

SARCEE

INDIAN

RESERVE

BRAGG

CREEK

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MILLARVILLE

RIVER

SHEEP

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FOOTHILLS

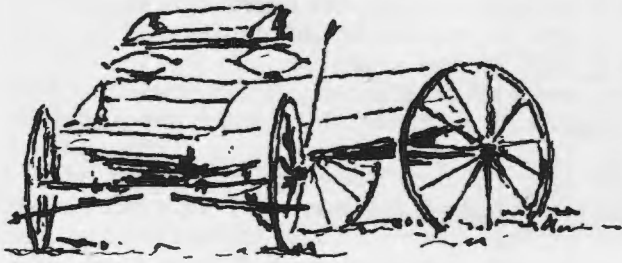
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BRAGG CREEK



BRAGG CREEK — INTRODUCTION — by Freda Purmal

When the first white men ventured into the foothill country now known as Bragg Creek district, they must have been inspired by the beauty of the country after traversing miles of open prairie. The hills, the crystal clear Elbow River and numerous creeks teeming with grayling and trout. There were forests of spruce, pine, poplars, balm-of-gilead, willows and a few balsam trees; and in the background, the majestic Rockies.

There were no fences and no roads except the historical Stoney Indian Trail which had been used for generations from Rocky Mountain House, south to the Macleod area. Wildlife was abundant with thousands of prairie chicken in the open areas, ruffed grouse, spruce partridge and on the highest hills nested the blue grouse. Fur bearing animals were also in large numbers. Strangely as it now may seem, there were very few deer or their related species in this immediate area, due probably to lack of tree protection.

Devastating fires through the years had taken their toll of many forested areas and when the first settlers arrived there were large open meadows and flats which made it unnecessary to clear land for their first haying and plowing. Today, most of this once open land has become heavily timbered.

This beauty spot is now approximately 25 miles south west of Calgary since the old roads have been straightened, a relatively short distance from the prairie and with a complete change of environment.

When the early surveying was finished, Bragg Creek became a small district comprising township 23-5-w/5 and part of township 22-4-w/5. It is bounded mostly on the east by the Sarcee Indian Reserve, on the west and south by the Forest Reserve and on the north by what is known as the Jumping Pound Lease. These are the approximate boundaries.

The first settlers arriving found only rutted trails win-

ding along the lands of least resistance with the river and creeks to ford. Some people used trails from Calgary to the Springbank and Cochrane areas before turning south, others followed river valleys and some came by Priddis.

Very few of the early settlers remained for any length of time. It was a beautiful and unspoiled country but isolated. Homesteaders found it was an impossibility trying to eke out a living for their families. Early frosts soured the bush grass which left no nutritious value for wintering livestock and despite numerous chinooks, snow was, and still is often 2 feet deep by spring. There were some who remained long enough to prove up their homesteads and others who just squatted for awhile before moving on to more lucrative looking areas. One neighbor calling on a friend to bid farewell, his two wagons piled with all his worldly goods and a few head of horses and cattle, remarked that although he was sorry to leave, a man could not feed his family on scenery.

All who remain in Bragg Creek today of the earliest settlers are the offspring of two families; Captain W. H. Muncaster and T. K. Fullerton.

Since the early 1920s, Bragg Creek has always been a favored spot for week-enders and now many retired people and those engaged in city business have permanent homes and commute to the city each day. There are also numerous ranches, large and small in the district. Bragg Creek now has paved highways, electric power, natural gas, 24 hour telephone service, stores, dance and community halls, swimming pools, dude ranches and various other enterprises. Much of the once open rangeland and hay fields are now small acreages sporting beautiful modern homes — all this change in less than 80 years.



Bird hunting — 1909. Jake Fullerton and daughter, Freda. Blue roan team "Tommy" and "Billy", dog "Pup"



BRAGG CREEK ARTICLES

FIRST BRAGG CREEK SCHOOL No. 3088 — by Freda Purmal

The first school in Bragg Creek was built in 1914, on an acre of land in the N.E.¼ 10-23-5-W/5, donated by the Cullen brothers. This was the most central location at that time. There were three families with school age children; the Bill Grahams, the Jim Longs and the Jake Fullertons. The Graham family lived to the west, the Long family to the north and the Fullerton family to the east.

The school was not built without a battle. The families with school age children faced a formidable enemy; the childless residents and the Department of Education. The Government grant offered was inadequate so taxes had to be levied in order to build and maintain the school.

Teachers were most difficult to come by, often there were no teachers available during a regular school term resulting in winter closure and opening in the spring and summer.

The school meetings which took place to elect trustees and a secretary resembled the advent of a civil war, no blood was ever shed but everyone expected there would be an eruption at any moment.

The school was a white frame building, heated by a large air-tight wood heater situated in the centre of the one room and about twenty feet of tin stove pipe, tied to the ceiling with baling wire which stretched to the back of the room to a brick chimney. On cold days, only those sitting near the stove were able to keep warm, the remainder of the pupils sat huddled in their coats and overshoes. On each side of the room there were four little coal oil lamps in brackets on the walls. Between the lamps hung large maps of North America, Alberta and Canada. At the back of the room, on each side of the chimney were two blackboards.

The furniture consisted of the teacher's oak desk and chair, three sizes of desks for the pupils — grades one to eight. The library was a small cupboard with a huge Webster dictionary and about a dozen books such as Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn, Little Women, etc.

The first teacher at Bragg Creek was Miss Maude Stewart, born in 1888 at Charlottetown, P.E.I., a sister of "Frank Stewart". She organized the first Christmas tree concert and the building was packed. Miss Stewart

Miss Maude Stewart first Bragg Creek School teacher. Picture taken in her brother Frank's car, April 13, 1915.



Bragg Creek School No. 3088. First picture taken August 1917 by teacher Cicely Wilson. Six pupils are children of the Tom and Jake Fullerton families.



Bragg Creek School pupils and teacher — 1919. Back row, L. to R.: Jessie Fullerton, Caroline Tetherington, Rodina Reinertson, Florence Fullerton. Centre row: Freda Fullerton, Winnie Fullerton, Anne Fullerton, Florence Reinertson, Harold Fullerton. Front row: Bill Fullerton, Alva Fullerton, Harvey Tetherington, Ruth Fullerton. Teacher, Charles Reid.

Photo courtesy Charles Reid

taught for a few years in Alberta before marrying Harry Webster. They lived at Red Willow, Alberta, until moving to Victoria. Maude died in Victoria in 1965.

Cicely "Wilson" taught for two different terms, she lived with her parents, John and Mary Wilson and rode the four miles to school on a little sorrel mare named "Madge" which belonged to my mother.

In the succeeding years, Bragg Creek had many fine teachers, both men and women. They usually boarded at the John or Jake Fullertons' or with the Whites. Whenever a lady teacher boarded, bachelors for miles around became frequent visitors.

My mother was often elected school secretary and had the task of hiring teachers with the approval of the trustees. They only erred once which caused considerable embarrassment. They hired a very attractive girl from

Muskoka Lakes, Ontario. My father brought her home from Calgary during an extreme cold spell; her luggage consisted of two suitcases.

When she had unpacked and was settled in her room, my mother asked to see her teacher's certificate. The girl said she was sorry, she must have left it in her trunk in Calgary. During her teaching term she never did produce a trunk or certificate because she did not possess either. Regardless of her false statements, she was a good teacher and we all passed our exams without difficulty.

For years the school was the centre of all activity, dances, elections, the occasional church service and Sunday school. The building has long been abandoned as a school, most children are now being bussed to the Springbank centre.

TWO PINE SCHOOL No. 4567 — by Mrs. G. A. MacDonald nee Maysie Budge

"Ring the bell and let her rip" was the advice given by Colonel Macgregor, Inspector of Schools in the Calgary area when asked what should be done May 2nd, 1932, to open the newly built log school south of Bragg Creek.

It was necessary to erect this school because the Burby and Connop children had no school. The Connop boys had been boarding in Bragg Creek and attending the Bragg Creek school but the Burby children had never attended. Margaret was ten and John eight years old.

This building was built without cost to the taxpayers by Mr. Leo Burby and Mr. Syd Connop with the help and contributions of others in the district.



Two Pine School was built of logs by volunteers who donated their materials and time to see the school completed, 1931.

Photo courtesy Mrs. M. MacDonald



Pupils of two Pine School, 1932. L. to R.: Joan Burby, John Burby, George Connop, Margaret Burby, Jim Connop, Dick Connop, Frankie Wolfe.

Photo courtesy Mrs. Maysie (Budge) MacDonald, former teacher

The first teacher was a city girl, Maysie Budge and she was a first too — her first school and first time in the country, also her first experience riding horseback. She was hired on a yearly contract, the first running from May 2nd, 1932 to June 30th, 1933, at a salary of \$740.00 for the fourteen month period. The trustees were Mrs. Agnes Connop, (chairman) Mrs. Leo Burby, (sec-treas.) and Mr. H. W. Cresswell.

Because there were no buses or trains to get out to her new school, Miss Budge had to go with Mr. John Fullerton who carried the mail. It took over four hours to go that thirty-odd miles. Now one travels there on a hard surface road in about half an hour. She was met by Mrs. Burby, they travelled the muddy road to the Burby ranch by horse and wagon.

This little school holds, I'm sure, many memories for the first and other pupils attending it. The first pupils were Margaret, John and Joan Burby; Dick, Jim and George Connop and Frank Wolfe. (He started in Sept. 1932). It was always an exciting day when the Stoney Indians travelling from the south to their Morley Reserve passed the school. We all trooped outside to wave and shout "hello." Usually stout old Mrs. Red Cloud was at the end of the line, bouncing along like a sack of potatoes and shouting "hi teach — hi teach."

Our field trips in the spring were a real highlight. A note was left for the benefit of the school inspector who usually arrived unannounced, to the effect that we would be back soon. Then armed with our lunches, jars and boxes, we would venture forth. When we returned we had enough material for many nature study lessons. One year we named over one hundred varieties of wild flowers, all found in the area.

Christmas was an exciting time for Two Pine. There were gifts for all the children in the area. The money was obtained by the teacher who went from neighbor to neighbor asking for donations. The children went out and cut down their own tree, then all seven of them put on an hour and half program on an afternoon, with no stage, no piano and only blankets for curtains. Santa arrived distributing the gifts then all rode or drove horses home to get their various chores done.

Miss Budge taught in Two Pine from May 2nd, 1932, until June 30th, 1937. During that time Margaret and John Burby completed eight grades. In the fall of 1937 Doug Smith, the big blonde motorcycle cowboy was hired but he only stayed until Christmas, then Mary Blair (now Mrs. Jack Elsdon) began teaching. She had a teacherage built just south of the school. When war broke out and teachers were scarce, Bob Stearne, a grade twelve student, supervised correspondence courses. Three other teachers, Miss Podwsockey, Mrs. Davies and Mrs. Hill taught here, During Mrs. Hill's years, Two Pine and Bragg Creek were being taught at Two Pine in very crowded conditions so the school was closed. Then Dawson Hill, Carter's Corner and Two Pine teacherage were moved to the land which is now the Community Centre. Carter's Corner school burned down but Dawson Hill school is still there being used as a club house and sometimes a Sunday School.

As for the little log Two Pine schoolhouse, it was bought by Dick Connop. Mrs. Connop turned it into a cabin and had it rented for awhile. Today among the pines, Two Pine stands lonely and vacant. No doubt if it



STANDARD FORM OF CONTRACT

BETWEEN
TRUSTEES AND TEACHER

This Agreement made in triplicate

BETWEEN:—

The Board of Trustees of Soo Pita School
School District No. 4587 of the Province of Alberta, hereinafter called
"the Board"

— and —

A Mayia Budge
of 1712 Bowness Road Calgary Alberta
the holder of a First Class Interim Certificate
(Insert class of certificate)
Certificate of qualification as a teacher in Alberta, hereinafter called "the Teacher."

WITNESSETH:—

That subject to the provisions of *The School Act, 1931*, and the Regulations of the Department of Education, the Board hereby employs the Teacher, and the Teacher agrees to teach and conduct school for the Board on the following terms:

1. The annual salary shall be \$740.00, and subject to the following schedule of increases:

\$50 per month May and June 1932
\$64 per month Sept. to June 1932-1933

2. The period of employment shall be from and including the 2nd day of May day of 1932 till the 30th day of June 1932.

DATED this 2nd day of May 1932

Signed on behalf of the Board [CORPORATE SEAL].

H. W. Gresswell
Witness to Chairman's signature.

Mrs. Agnes Brown
Chairman.

H. W. Gresswell
Witness to Teacher's signature.

A. Mayia Budge
Teacher.

No. of Teacher's Alberta Certificate 175-3

1712 - Bowness Road
Teacher's Post Office Address. Calgary

NOTE:—For engagement and contract, see Sections 156 to 158 inclusive of *The School Act, 1931*.

For minimum salary, see Section 161.

For method of payment of salary, see Sections 161 to 164 inclusive.

For method of terminating an agreement, see Section 157.

