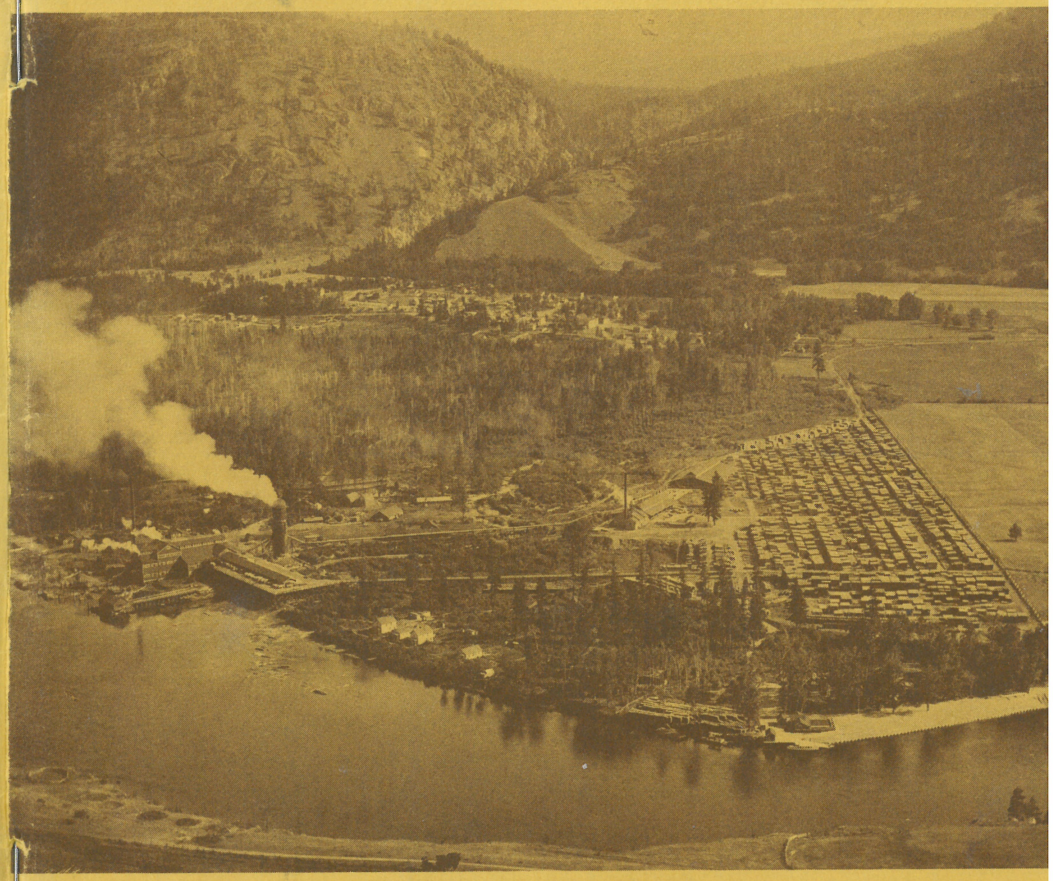
CHASE

The Man and the Village



W.F. MONTGOMERY PHOTO - 1910

Mary Balf, Kamloops Museum, 1980

THE SHUSWAP INDIANS

The Shuswap tribe shared with the Okanagans the distinction of being larger in population and in terrain than others in the great Interior Salish nation, which occupied the western slopes of the Rockies in what became Canada and the northern United States. The Shuswap territory included the whole area draining into Adams and Shuswap Lakes, the South Thompson, the lower hundred miles or so of the North Thompson, downstream as far as modern Ashcroft, and the upper Nicola Valley. The total population seems to have been about 3000.

Early records are limited to the oral traditions of the Indians themselves; it would seem that each village band elected its own Chief, with one or more paramount Chiefs for matters involving the whole tribe. The first white record is that written by fur trader Archibald McDonald in his report for 1827. He names two Chiefs for the Shuswap - Quetun in the east and Pacamoos, nicknamed Tranquille by the French fur traders, in the west. He was on very good terms with both.

By the 1840s Sel howt kan was Chief of the Upper Lakes; in 1849 he was baptised by Father Nobili and took the name of Adam. The lake previously called Sill hes tallen thereupon became known as Adam's. He seems to have been a victim of the tragic small pox epidemic brought in by white miners in 1862. Among his sons were Osim ah ist, Tshoo likon itke, Pucka moolse and Tyill how itken. In all cases the spelling efforts of the traders have been used; the Indians themselves had no written language.

A little farther downstream the Chief was Grand Antoine Gregoire; one report states he was the son of an early voyageur and a Shuswap woman. He often worked with the Hudson's Bay Company, particularly with the horse brigades, and in 1859 developed his own enterprise in partnership with Neil McArthur by wintering pack animals at Bonaparte for four dollars per head per month. He was described as a man of high intelligence. He later made a trip to the Oregon country with his wife, and then resumed packing. He died in 1862 at the Forks (Lytton), while in charge of the HBC express to Yale.

One son, "Little" Antoine, seems to have joined the white man's world by going mining and trading; another, Neskainilth, disdained this route, and became Chief of his band. He was a powerful spokesman for Indian rights following the establishment of reserves;

with Chiefs Louis of Kamloops and Chillihetza of Douglas Lake he did his utmost to protest the miserably small land allocation made to his people by the new white government.

Later Chiefs included Narcisse and Francois Syllpahan, and several families achieved importance - Michell, Toma, Manuel, Dick, Conesta, Kenoras, Baptiste, Samson and others. Most surnames indicate mixed blood, usually being the first name of a fur trading ancestor. Chief Adam's grandson, who shared his name, became the hero of Chase as the best baseball pitcher of the interior, but very sadly died young in 1922.

WHITFIELD CHASE

The first settler at the foot of Little Shuswap Lake much later gave his name to the village. Because he was a very interesting man, and because his grand-daughter, the late Marjorie Paquette, lent the Museum a series of letters written during his adventures, it seems justifiable to devote considerable space to his fascinating career. He wrote very well in the somewhat florid style of his period, and presents the valiant persistence of a lonely man in an entirely alien environment.

Whitfield Chase was born on November 9, 1820, the youngest son of Josiah Chase, who was a leasehold farmer in Otego, New York, a small village on the Susquehanna River. His brothers were Lucius, probably the eldest, George and Barlow, with sisters Adeline, Temperance, Elvira and Mary. Their ancestors originated in Britain; one letter mentions "our riches in England," apparently unclaimed. They seem to have been a very closely-knit family of excellent education and strong religious convictions - indeed at times, by modern standards, positively sanctimonious.

But a small farm cannot support many people, so that as the family grew up they had to scatter. Lucius stayed on his parents' farm; Barlow and George found work elsewhere locally, the latter eventually settling with his own family at Scranton. Sister Ade was apparently an adventurous girl and became a teacher in Buffalo Grove, Iowa. She later married an engineer named Waterbury, and they moved to mining interests in Leadville, Colorado. Mary, with some help and much moralizing from Whitfield also taught, later marrying Rev. James Smith to settle in Pleasant Corners, Illinois, where she resumed teaching during the civil war. Temperance earned her living carpet weaving at home; Elvira was a seamstress, and spent much of her time as a universal aunt when any of the

family needed help from an extra housekeeper.

Whitfield was educated at Delaware Literary Institute in Franklin, where, in addition to Latin and Greek, he was very well trained as a carpenter. There are family traditions that he hoped to become a lawyer, but these must have been pipe dreams, as family funds were low. It is uncertain when he left home for work, but in July 1851 he wrote to brother Lucius as having been away "many long and weary suns." It is easy to laugh at this letter's flowery and pretentious phrases, but this was the height of intellectual distinction at that time, and perhaps impressed his senior.

"I've again closed my musty books, laid Coke and Blackstone upon the shelf and taken up the utensils of my trade in order to raise a little of the needful to procure the wherewithal to keep the vital spark which animates this mortal frame within its clayey tenement and clothe the body with what will protect it from the scorching heat of summer and chill icy blasts of winter."

His politics, however, were far from the peaceful pastoral or academic tradition of the orthodox; they perhaps partly explain his urge to escape to a new land far from oppression.

"I'm at work for Houghton. I commenced some four or five weeks ago - we've been building cow sheds for dairymen and when toiling with aching limbs from the rising to the setting sun with the perspiration pouring from my heated brow, scorched and almost blistered with the intensity of the heat, for these selfishly tight-fisted, hard-hearted aristocrats, monopolizers of the soil of the richest and most productive portion of the State, I cannot help wondering why there should be such a contrast in the condition of the different individuals of the human race - why one man, and he the meanest of his race, should riot in his princely palace surrounded with broad and fertile acres, while another far better than he in every respect must toil his very life away to keep off the pinching hands of ghastly poverty." This was written in Salisbury, New Hampshire, and there is much more in the same vein; the great U.S. democracy had produced its first protesting malcontents!

Whitfield was not the man to suffer injustice silently or statically; he continued: "Before I'm six months older if my mind changes not I shall see the broad prairies of the far west. Will you go along with me? I want company so prepare yourself to emigrate."

But Lucius was not persuaded. Whitfield went home for Christmas, his last with the family, planning his trek west. He sold his chair to Elvira and gave all his Latin books to Mary - and exhorted her to learn Greek too. He packed his few possessions in a large trunk, taking for his own reading "my Greek lexicon, Homer's Odyssie, Shakespeare and Campbell's poems," this last being a parting gift from a friend.

