



The Autobiography of Harold David Butterworth
Written in February 1996

I was born in the Royal Jubilee Hospital, Victoria, British Columbia, on June 7, 1917. I am the only child of John Leonard and Violet Clara Butterworth

My Father, known as Jack by his friends, was the youngest of 10 children, and was born in Southport, Lancashire, England. His Father was a deep ship Captain and spent most of his time on the ocean. His Mother owned and operated a ladies manufacturing and retailing Millinery (Hat) establishment at 437 Lord Street in Southport.

To the best of my recollection, I was told that my Grandfather died before I was born, and I do recollect that my Grandmother died when I was about 5 years old.

My Father had training as a farmer prior to his emigrating to Canada at the age of 21. I believe in about 1910. Two of his brothers, William and Arthur, both carpenters, had come to British Columbia some years earlier, but both returned to England prior to 1920. On arriving in Canada my Father found work on various farms in Alberta, one being in Innisfail. After some time there he found his way to Merritt, British Columbia, where my Uncle Arthur was employed. He worked at various occupations, in the area, one being at railway road maintenance at Tullameen

My Mother, Violet Clara Lawson, was born in Tottenham, near London, England, and was one of seven children. Her Mother died prior to her emigrating to British Columbia in 1914. She was trained as a school teacher, and first taught in the small community of Wallasheen, which was a railway divisional point, and eventually in nearby Merritt. I do recollect that her Father died in 1924, but other than the foregoing I have no knowledge of the family, other than of my Mother's youngest sister, Dorothy, who paid a short visit to British Columbia and Oyama, I seem to recollect in the early 1950's. She died a few years after her visit.

My Father and Mother met in Merritt, and were married there on September, 3, 1916. They moved to Victoria and lived in a home on Harbinger Avenue. My father worked in a munitions factory in Esquimalt until the end of the war in 1918. Shortly after this we moved to Oyama, where my Mother's friends, Jessie, Florence and Harry Hicks (sisters and brother) from England, had purchased a fruit orchard and home.

For the first few years we lived in a home which was located on now called Greenhow Road, at that time owned by the Sadlers, later purchased by Greenhows. The property and home was next purchased by Jack Craig, who was Manager of the Vernon Fruit Union Packinghouse. It was burned to the ground some years later and a new home was built by the Craigs and subsequently sold to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Towgood, and in recent years acquired by Mr. and Mrs. Jack Howey, who currently reside there.

On coming to Oyama, and for about 5 years my Father found work with A.S. Towgood, who had a large orchard and packing house. Part of this property and some adjacent orchard is now owned and operated by his Grandson, John. My Father also worked for a neighboring orchardist, Robert Allison, until about 1923.

During these years, fruit was moved from Oyama by small steamboat from various warfs located on Wood Lake, and also from a packing house located on the canal bank between Wood and Long (Kalamalka) Lake, named Stirling and Pitcairn. An elevated bridge spanned over the canal, allowing the steam boat, named Maude Allen, to pass underneath, and thence up to Vernon where the fruit

was transferred to rail and thus transported to various markets. Lumber from some small sawmills in the Winfield-Oyama area was also shipped in the same manner.

One of my first recollections when I was 3 years old was a day when I was riding with my Father, who was driving a team of horses with wagon, delivering fruit from the Allison orchard to the Stirling and Pitcairn packing house. I was standing close to the horses while the wagon was being unloaded, and one of the horses lifted its front leg to brush flies away from its belly, and struck me in the forehead, not severely injuring me, but leaving a scar which is still faintly visible.

In 1921 my parents tentatively purchased some property on what is now Trask Road, supposedly owned by F.W. Miller, who also lived in a home higher up on the same property. They built a 2 storey home on the east side of the road which was directly above the summer home presently owned by Mr. and Mrs. Mathews of Vancouver. Apparently there were some legal complications which prevented the sub-division of the property and obtaining a clear title for the land on which the house had been built. Not wanting to lose the home, my parents were able to buy a 5 acre section of property north on Trask Road with the southern boundary approximately 500 yards from where the Miller property was. This property was purchased from Frank Rayburn who owned and lived on the 40 acres and peninsula now owned and operated by Camp Hatikvah. It was also bounded on the east by what is now the extension of Greenhow Road, and on the west by Trask Road, and was almost completely covered with standing fir trees.

In 1923 my parents decided to move their home from its original location to a foundation that had been prepared on the 5 acre property. In those days this was no small task as there was no such thing as modern mechanical equipment. I was six years old at the time and can remember the long procedures that were followed to make this move. It was done by jacking the house up and placing skids and rollers underneath. The terrain was not level and the skids had to be built up to keep the house from slipping. For each approximately 100 foot move a deadman was sunk in the ground and a wooden spool called a captain was attached to the deadman with a cable then attached to the house. A long pole was then secured to the captain and I recollect about 4 to 5 men pushed the pole in a circular direction, winding the cable on the captain and pulling the house on the skids and rollers, which, in turn had to be relocated at intervals during each move. When the house reached the end of the cable, a new deadman had to be dug in, and the whole procedure repeated. It took about 2 weeks to complete the move and relocate the house on the basement foundation. Though many alterations and additions have been made to the house over the years, the original structure is still in place on the original foundation, and is now owned and occupied by the fourth owners, Mr. and Mrs. Dave Theriau. I grew up and lived in this home until I left and was married in 1937.

Also in 1923, the Oyama Irrigation District, which was obtaining gravity water from Oyama Lake in conjunction with the Wood Lake Water Company to provide irrigation to the expanding orchard acreage on the west side of Oyama, began construction of a large wood stove pipe line. My Father got a job on this project which took close to 2 years for completion, and at the beginning of the subsequent operation of the system, applied for the seasonal job of water bailiff, an occupation that he kept until, I believe 1956.

My younger years of growing up were uneventful, possibly due to the small community population of Oyama, and few children of my age group. I had inherited some musical background from both my Mother and Father, who both sang, as well as my Mother, who played the piano. At around age 9 I was developing a boy soprano voice, and was given singing lessons for several years, competing in some of the annual musical festivals held in Kelowna, but never winning any honors.

My first medical problem, also at age 9, was an almost serious case of a ruptured appendicitis. However, I was very fortunate in being quickly rushed to the Vernon Hospital and had them removed. In comparison to a similar attack which may occur to-day, and which would keep one hospitalized for 2 or 3 days, I spent 3 weeks in hospital making the recovery.

Page 2

was transferred to rail and thus transported to various markets. Lumber from some small sawmills in the Winfield-Oyama area was also shipped in the same manner.

One of my first recollections when I was 3 years old was a day when I was riding with my Father, who was driving a team of horses with wagon, delivering fruit from the Allison orchard to the Stirling and Pitcairn packing house. I was standing close to the horses while the wagon was being unloaded, and one of the horses lifted its front leg to brush flies away from its belly, and struck me in the forehead, not severely injuring me but leaving a scar which is still faintly visible.

In 1921 my parents tentatively purchased some property on what is now Trask Road, supposedly owned by F.W. Miller, who also lived in a home higher up on the same property. They built a 2 story home on the east side of the road which was directly above the summer home presently owned by Mr. and Mrs. Mathews of Vancouver. Apparently there were some legal complications which prevented the sub-division of the property and obtaining a clear title for the land on which the house had been built. Not wanting to lose the home, my parents were able to buy a 5 acre section of property north on Trask Road with the southern boundary approximately 500 yards from where the Miller property was. This property was purchased from Frank Rayburn who owned and lived on the 40 acres and peninsula now owned and operated by Camp Hatikvah. It was also bounded on the east by what is now the extension of Greenhow Road, and on the west by Trask Road, and was almost completely covered with standing fir trees.

In 1923 my parents decided to move their home from its original location to a foundation that had been prepared on the 5 acre property. In those days this was no small task as there was no such thing as modern mechanical equipment. I was six years old at the time and can remember the long procedures that were followed to make this move. It was done by jacking the house up and placing skids and rollers underneath. The terrain was not level and the skids had to be built up to keep the house from slipping. For each approximately 100 foot move a deadman was sunk in the ground and a wooden pool called a captain was attached to the deadman with a cable then attached to the house. A long pole was then secured to the captain and I recollect about 4 to 5 men pushed the pole in a circular direction, winding the cable on the captain and pulling the house on the skids and rollers, which, in turn had to be relocated at intervals during each move. When the house reached the end of the cable, a new deadman had to be dug in, and the whole procedure repeated. It took about 2 weeks to complete the move and relocate the house on the basement foundation. Though many alterations and additions have been made to the house over the years, the original structure is still in place on the original foundation, and is now owned and occupied by the fourth owners, Mr. and Mrs. Dave Theriau. I grew up and lived in this home until I left and was married in 1937.

Also in 1923, the Oyama Irrigation District, which was obtaining gravity water from Oyama Lake in conjunction with the Wood Lake Water Company to provide irrigation to the expanding orchard acreage on the west side of Oyama, began construction of a large wood stove pipe line. My Father got a job on this project which took close to 2 years for completion, and at the beginning of the subsequent operation of the system, applied for the seasonal job of water bailiff, an occupation that he kept until, I believe 1956.

My younger years of growing up were uneventful, possibly due to the small community population of Oyama, and few children of my age group. I had inherited some musical background from both my Mother and Father, who both sang, as well as my Mother, who played the piano. At around age 9 I was developing a boy soprano voice, and was given singing lessons for several years, competing in some of the annual musical festivals held in Kelowna, but never winning any honors.

My first medical problem, also at age 9, was an almost serious case of a ruptured appendicitis. However, I was very fortunate in being quickly rushed to the Vernon Hospital and had them removed. In comparison to a similar attack which may occur to-day, and which would keep one hospitalized for 2 or 3 days, I spent 3 weeks in hospital making the recovery.

Page 2

Much of the summers in my early life was spent at the lake and I well remember my Mother teaching me to swim at 5 years old. I had no fear of the water and recollect at about age 11, finding a heavy plank, sawing one end to a point, and using it to paddle all over the deeper water in the bay. My parents became so concerned that I would fall off and drown that they bought me a new 12 foot cedar clinker built boat which became my pride and joy throughout my teen years.

In 1925, Rainsford Ranch, consisting of about 60 acres of orchard and 2000 of range land, owned by George Goulding, was purchased by Madame Lea Godfrey Isaacs, specifically for an occupation for her youngest son, Dennys, his wife and daughter, and her eldest son Marcel, his wife and son, Dickie. In 1926 they enlarged the log trophy building on the lakeshore into the present log building where, Dennys and family and his Mother took up residence. Marcel and family moved into the original Goulding home, which is now the home that our youngest son, Don and his family live in. None of these people had any fruit growing experience, and my Father, who had become knowledgeable in pruning fruit trees, obtained the contract winter job of pruning the entire orchard, which he did for many consecutive years. Through his association with the Isaacs, I was invited on many occasions to their home as company for Dickie, who was my age. Dickie did not attend the public school at Oyama, but was sent to a private boarding school in the Coldstream, operated by the Rev. Mackie. Unfortunately Dickie contracted meningitis at about age 12 and passed away. Little did I know in those years that my future would be involved with these people and property.

As Rainsford Ranch was the largest orchard in the District and had a sizable cherry block, I, as well as a number of other local people got jobs picking cherries in the early part of July. I remember, as I was fairly small and light, being the one who climbed up in the tops of the 40 foot trees to pick where ladders could not reach. One cent a pound was the going rate for picking and a total of \$40 to \$50 would be the maximum that could be earned over the ten day season. The summer that I was 17, I got a job after cherries, at 20¢ per hour, weeding a commercial tulip bulb acreage located directly above the Log building and railway track. This was a project that Dennys Godfrey Isaacs had started, hoping that it would be a profitable venture, but as I remember, only lasted about 2 years.

When I entered Grade 5 in school, my teacher for both Grades 5 and 6 was Dick Pritchard from Grindrod, who was the uncle of our eldest son's wife, Lynne. Through a summer Cub camp at Mara Lake, I also got to know Lynne's Father, Arthur, and also her Aunt, Belinda. When in high school, on occasion, I corresponded with Belinda, possibly thinking that I might acquire a girl friend, but what seemed like hundreds of miles between Oyama and Grindrod, resulted in a very short lived friendship. Of course, I could never have possibly dreamed that I would, in some way, be related to the Pritchard family in the future.

On entering Grade 7, my teacher was Martha McKay from Enderby, who, during the school year, decided that Ted Young, Bob Pothecary and myself should take both Grades 7 and 8 in one year. This entailed writing the Provincial High School entrance examinations and surprisingly we all made sufficiently high enough marks to pass, and consequently found ourselves in high school the following year. Our class consisted of Bill Goulding, Mary Gallagher, Inez Patterson, who had passed from Grade 8, and the 3 of us. As I remember, throughout the four years of high school, there were no additions to our class. Our teacher for the total time was Mr. Fleming, who had suffered with Polio earlier in his life, and was crippled.

The summer I was 14, I remember that I used to accompany my Father on his rounds as Water Bailiff, as he would allow me to drive the car on occasion. My desire was to be able to obtain my driver's licence when I reached 15 years old, which was, at that time, the age that a driver's licence was allowed. I believe that on or shortly after my 15th birthday I did accomplish this. I used to look forward to our weekly trip to Vernon each Saturday night when my parents did their weekly shopping, and I was, on occasion, allowed to drive the car home.

