

three shots and Wolf dropped, kicking. I asked Pete why he had shot Wolf and he said he was so mad he forgot I wanted him.

Pete would never have a female dog or hound in the pack as he said that would cause trouble in the pack, which got along very well. Even Wolf got along with the rest of the pack, as Pete got him when he was a pup and he grew up with the pack. I told Pete I wanted to bring him up here to B.C. and breed him to a hound as I thought that would produce some good cougar hounds. Pete said that he had never thought about that but it would have been a good idea. The State refused to pay for the colt that Wolf had injured and we had to shoot as it was bleeding to death anyway. I gave the rancher thirty dollars as it was my fault that we kept Wolf.

I came back to Vancouver and found there were no jobs on the boards so came home to Squamish and got a job bucking cedar logs for Charley Schoonover who was horse logging into the river. The timber had been felled the winter before so all I had to do was buck the trees up into sixteen foot lengths. Near the end of August we had all the logs in the water and Charley hired an Indian to take charge of driving the logs twenty miles down to saltwater.

We made good time and the first day and made ten miles and camped for the night. Next morning we were running down a long rapid when we saw a log stranded at the edge of the rapids so they set me off with a peavey and told me to ride the log down after I rolled it into deep water. I had no trouble getting the log to float, climbed aboard and

stood on the down river and was enjoying the ride when the log struck a big rock under the water and stopped and I shot off the log into the water. The log swung around and I climbed aboard, still hanging onto the peavey, and when they picked me up the Indian said, "Maybe next time you stand at the back end of the log when you ride him down rapids".

Times were really tough that fall, no jobs anywhere and the price of fur was too low to trap so I went down to visit my mother who had married again and lived at Britannia. While I was there the concentrater burned down and the company started to blast out the benches for a new mill and I worked with the miners until the site was ready for the concrete gang. Then I worked with the steel gang that put up the frame of the building. When that was finished I hired on with the gang that was installing the machinery and stayed with it until they had everything running smoothly, then tried to get a steady job in the mill. I found that all the old crew which had worked in the old mill had stayed on and some of them were out of a job as the new mill was modern and did not require as many men.

I was about ready to go and look for another job when the master mechanic said he needed a man to help install a new airline into the mine. I really liked that job as we had to measure out the length of the pipe needed and lay out all the turns marking the degrees as some had to be welded, others with flanges welded to make the turns. Finally Mickey, the man I was helping, had the whole line layed out on paper; then he turned it over to the draftsman who made a blue print



of it which was sent to Vancouver to the company that was to make up the pipe.

I had never worked on large pipe before and wondered if Mickey had got his figures right as the pipe had to be within four inches where it entered the mine. I needn't have worried as the pipe came and we went up to put it in and when we got to the mine entrance the pipe was only two inches out leaving plenty of room to enter the mine. Then I helped Mickey at the shop at several different jobs which were new to me such as pouring large bearings; some for sixteen inch shafts. By the first of October we had cleaned up all the odd jobs and the foreman said he would have to lay me off but that I could go up and get a mucking job in the mine. I wanted no part of that.

I went back up to the ranch just in time to help get the crop in and wheel in eight cords of stovewood which had been split ready for the stove and piled up to dry all summer. We had two wheelbarrows and my grandmother helped pile in the woodshed so we always did that job in a day. We had three weeks of perfect weather that fall and got the crop in and we found out that the price of furs had gone up to where it would pay to trap again so we went up to put all the trap sets in good shape for the winter. We had gone over my grandfathers trapline one day and when we dropped down the trail a bit my grandfather said he was going to head north along the hillside to a spot he knew where deer quite often could be spotted lying down. If I heard a shot I was to come over and help him drag the deer home. I waited for quite awhile and decided he had not seen anything so headed down the hill,

after going about half a mile.

I heard a shot and hurried back up the hill and found him cleaning out a large five point buck. It didn't take long to drag the deer to the foot of the hill as it was very steep. But it was all the two of us could do to drag it half a mile over the flat to the ranch. The next fall my grandfather, who was getting up in years, said he would like to go up above timberline with me to try and get a deer but didn't think he could make it to the top and back in one day. I suggested that we take a peice of canvas and blankets and food for four meals plus a billy can and cups.

didn't think he could make it to the top and back in one day. I suggested that we take a piece of canvas and blankets and food for four meals plus a billy can and cups.

My grandmother got the food ready for us, cooking everything so all we had to do was warm it up. We left at daylight on a fine September morning and headed slowly up the mountain. We hit the timberline about three p.m. and had a cup of tea and a bite to eat. I told my grandfather that if he was not too tired to take a hike out over the meadow and he might get a blue grouse or even a deer as I had often seen both in that area. Meanwhile I would set up camp and get wood and have supper ready when he came in.

Not very long after he left I heard a shot and thought he had shot a grouse. As I was putting the finishing touch to our camp I

heard another shot and just at dusk he came in with two big deer livers and said he didn't know why I packed my rifle up the hill as he had got all the meat we needed. I knew he was just kidding me and that the old fellow felt pretty good. He said we would have a tough job to drag the deer over the ridge to our camp, then down the hill.

I asked him to describe the area where he had shot the deer, and when he told me I said we would take our packs with us in the morning when we went over to the deer; then go right down the hill as I had taken a lot of deer down from the high country and could hit his trapline and take the trail down to the ranch. When we got to the deer next morning I saw that he had two big bucks, one a five point and the other a four point and both fat. He hit both of them in the white spot under the chin. He carried a cane to help him up the hill and used it as a rest when he shot. I told him to take the packs and the rifles and I dragged both deer to the flat and then he helped me drag them over to the ranch.

As it was September and quite warm we had to take care of the meat at once or it would spoil. By the time we had given the neighbors each a large portion one deer was used up. The rest was salted and smoked. Any meat given away was always returned in those days when someone got a deer or butchered a pig or a beef. Although my grandfather lived in the valley for fifteen years that was the first and last time he climbed up to timberline. He always waited until late October when the deer moved down the hill to the two thousand foot level.



My grandmother always kept chickens, ducks, and geese and they all had to be shut in separate houses and she had traps set by the duck and goose houses at night. One spring in early March my grandfather and I went up to our main cabin on the trapline to cut wood for the next winter, telling my grandmother that we would be gone for at least two nights. We cut the wood and cleared the trail of trees which had fallen down during the winter. We got home about dark the third day to find two large mink pelts hung up on stretching boards. She had caught them the night we left and had made a perfect job of skinning and fleshing them.

She always caught a lot of weasel every winter and insisted on skinning them herself. There were a few muskrats in the slough on the ranch but although we never trapped them they never increased. We thought the mink may have got them. One summer a large brown weasel showed up on the ranch, making his home in the woodshed. Our old tomcat spent all his time trying to catch that weasel but the animal was too fast for him. The cat would sit by the hour in the woodshed waiting for it to come out of the woodpile until one day he must have been in the right spot when the weasel came out as he got the weasel, killed it and left it on the porch by the kitchen door. I skinned the weasel and after the pelt dried hung it up in a sack with mothballs.

The next winter I threw it out on top of the snow and forgot about it. About a month later I noticed the fur had turned white but when I picked the pelt up I saw the fur was coming out so we knew the pelt did not have to be on the animal to change color.

We had a lot of wild animals show up on the ranch such as bear, deer, bobcats, raccoon and otter, but one day we heard my dog barking like mad and trying to get under a brushpile where we were clearing a piece of ground. I went over and pulled the pile apart and out came a strange animal. I made the dog leave it alone and called my grandfather to come and look at it. He did not know what it was either. That was before I had climbed up above timberline. I found the answer to that riddle the first time I climbed up above timberline. As I broke out into the open meadow I heard someone whistle so I whistled back and got a return whistle at once. Then I heard several whistles coming from different places. When I saw a movement on a larger rock at the foot of a rock slide about a hundred yards from me I dropped out of sight and went around the hill and sneaked up to within fifty feet of an animal. I saw that it was the same kind of animal that the dog chased under the brushpile on the ranch.

Later I found out they were marmots or whistlers. That was the only marmot I ever heard of coming down to the flats and we often wondered if it found its way back up the mountain to the timberline meadows.

My grandfather's ranch was at the foot of Pilchuck Mountain so I climbed it and did most of my hunting on it and had some queer things happen to me while on the mountain. Once while hunting deer, a

thunderstorm rolled in and lightning struck a fir tree about fifty feet from me, and for a second it felt like I had lost my breath and it smelled like sulphur. After getting my wits together again I walked over and found the lightning had hit a fir tree forty feet from the ground and had cut a groove about two inches wide down to the sap following the twisted grain of the wood one and a half turns before it hit ground and kicked the dirt and small rocks away from the foot of the tree.

Once in late October a friend came over and said he would like me to take him up to the top of the mountain, so I suggested that we plan on a two day trip. We took two days food, one Hudson Bay blanket and a large tarp. We left at daylight next morning planning to explore the whole top of the mountain which was a series of ridges and meadows nearly three miles wide. After hiking all over the mountain top and watching a few deer take off we headed down the north side of the mountain to look for a place to camp.

We hit a timbered ridge that headed down north and found a good game trail to follow down. About six o'clock I spotted a good place to camp with plenty of dry wood. We were pretty tired so had a bite to eat, cut a lot of boughs to sleep on and put half the tarp down with the blanket on top, then got in bed and pulled the other half of the tarp over, completely covering us. It was pretty cold so we covered our heads with the tarp and went to sleep at once.

I woke up and the blanket and tarp felt heavy so I flipped the



covers off my head and got a shower of snow on my face and neck. I lit a match and saw that it had snowed about three inches then quit. I pulled out my watch and saw it was two a.m. so we went to sleep again. It seemed we had just got to sleep again when we heard what sounded like a snort right by our bed and something tearing up the game trail. We saw it was breaking daylight so got up and had something to eat and made up our packs. We could see by the tracks in the snow that a large black bear had walked up within six feet of our bed before he smelled us and tore back up the hill. I often wondered what would have happened if he had stepped on our snow covered bed.

Another time my grandfather and I came to the end of this trapline and decided to follow a ridge that sloped down at right angles to the main mountain. We came to a deep canyon that cut across the ridge so followed a game trail to the bottom then climbed up the steep far side and when we got to where we could see all around the parklike area we sat down for a rest. We had not been there long when I felt a nudge in the ribs and looked to our right and saw a big doe with white spots on her side and hip. She had a fawn with her but it was naturally marked like that. A biologist told me it could have been either frost bite or skin infection that caused the white spots.

In the sixty four years I have tramped the hills I have only seen one albino animal and that was a squirrel over in the west Kootenays while hunting cougar one winter. It was pure white.

Sometimes you find animals far from their home range, such as the

lynx we caught and the two fisher which crossed one our our traplines high on a mountain. There never was any sign of them, or of a lynx in this valley since. Then in the fall of 1926 two old fellows were walking up the narrow brushy road when they came to a hard right angle turn and the man on the outside of the curve looked up the road and saw a young bull moose and told the other fellow to give him the gun as he saw a moose and the man thought he had gone nuts and hung onto the gun and as they wrestled around the moose finally saw them and took off.

I heard about it that night when I went for the mail but took the story with a grain of salt as there had never been any moose within two hundred miles of this valley. A few days later I took the shotgun and went down to a large swamp to hunt ducks and noticed some tracks in the mud at the edge of the swamp that looked queer so had a closer look and then it dawned on me that they were moose tracks. He was never seen again the the upper part of the valley.

Two months later an old Indian friend of mine who lived by the Sound got up one morning just as it was breaking daylight and walked outside and saw a stange deer standing on the beach at the edge of the water. He went and got his rifle and it was still there so he shot it and found he had shot a moose with a small set of antlers which had a spread of twenty-two inches.

About twenty years ago a small herd of moose came over the mountains from the northeast and down to the headwaters of the river

which is ideal moose country with old beaver meadows. When the logging roads were getting close to the moose the game branch closed the area to moose hunting. The herd increased but no one knows how many there are.

When the moose started to migrate south they created quite a stir when they showed up where they had never been seen before. When I was out in the Chilcotin country west of Williams Lake I asked an old Indian when the moose showed up there. He said that a young fellow about fourteen years old was the best hunter in the tribe and brought in lots of meat so one fall the tribe bought him a new thirty-thirty Winchester rifle. One morning the boy headed out hunting and about noon he ran into camp so winded and excited that for awhile he couldn't speak. He told them that he had shot a deer as big as a horse with big flat horns. They thought he had gone crazy, but he swore it was true. Still the older ones would not believe him.

Then two of the younger fellows said that they would saddle up three horses and they would go with him to see his big deer. It was not long until they returned and threw the harness on a team of horses and went and hauled in a large bull moose so everyone could see it.

Another story I heard about an animal showing up in a strange place had to do with a young boy and I believe it is true. A friend of mine told me that one Sunday he went to visit a friend of his who had a ranch on the bench land on the west side of the Fraser River in the Meldrum Creek area. When he got there he asked where the boy who



was twelve years old was and the rancher said he had taken his twenty-two rifle and gone grouse hunting. It was not long until the boy came in and said there was the biggest buck deer he had ever seen in the upper pasture and told his dad to get his thirty-o-six rifle and come and shoot it as it was too big for this twenty-two.

They went with him and when they got there they saw a big bull caribou about a hundred yards from the fence. The rancher gave the rifle to the boy and told him to take a rest over the fence and to hit the animal back of the shoulders. The boy shot and after a few jumps the animal dropped. The boy had been afraid to fire the big rifle before as he thought it would kick too hard. He said he forgot about it when his dad told him to shoot the caribou. This animal was at least two hundred miles from his home range.

The boy said he wanted to put the antlers up in his bedroom, when they took them in his room they found the ceiling was not high enough to clear the antlers unless they put them near the floor as his room had a very flat roof. Then they tried them over the fireplace in the sitting room and they fit perfect. My friend told me to go and have a look at them if I ever went up that side of the Fraser River as they were about as big a set of antlers as he had ever seen.

Another true story I was told by two brothers that used to ranch over on the west side of the Fraser River was that one day they were out in the back field taking in the second crop of hay when they noticed the horses looking over towards the woods. They saw a man

walking along the fence, they called to him but he have no sign of having hard them so they went over and caught up to him. They said he was completely out of his mind and was nearly naked so they took him to the house. He would not eat so they cranked up the truck and took him into Williams Lake and turned him over to the police who put him in the hospital.

The police said he was a hunter who had been lost for a week. He had crossed the Fraser at Quesnel and said he was going to spend the day hunting down the west side of the river and would be back before dark. Instead he showed up a week later miles down the river. He was lucky to strike the ranch as that was wild country then. If he had been travelling a few miles further west he most likely would have died as there was nobody for miles in that direction. He would not have gone much farther as they said he was so weak he could hardly walk and couldn't speak for days.

It's queer how panic takes ahold of a person when they discover that they are not sure of the trail home. I always carried a compass when travelling through the countless miles of jackpine in that country.

I was never lost in all the years I traveled the woods, but by not watching where I was heading I let myself in for a lot of unnecessary hard work a couple of times. The first time two of us went up to hunt goats, we got a late start and reached timberline about one hour before dark. While looking for a spot to camp I saw a two point

buck and decided to shoot it as the clouds and fog were rolling in and I knew that would end the goat hunt. We found a good place to camp under an overhanging rock and had just got in a good supply of dry wood when it started to rain.

We woke up in the morning to a pouring rain, had a good breakfast and each of us put half a deer on our packboards and headed down the hill in the rain and fog, picking the best way down. When we got down to the three thousand foot level we broke out of the fog and could see a deep canyon on our right which should have been on our left. I knew we had drifted north on our way down the hill and ended up on the wrong side of the canyon and would have to cross it as there were cliffs below us with no way to get down.

It was a good thousand feet to the bottom of the canyon and about the same distance up the other side. To make it worse there had been a snowslide in the canyon that left all the timber lying flat and piled up so a rabbit would have a hard time to get through it. We fought our way down to the bottom and up the other side and it was a relief to get into the parklike standing timber and head down the mountain cussing ourselves for not paying attention to which way we were going. I will never forget that struggle through the jungle in that canyon with seventy pound packs in the pouring ice-cold rain.

The second time I goofed was after I had got married and moved down close to town in the hungry thirties. One Sunday morning although it was raining and foggy I took my rifle and headed up a



river that ran down through the flat. After going a mile I saw some deer tracks in the sand and on taking a closer look I could see dry sand they had kicked up when they walked so took their track and headed down into the swampy flats going a step at a time as I knew they were just ahead of me and that there was a buck in the bunch. The fog was so thick I could see no more than forty yards. After going over a half mile I came to a fairly open spot and saw two does and then the buck walked out and I shot him, dressed him out and toggled him up to pack out.

It was my first trip in that area but I knew that if I headed due west I would hit the railroad then follow it home. I got the deer on my back, headed out going around large fallen trees and swampy potholes with water in them. After going for over an hour I broke out in an open area that looked familiar and sure enough there lay the entrails of the deer. I had made a complete circle. So I turned my back to the east and went straight out to the railroad, wading the swampy places and over the logs and in two hours I was home.