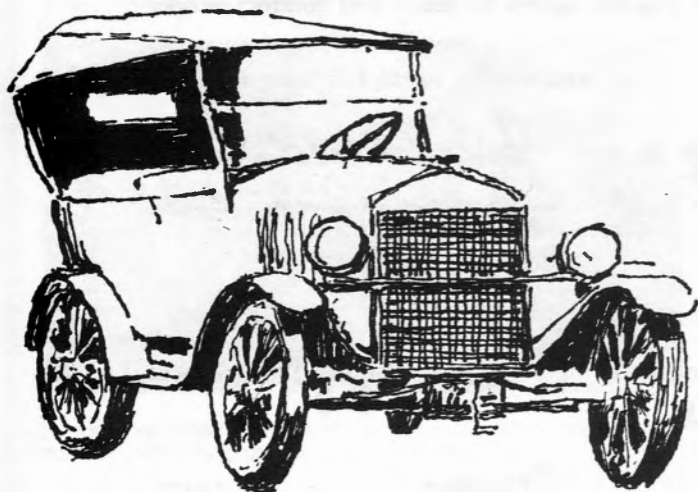
could speak, many more memories of happy boys and girls would be revealed.

FIRST BRAGG CREEK POST OFFICE — S.W. ¼ 16-23-5-W/5 — by George Edworthy

Although she was not the first, most old-timers in Bragg Creek, if asked today, would say that Mrs. White operated the first post office. True, she was the post-mistress for many years and will be remembered fondly and loved by the countless hardy souls who warmed their cold feet at her fireside, sharing a pot of hot tea with her.

The first post office was located on the S.W. ¼-16-23-5-W/5, in the house where later Peter Christofferson made his home for many years. The first postmaster was Bill Graham. Once a week, Friday, if I remember correctly, he journeyed horseback, often with a pack horse, over to the Jumping Pound post office to deliver the outgoing mail and pick up the mail that Bateman, the Jumping Pound postmaster had brought out of Calgary.

It is said that Bill's sense of direction was not too good, particularly if he yielded to the need for some anti-freeze to offset the cold on a stormy day. Sometimes he got lost and a search party was necessary. Only those who travelled through those valleys and around those hills and muskies in the early days, when even trails were lacking, will appreciate how easy it was to get lost on a cloudy, stormy day. However he survived, the family stayed a few years and went away — where? They were the first settlers to my knowledge on that quarter.



LIVINGSTON TRADING POST AND FIRST ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSION IN SOUTHERN ALBERTA — by George Edworthy

While the location of the above is not in the immediate Bragg Creek area, it is sufficiently close and of enough interest to be included in the Bragg Creek history.

About 1872, Sam Livingston, pioneer of the California gold rush of 1849 and the Cariboo gold rush of the 1850s, who had been operating a trading post at Fort Victoria on the Saskatchewan River east of Edmonton, established a trading post on the Elbow River, across the river from the Joe Robinson place.

About the same time a Roman Catholic Mission was started nearby, the first in Southern Alberta. The site of the old Mission is marked by a cairn which is located in



A cairn marks the location of the first church in southern Alberta which was located near the Livingston Trading Post.

Photo courtesy Mrs. Joan Merryfield

the N.W. 3-24-4-W/5 on land now owned by Louis Copithorne.

The exact location of the Sam Livingston trading post has not been established but the writer was told back about 1910, by George Livingston who lived in the post as a boy, that at that time the fireplace chimney of the old post was still standing and was located in what was then corrals erected by Wheeler Mickle. This would establish it's location west and north of the Mission cairn.

John McDougall in his writings, referred in several instances of spending the night at the old Mission with Sam Livingston while on his way to and from Fort Benton, Montana, when he was hauling supplies to Morley. *NOTE — Information from Lennie Mickle: The land where this cairn is located was donated to St. Mary's Church and is owned by them today. The road allowance leading to the cairn is fenced off.

It is known that Kootenai Indians camped in Mission Valley, having as many as a thousand lodges. The Stoney and Kootenai Indians exchanged visits.

TRAVELLING MINISTERS — by Freda Purmal

Bragg Creek never had a church but occasionally a minister would ride through the country holding a brief service in a private home or the school house. Most of these men were Anglicans, probably hoping to convert a few strays missed by the Methodist McDougalls on the west and Father Lacombe on the east. The ministers were always treated cordially and with respect but never made any spiritual impact on the sparse populace.

There was a Reverend Harris, Reverend Tyres and Reverend Piper, the latter left memories, not of his preaching but of his abilities to whip-break wild horses. He arrived one afternoon and remained the night with uncle John and aunt Lizzie Fullerton. Shortly after his arrival he challenged anyone to bring in their wildest bronc which he said he could have following him like a pet dog within a half hour.

No one believed this possible but the prospect of some entertainment seemed worth the effort of rounding up some unbroken horses and the meanest horse in the herd was put in a corral by itself. Reverend Piper entered the corral cracking a large bullwhip. He kept talking softly to the horse while manipulating the whip. For awhile it looked like a losing battle for the minister but true to his word, in half an hour the horse would follow him anywhere. My father and I were two of the spectators sitting on the corral fence watching the performance and it seemed an impossible feat.

I had never heard of the Reverend again until just recently. While talking to a pioneer friend from Jumping Pound, I mentioned the minister who whip-broke horses. My friend remembered the man very well as he had once demonstrated his prowess in that area.

Evidently, Reverend Piper left the ministry and settled on his own ranch north of Calgary where he made a career of raising and training horses.

STONEY INDIANS — by Freda Purmal

The Stoney Indians were very much a part of our lives on the ranch. The old original Stoney Trail went through our yard between the house and the barn. In the spring, dozens of families would move together, going south. Some rode in democrats, many on horseback and of course there were pack horses, loose horses, colts and a numerous variety of skinny dogs. They usually camped near or on our land by the creek or river. We had a parade of them to the house selling beaded buckskin gloves, moccasins and coats or the odd cayuse and there was always a few asking for loans of cash or groceries with the promise of repayment in the fall. I do not ever remember my parents turning one away empty handed and eventually the loan was repaid, not necessarily in the fall of any particular year.

About ten days to two weeks prior to Christmas they migrated back to Morley for their treaty money and holiday celebrations. The horses and dogs usually had more flesh on their bones but remained rather pathetic looking creatures.

My father was a fur buyer, first for a firm named McKie & Dippie and later for the well known firm of Simpson & Lea. Most trading stores who bought furs would credit the Indian's account for goods but my father paid them in cash which was quite an incentive to deal with him. Shortly before the Indians were expected to arrive, Harold Simpson or Art Lea would come to our place and leave large sums of cash with my father to buy furs. A price list was left and my father instructed to pay top prices to the Indians.

I can remember our kitchen filled with Indians and skins of coyotes, lynx, fox, marten, muskrat, beaver, weasel and others all lying on the kitchen floor, my father picking each one up, shaking the pelt and feeling the fur for texture. When he told the Indian the price he would pay, the Indian most often would nod and reply "yes" or if in doubt he would enter into a discussion with another member of the family in their native tongue, then a decision was made. Their faces remained expressionless and it was impossible to even guess their thoughts. Business deals always were very serious affairs.

While this was going on my mother was gradually turning pale. The stench of the raw furs in the heat of the kitchen plus the smokey odor of the Indians was difficult enough but most of them chewed tobacco and spit in the woodbox.

In the very early days some of the older Indians would not get off their horses when they rode in, if no one was outside they rode up beside a window and peered in until they were seen then beckoned my mother outside. My mother almost fainted on numerous occasions when she looked up from her work to see a grim looking Indian staring through the window.

The Indians often worked for my father cutting wood

and brush. Rather than on an hourly basis, they were paid by the work they did because time meant nothing to them. Whenever a group had a job like this, the whole family were involved and they seemed to make a picnic of it, laughing and having games. Sometimes some of the girls would sleigh ride down the hills with my sisters and me, they could not speak English and we could not speak Stoney but language was no barrier to the fun we enjoyed together.

Rabbits were plentiful for a number of years and as rabbits are lynx special diet, there were many lynx around. Lynx furs were high priced so it was only natural that Indians hunted them incessantly. The best method to hunt lynx is with a tracking dog and not all dogs are inclined to follow cat tracks and no special breed of dogs were necessary so any kind of dog that would follow a lynx track was a very valuable asset to an Indian. Tracking could cover many miles and take many hours but when the dogs caught up to the cat it would climb a tree and was easily shot down.

There developed a healthy demand for dogs so my father obligingly bought dogs (\$1.00) from the Calgary dog pound and traded the dog for a cayuse. This was always a heartbreaking experience for my mother and her weeping kids; to see the dog being led away by the Indians. I never did find out who received the best of those deals, I do know that some of the most dejected looking horses I ever saw stayed with us, some so thin and weak that they died, others became good pack horses. It is most likely that many of the dogs would not know a lynx track from a chicken track so I suppose the deals equalized.

One day while the Indians were cutting wood for my father, I was sent to the wood cutting project to find out how many cords they had ready. It was early spring and the snow was about two feet deep but sunny and warm. Before I arrived at the cutting operation I could hear gales of laughter and as I came nearer I saw a sight that was unbelievable — Jonas Lefthand was walking around in the snow dressed in kilts and carrying an axe. How he came into possession of this outfit is not known.

One of the first Indians I remember was Phillip Dogtail. Later there was Enoch Baptiste and his family, his wife being one of the few Indian women who spoke good English. She and my mother became quite good friends and she sometimes took me along with her picking wild blueberries. Enoch and his family made chairs, settees and tables from peeled willows, this rustic furniture graced our verandah for years.

In the 1920s my good friend, Jean (Fisher) Blakely, from Kew was visiting us. We were fooling around with a curling iron, heating it in the fire of the kitchen stove and curling each other's hair when Job Stevens, a Morley Indian walked in. He had his long black hair in braids and bangs on his forehead. He was curious as to what we were doing and Jean and I persuaded him to let us curl his bangs. We let him see himself in the mirror and he was very happy with his three little ringlets. The next day he came back, his hair straight and looking at Jean and me with a suspicious eye. We asked him how his hair got straight and he told us his wife was "very mad" and made him soak his head in water. He avoided us and our curling iron from then on.

Every Stoney I ever knew had a Biblical name,

resulting from the influence of the Methodist missionary McDougalls of Morley. We all liked the Stoney Indians and in all the years we lived at Bragg Creek nothing was ever stolen by them. They sometimes slept in the barn loft or the bunkhouse when passing through alone and they ate with us at the family table. I think the man who won our hearts to the greatest extent was Chief David Bearspaw, he always had a gentle smile and kind voice.

From the days of riding horses everywhere they went, picking and selling wild berries and leaving immaculately clean campsites, the Stoneys have unfortunately adopted too many of the white man's careless traits. They now travel in cars, live in nice homes and have t.v. sets not in working order because they neglect to pay the power bills, their brief campsites are a litter of paper wrappings, cans and bottles.

Many of them are still good hunters and guides, make nice buckskin work, the young are getting some high school education and they dress cleanly and neatly. Many of the young men are skilled stampede contestants and they still retain their language when conversing with one another.

BRIDGES AND FLOODS — by Freda Purmal

The first bridge across the Elbow River was of pole construction spanning the river at what was then a narrow point, a few yards upstream from the confluence of Bragg Creek. This bridge was built by the few residents of the district in 1913.

A couple of years later, the bridge was washed away in a flood, widening the river bed and opening a new channel on the east side, thus making it an unsuitable location for rebuilding, so the second bridge was built about a quarter mile upstream. There were two channels of the river at this point with a wide gravel bar between, requiring two separate bridges also of pole construction but these two bridges were lost in a spring flood in 1916.

By this time the government realized the need of a proper bridge across the Elbow and Mr. Simons, a bridge foreman was in charge of this construction to be built of heavy timbers and large rock filled piers, the location about half way between the two previous pole crossings.

The timbers were hauled from Calgary by teams and wagons through mud that was axel deep, this being an exceptionally wet summer. Each day a four horse team and a four mule team left Calgary to reach a half way point to Bragg Creek which was in the area of the present Highland Stock Farms. My father had a contract to haul from this point to Bragg Creek. He had two two-horse

teams, he driving one outfit and although only eight years old, I drove the other. When we met the wagons from Calgary we drove up beside them and the men transferred the timbers from one wagon to another. It was a nine to ten hour trip each day.

This bridge remained until 1932 although at somewhat of a precarious angle in the last few years of its existence. On several occasions there were devastating floods which threatened the structure by washing out the boulders from under the pier and also by cutting away the bank on the east side. On two occasions my father and his crew of hired men hauled rocks to keep refilling the centre pier. They also cut trees along the river bank, attaching them to cables in an effort to save the sandy soil from washing away and keeping the flood waters from cutting off the end of the bridge. Each flood took its toll of land above and fronting the stores and was also threatening the people living in cottages in the general area. Upstream, the river was cutting a channel across the road at the bottom of a hill known as Elgin Ave. and following an old stream bed which crossed the main road to Calgary, thereby isolating the stores and cottages on an ever decreasing small island.

With teams and wagons, my father moved the Spike Robinson family and their belongings from their store to our side of the river when the bridge was threatened in 1922. Again in 1930 he moved the contents of my own store and post office across the sagging bridge to the safety of the Round Dance Hall.