Page 3

Much of the summers in my early life was spent at the lake and I well remember my Mother teaching me to swim at 5 years old. I had no fear of the water and recalled at about age 11, finding a heavy plank, sawing one end to a point, and using it to paddle all over the deeper water in the bay. My parents became so concerned that I would fall off and drown that they bought me a new 12 foot cedar clinker built boat which became my pride and joy throughout my teen years.

In 1925, Rainsford Ranch, consisting of about 60 acres of orchard and 2000 of range land, owned by George Goulding, was purchased by Madame Lea Godfrey Isaacs, specifically for an occupation for her youngest son, Dennys, his wife and daughter, and her eldest son Marcel, his wife and son, Dickie. In 1926 they enlarged the log trophy building on the lakeshore into the present log building where, Dennys and family and his Mother took up residence. Marcel and family moved into the original Goulding home, which is now the home that our youngest son, Don and his family live in. None of these people had any fruit growing experience, and my Father, who had become knowledgeable in pruning fruit trees, obtained the contract winter job of pruning the entire orchard, which he did for many consecutive years. Through his association with the Isaacs, I was invited on many occasions to their home as company for Dickie, who was my age. Dickie did not attend the public school at Oyama, but was sent to a private boarding school in the Coldstream, operated by the Rev. Mackie. Unfortunately Dickie contracted meningitis at about age 12 and passed away. Little did I know in those years that my future would be involved with these people and property.

As Rainsford Ranch was the largest orchard in the District and had a sizable cherry block, I, as well as a number of other local people got jobs picking cherries in the early part of July. I remember, as I was fairly small and light, being the one who climbed up in the tops of the 40 foot trees to pick where ladders could not reach. One cent a pound was the going rate for picking and a total of \$40 to \$50 would be the maximum that could be earned over the ten day season. The summer that I was 17, I got a job after cherries, at 20¢ per hour, weeding a commercial tulip bulb [acreage] located directly above the Log building and railway track. This was a project that Dennys Godfrey Isaacs had started, hoping that it would be a profitable venture, but as I remember, only lasted about 2 years.

When I entered Grade 5 in school, my teacher for both Grades 5 and 6 was Dick Pritchard from Grindrod, who was the uncle of our eldest sons wife, Lynne. Through a summer Cub camp at Mara Lake, I also got to know Lynne's Father, Arthur, and also her Aunt, Belinda. When in high school, on occasion, I corresponded with Belinda, possibly thinking that I might acquire a girl friend, but what seemed like hundreds of miles between Oyama and Grindrod, resulted in a very short lived friendship. Of course, I could never have possibly dreamed that I would, in some way, be related to the Pritchard family in the future.

On entering Grade 7, my teacher was Martha McKay from Enderby, who, during the school year, decided that Ted Young, Bob Pothecary and myself should take both Grades 7 and 8 in one year. This entailed writing the Provincial High School entrance examinations and surprisingly we all made sufficiently high enough marks to pass, and consequently found ourselves in high school the following year. Our class consisted of Bill Goulding, Mary Gallagher, Inez Patterson, who had passed from Grade 8, and the 3 of us. As I remember, throughout the four years of high school, there were no additions to our class. Our teacher for the total time was Mr. Fleming, who had suffered with Polio earlier in his life, and was crippled.

The summer I was 14, I remember that I used to accompany my Father on his rounds as Water Bailiff, as he would allow me to drive the car on occasion. My desire was to be able to obtain my driver's licence when I reached 15 years old, which was, at that time, the age that a driver's licence was allowed. I believe that on or shortly after my 15th birthday I did accomplish this. I used to look forward to our weekly trip to Vernon each Saturday night when my parents did their weekly shopping, and I was, on occasion, allowed to drive the car home.

Page 3

My Mother never learned to drive, and I was delighted to be able to drive her, for whatever reason, when my Father was working or unavailable. However, I was only allowed to use the family car on very special occasions, which quite often involved considerable legging on my part.

In the last couple of years in high school most of the highlights were to be able to attend the periodical local Friday night dances at the Oyama Hall and, if we could find transportation, at the Winfield Hall. Jim Gibb, who taught grade school in Oyama, boarded at my parent's home, and had become acquainted with Gertrude Rea. Jim had bought a 1928 Chev coup and on several occasions had invited me to go with him and Gertrude to various functions. I got to drive the car while Jim was paying attention to Gertrude. On one occasion we went to a Friday night dance in the Winfield Hall, and it was at this dance that I met Marjorie McDonagh, who became my wife.

Love has no bounds, and I shortly found myself attracted to Marjorie, and looked for any occasion to be in her company. Although I had no transportation of my own, not even a bicycle, I somehow found my way to Winfield on Sundays, being invited to stay to supper, staying the evening (sometimes very late), and many times walking the 8 miles home to Oyama in the middle of the night. Rarely ever did a car come along, travelling north, and never was I offered a ride while walking. On occasion, I had enough nerve to borrow a bicycle owned by Bill Cook, who lived with Clifford Deschamps at the local Store and Post Office.

During, and prior to the Christmas season of this year, I got a part time job on Fridays and Saturdays in the Men's Clothing Department of the Hudson's Bay in Vernon and earned a few dollars.

This was my last year in high school, and my greatest desire in life was to be able to obtain a vehicle so that I could be independent and make more frequent trips to see Marjorie in Winfield, as by this time I was really in love.

Work was not plentiful in the area, particularly for inexperienced teenagers. However, I was able to get a job, which I liked very much, working as a checker at the Vernon Fruit Union packinghouse in Oyama at the large wage of 40¢ per hour. This job entailed checking each box of packed apples as they came down a rolling skid, and recording the packer number, grade, etc. and stacking each box in its proper category. This was a 10 hour a day job, and at night I returned to the office and recorded my day's calculations for both the payroll and packer's information.

This enabled me to earn sufficient money to purchase a vehicle, and with help from my Father, who had dealt with Shilliams Garage in Vernon, I acquired a made-over pick up called an American Page, for the large sum of \$110. I remember being so delighted at first, but throughout the Fall, it spent most of the time on the side of the road because of mechanical problems. Finally my Father went to Shilliams, who agreed to take it back, and for another \$40, I acquired a 1928 Ford Model A Pickup, which managed to get there and back without too much of a problem.

Marjorie had learned to pack apples very efficiently when she was younger, and also worked in the Winfield packinghouse during the Fall packing season which was usually from early September to late in November. At the end of this season we had the opportunity of going to Vernon, along with Marjorie's friend, Margaret Cornish and her boy friend, Gordon Griffith. We took on the job of sorting and packing the fruit owned by Eva Woods of Oyama, and stored in the basement of a building opposite Eatons. This building was burned to the ground in late 1994. It took us approximately three weeks to complete this job, and we boarded at a home owned by W.C. Carr and Mrs. Nordin, who were originally from Oyama. Later in December, I again worked at the Hudsons Bay prior to the Christmas season. In the following January, Marjorie and I spent almost three weeks, visiting her grandparents at Grandview Bench, near Grindrod, and also her Aunt and Uncle Grace and Austin Balckburn at Hupel, near the Enderby end of Abetal Lake.

Page 4

My Mother never learned to drive, and I was delighted to be able to drive her, for whatever reason, when my Father was working or unavailable. However, I was only allowed to use the family car on very special occasions, which quite often involved considerable legging on my part.

In the last couple of years in high school most of the highlights were to be able to attend the periodical local Friday night dances at the Oyama Hall and, if we could find transportation, at the Winfield Hall. Jim Gibb, who taught grade school in Oyama, boarded at my parent's home, and had become acquainted with Gertrude Rea. Jim had bought a 1928 Chev coup and on several occasions had invited me to go with him and Gertrude to various functions. I got to drive the car while Jim was paying attention to Gertrude. On one occasion we went to a Friday night dance in the Winfield Hall, and it was at this dance that I met Marjorie McDonagh, who became my wife.

Love has no bounds, and I shortly found myself attracted to Marjorie, and looked for any occasion to be in her company. Although I had no transportation of my own, not even a bicycle, I somehow found my way to Winfield on Sundays, being invited to stay to supper, staying the evening (sometimes very late), and many times walking the 8 miles home to Oyama in the middle of the night. Rarely ever did a car come along, travelling north, and never was I offered a ride while walking. On occasion, I had enough nerve to borrow a bicycle owned by Bill Cook, who lived with Clifford Deschamps at the local Store and Post Office.

During, and prior to the Christmas season of this year, I got a part time job on Fridays and Saturdays in the Men's Clothing Department of the Hudson's Bay in Vernon and earned a few dollars.

This was my last year in high school, and my greatest desire in life was to be able to obtain a vehicle so that I could be independent and make more frequent trips to see Marjorie in Winfield, as by this time I was really in love.

Work was not plentiful in the area, particularly for inexperienced teenagers. However, I was able to get a job, which I liked very much, working as a checker at the Vernon Fruit Union packinghouse in Oyama at the large wage of 40¢ per hour. This job entailed checking each box of packed apples as they came down a rolling skid, and recording the packer number, grade, etc. and stacking each box in its proper category. This was a 10 hour a day job, and at night I returned to the office and recorded my day's calculations for both the payroll and packer's information.

This enabled me to earn sufficient money to purchase a vehicle, and with help from my Father, who had dealt with Shilliams Garage in Vernon, I acquired a made-over pick up called an American Page, for the large sum of \$110. I remember being so delighted at first, but throughout the Fall, it spent most of the time on the side of the road because of mechanical problems. Finally my Father went to Shilliams, who agreed to take it back, and for another \$40, I acquired a 1928 Ford Model A Pickup, which managed to get there and back without too much of a problem.

Marjorie had learned to pack apples very efficiently when she was younger, and also worked in the Winfield packinghouse during the Fall packing season which was usually from early September to late in November. At the end of this season we had the opportunity of going to Vernon, along with Marjorie's friend, Margaret Cornish and her boy friend, Gordon Griffith. We took on the job of sorting and packing the fruit owned by Eva Woods of Oyama, and stored in the basement of a building opposite Eatons. This building was burned to the ground in late 1994. It took us approximately three weeks to complete this job, and we boarded at a home owned by W.C. Carr and Mrs. Nordin, who were originally from Oyama. Later in December, I again worked at the Hudsons Bay prior to the Christmas season. In the following January, Marjorie and I spent almost three weeks, visiting her grandparents at Grandview Bench, near Grindrod, and also her Aunt and Uncle Grace and Austin Balckburn at Hupel, near the Enderby end of Mabel Lake.

Page 4

In the Spring of 1937 I had the opportunity of taking a job in Penticton with the Pentokan Electric, owned by Clarence Hembling. This was a retail store, selling electrical appliances (i.e. washers, refrigerators, radios etc.), as well as commercial wiring and radio repair. I welcomed the possibility of doing something else other than orchard work, for which I had developed a sizeable dislike. The job entailed knocking on doors and finding customers who had intentions of purchasing any of the appliances that the store retailed. For this I was offered a guarantee of \$65 per month plus any commissions over this amount. I boarded at a home on Ellis Street, operated by a widow, a Mrs. Gould and her two daughters.

In the late 30's the economy was extremely depressed, and trying to persuade people to purchase something that they could not afford became quite frustrating. I found myself back at the home on a number of occasions, picking up whatever I had sold them, as they were unable to make the payments.

Being separated from seeing Marjorie by a 60 mile distance became unbearable. I had no transportation at this time, as I had an agreement with my Father that he could use my Ford pickup during the summer months for his water bailiff rounds. Making weekend trips to Winfield was difficult as I could not afford the bus fare. Believing that 2 could live as cheaply as 1, we decided that we should get married, and on August 4, 1937, we were married on the lawn at Marjorie's parents home.

Our first home was an old house on Edna Avenue in Penticton, for which I believe we paid \$8 per month rental. By September I had got the use of my Ford pickup again, and was able to travel outside the city, but customers were still very hard to find, no matter where. That Fall, Marjorie packed apples in the Pyramid. The house on Edna Ave. was a long way from the store in downtown, and we were able to rent a brand new house on Winnipeg Street for \$10 per month, and it was only a short distance from the store. However, after living in this house for a short time, the owners decided to raise the rent, and as we were, at that time expecting our first child sometime in the following August, we found it necessary to find a cheaper home. This, I remember was on Caribou Street, and I think we paid \$8 per month for it.

On one Saturday night, while downtown, Marjorie stepped in a pothole on the street and fell, which caused the premature birth of our eldest son, Douglas, in the Penticton Hospital on June 21. This was a dramatic change in our lives and our finances became a large concern. The Pentokan Electric was not doing well, and General Electric, who supplied the appliances on a consignment basis, took it back from Clarence Hembling. I was unable to collect my \$65 guarantee, and could only get a few dollars periodically. I had tried, on many occasions, to find another job, without success, and by the end of the year it was obvious that we could not continue in Penticton.

It was a low point in my life when we had to move back to Oyama, and my parents allowed us to live in the upper part of their home. In April, I got a job driving the tractor and operating a Sprayer as well as other orchard work on the 30 acre orchard owned by O.W. Hembling, and I remember being paid 25¢ per hour. However, this did enable us to rent a house owned by the Reising family in Winfield, at the south end of Wood Lake. My job on the Hembling place was only seasonal and in the Fall, both Marjorie and I worked in the Wooddale Packing house until about the end of November. I recollect that Marjorie's sister, Eunice, looked after Douglas in the daytime. In December we moved to a house on Marjorie's parents property, known as the Keen house, and during that winter, Marjorie's brother Ross, and I pruned on her Father's orchard.