Another man that left his mark in the valley was a man who came up from Mexico soon after people started to settle twenty miles up the valley, his name was John Smith. He built a one room cabin on the land he bought and started to clear land and it was only a few years until he had cleared enough land to raise hay enough to keep three

Jersey heifers. He bought and raised enough grain for a large flock of chickens he kept. He cleared the land and dug and burned out the stumps all by hand. Whenever he could get a job he took it but as he was over fifty years old it was hard for him to get a job that lasted very long.

When we moved back to the valley the spring of nineteen fourteen Smith had been on his place about six years and had at least five acres cleared and another five acres cleared except for the stumps which he was working on. I used to go and visit him and when he found out I was interested in guns he brought out two revolvers to show me, one a forty-five Colt and a thirty-eight Smith and Wesson. I often wondered if he knew how to use the guns and one Sunday I got the answer. I dropped in to see him and he said he had to kill a couple of roosters so he got out the forty-five Colt and went outside where the chickens were running around in the yard. He whistled like a chicken hawk and when the rooster raised his head, John shot the head off it, then waited for them to settle down and whistled again, then shot the head off the second rooster. He shot with one hand and he brought the gun up and shot all in one motion and didn't seem to aim the gun. He would have been a bad customer to go against in a gun fight.

He had no use for rifles and would not go to the turkey shoots when we offered to lend him a rifle. He never went hunting, said he could raise all the meat he needed and could spend the time far better working on his land. The first year they brought in game regulations

Smith took a job as caretaker of a shingle bolt camp for the winter as he did not have any stock yet. After the deer season closed a man went out and shot two deer, took one home and hung the other in Smith's woodshed. One of the neighbors spotted it and went down and told the police and the game warden, who came back up with him and arrested Smith, in spite of being told that Smith never hunted, and had not been home for six weeks. They took the deer over and hung it high in the wagon shed at the place they were going to stop for the night.

One of the old-timers rounded up three more men and said they would have to steal that deer then they would have no evidence and would have to let Smith go. They waited until three a.m. then a man who was friendly with the old dog went in first. He was joined by the others and they took the deer down and packed it away and hid it. There was quite an uproar when the police found the deer gone but they took Smith anyway as they had plenty of evidence without it. Smith was fined twenty seven dollars, which he paid so he did not go to jail.

This made the old-timers pretty mad so they all got together and somehow found the man that had left the deer in Smith's woodshed and made him give Smith the twenty seven dollars back.

Two of the remittance men told us a story that happened about five years after Smith settled in their area. They said that the land assessor came up and the first place he went to was one of the



remittance men, so he asked him to take him around to all the places. They went to all the remittance men's places and each one joined the party as they walked around the valley, it was not long until they had checked all but Smith's place.

When they got there the assessor walked around Smith's clearing of five acres, asked him how long he had been on the place. Then the assessor turned to the remittance men and asked them how come that they had only had a tiny clearing by their cabins after some of them living there as long as twenty years, and Smith had only been there a few years and had cleared five acres. They said it was quite simple, Smith could not read, so he cleared land to pass the time and soon had a large clearing. They swore it was a true story.

Smith, in later life, was getting crippled with arthritis and he finally got so bad he had to use two canes to walk. One evening I went over to the post office for the mail and Smith was there and he said that he had become useless and was going to end it all that night as there was nothing to live for. We took no notice of what he said as he was quite a man to joke. Next morning a neighbor dropped in to see him and found him lying on the couch with a pool of blood under his head.

He came and got me and as soon as I got there I could see that he was dead. The police came up and when we searched the cabin we found three hundred and twenty dollars which was more than enough to bury him so he stayed independent to the end. He did not use his favorite

revolver to end his life, which was the forty-five Colt, he used the thirty-eight Smith and Wesson.

Another time an old Indian and a young fellow were going up river by canoe and picked up all the mail for the people up the valley. When they had gone fourteen miles up the river they came to a trail leading into a young fellow's place. They had a letter for him so they took it in to him. When they were nearly back to the canoe they heard a rifle shot and thought he might have a message for them so went back and found him dead on the floor so went back down river and got the police. They found that the open letter lying on the table was from a girl he had a crush on. In the letter she told him that she was going to marry another fellow. The old Indian said, white man crazy, lots of women.

Another job that I worked on was the result of two old fellows both claiming a hay field with a barn sitting in the middle of it. The man who bought the property to the north of the field had been there two years when the property to the south was bought. The buyer claimed most of the field, saying he had traced the property line and it took in the barn and just missed the house that the man on the north lived in. After arguing and almost coming to blows they both headed for Vancouver to get some legal advice. They were told to hire a B.C. surveyor and have the boundary line surveyed, which they did with the understanding that if one of them found that he did not own any of the field he would have to pay for the survey.

The surveyor came up and hired three of us as axe men; he had brought a chain man with him. We lost a lot of time finding a point to start from. When we finally found a corner post we were nearly three miles from the property we were to survey but ran a good mile of line the first day. About noon the second day the chain man said we should pick up the corner post of their property within two hundred feet so after lunch we cut out more line and they chained ahead. There were two bearing trees with the linkage still very plain so we scratched around and found what was left of the old post. We found that the end of the chain just touched the edge of the post which was good work after travelling all the distance and changing direction once.

We had been on the north-south line so had to run the east-west line between their properties. By that time both owners had shown up and stayed with us. After about an hour I could see an open spot in the timber ahead which I was sure was the hay field and when we broke out of the woods we could see the line was very near the center of the field.

The chief set his transit up on the last point at the edge of the field, took a back sight then swung around on line and the chain man walked over to the barn and got on line and dropped the plumb bob for a point at the east corner of the barn. The chief came up and set out around the barn and back to the opposite corner. Then we carried on into the woods until we picked up the west corner without too much trouble.



Then the question came up, who was going to pay for the survey. Finally one of the owners said they would both have to pay as they each owned half of the field and barn. Then the man who owned the south half said hell, you might as well use the barn as I have no stock. We all got quite a kick out of it and the old fellows seemed to be good friends after that.

That was the first survey I had worked on and I have worked on several since but never worked with a surveyor as fast as the first one was. He would bring the transit up, seemed to slam it down, take a back sight, yell on line in a few seconds and he did not believe in cutting down large trees on line, he would set around them which meant a point at the tree and another at right angles to the right, another point past the tree then left back on line and all the measurement had to be exact or we would have got off line and the chainage would be out. I worked with a surveyor who said he did not have enough confidence to set around anything and we had to do a lot of extra chopping.

One spring after the planting was finished on the ranch I hiked down to a shingle bolt camp that had just been built and hit the boss up for a job. He asked me if I could put in skid road; I told him I could, so he said to get my blankets and spare clothes and I could start in the morning. The next morning he said I was to take charge

of all road building and I would get four dollars a day.

As I was only a kid that really scared me but I did O.K. with a crew of Japanese, and college students. Everything went fine until about the middle of June when we woke up and saw the rain really pouring down. We worked all day in the downpour and as we headed for camp we noticed the creek in which they dumped the shingle bolts was up a bit. We thought nothing of it as no one had ever heard of a summer flood.

Everyone was tired after a tough day so after sitting around the bunk house until about nine o'clock we went to bed. The bunk house was on skids which put the floor two feet above the ground. We slept on steel bunks with springs eighteen inches above the floor. We had been asleep about five hours when somebody woke everybody up with a loud yell.

One old fellow woke and asked what the hell all the yelling was about and the fellow said, "Put your hand over the side of your bunk and you will find out." By that time somebody lit a match and we could see that the water was just touching the springs of the bunks. The man who yelled and woke us up said he had wakened up and had to go outside and relieve himself so swung out of the bunk onto the floor into eighteen inches of ice cold water. That produced the loud yell.

We routed out the rest of the camp and all waded over to an old building which had an upstairs. We spent the rest of the night crowded

together until daylight. It had quit raining and by nightfall the water had dropped four feet so we moved back into the camp. That was the only summer flood we ever had in this valley and it happened over sixty years ago.

One fall the road foreman came up the valley and said that he had a few hundred dollars left to spend on the road and had to spend it before the end of the year. He said he was going to put up a tent camp and would hire ten men to slash and burn the right-of-way for the new road. The pay would be two dollars and twenty-five cents for a nine hour day. My grandfather and I did not want to start on that job as we had to get the traplines ready and the price of fur was good.

One morning the road foreman came up and gave us a large order for vegetables and asked if I could take them down that afternoon. After dinner I loaded up and headed down. When I pulled into the camp I could hear someone talking in the cook tent. I walked over to the door and saw the cook dip something and taste it and shake his head, then he said "you old fool you know that swill is not fit for hogs let alone men that have been working out in the cold all day". Then I tumbled that he was talking to himself as there was no-one else in camp.

About the first week in December the weather turned very cold, with high winds. The cook got up and started the fire in the cookstove and the kitchen promptly filled up with smoke, so he went outside and found the stove pipe had blown down. He went over to the



bunkhouse, opened the door and said that he needed help to put the pipe back if they wanted any breakfast. One old fellow sat up in his bunk and wanted to know what was the matter. Although all the rest of the crew were awake they did not let on and the old fellow had to go out in the dark and freezing cold and help put up the pipe.

After a few days the cold spell broke and it started to snow so they broke camp for the winter, but one of the men said they had made enough money to keep them through the winter. That was the same fall that I made the only mistake I ever made with a rifle. One day we had finished a job on the ranch at noon and watched the black clouds rolling in from the west. We decided to take a cast iron heated and a pack of food up to the main cabin. By the time we got within a half mile of the cabin in the light began to fade and it had started to snow so it was hard to see.

I was ahead and had my rifle with five cartridges in the magazine. When I stepped around a large log that we had cut out of the trail something snorted and I saw a blurry movement about fifteen feet in front of me. I levered a cartridge into the breech and shot all in one motion. Then I heard something hit the ground. I waited a few minutes then walked up to it and saw I had killed a large five point buck.

When my grandfather saw what I had done he really swore as we did not need the meat and we knew we would have a hard time to stay on the trail. By the time we had dressed the deer out and the snow had let

up and we would see a dim outline of the trail most of the way up to the cabin. I asked my grandfather what he would have done if he had been in my place and after thinking about it for a bit he said most likely the same thing as there is not time to think in a situation like that and it could have been a grizzly. The next day we packed the deer out and gave it to a fellow who had a house full of girls and very little for them to eat as he was a poor hunter.

Another time we left home about noon to go up to the same trapline to run the trapline the next day, we could see that it had snowed down to the one thousand foot level but did not think it would be very deep. The cabin was at the three thousand foot level and when we hit the new snow it was not long until we were in two feet of snow which slowed us up and it was dark and we were nearing the cabin. We came to a large trap we had set for cougar or wolverine and I heard a trap chain rattle, so we froze in our tracks and could not see a thing. We knew we were in danger if there was a large animal in the trap and the drag had not hung up to hold it. We could hear the chain rattle every few minutes and we were getting pretty cold after getting heated up climbing up the hill. I told my grandfather to start lighting matches as we walked towards the trip. I would walk beside him and be ready to shoot.

Imagine our surprise when we finally saw that we had a marten in the trap. An animal smaller than a house cat. That was before I

learned the hard way to put a bent twig under the pan of a trap set for large animals so smaller animals could not spring them.

It happened this way, I had set all my cougar traps and after a few days I thought I had better take a look at them as I had seen old cougar tracks on the hill. There were a few inches of new snow and when I was getting near the last trap I saw a fresh cougar track heading straight for the trap. I was sure he would be in the trap, but when I got there all I had was a part of a squirrel.

I could see by the tracks the cougar had walked up and pulled most of the squirrel out of the trap so I hit on the idea of putting a bent twig under the pan of the trap so nothing smaller than a wolverine or a bobcat could spring it. Cougar do some queer things sometimes. I remember one time I had shot a deer late in the afternoon and dragged it down to the flat and toggled it up and packed it a mile down the road then took a trail through heavy timber which was a short cut to the ranch. There was new snow on the ground and next morning when I headed out on that same trail I saw that a cougar had followed me right up to the gate at the edge of the field then headed back towards the mountain where we had a large trap set.

I went back and told my grandfather and he said he would check the trap so I took off again for the trapline. I could see by the tracks the cougar had followed me down off the hill to where I started to pack the deer. As there was blood dripping off the deer he followe4d right up to the fence. When I got home that night my



grandfather had his hide nailed on a frame to dry. He said the cougar had gone straight to the trap so he must have smelled the pig entrails we had used for bait at that set.

Once I feel sure I could have watched a cougar step into a trap. It happened this way. I was coming down the trail, which was very steep and followed the edge of a canyon which ran up the hill when I heard a rock rolling down the hill. I looked down the hill just in time to see a yearling cougar crawl up out of the canyon and stop at the edge then turn and watch the rock bounce down the canyon. He would turn his head and his tail was twisting like a house cat sneaking on a bird.

The cougar was about fifty yards from me so I eased my twenty-two pistol out of my pocket, loaded it and aimed at the butt of his ear and shot. At the sound of the shot he jumped over the hill out of sight. I ran down to the edge of the canyon and in a few minutes I could see him going up the other side of the canyon so I knew I had missed him. Then it dawned on me that I had goofed as there was a cougar trap a hundred feet from the cougar when I shot at him. If I had kept still I could have watched him step in the trap which was in plain sight from where I stood.

I felt bad about that but my grandfather said not to worry about it as we would most likely catch that cougar in one of the other sets we had scattered around the hills. We got two cougars that winter but both were large so it's hard to tell where the yearling went.

Another time I goofed was when I went to visit my uncle who was trapping down in Washington. I did not trap my marten lines that winter as I wanted to give them a chance to build up. I decided to stay with my uncle for two months then come home and trap mink. I had been around my uncle's trapline with him and one morning I told him I would look at the down river line so he could cover the up river line and one day would do the job. I had no trouble following the trapline and came to a cranberry bog about fifty feet wide with the odd tree fallen across it.

I started to cross on a log and looked to my right just in time to see a large cougar put his front feet up on a large log that crossed the bog two hundred feet from me. His head and shoulders were above the log so I took good aim at the base of his throat and shot. At the sound of the shot he dropped out of sight then I saw him jump a log past the one where I shot at him. Then I saw him jump another log and he was gone. I told my uncle about it and asked him if his rifle was lined up as I felt sure I couldn't miss at that distance. We put up a target and found the rifle was dead on, so I was more puzzled than ever.

We were staying in the office of an old shingle bolt camp, there were several bunkhouses, a barn and other buildings which had not been used for several years. A few days after I had shot at the cougar it stopped raining about ten A.M. so we went to look at the traps. This time I took the up river line and as it was longer I did not get back until it was pretty dark. My uncle had supper ready and as we sat

eating my uncle said, "did you know that we have been living within a hundred feet of a dead man since we moved in here?"

I asked him who he thought he was kidding and he swore it was the truth, then he told me that he had got in early and started looking through the old bunkhouses for a piece of tin to patch the stove pipe and when he went into the second bunkhouse he saw what looked like a man lying in a bunk covered with old mildewed blankets. He went over and lifted the blankets and there lay a man who had been there for some time.

I did not believe it, so lit the lantern and when I walked into the bunkhouse holding the light high I could see what looked like a man on the bunk. I pulled the blankets off and there lay a large cougar. It was the cougar I had shot at and never went to see if I had hit it. My uncle walked the log the cougar had his paws on when I shot and saw him lying dead beside the log. There were two cougars together which fooled me. He packed the cougar in to have some fun with me. He got fifty dollars bounty and twenty dollars for the hide.

Another queer but true tale about a cougar happened on Vancouver Island. One Sunday two fellows went over to a lake and after fishing for awhile put ashore to boil a pot of tea and have lunch. One of them noticed some dry poles sticking up on the far of a log so took his hand axe to go cut them and when he stepped over the log he



thought he had hit his knee on a knot. When he looked down a cougar had him by the knee. He split it's head open with the axe. The cougar was an old female with bad teeth and was very thin and must have been about to die.

I remember one evening on the preemption we had company and they were all playing cards when I noticed our dog Jack wanted out. I opened the door and he took off down into a bunch of maple trees barking treed. My uncle took a light and my father his rifle and when we got to the dog we could see a pair of eyes near the top of a tree. My father shot and a big cougar came down. When I asked my father how Jack knew the cougar was there he said the cougar must have called as they did at odd times and Jack had heard him.

Several years later I finally heard a cougar calling. I had hiked up the river to look at some new trapping country and had my little dog with me. When I saw the sun go down I made a leanto, put in some boughs to sleep on then got a meal ready and went to bed. I woke up and my dog was growling so I levered a cartridge into the breech of my rifle, then I heard something like a woman sobbing her heart out and the dog took off and it was not long until he was barking treed.

It was pitch dark and as I had no light all I could do was listen to him bark until I went to sleep. When I woke up at daylight my dog was lying by my side. On the way home he treed a couple of grouse and when he tried to bark all he could do was croak. He must have barked

at that cougar until his voice was gone. I never heard another cougar call and although I heard of people hearing a Lynx call I never heard one.