In the spring of 1932 a disasterous flood occurred, rapidly cresting during the night and with a crunching, grinding of timbers, the bridge was swept away. The water had inundated a wide section behind the stores and was cutting away the banks to the store fronts by mid-morning. Frank Badley, his wife Pearl and their baby son lived in the two story log store and post office which my father had built a few years previously. Charlie Harwood, his wife Mabel and daughter Verna lived in their log home a few hundred yards behind the store. Both these families were trapped and desperate when Shorty Mitchell drove in from the east trail, realized the grim situation and then drove around through the White property to the main road where he plunged his team into the swirling flood waters, reaching the store and rescuing the Badleys just as the main part of the river was lapping on the store verandah, he then picked up the Harwood family whose home was already inundated. With the two families clinging desparately to the wagon box, he once

First Bragg Creek store and first government bridge. L. to R. — First store built for the "Spike" Robinsons and later operated with post office by the John Wilsons. Two-story store built and owned by Jake Fullerton,

operated by Freda Fullerton and later by the Frank Badleys. First Government bridge. All three structures lost in 1932 flood. Photo July 1929.



more drove his team into the spreading flood waters and safely delivered them to the home of Mrs. Ida White. Mrs. Mabel Harwood died shortly after of pneumonia. Besides the entire store stock and post office, the Badleys lost all their personal belongings including a piano. My father lost his big new store and the first little store he had built for the Spike Robinsons in 1921.

Following the destruction of the government bridge in 1932, engineers decided the most appropriate location for a new steel bridge was a mile downstream where the piers could be built on solid rock, the only problem being that on the west end of the bridge there was a high cutbank. Traffic going west towards the bridge must make complete right angles after crossing in order to travel north or south. Many accidents have occurred here but the steel bridge has withstood all floods and traffic to date.

The M.D. of Foothills constructed a breakwater at the foot of Elgin Ave. hill to divert flood waters into the main streambed, thereby protecting the property in the area behind the present Elsdon Store.

Anyone who has ever witnessed a mountain river in flood will always remember the fascination and horror of nature on the rampage and man's puny efforts to control such terrific forces of nature. The roar and speed of the murky water, the crunching of boulders giving off the odor of sulphur, uprooted trees, logs and debris, twisting and rolling on the crest of huge rapids.

Downstream, when floods hit populated areas, bridges, farm buildings and corrals are often swept away. Trapped livestock and sometimes human lives become victims.

The Elbow river floods usually occur in late May or early June, caused by a perfect combination of mountain snow conditions, hot temperatures and a few days of heavy rainfall.

Several years ago a Stoney Indian told me that his aged grandfather said a band of Indians had to camp on high ground for nearly two weeks as they were unable to ford the Elbow on their trek south. He claimed that the flood waters extended from just in front of the present Elkana Ranch house for over half a mile to the foot of a hill which is now the N.E. corner of the Provincial Park. At the time I was told this story I was somewhat skeptical but the more I thought about it, the more reasonable it seemed. When we first lived there in 1913, I can remember the area being almost barren of vegetation and only a few scattered small spruce trees growing out of the sand and many water washed rocks exposed on the ground surface. Each depression was full of clear water, indicating a very high water level. All this evidence would seem to substantiate the Indian's story.

When the first government timber bridge was built, the engineering department installed a long box on the side of the bridge containing a lengthy chain with a weight attached. It was my father's daily chore to release the chain and weight to the top of the water flow and record the measurements. About once a month two government engineers came out from Calgary to take water depth recordings and my father's daily readings. This probably had some association regarding the city's water intake which was situated on the Elbow River across from the Crawford farm, now occupied by Floyd Pointen.

One of the inspection engineers who most frequently

came for the monthly checks was the late "Bull" Ritchie who was a well known Calgary athlete and star rugby player.

After the bridge was washed away with the government equipment, a gauge was set in the water behind Mrs. White's home and she was delegated to take daily readings.

FOREST RANGERS AND MAJOR BUSH FIRES — by R. T. Mackey

The Forest Reserve boundary was surveyed in 1909. Prior to a ranger being stationed at the Elbow District, a man named Speky Anderson, based at a patrol cabin above the Leo Burby ranch on Fish Creek, carried out patrols of that area. Following Anderson as patrolman was a man named Alf Bogart whose headquarters was at Jumping Pound.

The headquarters buildings for the Elbow District were erected in 1915, on what had been the site of the John and Stanley Fullerton's winter cow camp, and occupied by William Fisher who was the first District Ranger of the Elbow District. Bill Fisher left the Elbow in 1919 and was replaced by Ted Howard who held the position until 1938 when he retired.

Ted Howard's replacement was Bill Shankland who transferred from the Nordegg District of the Rocky Clearwater Forest. Mr. Shankland had been a member of the party who ran the original survey of the Forest Reserve boundary.

Bill Shankland held the position of District Ranger of the Elbow from 1938 until his retirement in March 1952.

Dick Mackey was transferred from District 6 of the Northern Alberta Forest to the Elbow District in 1952 and was District Ranger until 1960.

Bert Hadley from James River followed Dick Mackey and held the position until his retirement in 1969. The Elbow and Jumping Pound Districts were amalgamated at this time and John Stepaniuk, District Ranger of the Jumping Pound District moved to the Elbow Ranger Station as Ranger in charge of the Elbow District, the position he still holds at the present time.

The major fires in the Bragg Creek area were the fires of 1910 and 1919. The fire of 1910 commenced early in June and continued until sometime in August. It burned



Forest Rangers. Mr. Scott rode from Okotoks to the Muncaster Ranch to oversee work being carried out at the Sarcee Cache R. S. before Mr. Fisher was appointed Ranger at the Elbow, prior to 1914.

Photo courtesy Mrs. Mary Burby



Forestry meeting held at Canmore. Back row, L to R: No. 2 Charlie Perry, No. 5 Bruce Broderick. 2nd row: No. 2 Wm. Shankland, No. 3 Dexter Champion, No. 7 Fred Nash. Bottom row: No. 1 Jack Bell, No. 2 Irving Frew.

Photo courtesy Mrs. Geo. Deans

practically all the area from the headquarters of the Elbow and Sheep Rivers to east of the present east forestry boundary.

There were two major fires in 1919 with one starting on the headwaters of Canyon Creek and burning out that watershed to approximately one mile west of the Elbow Ranger Station. The other fire started a half mile north of Gooseberry Flat just outside the forest boundary on the south side of the Elbow River. This fire burned in a south easterly direction.

The last fire of any consequence was on the lower end of the Little Elbow River. This fire started July 30th, 1953 and burned an area of approximately 640 acres on the north side of the Little Elbow.

Note: R. T. (Dick) Mackey is now a Fire Control Technician for the Bow River Forest, stationed in Calgary. — F. P.



Riders for Burns, Millarville. L. to R.: Ted Howard, Chester Hodgkin. Photo taken about 1914 on place later owned by Francis Sinclair-Smith.

FOREST FIRES — by Freda Purmal

When we first arrived in Bragg Creek in 1913 there was evidence everywhere of bush fires; charred trunks of trees standing, hard as iron to axe and saw, rotting fire killed trees on the ground. There were open sections on

the hills and valleys and thick, young growths of trees in other sections, all indications of recent fires.

The last big fire prior to our arrival was in 1910. It was an exceptionally dry year and fires were rampant throughout the foothill country, especially south and west of the Bragg Creek area.

The 1919 fire will always be etched in my memory because of the terror the family experienced. One early summer morning in July, I was sent to the north pasture to drive the milk cow home. The cows were grazing high on a hill just above where the Dingman home is now located. While on the hill I saw smoke billowing skyward in the south. I chased the cows home on the run to inform my father who was a fire guardian. We could not see the smoke from our house, being in the river valley but my father saddled a horse and galloped off towards his brother Stanley's place as that seemed the general direction where I could describe seeing the smoke.

The fire was burning furiously on an open flat about a half mile south of Stanley Fullerton's house. Word was sent to the ranger at the Elbow Station and a crew of local people was organized. It did not appear to be a serious fire to contain, it was burning old rotten trees on the ground and the river was close by for water. A fireguard was plowed and water hauled from the river in barrels and I was given the job to help keep the men supplied with wet sacks. By nightfall the fire was under control and within a few days there was not even a sign of smoke, so everyone considered the fire was out.

My father and mother had arranged to go on their first pack trip to Kananaskis Lakes with dentist Dr. Ray and his wife. Grandmother Wilson was to look after our household while my parents were away for a week.

A few days after the party left, they were camped for a day at the head of the Elbow. Dr. and Mrs. Ray wanted to climb a mountain nearby so they all went up towards the peak and while looking around saw smoke from a large fire in the Bragg Creek area. They immediately packed up to return home, never reaching their objective, Kananaskis Lakes. By the time they arrived at the north Forest Reserve boundary they could see the whole country east of the Elbow was a blazing inferno. The fire they had put out before leaving had been burning on roots underground and had surfaced outside the fireguard.

Every available man in the country was on the fire lines and both the Provincial and Dominion Governments sent in fire fighters from Calgary. Our home was the headquarters and the supervisors used our saddle horses to ride close to the fire lines. One of them also had an old Ford car that he drove wherever there were roads. Considerable controversy developed between the two Government supervisors and they disagreed on every phase of the operations and each one giving my father different instructions as to where to deploy his crews. Father finally ignored them and worked as he saw fit with the forest ranger.

The fire burned east as far as into the Priddis territory but somehow with a wind change, the fire still burning near where it started jumped the Elbow river, a good half mile or more, from just in front of Stanley Fullerton's present home to the big hill on the west side of the river. It devastated a large area for several miles west and northerly.

One night, from our home we watched the fire burn-

ing on the big hill two miles south of us. It reminded one of a huge ocean liner with lights burning from every porthole. We had mixed emotions of fear and fascination, then once again the winds changed and the fire returned in a north easterly direction heading directly towards our home. Although the fire was two miles away, ashes and sparks descended on our home. My mother covered the roof of our little house with blankets and all of us who were strong enough, carried water up a ladder to keep the blankets wet. We had not yet moved into our big house. The nearest we came to losing our home was when sparks ignited some dry manure a few feet from the barn, which we extinguished with water. The pasture on the flat west of the buildings, where Camp Cadicasu is now located was a mass of little smokes from burning horse manure, luckily there was no grass or roots to burn there.



Forest fire-fighting crew on Fish Creek, 1930s. L. to R. standing: Steve S —, —, —, —, Viggo Ericksen, Harold "Curly" Davis, —, behind man on right is John Burby. Sitting: Fire boss, Jake Fullerton, Slim McKeague, Shorty Mitchell, Frankie Wolfe. Photo courtesy Mrs. J. Merryfield

Mother kept bundles of bedding and clothing tied and ready in the event we had to run to the gravel bar on the river for safety. Everything was covered in grey ash and the smoke hung low, choking and nauseating. We could not see the sun for weeks, the heat was oppressive and never a drop of rain. Bragg Creek went dry except for a few potholes with water so we had to carry water from the river.

We knew of at least two horses that were trapped and burned to death in a heavily timbered pasture in the N.E. ¼ 34-22-5-W/5 which was owned by Mr. Iredale. The Alex Japp buildings were burned out in the N.E. ¼ 35-22-5, no one was living there at the time. Some of the buildings of Johnny Robinson, also vacant, were lost in N.W. ½ 27-22-5.

Stanley Fullerton almost lost his barn, he and my grandfather Wilson worked to exhaustion to save the building which was situated next to some large willows and the roots kept burning underground. My grandparents, the John S. Wilsons, moved all their belongings from the house to a large garden by a water well, however, the fire passed within a few hundred yards without any damage to the buildings.

When the fire was burning eastward on the south side of the North Fork of Fish Creek, one of the fire crew camps ran out of meat and butchered a couple of steers belonging to Clem Gardner. Clem had the west end of the Sarcee Reserve leased and his cattle were in this area. Trouble erupted between Clem and Forestry officials

regarding the compensation of the steers. Months later they finally came to an agreement.

One hot, muggy afternoon in the early fall, rain began to fall and continued for several days, the choking smoke cleared and the firefighters began straggling in, covered in soot and ashes, clothes torn and some with singed hair and burn blisters — everyone exhausted. This seemed to be the end of the fire but it was never completely out until snowfall, still burning underground in willow and tree roots. The last hot spot which my father kept under control was in a clump of willows less than half a mile from our house on what is now the Cliff Kemp place, N.W. ¼ 11-23-5-W/5.

I often wonder if those fishermen who left a hot camp fire on the bank of the Elbow River ever searched their conscience for being the cause of such total destruction of timber, buildings, livestock and untold loss of wildlife. The work, hardships and terror of the men, women and children and of course the thousands of dollars in cost.

EARLY OIL WELLS — by Freda Purmal

The first oil development in Bragg Creek began in 1913. Drilling equipment was hauled from Calgary by teams of heavy horses. The site was on the Elbow River bank in the S.E. ¼-11-23-5-5, a few yards from where the picnic tables are now situated in the Provincial Park.