In the Spring of 1938 I heard that Harry Aldred, of Oyama, who operated a trucking and orchard custom work business needed a second operator, and I was fortunate in obtaining this job. Again we moved to Oyama and rented a house on Oyama road owned by Mrs. Pringle. I was delighted with this job as I enjoyed operating machinery and also quickly learned to drive a truck. During the spraying season I operated the first shift, which meant getting up about 3 A.M. and servicing the

In the Spring of 1937 I had the opportunity of taking a job in Penticton with the Pentokan Electric, owned by Clarence Hembling. This was a retail store, selling electrical appliances (i.e. washers, refrigerators, radios etc.), as well as commercial wiring and radio repair. I welcomed the possibility of doing something else other than orchard work, for which I had developed a sizeable dislike. The job entailed knocking on doors and finding customers who had intentions of purchasing any of the appliances that the store retailed. For this I was offered a guarantee of \$65 per month plus any commissions over this amount. I boarded at a home on Ellis street, operated by a widow, a Mrs. Gould and her two daughters.

In the late 30's the economy was extremely depressed, and trying to persuade people to purchase something that they could not afford became quite frustrating. I found myself back at the home on a number of occasions, picking up whatever I had sold them as they were unable to make the payments.

Being separated from seeing Marjorie by a 60 mile distance became unbearable. I had no transportation at this time, as I had an agreement with my Father that he could use my Ford pickup during the summer months for his water bailiff rounds. Making weekend trips to Winfield was difficult as I could not afford the bus fare. Believing that 2 could live as cheaply as 1, we decided that we should get married, and on August 4, 1937, we were married on the lawn at Marjorie's parents home.

Our first home was an old house on Edna Avenue in Penticton, for which I believe we paid \$8 per month rental. By September I had got the use of my Ford pickup again, and was able to travel outside the city, but customers were still very hard to find, no matter where. That Fall, Marjorie packed apples in the Pyramid. The house on Edna Ave. was a long way from the store in downtown, and we were able to rent a brand new house on Winnipeg Street for \$10 per month, and it was only a short distance from the store. However, after living in this house for a short time, the owners decided to raise the rent, and as we were, at that time expecting our first child sometime in the following August, we found it necessary to find a cheaper home. This, I remember was on Caribou Street, and I think we paid \$8 per month for it.

On one Saturday night, while downtown, Marjorie stepped in a pothole on the street and fell, which caused the premature birth of our eldest son, Douglas, in the Penticton Hospital on June 21. This was a dramatic change in our lives and our finances became a large concern. The Pentokan Electric was not doing well, and General Electric, who supplied the appliances on a consignment basis, took it back from Clarence Hembling. I was unable to collect my \$65 guarantee, and could only get a few dollars periodically. I had tried, on many occasions, to find another job, without success, and by the end of the year it was obvious that we could not continue in Penticton.

It was a low point in my life when we had to move back to Oyama, and my parents allowed us to live in the upper part of their home. In April, I got a job driving the tractor and operating a Sprayer as well as other orchard work on the 30 acre orchard owned by O.W. Hembling, and I remember being paid 25¢ per hour. However, this did enable us to rent a house owned by the Reising family in Winfield, at the south end of Wood Lake. My job on the Hembling place was only seasonal and in the fall, both Marjorie and I worked in the Wooddale Packing house until about the end of November. I recalled that Marjorie's sister, Eunice, looked after Douglas in the daytime. In December we moved to a house on Marjorie's parents property, known as the Keen house, and during that winter, Marjorie's brother Ross, and I pruned on her Father's orchard.

In the Spring of 1938 I heard that Harry Aldred, of Oyama, who operated a trucking and orchard custom work business needed a second operator, and I was fortunate in obtaining this job. Again we moved to Oyama and rented a house on Oyama road owned by Mrs. Pringle. I was delighted with this job as I enjoyed operating machinery and also quickly learned to drive a truck. During the spraying season I operated the first shift, which meant getting up about 3 A.M.. and servicing the

custom spray outfit mobile for the day's operation. Doug Alderson, who had also worked for Harry for several years, did most of the trucking during my first year there, and as there were 2 trucks, I drove the second one when there was more to do, and in the Fall, both trucks operated, custom hauling fruit to the packing houses etc.. There was also a freight run to Vernon three times weekly, and I occasionally took this run. During my second year, Doug Alderson was called up into the Canadian Army, and I took his place as head driver on both tractor and trucks. These were the years of the Second World War, and all men in my age bracket were subject to being called up into the Army in accordance with their physical condition. I was classified as category E due to my slight build and low weight, which in those days was about 110 lbs.

After living in the Pringle house for about a year, we had the opportunity of renting a house adjacent to the Aldred property, owned by W.C. Carr, and again made a move, as this was only a couple of minutes walk to where the trucks and machinery were kept.

When we first moved back to Oyama I became involved with Community activities, and for 3 years was Secretary-Treasurer of the Oyama Community Club, which operated the local Hall. Much of the activity was the organization of fund raising events, such as local dances etc. to provide finances to operate and maintain the Hall.

In the Spring of 1941, while working by myself, loading a set of heavy orchard discs on a trailer, the discs rolled ahead on the trailer and pinned me against the back seat of the Caterpillar tractor. I was fortunate that both Gordon Allingham and Lefty Purdy, who were nearby in a cabin, heard my calls for help, and came to my rescue. I was lucky that no bones were broken, but I was completely unable to walk for several weeks. As there was no compensation, and I had to earn money, I went back to operating the Cat, doing orchard custom work, after about 3 weeks, using a cane to help me walk. I gradually made a full recovery in the ensuing months, although throughout the years my back has always given me trouble.

About April of 1942, my Father, who had again been pruning at Rainsford Ranch, quite often was in communication with Madame Godfrey Isaacs. Madame Isaacs had, in 1938, built a large home on the Point on property she had purchased from the Rev. Despard. Both her sons, Dennys and Marcel had joined the Canadian Army, leaving their Mother to look after the Ranch with only her former butler, Bob White, whom she had previously brought from England. Madame Isaacs asked my Father if I would come and work on the orchard as a manager, and also be available to drive her to town and other places she wished to go. She was constantly financing the operation of the Ranch and other unprofitable activities that both Dennys and Marcel became involved in.

As I liked my job and got along very well with the Aldreds, I was quite hesitant and also reluctant to make a move. I was aware that Madame Isaacs was quite demanding, and understood that her method of operation was to give Bob White his orders on daily basis—something that did not appeal to me as I did not want to be constantly under her thumb. However, I did go and talk to Madame Isaacs, and although I had little experience, I asked for a completely free hand without her interference, to manage and operate the Ranch. She was in agreement with this, and we moved to Rainsford Ranch and into an old cottage in May of 1942. My salary, which stayed the same for many years, was \$80 per month, plus the cottage and a cow (which I did not know how to milk) thrown in.

Everything on the Ranch was severely run down, partly because during the War it was impossible to replace anything such as tractors or other orchard equipment. However, my aim was to make the Ranch pay its own way without being subsidized by Madame Isaacs, which is something that I did accomplish throughout the 13 years that I managed the Ranch. In order to do this I found myself working seven days a week, doing all the tractor work and many other things that had previously been paid for. My only annoyance was when Madame Isaacs wished to be driven to town or other places, and I had to cease what I was doing, no matter what, get cleaned up, and never know how

Page 6

custom spray outfit mobile for the day's operation. Doug Alderson, who had also worked for Harry for several years, did most of the trucking during my first year there, and as there were 2 trucks, I drove the second one when there was more to do, and in the Fall, both trucks operated, custom hauling fruit to the packing houses etc.. There was also a freight run to Vernon three times weekly, and I occasionally took this run. During my second year, Doug Alderson was called up into the Canadian Army, and I took his place as head driver on both tractor and trucks. These were the years of the Second World War, and all men in my age bracket were subject to being called up into the Army in accordance with their physical condition. I was classified as category E due to my slight build and low weight, which in those days was about 110 lbs.

After living in the Pringle house for about a year, we had the opportunity of renting a house adjacent to the Aldred property, owned by W.C. Carr, and again made a move, as this was only a couple of minutes walk to where the trucks and machinery were kept.

When we first moved back to Oyama I became involved with Community activities, and for 3 years was Secretary-Treasurer of the Oyama Community Club, which operated the local Hall. Much of the activity was the organization of fund raising events, such as local dances etc. to provide finances to operate and maintain the Hall.

In the Spring of 1941, while working by myself, loading a set of heavy orchard discs on a trailer, the discs rolled ahead on the trailer and pinned me against the back seat of the Caterpillar tractor. I was fortunate that both Gordon Allingham and Lefty Purdy, who were nearby in a cabin, heard my calls for help, and came to my rescue. I was lucky that no bones were broken, but I was completely unable to walk for several weeks. As there was no compensation, and I had to earn money, I went back to operating the Cat, doing orchard custom work, after about 3 weeks, using a cane to help me walk. I gradually made a full recovery in the ensuing months, although throughout the years my back has always given me trouble.

About April of 1942, my Father, who had again been pruning at Rainsford Ranch, quite often was in communication with Madame Godfrey Isaacs. Madame Isaacs had, in 1938, built a large home on the Point on property she had purchased from the Rev. Despard. Both her sons, Dennys and Marcel had joined the Canadian Army, leaving their Mother to look after the Ranch with only her former butler, Bob White, whom she had previously brought from England. Madame Isaacs asked my Father if I would come and work on the orchard as a manager, and also be available to drive her to town and other places she wished to go. She was constantly financing the operation of the Ranch and other unprofitable activities that both Dennys and Marcel became involved in.

As I liked my job and got along very well with the Aldreds, I was quite hesitant and also reluctant to make a move. I was aware that Madame Isaacs was quite demanding, and understood that her method of operation was to give Bob White his orders on daily basis—something that did not appeal to me as I did not want to be constantly under her thumb. However, I did go and talk to Madame Isaacs, and although I had little experience, I asked for a completely free hand without her interference, to manage and operate the Ranch. She was in agreement with this, and we moved to Rainsford Ranch and into an old cottage in May of 1942. My salary, which stayed the same for many years, was \$80 per month, plus the cottage and a cow (which I did not know how to milk) thrown in.

Everything on the Ranch was severely run down, partly because during the War it was impossible to replace anything such as tractors or other orchard equipment. However, my aim was to make the Ranch pay its own way without being subsidized by Madame Isaacs, which is something that I did accomplish throughout the 13 years that I managed the Ranch. In order to do this I found myself working seven days a week, doing all the tractor work and many other things that had previously been paid for. My only annoyance was when Madame Isaacs wished to be driven to town or other places, and I had to cease what I was doing, no matter what, get cleaned up, and never know how

Page 6

long I would be away. However, I did enjoy driving her car, which I believe was possibly the best car in the Community- a 1940 Buick Super V8 Sedan.

The cottage that we lived in was very old and there was little that could be done to make it comfortable. I recollect that it was so cold the first winter we were on the Ranch, we were forced to move to my parents home for about three weeks until the weather warmed up.

On September 29, 1943, our youngest son, Don, was born in the Vernon Jubilee Hospital. The following winter was still quite cold and our existence in the cottage was quite difficult. Madame Isaacs spent her winters in Vancouver at the Ritz Apartment Hotel. I used to drive her to Vancouver, through the Fraser Canyon, in November of each year, and again drive her back in April the following year. On her return in early 1944, we discussed the cottage problem with her, and without any conditions she simply said "Build yourself a house".

We drew up a plan with 3 bedrooms and hired a local carpenter, Bill Dungate, to build the house, using labor that we had for the orchard, when available, and myself. There was no such thing as a bulldozer or backhoe anywhere in the area, and in order to dig the basement I used the old orchard Cat 22 tractor, pulling a slip scraper with George Belsey and Dunbar Heddle alternately handling the scraper. The ground was so hard that we finally gave up after digging about 2/3 of the full size of the house, and we built the basement foundation to fit the excavation. We were able to move into the home before winter and gradually finished it over the period of years. Although the house had some fire damage some years ago, it was repaired and somewhat remodeled, and is still in use as a duplex.

About 1946, Vernon Ellison asked me if I would again take the job as Secretary-Treasurer of the Oyama Community Club, as during the previous few years things had somewhat depreciated. Vernon was the President, and as this was shortly after the War ended there was a suggestion in the Community to construct a Memorial for those who had lost their lives during the War. There was also a desire by some of the Veterans to form a branch of the Canadian Legion in Oyama. It was decided to build an addition to the existing Hall to be known as the Memorial Hall, with the lower storey to be used by the branch of the Canadian Legion. As Secretary-Treasurer of the Community Club, I became actively engaged in this project, and put in many hours of voluntary labor in the organization of the building. Charlie Potthecary was hired as head carpenter, and most of the labor was donated by members of the Community.

During the 6 years I spent on the Executive of the Community Club, we organized the Oyama Fire Protection and Emergency Society and raised enough money to purchase an old truck with a 700 gallon water tank, that Rutland was replacing. I had the dubious honor of travelling to Rutland and driving the truck to its new home in Oyama, where it was stored in the Oyama Garage owned by Bruce Edridge.