When I first started to trap we all used either fish or stale meat for bait. I remember packing heavy loads of meat or fish up to the traplines. We always nailed the bait in place but birds, mice and flying squirrels would soon eat it up, so we had to always carry extra bait while looking at the traps. Then I thought about putting the bait in small cans and nailing the cans down so nothing could pack them away.

I used this method for a couple of years. Then I tried using kippered herring and it worked perfectly and one herring lasted all winter in the can.

I had been reading about using scents so got a bottle of oil of roodium, a bottle of anise oil, and a cake of asafetida and mixed all three together. It was the best bait of all. All I had to carry was a bottle of scent, dip a twig in it and put it in the can and it would last all winter.

One Xmas my sister came to visit us and left an empty perfume bottle so I made a set for marten using the empty bottle for bait and caught two marten and a weasel. So I came to the conclusion that almost any strange scent would attract marten and weasel.

I caught one cougar by using an empty oil of anise bottle for bait. I nearly lost that cougar because I forgot to put my hand axe in my pack when I went up to set a new trapline high on the mountain on the other side of the river. It was a steep climb up to the twenty five hundred foot level where I started to set marten traps running the line gradually up the hill. I only had one large trap and when I came to a large hollow cedar with an opening two feet wide I went to take my axe out of the pack. I saw that I had forgotten to put it in so could not cut a drag for the cougar trap.

I spotted large dead cedar limb lying on the snow down the hill below me so went down and found it was four inches in diameter at the butt end and at least sixteen feet long. I took it up and half hitched the chain around the butt end, wired it and found a rock and drove two three inch nails through the chain into the limb to keep the chain from sliding off. I made the set using the anise oil bottle for bait, then I set the rest of the marten traps and set the last trap at timber line.

There was at least six feet of snow when I set the traps and it snowed hard for two more days then turned warm and rained up to the three thousand foot level. The weather turned clear and very cold and the snow froze hard as a rock where it had been rained on. I decided to go up and check that trapline and when I looked up the hill that morning I could see that I would need my snowshoes as the rain had only gone half way up the trapline and the snow would be soft from there up. I had made a late start and I had quite a job to get my



canoe into the river as I had pulled it up well clear of the river when it started to rain hard.

I made good time climbing the hill on the hard snow and hit the trapline about noon and only found one weasel in the first half of the line. Then I came to the cougar set and saw that the trap and drag were gone. The snow was frozen so hard I could not tell which way the animal had gone. I took off my pack and headed down hill and soon came on pieces of the dead limb off the small end of the drag. I could see where the drag had tangled up and the cougar had torn it loose. I saw more short pieces of the drag had broken off.

I looked at my watch and headed back to the trapline and had not gone far up the hill when I had to put my snowshoes on. It was heavy going in the soft dry snow. When I got back to the cougar set I could see the moon coming up so decided to try and find the cougar. The only way I could follow him was to watch for places he got hung up. I got back to where I had last seen sign and saw that he headed for some jack pine ridges. I followed him over two and saw where he had gone down into a small draw. Then I looked over to the ridge on the other side and saw the small jack pine shaking. I went over and I could hear him struggling. As I got closer to him I moved around until the moon was right behind him and I could see his head about twenty feet away. I got out my pistol and shot at his head and it dropped, but in a few seconds the head came up again.

Although it was bright moonlight I could not see the sights on my

pistol so looked along the barrel and shot again and the head dropped and all was quiet. After a few minutes I broke off a stick and threw it at him but he never moved so I went closer and lit a match.

I saw that I had hit him in the forehead just above the eyes which was lucky. I had had enough for one day so left him and went home.

There were two fellows staying with me that winter as they were out of work until spring. They brought up plenty of food, cut the wood and one of them was a very good cook and always insisted on getting my breakfast every morning so I got off pretty easy. When I got down near the river I could see two fellows walking up and down on the other side of the river. I knew they were worried about me as I should have been home long before. I was going to call to them, then thought I had better not as they couldn't understand me and might think I was hurt. So I waited until I walked out to where they could see me then called and was soon over with them.

I went up next day and skinned the cougar and found I had just creased the top of his head the first shot and that there was only about thirty inches of the drag left, the rest had broken off along the way. He had gone between two small jack pines and the drag turned crosswise and held him there. There was shallow draw that ran from the flat to the two thousand foot level. It looked like a boulder large as a house had slid down the hill taking everything with it leaving a clean draw about thirty feet wide and about twenty feet

deep. After the snow got deep I used to slide down that draw and hit the bottom in a few minutes. I used to sit on my packboard, holding one end between my legs so I could pull up on the board and the other end would dig in the snow and slow me down.

The draw went up through a winter deer yard and I often counted thirty deer as I climbed up the hill. One day I went up and ran the trapline and when I got back to the head of the draw I could see there was a good crust on the old snow with about four inches of new snow covering it so I took off my packboard, sat down and I saw a bunch of deer starting to cross the draw below. There was no way I could stop and I must have been going at least sixty miles an hour. The deer were walking one behind the other and I was sure I was going to hit one of them and maybe kill it and myself going at that speed. But at the last second a big doe saw me and stopped and I shot by so close I could have touched her.

The next winter I had a pardner and when the snow got deep he wanted to run that trapline and try out the slide down the hill so I let him go. When he got home I asked him how he liked the slide down the hill. He said it was great as it took an hour and a half to climb up and he slid down in less than three minutes. He had goofed; when he got back to the top of the slide he took the two marten out of the packboard as he did not want to sit on them so he sat on the packboard hanging on with one hand and the two marten tucked under the other arm. When he hit the flat he saw that he had lost one marten so he started to climb back up the draw and was lucky enough to find it



after climbing half way up the hill.

Another time that same fellow goofed was when we went out to set the traps about the first of December. It was a bad day with sleet coming down very heavy. I told him to take the shortest line and to be sure and be careful when he sat on the large traps so a wolverine would get caught if one showed up. I went and set a much longer line getting home after dark as I did not want to stay up the hill over night. We kept setting marten and cougar traps for three days then I said we had better go and look at the first traps we had set as game would be moving with the stormy weather.

I ran the line I had set and picked up six marten, a wolverine and a weasel which was the best catch I ever made on that line. When I got home I asked my pardner how he had made out and he pulled three marten's feet out of his pocket and said a wolverine had robbed the line. It was his fault as he never set the large traps because his hands were too cold and thought it would be all right to set them next trip. We lost three marten and he thought there had been marten in a couple more traps and the wolverine had pulled foot and all out.

My pardner felt pretty bad about loosing three marten and said I should take sixty dollars off his share of the winter's catch, but I told him to forget it as it was unlikely that he would make the same mistake again. He turned out to be a good tapper. He had to start from scratch as the few times he had been in the hills was when he went deer hunting with me when he was thirteen years old. He had to

learn to snowshoe, follow the trapline which was not marked or blazed, and how to skin and stretch furs. I never marked a trapline as I did not want anyone following it.

At first my pardner said that he did not think he could follow the line unless it was well marked with blazes on the trees. I told him to take notice of something as he followed the line such as a dead tree or contour of the ground and use something for a mark near a trap set and it would all stay in his head. I pointed out the land marks as we set out the traps and told him to pick out some for himself. He told me that the first time he went to look at his trapline he got to the end of the line and found he had missed one trap so started back down the line picking up his landmarks backwards and found the set he had missed and felt very good as there was a large marten in it.

I warned him that when the first heavy snowfall came it would change the looks of the hillside and to take his time and he would find all his traps. Although as I grow older I seem to forget more and more and get mad at myself, I have not forgotten anything of the outdoors. I can remember every trap set, every twist and turn of the trails and all the important land marks.

But now I put a tool away and two hours later I have forgot where I put it. It must have been the early training that stuck with me. I believe that with a little effort I could remember the spot where I

killed every deer and goat, but now away from the woods the best I can do is to remember our telephone number and car licence number.

My grandfather took great pride in his memory until one Sunday I saw him head out past the barn to the road leading south and about two hours later he came into the house and we could see he was mad so I asked him what was wrong. He said he must be getting old as he had gone fishing and had forgotten to take his fishing tackle and never thought of it until he walked up to the fishing hole. He was sixty nine that year. That must be the age that the mind begins to play tricks on a person as that is about the age I started to forget things.

I can only remember my grandmother forgetting once, I had given her five hundred dollars in cash, I told her to use as much as she wanted and keep the rest for me. About a month later she was going to go down to the store to buy six months food and could not remember where she had put the money. She hunted all day without finding it so I gave her fifty dollars and told her to forget about the five hundred dollars. She went to the store and bought the food for six months and when she got home she gave me ten dollars which she didn't need.

She only had to buy flour, sugar, salt, pepper, baking powder, yeast cakes and seeds for the garden and maybe some little odds and ends she thought of. We produced everything else on the ranch such as meat, bacon, ham, smoked salmon and smoked trout. The root cellar was always well stocked with canned fruit and pickles and a big keg of



sauerkraut plus a keg of salted cucumbers. My grandmother made her own ketchup and twelve different kinds of meat sauces.

To get back to the lost money, about a year later she was cleaning out an old seldom used trunk and found the money in the bottom of the trunk under some old clothes.

The upper part of the valley was very good for growing vegetables but the nearest market for a large shipment was Vancouver and one summer two of the small ranchers thought they would try a shipment of early vegetables to Woodward's stores. They worked hard and made up a large shipment and they received a cheque for ninety seven cents which one of them framed and put up over the fireplace. The freight had taken the rest, so that was never tried again.

Some of the early settlers raised hops and made a little money out of them, but when we moved here in nineteen seven there was only one large ranch raising hops and they quit raising them during the first war. The one thing I remember about that hop yard was that the road ran through the middle of it and when the hops were ready to pick the Indians would come down from the interior to pick and would camp on both sides of the road which we had to walk to and from school. If two or three of us walked through the Indian kids would beat us up, so we would wait until all our kids collected, then pick up clubs and fight our way through. After getting a few bashed heads the Indian kids left us alone as long as we all went through at the same time.

One Indian I heard a lot about was a man by the name of Mountain Tom. He came down from the upper country and married a woman of the Squamish band and settled here. When my father was walking up a trail looking for land he met Mountain Tom bringing out three deer, one deer on his back and dragging one in each hand and walking right along with them.

My father said Tom was well over six feet and must have weighed three hundred pounds. A man who had a road house on the bank of a large branch of the river told me that one day he saw Tom going up the river with his wife and kids in the canoe and a few days later he saw Tom coming down the fast rocky river with the canoe loaded with deer he had shot and the kids stark naked floating down with one hand holding onto the side of the canoe. Those kids must have been tough as there was snow on the ground.

I never saw Mountain Tom but there are still some of his descendants here in the valley. One of them was blind and he would weigh at least two hundred and fifty pounds. He never married and looked after himself doing his own cooking and could find his way to the store and four miles down the valley to another reserve to visit. I remember watching him when he came to where he had to leave the main road and take a side road to the reserve. He would feel with his cane and they said he never missed the turn. He could tell the difference between daylight and dark but never knew what the time was. He lived to a good old age and never complained.

When we came to the valley in nineteen seven there was only one team of oxen left which was owned by Charley Schoonover. A few years before another man who owned a team of oxen turned them out in the woods to graze after finishing the spring plowing and never saw them again. That fall a hunter said he saw them near timberline on a mountain near by and that they were wild and took off like deer. The owner looked for them and as it snowed heavy he had to give up. It's hard to tell what happened to them.

There was one logging camp operating in the valley when we came in nineteen seven. It was owned by a man named Yap, he used the skid road system with a mile of skid road from the river out into the timber where a steam donkey called a yarder pulled the logs onto the skid road end to end. They were chained together with short chains and dogs driven near the ends of the logs. When they had enough logs on the skid road for what they called a turn they would hook on top them with the main line of the road donkey then hook the pig on the tail end of the logs. The pig looked like a dugout canoe and was used to carry the chains and dogs back to the woods.

When everything was hooked up they would blow the whistle and the road donkey a mile or more away down at the river would start hauling the logs down the road. A man called a chaser rode the logs down the skid road. He kept running up and down on the logs with a sledge hammer in his hand ready to drive in any logs that were working loose. I remember him running on the logs as nimble as a squirrel. The road donkey would be a real museum piece today as it had wide open faced



drums with a mainline capacity of over a mile of line and haulback capacity for over two miles.

When we first came they were having trouble with the road donkey. The main line drum kept breaking and after that happened four times they wrote to the Washington Donkey Works telling them that they would have to cove the coast of new drums plus the production loss. The company sent up a trouble shooter and he got to the road donkey just as they were heading for home after pulling in the last turn. He walked over to the donkey and looked it over then turned to the engineer and said you haven't followed the instruction book that came with this machine, so the company would not cover any loss. The engineer said he had no book so they went to the office and found the book and the engineer soon found the instruction that read, "After pulling in the last turn of logs for the day run the rigging back to the timber to take most of the mainline off of the drum or it would cool off and contract and if an extra heavy turn had been brought in there would be enough tension when the line cooled off to push the side off of the drum."

The owners face was red and that ended the trouble. For years those broken drums were lying around down by the river and after I retired I started picking up scrap metal and went down to see if they were still there but the river had cut in and washed everything away. I'm not sure how the first logs were taken out here in the west but it had to either be by using oxen or hand logging.

The first hand loggers got the best shows. They would find a steep hillside along an inlet with very deep water at the bottom, then fall the trees down the hill and they would slide into the bay and they could cut them into log lengths in the water. These good shows soon ended and they had to use hillsides that were not so steep and when they fell a tree it would slide a little ways then stop. Then they had to cut the top off, lift the top end of the tree which could have been a hundred and twenty feet long.

They used Gilcrist jacks to lift the log; then they would lay down skids under the log; some crosswise and some lengthwise if they wanted to steer the log one way or the other. Quite often the tree would start to slide when raised above the top they had cut off. Then it was a case of run for your life. I heard that a few handloggers were either smashed up or killed by runaway trees they were working on.

I helped pack out a man who was killed by a small cedar tree that he had felled down the hill. He was handlogging telephone poles. The tree he felled was about thirty inches on the stump and it slid down the hill until the top ran under a log that was crosswise two feet above the ground. That was where we found his body and it was badly smashed up. The tree had slid to the bottom of the hill.

170 The police asked me what I thought had happened and after looking at the limbs that had broken off as the tree slid under the log and the way the body was smashed up I said I thought the man must have started to chop limbs off the tree just above the log it was jammed under. He must have cut the limb that was holding it and the tree took off down the steep hill pinning him against the log and rolling him as the limbs broke off.

The man either did not think or had not been in the woods long. When we got down to the foot of the hill we stopped for a rest and I walked over to the tree that stopped at the edge of the beach and I could see that he had chopped off four limbs where the tree was about eight inches in diameter. All the rest were broken off, so I called the policeman over and showed him where the four limbs had been chopped off and he said that was good thinking.

That was not the end of that trip, the worst was yet to come. It was hot July weather and the body had been there three days before we picked it up and put it in a basket stretcher and packed it down the hill. When we put it on the boat we found that the only place we could put it was on top of the cabin. The boat was steered by a tiller at the stern. One fellow steered for a half mile and was very sick so the policeman took over the job for about a half hour then he had to give up. So I took the tiller and was getting the odor off the body right in my face, so knew that I would not last long. Then I lay down with my foot on the tiller and found that by looking along the side of the boat I could keep pretty well on course.



The rest of the men stayed in the cabin until I landed the boat. I felt O.K. but the first two that tried to steer felt pretty sick so the doctor gave them something and it seemed to help them. We had to boil all our clothes to get rid of the odor. Now, I believe they have bags that will keep the odor from escaping. I was pretty young then and have been lucky enough to steer clear of a job like that ever since.

Before this country was logged off we had to go out and look for lost hunters nearly every fall. Most of them got lost on a ridge that took off from the main mountain at the twenty five hundred foot level and stuck out into the valley for two miles and was anywhere from a quarter mile to a mile wide on top which was cut up with ridges and hollows with heavy timber. It was easy to get on the ridge where it joined the main hill but once on the ridge after going a little way there was only one place you could get off. More than one hunter found himself trapped on that ridge on a foggy or snowy day and had to stay there all night and we would go up next day and fire call shots and they would fire a shot to lead us to them and we would lead them out.

I remember one time we heard there was a hunter lost up Buck Mountain as we called that ridge so six of us took off at daylight. When we got to the top of the ridge we fired call shots but got no answer so went out onto the ridge in about a foot of snow and came to a trail that the game used to go down off the ridge on the wrong side of the hill. We could see by the snowed in tracks that something had gone down the hill. The fellow with me said that they were bear

tracks but I followed them a little ways and decided they had been made by a man. I told him I was going to follow them so he came with me.

When we got down near a smaller river we ran into snowed-in tracks going in every direction so we split up. He headed west along the hill and I went east. It was not long before I heard him call me so I hurried over. He had found a fresh man track so I fired all shots: still no answer. We only followed the track a short way when two more of the party joined us and it was not long until we caught up to the man, he was still stumbling around in the snow and seemed to be deaf and unable to talk. We could see he had lost his hat and there was a deep cut on the back of his head which had stopped bleeding. His rifle was missing and he was soaking wet. I was only eleven years old but the five other husky men just about packed him up the hill after we all had some hot tea and a lunch.

