position was maintained but was responsible only for the allowable cut allocations. One realizes that it is a changing world.

Chapter 15 - PostScript

We lived in Williams Lake for 38 years and other events took place during this time. In 1979 we traveled across Canada in our camper with Jack Bailey and Betty and Ray Clarke in Jack's camper. It was planned that Jack's wife Louise would go but she developed cancer and passed away in Oct 1978. Barb and I came back on our own and Jack and the Clarke's flew back from Halifax. Jack's son flew back to Halifax and had a holiday by bringing Jack's camper back. Five years later with Ken and Jean Morley we went across Canada to Newfoundland. We left in July and returned in October. It was a very enjoyable trip too. Both trips are well documented by diary and pictures in separate volumes.

In 1990-94 we built a house on the lake property with 108 foot dock with a boat lift that Mike provided. Although the basement is not finished at this time in 2012, we considered the rest of the house finished and we could call it a home. So in 1994 we owned two homes, one in Williams Lake and one in Vernon (9493 Eastside Road was incorporated into the City of Vernon in 2003). When we sold the Williams Lake house we paid capital gains on it in our 2010 tax return and established 9493 Eastside Road our principal residence.

During those retirement years we spent most of the time in Williams Lake and as much time as possible in Vernon. We always came to Vernon for Christmas and stayed with Mike and Jeannie.

Time was slipping by and by 2009 I was 88 years old and slowing down and needing help to do many things we used to do ourselves, so as much as we wanted to stay in Williams Lake we knew we couldn't so we decided we must move to Vernon. We started looking for a house in Vernon and by 2010 we found what best suited our needs at Winston Place 1038 - 11th Ave. unit 8 for \$300,000. We sold our house at 711 Western and bought the new one here on very close to the same day, June 30, 2010. We moved in on July 3, 2010. Since then we have made changes and provided Barb with a very nice sewing room. We are closer to the lake and family at Vernon, Armstrong and Salmon Arm.

At this writing, in Oct. 2012, I am 91 and Barb is 84 and we are in a strata with water, lawn cutting, snowplowing, garbage and recycling and house insurance covered by monthly strata fees of \$225, which is a pretty good deal. Our property tax is very reasonable with age and home owner grant provided. We have to insure our contents, the cost of which is very reasonable. We are quite content but as we expected we need lots of help from Mike and Jeannie, as we are slowing down and lack the energy to do all the things we used to do. We miss Williams Lake.

Oct/2012

Both Eric and Barb passed away in 2015 Barb in April and Eric in October.

Edited June 19, 2019, by Bruce Devitt RPF Ret. and Jeannie Haug from EWR family history prepared by Eric W Robinson

Obituary

Eric Windover Robinson, RPF #40 (deceased) July 27, 1921 – October 1, 2015

Sad to report the passing of another elder forester and past Association President, Eric W Robinson who served on council in 1960, becoming President in 1962. Eric was a leader and mentor and a good friend to many in the forestry community.

Eric was born in Armstrong BC July 27, 1921 and died in Vernon BC on October 1, 2015. He grew up in Britannia Beach where his father worked for Britannia Mining and Smelting Co. After formal schooling Eric began university in 1939 and graduated from UBC with bachelor degrees in Commerce (1943) and Forestry (1944). He played basket ball and soft ball in his younger days and later became an avid curler and golfer.

His forestry work began on Vancouver Island at Franklin River Camp B in 1942 working on a logging railway track gang and as a skidder chokerman with Bloedel Stewart and Welch and in 1943 he did forest regeneration studies there with MacMillan and Bloedel. During this period he met George Silburn of the BC Forest Service doing similar work in the area which impressed him so much he asked George for a job. George helped him contact FS McKinnon in-charge of the Forest Economic Division and Eric joined that in Victoria in September 1944 beginning his 35 year career with the BC Forest Service.

In 1945 he went to Kamloops to work in silviculture. While there he met Barbara Harris. They were married in the Anglican Church at Armstrong on August 22, 1947. Of all his accomplishments he later would say that marrying Barb was the most important thing he ever did.

He went to the Prince George Forest District in 1947 to work in forest management. He returned to Kamloops in 1952 to be involved with timber management, cruising, appraisals and timbersale contracts. Then in 1956 he went to Nelson where as assistant District Forester his focus was forest fire protection.

He was made head of the Ranger School located at Green Timbers in Surrey in 1959. This facility was later renamed the Forest Service Training School. It was while spending 8 years at the training school that Eric committed to memory the hundreds of BC Forests Service personnel that attended.

In 1967, during the expansion of provincial reforestation, he was put in charge of the Reforestation Division in Victoria. In 1972 he went to Williams Lake to head up the newly created Forest District there. He retired in 1979 at Williams Lake.

Throughout his career Eric and Barb, as they travelled the postings, made and kept contact with their many friends. Eric especially knew many foresters and their families from the training school days. He had a special skill that brought out the best in people. Of all the great chiefs he was one of the best.