The cook house was built near the wooden derrick and a line of bunk houses strung eastward connected by a boardwalk. One shack was used as an office and communication centre with a young man named Maggs operating a wireless set to communication headquarters on Knob Hill in Calgary. A young chap named Hillier was the Calgary operator.

Mrs. Cook, a middle-aged lady was the staff cook who sometimes had a local girl assistant.

The teams of horses were housed in a huge circus-type tent, cooled in the summer by lifting the bottom of the tent up and warmed in the winter by banking the sides with the disposal cleanings from the horses.

The "Mowbray-Berkeley" was financed by British capital and the superintendent was an amiable ex-farmer, Mr. Nathaniel Lea. Nat, as he was affectionately called, was born in England and emigrated to Manitoba about



Mowbray-Berkeley oil well, 1913, on bank of Elbow River, Two Pine Hill in right background. Photo courtesy Cicely Morgan



Hauling coal from Ings' Canyon Creek mine to Mowbray-Berkeley well, 1914. Teamsters in photo: Jake Fullerton, Art Livingston, Bob Ware, Bill

Bell.

Photo courtesy Anne Chapman

1882. In 1902, Nat and his wife moved to Content, now known as Stettler, where they farmed until 1910.

In order to have proper schooling for their young family, they moved to Calgary and Nat became interested in geology. Due to his association with the oil industry he obtained the field superintendent job with the British Alberta well at Bragg Creek.

By 1914 the well was spudded in and operating. Jake Fullerton had the contract to supply coal and in the summer months, the coal was hauled by team and wagon from the Dr. Ings' mine at Canyon Creek. This haul was mostly high and dry although there were many steep hills where "doubling up" had to take place. In winter months, sleighs were used to haul from the Joe Woolings' mine on the South fork of Fish Creek. This trail was impassable except during the frozen winter months because of the numerous muskegs and beaver dam floodings which had to be crossed on the North fork of Fish Creek. There was also a steep hill near the Cummings place which required the "rough-locking" of the sleigh runners, that is, a logging chain had to be wrapped around a back runner to act as a brake.

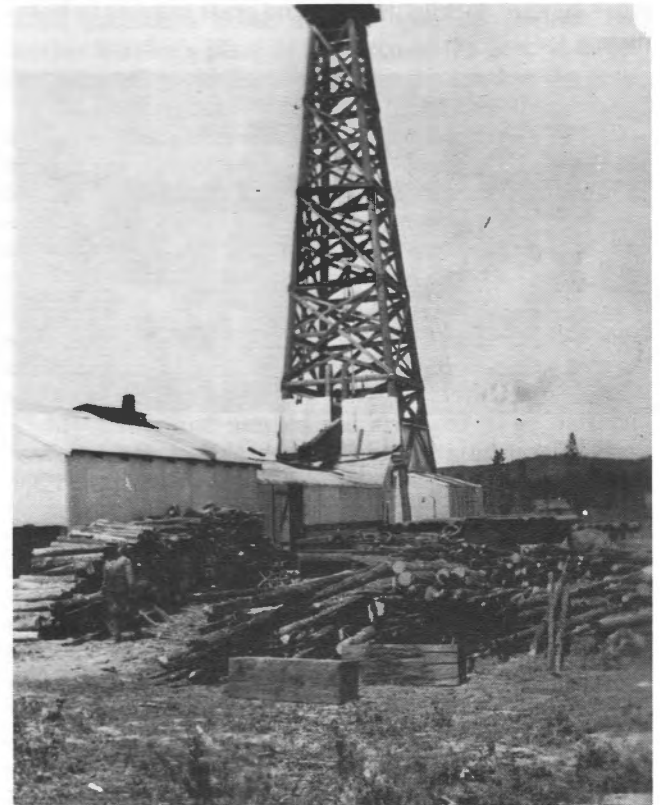
Jake hired every team and man available. Some were local residents and others were from Calgary. Bob Ware, son of the famous John Ware, drove one of Jake's teams for nearly two years.

The Mowbray-Berkeley well operated for about three years but as World War I continued, British capital was no longer available and the well was capped and abandoned.

The boiler was one of the last pieces of heavy equipment hauled to Calgary by Jake Fullerton and his four horse team. For many years the only reminders of this first oil well were the wooden bull wheel, rotting planks, piles of cable which enterprising people unravelled for the rope in the centre, and the large metal water tank which sat precariously on the river bank, later to be pushed over the cliff to river bottom.

The superintendent, Nat Lea, never really vanished from the scene. His wife and family camped near the well during the summer months and became familiar with the district and the people. Mr. Lea remained in the oil business for many years before resuming farming in the Coronation and Red Deer districts. He died in 1965.

One of Nat Lea's daughters, Mrs. Earle (Lucy) Overand, former hockey and curling star of Okotoks, submitted her family's history in connection with the Mowbray-Berkeley.



Elbow Oil wood supply where Viggo and Bert Ericksen were employed in cutting operations.

Photo courtesy Viggo Ericksen

Between 1914 and 1918, several oil companies hauled in equipment but never did much beyond derrick building. One such site was a few yards south of Stanley Fullerton's homestead cabin, another was on the river bank behind the present Bragg Creek post office.

In the mid 1920s the oil boom blossomed once more in the area. A group of Calgary promoters sold thousands of stocks in Signal Hill and raised enough funds to begin drilling operations. This well was situated in township 24, north west of Bragg Creek and about half way to Jumping Pound. Sam Fee, a wholesale produce operator was in charge of field operations with Fred Beresford in charge at the well site.

Most of the hauling was done via Jumping Pound but during winter months or when roads were particularly bad, trucks hauled as far as the Jake Fullerton ranch where the supplies were transferred to sleighs or wagons

Part of this route was on the old Stoney Indian trail to Signal Hill No. 1

Many difficulties were encountered in this enterprise, money was continually running out and it was said that either a crooked hole or lost tools in the hole forced closure, so No. 2 was drilled but it also had financial problems and was abandoned.

What prompted this drilling location was the discovery of gas in a little spring on the hillside. One could light a flare from the gas gushing out with the spring water.

Sam Fee died of pneumonia resulting from exposure in walking from the Jake Fullerton ranch to the well site and return. He was often wading in melting snow water to his knees on this nefarious trail.

For a short period of time, another well called the Cherokee, began drilling about a mile west of the Signal Hills wells. Nothing came of this venture.

In 1928, English capital again appeared in the development of the Elbow Oil Company on the N.E. ¼-35-22-5-5. Finances invested by the Phillip Morris Tobacco Company and Calgary headquarters were under the management of Lou Snyder and Herbert Morris. R. C. (Bob) Paget was field superintendent. Bob was an Englishman who had been an officer in the Royal Navy and a superintendent in the Egyptian oil fields before coming to the Turner Valley fields.

A drilling crew had been recruited from Turner Valley for the Elbow Oil operation and progress seemed most promising but as the depression set in at the end of 1929, the well was closed down.

The Elbow Oils resumed drilling in early 1936 until late 1937 under the supervision of "Red" Nelson.

During both operations, Jake Fullerton contracted to supply wood and had a large crew of men working. Jake purchased fire-killed timber stumpage in the forest reserve. This wood was cut in 16 foot lengths and hauled to the well site where it was again cut into size to fit the boiler.

Water was pumped from the Elbow River through almost a mile of pipe to the well site and this required a full time job for two men.

When the well was closed for the second time, a caretaker, John Holden was left in charge. The well was expected to re-open but after many years it was abandoned permanently.

In the 1928-29 period, two more wells began drilling in the forest reserve. Herron Petroleum, supervised by veteran oilman W. S. Herron Sr., spudded their well on the flats between the Ranger station and the Elbow Falls.

Almost simultaneously, Moose Dome Oils came into being under the management of the Pilling family, Mr. Pilling and sons Doral and Lorne. This well was situated several miles up Canyon Creek and a road was constructed along the creek bed. Both wells were fueled by their own natural gas.

One of the greatest problems all three wells encountered were the terrible condition of roads. The road from Calgary to Bragg Creek was a graded dirt road and from the village on were just wagon trails, meandering through the bush on the path of least resistance. Heavy loads bogged down which made conditions worse. From Bragg Creek, the trail went through the Provincial Park, then through the John Wilson and Stanley Fullerton



Elbow Oil crew in front of cook shack, July 1937. L. to R.: "Mac" McEwen (cook), Roy Cox, John Holden, "Van" Van Cregar, "Red" Edgerly, "Red" Freeman, Malcolm McLean, Bill Weisenberg, Bunny Pural. Head driller — "Red" Nelson took photo.



Coal Mine entrance in the side of Moose Mountain, the last mine developed by Joe Woolings. Jessie (Shankland) Deans, 16 yrs. 1938.

Photo courtesy Mrs. Geo. Deans

property. These mutilated roads embittered the land owners who took legal action. A settlement was made by the three companies who joined forces and tried to build a passable road through the park by eliminating sharp turns and building a corduroy through swampy spots. They also had to change their route past the Stanley Fullerton place.

During wet weather, trucks from Calgary had to unload at Bragg Creek onto wagons. The Herron family had their own horse teams and Pillings had an expert mule skinner, Eric McNab. He drove a 6 mule team hitched to two wagons, a sight and sound never to be forgotten by those who witnessed that mule team navigating the bush road in high gear. Eric became a lifelong friend of Ted Howard. He now lives in the Peace River country.

None of these companies ever divulged to the general public as to the actual depth they drilled or what, if anything, they encountered. It is no secret to anyone that Herron Pete and Moose Dome certainly hit gas and sulphur; it could be smelled for miles away.

The shutdown of these early wells ended the era of the cable tool method of drilling.

THE GRAYSON RANCH — by Joan Merryfield



One of the earliest settled ranches in the district was the Grayson place. In the late 1800s Mr. Grayson was living north of the Elbow River, west of the Sarcee Reserve and just east of the hill known as Last Break and was involved in ranching activities at that time. Old timers recall that many of his fences were of "Snake

Fence" construction at that time. A strongly constructed barn was built by the Ellis family from Jumping Pound which remained standing until the 1950s when it and the old cabin were torn down and moved to the Clem Gardner ranch to be used for firewood. Mr. Gardner purchased the Grayson place and 300 head of cattle in 1911 and the old ranch has been in constant use for ranching purposes ever since. It is presently owned by the late Clem Gardner's daughter, Mrs. Audrey MacDougall.



THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF JOHN A. McINTOSH — by Freda Purmal

One of the most unusual happenings in Bragg Creek took place towards the end of W.W.I. A man named John A. McIntosh who lived with his nephew in the Holmpatrick district of Calgary built a cabin and barn near the road which now enters the Provincial Park. According to Township General Registers, he filed on the S.W.¼ 12-23-5-W/5 on December 24, 1913.

McIntosh was seldom seen or associated with anyone in the district and even oldtimers could not recall his name except as "old Mac." He made periodic trips by team and wagon to Bragg Creek where he stayed a few days to cut firewood which he hauled to Calgary. He always kept open a hole in the ice of the river where he watered his team with a pail.

One winter morning my father was going south for a load of timber with the team and sleigh and I was riding on the rear bunk. We passed along the trail by the McIntosh cabin and saw him nailing boards over the window of the cabin, his team was hitched to the wagon load of wood. McIntosh and my father exchanged a wave of hands and that is the last we saw of him.

We were unaware that anything had happened until a few days later when the mounties arrived at our place inquiring of any knowledge my father had of the man and also questioning nearby neighbors. The police searched everywhere that a body could be buried in the frozen ground, one spot being the place where our cattle were being winter fed. (Later our stampede grounds.)

There were many reports of people having seen or not seen McIntosh on his wagon at several points along the road to Calgary but the most reliable report was from the

Walter Rippon family who were on their way to Calgary and passed McIntosh as he was leaving the northern border of the Sarcee Reserve.

Vincent Robinson recalls his parents discussing the incident; the Rippons usually went through the Joe Robinson property to the buildings where they rested and fed their team. At that time the trail to Calgary followed a road allowance east between the Joe Robinson's and the Sarcee Reserve. This involved climbing a steep hill and a short distance further the road turned north and went down a steep hill. This would be the S.E. corner of the Robinson place.

It would seem that something happened to delay McIntosh at this point as the Rippons should have caught up to him on the main road after their rest period and continued their journey but they never saw the team or man again.

It was reported that the Ford brothers had met the man somewhere on the road and another report that he was seen driving his team in the Twin Bridges area, this was another conflicting statement as another party declared they had seen the team travelling towards Calgary without a driver in this same area.

Sometime during the late evening the team and wagon load of wood arrived home without Mr. McIntosh. The nephew notified the police and the search began. Two men who were known to have had a disagreement with McIntosh were questioned numerous times but no trace of the man was ever found or any evidence as to what happened to him.

The cabin remained boarded up for many years, no one ever lived in it again. My father leased the land for pasture and all the years I lived there I always had an uneasy feeling being anywhere near the cabin. My sisters expressed the same feelings although we often hunted ruffled grouse and rabbits in the area.

Although most of this property is now the Provincial Park, a portion is in acreages. In 1922, Howard W. McLean, a Calgary lawyer built a summer home a short distance N.E. of the McIntosh cabin. In 1924, on the other side of the road, lawyer Lloyd Fenerty purchased a lot and built a home and in 1925 Dr. E. B. Roach purchased a place there. At this writing, Mr. and Mrs. Ken Laird are building a home, if not on the exact spot, very near the old McIntosh cabin.