He set forth on March 25, 1852, making a poor start by leaving his umbrella behind. He described the next mishap in a letter to Mary, headed "Iter Californiam" (journey to California): "Walton received us going from Franklin over a tremendous rough road and weather rougher by far - thence to Hancock . . . . . I got to Elmina about 11 when I took the express train to Dunkirk and thence to Erie, which place is beautifully situated on the shore of the Lake, received us about 4 in the afternoon. We then went aboard the boat Ohio expecting to sail that night for Cleveland with the promise of arriving there in the morning.

"We sailed from the shore that night to a pier off the shore so as to prevent anyone going off and there lay till morning when the harbour was frozen. We proceeded however about two miles and there stopped for the north wind had packed the drifting pieces of ice and the frost had glewed them together so that to proceed further was impossible. We were about 300, one third more than there were berths to sleep on - the rest on tables, chairs and floor passed the nights - long tedious and cold. Yesterday something like 100 left us on the ice which I thought of doing this morning but rain during the night and wind broke our communication with land and we have probably made two miles of progress this morning and have again become fast in the floating ice - the wheel again being somewhat damaged."

Chase continued the story in a later letter to his parents: "We were now some five miles from shore and provisions became short and we were put on two meals a day and sometimes scant at that. About the fourth day a boat came near enough to bring us some provisions but took off none of the passengers. After remaining on board for a week I with some others reached the shore by travelling over the ice something like 10 miles. The wind had been blowing down the lake for two or three days and the mass of ice in which the boat was fast was floating fast towards Buffalo. We had a rather perilous journey leaping from cake to cake and over broad chasms, a part of the ice floating and the rest remaining fast frozen

to the shore. We all broke through often and but few got ashore with dry feet and some fell through and were drawn out by others."

"The next day the ice was stronger and nearly all left the boat. In this week's time we had advanced backwards 23 miles. So we again took the cars and went to Erie and there we took the stage 60 miles and then the cars to Cleveland. There we took a boat and went on to Toledo and the wind blowed severely and we were most all seasick for 12 long hours - I felt O! awful. We staid overnight at Toledo and then went on in the cars to Chicago and we got there about 11 or 12 o'clock and there I with 6 or 8 more had to sleep on the floor for the beds at the public houses were all full. Then we went on to Batavia 36 miles and there we bought teams and wagons and put covers on our wagons.

"So now for the present you have all for I'm not in a communicative mood, and if I was as talkative as the crow I could not relate to you all my adventures if I was to set and write till the sun sinks in the west." He was now sadly unencumbered: "Our baggage remained on board directed by way bills to such posts as were most convenient. The boat was not able to extricate herself under 20 days and I never saw my baggage though others in my company got theirs. This terminated my first disaster."

There was a brief pleasant interlude; he left his partners with the team at Batavia and went to Buffalo Grove in western Illinois to visit sister Adeline, who was teaching there. He then went to Burlington on the Mississippi, and rejoined his train on May 5.

In 1855 Whitfield, at brother George's behest, recapitulated the story of his 1852 trek, and these fill in most of the gaps caused by previous lost letters. Perhaps the time gap enabled him to attain a clearer perspective concerning the hardships and irritations encountered with the wagon train.

"On the 18th of May 1852 we crossed the Missouri which is bordered by a heavy forest of six miles in breadth at St. Joseph. Once on the plains one day is as another - always travelling west - all Prairie - now and then a small stream - no forest - water generally bad - much disease and plenty of graves. Sometimes we encamp for an entire day on some beautiful stream bordering these great natural meadows to recruit our horses and rest ourselves. My team had not yet come up and I was obliged to travel on foot by which circumstances I was so excessively annoyed that I could not

enjoy this part of the journey.

"On the 25th May Holmes (his partner from S.S. Ohio) came up with us. He had remained some 10 or 11 days after the setting out of the rest of the train and had got his baggage but not mine. Had overdriven and wearied the team - had left it in the care of a company who had oxen and overtook us on foot and I now returned along with him, getting the loan of a pair of horses to bring them up. On the 28th we overtook the rest of the train.

"My horses were fast wearing away by the exceptional toil of the journey. We had a heavy wagon - my two companions had each a heavy trunk well-filled with clothing and also each a heavy rifle. Besides the carrying of provisions I was not benefitted to the value of a penny by the team and I had borne more than three fourths of the expense of fitting out. I always went on foot whilst my companions were often forced to ride on account of their health - I saw the horses every day growing thinner and weaker and could provide no remedy. I was vexed with myself for joining men who could not do their share of the fitting out, for had each one done as much as I we would have had four or six horses instead of two and I was displeased with the companions because I thought they were not willing to bear their share of the labour and so instead of the journey being pleasant as I had anticipated I was made excessively miserable.

"On the 2nd June we reached the River Platte which we first struck near Fort Kearney. We followed up this stream until the 10th. when we crossed the South Fork by fording - in the next day we reached the North Fork of the Platte which we followed up until the 28th when we crossed over this branch also and here poor Holmes was drowned in attempting to swim over his horse.

"The Platte is a very slow stream generally - its bed is quicksand and its water is muddy and very cold especially for the west. Upon this river is some very fine scenery - it has a very level valley of some 10 or 15 miles in width, back of which are bluffs all broken up into peaks somewhat resembling stacks of hay or corn with deep gullies between. In some of these gullies there is grass and the Antelope and Buffalo secrete and feed themselves here. The ridges are barren, the perpendicular sides resembling at a distance the ruined walls of some brick castle. Some of these peaks and pinnacles are altogether isolated, standing in the center of some broad plain and rising to the height of several hundred feet - sides

perpendicular of a red marl and a long distance away strikingly remind me of some legendary castles of magnificent dimensions.

"A little west of Fort Laramie the valley grows narrower and the country more uneven and rocky - here we left the river for a day or two to travel among the mountains and hills - a great variety of scenery, some of the barren bluffs red as blood, some green, some almost black, and some entirely free from stone. We passed over some very high land on one of these days and found the weather severely cold but had an excellent view of Nature in her wildest mood. Having crossed the north fork of the Platte we left it on the south and saw it no more. We were now on very high land and very barren. On the 30th of June we passed some alkaline ponds upon the surface of one of which was a crust of pure Salseratus clear as crystal like ice on a freshwater pond the thickness of an inch.

"We struck the Sweetwater, a small pure stream cold as ice. The first of July we passed Independence Rock - a huge pile of granite. We were now almost in the pass of the mountains. On the 4th of July I sat upon a bank of snow whilst my horses were feeding beside it - from beneath its edge flowed a stream of pure water. In the evening we had a storm of snow and sleet and a frost on the morning of the 5th. This day we crossed the height of land and camped at evening at waters which find their outlet in the Pacific Ocean.

"I saw but one buffalo on my whole route - a straggler which crossed our track one day at full speed and was soon out of sight. The emigration was so great that season that I suppose they were frightened and did not often come near the road most generally travelled though from where we struck the River Platte to within a day or two's drive of the South Pass of the mountains the traces of them indicated that they had once roamed in bands innumerable over the plains, and their trails beaten deep and hard into the soil were crossed by us daily, oftentimes by hundreds, but a few yards intervening. For many days we used nothing for fuel to do our cooking but the dried excrement of these animals, there being no wood on that part of the route.

"On the sixth day of July we left the Pacific springs for the great sandy plains which constitute the great American desert - plains of burning sand upon which the summer sun beats scorching, withering, destitute of vegetation save one or two species of stunted shrubs, bitter as wormwood, altogether such as one might suppose

grow on the banks of the Dead Sea, the site of sunken Sodom.

"On the 8th of July we travelled over 22 miles of this desert, and encamped on a stream of water away up towards the sources of which reached almost to the mountains - at least some 10 or 12 miles we were obliged to take our horses to get grass, and in the performance of this task I was lost from my companions and belated and being compelled to spend the night under a bush to the branches of which I tied my horses - a stormy night - in the fore part rain and in the after part frost, alone and unarmed in a country infested with the Grizzly Bear and hostile Indians - and my poor horses were so frightened that I had much ado to keep them quiet. Though cold and wet I was so weary that I often fell asleep, taking the precaution to wind the ropes by which the animals were made fast around my limbs that when they started suddenly from fright I might awaken, and thus I passed one of the most disagreeable nights of my life. At the break of day when I arose from my couch of brambles I was so stiffened from the fatigues of the preceding day and the wet and cold chills of the night that I could hardly move and my poor beasts were even worse than myself.

"By the friendly light of the sun I soon found my companions after an hour's ride and so we remained here two days to recruit. We left in the early part of the evening and drove 7 miles to another stream where we stopped till towards morning, and then made a long day's drive to the Green River, a distance of nearly 50 miles - no water, no grass. On the 13th we reached the Bear River which empties its waters into the Salt Lake, and found here plenty of good grass and caught plenty of trout - large and fine - from the small streams, its tributaries. On the 16th we passed what are called the Soda Springs - water quite warm and strongly mineral issuing from small holes in the top of a large rock of a most curious formation - probably formed of some substances held in solution by the water.