Predeceased by his wife Barbara (April 2015); he leaves his daughters Kathy (Dennis) Cotter and Jean (Mike) Haug; granddaughters Shelly (Tyler) Cull, Janice (Ger) Larson, Corinne (Mike) Litchfield, and Karin Haug; and Great grand children Karlee, Hailey, MacKenzie, and Tanner; and niece Lynda (Brian) Jones and nephew Colin Robinson.

A private family interment was held in the spring of 2016.

Prepared by Jean, Mike and Karin Haug and Bruce Devitt 368 (Retired Life Member).

B18 Friday, October 9, 2015 - The Morning Star



Richard and Evelyn Green

It is with great sadness we announce the passing of Evelyn on Sept 23, 2015 and Dick on Feb. 2, 2015 at V.J. Hospital. They were together for 50 years living in Vancouver and Campbell River prior to moving to Vernon in 1993. Both worked in the hospitality industry as well as Evelyn at B.C. Tel and Dick at Firestone Tire. Dick was a WWII navy veteran and a recipient of several medals including two from the Russian Embassy. They were known for their outgoing personalities. Their kindness, love, generosity and hospitality created life long bonds with family and friends. Winters in California and summers trailing to Shuswap Lake, Campbell River and Saskatchewan family reunions held special memories for them and us all. Evelyn was predeceased by loving parents Eliadine and Cecil Rivett. Survived by sisters Joan (Keith) Brewis, Shirley Larson, and Eric Larson. Nieces Bev Brewis, Karin (Cal) Siemens, Kris (Peter Papp) Larson, birth daughter Bonnie Parker. Nephews Bob (Claudia) Brewis, Jeff (Viv) Brewis and many grand-nieces, nephews and Saskatchewan relatives. Dick is survived by daughters Lynn (John) Rogers, Patti (Bob) White, Sandra (Jack) Papp, Leslee (Greg) Confortin, grand and great grandchildren. Thank you to the staff at V.J. and Cornington Home for their care. Special thanks to Debbie Mieres for kindness and caring to them in their last few years.

Richard: 8 Sept 23/22 in Lonsdale, B.C. Evelyn: 8 June 3/00 in Vernon, B.C.

"Together Again"
- Missed by all and forever in our hearts.
A memorial to be announced at a later date. If desired, donations to Diabetes or Cancer Agencies would be appreciated.



KEARNS, Gordon Patrick

Gord passed away at Hospice House on Friday, October 2nd, 2015 at the age of 51 years, ending his ongoing battle with cancer. He leaves behind his companion Cheryl Blaeser; his parents, Ken and Gloria Kearns; brother, Ken; sister, Terry and her husband Ben Hendrickson; their three sons: Chad, Josh, and Travis; also his chosen children: Michelle, Monique, and Dan Andreasen; and numerous other relatives. A celebration of life will be held at the Riverside Hall in Ashton Creek from 2:00 - 4:00 p.m. Saturday, October 10th, 2015. Arrangements have been entrusted to: PLEASANT VALLEY FUNERAL HOME (250) 542-4333. Condolences may be offered at www.pleasantvalleyfh.com

Loren Douglas Blackstock

1967 - 2015
It is with great sadness that we announce the passing of Loren on September 22, 2015 in Armstrong, B.C. born January 17, 1967 in 100 H.W. B.C. Loren is survived by his daughter Nia, brothers: Steven (Linda) of Enderby, Darryl of Vernon; nieces, nephews, and extended family. He is predeceased by his parents Allan and Beita and his brother Wayne. Loren enjoyed fishing, boating, motorbiking, and loved his family and friends. A family celebration of life will be held at a later date. Expressions of sympathy may be forwarded to the family at www.HyAlternatives.ca. Cremation arrangements entrusted to: ALTERNATIVES FUNERAL & CREMATION SERVICES* Armstrong 250-545-7237 & Vernon 250-558-0806

ALTERNATIVES FUNERAL & CREMATION SERVICES

www.vernonmorningstar.com

Obituaries

CHARLES ROBERT (BOB) BOWMAN

It is with saddened hearts that we announce the passing of our father and husband, Charles Robert (Bob) Bowman, in Noric House on October 4th, 2015. Bob is mourned by his loving wife Dorothy (Doris), to whom he was married for 61 years; one daughter, Diana (Brian) Hobbs of Kamloops, B.C.; two sons, Les (Shannon) and Don (Nina) of Coldstream, B.C.; ten grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. He was preceded in death by his parents, Charles and Cecelia Bowman and brother, Jim Bowman. Bob was born in Coronach, Saskatchewan on August 20th, 1932, the nearest community to the family farm in East Poplar, Saskatchewan. The family moved to Langley, B.C. in 1947 where they built and operated the Cedar Grove Motel for several years. Bob met Doris, the love of his life, in Port Alberni, B.C. in 1951. Following their marriage in 1954 and the arrival of all three children, Bob and Doris moved their young family to the North Okanagan where Bob continued his career as a truck driver. They settled first in Armstrong and then Coldstream in 1971. Bob and Doris built three family homes over the years: the first in Milner, B.C., followed by one in Armstrong and finally in Coldstream. Bob's love of gardening, camping, carpentry, landscape painting and truck driving has been passed on to his family. His sense of humour and appreciation of music eventually gained him the nickname "singer" at Noric House. We, Bob's family, would like to thank the staff at both the **Vernon Jubilee Hospital and Noric House for the kindness and care over the past year that was shown to both Bob and ourselves.** Cremation preceded the Funeral Service which will be held at Bethel Funeral Chapel on Saturday, October 10th, 2015 at 2:00 PM, with District Evangelist Tom Haag officiating. A Reception will follow in the Bethel Tea Room. As an expression of sympathy, those who wish to do so may send donations in memory of Bob to the Alzheimer Society of B.C., #102 - 3402 - 27th Avenue, Vernon, B.C. V1T 1S1. Funeral arrangements have been made with **BETHEL FUNERAL CHAPEL LTD., 5605-27th Street, Vernon, B.C. V1T 8Z5 • 250-542-1187**