The big flood of 1932 washed away a large portion of the bank on Bragg Creek where my father had corrals. After the flood waters subsided David Bearspaw was given the job to rebuild the corrals and while doing so he discovered a grave exposed in the creek bank. Part of the grave and the skeleton, including the skull had been washed away in the flood but a few human bones remained in what had been a box made of slabs. Evidently the box had been too short as the skeleton was lying anglewise. My family notified the authorities but no investigation was carried out, probably because the remains were so old that both the bones and the box disintegrated when touched. My sister Hazel and her friend Verna Harwood, each gathered a few blue and white beads from the box, probably an indication that the body had been buried in a buckskin beaded garment. Following that discovery, David Bearspaw refused to go on with the fencing and left the scene.

Not long after this my father and his helper "Curly"

Davis were grading a road down a steep bank to a summer home when they unearthed another grave. These remains had been buried in quick lime and immediately disintegrated when exposed to air. Both these discoveries prompted speculation as to whether or not one of the skeletons could have been the remains of John McIntosh. In recent years other graves have been discovered around Bragg Creek with no knowledge of identities.

What happened to John A. McIntosh on that fateful winter day over fifty years ago?

CANADIAN YOUTH HOSTEL — by Winnie McLuskey

Our home ranch was the site of the first Youth Hostel in Canada. A group of people put up a temporary camp on Mrs. White's property near the Elbow River at Bragg Creek. There were numerous campers in the vicinity which made it crowded and they wanted a more secluded location. They accosted my father (Tom Fullerton) while he was on patrol of the river and asked permission to set up a hostel on his property. The Last Break Ranch, two miles north of Bragg Creek. Dad blazed trails for them and showed them the shortest route to Priddis and Jumping Pound. The C.Y.H. soon had a large room for dining purposes and two sleeping rooms built. Joe Clitheroe and friends built the nice fireplace with stone from the river. Mother and Dad became the house parents for this first Youth Hostel in Canada. The Hostellers never took their cars to the hostel after it was built. This being one rule as most hostellers being hikers. On occasion Mary



Inside Youth Hostel, Tom Fullerton. 1940.

Photo courtesy W. McLuskey

Barclay and a friend rode their horses which were left in our corral. Dad and Mother received a letter of appreciation from the hostellers in 1947. After Dad's death the hostel gradually disbanded for lack of house parents as the Alex Bapties who bought the ranch were not permanent residents at that time. I shall always remember those fine young people and I wonder how today's youth would have used the hostel.

THE UNEMPLOYED CAMPS OF THE 1930s — by Mrs. Joan Merryfield

A sad period in the history of western Canada were the times of the camps for the unemployed. Two of these camps were located in the Bragg Creek district, one on the site of the Sarcee Cache Ranger Station and the other above the Elbow Ranger Station. They came in the fall of 1931, transported on the flat bed of Model T trucks to spend the winter of 1931-32 working in the Forest Reserve cutting a fire guard along the boundary, thinning trees and cutting firewood. The old Sarcee Cache Patrol cabin was used as a headquarters and the men were billeted in tents throughout the winter. One man acted as watchman during the night going from tent to tent keeping the fires going.

My parent's ranch was a mile and a half east of this camp and all the traffic coming and going from the camp went through their yard. The winter snow became too deep for motorized vehicles to travel to the camp so my Dad used to ride the six miles to Bragg Creek P.O. to get their mail which he delivered to the camp by saddlehorse.

There were men of many skills and varied backgrounds in the camp. I can remember them walking over to visit us in the evenings to listen to my parent's battery radio, the radio would be a collector's item today.



Camps of the '30s, for the unemployed in the Forest Reserve west of the Elbow Ranger Station which housed 25 men in tents during the winter of 1932.

Photo courtesy Charlie Wolfe

Appreciation

The Canadian Youth Hostel Association

hereby expresses its warm appreciation to

Mr. & Mrs. Tom Fullerton for their able & faithful service for more than ten years as houseparents of the Bragg Creek Hostel - Canada's first Youth Hostel.

Hostellers everywhere send greetings and remember with gratitude the friendliness of these splendid Houseparents.





Unemployed camps — Charles Wolfe was straw-boss of this work crew clearing along the road up the Elbow, 1932. Photo courtesy Charlie Wolfe

The set was on one side of the room but the speakers were on the opposite side connected by wires to the set. Memories of half a dozen men, we children and my parents all clustered around the old radio speaker are very vivid.

In the spring of 1932 the camp work was completed and the camp was moved. Under Ted Howard's direction the piles of firewood which were left at the campsite had to be moved. My Dad supplied a team and one of the workmen named "Dan" remained behind and hauled the loads of wood to Mrs. White at Bragg Creek who was a widow. During the time Dan stayed with us he dug out a spring to increase the water supply for the cattle as it was a dry year. We children all tagged at his heels as he worked. We named it "Dan's Spring" and by members of the family it is known as that today. We were sorry to see Dan leave, where he went we never knew. The existence of the headquarters for the camp of the unemployed at the old Sarcee Cache Patrol cabin was the last official use for the old building. Ted Howard had my Dad tear the buildings down and use the logs for firewood in about 1936 as they were falling into disrepair.

Charlie Wolfe, our neighbor, worked as straw boss at the camp west of the Elbow Ranger Station and was able to record on film, the camp and the gang of men he was in charge of, I'm sure one of the most rare snapshots of a time which was seldom, if ever photographed.

FISHING WAS GOOD IN THE ELBOW — by Joan Merryfield

The picture of Randy and Leslie Dulmudge was taken in front of their Bragg Creek cabin, beside their 1928 Buick car. The 14½ lb. rainbow trout they are holding was caught by their father, Mr. Ira Dulmudge in the Elbow River. It took about one hour to land the prize catch. It was later mounted and donated to the Motor

BRAGG CREEK FAMILY HISTORIES

MRS. EDITH KATHLEEN ALLEN — by Winnie McLuskey

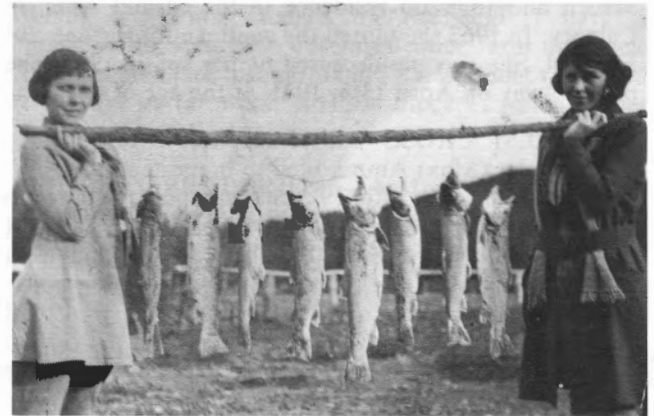
Mrs. Edith Kathleen Allen was born in Halling, Kent, England, on March 26th, 1882. She was married in the Congregationist Church at Snodland, England on Sept. 28th, 1904. She had four daughters; Cynthia., Edith, Kathleen and Marion and one son Robert William. She came with her family to Hamilton, Ont. in 1913. She came to Calgary in 1924, where she founded the first



Fishing was good in the Elbow. The Dulmudge boys with a large fish caught in the river. Photo courtesy Mrs. Ida Shoultz

Car Supply Co. in Calgary, where it was on display for many years. Mr. Dulmudge was working in the parts dept. of Imperial Motors which is now Calgary Motor Products. He and his family enjoyed a cabin at Bragg Creek for many years. Photo courtesy of Mrs. Howard Shoultz.

The second photo shows Miss Laura McQueen and Miss Nora Jardine holding a catch of bull trout taken from the Elbow River in 1923.



Catch of bull trout from Elbow River, 1920s. L. to R.: Laura McQueen, Nora Jardine.

Spiritual Church. While in Eastern Canada she was active in nursing first world war veterans. She moved to Bragg Creek in 1936 when she bought the Parkinson place situated on the south side of the Bragg Creek-Priddis road — N.E.¼ of sec 28-r4-w5th. One of the most beautiful places in this part of the country with a gorgeous view of the Rocky Mountains and the numerous clear water springs. Mrs. Allen raised chickens, geese and milking goats. She married Albert J.



Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hill, formerly Mrs. Edith Allen. 1959.

Courtesy Winnie McLuskey

Hill, a Calgary photographer in 1946. Mr. Hill raised hogs for a few years, he cleared land saving all the timber for firewood, and was very neat about anything he undertook. One fall we sawed forty cords of wood for them with a buzz saw from the timber Mr. Hill had put up.

Mrs. Hill was always on hand to help when a neighbor fell ill and one time set a broken arm for my brother-in-law, Ed Taylor. I, Winnie McLuskey worked for two years for Mrs. Allen when she first bought the farm, building the chicken house, garage and workshop combined. I also helped to build her barn. Mr. Hill passed away in Feb. 1961. Mrs. Hill sold the farm to Hod Meech and took up residence in the Strand Apts. in Calgary. In 1963 she toured the continent of Europe and England. She was pre-deceased by her son in 1960. She passed away on April 13th, 1971, at the age of 89 years.

MALCOLM AMOSS — by Joan Merryfield

Malcolm (Max) Amoss filed to homestead the S.W. ¼ of Sec. 18 on Feb. 14th, 1915, having spent the previous summer looking for a suitable location to start a guest ranch operation. At that time he was working as a mechanic in Calgary. The large double story log house was built by Jim Muncaster on the bank of the small creek which runs through the property. An earth dam was built to create a body of water which would be suitable for canoeing for the enjoyment of the guests. The remains of this dam are visible today.

An ardent sportsman Max Amoss guided many hunting and fishing parties to Kananaskis Lakes through the beautiful foothill and mountain country. Rodeos were held at the ranch as Ed Watrin recalls riding there in 1922 when he was awarded an engraved gold button in recognition of his win. Mr. and Mrs. Max Amoss and their son left the ranch about 1923 to make their home in the United States.

PERCY WRIGHT BIGGAR — by Freda Purmal



In 1915, with his wife Clara and their small child, homesteaded NE¼ 36-22-5W5, (patented 1929) a quarter that was almost completely solid jackpine, but had the

most outstanding spring in the country. This ice-cold, clear water bubbled out of the ground in about a twenty foot area and formed into a small creek which never froze in the coldest weather. It ran north east through the quarter, then through a few yards of SE¼ 1-23-5W5 and into the Sarcee Reserve. It is known as the north fork of Fish Creek.

The Biggars built a log house near the spring and lived there until 1918. When Percy travelled to Calgary, he followed a trail across the Sarcee Reserve, coming onto the main road about five miles from Bragg Creek. Part of this trail was through open flats and meadows and part was through bluffs of thick pine and it was while driving his team to Calgary in this bush area that one of his horses stepped on the end of a long stick. The other end flew up and penetrated the horse's stomach, killing it instantly. Percy rode the other horse to my father's ranch and borrowed one of his horses to continue his trip to Calgary. With other neighbors, Percy helped to build the second pole bridge across the Elbow River.

Clara Biggar was a good friend and about the same age as my aunt, Cicely Wilson. They enjoyed meeting at my mother's where they both played the piano and sang. They liked jazzy music and dancing and I remember them playing "Ja Da", incessantly.

When the Biggars left, a man lived there alone during the big flu epidemic. My father was taking the census and our family was returning from the Muncaster ranch when we called at the Biggar home. My father found the occupant deathly ill with the flu, so my mother left her brood in the sleigh and went inside to help the man. My mother could not conceal her worry lest her children catch the bug but none of us became ill. My parents took care of the man every day until he recovered and, shortly after, he left the district.

The next occupant was Chummy Cresswell, who lived in the little log house for several years and until he finished building his large house. Josie Welsh and family followed Chummy Cresswell and then the old Biggar place was sold to E. Keith. When the new roads were surveyed and built, a few acres of the Biggar place were cut off the quarter. A little log cabin was built and Percy Biggar used this as a holiday home until a few years ago, when it also was sold.

HILARY KENELM BINNS — by Freda Purmal

In 1923, two brothers, Sid and Ken Binns, arrived at our ranch, asking to go on a pack trip into the mountains, so my father made up a small party and they left for ten days. These young fellows were the sons of a multimillionaire steel man in Pittsburgh. They were clean cut, well educated and were already world travellers. They were so impressed with the country, they returned the following year with their two other brothers, Winfield and Othneil. They lived with us about a month before returning to the States.

A couple of years later, Ken arrived by himself and wished to be included in a big game hunting party which my father was taking into the mountains. Ken remained with us for several months and the following year he purchased the SE¼ 1-23-5W5, from Frank Stewart. He also went into shares with my father in the purchase of about ten head of Thoroughbred horses, including two stallions, from a ranch north of Cochrane.

During the first years of the depression when all the big financial empires were crumbling, Ken's father lost all his money and the sons were forced to find employment wherever they could. Ken was unable to adjust very well so when he became interested in developing a mine at Fort Steele, B.C., his father helped him financially. Ken was the victim of a promoter's scheme, there was no production and the money was lost.