"There are some half dozen of these springs I suppose, not far distant from each other and most of them have formed a sort of cone rising from the face of the rock and of the same material, from one to three feet, and three or four feet in diameter at the base. In the top of these cones is a sort of basin containing several gallons constantly filled through a small aperture in the bottom, the water flowing over on all sides. Half a mile or so from these is one called the Steamboat Spring where the water being quite warm rising in a cone similarly formed is thrown up in a jet to a height of five or six feet, and it is really beautiful and strongly soda."

Very sadly letters must have been lost, as there is no record of Whitfield Chase's progress on the Pacific slopes during the month of August. He continued his narrative thereafter:-

"I arrived at the Dalles of the Columbia on the first day of Sep. 1852. Here Parsons took charge of our horses and I travelled down the Columbia by water. The rainy season was now just setting in and being in an open boat and encamping upon the bank by night we were much exposed to the weather. I arrived at Portland, the largest town in Oregon, on the evening of the 9th Sep. Here I remained until the 16th and worked a few days of the time. Having heard very favorable reports of the country about Puget Sound myself with four of my companions across the plains set out for Olympia. Portland is situated on the west bank of the Willamette about 12 miles from its junction with the Columbia.

"On the evening of the 16th we reached the south bank of the Columbia where we stopped for the night, sleeping in the open air, making down our beds alongside of a fence, and here we fell in company with two men who had come through by land from California and were on their way to Puget Sound like ourselves, and they loaned us two mules and a Spanish horse to assist us in carrying our clothes, blankets and provisions, as we had determined to leave our horses on the Columbia to recruit as they were very poor in flesh. Here also we met with Parsons who had been sick and had given up the horses to another of our company and had himself gone down in a boat, but he thought he was now recovering, and had engaged to teach a school here during the winter. I left him with our papers in regard to our horses and wagon so that he might get them and dispose of them in the most advantageous manner possible.

"On the 17th we crossed the Columbia and reached Olympia situate at the head of Puget Sound and then a small town of something like a score of small shabby looking houses on the 24th. From the time of our leaving Portland we had slept under a roof but a part of a single night - for the rest of the time the ground was our bed and the sky our covering. On the 20th we went on board a small schooner and landed at Port Townsend after four days sailing.

"Here I was taken sick on the 4th day of Oct. My disease seemed like a violent fever at first, but settled into the ague and fever after about a week's time. During this time I suffered severely as I was lying in an open log shanty and the cold chill winds of

October were blowing off the Bay through the chinks of my cabin and fairly lifting the blankets from off me whilst the violent burning fever in my brain deprived me of reason, and it seemed as if my days were numbered and well-nigh finished.

"After a week or so I began to have the chills, and now I was not in so violent pain as before, and there were intervals between the shakes when I was comparatively free from pain, but I had no strength and could eat nothing, and the diarrhea took hold of me which no medicine I could get would stop. This held me for a week or more till I became so weak and emaciated that my life seemed not worth an effort to save it. I got some medicine, I got a shelter and recovered but slowly. I left Port Townsend on the 21st Jan. seven or eight dollars in debt - I had laboured some, and nearly paid my way." This miserable sickness was presumably malaria, which had plagued the district since the inception of Fort Vancouver. At times work at the H.B.C. Post had ground to a halt because so many men were sick, and there had been some deaths.

"Got discouraged and determined to leave Puget Sound forever. Saw a man who promised me a passage to San Francisco if I would go with him to Soke on Vancouver's Island, and help him get out timber 8 or 10 days, which offer I gladly embraced for I had now no money, but I told him I was weak from the effects of the fever and perhaps could not work hard, but he said never mind, with what I could do he would be satisfied. So I went to Soke, remained there about 3 weeks and then went aboard a schooner we had loaded with lumber Feb. 17th bound for San Francisco. March 10 we entered the Harbour of San Francisco after a long and to me wearisome passage, having been seasick all the time from the moment we lost sight of land off Cape Flattery until we were anchored in harbour again - storms and a very rough sea - the ship rolling and the sea continuously washing over her decks and pouring into her cabin and the pumps in constant motion for nearly two weeks.

"March 11 1853 I went on shore and visited the streets of the far-famed city thronged with the busy and the idle and the gay - the city of the golden attractions which has vacated the seat in the cottage home of many a promising youth and saddened the hearts of thousands of fathers, mothers, sweethearts!"

At various stages of his travels Whitfield was given to moralizing about the sinful world around him, but his puritanical rage reached its height in San Francisco. He continued his diatribe:

"San Francisco - that City of golden but delusive hopes - the City which has allured so many sons from their parents - so many husbands from their wives - so many lovers from the arms of their mistresses - and given them back no more. O! what will thy doom be, Golden City! Great Sepulchre of noble men? Charnel House of ruined spirits? Souls murdered in excited pursuit of the Ignis Fatuus which thy name has created?" In a later letter he continued:-

"On March 11th I stood on Terra Firma and wandered about in search of employment - a stranger in a strange city. Business was not brisk, and a stranger had but poor chance. I was not yet strong, besides a seasickness of near three weeks had not invigorated me much. I returned on board and assisted in discharging the cargo of the schooner, which was squared timber - I then agreed for cook and steward for the trip back to Puget Sound. I did my duty, got discharged honorably on Vancouver's Island about May 1st, and had another turn of ague and fever, which shook me dreadfully for an entire week.

"T'was then a man with whom I was slightly acquainted held out hopes and inducements which have all proved fallacious. I came here (Port Townsend) with him, we thought of working on ships and doing repairs and I of getting some jobs at house building. We built us a log house, we purchased a ship's long boat and made of her a small schooner - we thought she would be saleable but we were deceived." He continued with details of their losses and the shortcomings of his un-named partner - and then a rare flash of humour illuminates his tale of woe:-

"You may color these statements to neighbours - tell them that I am a ship-builder and ship-owner - that I own three-quarters of a schooner, one quarter of a ship, and one quarter of a brig - which is all true. The ship and the brig however are sunk and we purchased the wrecks which you need not tell them."

At this period Chase shared the general American dislike of Indians. More and more of their land was being taken by the whites, and there was occasional retaliation. He related a fearsome episode near San Juan Island in 1853:-

"It was summer and as fine a morning as ever shone on the waters of Puget Sound. I with a young man from the East were cruising in a small boat partly for pleasure and partly for business. We were far away from any settlement by whites near a smallish

island claimed both by the English and the Americans . . . . . An Indian whose looks would fright you came along in a canoe, took hold of our boat and commenced talking. He asked us to go on shore to their village. We told him we wished to be going and asked him to let go - this he refused to do, but endeavoured to detain us until other Indians should come up who were not far distant. We raised our oars as if to strike his hand from our boat when he immediately shoved off and we started on. It was then he thought to shoot us - why he did not succeed I never could tell, but they are all very bad marksmen." It seems entirely possible, however, that he merely wanted to scare them off!

"We rowed hard all day, but the tide was against us and we could make no progress - the strong current was sweeping us farther and farther into a deep broad bay and the savages were continually darting past us saying we would be murdered. It was near sunset now, and what could we do? The wind was springing up and that might help us; it would not waft us on our way but it might sweep us into the open Sound and to American settlements. We set sail.

"We fled from Scylla but in escaping we rushed into Charibdys. The night set in with storm, we were in an open boat and very small at that, we were at least 25 miles from any land, and the waves rolled fearfully. They dashed over the prow of our boat, dashed over her sides and over her sail high up the mast. One steered the boat and one bailed out the water and held the sheet ready to let go should any sudden gust capsize us . . . . . The night was far spent when we ran under the lee of a small island, drew our boat on the beach, built a large fire, and cooked and ate our salmon. We slept sound and it was broad daylight when we woke - my friend had lost his boots and several other articles were missing too - and we saw the prints of a bare foot in the sand."

Sometime during 1853 Chase's partner in his sea trading venture was drowned. Soon afterwards Whitfield moved to Victoria, where he found intermittent work as a builder. He received his first mail since leaving home - to "Fort Victoria, Vancouver's Island, Pacific Ocean." In April 1854 he wrote dolefully:-

"I tell you, Mother, I have seen much to make me sick, heartily sick of this rude country - of her Majesty's possessions, of Oregon, and of California, for I've seen something of them all. The country is not a paradise as has been represented and there is far more

humbug than gold - a few successful ones make fortunes - a few more earn a competence - and very many are poor - money is parted with far easier than it is gained. What you would consider a small fortune would here barely procure one the necessaries of life - flour 20 dollars per barrel, pork 50, butter 50 cents per pound, and everything else in proportion.

"I must yet awhile remain in Victoria and I will build me a little cottage, I will get me books and paper and when other business does not press I will improve myself, and by and by when Oregon calls for assistance she shall receive my poor aid. Meantime I shall make myself respected here - I think I shall accumulate a little property." And so he did.

A year later he more cheerfully told his mother: "I had an attack of homesickness but am cured and possibly enjoy myself as well or better than I should at home. I enjoy good health and the climate is much more agreeable than with you.

"I'm yet remaining on Vancouver's Island and working at my trade. My wages are none the best yet I think I'm as well here as elsewhere and perhaps better. If I labour by the day I can get 3 dollars. On contract I generally earn 4 or 5, but living is expensive and the money goes it is difficult to tell where . . . . . I've inhaled the fresh invigorating breezes of old ocean and since I left my home among the hills of Delaware a free and roving life I've led - here I can live an independent life and can most likely lay up something against the winter of age. Should I return home it could only be for a visit - here at least I'm free.