Why that man never walked over a cliff we could never figure out. When the doctor looked at his head he said he thought he had been hit on the head by a large falling icicle while waking under the overhanging cliffs. We thought he had been hit by a falling tree limb, but the doctor said the cut was too clean and there was no sign of wood or bark in the cut. We never heard if the man regained his hearing or speech but the doctor said there was a good chance that he would when the shock wore off.

Twelve years later I was busy one fall on my traplines getting them ready for winter and a fellow came and asked me to go out and

look for his pardner who ahd gone deer hunting that day and was lost somewhere on the Paradise range, a low range of hills about three miles wide and eight miles long between two valleys. I dropped everything and took off next morning.

It had been snowing and sleeting the day before and when I got on top there was about six inches of very wet snow and it was raining. I started cutting back and forth on top of the hill which was rolling and pretty rough in places. Finally I found a track under the trees heading east away from his home. In some places the track was easy to follow then it would vanish and I would have to circle to pick it up again. I finally came to where he had killed a deer and had taken a hindquarter and gone on north down the center of the range instead of heading north then west to his place.

I took his track again and found he was bearing east and it was not long until I came to where he had camped all night. He had made a very comfortable camp out of slabs of firbark that had fallen off a big fir snag. He made a lean-to with the slabs which kept the rain and snow out and burned the bark all night. He said he roasted some of the meat and only woke up twice during the night to put more bark on the fire. It was easy to follow his tracks heading east and I knew if he kept on the course he would break out on the wrong side of the range and if the fog lifted he could see a ranch at the foot of the hill and go on down.

I followed his tracks to the edge of the hill and saw that he had headed down. I soon ran out of snow but just headed down to the ranch



sure he would be there when I got there. But when I got there they told me he left for home by road an hour before. I had a cup of coffee then hit the road south two miles then north up the other valley and it was seven P.M. when I landed at the hunter's place and the hunter told me that he had no idea where he was until the second day when he saw the ranch. I had put in a hard day for nothing.

I had climbed up to the top of the range about two thousand feet in elevation, wandered back and forth looking for his tracks while all the time I knew that I was getting near the south end of the range. I was right when I thought that if the hunter could see the valley when he walked out to the edge of the hill he could see the ranch below. I had never been that far south on the range but figured I had travelled six miles down the range which would be above the ranch. If that hunter did not have matches and was unable to get a fire going I would have found him dead as the sleet storm never let up all night. But he was able to dry his clothes and put in a comfortable night and was rested up ready to go in the morning.

I think that range of hills was a jinx as far as I could see. Years later the police came into the shop where I was working and asked me if I would go out next day and help find three jet pilots that had cracked up and came down on that same low range of hills. Two of the pilots had been spotted on the edge of two different lakes which were frozen over and two feet of snow was on the ground. An Otter plane was flying towards a lake that was just over the hill. We knew that he had spotted one of the pilots and was giving us the location. There were ten of us in the search party.

I wanted to go a half mile further up the valley where the hill was easier to climb but I was outvoted and we took off up through the slides and cliffs. After a long hard struggle we broke out in the open near the top of the hill when a helicopter came over and motioned for us to go back down the hill as the pilot had been picked up. When we got down to the road we found out that the pilot had not been picked up. The chopper had been sent up by one of the Vancouver newspapers. They had seen the search and rescue chopper drop down in the area where the pilot was down and taken off south so thought the pilot had been lifted out.

Two local men had hiked up the hill further south and brought out one of the other pilots. He was in good shape as they were well equipped and both had good fires going. I went back down to the base and told the pilot of a Piasecki chopper not to land on the lake as the ice was too thick so they got a line for the winch and went back land brought out the second pilot. What made us mad was that if they had not turned us back we would have reached the pilot in about thirty minutes. The search and rescue team from Comox said they would take over the search for the third pilot as they said that there was no sign of him from the air.

The weather stayed clear and a few days later I heard they had found the third pilot's body a good three miles from where the first two had landed. I finally found out what caused the crack up. There were two men in the jet that was leading and their plane caught fire so they tripped the canopy to bail out and their canopy hit the plane following them. Evidently the pilot must have been injured and had no

following them. Evidently the pilot must have been injured and had no chance to jump. A few years later another fellow and I were hunting cougar on the flats east of the range where the planes came down when we found the motor out of one of the planes nearly buried in the rocky ground. It think it is still there. There is not much chance of a man getting lost in the hills here now as the hills have all been logged including the Paradise range. Some of the hills have roads nearly up to the timberline.

These logging roads let the hunters drive up through the logged off hillsides and shoot deer from the road. They only had a short climb from the roads to get up to the mountain goats and they were shot off, nearly wiping out some herds. We asked the game branch to shorten the season on both deer and mountain goats when we could see that the herds would soon be wiped out but all the game branch did under the Social Credit Government was to leave the seasons open far too long and allow the so-called hunters to kill doe deer and fawns. No real hunter would shoot does and fawns.

After a few years of that there were very few deer or mountain goats left in the valley. Now, years later, we have some areas closed to goat hunting, but the open season on deer is still too long and a hunter is still allowed to take two bucks, which is not right where you have ten hunters at least to each deer in the area. A lot of us would like to stop the killing of spike bucks in this area as they are



as tame and foolish as a doe and will stand and let a person shoot at them several times before taking off.

They should pass a regulation that would state that a buck had to have two points at least two inches long on one antler to be legal. Another regulation we need is one that would make it illegal to discharge a firearm within a quarter mile of any road that can be driven with any type of vehicle. It will be a hard fight to get this through but it will come, probably years too late. We need a change in government before we can get anywhere in managing our game, the dollar means more to the present government than conservation.

Speaking of roads reminds me that when we came to Squamish in 1907 there was just a wagon road leading away from the wharf up the valley. It followed the high ground and twisted around the larger trees with three roots sticking out in the wagon tracks for the wheels to bounce over. Over the years they rebuilt the road but it was a long drawn out job. Believe it or not, the road was rebuilt on elections. The government would send a foreman up here six months before an election and hire everybody and build a mile or two of road and as soon as the election was over they would lay everybody off until the next election was coming up.

I was running a bulldozer for my brother-in-law in the late forties when the highway department hired me and my dozer to straighten out the last three miles of the old road. There was only twenty miles of road to put in, yet it took that long to rebuild it. I cleared and graded the last three miles in less than a month with a

medium sized bulldozer. For years that was just a dirt road which would be muddy and with deep ruts during the wet season and when it dried out a bit they would grade it with a grader pulled by four horses. That was the hardest job you could find for horses, the grader not only was hard to pull, the blade kept hooking into tree roots stopping the horses with a jolt that really shook them up. When they did start to gravel the road they used wagons that held one yard of gravel. They shoveled the gravel onto the wagon and when they wanted to dump the load they had figured out a way to dump the load in a few minutes. The bottom of the wagon box was two by fours lying flat and when they wanted to dump the load they would turn the two by fours edgewise and the gravel would run down between them.

Later on in the early twenties they started to use a one yard gravel truck to gravel the road but it was loaded by hand, three or four men shovelling; which was pretty slow. The last time I worked on the road was in the late forties. I took my bulldozer up and built a ramp on the gravel bar so I could shove the gravel up the ramp into the trucks. There were eight trucks hauling, from two yard to five yard capacity, and in two weeks we put an average of six inches of gravel on nine miles of road.

The road is all black topped except eight and a half miles which runs through the Indian reserve and is still a pot hole road which is hard on cars. One would think that with all the modern equipment the highways department has that they would keep this short piece of road in perfect shape. They could have black topped it years ago, but the engineers said they anted to put the road straight down the valley

through swamps and low land to cut out the curves. This was just an excuse to keep from black topping the old road as they knew the Indians would not let them relocate the road and the tax payers would not go for the expensive road down through the swamps.

The Indian reserve was nine miles long and about a mile wide on the east side of the river, then the land above was open for settlers with a few small reserves along the river. The Indians only wanted the first mile of the reserve where their main fishing camp was at the junction of two rivers, but they were forced to take all nine miles of it and it was useless to them.

They wanted another reserve further up the valley where they had another fishing camp which had been used for countless number of years but it was taken away from them. The result was a nine mile area along the road which was never settled. Although that road was crooked, it followed the highest ground for the twelve miles up the valley. There were six bridges on that road and the piling for all the bridges was driven by horse power. The horses would haul the pile driver hammer up to the top of the leads where it would hit a trip and drop on the pile. I never saw piles driven that way but the old-timers told me that when they put a new team on that job the horses would drop on their knees when the hammer tripped but would soon get used to it and be ready for it and stay on their feet.

The road was located by men with very little education but a good idea of the lay of the land and flood conditions. In later years the engineers came in and took five bridges and put in culverts with the



result that every high water some or all the fills would wash out, so it was proven that the old timers knew what they were doing.

I can remember walking that road at all hours of day and night, in summer and in the worst winter conditions. One time I never forgot was when I walked down one Saturday and went to a dance that did not break up until morning. A group of young people were going up to a lake to go swimming and have a picnic and we heard of a house party that night so we all went to it and about two o'clock Monday morning I remember I had to be at work at eight o'clock that morning twelve miles up the valley.

I headed up the road for home. When I had gone a few miles I began to feel sleepy but kept going, I can remember crossing a bridge then I must have gone to sleep but kept on walking as I woke up three miles further up the road. Instinct must have kept me on the road. I made up my mind then that I would never miss two night's sleep again; the loss of one nights sleep was enough. I got to the camp just after the crew finished breakfast so changed clothes and went to work. That was one of the longest days I ever put in as I was starving by lunch time and was all in by quitting time. I remember eating supper and hitting my bunk and going to sleep at once and didn't wake up until time to get up in the morning. After one nights sleep I felt as good as ever. If I did a think like that now it would take me a week to get over it.

When I told my grandmother about it she said that was burning the candle at both ends and that stunts like that could shorten a person's

life and that I should never do it again. I can remember a couple other times since that I overdid it. The next time was when my uncle and I were falling timber at a logging camp. We had a young Norwegian bucking logs behind us and one evening Lars was reading the paper and read that a small town was putting on a sports day for the fourth of July and one event was to carry a pack of forty pounds eighteen miles then back to the starting point.

He said the three of us should enter for that race as he thought that at least one of us could win it as we were all in good shape; so we said we could give it a try. Lars went to town and came back with three of the first pack boards I ever saw. He bought three pieces of sheet lead weighing forty pounds each. Then we rigged tump lines on the pack boards so we could take the load off our shoulders once in a while. Both Lars and my uncle were over six feet tall and just over thirty years old.

When the day came we were on hand and had our packs weighed and were on the starting line and I could see there were about thirty men lined up with packs of all descriptions. The course followed the highway for five miles, then a gravel road for three miles, then followed a horse trail up the river for ten miles where there was a hotel at a hot spring.

They finally fired the starting gun and we all took off, it was

not long until we were just about the last in the line and I wanted to step up the pace but Lars said to let them go as they would burn themselves out at that pace and that we should try to hold a steady three mile an hour pace. by the time we came to the place we left the highway on the gravel road we had passed ten hikers.

Soon after we hit the horse trail we passed half of them. We kept a steady pace as Lars said that he had been on long distance hikes and ski trips in the old country and he found it paid off to set a pace that we could hold to the finish line. When we had gone a few miles on the trail we met the odd hiker coming back without his pack. They had given up. Then we caught up to and passed a few more hikers and when we came to a check point about a mile from the turn around they told us there were only two men ahead of us. We passed one before we got to the hotel as he sat resting and got to the hotel just as the other hiker started back.

I thought we would start back at once, but Lars said we would have alight lunch, a half hour rest, then head back at the same pace. I did not like the idea of letter that hiker have half hours start on us, but Lars said that although he was a husky young fellow he thought that by the looks of strain on his face he would never make the finish line. We caught up to that last hiker before we hit the gravel road, and when he looked around and saw us he threw his pack off and walked along with us. He said he would never be able to keep up to us with the pack.

The first prize was three hundred dollars, the second two



hundred, the third one hundred. When we were about one hundred yards from the finish line Lars said that although we would divide the money evenly, we should run if we could and see who would come in first. So we took off at a feeble run and Lars hit the line first, my uncle about six feet behind him and I a good twenty feet behind my uncle; so we each had two hundred dollars.

The third time that I put in a long hard day when I was already tired and hungry was when I was working with a timber cruising party at the head waters of a river. One day the boss asked the cook how many more days food we had, and he said three days. The boss said there was no use sending somebody out for food as it would take him at least four days to make the ninety mile round trip and that if we could get a deer or a bear it would be legal as we were so far from the nearest store.

We drew lots to see who would go hunting next day and I got the job. One of the men had a thirty-thirty Savage rifle so I took it next morning and headed up to timber line. The first thing I saw when I reached the meadows was a doe and a fawn but I did not want to shoot one of them so kept on up the hill until I broke over the top and looked down into a draw and saw a yearling black bear feeding on blueberries, so shot him and packed him down to camp. We were on strict rations, I remember we were only allowed one hotcake for breakfast along with mush; either rolled oats or corn meal and not enough of that. Somehow we finished the job but we all had indigestion and our throats burning as we had ended up eating stewed blueberries, bear meat and drinking lots of tea.

The night before we left the boss said that he was going to take his time going out as he was too old to keep up to the young fellows. He said that he did not want anyone hiking out alone. I looked over at a young fellow about my age and he nodded his head so I knew I had a pardner to hike out with next day. We were packed up and ready to start the forty-five mile trip at five a.m. next morning. We did not take any of the bear meat or anything else for lunch as we thought the older fellows would need what little there was. It took us thirteen hours and forty minutes to cover the forty-five miles, with light packs.

We went into the hotel to get a room and phone the doctor to see if he could give us something for our throats as they were still burning. He came over and put some powder in a glass of water and told us to drink it slowly and gave us some more powder to take later. Then the doctor asked us how we had got in that condition and we told him, he said that it was a combination of too many blueberries and tea that brought on the indigestion and that somebody had better go out next day and meet the rest of the crew who were on their way in.

He told us not to eat a heavy meal, to just drink plenty of milk and a little soup. We had a good breakfast next morning and headed back with about twenty pounds of food each with plenty of powder. After we had hiked back about eight miles we met two fellows and gave them some sandwiches and powder as their throats were really raw. We did not meet any more of the crew until we had hiked fifteen miles back up the trail, then we met four of them and gave them some of the food and powder. When we had gone another eight miles we met the boss

and another old fellow and they had stopped for the night and were just about beat and we were not in much better shape.

I mixed up some powder in water and gave it to them and they said they felt better at once. We all had something to eat and were soon asleep. The next day we took the old fellow's packs and hiked along with them and it took a day and a half before we reached town.

I got quite a surprise one evening as we sat around the camp fire on our way out. The boss asked me if I was any relation to John Tatlow and I said "yes, he is my father". Then the boss told me he had gone to school with my mother at North Bend, Washington. The boss said he never expected anyone to bring food back for them and that there would always be a job for us young fellows if we wanted it, but I never saw him again.

It took a week before we felt rested up and then I went back to the ranch just in time to help put the winters wood in the shed and check out our trapline and make sure everything was ready for winter. There were four young fellows that I had gone to school with and later worked with and we were very good friends all about the same age. One of them was quite skinny and some of the kids used to tease him if we were not around. One fall this lad's father asked me if I would take the young fellow trapping with me as the doctor said the boys lungs were weak and it would do him good to go out and climb hills and get plenty of fresh air. His father said he would pay for the boy's food and any extra clothes if I would take him. His mother kicked up quite a fuss as she was afraid he would die if he went out with me, however



his father and the doctor won out, so I made a list of clothes and a pair of bear paw snowshoes for him and we headed for the hills.

First I took him deer hunting and we got a big buck deer and I gave him the hind quarters to pack out which weighed about ninety pounds and I put the front on my pack board and it was all I could do to stand up with that load as it was at least one hundred and fifty pounds. As we were coming down off the hill my friend wanted to trade loads with me but I was afraid he might fall and break a leg. I kept my eye on him as we came down the hill and he seemed to be getting along fine with his load. When we hit the flat and walked out to the wagon road I let him take my load and he walked right along with it so I could see he had plenty strength in his legs and after trading loads a couple more time we arrived home.

I let him rest for a couple days then we headed for the traplines with food and bait for the traps. He had no trouble climbing the hill and kept up to me all the time, although he was breaking a bit faster than I, he said he felt better than he had the day we went deer hunting. I had always wanted to extend one of my traplines further up the valley but did not think I could handle that much line by myself and I was short of traps. He said he knew a man who had six dozen No. 0 jump traps for sale cheap, so I told him to go down and buy them.

When he got back with the traps we went up and set them out up the valley. I had plenty of large traps for wolverine so we set them out at half mile intervals along the new line. The new line proved to be a good one, producing lots of marten and from two to five wolverine every winter. By the end of January I could see my pardner was putting on weight and was getting some color in his face and his wind was good.