At this time, Ken married my sister, Cicely. They lived in one of my mother's cabins until 1940, when Cicely enlisted in the R.C.A.F. and Ken joined the Canadian Army and was sent east for training. We never saw Ken again; he was discharged from the army and returned to his father's home in Pittsburgh. He and Cicely were divorced but he phoned my parents every Christmas morning for several years.

During the late 30's, Ken offered his quarter section to my husband for \$400.00 but we had no way to find the money in those bleak years. Part of the land was sold to Frank Stack and part was sold to Stan Waters.

WALLACE BOLICK — by Dora Bolick

My husband and I and our son Elmer moved to Bragg Creek from Calgary, Oct. 30th, 1941. We rented $\frac{3}{4}$ sections of land from Mr. G. Cummings which we later purchased. Our house was south, just across the road from the old Bragg Creek School. Elmer finished his grade schooling there and went to Calgary for high school. Our son Watcil taught school here, the term of 1943-1944. Our neighbors at that time were Mr. and Mrs. *MacDonald*, *Peter Christofferson*, *Sam Sharp*, *Ed and Keitha Watrin*, *Bill Colpitts*, *John Fullerton* and *Joe Woolings*. Wallace and Mr. Colpitts made a trip to Edmonton about putting in a rural telephone line. They were able to purchase and salvage wire from the Cochrane district and complete the line that year. Prior to this Bragg Creek had only toll stations connected with the Cochrane exchange. Wallace also made a saw-mill using Ford parts and any other material available. He was able to saw lumber for our own use on the place and sold some before disposing of the mill to Jake Fullerton. One of the fly wheels is still in use on the place as a wood splitter. Wallace built several cabins of log with stone fireplaces in and around Bragg Creek. Each fireplace, he always said, was a monument. We neighbor ladies decided to meet at different homes to learn some specialty from the hostess. The first meeting was at my home. We made homemade chocolates and having a box left over we put it in Mrs. White's store and sold chances on it. The proceeds netted \$8.00 which gave our group a nest egg and helped in our successful activities later. One event I remember was a dance put on for the soldiers who were building a bridge across the Elbow River near Robinson's Corner. The dance was sponsored by the locals and held in Jake Fullerton's Round Dance Hall. There were many dances held as that was our source of entertainment. Then there was the Christmas Party at the old School. The students came over to our place to cut a tree. They chose one too large to get into the school house and so had to cut the bottom off. Another time 23 soldiers on manoeuvres from Currie Barracks were stuck in the mud with their truck and all came to our house for dinner, while Wallace pulled them out with the horses. Our six children were always glad to come home



A tranquil scene where Bragg Creek runs through the Bolick place.

Photo courtesy Mrs. Bolick



Wallace Bolick during haying operations at his ranch.

Photo courtesy Mrs. Bolick

and stay in Bragg Creek as long as they could. After eleven years we sold our farm to Jane and Bill Smith of Calgary. On August 1, 1952, we moved to Columbia Basin Irrigation District in the central part of Washington State. We developed three farm units near Ephrata. Wallace lost his life in a car accident Oct. 1958. I still live on farm unit No. 284 Block 72 which my son Eri farms.

BRUCE D. BRODERICK — by Joan Merryfield

Born in Neepawa, Manitoba but had lived most of his life in Calgary where he received his education. He came



Moose Mountain Forestry Lookout. One of Bruce Broderick's duties was packing up supplies.

Photo courtesy Mrs. Bolick



Bruce Broderick fords a stream during his Forestry duties, 1939.

Photo courtesy Mrs. Geo. Deans

to work for Jack *Elsdon* in the 1930's and was a popular member of the district. He later worked for the Forestry and began his career with them at the Elbow Ranger Station. He was Provincial Ranger at Kananaskis and worked there for 4 years before his untimely death in 1942. At the time of his death he was on a mountain climbing exploration trip with Harry Webb, a professor of engineering at the University of Alberta who was investigating the sources of water on Mt. Sarrail above the lower Kananaskis Lake, then being converted into a source of power at the time. Both men were killed in the 1500 foot fall; their two companions were unhurt.

LEO BURBY — by Joan Merryfield

LEO

MS

Born in Lindsay, Ont. the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Burby and one of a family of ten children. They moved to Calgary in 1906 where Mr. Burby was a shoe maker, a busy trade at that time as the cowboys were in need of the riding boots he made by hand. They lived in the Bankview district. The fishing was excellent then at Bragg Creek, which brought Billy *McClintock* and Leo Burby to try their luck. During World War I he served in the 31st Battalion and one month before the end of the



Ready to gather cattle at the ranch, Leo Burby and daughter Margaret.

Photo courtesy Mrs. J. Merryfield

war suffered the loss of his right arm during action. He returned to Bragg Creek in 1919 and stayed with Mr. and Mrs. *McClintock*, then living on a homestead north of the old Bragg Creek School. He entered NE¼ 30-22-4W5 in 1919 (previous entrants: George H. Grundy, 1914; Harry Fletcher, 1916) and SE¼ 30-22-4W5 in 1920 (previous entry: James Edgar, 1914); one as a homestead, the other as a soldier's grant. He patented both in 1923. He stayed with Mr. and Mrs. *Fred Edgar* while he built his house and Billy *McClintock* gave him a helping hand in cutting the logs. Married *Mary Muncaster* in 1920 and they lived on the homestead for three years. In 1922 they sold this half section to Mr. *Hardin* who worked at the Calgary Stock yards and bought the *Muncaster Ranch* which was much more productive land. A new house had to be built and *Fred Edgar* and *George Hurst* helped with the building. During the years that followed they added more land — SW¼ 20, NE¼ 20, SW¼ 19, SE¼ 18,

Ranch home of Mary and Leo Burby.

Photo courtesy Mrs. M. MacDonald



which gave them a section and three quarters, enough land to build up their cattle herd. A permit for grazing on the Forest Reserve immediately west of the ranch has been part of their cattle raising operation over the years. Burby Lake in the Forest Reserve southwest of the ranch bears my father's name. Though handicapped by the loss of his arm he managed many tasks — he was a good axeman and could drive a team, ride horseback and plow with a walking plow. Many years have been spent clearing and breaking the land and this continues today. During the 30's George Beatty from Red Deer Lake, broke brush at the Burbys' with Bill Thompson and Slim McKeague running the tractor and brush-breaking outfit. They purchased their own tractor and breaking outfit soon after.

Mary Burby served as trustee of the Two Pine School District, was an ardent Red Cross worker during the war, and a good gardener, which she enjoyed doing over the years. Mary and Leo Burby celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in 1970. They live in happy retirement on the ranch, both taking a keen interest in ranch activities and world affairs.

Six children: Margaret, married Alec Swanson of Huxley, nine children, live on a farm. John, a bachelor, lives on the ranch with his parents and also has a farm at Black Diamond. Joan, married Jack Merryfield at Bragg Creek, construction and bus owner-operator, four children. Alfred, married and lives in Calgary; works for Calgary Packers, and has one daughter. Irene, married Art Bricker, a farmer at Indus, have four children. Brian, married and lives in Calgary and does custom farming.



Mary and Leo Burby on their 50th wedding anniversary. July 20, 1970.

CHARLES CHOATE SR. — by Freda Purmal

Charles senior came from a farm at Ingersoll, Ont. He was a good teamster with a good knowledge of veterinary medicine. When he worked for my father, he lived with us and when there was no work, he lived on his sons' homestead. He drove a team consisting of a mule,

"Tom", and a black gelding, "Bill". He also owned a big brown mare called "Chance".

The mule was not too ambitious about working and the bigger the load on a wagon, the slower he walked or, if so inclined, stopped altogether. The horse was fast and willing, so Charles always kept a big, black bull whip on the wagon and when the mule slowed down or balked, Charles let loose with the whip. Tom would switch his tail and flick his ears, sometimes he responded and sometimes he just quit, depending on his disposition of that particular day. Besides having a problem of keeping the mule moving, there was also a problem of stopping him, when Tom decided not to stop. Charles had to use a wicked J I C bit on him, the only type of bit that could control that ornery mule, who could open any gate or door on the ranch.

Charles always suffered from a stomach condition which he called indigestion, so my mother kept him supplied with baking soda which he claimed was the only thing that gave him relief. In later years, the condition grew worse and we all suspected he had ulcers or cancer.

One spring while he was working for us, one of my sisters developed a bad case of whooping cough, so Charles tried to persuade my mother to give my sister some mare's milk. His big mare had just foaled and she had a good supply. Charles said that everyone around his Ontario home used this remedy with good results. My mother could not be persuaded.

Charles lived the last few years of his life in Bragg Creek with Harry and Ida May White, helping with the chores and carrying in the mail bags when Harry came from Calgary. Harry was failing in health and Charles was a great help to the Whites.

The Choate family were fine people and good neighbors and will be fondly remembered by all who knew them.

The Jack Rees family have lived on the Choate homestead for many years.

CHARLES ALFRED CHOATE JR. — by Freda Purmal and Joan Merryfield

Born in Ingersoll, Ont. Came to Calgary in 1910. In 1915 entered NW¼ 24-23-5W5 (previous entrant William McClintock, 1912) and patented in 1922. His brother Jack (John Alfred) entered SW¼ 22-23-5W5 in 1919 (previous entrants: George Edward Nelson, 1906; Cliff Ford, 1914). They may have been on the land as early as 1913; they put up a cabin and barn on a hillside, on the northwest quarter, beside a spring. They boys worked for Clem Gardner, who had just purchased the Grayson place, and then Jack returned to Calgary.

Charlie worked for my father as a teamster for a couple of years. When Charlie's father, Charles Sr., came out to live on the homestead, he too, worked for my father, using his own team.

Young Charlie was a big, husky man but enjoyed playing with us little kids. He was quite fond of my little sister Ruth and was very upset one day when his dog bit Ruth on the cheek, leaving a lifelong scar. Not long after, our stallion bit Charlie very badly, and he was left with a life scar.

Charlie drove the stallion, a brown horse with a miserable disposition, with a gentle grey gelding named "Jerry". The stallion, "Stub", had bitten Jerry so often

while hitched together, that my father had to attach the end of a stick to his bit and the other end of Jerry's hame so that he was unable to bite Jerry. Charlie drove this team as long as he stayed with us. F.P.

Served with the 31st Battalion during World War I and was wounded in France. In World War II he commanded the 13th Field company, R.C.E. in England. He was awarded the Efficiency Decoration for service later, with the Army Trade and Educational branch. In civilian life he was head of the Department of Automobile Mechanics at the Provincial Institute of Technology and Art for 32 years. He was a commissioner of Boy Scouts for three years. He was president of the 31st Battalion Association. His wife's name was Kate, son Robert and daughter Betty. He lived at 934-8th Ave., N.W., Calgary.

We were all very fond of Charlie but only saw him occasionally after he left Bragg Creek, to open and instruct the mechanics division of the School of Technology and Art.

Charlie died several years ago and Jack was killed in an auto accident in 1970. J.M.

PETER CHRISTOFFERSON — 1877-1954 — by Karl B. Christofferson

PC

Born August 2, 1877, in the vicinity of Mo, Norway, an area of rugged fjords and mountains near the Arctic Circle. He worked in the iron mines in his youth and early manhood, and in 1902 emigrated to Minnesota. In 1903 he came to Canada and homesteaded in the Brant district. He continued to farm there until he moved to Bragg Creek, SW¼ 16-23-5W5, in the early 1920's. He moved his fine herd of Angus cattle every spring and fall between his farm at Brant and his ranch at Bragg Creek.

He sold the Bragg Creek ranch in 1944 and moved to his farm at Brant where he lived until 1950, when he retired to a small acreage at Ladysmith, B.C., where he died.

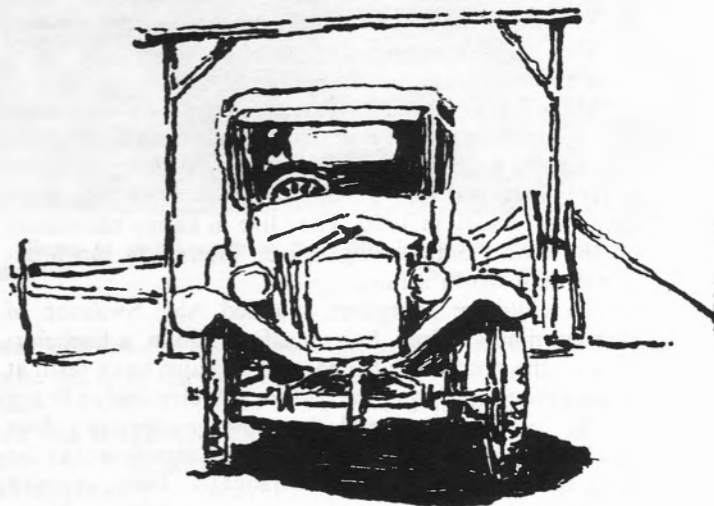
As his nephew, I knew him well and listened to many stories of his logging and C.P.R. construction days in B.C. He spent many winters there, earning a grubstake to see him through the summer while he was proving up his homestead on the prairies.