"You enquire whether there are meetings here and Churches and Ministers. There is a parson in Victoria sent from England - a High Churchman I believe - and there is also a Roman Catholic Bishop. Which of the two is the best man I can't tell as I've heard neither of them preach. To the High Churchman's Heaven I could never go should I live ever so Godly a life for I'm not a Gentleman and my father is not a Gentleman according to the English definition of the term, and none but Gentlemen are worthy the notice of a High Churchman. As to the Roman Bishop I suppose he would pardon my sins, grant me absolution, give me a safe conduct through Purgatory and marry me to an Indian squaw to boot, if I will but give him a little of this world's wealth, but this I shall not do as I want none of his services.

"There is a Church in process of completion in Victoria where the Churchman will hold forth bye and bye. My partner and myself had a contract of 2600 dollars on said Church, but as I had my hands full of work elsewhere I gave up the job with its profits to him. Being what they style a d----d Yankee I suppose I will not be allowed to shew my face within the walls of the sacred enclosure when the building is once completed."

This indictment apparently refers to Rev. Edward Cridge and the erection of the Christ Church. In another letter, undated but probably late in 1853, he mentions what must be Craigflower School - and reiterates his paranoid dislike of the English:-

"I have undertaken to put up the frame of a mill which I shall commence in a day or two. I have been working on a school house since Sep. - the second in the Island - it is a two-storey house calculated for a dwelling for the teacher as well as a school. I might perhaps like to remain here long, but the English hate the Americans because they are better calculated to make money than themselves, and it is unpleasant to live among people who hate one, for which reason I do not wish to make this a permanent residence.

"I think in all probability I shall never return to the east to stop. Although there are many privations here, yet I somehow like the country better and better, and well I know should I return I should very soon become discontented there. I think to take a claim on the American side this season - I will build a house, plant an orchard and raise some stock. I don't know but I shall turn Cooper and make barrels and trade salmon from the Indians."

Whitfield Chase did indeed eventually shake the unfriendly dust of Victoria from his feet, but there were delays while he tried to sell building lots he had purchased earlier as a building investment. But in July 1857 he was able to write to brother George:-

"You will see that I'm again on American soil - the stars and stripes - the banner of freedom again floats over me. I breathe again the free air from the American hills and from the bosom of the unshackled sea. It's been about a month since I came to Port Townsend and am now working at the garrison for the Government. We shall have a job here of some six or eight months probably - our wages is about 4 dollars per day. The territory is all quiet now - no Indian disturbances of late - but it is not supposed that the peace will be permanent or that the war is wound up, for

there has been no treaty made with them. The country around Puget Sound is slowly increasing in population and growing in importance from the fact of its almost inexhaustible supply of very valuable timber which is shipped to almost all parts of the world. Even the English and French navies have been supplied with heavy spars from these waters.

"It is pretty good farming country, the winters being so mild stock will live without much if any feeding, and we have the finest wheat and the best potatoes in the world, though perhaps they may have larger crops in some other places. The climate too is healthy though probably it would be bad for consumptive people and also for rheumatic complaints, as we have cold nights and mornings and cold sea breezes and much dampness in the atmosphere all the year, yet it seldom rains during the summer months."

In November 1858 he was appointed foreman, at $5.00 daily. By spring he was considering his future; he found Port Townsend no more congenial than Victoria:-

"I may visit California or I may return to the States or I may go to the gold diggings towards the headwaters of those streams which flow into Fraser's River and the Northern branches of the Columbia, of which mines stories are getting into circulation of fabulous richness. As society is now one goes to the rum Mill for his only amusement and if he can enjoy it he may gamble, roll Nine Pins, play Billyards, dissipate and riot to his heart's content so long as his money lasts, and then return to his work again. Or if one is not inclined to labour he can take a claim by the salt water and go out of a morning or when the tyde is out, and in half an hour dig from the mud his day's provision, and so live an indolent life as the savages live. There is no fear of starvation on Puget Sound."

Chase's next surviving letter is written to his father on Feb. 3, 1859, from Cross Bar, Fraser River, midway between Boston Bar and Spuzzum. He apologizes for long silence:- "In a country new wild and inhospitable as this, whose only resource is the glittering ore in the banks of its streams, we want many of the conveniences of civilized life, such as chairs, tables, and writing material.

"On the first day of July I left the Government Reserve near Port Townsend for an excursion to the mining regions of New Caledonia. I may have done wrong in thus leaving the best situation I have had since residing on the Pacific Coast. There were, however,

many annoyances one had to submit to at the Military Station from the meddling and tyrannical disposition of the commanding officer - to which hardly any American Mechanic of high spirits and sensitive nature could for much length of time put up with.

"Notwithstanding this I should most likely have remained, keeping in check my feelings of offended dignity, looking rather to my pecuniary interests, had I not, from such reliable sources that I thought it impossible for me to be deceived, received glowing accounts of fabulous wealth, untold treasures of golden dust deposited in the banks of Fraser's stream, glittering particles so fine! so yellow, bright and beautiful! Oh! it is wonderful how the imagination is excited at the recital of such tales and the mining district was only 10 or 12 days journey from Port Townsend by canoe."

His trip up the Fraser was fearsome - "interrupted by rapids, by catteracts and by Canions where the swollen river rolling in a broad channel suddenly becomes contracted and forced through a bed worn in the solid rocks which rise like a wall of masonry perpendicular for hundreds of feet, almost shutting out the light of heaven and seeming to overhang the turbid waters below which rush with fearful velocity through these frightful chasms, whirling, eddying, foaming and dashing with a roar that is deafening with such fury and violence against these ramparts of granite as would dash into 10,000 atoms any boat."

A week later he was writing to sister Tempe, unusually cheerful in his "precarious pursuit which has very many enticements - is extremely exciting and which very many people can love even with its hardships when successful. The winter so far has not been what we would call severe in New York, but far more than people here had anticipated, and consequently there has been much suffering in the mines from cold and want of proper food, bringing on the scurvy and other diseases, and some I believe have even suffered from hunger while some have been frozen to death."

In August he wrote to his father from Bridge Port (just above Lillooet). He had left Cross Bar in "Feb. when the ice broke up and, thinking the river was clear, I started up it in canoe nearly a month too early. We had many portages to make over the ice, suffering much from the severity of the cold. This trip was attended with great expense by the slowness of our progress . . . . . the still water being frozen and the balance being mostly rapids up which a canoe

must be hauled by lines and taken out of the water altogether in many places. It was a journey of fatigue such as only the hardiest constitutions with uncommon powers of endurance can go through.

"Since July a year ago I've had no better roof above me than canvas, while nights innumerable I have lodged in the open air, but I do not think I experience any harm from such exposure for I have become inured to such a life, and find that many of the conveniences which formerly I highly prized can be well dispensed with, and in a dry climate like this one can sleep as soundly and with as much enjoyment wrapped in his blanket upon the dry earth as though he reclined upon a bed of down surrounded by marble walls decorated with all the art which science and wealth can apply."

Chase received no letters from home during his mining venture, and probably wrote few himself. But in 1870, when he was well established on his Shuswap Ranch, he recapitulated his progress to brother George:- "In July 58 I started up Fraser River to chance my fortune Gold digging . . . . . induced to leave from accounts given me by friends who had visited the Golden Stream. In the fall of 59 I had some 11 or 1200 dollars by me. The winters of 60 and 61 I had barely enough to carry me through. In the fall of 62 after paying my debts I had about $100 which I could call my own, when at Lillooet I was introduced to a stranger who could command about the same sum which we put together, bought two horses which we packed with provisions and started off to prospect through the Thompson country - a region at that time almost unexplored by miners.

"At Kamloops we traded our horses for grub, built a boat, and almost the first of Dec. started up the South Branch, the North Fork being too much frozen to ascend. From this time until Feb. we spent on the river and lakes above prospecting on the small streams, packing our grub, blankets, and mining equipment through snow oftentimes to our waists and spreading our beds in the snow wherever the night overtook us and dependent on our guns and the chance game we fell in with for our meat.

"About the first of Feb., coming to the end of our resources, we returned to Kamloops to apply to the H.B. Com. for work. The only work we could get was whip sawing, and if you never saw it done I will inform you it is done by two men, one of whom stands in a pit whilst the other stands upon a log above, which being lined on the upper and lower sides, is sawn into lumber, the saw being

drawn up and down, and the motive power being the muscle and sinew of the sawyers - and I need not tell you the labour is somewhat fatiguing. So now we were again forced to go out and make our camp in the wood at the most inclement season of that year, the mercury being almost at the freezing point. The mercury does sometimes freeze in this climate; I have known it to do so."

The Hudson's Bay Journal for Kamloops on November 12, 1862 notes, "Made an agreement with two miners for the purchase of two Mares at $50.00 each in Provisions." Since miners were a great rarity here in winter this almost certainly refers to Chase and his partner, assumed to be Donald G. McPherson. The men had become friends on the Fraser earlier that year, and so remained all their lives, since McPherson eventually settled at Shuswap too.

In the spring of 1863 they resumed their search for gold. "The snow had disappeared from the valleys and the rivers were clear of ice when we again ascended, first the North Branch of Thompson River and then crossing over to the South Branch with our packs on our backs cutting our way through the thickest of underbrush for our animals to pass, for a distance of 40 or 50 miles to visit some streams we had been on the winter previous. On this tour we found gold in a number of places, but nothing which I thought would pay us for working. Since then I have neither mined nor prospected for gold. In June I returned to Kamloops dead broke again.