At first I had to do all the cooking and skin and stretch the furs. He kept the wood pile up and it was not long until he could cook a meal. Then I taught him to skin and stretch furs. He was willing to learn and soon caught on. When the season ended I sold the fur and after taking out the cost of our food and the extra traps we bought we had over three hundred dollars each, which was a little better than wages. He did not want any of the money but I made him take it as he had held his end up and his mother could hardly believe her eyes when she saw how he had filled out and the healthy look on his face.

He worked the trapline with me for a few years then got married. He passed away last year. One of my four friends went to work in the mines and ended up with a bad case of silicosis and left the mines and passed away while quite young. Another one came to a sad ending. One fall he asked me if I would help him and his pardner build a cabin up a river where they were going to trap. I had a fellow staying with me and he came along to help build the cabin. We finished the cabin in three days then I had to get busy on my own traplines. They did pretty well that winter but the next fall his pardner did not want to

go as he was a lot older, so the young fellow went in by himself. That was a tough winter with storm after storm and I was going steady to keep my traps working. A person couldn't move without snowshoes. About the middle of January the young fellow walked into my place and was acting kind of queer but I thought that he was just played out. But next morning he had not improved and we thought that he should be taken out to a doctor.

The snow was five feet deep on the road but I said I would take him out. No-one had been down the road for a month. It was twelve miles down to the railroad and I knew that it was going to be a tough trip. I put my long snowshoes on and I sank over a foot every step, when he would try to break trail he would break out in a heavy sweat and seemed weak and nervous so I kept him behind me. Once we reached the railroad we took our snowshoes off and walked down the track another eight miles. I took him to his home and his father got the doctor. After examining him the doctor said he never should have gone trapping alone as very few men could stay by themselves for any length of time. He was sent down to the hospital the next day.

He was in the hospital over a year when the doctors said that he was well enough to come home if someone would be responsible for him. So the manager of a small mine went down and brought him home and he looked real good. He had put on weight and seemed to be fully recovered. The manager of the mine took him up to a large mine to give him some experience in mining. He was there a week then the manager put him in as foreman of the small mine thinking he was giving the young fellow a break, but it was the worst thing he could have



done for him. He did not know enough about the job and had never been put in charge of a job before.

I heard later that the miners gave him a bad time. His uncle was cooking at the mine and for some reason had taken his rifle into the mine although there was nothing to hunt there even if he had time to hunt. One day the young fellow walked into the cookhouse and his uncle said he seemed to be worried about something so he gave him a cup of coffee, then he went out through the dining room to the woodshed to get some wood for the stove. He said he had just started to pick up an arm load of wood when he heard a shot in the cookhouse. He ran into the kitchen and found his nephew had taken his life. The rifle was lying beside him. The poor fellow had been put in a position that he couldn't handle so took what he thought was the only way out.

The fourth one of my friends is still going strong. I have not seen him for years but my wife has seen him a few times at meetings and said he looked good.

I was the last of the four of us to get married. I had went out with a few girls but always got scared off for one reason or another. Once it was not the girl but her home that scared me off. I met her on the boat one Sunday as I was coming from Britannia Beach to Squamish. We hit it off right from the start. She came every Sunday that summer and when I told her that fall that I was going to be laid off work for the winter and would be going to Vancouver before I headed for the trapline she said she would meet the boat and we would

go out to her home and meet her parents and have dinner. When I got off the boat she was there with her father.

We got into his car and headed out to Shaughnessy Heights. They had a large house and when we went in and I looked around I would have given a lot of money to be someplace else. They had a cook, a downstairs maid, an upstairs maid, and a man served the meals and seemed to be in charge of the help. When we sat down to eat there were too many knives and forks for me, but I watched what the others picked up and got through the meal some way. I stayed in town a couple days and the girl said that there was no reason that we couldn't get married as she had saved all her wages and never had to pay for her board so we could make a down payment on a house and she would keep working. I told her that I did not think it would work out.

Then she said her father wanted to see me. So next day I went up to his office to see him. He told me he and his pardner owned a large coal and wood business as well as a fleet of trucks and that they would give me a steady job but I told him that I did not want to take a chance as I had no education and would most likely ruin things for the girl. He said he did not think so but it was up to me, so that was the end of it.

Two years later I met her father on the street and he told me that she had got married the next spring to a fellow that was no good; he seemed to think that she was going to keep him and that he had spent most of the money she had saved, so she divorced him. I never

saw her or her parents again but en years later a friend told me that she was still single and working at the same job.

I finally got married during the hungry thirties and we raised two girls, but it was not easy. Wages were very low and no job lasted very long. If I had not been able to go out and get meat and fish things would have been a lot worse. But now, forty-six years later, I don't think many people are much better off except they can go on welfare, but there is no future in that. When I was young there was no welfare and no relief. If you wanted to eat you had to work. My grandfather said it was a case of root hog or die. But, if a family got into a position where they were hungry through no fault of their own people would help them out all they could.

I remember one fellow who had eight kids and he was not too fond of work and we always had to help them get through the winter. My grandfather would come home and say the fellow had quit his job again and this would be the last time we would help that family. It always amused me when we were making out the grocery order for the winter he said we had better get at least an extra two hundred pounds of flour in case that family needed it before spring. When I reminded him that he was not going to help them again he said "hell, you can't let small kids go hungry". So we continued to help them until they left the valley. We never had more than one family to help at one time so it was not too bad.

There was no food wasted in the early days. If a person had too much meat or vegetables they gave it to anyone that could use it. Now



there are tons of meat thrown in the village dumps when people clean out their deep freezes in the spring. I have seen the stores dump meat from t-bone steaks to hamburger, vegetables and fruit which they could have sold if they put a fair markup on it. It is no wonder the cost of living is high here as we have to pay for all the food that is dumped.

If the stores can make a good profit under that system with any loss charged to the consumer it is time the government stepped in and forced the stores to charge a fair price and only order as much as they can sell from the wholesalers. Then people would not be forced to pay for food that they never saw. It is about twenty years too late for price controls but if they were put on now it would help to keep us from going into a deeper depression.

I think people were better off fifty years ago when fifty cents an hour was the average pay. A young couple could buy a lot and build a house on it without being in debt for life. When I retired twelve years ago I was drawing top trades pay or three thirty-one an hour, now, the same job pays fourteen sixty-five an hour and the men are no better off. Unless the government steps in we will be in for the worst depression we ever had.

At present I'm sitting here with three pensions wondering how much longer I will be able to get by. A lot of people are leaving the cities and going back to the land which is a smart move. If they have

enough land to raise a good garden and keep a few chickens and a cow they can get through a bad depression without too much trouble. Up until now they have ended depressions by starting a war but I think all countries are afraid to start a war with the weapons they have as it could be the end of everyone on earth.

We, in the Squamish Valley, should be in a fairly safe place if they start dropping bombs unless they use too powerful bombs. Times were a lot tougher in the valley when I was growing up, jobs were never plentiful, I remember some young husky fellows quite a bit older than I telling me that they had worked on ranches in the Fraser Valley for their board and were glad to get the job so they could eat until something better turned up.

One summer I could find no work so got a six month permit and went down to Olympia, Wash. and got a job bucking logs in a camp not too far from town. About the first of August they closed down all logging camps as the woods were too dry. I came back to Seattle and went into a big sporting goods store, hit them up for a job helping their gun smith. They sent me down to see him and he took me on, but said that the job would only last until the end of hunting season and that I would have to pass a test as he would expect me to do all light repairs on guns.

He handed me a 32 calibre Remington semiautomatic rifle and told me to take it apart and put it together again, which I did and I asked him how I had done.

He said very good but that was the first time he had seen the recoil spring compressed and put in by sheer strength as there were tools to do that. Then he showed me the tools to use for different jobs. I did most of the gun repairs along with fishing rod repairs while the gunsmith worked at a job he liked which was reboring rifle barrels that were pitted and cutting the grooves in them.

He converted a lot of 25 caliber barrels to 30 caliber which required work on the breech, but he did it and the owners went away with new guns. Quite often someone would buy a new rifle and want the sights changed and the rifle lined to hit the point of aim at a certain distance. That job always fell to me and I liked it as it meant a trip out to the rifle range.

One day a hunter brought a 30-40, 95 model Winchester with the most junk jammed in the barrel that I ever saw. He told me that he had broken the string on his pull-through then tried to push it out with a wooden rod and broke it off in the barrel, then he got a steel rod that just fit the inside of the barrel and hammered on it but could not drive the junk out of the barrel and found he could not get the steel rod out and that was the way he brought it to me. I told him that I thought he had ruined the barrel on a new rifle and asked him if he wanted to pay for a new barrel and he said sure. I told him to come back in one week.

The gunsmith had a set of followers which he had brought out from the old country. They were steel and two inches long and were grooved to fit all calibers, some had two different twists but were marked,



one end was solid and the other end was drilled and tapped to take a rod that fit the bore snug. These rods were in three sections with a driving cap that could be screwed into the end of the rod so there was never too much rod sticking out when driving it. As the rod was stuck in the muzzle I had to take the barrel out of the action and drive from the breach.

I could tell by checking with a small rod from the breach that it was plugged about a foot from the breech so got out a 30 caliber follower and started to drive it out, it was not long until the steel rod came out, but it was hard driving until the pull through fell out. Then I cleaned the barrel and could see that two lands had been bruised badly by the steel rod. I put in a new barrel and put the sights on it and the whole job cost twenty-five dollars.

I had just finished that job when a clerk brought down twenty 30-40 Winchester rifles like the one I had just finished with orders to put sheared gold bead front sights on them and Lyman receiver sights and they wanted them lined up to hit the point of aim at one hundred yards. I put the sights on them and took them out to the range five at a time and soon had them all grouping inside two inches and put the targets in the box with each rifle after I lined it up. I was puzzled about that order but the clerk told me that a well dressed man ordered them and the store had checked him out and he was cleared with the police, so we never found out what those rifles were used for.

The hunting season closed on all animals the end of October

except white tail deer which closed November 30. There never were many white tail deer killed as they were too smart for most hunters so the long open season did not reduce their numbers much. They layed me off the end of October and the old gunsmith said I should write to the Winchester factory and try and get a job with them as an apprentice. He gave me a letter to enclose with mine and he backed me to the limit. I sent the letters to the Winchester Co. and two weeks later I got a letter from them asking me to fill out an application. I filled it out and sent it to them, after awhile I got a letter back saying that they would take me on provided I will willing to work for practically nothing the first year with a living wage the second year. And that I would have to go to night school as I would need math on the job.

I had money enough to keep me for a couple years and thought it was a good idea, but I let older people talk me out of it, they said that it might be a waste of money. But I know now that I should have gone. I think that was the biggest mistake I ever made. I always liked working on guns and very seldom charged for repairs, except for parts which I had to buy such as sights, springs and screws. I made stocks, forearms for men that could not afford the price of new ones and did not charge for them.

The best looking stock and forearm I ever made was made out of a piece of tame cherry wood that had been drying upstairs in the ranch house for three years. They were for a ninety-five model Winchester rifle. The wood was fine grained and when I had them finished I used a clear varnish on them and they really looked good. The owner wanted

to pay me for the job but I would not take anything as he had given me a good bait casting rod and reel and a box of fishing tackle a few years before. Years later I found out that he owned a sporting goods store down in Washington. I had very few tools to work with, a spokeshave was a tool I used a lot, wood rasps and sand paper, brace and bits was all the tools I had.

The rod he have given me was an expensive greenheart rod and the way I lost it is worth telling. One rainy day in October I decided to go fishing as we could not do any harvesting in the rain, so I got out my rod and tackle and was ready to go when my grandfather said to take my rifle as the grizzlies might be fishing the stream that I was going to. I did not like the idea of packing a rifle in my hand so found a suitcase strap and put it on the 25-35 Winchester. I fished one branch of the stream, then decided to cut through the woods to the other branch, when I came to a large log on the ground I climbed up on it and as I stood up I saw a bear sit up in his bed under a cedar tree. He was white on the shoulders and when I looked at his front feet and saw the claws, I knew he was a grizzly.

I dropped my rod and the fish I had on a stringer and they slid down off the log on his side, then I had to lift the gun strap off over my head, lever a cartridge into the breech. When I went to shoot I found that the leather strap was sticking up so I could not see the front sight. I had to pull it down with my fingers until I could see the sight. It seemed a long time to but it was only a few seconds from the time I saw him until I shot. I aimed at his neck just under his chin. When I shot he dropped on his belly and kicked and tumbled



around coming close to the log I was standing on. He acted like a chicken with its head cut off. He was a yearling silvertip grizzly and I got a good price for his hide.

The old hunters had told me that if I came on a grizzly like that if his ears were up and I did not want to kill it to back up slowly and it would not bother me, but if its ears were down to shoot quick and straight. I never could remember if that bear's ears were up or down!

I'm sure that I never thought about it at the time.

Although I saw quite a few grizzly bears over the years I only killed two. I saw most of them while packing in and working on the trapline and there was no time to pack a hide out and spend a couple days taking care of it.

The second grizzly I killed was a surprise to us. One day we were taking in a load of food and a crosscut saw into our cabin near timberline and there was a foot of snow at the three thousand foot level. We came to a buck brush slide which we had cut a wide trail through. Near the center of the slide there was a ridge of rock and gravel built up twenty feet high. Just before we got to it I heard a bear bawl and asked my pardner if he had any cartridges in his rifle. He said "yes, why?" and I told him that I had heard that a grizzly would bawl if he could smell a person and could not see him.

I had just finished telling him this when the grizzly showed up

on the ridge and reared up. He looked as big as a horse up there. My pardner was ahead and instead of shooting he handed the rifle back to me. I dropped the saw off my shoulder, took the rifle put a cartridge in the breech and told him to drop down so I wouldn't deafen him when I shot. I hit him under the chin and he fell forward and rolled down and if we had not got out of the way he would have bumped into us.

His ears were down tight so I had to shoot him as he was mad and when I looked him over I found out why. His fur was matter full of rotten wood and we figured out that he had got flooded out of his den which must have been in a hollow cedar. His pelt was no good as it was bare on the belly and under the legs. My pardner said he wanted the hide anyway so we skinned him and hung the hide up on some bushes. We had to travel the last half mile to the cabin in the dark.

I told my pardner that I did not think he could carry that hide out, it would weigh well over a hundred pounds. It had been sleeting all day but when we woke up in the morning it had cleared up and frozen hard. When we got down to the hide next morning we found it frozen hard as a rock and it took a long time to pound it into a bundle we could tie on the packboard, I helped my pardner stand up with the load and figured he would not go very far with it. After going a quarter mile he threw the pack off and wanted to know if we couldn't cut a square out of the hide as the back was well furred with long pale brown fur, so we laid it out and cut a square about five feet by six feet and when I picked it up to tie it on the packboard it was still plenty heavy.

He got up with that load by himself and after packing it a mile down the trail threw it down and took it off the packboard and said "to hell with it, let's go back to the cabin". So we had all that work for nothing. I had to shoot that bear as he would have been hard to stop if he charged down off that ridge.

I often wondered if that was the same bear I had followed up the other side of the creek when I got caught in the dark a few years before. I did kill the third grizzly that my grandfather had wounded the night before which I took no credit for, it happened this way.

One fall we decided to go to where we knew bears were fishing for salmon and get a black bear so we could render the fat out for shoe grease. When we got to where a smaller stream ran into the river we could see that the bears were traveling the south side of the small stream. There was a log jam at the mouth of the creek so he told me to hide in the log jam and watch from there and he would cross over to the north side and go up the stream a couple hundred yards and wait there.

We had no more than got settled when the sun went down after a few minutes I heard my grandfather shoot twice, then I heard a bear bawl and figured he had killed one as I had heard black bear bawl when they were dying.

I soon saw my grandfather coming on the run, motioning for me to stay where I was. When he came up to me he said four grizzlies had trotted down the sand bar across from him. He knew he had killed the



first one but was not sure of the second one he had shot at. It kept going but he knew he had hit it. We walked up the south side and soon found one bear dead a little ways in the brush from where it had been shot.

Then we found the blood trail of the second bear, and although the light was failing fast we went into the woods after him. We had only gone a little ways in the woods when we could see a bear running straight for us and when it jumped a small log about twenty feet from us it reared up and my grandfather shot. All he could do was point the rifle as it was too dark to see the sights, he made a lucky shot and the bear dropped and bounced around for a bit. There was nothing we could do about the wounded bear that night.

Next morning we took our dog and picked up a neighbor and when we got to the bear my grandfather told me to take his rifle and the dog and see if I couldn't get the wounded bear. The old dog took off on the track and it was not long until I heard him barking treed over half a mile away down in an area where a lot of big trees had fallen down. When I got there I saw the bear had backed up into a V formed by two large logs, and was sitting down trying to slap the dog with his right front paw.