Page 7

long I would be away. However, I did enjoy driving her car, which I believe was possibly the best car in the Community- a 1940 Buick Super V8 Sedan.

The cottage that we lived in was very old and there was little that could be done to make it comfortable. I recalled that it was so cold the first winter we were on the Ranch, we were forced to move to my parents home for about three weeks until the weather warmed up.

On September 29, 1943, our youngest son, Don, was born in the Vernon Jubilee Hospital. The following winter was still quite cold and our existence in the cottage was quite difficult. Madame Isaacs spent her winters in Vancouver at the Ritz Apartment Hotel. I used to drive her to Vancouver, through the Fraser Canyon, in November of each year, and again drive her back in April the following year. On her return in early 1944, we discussed the cottage problem with her, and without any conditions she simply said "Build yourself a house".

We drew a plan with 3 bedrooms and hired a local carpenter, Bill Dungate, to build the house, using labor that we had for the orchard, when available, and myself. There was no such thing as a bulldozer or backhoe anywhere in the area, and in order to dig the basement I used the old orchard Cat 22 tractor, pulling a slip scraper with George Belsey and Dunbar Heddle alternately handling the scraper. The ground was so hard that we finally gave up after digging about 2/3 of the full size of the house, and we built the basement foundation to fit the excavation. We were able to move into the home before winter and gradually finished it over the period of years. Although the house had some fire damage some years ago, it was repaired and somewhat remodeled, and is still in use as a duplex.

About 1946, Vernon Ellison asked me if I would again take the job as Secretary-Treasurer of the Oyama Community Club, as during the previous few years things had somewhat depreciated. Vernon was the President, and as this was shortly after the War ended there was a suggestion in the Community to construct a Memorial for those who had lost their lives during the War. There was also a desire by some of the Veterans to form a branch of the Canadian Legion in Oyama. It was decided to build an addition to the existing Hall to be known as the Memorial Hall, with the lower storey to be used by the branch of the Canadian Legion. As Secretary-Treasurer of the Community Club, I became actively engaged in this project, and put in many hours of voluntary labor in the organization of the building. Charlie Potthecary was hired as head carpenter, and most of the labor was donated by members of the Community.

During the 6 years I spent on the Executive of the Community Club, we organized the Oyama Fire Protection and Emergency Society and raised enough money to purchase an old truck with a 700 gallon water tank, that Rutland was replacing. I had the dubious honor of travelling to Rutland and driving the truck to its new home in Oyama, where it was stored in the Oyama Garage owned by Bruce Edridge.

Page 7

In the next couple of years we were able to form the Oyama Fire Protection District, and I was the Charter Chairman of the District, which position I held for 3 years with Harry Byatt as Secretary-Treasurer. During this period we ordered and took delivery of a "Hub" International Fire truck built in Abbotsford.

Also, while on the Community Club Executive, we sponsored the construction of an outdoor skating rink in a secluded area, protected from wind and daytime sunshine. This was on the Ellison property just above the location that Clayton Schmidt built his home. Vernon Ellison, Jack Stephen, Al Smith and myself were a Committee of four who took on this project. I used the Ranch tractor and a 1 yard scraper to do much of the leveling and excavating of the area, and we developed an ice rink with a width of 40 feet and length of 180 feet. Along the north side of the rink we built a 60 foot long Clubhouse with a lounge with stone fireplace, canteen concession, changing room and a music and broadcasting room in the loft of the building. For some reason, Jack Stephen and myself took on the operation of the rink and with some hard to get volunteer help, looked after snow removal and flooding after each night of operation. This was a very successful operation and we operated on Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday nights, even hiring a bus to bring people from Vernon for public skating. However, after about 4 years and the difficulty of getting voluntary help, we turned it over to some local people, and it gradually went into disrepair. Some years ago the building burnt down, but I believe the fireplace is still standing.

In 1948 Madame Isaacs sold her home on the Point to Mr. Paul Von Weymarn, and purchased a large home on the corner of Granville Street and Angus Drive in Vancouver. The intent was for all the family, Madame, Denny and Marcel and wives to live together in the house, which lasted less than 3 years. I made a couple of trips to Vancouver with the Ranch truck with some furnishings and personal items they wished to have there. This move left me on my own to run the Ranch, and for the first time since I came onto the property I got an increase in my salary to \$200 a month.

It was becoming more difficult to make any money growing fruit, and having orchard equipment on the Ranch, and with my experience gained when working for Harry Aldred, I started to do some custom work for some orchardists who had no equipment of their own. This prompted me to buy a commercial H trucking licence and old truck from Charlie Zimmer, who was leaving the district. Shortly after this I was also able to buy 2 other H licences from George Arnold, who had previously bought them from Harry Aldred, along with another truck. With this equipment and the addition of 2 more tractors, I had almost a full time business. I had also discovered that the gravel in the area above the barn was suitable for concrete. There was no such thing as Redi-mix concrete in the area, not even in Vernon or Kelowna. The truck I had bought from George Arnold was equipped with a hydraulic hoist, and I also put a light farm loader of the Caterpillar tractor. There was a considerable demand for gravel locally, and over about 10 years I provided many thousands of yards of gravel from the pit. For the first few years the delivered price was \$1.00 per yard.

Considerable amount of revenue earned on the Ranch came from the sale of cherries and peaches to people who regularly came from the northern Okanagan each year for fruit to preserve for winter consumption. We sold fruit out of the big barn that was above our house. About 1950 the floating bridge over Okanagan Lake at Kelowna was completed and the summer tourist traffic began to increase dramatically. In 1951 this prompted us to experiment with a roadside fruit stand which I built on skids and located directly below our house with double access from the highway. I believe that this was the first roadside fruit stand north of Kelowna. At first we only sold fruit that we grew on the Ranch, but it rapidly became so successful that we bought other fruit locally to supplement our supply, eventually handling volumes of peaches from as far as Westbank. Marjorie and I looked after the fruit stand seven days a week during the season. Marjorie did most of the sorting and displaying, giving the customers the best quality we could, resulting in a steady clientel

Page 8

In the next couple of years we were able to form the Oyama Fire Protection District, and I was the Charter Chairman of the District, which position I held for 3 years with Harry Byatt as Secretary-Treasurer. During this period we ordered and took delivery of a "Hub" International Fire truck built in Abbotsford.

Also, while on the Community Club Executive, we sponsored the construction of an outdoor skating rink in a secluded area, protected from wind and daytime sunshine. This was on the Ellison property just above the location that Clayton Schmidt built his home. Vernon Ellison, Jack Stephen, Al Smith and myself were a Committee of four who took on this project. I used the Ranch tractor and a 1 yard scraper to do most of the leveling and excavating of the area, and we developed an ice rink with a width of 40 feet and length of 180 feet. Along the north side of the rink we built a 60 foot long Clubhouse with a lounge with stone fireplace, canteen concession, changing room and a music and broadcasting room in the loft of the building. For some reason, Jack Stephen and myself took on the operation of the rink and with some hard to get volunteer help, looked after snow removal and flooding after each night of operation. This was a very successful operation and we operated on Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday nights, even hiring a bus to bring people from Vernon for public skating. However, after about 4 years and the difficulty of getting voluntary help, we turned it over to some local people, and it gradually went into disrepair. Some years ago the building burnt down, but I believe the fireplace is still standing.

In 1948 Madame Isaacs sold her home on the Point to Mr. Paul Von Weymarn, and purchased a large home on the corner of Granville Street and Angus Drive in Vancouver. The intent was for all the family, Madame, Denny and Marcel and wives to live together in the house, which lasted less than 3 years. I made a couple of trips to Vancouver with the Ranch truck with some furnishings and personal items they wished to have there. This move left me on my own to man the Ranch, and for the first time since I came onto the property I got an increase in my salary to \$200 a month.

It was becoming more difficult to make any money growing fruit, and having orchard equipment on the Ranch, and with my experience gained when working for Harry Aldred, I started to do some custom work for some orchardists who had no equipment of their own. This prompted me to buy a commercial H trucking licence and old truck from Charlie Zimmer, who was leaving the district. Shortly after this I was also able to buy 2 other H licences from George Arnold, who had previously bought them from Harry Aldred, along with another truck. With this equipment and the addition of 2 more tractors, I had almost a full time business. I had also discovered that the gravel in the area above the barn was suitable for concrete. There was no such thing as Redi-mix concrete in the area, not even in Vernon or Kelowna. The truck I had bought from George Arnold was equipped with a hydraulic hoist, and I also put a light farm loader of the Caterpillar tractor. There was a considerable demand for gravel locally, and over about 10 years I provided many thousands of yards of gravel from the pit. For the first few years the delivered price was \$1.00 per yard.

Considerable amount of revenue earned on the Ranch came from the sale of cherries and peaches to people who regularly came from the northern Okanagan each year for fruit to preserve for winter consumption. We sold fruit out of the big barn that was above our house. About 1950 the floating bridge over Okanagan Lake at Kelowna was completed and the summer tourist traffic began to increase dramatically. In 1951 this prompted us to experiment with a roadside fruit stand which I built on skids and located directly below our house with double access from the highway. I believe that this was the first roadside fruit stand north of Kelowna. At first we only sold fruit that we grew on the Ranch, but it rapidly became so successful that we bought other fruit locally to supplement our supply, eventually handling volumes of peaches from as far as Westbank. Marjorie and I looked after the fruit stand seven days a week during the season. Marjorie did most of the sorting and displaying, giving the customers the best quality we could, resulting in a steady clientel

Page 8

As the move to Vancouver did not turn out to be successful, Madame Isaacs sold the house and moved to Villa de Larma, in the south of France. Marcel and his wife moved to Kent, England, and I lost track of Dennys after they moved from the house on Angus Drive. Marcel had assumed the responsibility from his Mother of communicating with me in regard to the Ranch, and we had correspondence with each other possibly two or three times a year.

The addition of equipment and trucks necessitated in having more labor, as I could only do so much myself. Jimmy Janz, who had been working for us for several years, purchased an orchard and found it necessary to spend full time operating it, so gave up his job with us. In 1954 we hired a couple who had recently come from Holland, Pete and Tiny Vander Gulik. Pete had some orchard experience, but little with machinery. However, I taught him to operate the equipment and use to drive truck, and for 8 years he was a valued employee with us.

In 1955, we had a letter from Marcel, informing us that they no longer had any interest in living in Canada, and had decided to sell the Ranch. He suggested that we might like to buy all or a portion of it. By this time the acreage had been reduced to 119 with still about 60 acres in orchard. The original range land west of the orchard had been sold a few years previously.

This came as quite a shock to us, as I was quite satisfied that things were going along well, and the thought of taking on such a tremendous obligation was frightening. The alternative was to see the Ranch sold and allow someone else reap the benefits of our efforts over the 13 years. That thought was quite depressing and the idea of just purchasing part of the property did not appeal to me. Somehow over the years we had managed to save \$50000 in Canada Savings Bonds, and my parents, although not well off, offered to give us another \$50000. Even with this amount of money, I had doubts if the Isaacs would consider \$100,0000 sufficient for an initial payment. However, we made the offer to them, with the balance as a mortgage at 5% interest, and payments based on 20% of the net profit of the orchard annually. We were amazed when we received a letter from Marcel accepting our offer and conditions. Sometime later we received a letter from Madame Isaacs voicing her appreciation of our services over the years, and indicating that in lieu of this she was happy that we would take over the Ranch on our terms. I believe this was the last communication that I had from her, as she passed away about 2 years later in her late 80's.

When the legal part of the purchase was complete, we found ourselves owning 4 tractors, 3 trucks, an orchard sprayer, and allied equipment, as well as a workshop I had built in the lower part of the barn and all tools to maintain the equipment. The buildings included, as well as the house that we had built, the 3 storey barn, 1 cabin, the original Ranch house down by the lake, where Don now lives, and the 80 foot long log building below the railway tracks.

The Ranch house was not in good repair, but was suitable to house orchard help during the summer and fall. The log building was also not suitable for year round occupancy without spending a considerable amount of money, which we did not have.

Al and Myrtle Smith, who were good friends of ours, and who had built a successful Summer Resort, Blue Water Lodge, some years earlier, suggested that we fix up the log building and they would refer their overflow to us for summer vacations. Little did we realize what an undertaking this would be. However, Marjorie and I started in on it early in 1956, working nights and any other times that we were not involved with our other activities. By July we had managed to remodel the building into 2 units including kitchens and bathrooms, somehow scraping up enough furnishings and other equipment to make the units comfortable. We named it Rainsford Lodge. During the first summer we possibly accommodated about half a dozen different families. As the northern part of the building proved to be too large, the following Spring we made a 3rd unit in the center of the building, which also included construction of another bathroom.

Page 9

As the move to Vancouver did not turn out to be successful, Madame Isaacs sold the house and moved to Villa de Larma, in the south of France. Marcel and his wife moved to Kent, England, and I lost track of Dennys after they moved from the house on Angus Drive. Marcel had assumed the responsibility from his Mother of communicating with me in regard to the Ranch, and we had correspondence with each other possibly two or three times a year.

The addition of equipment and trucks necessitated in having more labor, as I could only do so much myself. Jimmy Janz, who had been working for us for several years, purchased an orchard and found it necessary to spend full time operating it, so gave up his job with us. In 1954 we hired a couple who had recently come from Holland, Pete and Tiny Vander Gulik. Pete had some orchard experience, but little with machinery. However, I taught him to operate the equipment and also to drive truck, and for 8 years he was a valued employee with us.