"The Factor there on going away had left orders with his Clerk to employ me should I return, and I had a job which lasted me a year at $100 per month, when I again went to Cariboo, not to mine but rather to work at any chance job which came in my way. In the fall of 1864 I again returned to Kamloops with the determination to go farming, which is called here ranching, and which implies raising crops, raising Cattle, horses etcetera and everything one can turn to account on a farm.

"Several reasons led me to make this decision. One was the uniform high prices which farm produce of every description and livestock had always borne and another was that I felt that at 45 I was not the man to endure a miner's life which I would have been ten years earlier. I believe I have never been as strong for a labourer's task as most miners are, and yet I suppose my power of endurance has equalled and perhaps been superior to that of many who surpass me greatly in physical strength. I was aware that on a ranch I should not gain wealth suddenly, but I was also aware that I

should be saving something, and always have a home.

"In the spring of 65 I commenced my first lessons in farming in British Columbia with a sum of 11 or 12 dollars, which sum very soon vanished, and many things were yet wanting. We had to pay 9 and 10 cents per pound for our seed, which was yet cheaper than previously, yet when our first crop came in we could only sell for 5 cents. Ever since 3 cents is a big price."

The last surviving letter written by Whitfield Chase was sent to sister Tempe in January 1882, when he was running ranch, store and hotel, and, not surprisingly, complains of scant time for writing, and scant profits.

"Times here for business are dreadfully dull and have been for a number of years - there is very little money in circulation. Scarce anything one produces on a farm can be turned into cash, unless it be beef cattle and even they are very low as the market is overstocked. Last spring the weather was cool and wet, so much so that the grain crops were late in ripening, and the rains and early frosts damaged most of the grain. I had nearly 100 acres in grain and by good luck rather than by good management secured it without harm, but the year before my wheat was a failure altogether otherwise than for fodder. The winter before last was the coldest and longest on record here, and a third of all the cattle in the country died I believe, if not more. I lost nearly a third of mine after feeding most of my grain - not from starvation but from exposure.

"Owing to these mishaps and the failure of a number of my creditors (presumably he meant debtors) to meet their engagements I have been hard enough pushed for the last 3 years to make ends meet - having been forced to live most economically and do without things I have been greatly in need of.

"Last fall I had some excellent apples - from 15 to 20 bushels I think - as good fruit as I ever ate anywhere. But my pear and plum trees all died two years ago and my cherries. About three plum trees so far recovered as to bear a little fruit last summer - plums large as hens' eggs and wonderfully nice. Currants I have had every year since the bushes were large enough to bear in abundance - both red and black."

H.B.C. Accounts confirm "William" Chase's employment dates and wages - and the fact that he had to start very slowly with his purchases. Most customers at that period bought at least occasional

liquor, but Chase was a teetotaller; he did, however, indulge himself with an infrequent half pound of tobacco. And more prosperous times were ahead as railway construction in this district started in 1884, with much improved markets for beef and fresh produce.

During his sojourn in Oregon Territory during the threat of Indian wars the American philosophy that "the only good Indian is a dead one" affected Chase to some degree. In the interior of B.C., however, there had been no such bloody record, and he soon made many Indian friends. Indeed he married Elizabeth, a local Shuswap girl, soon after settling to farm. She seems to have been a wonderful person; her funeral in 1907 was attended by the whole community.

Establishing the ranch was slow, hard work, but Chase had never been lazy, and now had no higher authority to resent. It was probably fortunate that the Big Bend gold rush occurred in 1865, since, in partnership with retired H.B.C. clerk Robert Todd, he packed and traded goods at Seymour City, that ephemeral Eldorado. He also permitted use of his lakeshore for the construction of the Marten, our first paddlewheeler. Sadly for the miners and for Chase's trading enterprise, the boom was very short-lived. However he continued to run a small trading post at the ranch, with a larger store to follow when C.P.R. construction reached the Shuswap area.

As markets improved he was gradually able to add more land, eventually amassing 1330 acres, with 550 cattle, 30 horses, and five teams. His was not one of the really massive spreads of cattle barons like the Harper brothers or Johnny Wilson, but an interesting farm which included arable crops and orchards. In 1886 he added French Bob's Hotel to his enterprises.

But the years took their toll, and in 1896 Whitfield Chase died, much mourned as the patriarch of the district, as well as by his large family. His eldest daughter Sarah briefly attended Mrs. Nellie Roper's school in Kamloops, and the younger ones went to the Shuswap Prairie school opened in 1884. But in large part the fine education of his children was due to Whitfield's own efforts; he never lost his belief in the virtues of good schooling.

Ulysses, the eldest child, was drowned at the age of two. The others were Sarah (Mrs. James Ross), Nellie (Mrs. John Haldane), Minerva (Mrs. Bohannan), Amy (Mrs. Howard Smith), Catherine (Mrs. Joseph Brown), Lillian (Mrs. McKay), Hubert and David. In addition George Grant Chase, son of Lucius, joined his uncle in

1884, and farmed in Turtle Valley until his death in 1936. There are many descendants of both branches of the family still in the district.

If Whitfield Chase had known his final destiny when he left home he would probably have been resentful; he had hoped to make money quickly and return to the Delaware valley and its religious and intellectual civilization. But he was by nature a "loner" and somewhat of a rebel, and it seems likely that a pioneer's tough life in a new land was the happiest ending for him. For us who follow it was certainly fortunate; our first settlers were a very mixed bunch, and a hard-working and well-educated Puritan made one of the best.

OTHER EARLY SETTLERS

ROBERT TODD took up land at Shuswap immediately after Whitfield Chase in 1865. He was the son of a Scottish fur-trader and an Indian mother, born in 1831 on the site of Brandon. He naturally joined the H.B.C., and by 1854 was serving as a clerk at Thompson's River Post in Kamloops. He seems to have been a responsible and well-educated man, and at times took charge of the establishment during the absence of the Chief Trader; more frequently he ran the Company's pack train. He superintended the building of their ephemeral Fort Berens, across the Fraser from Lillooet.

In 1862 he left the H.B.C. to become an independent packer, at first alone and then under the grandiose title of "R. Todd & Co.," which meant that he had taken the elderly Samuel Bigham as partner - a somewhat doubtful asset. In 1864 both pre-empted land on the east side of the North Thompson to winter and breed pack animals, but this was next year taken over by Adam P. Heffley. Bigham then attempted to start Kamloops' first "restaurant," while Todd entered a loose partnership with Chase, and took up an adjoining Shuswap pre-emption. In 1866 they ran a pack train to the Big Bend gold rush, but the collapse of that over-rated Eldorado made it a very brief venture. Todd apparently used his land only for pack animals, and never attempted farming. He finally died in the Provincial Home at Kamloops in 1905.

Chase's friend DONALD GRANT McPHERSON hailed from Banff in Scotland. He emigrated to the U.S. in 1848, aged 22, and worked for some years as a stone mason in Missouri and on bridge construction in Canada before falling victim to Fraser River gold fever in 1862. He spent that winter in Kamloops, sharing with William Fortune the distinction of building the first independent

settler's "house." It was little more than a hollow scooped in the hillside, with a front wall of logs and a roof of poles and earth - very much akin to an Indian pithouse.

His mining friendship with Chase soon persuaded him to follow him to the Shuswap, farming in Back Valley (Pinantan). He later became partner in Chase's store, and finally retired into the new village until his death in 1912.

Next came DONALD WALKER, born in England about 1830. He joined the H.B.C. in 1849, and next year began service in New Caledonia at various posts. He was in Kamloops in 1854, mostly ploughing with oxen as part of C.T. Paul Fraser's effort to establish a good farm here. He was working at Fort Hope during the gold rush of 1858, and soon left the Company to mine himself. He quickly turned to packing, mostly from Hope up to the Cariboo until 1865, when he ventured to the Big Bend, taking the mail for F.J. Barnard.

At the end of this year he took up land at Shuswap to winter his pack animals and grow grain, and remained there for a decade. Relations with his neighbour were far from cordial; Chase was a careful and meticulous farmer, while Walker seems to have been very casual with his horses, which he allowed to stray into Chase's crops. Eventually the latter resorted to litigation, and was awarded damages.

In 1875 Walker reverted to freighting for several more years, selling his ranch to Christina McKenzie. He later settled to farm at Campbell Creek until his death in 1912, survived by his daughters Mrs. Robert Hazelhurst, Mrs. Alex McBryan junior and Mrs. Fred Coburn.

The fourth arrival was JAMES ROSS, a very well-educated Scot who had emigrated to B.C. in 1863. After a few years working in Victoria, mining and packing to the Big Bend, he pre-empted land on "Nesconthel's Creek" on the north side of the South Thompson in February 1869, adding later purchases upstream. He became an excellent farmer, and did valiant community work as secretary and organizer of the school district in 1884 and subsequently. In the 1880s he also ran a general store and saloon, and a decade later imported the thirty foot steam launch "Hesperus," the first screw propellor on the waterway. He later sold it to the Adams River Lumber Company.