I could see that there was something wrong with his right front leg as he had lost control of it. When the dog got too close he would rear up and the dog would jump clear. I walked up one of the logs behind him and when I got about twenty feet from him I shot him in the back of the neck. When I looked him over I saw that he had a broken

right shoulder. He was a big boar silvertip and the one that tackled us the night before was an old sow, and the first one he shot was a two year old, so it was a family group.

We skinned all three bears and each packed out a hide. I took the smallest one and it was all I could handle as I was all I could handle as I was pretty young and packing more than my own weight. By the time we finished fleshing the three hides I had just about decided that I did not want to shoot any more bears. It took us two days with my grandmother helping us to get the hides clean enough to satisfy my grandfather. He got fifty dollars for the two year old's hide as it was well furred and twenty five dollars each for the other two, that was a lot of money at that time.

I went hunting for grizzly bears a few times since but never got a shot at one. The only time I saw them was when I did not have time to bother with them or the fur was no good.

For the benefit of the gun cranks who think you need a three seventy five Magnum to kill a grizzly. Those three grizzlies were killed with a thirty-thirty Marlin. I killed my first grizzly with a twenty five-thirty five Winchester and the second with a three-0-three, model ninety five Winchester.

My grandfather and I got along pretty good except for a couple things. The first was when we were digging potatoes in the fall, we would go out in the morning with the grey frost covering everything and pull the potato tops from as many rows as we thought we could dig

that day and our hands were frozen numb. After we had picked up all the potatoes we had dug I said we should pull the tops for the next days digging while they were dry and warm, but he would not do it, even when I complained every fall.

The second had to do with a cow; she was the result of breeding a Holstein bull to our Jersey cow as there was no Jersey bull around. When the calf was born it looked like a moose calf, long legged with no hair on the tip of its tail. It grew up into a cow much larger than its mother and when she had her first calf we wound she was very hard to milk. One could squeeze as hard as you liked and all you would get was a fine stream of milk and she gave a full pail of milk but it took a long time to milk her. My grandfather said he couldn't milk so the job fell to my grandmother and I.

One day I read an ad that said that you could buy tubes that would enlarge the holes in a cow's teats so they would be easier to milk but my grandfather would not get them. When we milked that cow we had to tie her tail to the side of the stall or she would slap our face with the stub of a tail. We had to hobble her hind legs as she would kick. This went on all summer and fall until one cold winter morning I got up when my grandmother did, grabbed the milk pails and went out to milk as I wanted to get an early start up the trapline.

I milked the old cow first then hobbled and tied the young cow's tail and a good half hour later I had the pail just about full and knew a few more minutes would finish the job when she kicked , knocking me over, spilling the milk, and ended up lying on her side



with her tail still tied up to the side of the stall and hind legs tied together.

I took the milk and empty pail in the house, took my rifle down off the wall and went out and turned that ornery cow out into the barnyard and shot her then bled her. Then I went in and told my grandfather he could skin and butcher her as I had enough fooling with an animal like that. When I got home that night he had the four quarters hanging up, the next day he took the meat down and sold it all.

A few years later I asked my grandfather why he never said anything when I shot that cow. He said he had never saw me that mad and did not want to take any chances and anyway she gave very little cream so was no great loss.

I sometimes thought my grandfather was pretty hard on me when he made me use an axe and sledge hammer left handed, but I have found it came handy when I teamed up with pardners who could not work left handed. By the time I was thirteen years old I could chop, swing a sledge hammer, and shoot left handed.

One winter I could see that it would come in handy when the road foreman came up and hired eight men to take out rock to fill the pier under the bridge across the river as the rock had settled down in them. He wanted six hand drillers to work in three man teams: one man turning the drill, the other two striking right and left: and two more men loading the small mine car that ran on light track out onto

the bridge where they dumped it down into the piers.

My grandfather got a job on the drilling crew so I took over all the traplines and passed by that job twice a week. Quite often one of the drillers would hand me his hammer and I would strike for a few minutes right handed then go over and strike left handed. The men got a kick out of it as most of them couldn't do it.

One of the drillers had a beard and looked like a picture of Jesus and he had a fox terrier he called Peter so when anyone saw them coming, they always said "Here comes Jesus and Peter."

One day they finished drilling a round of holes and the powder man loaded them and everybody took off. He lit the round and ran to the other end of the bridge and looked around just as the dog Peter ran up to a burning fuse and the shots started going off. That was the last anyone saw of Peter and his owner felt pretty bad. They hunted around for awhile then went back to work.

Next morning one of the crew looked down the road and said, "I'll be damned, here comes Jesus and Peter".

Peter had got away from the blasts without a scratch and stayed well away from the drilling area after that. He was sitting on the doorstep when his owner got home the night before. He did not think Peter would want to follow up to the job next morning but he came without coaxing but kept well away from the blasting area. He put in most of the day at the lunch spot at the other end of the bridge.

When he had to pass the blasting area he did it at top speed until he was well past it, then he would stop and wait for his owner. When they had to blast he was tied up and he was gun shy until he died.

Of all the tame animals there were three that I did not like to kill. They were dogs, cats and horses. I killed one horse in my time, two cats and two dogs yet I had no second thoughts about killing pigs, cattle or tame birds. A neighbor gave me two rabbit does and a buck and it was not long until I had eighteen rabbits. We killed a couple in the fall and my grandmother cooked them but none of us ate much of the meat so fed it to the dog. After the crop was all in I turned the rabbits loose and they took to the woods, and for three years we would see the odd lack, white, grey or brown rabbit near the ranch.

To get back to the subject of mistakes I made and girlfriends. One summer I was working in a small town and really liked the place. There were a lot of teenagers with lots of dances, some parties, tennis, baseball, swimming, hiking and some good lake fishing if one wanted to hike out into the hills six miles.

One of the girls told me that her cousin was coming to stay with her for two months as soon as the school holidays started. I went down with the girl to meet the boat the day her cousin arrived and



from that day until the day her cousin left, her cousin and I were together every chance we got. She was a good hiker and mountain climber, liked to dance and play tennis and was always ready to go fishing, so we got along fine.

Before she left she made me promise that I would go to her place for Christmas. I told her that I would be out on the trapline as there was no work in the winter but would make the trip anyway. I went out the first of December and set all my traps and did very well until the time came to snap the traps and head for the Okanagan to visit the girl.

I had to walk down twelve miles to catch a taxi down to the boat landing. I made it in plenty of time but the car refused to start and we fooled around for over an hour before we decided to drain all the gas out of it and put in new gas, then it started at once. When we pulled out onto the wharf we could see the boat a mile away heading back to Vancouver.

I went to the hotel intending to catch the boat the next day. When I walked into the hotel I found some of my friends staying there, some for the winter and some for the holidays, and none of them were suffering any pain. I had never done much drinking but joined the party and when boat time came next day I was in no shape to catch it even if I wanted to.

Five days later I woke up one morning and realized what I had

done and wrote to the girl and told her what I had done. I also told her it was the first and last time I would pull a stunt like that. Evidently she did not believe me as I never heard from her. That proved to be the last time I let booze interfere with good judgement.

I headed back up to the trapline and found three feet of new snow and I soon found out how quick a man can get out of shape. I was sweating and blowing and by the time I got to the cabin I was beat. It was a good month before I got back in shape and for a few days I could smell rum when I got warmed up.

Since that time I have watched men work hard all summer darning their socks and patching their clothes to save money then when the camps shut down for the winter they would head for the nearest town and a week later would be broke flat and watching for other loggers coming in so they could borrow some money. The old loggers told me to never lend any of them more than ten dollars at a time no matter how well I knew them. That would be equal to a hundred dollars now.

I remember getting off the boat in Vancouver several times and finding one of them waiting and would lend them money and they always paid it back soon after going back to work in the spring. Most of them did not need cash to pay for room or meals as some of the hotels would let them have a room for the winter and a restaurant on Water Street would feed them after they went broke and the logger always paid up as soon as possible.

The odd logger would pay four month's room rent in advance and leave some money at his favorite eating place and would end up owing very little money in the spring.

The most money I ever lent a man was to a man who was not a logger, he was an odd job man. I knew the man for several years and one summer I knew he had found very little work except working for his board. He asked me if I could lent him forty dollars as he needed new clothes and shoes. He said he wanted to go to the prairies to take in the harvest, so I lent him the money and he never returned that fall so I said good-bye to my forty dollars. A good five years later I was walking up Granville Street one evening when a man stopped me and asked if my name was Tatlow and I said yes. Then he pulled out his purse and handed me fifty dollars - I knew who he was. He had put on a lot of weight.

I tried to make him take back ten dollars but he said that it was little enough for helping him out when he was in need. I asked him why he had never came back to Squamish after the harvest that fall, he said he did return to Vancouver where he found a letter form the old country telling him his father had passed away and to come home at once so they could settle the estate. He went and after the estate was settled he found that there was just enough money to cover all debts and no money to buy a ticket back to Canada. Evidently he put in four tough year over there before he saved up enough to buy a ticket back here. He said that the day after he landed back in Vancouver he got a job helping in a big machine shop and had just got



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So much for modern times, now you can hardly breathe without getting legal help, even then you might be swindled out of something. It was different sixty years ago, for example my grandfather bought a strip of land one acre wide from the man who owned the property next to him as he needed it to give him more room on high land for barnyard room, and room to build a hay barn. The strip was twenty acres long. They had the strip surveyed and down payment of ten dollars was made, no receipt, no agreement of sale, nothing on paper until a few years later when my grandfather made the last payment he got the deed.

Now there are very few persons I would lend money to. One is a young lad from the Indian band here, I have lent him money at odd times and he always paid it back in a short time. I remember my old Indian friend lending a white man a large sum of money so he could build a road house or stopping place, and he lent another white man enough to build a four room house. He got all the money back without any trouble, and he had nothing on paper to show that he had lent the money.

Writing about my old Indian friend brings back a story that had been handed down through at least two generations and he passed it on to me. He said that there was a lot of people camped at the mouth of a large stream that ran into the main river. They were catching and smoking salmon and one morning when they got up the stream was dry,

the only water was in what had been deep pools. Some of the people started running into the pools and dragging out the salmon when the chief stopped them and told them pack everything up to the top of a bank over thirty feet high as something had blocked the stream. He sent two young fellows up the stream, told them to keep going until they found what was blocking the stream, also telling them to keep well above the stream in case the stream broke through and flooded the river bottom.

About dark the second day the young fellows returned and said they had found where part of a mountain had fallen into the valley blocking the river and the water was backing up behind it and that it was a hard day's travel from the south of the stream. According to the story the water never did come with a rush, when the water reached the top of the rocks and dirt that blocked the river it slowly washed it away until it wore itself down to its present level, but never getting down to the old level which must have been at least thirty feet deeper.

The proof of this story can be seen by going up to Garibaldi and seeing the trunks of trees sticking up out of a river bottom. Another story about this Squamish tribe is of a big battle that took place on the flats where Weldwood's mill now stands. A white friend of mine wrote it out and gave it to me. It became lost but I can still remember the story which, if not true, shows that someone had a gift for plotting a story.

My friend went to visit one of his old Indian friends on the reserve and asked him if there had been any battles fought on the reserve in Squamish. The old fellow said one, which his tribe won. He said it was midsummer with most of the tribe camped on the reserves at North Vancouver and what is now Stanley Park. Some were camped along the sound, with about sixty people camped on the flat where the mill is and a few people scattered along up the river for forty miles.

He said that the tribe was always in danger as the Indians from up the west coast would come down and go up the inlets and raid small parties, killing some and taking some prisoners and making slaves of them.

He said that another tribe, the Chilcotins up north, would cross the ice fields and come down the river and raid them every few years with a strong war party. He said the Chilcotins up north were a mean tribe and fierce fighters. One day a small party came into the camp at the mouth of the river and said there was a large Chilcotin party coming downriver. They had stopped at the place where the river forked as they could catch salmon and were resting up.

They told the chief they had left men at lookout points along the route down the river so they could run in and warn them when they saw the Chilcotins coming. That night a party came up the sound and said that there were several big war canoes headed up the Sound and men were left to keep an eye on them. Nothing happened for a couple of days then the reports started to come in and the chief said not to get



excited, just hide everything they could but to keep the fires going in the skin tents.

Finally a runner said that the Chilcotins were camped only a few miles up the river. Soon a canoe came in from down the Sound and said the war canoes were tied up just around a point about four miles down the Sound. The men told the chief that they did not think they were strong enough to fight either one of the war parties. The chief said "we may not have to the way things were shaping up."

He said that neither party would raid the camp until just before daybreak. So they all hid in the woods at the edge of the campground and the scouts finally said that both war parties were close and ready to strike at dawn. Then, just as a faint light began to show, the two war parties ran into the camp from the north and south and the battle was on but did not last long.

When there were only ten men left on their feet, the chief led them into the battle and they took eight prisoners, all Chilcotins.

He said there were only two war canoes left so a lot of them must have ran away from the battle and took off. So the Squamish tribe was the winner of that battle and never had a man killed or injured.

While out in Chilcotin country a couple times I talked to some of the older men about raids and they said that in the early days they did go on raids to steal women and slaves. They said they needed the

woman to keep the tribe from becoming inbred. They said that before the white men came the Chilcotin was the most powerful tribe in the country. They could send out half a dozen war parties and still leave plenty men to defend the home reservation. After the white men came the tribe was hit with smallpox and it nearly wiped them out.

They said there was very little sickness before whit men came, and when one of them did get sick he would go and steam himself in a house that was the same as a sauna, but built out of rocks and clay and shaped like an igloo. They would heat rocks and put them on the floor then sit and slowly pour water on the hot rocks producing very hot steam and keep it up as long as they could stand it. Then they would crawl out and run and dive in the lake.

They told me the name of the steam houses but I have forgotten it. The smallpox took quite a few but they said the 1919 flu just about finished the tribe as they headed for the steam house as soon as they got sick then jumped into the cold water and were worse off and soon died. Finally it dawned on them that the steam house was no good and they stayed in bed and some of them lived.

They said that they never had a cold before the white man came and I believe them because I used to trap all winter. Often my feet would be soaked for hours before I got back to the cabin, and I remember breaking through the ice in zero weather miles from home and in all the years I trapped I never had a cold. Sometimes when I went to town in the spring I would pick up a cold. I remember coming to my

cabins all sweated up with my wool underwear wet with sweat after a hard pull up the hill and when I went into the cabin it felt like an ice house, yet I never caught a cold.

I had been told to not change my clothes until the cabin was warmed up and I had a meal as my pores would be closed then it would be safe to strip off. I followed that advice and maybe that is why I never caught a cold.

It seems that when white men entered a new country they brought disaster and ruin to the people. Not being satisfied with that, some countries took the land away from the natives and it is good to see that the Indians are following the example of the Alaska Indians and are fighting to get back what is rightfully theirs.

The Alaska Indians had very little trouble getting their reserve back along with most tribes getting a million or more dollars from land and timber that could not be reclaimed.

The Squamish band lived on several reserves, some in North Vancouver, some in what is now Stanley Park long before the white man came. Now they have very little land left. There is talk of the band trying to get their land back or getting a fair price for what was taken away from them.

I remember a court case where an old couple were charged and convicted of beating up a husky young Indian and I did not think the



old Indian couple got a fair deal. It turned out that the facts showed that the young fellow went to their house and he was drunk and looking for a fight and the old couple got the best of him and threw him out. The young fellow's parents took the old couple to court and won. The old fellow got thirty days in jail and the old woman was bound over to keep the peace. During the trial the old woman said to her husband in Chinook language that the judge was a bad man and did not speak the truth, I shook my head at her but the damage was done. The judge could speak Chinook. Maybe that was why he was so hard on them.

Another time an old Indian went up the mountain deer hunting and he ran into a big sow grizzly with two yearling cubs and the sow charged him and he shot her, then both cubs headed for him and he was lucky to drop both of them, one was just a few feet from him when he shot it in the head. The next day he took his two sons up with him and skinned the bear and packed the hides out. They had to walk four miles down the road and met and talked to several people who admired the grizzly hides.

Imagine the old fellow's surprise when a game warden walked into his house next morning and asked to see his hunting licence. The old fellow was not a member of the Squamish band, he came up here from Washington in the early days and lived on one of the reserves here, then bought some land near the town, built a house and barn on it and always and a good garden. The younger kids could go to school and he became a Canadian citizen and was always on hand to vote. When asked

for his hunting licence he produced one which cost two dollars and fifty cents and only allowed a hunter to take deer, black bear and birds, not grizzly bears as a hunter had to have a big game licence to take grizzlies, goats, moose and elk. The big game licence cost ten dollars.

The warden arrested him in spite of the old fellow telling him he shot them in self-defence. The warden said he should not have touched them after he killed them. Instead he should have come in and reported it to the warden or police. The warden took the hides and told him to appear in court on a certain day. The small courtroom was jammed as we all wanted to see if the warden could make the charge stick. The judge asked him if he knew that he needed a different licence to kill a grizzly and the old fellow said that he had never thought about grizzlies until he ran into them.

The judge gave it a lot of thought then said although there had been a clear case of self-defence he had taken the hides so he would be fined twenty dollars and two fifty costs, or fifteen days in jail. The old fellow refused to pay the fine and about thirty people offered to pay the fine for him but he would not let them.