In 1955, we had a letter from Marcel, informing us that they no longer had any interest in living in Canada, and had decided to sell the Ranch. He suggested that we might like to buy all or a portion of it. By this time the acreage had been reduced to 119 with still about 60 acres in orchard. The original range land west of the orchard had been sold a few years previously.

This came as quite a shock to us, as I was quite satisfied that things were going along well, and the thought of taking on such a tremendous obligation was frightening. The alternative was to see the Ranch sold and allow someone else reap the benefits of our efforts over the 13 years. That thought was quite depressing and the idea of just purchasing part of the property did not appeal to me. Somehow over the years we had managed to save \$50000 in Canada Savings Bonds, and my parents, although not well off, offered to give us another \$50000. Even with this amount of money, I had doubts if the Isaacs would consider \$10,0000 sufficient for an initial payment. However, we made the offer to them, with the balance a mortgage at 5% interest, and payments based on 20% of the net profit of the orchard annually. We were amazed when we received a letter from Marcel accepting our offer and conditions. Sometime later we received a letter from Madame Isaacs voicing her appreciation of our services over the years, and indicating that in lieu of this she was happy that we would take over the Ranch on our terms. I believe this was the last communication that I had from her, as she passed away about 2 years later in her late 80's.

When the legal part of the purchase was complete, we found ourselves owning 4 tractors, 3 trucks, an orchard sprayer, and allied equipment, as well as a workshop I had built in the lower part of the barn and all tools to maintain the equipment. The buildings included, as well as the house that we had built, the 3 storey barn, 3 cabins, the original Ranch house down by the lake, where Don now lives, and the 80 foot long log building below the railway tracks.

The Ranch house was not in good repair, but was suitable to house orchard help during the summer and fall. The log building was also not suitable for year round occupancy without spending a considerable amount of money, which we did not have.

Al and Myrtle Smith, who were good friends of ours, and who had built a successful Summer Resort, Blue Water Lodge, some years earlier, suggested that we fix up the log building and they would refer their overflow to us for summer vacations. Little did we realize what an undertaking this would be. However, Marjorie and I started in on it early in 1956, working nights and any other times that we were not involved with our other activities. By July we had managed to remodel the building into 2 units including kitchens and bathrooms, somehow scraping up enough furnishings and other equipment to make the units comfortable. We named it Rainsford Lodge. During the first summer we possibly accommodated about half a dozen different families. As the northern part of the building proved to be too large, the following Spring we made a 3rd unit in the center of the building, which also included construction of another bathroom.

Page 9

By the end of the 1958 summer season, we found that many people had come to like the Lodge, and were looking accommodation for the following year. The area south of the log building was solid bush, so I used the bulldozer and cleared it all out and late in the Fall put in a foundation for a duplex that we had designed with the object of having it useable for the following summer.

However, things almost came to an end for us in the winter of 1958/59. On Boxing Day, 1958, I was taking the bulldozer blade off the Cat tractor, and pinched a finger on my left hand. Doug, who was home from UBC for Christmas, took me into the hospital, where the doctor on duty there removed the finger nail and sent me home without giving me a tetanus injection. Within a week I became almost incapacitated, and could barely open my jaws, finally going to my regular doctor, Dr. Scarrow, who immediately diagnosed my condition as lock jaw, and within 30 minutes had me in hospital. Over the period of the next week my condition deteriorated, and I was told later that the doctor had some doubts if I would survive. Eventually a syrum was located in Vancouver and flown up to Kelowna, then rushed to Vernon by RCMP, and when administered to me gradually reacted favorably. Over the period of the next few weeks, I slowly started to recover, but not without a tremendous amount of effort on behalf of some of my friends. I required a special nurse 24 hours a day, and as a night nurse could not be found in Vernon, one was located in Kelowna and driven back and forth by Helen Jensen and Rex Rhodes for almost two weeks. As lock jaw is considered to be generally fatal, I believe that I am on record as being the only person in this area to survive it. On being discharged from the hospital, I was unable to do any work, and Dr. Scarrow advised me to go away to prevent any temptation to resume any physical activities. This resulted in our first trip to California, Where Marjorie's parents, as well as her brother Alex and his wife were spending the winter near San Diego. Marjorie's sister, Norma and her husband, Dave Earle went with us in our car to relieve me of the strain of driving. I recollect that we were gone for over a month, during which time, Don, who was still going to school, lived with my parents.

Pete Vander Gulik, and another employee of ours, carried on with the orchard work as well as some truck work, and also as much as they could do without me, constructing the duplex. By the time we returned from California, I was able to resume work on the building, and we eventually made it available for use for the 1959 season. This gave us 5 units for summer accommodation, and between the fruit stand, orchard, custom work and trucking business, we found ourselves more than busy throughout the year, particularly, as with the 5 units we had to spend much more time in maintaining things at the Lodge and grounds, and seeing that our guests were comfortable.

The demand for summer accommodation was steadily increasing, and we found that revenue from this type of business was immediate as compared to the fruit, trucking and custom work business, for which we waited for as much as a year and more to receive payments for work done for our customers. We had used all the available space below the railway, and without any real specific plan on the drawing board, in the Fall of 1958 I took the bulldozer and pushed out all the apple trees that were in the area where the present buildings and lawn are now located above the track.

Some of our clients suggested that we should build units with 2 bedrooms, which would more adequately accomodate larger families. We designed an individual 2 bedroom building, and decided to construct it as an experiment to determine what would be suitable for the future. Also, in conjunction with this we designed and office building and small convenience store which included a well and water pump to supply water to the new unit. With the help of our orchard employees, we put in the foundation in late November, and I worked continuously for seven days a week, building this unit as well as the office building which we finally put into operation in late June 1959. This also included planting the lawn which still exists below the buildings in this area.

By this time the name Rainsford Lodge did not seem to fit or describe our operation as a Resort, and Marjorie came up with the name Kalway Bay which seemed appropriate for the part of the lake in front of our property. We decided to rename our operation to Kalway Bay Resort, and a year or so later registered it as a Limited Company.

Page 10

By the end of the 1958 summer season, we found that many people had come to like the Lodge, and were booking accommodations for the following year. The area south of the log building was solid bush, so I used the bulldozer and cleared it all out and late in the Fall put in a foundation for a duplex that we had designed with the object of having it useable for the following summer.

However, things almost came to an end for us in the winter of 1958/59. On Boxing Day, 1958, I was taking the bulldozer blade off the Cat tractor, and pinched a finger on my left hand. Doug, who was home from UBC for Christmas, took me into the hospital, where the doctor on duty there removed the finger nail and sent me home without giving me a tetanus injection. Within a week I became almost incapacitated, and could barely open my jaws, finally going to my regular doctor, Dr. Scarrow, who immediately diagnosed my condition as lock jaw, and within 30 minutes had me in hospital. Over the period of the next week my condition deteriorated, and I was told later that the doctor had some doubts if I would survive. Eventually a syrum was located in Vancouver and flown up to Kelowna, then rushed to Vernon by RCMP, and when administered to me gradually reacted favorably. Over the period of the next few weeks, I slowly started to recover, but not without a tremendous amount of effort on behalf of some of my friends. I required a special nurse 24 hours a day, and as a night nurse could not be found in Vernon, one was located in Kelowna and driven back and forth by Helen Jensen and Rex Rhodes for almost two weeks. As lock jaw is considered to be generally fatal, I believe that I am on record as being the only person in this area to survive it. On being discharged from the hospital, I was unable to do any work, and Dr. Scarrow advised me to go away to prevent any temptation to resume any physical activities. This resulted in our first trip to California, Where Marjorie's parents, as well as her brother Alex and his wife were spending the winter near San Diego. Marjorie's sister, Norma and her husband, Dave Earle were with us in our car to relieve me of the strain of driving. I recollect that we were gone for over a month, during which time, Dan, who was still going to school, lived with my parents.

Pete Vander Gulik, and another employee of ours, carried on with the orchard work as well as some truck work, and also as much as they could do without me, constructing the duplex. By the time we returned from California, I was able to resume work on the building and we eventually made it available for use for the 1959 season. This gave us 5 units for summer accommodation, and between the fruit stand, orchard, custom work and trucking business, we found ourselves more than busy throughout the year, particularly, as with the 5 units we had to spend much more time in maintaining things at the Lodge and grounds, and seeing that our guests were comfortable.

The demand for summer accommodation was steadily increasing, and we found that revenue from this type of business was immediate as compared to the fruit, trucking and custom work business, for which we waited for as much as a year and more to receive payments for work done for our customers. We had used all the available space below the railway, and without any real specific plan on the drawing board, in the Fall of 1958 I took the bulldozer and pushed out all the apple trees that were in the area where the present buildings and lawn are now located above the track.

Some of our clients suggested that we should build units with 2 bedrooms, which would more adequately accommodate larger families. We designed an individual 2 bedroom building, and decided to construct it as an experiment to determine what would be suitable for the future. Also, in conjunction with this we designed and office building and small convenience store which included well and water pump to supply water to the new unit. With the help of our orchard employees, we put in the foundation in late November, and I worked continuously for seven days a week, building this unit as well as the office building which we finally put into operation in late June 1959. This also included planting the lawn which still exists below the buildings in this area.

By this time the name Rainsford Lodge did not seem to fit or describe our operation as a Resort, and Marjorie came up with the name Kalway Bay which seemed appropriate for the part of the lake in front of our property. We decided to rename our operation to Kalway Bay Resort, and a year or so later registered it as a Limited Company.

Page 10

In 1959, having a dump truck which we were not using, and could not seem to sell, we traded it in on a new 1959 Chrysler Sedan, thinking we would be able to sell our 1955 Bel Aire Chevrolet more easily. However, we were not able to dispose of the car, and finally traded it in on a new 1959 28 foot Nashua trailer, dreaming that in the future, we would be able to use it to go south for the winter. The novelty of having a trailer was quite exciting, and as we had made the deal in Vancouver, in January we hooked it up to the Chrysler and pulled it to Seattle, staying in a trailer park for about a week. From there we pulled it over the Snoqualmi pass to Wenatchee, staying there for a few days, and then to home. We thought that this might be an attractive addition to our Resort, so we set it up by the lakeside and rented it every summer. The idea we had of pulling it south for the winter was quickly shot down by the experience of our trip with it from Vancouver, as it proved to be much too large and clumsy for a long trip. As of this date it has never been moved from it's original location, and has been in use for accommodation during the summer for what will now be 37 years.

By 1960 we were involved with so many activities, that it became almost impossible to devote the necessary time to the orchard. Returns from fruit handled through the packing house were very low, and we had the opportunity of selling about 22 acres to Harry Byatt, who owned the orchard directly south of us. We applied the total amount received from the sale to our mortgage on the Ranch, which substantially reduced our obligation. The following year, with now 10 units at the Resort and 2 more under construction, it became necessary to devote 100 % of our time to operating and maintaining the business. As I had to spend all my time at the Resort, Marjorie looked after the fruit stand, did the laundry for the units at the house, and cleaned the units ready for new occupancy every time there was a change. It became increasingly evident that we could not handle it all. For these reasons we decided that we had to sell everything we had above the highway and in the latter part of the fall in 1961, we moved from our house to the 2 bedroom unit we had first built in 1959. The following Spring we sold the 25 acres of orchard north of our home to Julius Harmel, leaving 43 acres with the house, barn, machinery etc. which we tried to dispose of through a Real Estate firm, without success. The demand for property was not very high at this time, but a couple, Nick and Mabel Andrews, came along and bought the 43 acres and all above the highway. Although we knew that we were not getting proper value for it, we were relieved that we no longer had the strain of having to look after it all. However, from both these sales we were able to retire our mortgage and have a few dollars left over to invest in the Resort.

As we were early in 1962, constructing the 2 bedroom duplex at the north end of the row, and also the unit that we were living in was booked for summer accommodation starting on July 1, we found ourselves having to build a place to live in a very short time. We quickly built a 2 bedroom unit directly above the office, and were able to move into it in late June.

Our summer business had been growing to such an extent, that at the end of August, much of the space for the ensuing summer had been booked for the same periods by families who wished to vacation at the same time with others that they had previously met at the Resort. However, the summer season was quite short and we thought we might be able to rent some of the units at other times of the year. As the skiing area at Silver Star was developing rapidly, and the available accommodation in Vernon was insufficient, we advertised our Resort for winter rental. We tried this for 2 winters, but found it to be unprofitable, as the bookings were too short and keeping the units heated when not occupied proved to be impractical. We also found that winter use and wear and tear by skiing families was quite substantial in comparison to summer occupancy, and decided that it would be unwise to continue with winter rentals.

Going back some years, as manager of the largest orchard on the west side of Oyama, I was elected as a trustee of the Oyama Irrigation District, I believe in 1947., which position I held for forty years. In 1943, my Father retired as Secretary of the Irrigation District, and his place was taken by Harry Byatt. The irrigation system, from lack of funds had been depreciating, and during those years there was no means of providing water for domestic use throughout the winter.