In 1886 Ross married Sarah Ann, Chase's oldest daughter. Despite the great difference in their ages it was a notably happy marriage, with eleven children to carry on the families' importance in the district. In 1902 Ross was appointed J.P.; in 1908 he visited Glasgow for a cataract operation, but in spite of this his eyesight failed, and he moved to Kamloops about 1912 until his death in 1925, aged 85.

ALEXANDER McBRYAN also settled in the Shuswap in 1869. He was an Irish sailor who had served in many parts of the world before trying his luck at B.C.'s goldmining in the early 1860s. Like many another he turned to packing for a more reliable income, and in 1864 was working in this capacity for the H.B.C. It was probably when packing goods into the Big Bend that he was tempted to turn farmer and make a permanent home.

He had married Wishwa, an Indian girl from Hope, and together they and their family of ten soon developed a good mixed farm and vegetable garden, a cattle ranch, and a small general store to which a Post Office was added in 1885. But tragedy struck when the C.P.R. was built, since it sliced through the McBryan property and ruined its water supply. Part was left high and dry, with irrigation water diverted by the railway, while the lower portion was flooded from their diversion. Court action and subsequent appeal brought no relief; the C.P.R. emerged victorious in most such cases. What should have been a comfortable old age thus became a harsh struggle, ending in a sheriff's sale of part of the property in 1898, and McBryan's death in 1911.

Another settler on the south side was CHARLES E. WILLIAMS, who arrived about 1872, while in 1875 CHRISTINA McKENZIE bought Donald Walker's adjoining ranch. She was a very valiant woman at a time when the female horizon was usually limited to home and family. As the daughter of C.T. Angus McDonald of Colvile she had married H.B.C. clerk James McKenzie, who left the Company in 1872 to establish Kamloops' first independent store. He died next year, but Christina continued its operation very successfully, despite the demands of two young children. She hired Robert Nimmo as store manager when she herself took to ranching.

Romance blossomed in the pleasant Shuswap countryside; at the beginning of 1877 Christina married Williams. Together they ran ranch, arable farm, garden and orchard, as well as operating a store. In 1888 they sold to Michael Sullivan, and moved to

Montana.

THOMAS WOODSIDE GRAHAM was born near Belfast in 1837, and married Margaret McWha, several of whose siblings had emigrated to B.C. In 1871 he brought his young family to Tranquille, where his sister-in-law Jane was married to William Fortune. After a year "learning the ropes" here he took up land near Lac Le Bois, but in 1878 decided the lush land of the Shuswap district would be more rewarding. And indeed it was; they developed the excellent "Cultra Farm" on the north side of the South Thompson, with the help of four sons and four daughters.

He was a busy member of Kamloops Agricultural Association, serving as president and being a frequent winner here and at New Westminster Exhibition. His daughter Maggie not only excelled as a horsewoman but joined her mother as a prizewinner for handiwork. He was also active with the Masons and Orangemen, as he had earlier been in Ireland. When the first bridge to North Kamloops was completed in 1901, Graham bought the old ferry and towed it up to the ranch, where it served his operations and the general community for years.

In 1907 he sold the ranch to his son-in-law George Hoffman, and moved to Kamloops with his wife. But he did not long enjoy his retirement; in 1909 he was paralysed from a stroke, and died seven weeks later. Margaret survived until 1926.

Sometime during the latter 1870s FRANCIS SENIOR ANSTEY came to the interior, after working in Ontario and then for the H.B.C. at Hope. He had been born in 1830, the son of the headmaster of Rugby, one of England's greatest schools. Unlike previous settlers, he had no interest in farming, but was a lumberman. During the 1880s, with railway construction and the building boom that followed, he expanded into a large operation on various timber limits north of Sicamous and on Anstey Arm, named for him.

For the most part he seems to have worked under contract with James McIntosh, whose Shuswap Mill in Kamloops indicated by its name the source of its superior lumber. As far as is known, Anstey had no permanent home, but lived in his lumber camps. However, he raised a family, but his wife died fairly early, and his four sons apparently moved away as soon as old enough to do so.

Anstey survived until 1922. He spent the last fifteen years in the Provincial Home in Kamloops, where he regaled his fellows with stories of his ancestors. He claimed to be a direct descendant of the Black Prince, and believed himself heir to the massive Townsend estate, but his aristocratic heritage may have been the fond imaginings of old age.

In the late 1870s a good hotel was opened by ROBERT BOURDENAVE, universally known as French Bob. He is a shadowy figure; the 1874 Directory lists Robert Bordennore as working in Kamloops, but there is otherwise no hint of his antecedents. But his establishment soon became very popular, until in 1886 he sold to Chase because his health was failing. He died in 1891, aged 66, having sadly spent the last two years paralysed in Kamloops Hospital.

All these settlers had pre-dated the C.P.R., but construction of the railway brought in a new influx. One of the first was JOHN HALDANE, who came to work as a blacksmith at Beavermouth (west of Golden) in 1883. He arrived in the Shuswap district later the same year, taking work wherever it was available - at Revelstoke, Sicamous, and other construction sites. He was present when the last spike was driven at Craigellachie.

In 1891 he married Chase's daughter Nellie; they had a family of four daughters and four sons, two of whom were killed in W.W.I. At various times Haldane was farmer, store-keeper and postmaster; the Chase school is named in his honour. He died in 1937, aged 79.

GEORGE HOFFMAN also came with the railway, having been born in Halifax in 1862. From 1882 for four years he worked in various construction camps, and then served as section foreman at Ducks (Monte Creek). He was transferred to Shuswap in 1893, and in 1901 turned to farming as manager for G.B. Martin, south of Pritchard. He had married Lillian Graham in 1891, and bought Cultra Farm from her father in 1907, running it until his death in 1944. His widow continued for a few years before selling to Buckerfields and retiring to Chase, where two of their four surviving children lived.

ANDREW McCONNELL was appointed first station agent for Shuswap, and later added a small hotel and post office. Much later, when the village of Chase grew, he moved to this new centre to run

a general store and raise a family of five.

GEORGE A. COBURN, assisted by his brother Fred, settled to farm at Shuswap soon after the completion of the railway, and married Susan McBryan in 1888. He was a man of many parts; in addition to farming he was a contractor, coal merchant and grocer, and later managed Shuswap Hotel. He retired about 1925, selling the ranch to his son-in-law Douglas A. Mosher. Coburn died in 1932, aged 67, leaving a family of five.

With his purchase of the Williams ranch in 1888, MICHAEL SULLIVAN entered the Shuswap scene, but he had long been a familiar figure in the interior. This well-educated Irishman had been born in County Cork in 1838, emigrating to the U.S. in 1856, and on to the B.C. goldfields in 1862. He was more successful than most, and in 1868 took up land on the east side of the North Thompson in partnership with John T. Ussher. The latter soon withdrew to farm and become Government Agent in Kamloops.

Sullivan, essentially a "loner," gradually expanded his holdings, and the Sullivan Valley and Vinsulla are named for him. He did very well ranching, butter-making, intercepting the North River Indians on their way to the H.B.C. post and buying their furs, selling horses to the railway surveyors, and owning a share in the first threshing machine. With his considerable earnings he became a money lender, and held mortgages on many properties in town; he was nick-named Ten Percent Sullivan.

In 1888 he bought the Williams ranch, selling the North Thompson establishment to J.T. Edwards until re-possessing it a decade later. He seems to have maintained the Shuswap property, but did not expand as in his younger days, and in about 1895 sold to J.P. Shaw. He retained a small home on two acres, managing his Kamloops interests from this base. In 1898, however, he took over the Notch Hill hotel, and managed this with his wife Sophie Payette until his death in 1908.

JAMES PEARSON SHAW was one of a large family who came west in the latter 1880s. He had been born in Ontario in 1867 of United Empire Loyalist stock, and arrived in Salmon Arm twenty years later as a teacher. In 1895, however, he decided to take to the land, and bought the old Williams place from Sullivan. He seems to have been reasonably successful, but steadily devoted more time and attention to politics. In 1909 he was elected conservative member of

the Provincial Parliament, and was again successful in 1912, but in 1916 was quite heavily defeated.

In 1907 he had sold the ranch to Mike Carlin, but continued as his manager until 1913. His wife had died in 1909, leaving him with four children; he soon married Shuswap teacher Florence Beattie. In 1919 the family left to farm in Saskatchewan for a decade, and then returned to the Shuswap. In 1936 they moved to Heffley Creek until the deaths of both Florence and J.P. in 1946.

A FISH STORY

In this day and age so many obvious disasters have overtaken our natural environment that strong feelings and considerable discussion arise whenever a major upheaval is mooted. Kamloops, for instance, had to decide in the 1960s whether it wanted a pulp mill and its attendant effluent to promote a rapid growth rate and its attendant sewage, or whether it preferred to retain the clear purity of the Thompson River and its famed fresh air. More recently controversy rages in balancing the brief prosperity that would accrue from uranium mining against possible poisoning from long-term residues.

Usually, so far, the voice of "progress," profit and population growth has had much more power than that of the conservationist, but early in the century there was no contest at all. The first major damage inflicted on our natural resources was perpetrated by the lumber industry, and there was absolutely no public outcry. This could not happen nowadays, but it is perhaps salutary to remember that even now large-scale governmental or industrial projects may receive minimal advance publicity, so that there is scant opportunity for protesting opponents to gather data before development takes place.