Eric Windover Robinson
(July 27, 1921 - October 1, 2015)

It is with heavy hearts that we announce the death of Eric on October 1st at the age of 94 years. He spent his last five months in care at Vernon Jubilee Hospital, Gately's Pathway to Home, and his final month at Hospice House. During this time he was very impressed by the care he received from compassionate staff and volunteers. He was predeceased by his parents Winnifred and Thomas, brother Ray (Madge), wife Barbara (April 2015), and sister-in-law Jean Gill (June 2015). He leaves behind his daughters Kathy (Dennis) Cotter, Jean (Mike) Haug; grand daughters Shelly (Tyler) Cull, Janice (Ger) Larson, Corinne (Mike) Litchfield, and Karin Haug; Great grand children Karlee, Hailey, MacKenzie, and Tanner; niece Lynda (Brian) Jones and nephew Colin Robinson. He will be sadly missed by all. Born in Armstrong BC, Eric had a wonderful childhood growing up in Britannia Beach where his father worked for Britannia Mining and Smelting Co. After his formal schooling he attended UBC (1939-44) and received a Bachelor of Commerce Degree followed by a Forestry Degree. He started his career with the BC Forest Service in Victoria and soon after transferred to Kamloops where he met Barb Harris and they were married and settled in Prince George in 1947. Of all his accomplishments he would say that marrying Barb (Mom) was the most important thing he ever did! Eric spent 35 years with the BC Forest Service retiring in 1979 in Williams Lake where he was the District Forester. During his career he worked in Kamloops, Prince George, Nelson, the Forest Service Training School in Surrey, then to Victoria to be head of the Reforestation Division prior to his posting in Williams Lake. In 2010 they moved to Vernon to be closer to family and their summer home "Barberic Beach" on Okanagan Lake. He felt very fortunate to have made many lasting friendships with Forestry staff and neighbours over the years. Eric served as President of the Association of BC Forest Professionals (RFF #49) in 1982 and served on the council for many years. He played basketball and softball in his younger days and was an avid curler and golfer. In his later years he enjoyed watching these sports on TV. A private family interment of both Eric's and Barb's ashes will be held in the Spring. The family would like to thank the staffs of 3W at V.J.H., Gately Pathways, and especially Hospice House for taking such wonderful care of our special Dad, Grampa, Uncle, and friend, as well as all of us. Those wishing to do so may make a memorial donation in Eric's name to the North Okanagan Hospice Society, 3506 - 27 Avenue, Vernon, BC V1T 1S4. Cremation arrangements have been entrusted to: Bethel Funeral Chapel Ltd. 5605 - 27 Street, Vernon, BC V1T 8Z5 • 250-542-1187

Help Wanted



There is a better way to get better help
Use the Classifieds
250.550.7900
classifieds@vernonmorningstar.com

The MorningStar



BC SPCA
Your First Adoption Option
Fetch a Friend from the SPCA today!
spca.bc.ca

Business Opportunities

FOODIE ALERT Funky Bistro entrepreneurs dream, 30 seat Riverside - Scratch Kitchen licensed - Art Gallery - Music Turn Key operation 39.9k call Remax-Judy Fischer 250-808-0025

Career Opportunities

ECONOMIC Development - May sought by Kestrel Bird in H. H. in N. Van. Tel. Send resume, cover letter & salary expectations to manager@kestrlbird.ca or fax 250-566-1531 or email resume to: kjp27@hotmail.com

Caretakers/Residential Managers

MOTEL ASST Manager Team to run small Motel in Parksville BC. Non-Smoking, no Pets, good health, fulfilling, great position. Fax 250-566-1531 or email resume to: kjp27@hotmail.com

Drivers/Courier/Trucking

US capable Class 1 Drivers required immediately. We are an Okanagan based transport company looking for qualified drivers for US loads. We run primarily in the Pacific Northwest, Utah, Arizona and Nevada. We offer a new pay rate empty or loaded. All picks and drops. Regular home time. Direct deposit paid every week. Regular phone and fuel cards. Company paid US travel insurance. All applicants must have reliable transportation and a positive attitude. Please fax resume & abstract to 250-546-0600 or by email to carla@northokanagantrucking.com NO PHONE CALLS PLEASE.