Page 11

In 1959, having a dump truck which we were not using, and could not seem to sell, we traded it in on a new 1959 Chrysler Sedan, thinking we would be able to sell our 1955 Bel Aire Chevrolet more easily. However, we were not able to dispose of the car, and finally traded it in on a new 1959 28 foot Nashua trailer, dreaming that in the future, we would be able to use it to go south for the winter. The novelty of having a trailer was quite exciting, and as we had made the deal in Vancouver, in January we hooked it up to the Chrysler and pulled it to Seattle, staying in a trailer park for about a week. From there we pulled it over the Snoqualmi pass to Wenatchee, staying there for a few days, and then to home. We thought that this might be an attractive addition to our Resort, so we set it up by the lakeside and rented it every summer. The idea we had of pulling it south for the winter was quickly shot down by the experience of our trip with it from Vancouver, as it proved to be touch too large and clumsy for a long trip. As of this date it has never been moved from it's original location, and has been in use for accommodation during the summer for what will now be 37 years.

By 1960 we were involved with so many activities, that it became almost impossible to devote the necessary time to the orchard. Returns from fruit handled through the packing house were very low, and we had the opportunity of selling about 22 acres to Harry Byatt, who owned the orchard directly south of us. We applied the total amount received from the sale to our mortgage on the Ranch, which substantially reduced our obligation. The following year, with now 10 units at the Resort and 2 more under construction, it became necessary to devote 100% of our time to operating and maintaining the business. As I had to spend all my time at the Resort, Marjorie looked after the fruit stand, did the laundry for the units at the house, and cleaned the units ready for new occupancy every time there was a change. It became increasingly evident that we could not handle it all. For these reasons we decided that we had to sell everything we had above the highway and in the after part of the fall in 1961, we moved from our house to the 2 bedroom unit we had first built in 1959. The following Spring we sold the 25 acres of orchard north of our home to Julius Harmel, leaving 43 acres with the house, barn, machinery etc. which we tried to dispose of through a Real Estate firm, without success. The demand for property was not very high at this time, but a couple, Nick and Mabel Andrews, came along and bought the 43 acres and all above the highway. Although we knew that we were not getting proper value for it, we were relieved that we no longer had the strain of having to look after it all. However, from both these sales we were able to retire our mortgage and have a few dollars left over to invest in the Resort.

As we were early in 1962, constructing the 2 bedroom duplex at the north end of the row, and also the unit that we were living in was booked for summer accommodation starting on July 1, we found ourselves having to build a place to live in a very short time. We quickly built a 2 bedroom unit directly above the office, and were able to move into it in late June.

Our summer business had been growing to such an extent, that at the end of August, much of the space for the ensuing summer had been booked for the same periods by families who wished to vacation at the same time with others that they had previously met at the Resort. However, the summer season was quite short and we thought we might be able to rent some of the units at other times of the year. As the skiing area at Silver Star was developing rapidly, and the available accommodation in Vernon was insufficient, we advertised our Resort for winter rental. We tried this for 2 winters, but found it to be unprofitable, as the bookings were too short and keeping the units heated when not occupied proved to be impractical. We also found that winter use and wear and tear by skiing families was quite substantial in comparison to summer occupancy, and decided that it would be unwise to continue with winter rentals.

Going back some years, as manager of the largest orchard on the west side of Oyama, I was elected as a trustee of the Oyama Irrigation District, I believe in 1947, which position I held for forty years. In 1943, my Father retired as Secretary of the Irrigation District, and his place was taken by Harry Byatt. The Irrigation System, from lack of funds had been depreciating, and during those years there was no means of providing water for domestic use throughout the winter.

Some money was being made available from the Federal and Provincial Governments for the rebuilding of water systems for Agricultural use. This was called the ARDA program. The Irrigation District applied for funds under this program, which was to include underground piping, allowing year round use also for domestic use and fire protection. At this point of my position as trustee of the District, I was elected as chairman, which position I held for 22 years until retiring in 1987. Most of the construction of the system was done in 1965, and water flowed for both domestic and Agricultural use in early 1966.

I have always been disappointed that the information and advice given to the Trustees by supposedly knowledgeable Engineers and Geologists was so incorrect. The iron and mineral content which was discovered in the test wells, we were told, would be in no way detrimental for human consumption and would in no way effect the equipment or be a problem to fruit growers. Over the years the iron content in the water has created a serious problem to most homes and downgraded high quality fruit to culls because of the iron deposits on the apples, which could not be removed. The build up of iron on the walls of the distribution pipe lines has reduced the carrying capacity to about 75%. As a result, although assistance is being supplied through the infrastructure program by the Senior Governments, more money has had to be found individually to almost completely rebuild the whole system with a new source of water from an intake into Kalamalka Lake, which will go into operation this year, 1996.

By 1967, the efforts and energy that was necessary each year to maintain the standard we had acquired at the Resort, were leaving us extremely tired by the end of the season. We felt the need to get completely away from it all for a period of time, so we bought a 22 foot Scamper travel trailer, and decided to go south to California for the winter months.

In early January 1968, we left in quite cold weather, staying in Moses Lake, Washington and next in Bend, Oregon where we could not keep things in the trailer from freezing, and we quickly found that travel trailers were not designed for winter vacations in these temperatures. Things became warmer as we ventured south, and we spent most of the winter in California between San Diego and Garden Grove, and a week in the Palm Springs area, returning at the end of March through Reno, Nevada. The following year we again left in early January, travelling through the Fraser Canyon to Vancouver in very wintry conditions, and eventually again to San Diego and Garden Grove. Weather in these parts was really not all that warm and continuously smoggy. While staying in Garden Grove, Doug and Lynne flew down from Vancouver and stayed with us for a week, during which time we went over to Palm Springs, staying in a motel for a couple of days. We found that weather there was, in comparison, beautifully warm with blue skies most of the time. Some time after Doug and Lynne's visit, we decided that we had enough of the smog, and again went over to Palm Springs, staying in a motel for a few days. While there, we visited our friends George and Jean Hegler, who had, a few years earlier, bought a home in Palm Desert Country Club, and were introduced to a Real Estate salesman, who showed us a fully furnished home with swimming pool which we were very attracted to. Having spent almost 2 winters in the travel trailer and not being able to find suitable RV parks, we decided to put a bid on this home with conditions that the offer be accepted within 24 hours, and also, if accepted, we required possession within 7 days. We thought there was no way that these conditions and offer would be considered, and were somewhat shocked the following day when we returned to the Real Estate Office and the salesman said "You bought yourself a home". We did occupy the home for a few weeks before having to come home and get the Resort in shape for the summer.

However, this gave us an opportunity to become accustomed to a different life style, and I joined the Palm Desert Country Club Golf Club. We returned in early November, pulling an electric golf cart, which I had bought in Kelowna. In January, I had the opportunity of joining a crew of men who sold tickets at the Bob Hope Desert Golf Classic at Eldorado Country Club. I met Bob Glass, who was the captain of the group of about 35 ticket sellers. This was the beginning of a friendship with Bob and his wife, Nita and her Mother, which lasted until each passed away during recent

Page 12

Some money was being made available from the Federal and Provincial Governments for the rebuilding of water systems for Agricultural use. This was called the ARDA program. The Irrigation District applied for funds under this program, which was to include underground piping, allowing year round use also for domestic use and fire protection.. At this point of my position as trustee of the District, I was elected as chairman, which position I held for 22 years until retiring in 1987. Most of the construction of the system was done in 1965, and water flowed for both domestic and Agricultural use in early 1966.

I have always been disappointed that the information and advice given to the Trustees by supposedly knowledgeable Engineers and Geologists was so incorrect. The iron and mineral content which was discovered in the test wells, we were told, would be in no way detrimental for human consumption and would in no way effect the equipment or be a problem to fruit growers. Over the years the iron content in the water has created a serious problem to most homes and downgraded high quality fruit to culls because of the iron deposits on the apples, which could not be removed. The build up of iron on the walls of the distribution pipe lines has reduced the carrying capacity to about 75%. As a result, although assistance is being supplied through the infrastructure program by the Senior Governments, more money has had to be found individually to almost completely rebuild the whole system with a new source of water from an intake into Kalamalka Lake, which will go into operation this year, 1996.

By 1967, the efforts and energy that was necessary each year to maintain the standard we had acquired at the Resort, were leaving us extremely tired by the end of the season. We felt the need to get completely away from it all for a period of time, so we bought a 22 foot Scamper travel trailer, and decided to go south to California for the winter months.

In early January 1968, we left in quite cold weather, staying in Moses Lake, Washington and next in Bend, Oregon where we could not keep things in the trailer from freezing, and we quickly found that travel trailers were not designed for winter vacations in these temperatures. Things became warmer as we ventured south, and we spent most of the winter in California between San Diego and Garden Grove, and a week in the Palm Springs area, returning at the end of March through Reno, Nevada. The following year we again left in early January, travelling through the Fraser Canyon to Vancouver in very wintry conditions, and eventually again to San Diego and Garden Grove. Weather in these parts was really not all that warm and continuously smoggy. While staying in Garden Grove, Doug and Lynne flew down from Vancouver and stayed with us for a week, during which time we went over to Palm Springs, staying in a motel for a couple of days. We found that weather there was, in comparison, beautifully warm with blue skies most of the time. Some time after Doug and Lynne's visit, we decided that we had enough of the smog, and again went over to Palm Springs, staying in a motel for a few days. While there, we visited our friends George and Jean Hegler, who had, a few years earlier, bought a home in Palm Desert Country Club, and were introduced to a Real Estate salesman, who showed us a fully furnished home with swimming pool which we were very attracted to. Having spent almost 2 winters in the travel trailer and not being able to find suitable RV parks, we decided to put a bid on this home with conditions that the offer be accepted within 24 hours, and also, if accepted, we required possession within 7 days. We thought there was no way that these conditions and offer would be considered, and were somewhat shocked the following day when we returned to the Real Estate Office and the salesman said "You bought yourself a home". We did occupy the home for a few weeks before having to come home and get the Resort in shape for the summer.

However, this gave us an opportunity to become accustomed to a different life style, and I joined the Palm Desert Country Club Golf Club. We returned in early November, pulling an electric golf cart, which I had bought in Kelowna. In January, I had the opportunity of joining a crew of men who sold tickets at the Bob Hope Desert Golf Classic at Eldorado Country Club. I met Bob Glass, who was the captain of the group of about 35 ticket sellers. This was the beginning of a friendship with Bob and his wife, Nita and her Mother, which lasted until each passed away during recent

Page 12

years... I sold tickets for 2 years and then became cashier, handling all the money that was collected over the 5 day tournament from alternately Eldorado and Tamerisk Country Clubs. The third year a golf tournament called "Day with the All-Americans", sponsored by Frank Sinatra was started and was played on the Tuesday before the Desert Classic at Mission Hills Country Club in Rancho Mirage.

Bob Glass and I were asked to handle the ticket sales for this event, and with the help of a few of the volunteers who worked with us at the Classic, we handled the sales for the first 2 years at Mission Hills and then at Canyon Country Club in Palm Springs, where it was then sponsored by Howard Cosell until it was moved to Morningside Country Club under a different sponsor, at which time the public were excluded and there was no need for ticket sales.

Over the winters we spent in Palm Desert we made many friends, and at this date we are saddened that most of them have passed away.

In January 1969, my Mother, who had been living by herself in Oyama, fell in her home and broke her hip. Don and Dorothy, who periodically visited her, fortunately found her shortly after she had fallen, and were able to get her to the hospital in Vernon. She was 92 years old, and the necessity of an operation to pin the hip proved to be too much for her and she passed away during the procedure. I flew back to Oyama for her funeral, and she was laid to rest by my Father in the Oyama cemetery.

During the winter of 1971, Don and Dorothy with David, who was a little more than 1 year old were able to fly down and spend a week with us, and we did some sight seeing in California during their visit. I remember David taking a dislike to our swimming pool, pictures of which we still have.

I believe it was the following year that Doug and Lynne, Dierdre and Jillian also came down for a week, during the Bob Hope Classic. The weather was extremely warm during their visit. During a visit to the tournament at Bermuda Dunes, Lawrence Welk, as he was passing by in a group he was playing in, noticed the two girls and came and spoke to them, admiring their red hair. About two or three years later Doug, Lynne and girls surprised us by flying down and spending Christmas and New Year with us. This time the weather was the opposite and I recollect driving them over to Canyon Country Club in Palm Springs, where there was some light snow on the golf course, and I had promised to take them up the tram at Palm Springs, but there was so much snow on the road up to the bottom of the tram that we were unable to drive up to it.

While there my cousin and his wife, Rob and Marian Fairhurst, from England visited us for three weeks. They flew to Los Angeles, where we met them and drove them to Palm Desert and again, back to Los Angeles for their flight back to England. This was also at the time of year of the Hope Golf Classic, which Rob, who was a golfer, enjoyed very much.

The winters we spent in Palm Desert were very enjoyable with many activities making the time go by very rapidly. We had many visitors from B.C. during the almost 8 winters we lived there. Marjorie's Mother and Dad spent their winters in Long Beach, California, and we periodically went over to visit them, and on several occasions, drove them over to stay with us. Also Marjorie's brothers, Alex and Ross, drove down and stayed with us for a few days. During the winter of early 1972, while Marjorie's Mother and Dad were staying with us, we were saddened by the news that Alex had passed away.