A brief note in the Inland Sentinel of July 2, 1907, stated that the Adams River Lumber Company had been gazetted, with a capital of half a million. In an adjoining column there was a small-print legal notice by Andrew McConnell, C.P.R. agent at Shuswap station; this was an application under the Rivers and Streams Act to remove obstructions on Adams River to make it fit for rafting logs and for navigation, and to maintain booms on Adams and Shuswap Lakes. Much later it appeared that McConnell was acting as agent for the new company, headed by Spokane lumberman J.P. McGoldrick in association with Messrs. Lammers of Minnesota, but there was no mention of these Americans for another year or so in

the local press.

The casual reader could well miss these inconspicuous early notes, but on September 20 a somewhat longer paragraph might catch his attention. It announced the arrival at the C.P.R. yard in Kamloops of an "Alligator Warping Tug." This was described; it was designed for toughness in fast shallow water, and was intended for the Company's use on Adams Lake and River. Not surprisingly, this River was too much for it, and it therefore never reached the Lake.

There were no more references that year, although all the vital decisions had already been made, and the Adams River system had, in effect, been handed over to the lumber industdry to use as it wished.

In March 1908 Kamloops City Council got mildly excited because the water level here was the lowest ever recorded. Alderman A.C. Taylor mentioned a rumour that a dam had been built at the outlet of Adams Lake, and that the Lower Adams River was almost dry - and wondered if this might be the reason for the Thompson's low ebb. Even then nobody so much as mentioned the salmon; their only concern was for the log booms of the Kamloops mills.

In May the Sentinel carried news of Adams River Lumber Company progress. They had started building a mill at the foot of Little Shuswap Lake for $250,000, supplied by a spur line from the C.P.R. They were also laying out a townsite to be called Chase, in honour of the first settler in the area. Everything was proceeding apace, and they happily hoped the little town would be occupied and the mill in production by October. The dam, already effective, was not mentioned.

In this district the four-year life cycle of the sockeye is too well-known to need repetition, but it is perhaps necessary to point out that in earlier days the Adams River had two distinct runs - a vital fact in the fish-eating Indians' economy. The earlier one in late August made the very long trip through Adams Lake to spawn on the thirty miles of gravel bed of the Upper Adams River, and in Tum Tum Lake. The later, peaking in mid-October as it still does, spawned in the 300 acres of the Lower Adams River, a mere seven mile waterway.

The Adams River Lumber Company profitted very happily

from their virtual ownership of this lower river, and the general populace passively accepted their tenure of power. There was nobody to speak for the salmon, but their fate was outlined much later, in a booklet published by the International Pacific Salmon Fisheries Commission in 1958:-

"About 1908 a logging company built a splash dam at the upper end of Adams River in the outlet of Adams Lake. This dam was used to store the water which would be released suddenly to 'flash-float' logs down the river. The sudden wall of water and logs crashing downstream was like a spring freshet occurring several times during the spawning and incubation periods. The salmon didn't stand a chance of spawning effectively, for they were carried downstream with the flood each time it was released. In between floods the stream bed was nearly dry, and in winter the eggs were exposed and frozen. Only a few fish were able to reproduce each year . . . . . While the Adams River splash dam didn't quite eliminate the run to the Lower River, it did give the final blow to the sockeye that used to spawn in huge numbers in the Upper Adams River."

This naturally had severe repercussions economically at the coast; fishermen were ruined, and some canneries had to close. Hell's Gate slides, caused by C.N.R. construction in 1913, still further damaged B.C's fishing industry by blocking the Fraser runs. It was this disaster that destroyed the local Salmon River run.

By this time fishways of a kind had been put in at Adams Lake, but it seems they were never effective. From 1922 onwards the dam, fifteen feet high, still retained logs, but was no longer used in the flushing system described by the Commission, so that the lower river gradually recovered, although with a different peak year.

In 1925 the mill closed, but the dam lingered for another 21 years! The Fisheries Department grumbled occasionally; in 1931 they planted eggs in Scotch Creek as an attempted alternative to the lost Upper Adams, while damning in no uncertain terms both this dam and that on the Barriere, built for Kamloops' hydroelectric system. Indeed Kamloops City Council sometimes looked longingly at the Adams, hoping they could somehow afford to transfer their power source from Barriere, which had always been subject to quite frequent outages from burst flumes or slides. But it was the Depression, so this was a mere pipe-dream.

In 1944 Kamloops Board of Trade visited the site with guests Premier John Hart, R.H. Carson, M.L.A., T.J. O'Neill, M.P., district water engineer A.E. Parlow, lumberman Harry Turner and Chase's representative Rev. C.W. Kirksey. Hart stated that the dam "should remain at least until the provincial government has established a definite policy as to the development of hydro-electric power here and in other parts of the province."

Fisheries requests for removal of the dam during the 1930s were opposed by logging interests, but eventually their patience ran out. The Water Controller refused to renew the Adams River Development Company's rights to the river, and in January 1946, with as little preliminary fanfare as had attended its erection, the dam was dynamited by the Salmon Commission. They stated, "This opens up vast spawning areas of the upper Adams River, and Adams and Tum Tum Lakes. For 37 years it has blocked the passage of untold millions of sockeye, with a loss of millions of dollars to fishing."

Kamloops Board of Trade held what can only be called an indignation meeting. Secretary D.B. Johnstone deplored "penalizing the lumber industry," and even feared a recurrence of the 1894 flood as a result. William Louie believed the dam had actually helped the salmon up by regulating water flow, and felt the fishway could have been made to work - but after 46 years of failure this seemed hardly plausible.

Restocking of the Upper Adams run has been attempted, but has been unsuccessful. There is an obvious moral to this story; destruction can be accomplished all too easily, but restitution is very slow or totally impossible.

INSTANT TOWN

In 1907 Whitfield Chase's executors were advertising his ranch for sale. This consisted of 580 acres (less the C.P.R. right-of-way) that was fully cultivated and included the home and all farm buildings, at the foot of Little Shuswap Lake; 320 acres "back of Shuswap"; and another 438 acres of pastoral land northwest of the South Thompson, with river frontage. All machinery and equipment was included, together with 550 head of cattle, five teams of work horses and thirty range horses. Part of the first parcel was bought by the Adams Lumber River Company; the remainder continued to be a successful ranch under the management of George Grant Chase, Whitfield's nephew who had come to the district in 1884.

The Company reserved seventy acres at the outlet of Little Shuswap Lake as the mill site, and surveyed the adjacent townsite, naming it in honour of the ranch's founder. The American-based business was perhaps glad that Chase had been their compatriot, but soon established a happy relationship with the local ranchers - Canadian, Scottish, Irish and everyone else. There seems to have been no resentment about the virtual take-over of a large section of land by U.S. interests; rather there was delight at its development with attendant prosperity for ranchers and merchants. All the management and most of the workers were brought in from the States, but there was, for many years, plenty of work for local men in the mill and logging camps. There was almost no unemployment at that period.

Certainly progress was rapid; by July 1908 A.E. (Dick) Underwood's Hotel was open; it remains virtually unchanged. There was a general store, a Post Office, and fifty homes ready for occupancy, with a school in preparation for the thirty children already accumulated. A water system had been installed from Chase Creek, with a permit for two hundred inches, and electric light was soon to be supplied from a plant at the mill.

Meantime the sawmill of 56 by 184 feet had been completed, with an elevated tramway running 725 feet to the yard, and a spacious drying area. The planing mill was 23 by 126 feet; the steam power plant was to be housed in a fifty foot square brick building with a steel roof. There was plentiful power and lighting for both mill and village. Refuse was to be burnt in the latest water-jacket burner, and the engine room housed a 600 h.p. Corliss engine. Their expected production was six million feet per month, and they made an excellent start a little later in 1908. J.A. Magee was the very competent manager until his death two years later.

The Alligator tug had proved quite unable to negotiate the Adams River, but, under the name of Nellie, made herself useful around the mill under Captain Johnny Cellouette. The dredge Pelican, under Captain Joe Johnson, tried to maintain a good channel in the South Thompson, but the light sand had a will of its own. In 1909 the 209 ton sternwheeler A.R. Hellen was built for Adams Lake, where her disintegrating hull could be seen until about 1960. On Shuswap Lake the 102 ton screw-propellor Crombie, under Captain Nelson, towed logs efficiently, but needed extensive repairs in 1912 after collision with an "iceberg"! In 1916 she was rebuilt as a sternwheeler. The Company also took over the 90 ton

Florence Carlin, built at Kault in 1906 for the Columbia River Lumber Company. In addition there was the small launch Gypsy, which seemed to handle a variety of jobs, including pleasant lake outings for the management on holidays. R.A. Bethune's Tillicum was later added to the fleet.

It would seem that Company president J.P. McGoldrick never lived in Chase. E.E. Brooks was popular sales manager until leaving at the end of 1912 to start his own Vancouver lumber company, and the appropriately named R.H. Sawyer was general manager. Otherwise the Lammers family provided most of the leadership; Albert J. Lammers was vice-president, George A. a director, and Walter F. treasurer. The latter also became sales manager when Brooks left, and remained in Chase until his death in 1944. All had joined in community activities; there was no hint of an American management clique.

During 1909 mill workers were moving in, and soon the new houses of the instant village were filled with young families and the Underwood Hotel with bachelors. The Anglican congregation built its church, under the Rev. Gilbert McKechnie. In July Kamloops Boat Club honoured the new community by holding its regatta there - and found conditions so much superior to those at home that it became an annual affair for the people of both places.