The best example of his endurance, rugged determination and sheer hard work, was his yearly trekking of his cattle between Brant and Bragg Creek. In the spring, from the farm to the ranch and in the fall, back from the hills to the prairie farm for winter feeding. In the 1930's, feed was scarce and winters especially severe. The winter of 1936-37 was memorable for its severity and scarcity of feed, which necessitated the moving of the cattle to fields that had no source of water. During the greater part of the winter it was necessary to drive his herd once a day to the Little Bow River, some two miles distant. As the ice thickened, it was not sufficient only to cut a hole into the ice, but the water had to be baled out and poured into a trough cut into the river ice adjacent to the water hole. Imagine watering a herd of 100 or more head of thirsty cows in 20-30 below zero weather, with perhaps a near blizzard blowing to boot. Combine this with a man 60 years of age, with a chronic asthmatic condition and you have real fortitude.

My uncle was an eccentric in many ways, given to

some irrational actions at times, venting his anger at grown-ups in perhaps childish ways, yet he was usually fond of children. He had great respect for people with the education that he never had the opportunity to acquire. Along with this respect, there was a perplexity that these same people, for all their learning, committed so many errors in judgment.

His feuding in the Bragg Creek hills made him some bitter enemies but it also provided amusement to many, and a diversion from every day routine. He also acquired many staunch supporters and friends along the way.



PETER CHRISTOFFERSON — OUR NEIGHBOR — by Freda Purmal

My recollection of Peter is most vivid. He was a short, heavy set man with Nordic features, his face lined and tanned. When he spoke or smiled, he displayed a mouth full of gold-capped teeth, a most fascinating sight for a small child.

When he first arrived in Bragg Creek he drove an old car which often failed to climb a steep, rocky hill about 500 yards south of my father's ranch buildings. In those days if a car did not have the power to make a steep climb, quite often the driver was successful if he turned it around and backed up, but one day Peter's car could not make it either way. He walked over to our house and asked my mother if my dad would pull his car up the hill with a team. My father was away and my mother told him that I was capable of helping him.

I caught one of the work horses in the yard and took it to the barn to harness. Peter followed me in, intending to do the harnessing, but I strongly objected so he just stood back to watch me. The horse was a big fellow and I had to climb up on the manger to get the collar on. When the harnessed horse was outside I found a single-tree and logging chain and hitched only one tug to the single-tree. Peter was watching the whole performance and as we were going to his stalled car, he asked me why I only hooked up one tug, so I very seriously explained to him that had I hooked up both tugs, the single-tree would clip the horse's heels until he was ready for a pull. Peter just nodded and smiled. I really thought I was being most informative to someone who knew very little about such matters; I was about 12 years old at the time.

I have often thought about it since and can imagine the amusement he enjoyed because he later told my

mother all about it and mother said she never saw Peter laugh so much. Little did I know that here was a man who had forgotten more about such things at my age than I could ever hope to achieve.

Some time later I was riding along the road one day and found him stuck in the mud on another hill, so I pulled him up on the end of a lariat on my saddle horse.

Peter very rarely visited anyone; he was always friendly but I think we all had the impression that he was not a man that would tolerate any nonsense. Most of the neighbors respected him and he never bothered anyone unless a situation was created that made him angry, when he would, in no uncertain terms, make it quite clear where everyone stood.

He was very fond of my mother, as I think most people were, and often when he was going for his mail or to the store, he would stop in and talk to mother for hours. Mother was well educated and could sensibly discuss any subject and one of the subjects they often discussed and agreed upon, was my father's lack of commonsense in some of his business transactions. Regardless of my father's and Peter's difference of opinions in business matters, they were always very good friends.

Peter almost always had a man working for him on the ranch as well as Johanna Johannson, housekeeper and cook. Johanna did more visiting and chatted with my mother over a few cups of coffee. She was also very fond of my polio crippled sister, Ruth, who operated a little store near the round dance hall.

Peter always drove big horses and he never cut their manes or long tails which almost dragged on the ground. His work and saddle horses were, I think, the only broken horses in the district with long tails.

When he moved his cattle from ranch to farm and vice versa, he had a man drive the team hitched to a wagon with a big grain box, filled with food, blankets and horse feed. The cattle followed the wagon with some riders behind. On several occasions, my father helped him on this trip to Brant, which took several days. It was usually quite cold in the late fall and each night on the trip the men wrapped themselves in blankets and slept under the wagon. My father was a tough and hardy man but he did not appreciate the extreme discomfort, cold and fatigue of these cattle moving treks. At the same time, he admired and respected Peter for the courage he displayed in this twice yearly undertaking.

I saw very little of Peter for almost 15 years while I was attending school in the city and later working in Calgary and Vancouver. I returned to Bragg Creek in 1934 with my husband and when Peter had cautiously made up his mind that he liked Bunny, they got along very well, especially after Bunny put a new rear end and transmission in his car.

Shortly before my husband enlisted in the army, Peter asked Bunny to help him drive a big herd of cattle from the ranch to the Calgary Stockyards. This was also in the late fall, in cold, stormy weather. They left the ranch at daybreak and did not reach the Stockyards until midnight. They had no real problems until they reached west Calgary. The usual route for cattle drives from the west was through what is now the Glamorgan district, then over to the Elbow River which they followed through Elbow Park. This is where the real action began, cattle and riders all over the boulevards and fancy lawns,

with dogs barking, car horns blasting and people shaking their fists at the riders and threatening them with lawsuits and other unmentionable consequences, of course to no avail. Peter and his men were much too busy trying to keep some semblance of order and direction in a herd of terrified cattle. When it was all over, my husband told me the happiest moment he ever had on any job was that night when the last cow was safely behind corral gates at the Stockyards.

My parents and sister Ruth moved to Victoria in the mid 1940's and later when Peter and Johanna moved to Ladysmith, although some distance apart, friendships and visiting were renewed between Peter, Johanna and the Jake Fullerton family until illness and death in both families ended a 40 year relationship.

GUY COATES — by Mrs. Tina Coates (Pike) and Joan Merryfield

My first husband Guy and I built the upper Elbow Store in May 1925. He passed away suddenly in May 1932 and I carried on by myself until February, 1940, when my health made it necessary to sell and move to Calgary. I sold out to Jack Elsdon.

With the help of the Tom Fullerton family in cutting logs and constructing the building, the Upper Elbow General Store came into being. Here Mrs. Coates ran a store business, served light lunches and traded with the Stoney Indians. Seldom were there no saddle ponies



Guy Coates (top of photo) with Pearl Healy and Slim McKeague at Elbow Oil rig.

Photo courtesy Mac Wrathall



The upper Elbow gen. store built by Mr. and Mrs. Guy Coates in 1925.
Photo courtesy Mrs. Tina (Coates) Pike

belonging to Indians or local residents, or teams and rigs tied in the clump of trees near the store. Mrs. Coates kept a good supply of beads for the Indians to use for beadwork and in turn displayed beautiful buckskin coats, vests, gauntlets and moccasins. Mrs. Coates, Keitha Watrin and Beatrice (Howe) Cresswell were good friends — each being very fond of horses. It was a common occurrence to see these three enjoying a ride on their favourite horses. Mrs. Coates owned a truck and with the help of a driver was able to transport supplies for the store from Calgary. The store is still in use today and operates as the Bragg Creek Trading Post.

by Joan Merryfield

SYDNEY MOSLEY CONNOP 1885-1964 — by Freda Purmal, assisted by the Connop family.

MC

YC

Born in Norwich, Norfolk, England, he emigrated to Canada and Alberta in 1905 and about 1906 homesteaded at Hanna. He married Tola Agnes Kelly, a widow with a small daughter Vivian. Mrs. Connop was born in Murdock, Minnesota, on April 26, 1894, and emigrated to Saskatchewan in 1910 and to Hanna in 1914.

The Connop family arrived in Bragg Creek in October, 1919, and purchased $\frac{3}{4}$ s of a section; one being the N.E. $\frac{1}{4}$ 28-22-5-W/5 from Wills Brothers. The first settler on this quarter was a man named Walter W. Rippon who was a squatter in 1908, entered for homestead in 1910 and patented in 1915. The Forest Reserve boundary was surveyed in 1909 and had Rippon not been established at that time, the quarter would have been included in the Forest Reserve but as it is now, there is a jog in the boundary line around this quarter. Mr. Rippon sold the place to the Wills Brothers of Springbank, about 1915. The Wills family used the land for summer pasture and in 1916 leased it to Mr. Kernick. The Kernicks encountered problems in holding their stock and Mrs. Kernick was unable to cope with this wilderness life, so they left the district.



The Walter Rippon family, early 1900s, homesteaded land before Forestry survey where Connop ranch buildings now stand. (See Connop history and John McIntosh article.)
Photo courtesy V. H. Robinson

Mr. Connop arrived driving a beautiful team of large bay horses, with harness that one would normally see in shows. He was a tall man, well over six feet, a well educated English gentleman who seemed a most unlikely candidate to carve out a ranch in this wilderness, but with the help of his hard working wife, and later his sons, the ranch progressed each year and today comprises about



Connop's Bar Twin Cee Ranch. House and barns built in 1925, replacing original buildings. 1962 photo.

six sections of deeded and lease land in Bragg Creek, with other holdings at Millarville and Okotoks.

The Connop home was an el-shaped log house, situated beside a forest of pines on the south and an open meadow to the east. In 1925, the Connops built a large three story log house and new barns. This is such an outstanding house that a picture is in the Glenbow Foundation, under the title of "Famous Alberta Homes."

On April 25, 1920, Mr. and Mrs. Connop had their first son, Richard. Dr. Crawford from Calgary was called about 5 a.m. but had only reached the Jake Fullerton ranch by 1 p.m., with his horse and buggy. My grandmother, Mrs. Mary Wilson, had been taken to the Connop home and was the only help Mrs. Connop had when the baby was born at noon. James was born February 16, 1923, in Calgary and George on November 15, 1924.

By the time Mr. Connop's three sons were growing into young manhood, he had acquired a large herd of Hereford cattle and some horses from the famous T. B. Jenkinson Ranch. Mrs. Connop also had some cattle of her own. In 1934 she entered N.W. ¼ 34-22-5-W/5 (previous entrants Frederick Martin, in 1915; R. M. Small, 1928 and patented in 1938.) As the cattle herd increased, Mr. Connop purchased and leased more land and used the Forest Reserve for summer pasture. He also broke up many acres of the virgin meadow land next to the ranch buildings.

On February 6, 1921, a livestock meeting was held in the Victoria Hotel in Calgary where an association was formed by the ranchers in conjunction with the Forestry Dept. C. H. Morse, assistant Federal Inspector of Forest Reserves, represented the Forestry Dept. in the use of the Reserve for grazing purposes. Ted Howard, the Elbow Ranger, had estimated that this portion of the Reserve could carry approximately three thousand head of cattle. Officers elected at this meeting were: President, E. R. (Jake) Fullerton; Secretary-Treasurer, E. Muncaster; and an executive committee comprising of F. G. Edgar, R. J. Wilderman, and S. M. Connop.

There were some ranchers who had strong objections to this organization, maintaining that outfits from the Brant' and east Calgary districts would bring in large herds, thereby depleting the grazing for local ranchers. Owing to the controversy which ensued, another estimate

of the grazing potential was made which showed that the Reserve could not possibly carry more than seven hundred head. This resulted in the ranchers' organization being tabled. A few years later the organization was again launched with the same negative results.

Mr. Connop always kept up-to-date on world affairs and was especially interested in politics, thoroughly enjoying discussions on current affairs. He was very upset and disgusted when his cousin, Sir Oswald Mosley, became headline news in England for his political views, with which Mr. Connop heartily disagreed.

Mr. Connop had a maiden sister in England and a brother who was a colonel in the British Army. His brother paid a prolonged visit to the ranch and liked the country well enough to purchase a quarter section of the big meadow from Jake Fullerton. This quarter adjoined the part that Mr. Connop already owned.

Mrs. Connop's daughter, Vivian, attended school in Calgary and when Richard was of age to begin, he boarded with Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson, who at that time were operating a store at Bragg Creek. Richard walked the two miles to the Bragg Creek School. Later, when the Two Pine School was built, the three Connop boys rode horseback to school. The boys were always busy and were talented in making leather bridles and equipment. Richard melted down old silver, turning out silver mountings for riding gear.

For years, Mrs. Connop raised pea fowl; it was a fascinating sight to see the blue peacocks strutting around under the pines, their tails spread in colorful fans. Mrs. Connop was also an ardent gardener, growing exceptional crops of vegetables and flowers.

The Connop family holdings are now an estate, their cattle brand (bar twin C) and the horse brand C (quarter circle C), left neck. Mr. Connop was a member of the Registered Clydesdale Association and a longtime member of the Ranchman's Club in Calgary.

CC

C

Sydney Mosley Connop died at the ranch on August 30, 1964, at the age of 79 years. Mrs. Connop and son James, live on the original home ranch at Bragg Creek.

The Connop family is well known and highly respected. They have made an enormous contribution to

the district, in the development of large portions of their land on the southern boundaries of Bragg Creek.