We also, through our association with the Glasses, attended the United Church of the Desert for a number of years. The popular minister, Dr. Myron Cole, was very broadminded and outgoing, who kept his services short with very modern viewpoints and outlooks. On many occasions, he and his wife, along with a group that we were part of, frequented the Palm Springs Elk's Club on Sunday evenings for dinner and dancing. Myron also worked with us at the Hope Golf Classic, and

Page 13

years... I sold tickets for 2 years and then became cashier, handling all the money that was collected over the 5 day tournament from alternately Eldorado and Tamerisk Country Clubs. The third year a golf tournament called "Day with the All-Americans", sponsored by Frank Sinatra was started and was played on the Tuesday before the Desert Classic at Mission Hills Country Club in Rancho Mirage.

Bob Glass and I were asked to handle the ticket sales for this event, and with the help of a few of the volunteers who worked with us at the Classic, we handled the sales for the first 2 years Mission Hills and then at Canyon Country Club in Palm Springs. Where it was then sponsored by Howard Cosell until it was moved to Morningside Country Club under a different sponsor, at which time the public were excluded and there was no need for ticket sales.

Over the winter we spent in Palm Desert we made many friends, and at this date we are saddened that most of them have passed away.

In January 1969, my Mother, who had been living by herself in Oyama, fell in her home and broke her hip. Don and Dorothy, who periodically visited her, fortunately found her shortly after she had fallen, and were able to get her to the hospital in Vernon. She was 92 years old, and the necessity of an operation to pin the hip proved to be too much for her and she passed away during the procedure. I flew back to Oyama for her funeral, and she was laid to rest by my Father in the Oyama cemetery.

During the winter of 1971, Don and Dorothy with David, who was a little more than 1 year old were able to fly down and spend a week with us, and we did some sight seeing in California during their visit. I remember David taking a dislike to our swimming pool, pictures of which we still have.

I believe it was the following year that Doug and Lynne, Dierdre and Jillian also came down for a week, during the Bob Hope Classic. The weather was extremely warm during their visit. During a visit to the tournament at Bermuda Dunes, Lawrence Welk, as he was passing by in a group he was playing in, noticed the two girls and came and spoke to them, admiring their red hair. About two or three years later Doug, Lynne and girls surprised us by flying down and spending Christmas and New Year with us. This time the weather was the opposite and I recollect driving them over to Canyon Country Club in Palm Springs, where there was some light snow on the golf course, and I had promised to take them up the tram at Palm Springs, but these was so much snow on the road up to the bottom of the tram that we were unable to drive up to it.

While there my cousin and his wife, Rob and Marian Fairhurst, from England visited us for three weeks. They flew to Los Angeles, where we met them and drove them to Palm Desert and again, back to Los Angeles for their flight back to England. This was also the time of year of the Hope Golf Classic, which Rob, who was a golfer, enjoyed very much.

The winters we spent in Palm Desert were very enjoyable with many activities making the time go by very rapidly. We had many visitors from B.C. during the almost 8 winters we lived there. Marjorie's Mother and Dad spent their winters in Long Beach, California, and we periodically went over to visit them, and on several occasions, drove them over to stay with us. Also Marjorie's brothers, Alex and Ross, drove down and stayed with us for a few days. During the winter of early 1972, while Marjorie's Mother and Dad were staying with us, we were saddened by the news that Alex had passed away.

We also, through our association with the Glasses, attended the United Church of the Desert for a number of years. The popular minister, Dr. Myron Cole, was very broadminded and outgoing, who kept his services short with very modern viewpoints and outlooks. On many occasions, he and his wife, along with a group that we were part of, frequented the Palm Springs Elk's Club on Sunday evenings for dinner and dancing. Myron also worked with us at the Hope Golf Classic, and

Page 13

eventually took Bob Glass's place as Captain, when Bob retired. The Coles also spent a few days with us at Oyama during one of their summer touring vacations.

During December, 1976, six of our friends drove over to Mesa, Arizona, where one couple, Tom and Neta Tuttle had a lot at Fountain of the Sun, which they wished to sell. While there, they visited Leisure World, and all 3 couples bought lots there and chose homes to be built. The Tuttle's home was constructed rapidly, and when they moved in January, 1977, they asked if we would take some of their fragile items in our station wagon to Leisure World. At the time we were unaware that they had arranged with the Real Estate Office in Leisure World, for a vacation package in a condo there for a full week, at no charge. We became quite impressed with Leisure World, and as the condo was quite large we called the Glasses, and invited them to drive over and stay with us. During the week we were introduced to many activities, as well as house models and available lots, finally ending up in buying one of the best golf course lots, picking out a house from the models to be built during the following summer. The Glasses, also being very impressed, bought an already built condo. On our return to Palm Desert, we immediately put up a "For Sale" sign in our front yard, and within a week, had sold our house for more than double of the original purchase price, as well as being able to occupy it until our necessary return to Oyama in mid April.

Page 14

eventually took Bob Glass's place as Captain, when Bob retired. The Coles also spent a few days with us at Oyama during one of their summer touring vacations.

During December, 1976, six of our friends drove over to Mesa, Arizona, where one couple, Tom and Neta Tuttle had a lot at Fountain of the Sun, which they wished to sell. While there, they visited Leisure World, and all 3 couples bought lots there and chose homes to be built. The Tuttle's home was constructed rapidly, and when they moved in January, 1977, they asked if we would take some of their fragile items in our station wagon to Leisure World. At the time we were unaware that they had arranged with the Real Estate Office in Leisure World, for a vacation package in a condo there for a full week, at no charge. We became quite impressed with Leisure World, and as the condo was quite large we called the Glasses, and invited them to drive over and stay with us. During the week we were introduced to many activities, as well as home models and available lots, finally ending up in buying one of the best golf course lots, picking out a home from the models to be built during the following summer. The Glasses, also being very impressed, bought an already built condo. On our return to Palm Desert, we immediately put up a "For Sale" sign in our front yard, and within a week, had sold our home for more than double of the original purchase price, as well as being able to occupy it until our necessary return to Oyama in mid April,

Page 14

Also, during this winter, Doug and Lynne had invited us to spend two weeks with them in Maui at the Taiga Forest Products condo, Kahana Sunset. Having never been to Hawaii, we decided to take 3 weeks, and the first 5 days we spent on Oahu. Dr. and Mrs. Cole, who spent their summers in Hawaii contacted a friend of theirs, Joe Morita, asking him to show us some of the main island. Joe had been a tour bus driver for many years, and showed us the whole island of Oahu, inside out, which is something we will never forget, as two days of this left us completely exhausted. Our vacation in Maui with Doug and family was also very enjoyable, and we saw much of this island including Hana on the opposite side.

Before our return to Oyama, in early April, we again drove over to Leisure World to make final arrangements for the house which was to be built for us during the summer. This included some considerable alterations and upgrading which made the building much more practical from our viewpoint. Some of these alterations were noted by the builders and were included in their show model the following year.

By early October we were informed that our house was nearing completion, and shortly after, drove to Palm Desert, where we had been able to store our golf cart, Thomas organ, and some small furnishings etc. with our friend Gracie McHargue, who lived across the street from us. There we rented a U-Haul trailer and drove to Leisure World. On arriving, we found that our house was not ready for occupancy, and for about 10 days we were accommodated in a condo, finally moving into it on a very rainy October 27.

Going back a few years, towards the end of the 1960's, our Resort had become very successful, but the increasing effort that was needed to maintain the standard we had reached required so much physical effort, that we felt it was time to try and find a buyer for it. In 1969 we listed the property with a Real Estate firm, but found that there was little interest. One offer we did have proved to be unsatisfactory because of the lack of sufficient initial payment and unstable background.

During the summer of 1970, a number of people who were members of the Kabalarian Society of Canada stayed with us on several occasions, and expressed interest in purchasing the Resort. In early 1971, the Kabalarian organization made an offer which was acceptable to us, and we sold the Resort to them including approximately 8 acres of orchard. We gave them possession on June 1, and moved our Scamper trailer over to the property on which our house is located.

We were able to obtain the services of a reputable Building Contractor in Vernon, Bob Schultz, and hired him to build our house from a plan we had located, on a cost plus basis. This proved to be very practical, as we were able to make alterations and additions to the plan as the building progressed. We were unable to get a start on the construction until late July, but by mid October, shortly before leaving for the winter, we occupied the lower part on sort of a camping basis. On our return in 1972, we spent the entire summer getting the building to a livable state.

Having spent 2 summers in operating the Resort, members of the Kabalarian Society were finding some incompatibility in dealing with the clientel who were still vacationing there each summer. They asked me if I would come back and manage the Resort for July and August. I thought this would be an easy situation with 7 or 8 hours a day and 5 days a week. However, I quickly found that when I was not there, things seem to fall apart, and in no time I was spending up to 10 hours a day and 7 days a week, but it turned out to be more satisfactory than having to worry about what was not going right or correct the things that were not being done to my satisfaction.

I did enjoy being able to associate again with so many of the people who had stayed with us over the years and had become good friends, as well as not being financially responsible for the periodical repairs and maintenance. In all, I spent 7 summers managing the Resort until 1979. As the Kabalarians had only one more year left until the total payout of their mortgage with us was due, they came up with a scheme within their membership to raise sufficient money to retire the

Page 15

Also, during this winter, Doug and Lynne had invited us to spend two weeks with them in Maui at the Taiga Forest Products condo, Kahana Sunset. Having never been to Hawaii, we decided to take 3 weeks, and the first 5 days we spent on Oahu. Dr. and Mrs. Cole, who spent their summers in Hawaii contacted a friend of theirs, Joe Morita, asking him to show us some of the main Island. Joe had been a tour bus driver for many yeas, and showed us the whole Island of Oahu, inside out, which is something we will never forget, as two days of this left as completely exhausted. Our vacation in Maui with Doug and family was also very enjoyable, and we saw much of this Island including Hana on the opposite side.

Before our return to Oyama, in early April, we again drove over to Leisure World to make final arrangements for the house which was to be home for us during the summer. This included some considerable alterations and upgrading which made the building much more practical from our viewpoint. Some of these alterations were noted by the builders and were included in their show model the following year.

By early October we were informed that our house was nearing completion, and shortly after, drove to Palm Desert, where we had been able to store our golf cart, Thomas organ, and some small furnishings etc. with our friend Gracie McHargue, who lived across the street from us. There we rented a U-Haul trailer and drove to Leisure World. On arriving, we found that our house was not ready for occupancy, and for about 10 days we were accommodated in a condo, finally moving into it on a very rainy October 27.

Going back a few years, towards the end of the 1960's, our Resort had become very successful, but the increasing effort that was needed to maintain the standard we had reached required so much physical effort, that we felt it was time to try and find a buyer for it. In 1969 we listed the property with a Real Estate firm, but found that there was little interest. One offer we did have proved to be unsatisfactory because of the lack of sufficient initial payment and unstable background.

During the summer of 1970, a number of people who were members of the Kabalarian Society of Canada stayed with us on several occasions, and expressed interest in purchasing the Resort. In early 1971, the Kabalarian organization made an offer which was acceptable to us, and we sold the Resort to them including approximately 8 acres of orchard. We gave them possession on June 1, and moved our Scamper trailer over to the property on which our house is located.

We were able to obtain the services of a reputable Building Contractor in Vernon, Bob Schultz, and hired him to build our house from a plan we had located, on a cost plus basis. This proved to be very practical, as we were able to make alterations and additions to the plan as the building progressed. We were unable to get a start on the construction until late July, but by mid October, shortly before leaving for the winter, we occupied the lower part on sort of a camping basis. On our return in 1972, we spent the entire summer getting the building to a livable state.

Having spent 2 summers in operating the Resort, members of the Kabalarian Society were finding some incompatibility in dealing with the clientel who were still vacationing there each summer. They asked me if I would come back and manage the Resort for July and August. I thought this would be an easy situation with 7 or 8 hours a day and 5 days a week. However, I quickly found that when I was not there, things seem to fall apart, and in no time I was spending up to 10 hours a day and 7 days a week, but it turned out to be more satisfactory than having to worry about what was not going right or correct the things that were not being done to my satisfaction.

I did enjoy being able to associate again with so many of the people who had stayed with us over the years and had become good friends, as well as not being financially responsible for the periodical repairs and maintenance. In all, I spent 7 summers managing the Resort until 1979. As the Kabalarians had only one more year left until the total payout of their mortgage with us was due, they came up with a scheme within their membership to raise sufficient money to retire the

Page 15

mortgage with us. At this point they abruptly closed the Resort to the Public without giving them any advance warning, and operated it exclusively for their own membership. Many of the people who had, with their families, patronized the Resort for many years, were both angered and disappointed at having to find alternate accommodations for their annual summer vacations..

In 1975 the Hoopers started to build their home next to us, on a lot we had sold them some years earlier. They asked me if I would do the plumbing in the house, and this I started immediately after my summer at the Resort. The builder had not progressed with the building rapidly, and after I had completed the plumbing, I was persuaded to help wire the house, as the Hoopers had to vacate their rented accommodation prior to December 1. For this reason we delayed our departure to Palm Desert until late November while I got the wiring to a useable point. From 1976 to into the early 80's I spent most of my Spring and Fall months working on the house, putting on all of the outside siding, as well as some inside finishing and eventually completing almost the entire lower level.