Again, for the benefit of the gun cranks whose bears were killed with a thirty-thirty, ninety-four Winchester carbine, one shot for each bear.

My old friend that owned a muzzle loading shotgun asked me if I

would like to try it, so I took it down to a large swamp where the ducks came in to spend the night. I had a very small narrow canoe at the swamp as the water was anywhere from a foot to three feet deep in the swamp. I paddled out and hid behind a clump of brush. I had not been there long when a flock of mallards came right over me and when I shot two ducks came down so I headed out to pick them up. I had just picked up one duck when I saw a large flock coming towards me. By the time I picked up the gun they had passed over me and I had to turn crosswise in the canoe to shoot and when I shot the recoil threw me off balance and I knew I was going to upset, so swung my feet out and landed on my feet in eighteen inches of cold water. I was lucky that I kept the gun and powder dry.

I had seen one duck come down so waded around, picked it and the other duck up and went home. When I took the gun back next day the old fellows son who was forty years old said he would like to go down and try the muzzle loader on ducks but was afraid to use my canoe. I told him that all he needed was a pair of hip boots as the east side of the swamp was no more than two feet deep. He went down late that afternoon and came back with six mallards.

We went over to visit them next day and were sitting in the front room when the old man looked out the window and saw four blue jays sitting on a big sunflower picking the seeds out from under the edges. He asked his son if the muzzle loader was loaded and he said yes, both barrels. SO the old fellow got the gun and sneaked around the back of the house until he was about thirty yards from them, with us watching



him, when he shot the gun knocked him flat and the gun flew up in the air and hit the ground behind him. We ran out and he was getting to his feet and we could see the right side of his face was bruised and bleeding a bit, and his trigger finger as skinned and bleeding.

When the old fellow got his wits back he asked his son if he was sure he had loaded both barrels and he said yes, then the old fellow said that explains it, "you put both loads in one barrel." He was lucky to be alive. His son said he was sure he had loaded both barrels then the old man walked over and picked up the gun, pulled out the loading rod and put it down one barrel to the empty mark, then did the same with the other barrel, he just gave his son a hard look. His son said that he must have got excited when he shot the last three ducks as there were ducks flying all around him and he reloaded in a hurry but by the time he was ready to shoot again the ducks were all gone so he came home. The old fellow had a sore shoulder and jaw for awhile.

I had the opposite happen to me once. I saw an ad where you could buy an auxiliary chamber for rifles of different calibres that would take revolver and pistol cartridges which clipped into the chamber. Being a kid I had to get one. I got one for my twenty five-thirty five Winchester and it took a twenty five automatic pistol cartridge which had a full jacket. When I tried it out it worked perfect. I put three bullets in a two inch bull at thirty yards and thought it would be good for shooting grouse.

I always took the chamber and a few pistol cartridges with me when I went hunting. One day while hunting high on the hill I saw a blue grouse fly up into a bushy balsam tree so I put the chamber in the breech and although I looked for a long time I could not see the grouse so kept on looking for a deer. After going a little ways a three point buck walked around a tree about forty yards from me with his nose on the ground and when he saw me he froze with his head near the ground so I could not see the white spot under his chin. I held between his eyes, when I shot there was just a faint pop but the deer dropped. Then I knew I had forgotten to take the auxiliary chamber out of the breech. When I skinned out the head I could see the little bullet had penetrated the skull into the brain. Had that deer been a grizzly I would have been in real trouble.

Writing about small low power cartridges reminds me of what happened to my grandfather. He never told me about it until years after it happened. He said that one day he saw a bunch of blue jays feeding on the ears of corn that he was leaving to ripen on the stock to fatten the pigs. He went and got the twenty-two rifle and some C.B. caps which were twenty two cartridges with conical shaped bullets and the brass only a quarter inch long. You could get what they called B.B. caps which had a round ball but they were not accurate. Anyway he went out and shot three blue jays, hung them on poles in the corn patch to scare the rest of the blue jays away.

Then he came in, took the C.B. caps out of his pocket, put his tobacco pouch in the same pocket and thought no more about it until

after supper he went and sat down in his easy chair to have a smoke and when he pulled out the pouch to fill his pipe he found it empty as it had opened up and all the tobacco was in his pocket. So he filled his pipe and got it drawing good then the pipe exploded, all he had left in his mouth was the stem. He was lucky enough to escape unhurt. He knew at once that he had left a C.B. cap in his pocket and had put it in his pipe with the tobacco.

Then he told me that he had read that if you shot to hit the water just under a flock of ducks sitting on the water with a high power rifle the shock would kill some of them. One day he saw a flock of mallards sitting on a pond and thought he would try his thirty-thirty Marlin. He waited until six of them bunched up and shot under them and two turned over on their backs. He went over a hundred feet to get a boat to pick them up and he had just untied the boat when he saw one fly away and before he got to the second one it flew away.

I remember a time I was fooled retrieving a bird. I was staying at a lake up in the hills regulating the water for a pulp mill. One late October afternoon I saw a small flock of Canada Geese circle around and land just out of site behind a ridge above the lake so I took my rifle and crossed the lake, went up and peeked over the ridge and saw the geese sitting about two hundred feet from the far shore and about four hundred feet from me. I took a good rest and shot at one's head and got him. I walked around to the far shore and as the lake was in the shadow there was no way to tell how deep it was and it



was the first time I had seen the small lake. So I stripped off and waded out to the goose with the water being a little more than knee deep so I did not have to swim much to my relief as the water was ice cold.

I remember a trick that some of the older men played on the old remittance man. We had nothing to do with it. The old fellow got a letter from his cousin in Vancouver saying he was coming for a visit. His cousin was well off with a good home in the better part of the city. The old fellow's house was very dirty, the floor had not been scrubbed for years and the windows and curtains just as bad. So the old fellow went down and hired an Indian woman to come up clean up the house as he did not want his cousin to see it that dirty. He brought her up when he went for the mail, when I went for the mail I saw that she had a year old baby.

She worked hard all week, even washed the blankets and all his clothes and had everything clean when he took her home the next week, when he went for the mail. His cousin came up and everything was fine until about two months later some of the old fellows wrote him a letter and signed the Indian woman's name at the bottom. The letter said that the woman was pregnant and it was his fault and he would have to help pay for the new baby's keep.

I was there when he read the letter and it gave him quite a shock. He would not go down for the mail for three months, always got someone to make the trip and of course the older fellows gave him a

bad time, telling him they believed her. Finally one of the fellow's wife said the joke had gone far enough as the poor old guy was becoming a nervous wreck, so she went over and told the old fellow and he snapped out of it and there was no more heard about it.

When I was twelve years old I had hunted and taken every animal in the valley. Although I was not hunting for a grizzly I had killed one so thought that I qualified as a hunter. One day I said to my old Indian friend that I thought I was a hunter and he said no, not yet, you got one more thing to do then you will be a hunter. He said I would have to pass the same test that he and the other young boys had to. He said I would have to go out and catch a willow grouse in my hand, then let it go without injuring it. It had to be a full grown grouse, not a young chick. He said that if I could do that then I would be a hunter.

That took the wind out of my sails and I thought about it all winter but could not figure out a way to catch one. Then in the spring the grouse began drumming near the ranch and it dawned on me that as the grouse sat on a log while drumming I might be able to crawl up behind one and grab it. Every time I heard a grouse drum near the clearing I would drop whatever I was doing, try to catch the grouse but they always spotted me and took off. Finally my grandfather said I had better give it up until the crop was in the ground as I was putting in too much time at it. Shortly after we quit planting the grouse quit drumming.

The next spring the grouse started drumming again and after trying to sneak up on at least six they took off. One day I was walking through the woods when a grouse started to drum close to me and when I looked in the direction I could see him sitting on a log three feet in diameter with his back to me. I sneaked over the butt of the log without him spotting me and every time he would drum I would crawl along on my belly keeping tight against the log. I knew I would never get a better chance and finally I got so close that when he drummed it sounded like thunder and I could feel the wind from his wings. I knew that one more move I would be within reach of him. He drummed again and I slid the last three feet and froze and when he started to drum again I reached up and grabbed him by the legs then let him go before he could injure himself.

When I told my old friend that I had finally caught a grouse in my hand, he said "You catch him while he was drumming?"

I said yes, and he said he had wondered how long it would take me to figure out how to catch one, and that it would help me when I was hunting for the rest of my life, and that I was a hunter.

In all the years that I hunted and tramped the hills I only saw two buck deer fighting once and the battle ended in an unexpected way.

One November day I was hunting along the hillside when I heard a thumping noise down below me so walked out to where I could see the bench below me and there were two bucks fighting with a big doe



watching them. One was a five point buck and the other a husky spike buck. I thought the big buck would soon put the run on the smaller deer but every time the big buck would charge the spike would dodge, then jump in and drive his spikes in the big buck's side and stomach sometimes lifting the big one off his feet.

After a few minutes the big buck turned away and walked about fifty feet and lay down, then the spike buck and doe walked out of sight. There was new snow on the ground and I could see brown stains on the snow where the big buck walked so shot him as I knew he was injured and must be in bad shape to go and lie down. When I went to bleed him he bled very little. When I turned him on his back I saw that his stomach had four holes punched in it with the contents of the stomach and blood leaking through the holes.

I don't think he would have lived. I cleaned him out and dragged him down to the foot of the hill, then went and told a man who had a house full of girls to go and get him s I did not want to eat an animal that did not bleed properly. That family did not mind, they wanted all the cougars we caught and said the meat tasted like chicken.

It would not be fair if I ended this book without telling about a couple of tricks my young friends played on me. When I was twelve years old I wanted to learn to speak the Squamish Indian language so asked a couple of Indian boys who were a few years older than I how to sy "Good morning, it's a nice morning".

They told me after repeating it several times I had it down pat. Then one of the boys looked up the road and said here comes old mother Jacob, we'll hide and you cant try it out on her and if she understands you, you have made a start. I waited until the old grey haired lady walked up to me then repeated what I had been taught. She gave me a startled look then burst out laughing and took off down the road still laughing. I knew then they had gave me a bum steer, I found out later that I had asked the old lady if she would go to bed with me.

The second trick was pulled on me by a couple of my closest friends, one was my trapping pardner at the time. We were seventeen years old at the time. One fall the first of November my two friends were laid off a week before I was, so they headed up the valley to hunt and said they would have at least one deer hanging up when I arrived at the ranch.

When I pulled into the ranch a week later about seven p.m. they were both there and when they told me they had not got a deer in spite of hunting hard every day I gave them a bad time, telling them that a good hunter should be able to get a buck the first day at that time of year as it was the running, or mating season, and the bucks would be running all over the hills. Then they said that each of them would bet me ten dollars that I would not get a buck next day.

I took the bet and my grandfather held the stakes. The next morning I had a good breakfast of sourdough hotcakes and bacon, took my rifle down and wiped the oil out of it and headed for the hills at the break of day. I followed a deer trail up the hill and could see that deer had been using the trail. When I got up to where I knew that the deer traveled a trail that ran along the hillside for three miles through very good deer country I took the trail heading south.

I followed the trail over a mile without seeing a deer, not even a doe. The trail led up over a mossy knoll about fifty yards from me and a big buck walked up onto the knoll and stopped. I shot at the white spot under his chin and he wheeled around and I shot again and he went out of sight on the other side of the knoll. I thought I heard something hit the brush so ran up and looked over the top and could see the buck lying dead in the salal brush.

While I was cleaning out the big bug I heard a rock roll and when I looked up the hill I saw a two point buck coming down a steep trail heading straight for me. When he was about fifty yards from me he spotted me and stopped. When I shot at the spot under his chin he never moved, so I held between his eyes and he took off up the hill about a hundred yards then stopped and turned sideways so I held back of his shoulders and he took off for good.

I could not understand it, the only thing I could think of was that the electric lights must have done something to my eyes as I had never missed three standing shots before. I finished cleaning the big



deer, put the liver in a sack and tied it on my braces on my back. Then I headed south again into a fairly open park like area and had not gone far when I saw a big buck walking fast a good hundred yards away so aimed back of his shoulder and he dropped, but jumped up again. I took a couple more shots but he went out of sight up on a bushy Jackpine knoll.

I hurried over to where the deer had dropped but there was no sign of blood or hair on the salal brush where he fell. I headed up the knoll on a deer trail and could see where he was jumping and was not hurt very much. I thought I had better follow him for awhile. The trail led around a large windfall log close to the edge of the knoll. When I stepped around the roots of the log there was the buck standing broadside no more than fifteen feet from me. The minute he saw me he jumped and I shot from the hip and saw the bullet hit him back of the shoulders.

He made a couple jumps and dropped out of sight over the edge of the knoll. I walked out to the edge of the knoll and could see where he had fallen and slid down the steep mossy rock and went over the cliff which was fifty feet high. There was a jumble of large rocks at the bottom. I had to walk back to where I could get down below the knoll and when I looked for him at the foot of the cliff, there was no sign of him.

I couldn't believe my eyes. I checked an area a hundred feet square at the bottom of the cliff but no deer. I knew that deer had

to be dead as I saw the bullet hit and saw where he fell and slid over the edge scraping the moss off the rocks as he went. I walked up to the foot of the cliff and then I saw some large patches of moss lying at my feet. They had come down from above and were fresh.

Then I looked up at the face of the cliff and I could see that there was a slab of rock leaning away from the cliff twenty feet above me. I hunted around and found a burned cedar pole that would reach the top of the slab, leaned it up against the rock and climbed up. There was my deer jammed down in the crack behind the slab of rock. The rocks had fallen in the crack so it was only four feet deep. I had a hard time to get him up out of there, I finally hit on the idea of piling rocks up at the end of the hole forming a ramp, then I upended him up out of there.

When I cleaned him out I could see where he had been hit back of the shoulders but no other mark on his body. When I grabbed his antlers to drag him down off the rocks I saw where my first shot had nearly shot one antler off near the base. I headed for home thinking that was the worst day that I had every put in on the hill.

I gave the livers to my grandmother and she put them in a pot of salty water and set them out in the cooler. While eating supper I told my grandfather about the rotten shooting I had done and he said you run into days like that.

It was not long until my friends came in and said "where is the

deer, we heard you shoot nine times."

I went out to the cooler and brought in the livers and my grandfather gave me the twenty dollars. Then he told my friends to tell me what they had done, with his consent. One of them took my rifle down and showed me where they had moved the front sight to the left and raised the back sight.

Then I felt a lot better. They had marked the front sight before they moved it, so it only took a couple of shots to get it back in line.

I remember another time when I got into trouble while hunting. I spotted a bunch of goats on the far side of a steep draw in solid rock. The goats had crossed it but I knew it would not be safe for me to try it. I could see that if I climbed up the hill a quarter mile I could cross over above the draw. I shot a yearling billy and it did not take me too long to get over there.

After cleaning him and cutting the head and feet off he still weighed at least ninety pounds. I did not like the idea of packing back up the steep hill around the draw. I could not see straight down from the ledge the goat was on but could see a brush slide seventy five feet below. I knew I could come over from the timber and pick up the goat from below so I rolled the goat over and ran to one side to see where he landed but he never showed up and I knew he had landed on a ledge and stopped.



I went along the edge a little further then I could see the goat lying on a ledge twenty feet from the top and no way to get down to him. All I could do was go home and next day I went back up with eighty feet of rope. The only thing I could tie to on the ledge was a boulder well back from the edge. When I got a mile from the goat it started to snow and kept on snowing. When I got to the ledge above the goat I tied the rope to the boulder and threw the other end over the ledge then went to one side and could see the rope reached the ledge the goat was on so lid down the rope and kicked the goat over and watched him land in the brush below.

When I went to climb back up I got part way up I was having trouble gripping the snow covered rope and had to slide down again. I took a rest then shook the snow off the rope then went up as fast as I could but when I got to the top where the rope led over the edge it was impossible to get my fingers under the rope to grip it and pull myself up over.

Then I hung on with one hand, lifted up my foot and took a couple wraps around my ankle and held the rope tight then boosted myself up with my leg so I could lie on the rock on my belly and get slack enough to grip the rope above me and reach the top. I knew then that I should have tied knots in the rope where I had to climb it and I should have tied a small rock in the rope where it broke over the edge to keep it up off the rock. I rolled up the rope, went up around the draw and down to the goat and put it on the packboard.

With the wet rope I had well over a hundred pounds. When I got over to where I had to go straight down through the timber to my trapping cabin I took the goat off the packboard and made good time with the goat rolling down the hill as it was real steep and all I had to do was give him a boost when he hung up. When I got down to my cabin I put the rope inside the cabin, hung it up on a wire so the mice could not get at it. Then I put the goat back on the pack board and headed down the hill for home, getting there after dark and played out, almost too tired to eat. Climbing up to timberline and back two days in a row was a bit too much.

The first winter I trapped I pulled a crazy stunt while coming down one of my traplines. The trapline led up the hill from the cabin a mile from the cabin, then separated, my grandfather's line angling up and west to timberline. My line led off to the east, part way up my line there was a rock ledge, or bluff as we called them, forced me to detour nearly a half mile to where I could get up onto it then walk back along the ledge and carry on east up the hill.