On September 10, 1910 there was great excitement when the mill cut a record 219,000 feet in ten hours. Early timber limits consisted of 43 square miles on the Adams River and another 36 on the high plateau; later much more was added on the various arms of Shuswap Lake. In 1912 a huge V-shaped flume eleven miles long, the longest in Canada, was constructed from a dam near the headwaters of Bear Creek down to the lower Adams River, through which logs hurtled "with the speed of an express train." One of Chase's new inhabitants, W.F. Montgomery, was a truly excellent photographer, and two fine panoramic views and many pictures of the mill, steamers, logging camps and flumes are displayed in Kamloops Museum. Accompanying them is a massive 180 by 85 by 5 cm single board produced by the mill, and at a later stage used on the paddlewheeler C.R. Lamb.

During 1910 in the village Andrew McConnell's store was flourishing; he had earned this reward by serving as agent during the Adams River Lumber Company's formative months. There was a whole crop of new businesses - Post Office, barbershop, Chinese

laundry, grocery, and Bob Robertson's dance hall, dignified by the name of Opera House when professional players visited, the local band gave a concert, or the Dramatic Club put on one of its excellent performances. J. Howard Smith was commissioned to paint murals here, and this he did to great acclaim with the Belles of Chase - portraits of fifteen or so of the ladies of the district. It was later, very sadly, destroyed by fire. Smith was an American illustrator who married Amy Chase and later moved to Vancouver, where he achieved some eminence as an artist. One of his paintings may be seen in the Kamloops Museum; it depicts a cowboy chasing steers through dangerously dense bush.

In the same year the Company built its hospital, and the village gained Dr. Walter Scatchard, who became the community's best-loved man. He had left Yorkshire in 1909 to farm in Salmon Arm in an attempt to improve his health, but the climate alone seemed effective, so he was glad to revert to medicine. The eldest son remained in England, but he and his wife and their other children became an integral part of Chase, although Mowbray died in 1912, aged 17. Gerald C. (Jack) worked in Kamloops Sentinel print shop for many years, Kemble and Charles later moved away, while Mildred (Ping) Gatin still continues community service in the village. In 1937 Mrs. Scatchard gave the infant Kamloops Museum many 1912 copies of the Chase Tribune, where they continue to be a great asset to the Archives.

There was further consolidation in 1911. The Knights of Pythias instituted their lodge, and it quickly became a dominant feature of social life and fraternal help in Chase. Everyone delighted in their whist drives, balls and picnics for many years. The Board of Trade was formed, and it maintained a nice balance between old and new. In succeeding years early settlers like McConnell and Chase seemed to alternate with the mill hierarchy in the presidency. In 1913 they formed an association to include the whole Shuswap Lake district for promotion of settlement and tourism.

1912 saw the building of a bridge at Shuswap, downstream from Chase village, but very useful for north shore settlers, Indian reserves and for lumber transport. On April 26 there appeared the first issue of the eight page weekly Chase Tribune, under editor W.H. Bohannen, with Edgar Sandahl running the print shop. It was an excellent paper; there was a serial story and a few syndicated articles, but most of the space was devoted to Chase and environs. Humour was not forgotten; Howard Smith contributed regular

cartoons of all local dignitaries and events, and these were later published as a booklet.

The advent of this printing press gave a great opportunity to the Board of Trade, which produced a very good illustrated brochure on the delights of the district for holidays. It was the first in the interior to concentrate on alluring tourists rather than promoting business and the various forms of agriculture. To modern conservationists the accent is horrifyingly on massive slaughter, from the frontispiece by Howard Smith depicting two men with axes and one with a pole cornering a bear, to the slightly less blood thirsty photos of rows and rows of lake fish in front of beaming anglers. Apparently it was easy to get a hundred pan-sized trout from Chase Creek in an afternoon; not surprisingly few were left for succeeding generations. The delights of Adams River were naturally not mentioned, since this magnificent river had been ceded to the logs.

The band, under conductor Jimmy Allen, was now "a great credit to the town"; so were the Demons baseball boys. Louis Bean's ice-cream parlour, with its wrought iron furniture, provided elegant sociability, while William Lanctot's Ideal Pool Room catered to less sophisticated tastes. There were great plans for the Bench addition, a twelve acre subdivision overlooking Little Shuswap Lake, and Kamloops Trust Company was planning the Sorrento townsite. Street improvement and extensive grading were underway in the village under the supervision of a sprig of the English aristocracy, district engineer Hon. Frederick W. Aylmer. The Imperial Bank opened a branch.

Progress in the next couple of years gave continued prosperity and a pleasant social life. There was now a Presbyterian Church, under Pastor T.R. Peacock, to add to the Roman Catholic and Anglican activities, while Chase Rifle Club delighted the hunting fraternity. There were occasional minor misfortunes; in January 1913 the night-watchman was instructed to flood the ice rink, but left the hose running so that it formed a solid wall of ice which remained rigid until spring run-off. In the winter doldrums the newspaper was reduced to four pages, but in July teacher T.J. McKinlay became editor and it was increased to six. With the release of land from the Dominion Forest Reserve settlers were moving into Chase Creek and China Valley, which even warranted a school.

The 1914 Directory for the whole district lists 162 working men living in the village, the majority being Adams River Lumber Company employees. Businesses included the Underwood Hotel, three general stores under McConnell, Bradley Bros. and Angus Farris, drygoods merchants Louis Cummings and J.H. Barry, jeweller J.C. Adams, grocers Gordon Grant and Horace Ballard, confectioner James Gray, billiards operator William Lanctot, blacksmiths Bert Brown and J.H. Clifford, plumber A. Bond, shoemaker John Clegg, barbers W.T. Gordon and Frank Bradley, carpenter W.W. Bradley, tailor Henry Herzog, painters Reg Miner and W.F. Hodge, liveryman Hector L. McLean, mason J.E. Cohoe, druggist E.C. Wilson, and a Chinese restaurant and laundry. The Imperial Bank and Post Office each employed two men, and the Tribune three. Provincial police constable Henry E. Brickland maintained law and order, and W.E. Keyl served as fire warden.

This was probably the peak year of Chase prosperity, although the mill continued at full production during World War One. The Tribune was a casualty, but the Red Cross, formed in 1915, was very active sewing for the troops. During this period most of the "easy" timber had been stripped from the lake shores and adjacent plateau. In 1918, however, operations were extended by building the Brennan Creek flume, while John Nixon established his large lumber camp 2200 feet above the lake. The Adams Lake population next year warranted a school at Squam Bay, under Miss McKinnell.

March 1918 saw a bad fire in the village, with the destruction of Mrs. Berry's restaurant and store, Parday's grocery, and a rooming house, with considerable damage to the Telephone Exchange. There was general rejoicing when war ended later that year, and Chase seemed to escape the worst of the dread influenza epidemic which followed. Most of those killed in the war apparently came from the pioneer ranching families; in 1926 the War Memorial was unveiled by Mrs. John Haldane and Mrs. George Hoffman, who had each lost two sons.

Social life revived quickly, with the accent on sports. There were a Hockey Club and a Girls' Gymnastics Class, with quieter activity in the Chess Club. Empire Day in 1920 saw a glorious celebration which included a baseball match, cycle races, horse jumping, log rolling, tug-of-war and athletics. Next year Chase Stampede was held in September, starting with children's sports, and continuing with horse races and a rodeo. Mildred Scatchard won the cowgirl's race, while most of the male events were taken by

the Manuel family - Andy, Jim, Louis and August. Indian participation was enthusiastic.

Gradually, however, even the more remote timber was felled, and expenses of operation had naturally increased sharply as local hills were denuded. Winter closures of the mill became longer, and some men were laid off even during the working season. Finally, in 1925, it closed "until economic conditions make its operation profitable" - although everyone knew it was the end. The village was left without water or electricity, and the scene was set for a ghost town to revert to ranching.

But Chase had no intention of dying! The population certainly declined to about 300, but managed to retrieve its water system and hunt out the old coal oil lamps. The hospital closed, but Dr. Scatchard continued his ministrations. There was some work available on ranches, the C.P.R. or various small mills that operated during the next decade; there was also a small tourist trade.

In 1935 there was disaster when the spring spate washed out the bridge and swept away the old Chinese laundry. But it was followed by rejoicing when Mike Carlin bought the electricity works from the Adams River Lumber Company and re-activated it, and the lights went on again. A small cannery helped to ease the depression. In 1938 there was great excitement and much speechifying when T.J. O'Neill, M.P., opened the bridge to Adams Lake Indian Village, after construction by local labour under Paul McMaster. This replaced the old Shuswap bridge, which had been condemned as unsafe.

After World War Two the village gained a healthy lease on life with a new lumber mill and settlement under the Veterans Land Act, with purchase of the remainder of the Chase and Carlin properties. This was subdivided, but there were shortcomings in the design of the irrigation system that was supposed to supply all lots. Nevertheless, it served to boost the population to 532 in 1948, and Chase Irrigation District was incorporated next year, providing vastly better distribution.

With very considerable improvements to the Trans-Canada Highway and greatly increased post-war prosperity, throughout the country, the tourist trade became steadily more important during the 1950s. The present pattern of an economy based on many different occupations was firmly established.