Our move to Arizona introduced us to a much different lifestyle, as this was a rapidly growing retirement Community. We met and made friends with many people, two of whom were Lee Roy and Barbara Kellis, whose new home was next to ours, and who coincidentally, moved in the same rainy October 27 as we did. Lee Roy and I worked on many projects together over the years.

On leaving Palm Desert I thought I had ended my association with the Bob Hope Desert Classic, and the "Day with the All Americans". However, those in charge contacted both Bob Glass and myself, and for 7 years I went back each January and participated. Bob retired after 3 years and I continued for another 4 years as assistant to the Supervisor of over all ticket sales. My job was travelling among all 4 Golf Courses in an official car provided, issuing tickets, picking up money and general trouble shooting. All of this was completely voluntary, and we had to find our own accommodation. For the first three years we were invited to stay with our friend, Gracie McHargue, in her home. Then we rented a home for a week with Lloyd and Marjorie Patriquin, and the last 2 years, through Doug's kindness, we were offered the use of a guest home owned by Taiga Forest Products in Palm Springs. By this time I had considered that 15 years was enough, and decided that my Leisure World activities took almost all of my time, and declined to continue. To this date we have never been back to Palm Desert.

My life in Leisure World began to be quite busy. In 1980 the Lion's Club was formed with 75 members, eventually growing to the largest Club in Arizona with a ceiling of 150 members and many on the waiting list. For the first year I just attended the breakfast meetings that were catered. The catering turned out to be unsatisfactory and the Club decided to cook breakfasts for the regular meetings, using the kitchen facilities available. I somehow became involved with another Canadian resident of Leisure World, Jim Jopp, and we both took on the responsibility of providing the breakfasts for the 2 monthly meetings. Things progressed and we started a Community Breakfast which developed into 2 per winter, serving about 1400 people from 7 A.M. to 12 noon. I was co-chairman of these breakfasts, doing most of the transporting and purchasing of food and supplies, as well as starting as early as 2 A.M. in the kitchen, preparing for these events.

Along with the forgoing, the Lions were asked to provide a lunch on the promenade, for a 2 day Arts and Crafts Show, which was held twice each winter in November and March. I was asked to be chairman of this event, which eventually turned into almost a restaurant which we called the "Lions Sidewalk Cafe". With the help of about 35 members of the Club I was chairman of this event for 21 consecutive Shows until the Spring of 1994, when we sold our home.

Although I never gave any thought to recognition while being an active member of the Lions, I have been honored with many awards during my 14 years with the Club. Receiving the "Lion of the Year" award is particularly gratifying, as well as "Citizen of the Year", which was also given to me a year or so before this. On the day we left Leisure World in April 1994, after having sold our home, I was honored with the highest Lions International award "Melvin Jones Fellow".

Page 16

mortgage with us. At this point they abruptly closed the Resort to the Public without giving them any advance warning, and operated it exclusively for their own membership. Many of the people who had, with their families, patronized the Resort for many years, were both angered and disappointed at having to find alternate accommodations for their annual summer vacations.,

In 1975 the Hoopers started to build their home next to us, on a lot we had sold them some years earlier. They asked me if I would do the plumbing in the house, and this I started immediately after my summer at the Resort. The builder had not progressed with the building rapidly, and after I had completed the plumbing, I was persuaded to help wire the house, as the Hoopers had to vacate their rented accommodation prior to December 1. For this reason we delayed our departure to Palm Desert until late November while I got the wiring to a useable point. From 1976 to into the early 80's I spent most of my Spring and Fall months working on the house, putting on all of the outside siding, as well as some inside finishing and eventually completing almost the entire lower level.

Our move to Arizona introduced us to a much different lifestyle, as this was a rapidly growing retirement Community. We met and made friends with many people, two of whom were Lee Roy and Barbara Kellis, whose new home was next to ours, and who coincidentally, moved in the same rainy October 27 as we did Lee Roy and I worked on many projects together over the years..

On leaving Palm Desert I thought I had ended my association with the Bob Hope Desert Classic, and the "Day with the All Americans". However, those in charge contacted both Bob Glass and myself, and for 7 years I went back each January and participated. Bob retired after 3 years and I continued for another 4 years as assistant to the Supervisor of over all ticket sales. My job was travelling among all 4 Golf Courses in an official car provided, issuing tickets, picking up money and general trouble shooting. All of this was completely voluntary, and we had to find our own accommodation. For the first three years we were invited to stay with our friend, Gracie McHargue, in her home. Then we rented a home for a week with Lloyd and Marjorie Patriquin, and the last 2 years, through Doug's kindness, we were offered the use of a guest home owned by Taiga Forest Products in Palm Springs. By this time I had considered that 15 years was enough, and decided that my Leisure World activities took almost all of my time, and declined to continue. To this date we have never been back to Palm Desert.

My life in Leisure World began to be quite busy. In 1980 the Lion's Club was formed with 75 members, eventually growing to the largest Club in Arizona with a ceiling of 150 member and many on the waiting list. For the first year I just attended the breakfast meetings that were catered. The catering turned out to be unsatisfactory and the Club decided to cook breakfasts for the regular meetings, using the kitchen facilities available. I somehow became involved with another Canadian resident of Leisure World, Jim Jopp, and we both took on the responsibility of providing the breakfasts for the 2 monthly meetings. Things progressed and we started a Community Breakfast which developed into 2 per winter, serving about 1400 people from 7 A.M. to 12 noon. I was co-chairman of these breakfasts, doing most of the transporting and purchasing of food and supplies, as well as starting as early as 2 AM. in the kitchen, preparing for these events.

Along with the forgoing, the Lions were asked to provide a lunch on the promenade, for a 2 day Arts and Crafts Show, which was held twice each winter in November and March. I was asked to be chairman of this event, which eventually turned into almost a restaurant which we called the "Lions Sidewalk Cafe". With the help of about 35 members of the Club I was chairman of this event for 21 consecutive Shows until the Spring of 1994, when we sold our home.

Although I never gave any thought to recognition while being an active member of the Lions, I have been honored with many awards during my 14 years with the Club. Receiving the Lion of the Year award is particularly gratifying, as well as Citizen of the Year, which was also given to me a year or so before this. On the day we left Leisure World in April 1994, after having sold our home, I was honored with the highest Lions International award "Melvin Jones Fellow".

Page 16

When we first moved to Leisure World there was only a 9 hole Golf Course, and the lot we chose for our home was on this Course. I used to play several times each week, but there was no real organization. In 1985 a group of us decided that it would be practical to form a Men's Golf Club with regular weekly competition. I was elected as Treasurer of the Club, which, during the 8 years that I held this position, grew to more than 350 members. As Leisure World grew, the Golf Courses were expanded to two 18 hole Courses, and our Club became known as the "Men's Executive Golf Club". We organized annual "Home and Home" tournaments with several other Clubs in the Mesa area, and the one big event of the year which we initiated was the Christmas Party. This became to be known as the most popular event of the year in Leisure World, and is still considered as that. On our recent visit to Leisure World, Marjorie and I were honored to be invited by the Club, as guests of this Party on December 1, 1995.

One of the attractions that appealed to me in Leisure World was the large Pool Room, containing in all, 14 tables. Although I had never played pool in my lifetime, I began to play on a regular basis, and for a few years I used to go out with a team, playing in a league with several other Clubs in the Mesa area. We also formed a Men's Billiard Club, and for social activities about 4 times each winter we organized a steak barbecue. To begin with, because of my association with the Lions and access to the kitchen facilities, I was earmarked as part of the Committee, barbecued the steaks and acquired the dubious title of Social Chairman. During later years I was elected as Vice President for 2 years and then as President for another 2 years. The Club, at one time, had 150 members. On returning last November I played almost every weekday afternoon, and even though I had been away for almost 19 years, it was gratifying to walk in and know almost everyone there as a friend. A considerable number of those who were members of the Club, and with whom I played with regularly, have since passed away, and I have many good memories of my association with them over the years.

In about 1992 or so, we began to feel the effort of maintaining 2 homes and opening and closing each twice a year was becoming more of a chore. This, coupled with our increasing age, escalating extended medical premiums, depreciating Canadian dollar, suggested new regulations in regard to Canadian ownership of property in the States, made us realize that we would be wise to dispose of our home in Leisure World. To me, this was a very difficult decision to make, as the winter lifestyle we had become accustomed to during our 17 years there was hard to give up. However, in January 1994, we reluctantly made an attempt to sell the home ourselves. As we had a very choice location and well maintained house, we thought it would be fairly easy to find a buyer, and we had many inquiries and lookers. The property was in the "full service" area with considerably higher monthly fees as compared to the desert areas, which were much lower, and many of the lookers were interested in the latter. Towards the end of March we listed it with Leisure World Resales, and a couple from Massachusetts bought the property on Easter Sunday.

We had taken our utility trailer with us the previous October, in anticipation that we might sell. Our medical insurance expired in mid April, so we had little time to pack as much as we could into the trailer and car, and arrived back in Oyama on April 15.

Having spent, a total of 27 winters in the United States, it was an abrupt change, when by the beginning of November, the weather got cold, and although we had little snow, it was almost April before the weather became pleasant.

In mid 1995, good friends of ours, Myron and Pat Clark, who had recently bought a guest home in Leisure World, wrote to us and invited us to use this home for a period of 6 weeks. We very much appreciated and accepted their offer, and drove to Mesa in the latter part of October, returning on December 4, the day before winter started.

Page 17

When we first moved to Leisure World there was only a 9 hole Golf Course, and the lot we chose for our home was on this Course. I used to play several times each week, but there was no real organization. In 1985 a group of us decided that it would be practical to form a Men's Golf Club with regular weekly competition. I was elected as Treasurer of the Club, which, during the 8 years that I held this position, grew to more than 350 members. As Leisure World grew, the Golf Courses were expanded to two 18 hole Courses, and our Club became known as the "Men's Executive Golf Club". We organized annual "Home and Home" tournaments with several other Clubs in the Mesa area, and the one big event of the year which we initiated was the Christmas Party. This became to be known as the most popular event of the year in Leisure World, and is still considered as that. On our recent visit to Leisure World, Marjorie and I were honored to be invited by the Club, as guests of this Party on December 1, 1995.

One of the attractions that appealed to me in Leisure World was the large Pool Room, containing in all, 14 tables. Although I had never played pool in my lifetime, I began to play on a regular basis, and for a few years I used to go out with a team, playing in a league with several other Clubs in the Mesa area. We also formed a Men's Billiard Club, and for social activities about 4 times each winter we organized a steak barbecue. To begin with, because of my association with the Lions and access to the kitchen facilities, I was earmarked as part of the Committee, barbecued the steaks and acquired the dubious title of Social Chairman. During later years I was elected as Vice President for 2 years and then as President for another 2 years. The Club, at one time, had 150 members. On returning last November I played almost every weekday afternoon, and even though I had been away for almost 1^{1/2} years, it was gratifying to walk in and know almost everyone there as a friend. A considerable number of those who were members of the Club, and with whom I played with regularly have since passed away, and I have many good memories of my association with them over the years.

In about 1992 or so, we began to feel the effort of maintaining 2 homes and opening and closing each twice a year was becoming more of a chore. This, coupled with our increasing age, escalating extended medical premiums, depreciating Canadian dollar, suggested new regulations in regard to Canadian ownership of property in the States, made us realize that we would be wise to dispose of our home in Leisure World. To me, this was a very difficult decision to make, as the winter lifestyle we had become accustomed to during our 17 years there was hard to give up. However, in January 1994, we reluctantly made an attempt to sell the home ourselves. As we had a very choice location and well maintained house, we thought it would be fairly easy to find a buyer. and we had many inquiries and lookers. The property was in the "full service" area with considerably higher monthly fees as compared to the desert areas, which were much lower, and many of the lookers were interested in the latter. Towards the end of March we listed it with Leisure World Resales, and a couple from Massachusetts bought the property on Easter Sunday.

We had taken our utility trailer with us the previous October, in anticipation that we might sell. Our medical insurance expired in mid April, so we had little time to pack as much as we could into the trailer and car, and arrived back in Oyama on April 15.

Having spent, a total of 27 winters in the United States, it was an abrupt change, when by the beginning of November, the weather got cold, and although we had little snow, it was almost April before the weather became pleasant.

In mid 1995, good friends of ours, Myron and Pat Clark, who had recently bought a guest home in Leisure World, wrote to us and invited us to use this home for a period of 6 weeks. We very much appreciated and accepted their offer, and drove to Mesa in the latter, part of October, returning on December 4, the day before winter started.

Page 17

At this point, the middle of February 1996, I am concluding what I consider to be most of the highlights in my lifetime. There are many more things that I could have included and possibly some which have escaped my memory over the years. Some of what I have written may contain more detail than necessary, but much of it ties in with my activities over the years.

I am very grateful that my health and also that of my wife is still quite good. In these times, when families fall apart too easily, Marjorie and I are justly proud of our two sons, Don and Doug with their immediate families, who, in our view, are all outstanding.

Page 18

At this point, the middle of February 1996, I am concluding what I consider to be most of the highlights in my lifetime. There are many more things that I could have included and possibly some which have escaped my memory over the years. Some of what I have written may contain more detail than necessary, but much of it ties in with my activities over the years.

I am very grateful that my health and also that of my wife is still quite good. In these times, when families fall apart too easily, Marjorie and I are justly proud of our two sons, Don and Doug with their immediate families, who, in our view, are all outstanding.

Page 18