I had gone over the line and picked up two marten and was feeling very pleased with myself. There was two feet of new snow on top of at least ten feet of old snow so I was using bear paw snow shoes and when I got back down to the ledge I didn't like the idea of going around that detour so thought that with the snow being so deep I might find a place to get down off the ledge.

I soon found a place where there was a twenty foot drop to the

snow below so after kicking the snow off the edge I sat down and slid over. When I landed on my feet one foot went through the bear paw, breaking the webbing. The frame of the other bearpaw broke and it folded up. It took me three times as long to wallow through the deep snow that if I had gone around.

My grandfather was in the cabin when I got there and I told him what I had done. He said "Why in hell didn't you land on your fanny with your feet in the air".

Then he said that was all one could expect from a ten year old kid. The next summer I went up and cut two yellow cedar poles and made a thirty foot ladder which got rid of that long detour. I used yellow cedar for the steps and fifty five years later when I looked for it, it was safe to climb.

The last foolish stunt I pulled in the hills I was eighteen years old and should have known better. I had gone up to timberline and hunted the south half of the meadows without seeing a buck, so headed north into country I had never hunted. After going a good mile I noticed the sun was pretty well over in the west, looked at my watch and knew I had better head for home. I did not want to go back a mile to where I always left the timberline to go down the hill.

I knew that the side hill below me was broken up with rock bluffs and ledge but thought I would angle down through them and hit the trapline trail. After dropping down the hill about a thousand feet I



noticed that there was high rock bluffs on each side of me as I went down the hill. I soon came onto a ledge about fifty feet wide so headed south along the edge looking for a place to get down but came to a dead end so turned around and headed north with the same results.

I knew I would loose a lot of time if I climbed back up around the rock bluffs I had passed. I had noticed two tree tops close to the edge of the ledge so went back for a look at them. When I got there I could see that rock projected out a good twenty feet at the top forming a cave below. The top of a balsam tree was five feet from the edge so I crawled out to the edge and thought I could see limbs on it all the way to the ground. I knew I would have to use one hand to hang on to my rifle.

The tree was a foot in diameter with lots of limbs so I jumped into it and got down within twenty feet of the ground when I came to the last good limb. The hill was so steep that then I looked across level with the last limb it was only ten feet over to the ground. I let myself down and hung onto the limb with my right hand, turned my back to the tree, pulled my feet up against the tree, then let go and jumped and made a safe landing.

I often thought that if I had landed on another ledge that I couldn't get off I would have been stuck as there was no way I could have climbed that tree and got back on the ledge again. I made it down to the trail without any more trouble and reached home shortly after dark. I have kept away from that area since then.

I almost forgot another man that came into the valley about nineteen hundred. He built a large hotel down at the wharf, and a big log stopping place ten miles up the valley beside a good fishing stream. Fishermen and hunters always stayed there when they came up from the lower mainland. One fall a fellow who was staying at the lodge, as they called it, said he was going three miles up the river to a small lake as it was good fishing. He took his rod, slung his rifle over his shoulder and headed up the horse trail.

A few hours later he came running into the lodge and said a grizzly had tackled him after he had wounded her cub. He had lost his rifle on the way home. He said when he shot the sow grizzly she went down but got up at once and was spinning around on three legs so he took off as fast as he could.

The cook sent a man over to get my father to go up and put the bears out of misery. I went over to the lodge with my father and our dog Jack the Terrier went along.

After talking to the hunter my father was sure he had tangled with a grizzly. Then he told me to stay at the lodge as he didn't know what he might run into. He left with the dog and about four hours later he came in with the cub's hide. He said it only took the dog a few minutes to find the two bears as they were together, so he shot the old bear as she had a broken shoulder. Then he saw that the cub had a broken hind leg so shot it.

As far as we know the rifle was never found, if someone did find it they kept it. My father found his fishing rod and basket and brought it down for the fisherman.

During the war business fell off at the lodge so the owner closed it and except for the highway department renting it for two months while we built the bridge across the river, it stayed empty for several years.

Then the owner decided to start a men's clothing store in the lodge. He put in a good stock of clothing and shoes, hired a man to look after it, but he did not know that the man he hired was fond of liquor. The store was to open on a Monday but there was nothing I wanted so I didn't go down, but some of the boys went and next day one of them showed me two pairs of shoes, six pairs of heavy wool sox, and heavy wool pants and jacket and said they only cost him three dollars.

When I asked how he did that he said that some fellows had taken three bottles of rum over the night before and got the storekeeper drunk and when it came time to open the store the storekeeper was pretty foggy and when someone would asked the price of an article he would say whatever you think is right. The word soon got around and the store was sold out by noon.

The owner came up next day and found everything sold but very little money in the till. The storekeeper was drunk and couldn't remember who had bought the goods. They let the owner stew for a few



months then they all paid the balance of what they owed on what they had bought. That must have been the shortest run any store ever had. The building stayed empty until it fell down.

The lake where the fisherman ran into the grizzlies never had a name until then, so they named it Tenderfoot Lake after the fisherman because he was a newcomer with little experience, which they called tenderfoot, greenhorn, or chechacko, which in Chinook language meant the same thing.

In the fall that lake and the stream running out of it would be teeming with salmon and trout. I remember my parents, sister and I hiking up over the trail to fish that lake a few times, us kids doing the fishing. The way we fished was a bit crude but it got results. We used a hand line with a light sinker and a single hook baited with home cured salmon eggs. One time we arrived at the lake and my sister threw her line out while I was still unwinding mine and she had a fish on at once. She called to my father to help her. After quite a tussel they landed a Dolly Varden trout that would easily weigh twelve pounds. My father said "Wind up your lines that was all the fish we can use before it spoils".

I was five years old and was so mad I had to blink back the tears but my father would not let me try for a big fish. A few years later they started to build the railroad north up the river and soon passed close to that lake. Then a man built a saw mill by the lake and started to log off the flats. The fish still used the lake but the

bears stayed away. When they finished logging they moved the mill out and except for a section house north of the lake it was deserted and the brush grew up around the lake again.

No one had seen any grizzlies around the lake for several years and one Sunday the section foreman had been down the valley to visit his brother and was walking the track home late at night. When he was near the lake something hit him on the head knocking him down. He grabbed a rock and hammered on the rail and heard something move away. When he could not hear it anymore he got up and made it to the section house, woke the crew up and they got permission to use the speeder and took him down to the doctor and he was sent to a hospital in Vancouver.

Half his scalp was torn loose and he had a long stay in hospital. A couple of Indian boys took their dogs up the day after it happened, as they were sure it was a grizzly that had hit the man in the dark. The dogs picked up the bear's tracks and followed them up over a low hill and up the mountain and caught up to the bears and held them until the young fellows came.

They were surprised to see the dogs fighting a small sow grizzly with two cubs. They said the sow was smaller than an average yearling grizzly and pale blond in color. They shot the bears and we never heard of grizzlies in that area for years so people had started to move into the lake area with houses at the north end of the lake.

The railroad had been completed to Quesnel with freight and passenger trains running by the lake every day. One night ten years ago the Budd cars were heading south at thirty five miles an hour near the creek that drained the lake when three large grizzlies ran out onto the track in front of the Budd cars. The cars hit two of them and knocked them off to the side of the track but it did not derail the Budd cars.

I did not hear about it for a week and the section men said that they would not even stop their speeder in that area where the bears were hit. It is hard to tell if any of the bears were badly injured. That was the last we ever heard of grizzlies in that area. There are cottonwood trees two feet in diameter growing where the sawmill and yard were beside the lake, but you can still find the concrete foundations of the boiler and engine amongst the trees.

I remember one year we were living at a logging camp near Oak Point, Oregon. It was a large camp with about fifty married couples living on one side of the track and about twenty Chinese living on the other side of the track. One old Chinese did the cooking for them. The cook would walk to the town once a week to pick out food for the coming week and it would be delivered to camp.

A few of the boys older than I decided to play a trick on the old cook which turned out a disaster. They watched him head for town one day and knew he would not be back until two o'clock, so about one o'clock they gathered up a bunch of gunny sacks and went up on the



steep roof of the cook shack and stuffed them down the stove pipe about four feet. Then they caught an old beat-up tom cat and stuffed him down the pipe tail first and shoved a few more gunny sacks down on top of him.

Us younger kids watched all this and we were told to hide in the brush and we would see some fun when the cook came home. It was not long until we saw the cook coming. We all hid and watched the cook go in and we could hear him rattling the stove lids and smoke was coming out of the window screens. The old cook ran out and looked up at the stove pipe but there was no smoke coming out of it.

He got a ladder and went up the steep shake roof. He looked down the pipe, then reached down and pulled out a sack then pulled out two more and reached down for the fourth and when he pulled it out the tom cat came with it and climbed up his arm over his head making the fellow let go of his hold. He rolled down off the roof into a pile of rocks breaking his arm and he had a cut in the back of his head.

One of the boys ran down to the camp and the timekeeper and bullcook came up on a speeder and the timekeeper took the old cook in to the doctor and the bullcook took the stove pipe down and took the rest of the sacks out of it and put it up again. That was the last we saw of the old tomcat for a month and when he did come back he would let none of us near him.

That must have been a hoodoo camp as the evening before we moved

away from that camp a few of us kids were jumping on an old double bed in a leanto that was built onto the side of the house. It had a fairly flat shake roof and the nails stuck through the sheeting a good half inch. One of the girls jumped up and hit one of the nails with her head, when she came down she was out cold and when we left town next day she was still out but alive. I often wondered if she got over it.

A few years ago five of us were sitting around the hunting camp over in the west Kootenays when they asked me if I could remember where and when I shot my first game bird and big game animal. I told them that I shot my first willow grouse on the preemption when I was four years old. I heard our dog Jack barking treed at the edge of the clearing so took down the 22 rifle, put a few cartridges in my pocket and went over where he was.

He had two willow grouse treed in an alder tree so I stuck a cartridge in the rifle, took a rest against a tree and hit him at the base of the neck, killing instantly. When I was reloading the rifle the other grouse flew away.

I was ten years old when I shot my first blue grouse. My grandfather and I were working on the trapline when a large grouse flew up into a tall fir tree and after walking all around the tree we finally spotted him near the top. We had the 30-30 Marlin and had to shoot nearly straight up. My grandfather took two shots and missed, then he told me to try it so I took a rest and shot. The grouse came

fluttering down minus his head. I still think a lot of luck went along with that shot. Buy my grandfather bragged about it for weeks.

I shot my first mallard duck that same fall. One morning I took the 22 rifle and fish pole and headed down the creek, the brush was thick along the creek so I had to keep about thirty feet from the creek. I kept watching for a deep hole in the creek where I might catch a fish when I saw a mallard drake and hen sitting on a log in the creek. I could see the front half of the drake so shot him through the butt of the wings.

The next fall I was hunting the flats on the other side of the river when I saw a flock of Canada geese drop down into a slough that branched off the river ahead of me. I had the 44-40 rifle that I threw over the rock cliff later on. I crawled up through the brush to the slough and saw the geese sitting on the sand bar on the far side. I knew I had to aim for one's head as I would spoil most of the meat if I hit it in the body.

I was lying down, so took a rest over a small log in front of me and shot and the goose flopped around on the sand bar for a minute then lay there. The slough was about sixty feet wide and I couldn't tell how deep it was so took my clothes off and when I stepped into the ice cold water I almost backed out; then started over and found that I only had to swim the last twenty feet to the far shore. I picked the goose up and found I had made a perfect head shot on my first Canada goose.



I crossed back to my clothes and rifle, hung the goose up and headed up the slough to look for a deer on the flat above. After coming to the head of the slough I walked out onto the flat in heavy timber with no underbrush and had not gone far when I spotted a big buck looking at me no more than fifty yards from me, so took careful aim at his head, thinking that if I could hit a goose in the head I could hit him in the head. When I shot he took off at full speed. I had made a clean miss. I went back, picked up the goose and went home.

Then I put up a target at fifty yards and shot and the bullet hit eighteen inches high and a foot to the right so I knew that the barrel had leaded up and if I gave it a good cleaning it might fire one shot straight again.

After the other fellows had told about their first kills one of them said how about cougar. Then I remembered my first cougar - my father and I were heading up to the lake where the tenderfoot tangled with the grizzlies. Jack, our dog, was ahead of us on the trail when he ran into the brush barking like mad and then we saw a cougar climb a tree about forty feet from the trail. When the cougar got to the first big limb on the tree he stood on the limb looking down at the dog. I had taken the 22 rifle with me so my father told me to take a rest and make sure I hit the cougar in the butt of the ear or it might come down and kill the dog. When I shot the cougar it seemed to stiffen, then rolled over and hung onto the limb for a minute then dropped to the ground dead.

In nearly seventy years hiking over the hills and valleys I have only seen four cougars that were not chased by dogs or in a trap.

Writing about first kills, I just remembered the first and only wolverine I shot just before he got to a trap that had a marten in it. I was looking at the traps that were set around a large basin at timberline. I looked down the hill and saw what I thought was a small bear and when it turned sideways I saw a white stripe on its side so I knew it was a wolverine.

He was coming up the hill straight for me, so I put a cartridge in the 25 Stevens and waited for him to get closer, when he was about a hundred yards from me he turned to his right and headed straight for a trap in a hollow cedar tree. I whistled and when he stopped I shot him back of the shoulders - he ran about fifty yards and dropped dead. I picked him up and went over and found a large marten in the trap, so I was just in time to save a twenty dollar marten pelt plus what I got for his pelt.

I'm not very proud of the way I killed my first mountain goat. I was pretty young and had seen goats in the hills but always too far off to try for them. Anyway the old 44-40 was the only rifle I had and I did not think I could get close enough to kill a goat with it. I kept thinking about it and finally told my grandfather I was going to give it a try. He said "If you want to go, take my 30-30 Marlin" which surprised me as the only time he let me touch it was when I shot the grouse.

I made up a pack of two day's food and headed up to the trapping cabin. I don't think I slept much that night as I was up and ready to go long before daylight. Not long after I hit timberline I saw fresh goat tracks in the dirt and could see that a large herd had headed west along the hillside. I followed them and it was not long until I saw them at what I thought was about two hundred and fifty yards from me.

There were over twenty goats and I had been told to never shoot a big old billy or a nanny with kids. I looked them over and saw a goat sitting down like a dog facing me, it was smaller than the nannies so I lay down and aimed just under it's chin and shot thinking the bullet would drop and hit it in the chest. Then I saw the goat dragging it's hindquarters down the hill. It took me quite awhile to get over and finish the goat and found that I had nearly shot it's tail off, paralyzing the hindquarters. The bullet had hit the goat's spine at the root of the tail. I couldn't understand why the bullet dropped that much and thought that the cartridge was underloaded.

After traveling and hunting the high country above timberline I found out that it was hard to judge distance under different weather conditions. On a clear day just after a storm like the day I shot that goat anything five to six hundred yards from me looked to less than half the distance.

I remember one day a friend and I were hunting goats above timberline when I spotted a small herd of goats which looked to be



close to five hundred yards from us. I picked out a yearling billy and told him to shoot it with his 303 caliber rifle but to hold about two feet high.

When he shot I saw the gravel fly forty feet this side of the goat then he shot again and the bullet hit under the goat and it ran up on a big rock and stood facing us. I took a rest over my knee with my 7x57 rifle and aimed at the top of his head and he rolled down off the rock, hit at the base of the neck. My friend said that he didn't believe when I told him to hold high and aimed at the goat first shot and held about six inches high the second shot.

The hillside was fairly even over to the goat so we paced it off, he made it five hundred and twenty five paces and I counted four hundred ninety-eight paces, which surprised him as they looked to be no more than two hundred yards from us. When I started to hunt no one would shoot at a running animal, it had to be standing and most hunters shot for the head or neck.

I remember the first running shot I tried. A friend and I were walking up a river to do some fishing when I saw a coyote on the other side of the river running across the sand bar heading for the foot of the hill which was close to the river. By the time I got my rifle off my shoulder he had started up the hill. I shot just as he went out of sight under the tree limbs. A moment later I saw him rolling back down the hill so said I would pick him up after we got through fishing.

My friend thought I had missed the coyote and said that the coyote was miles away and still running. After we got all the trout we wanted I told my friend to wait for me and I would cross over and get the coyote. I found him about fifty feet up the hill lodged behind a log. He was hit at the base of his neck. That shot had to be ninety nine percent luck.

The second running shot I tried was at a two point buck no more than forty yards from me. When I shot the buck went down and I heard a bleat that sounded like a dying rabbit. I shot him in the head and found the first shot had broken his back which made him let go with that pitiful sound. I decided that running shooting was no good and did very little since.

This is about all I can remember of interest. And now I wonder what the world is coming to when people can no longer trust each other, as they don't know who to trust. Sometimes people who they think are their best friends will do them in. I will use the name an Indian Chief gave me when I was twelve years old and did a lot of traveling around the valley.

TA KAYA

LONE WOLF

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