Mrs. Connop's daughter, by her first marriage, Vivian, married Riley Titterington; they have one son, Keith. After spending many years farming in the Calgary district, they now live in Calgary. Richard joined the R.C.A.F. in 1940, going overseas that year. He was in the forces for five years, returning in August, 1945. He married Vivienne Spring in 1949. They have one daughter, Charmaine, and ranch near Okotoks. James joined the R.C.A.F. in 1942 and was in the same unit as his brother Richard. James returned in 1946. He is a bachelor and lives at home on the ranch at Bragg Creek. George, who is also a bachelor, moved to a ranch in Millarville in 1960.

H. "CHUMMY" CRESSWELL Died 1947 — by Joan Merryfield



Born in Ontario and through his uncle was associated with the Turkey Track Ranch of Texas which moved to Saskatchewan about 1902. He was a veteran of World War I when he came to Bragg Creek about 1923 with Dan Whitney, a Calgary hotelman. He bought the Percy *Biggar* ranch which consisted of three quarters. The forest fire of 1919 swept past the ranch buildings, killing the trees which were later cleared to make the open meadow which exists today. Chummy Cresswell lived in the house built by the Biggars while he built the log lodge which still remains at its original location. The log work was done by Bill *McClintock* while the finishing carpentry was completed by Mr. McClintock and Albert Sanders. This was one of the finest homes in the district at that time and many visitors were made welcome as Mr. Cresswell liked to entertain. He liked fine horses and took great pleasure in raising well bred light colts which he sometimes gave as gifts to people he was fond of but always to people who would care for them properly. He liked to ride and used to ride horseback to visit his neighbors. He served on the first school board of the Two Pine School and gave the school its name after the hill which overlooks the hamlet of Bragg Creek. He also donated building material for its construction. He married Beatrice Howe, daughter of Sam *Howe*. (See Millarville-Kew). He sold to Josie Welsh about 1940 who turned the place into a guest ranch. The ranch is now owned by V. Keith of Calgary.

THE CULLEN BROTHERS — by Freda Purmal



About 1898 Tom and Chris Cullen homesteaded the NE¼ 10-23-5W5 (no record in Township General Register, where this quarter is recorded as entered by William C. Allen in 1901 and patented to him in 1906). Tom and Chris were brothers of Keys Cullen of Springback. The Cullens built a cabin and barn beside the bank of Bragg Creek and built miles of "snake" fences on the property.

Besides the Bragg Creek homestead, the Cullens also owned a quarter east of Matthews Highland Stock Farms on the Bragg Creek road. This land was later purchased by a man named Dyer and is now owned by the Highland Stock Farms.

Tom and Chris raised livestock on the Bragg Creek place and when it was decided that a school was needed in this area, the Cullens donated an acre of their land for this purpose, the first school in Bragg Creek.

About 1906, the Cullens left the district and moved to Nightingale, where they developed an extensive farm operation.



Creek Flats of the Cullen Brothers' homestead of about 1898.

Photo courtesy Mrs. Bolick

FREDERICK G. EDGAR — by Joan Merryfield



Fred Edgar and his wife Kate were neighbors to my grandparents, the Rev. W. H. and Mrs. *Muncaster*. They ran a herd, of mostly dairy cattle, on three quarter sections located east of the Muncaster Ranch in the Fish Creek Valley (south fork) [half of 17-22-4W5 and SE¼ 20-22-4-W5, entered 1914, patented 1921]. They had one daughter Marion who lived at the ranch until she was about ten years old. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kemish (Jessie Kemish was Kate Edgar's sister) and their son were frequent visitors at the Edgar Ranch. Marion Edgar and Jack Kemish used to walk over to the Muncasters on Sundays to attend Sunday School. They said it was the nicest Sunday School they had ever attended as after their lesson they were always treated to crackers and honey by Mrs. Muncaster. The Edgars were good neighbors to my parents, Mary and Leo *Burby* when they took over the Muncaster Ranch. As a little girl I can remember Mrs. Edgar being afraid of cows and she would start to walk the quarter mile to have a cup of tea with my Mother but if the cattle happened to be in the field she would shout from the hillside, "I will be over when the cows aren't home". We missed our neighbors



The Frank Wolfe family following their purchase of the Fred Edgar ranch and house shown in background.

Photo courtesy Rita Wolfe

when they moved away about 1930 when Fred Edgar went to work for the Forestry once more and was Superintendent at Rocky Mountain House and later Superintendent of the Bow Forest in the Calgary office. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kemish had a summer cottage on the river at Mrs. *White's* at Bragg Creek and the Edgars and Kemishes visited us at the ranch every summer. I can remember Mrs. Edgar walking the six miles from Bragg Creek to our home to visit my parents and to spend the night when she holidayed at the Kemish cottage. My parents would drive her back to the cottage the next day with the team. During one visit I remember my parents taking her to see their former home as she wanted to see how much the pine trees had grown which she had planted near the gates of the ranch house yard. Jack Kemish and Marion Edgar also visited my parents over the years. Marion worked in the store for Jack *Elsdon* at the time he operated a business from Mrs. *White's* Store (now *Fullerton's*). The Edgars had Joe *Woolings* look after their place for about two years before it was sold to Mr. and Mrs. Frank *Wolfe*, Sr. The sixty year old ranch house stands unoccupied and in ruins today. The ranch is now owned by Matthews Highland Stock Farm. Though gone, the Edgars are not forgotten and will always be fondly remembered in this district.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FRED EDGAR — by A. E. Muncaster

The task of collecting information as to the water resources and timber within the lands designated as the Bow Forest Reserve was far beyond the capacity of the Forestry Office in Calgary. The Eastern Boundary and the position of the main rivers were reasonably well known but the maps given to the Rangers were made largely on reports from hunters and prospectors and Indians and were wildly wrong. The first Forest Supervisor, Mr. Helmer, therefore urged his field workers to obtain as much information as possible on their patrols and to inform the Office accordingly. The result was that gradually the amount of correction became so great that an Assistant Supervisor was needed to direct the draftsmen and to form a general policy by which the Ranger could take full responsibility for the district and be responsible to a young man who would travel with the Ranger and confirm the alterations to the maps, etc. This Assistant Supervisor was Fred Edgar, fresh from Toronto with a degree as Bachelor of Science in Forestry, vigorous and full of enthusiasm for his profession, and modestly aware that little of his tuition was suited to the practical problems involved in starting an enterprise based on hearsay evidence. Accordingly, Fred Edgar and I traversed the main river valleys on several occasions and we always finished our journeys at the ranch and spent our time there on the paper work resulting from our observations. Fred was so pleased with the contrast of life on the South Fork of Fish Creek with what we faced in the Reserve that he decided to purchase land adjoining ours.

THOMAS PERCY "PERC" EDWORTHY — by George Edworthy

Filed on SW¼ 17-23-5W5 (previous entrant, William Bell, 1914) in 1917, just prior to joining the Air Force. He was encouraged to do so by George *Livingston* who had a

coal claim on this property and in this way hoped to have no difficulty with surface rights and means of entry.

On returning from overseas, Perc built a log cabin and completed his homestead duties, the minimum owing to his overseas service, and patented in 1922. This quarter was used by the Edworthy family as a summer home and as headquarters for numerous pack trips in the mountains, until the late 20's when Perc was transferred east by his company. He sold the quarter to George *Hurst*, well known to all Bragg Creek oldtimers, and it passed through several hands during the next decade. The log cabin was eventually torn down and on its exact site, the present owner, Don Wolcott, has now built a fabulous home.

GEORGE EDWORTHY — by Freda Purmal

George Edworthy has been most generous with his historical contributions for this book but failed to discuss his own participation in Bragg Creek's history. He has always been well known and regarded as more or less a native of the district. Although not a permanent resident, he spent many years visiting and holidaying on his brother's homestead and also with the *Livingstons*; he was a good horseman and a familiar rider along the trails. George is a quiet, unassuming person, with a ready smile and charming personality, a combination which no doubt resulted in his ultimate success in business.

The Edworthy name is synonymous with Calgary as much of the western part of the city was once Edworthy property. The family at one time owned 500 acres in section 24, the area west of 37th Street and north of Spruce Drive. Edworthy Park is named after the family.

George was born in Calgary. For 48 years, he was with United Grain Growers, many of those years as western district manager. He was also an official of the Calgary Stampede and Exhibition Board, doing much in helping to develop that enterprise. George is now retired and makes his home in Calgary in the summer and south of the border in the winter. In 1925 he married Myrtle Fink and they have two sons, Jack, who lives in Edmonton and is manager of Alberta Association of Municipal Districts, and Dr. George, an optometrist in Calgary.

A prized possession of the Edworthy family is a single action .44 pistol with 5 notches on the handle. Sam Livingston gave this gun to his 15 year old son, George, for a summer's work, herding cattle.

VIGGO AND BERT ERICKSEN — by Viggo Ericksen

My brother Bert and I came to Canada from Denmark in the spring of 1929 and after stopping in Manitoba we came to Calgary in May. We met Jake *Fullerton* and came to Bragg Creek where we worked for him for a number of years. We later went to Brooks where we worked on a farm for a couple of years. In the fall of 1935 we came back to Bragg Creek and hunted rabbits for a living. In the fall of '36 my brother Bert went back to Denmark. I stayed on and worked a year for Chummy *Cresswell* after which I moved to Calgary and worked at the Noble Hotel till the beginning of the war when I signed up. Following discharge I worked at my trade as a carpenter. In 1951 I was married and now make my home in Rosedale, Alberta near Drumheller. I have been back to Bragg Creek several times and have many happy memories of the years I spent there.

Old-timers of the district also have many happy

memories of the years which Viggo and Bert Ericksen spent in this district. Their ability to play the accordion made them the life of the party at local dances and house parties. Also capable of doing magnificent hand carved ships complete with rigging and fittings — some of these are prized possessions of families who have been long time residents. J.M.



Viggo and Bert Ericksen at their rented cabin door.

Photo courtesy Viggo Ericksen

**THOMAS KERR FULLERTON — 1852-1913 — by
Freda Purmal and Winnie McLuskey**



The patriarch of the Fullerton family so prominent in the Bragg Creek story. Although he never actually made his home at Bragg Creek he played a vital part in its development. — Editor.

Thomas Kerr Fullerton, a carter and butcher, emigrated in 1881 from Wooler, Northumberland, England, with his wife, Sarah Jane (Redpath), and three young sons, Tom, John and Robert. They went first to Marquette, Mich., and there Ernest Redpath, "Jake", was born on April 7, 1882. Their house there was on stilts to raise it above the marshy soil and this so displeased them that they decided to move west, though their new son was less than two months old. They drove their two



The T. K. Fullerton Family on their Spruce Vale Farm in Springbank about 1886. L. to R. back row standing: Robert and Ernest (Jake). Seated: Thomas, Thomas K. (father), baby Stanley, Sarah (mother), John. Front: daughters Sarah (Toots), Jessie, Nellie.

Photo courtesy W. McLuskey

buckskin oxen, "Buck" and "Bright", yoked to a covered wagon and T. K. found work on the C.P.R., then being pushed westward as fast as possible. In the fall of 1882, when they reached the end of steel at Swift Current, they carried on, arriving in Calgary in the spring of 1883. The grass was knee high on the beautiful day when they arrived. Whether from weariness or relief Mrs. Fullerton sat down and cried. But they were of hardy stock; T.K. must have known of the courage and endurance of his uncle and aunt, Robert and Jane Fullerton, who had emigrated to Canada in 1854.

They homesteaded a quarter section on the bank of the Elbow River (in 1972 owned by W. E. Griffith), just east of Twin Bridges. Grandfather set to building, and soon house, barn and corrals were up on what they called Spruce Vale Farm, beautifully located near the river. Wire was not available but timber could be cut along the Elbow and pastures were fenced with rails. There the rest of their family was born, first Sarah Jane, then Jessie Ann, Nellie and Stanley. Two boys, in 1893 and 1894, and a girl in 1895, died at birth and were buried on the hill near the homestead.

Grandmother raised chickens and pigs and sold eggs in Calgary. Grandfather made all the deliveries with horse and buggy, including those to their customers in the red light district. Our mothers used to tell how hard Grandmother Sarah worked to keep things going while Grandfather and the boys were away for days at a time cutting wood and the younger boys and girls were at school. Thomas had only three months in school; the others were more fortunate and received a fairly good education.

People from every walk of life endured great hardships and had frightening experiences in this new, wild land and the Fullertons were no exception. Prairie fires were a constant menace; homes and haystacks were surrounded with plowed fireguards. Our fathers remember one fierce fire that swept in from the west and was within a quarter mile of their home. Men riding horses at a full gallop dragged green cowhides along the edge of the fire. The grass was so high that at least once our grandmother became lost walking to Calgary when her husband was away working. The nearness of the Sarcee Indian Reserve did nothing to allay the fears of the settlers. Many of the Indians were most unhappy and when the North West Rebellion broke out, Government officials and the North West Mounted Police expected the local tribes to attack. Settlers were advised to get their women folk and children into Calgary for better protection. Many pioneer women refused to leave their homes, our grandmother among them, but they did take extra precautions and kept their livestock in corrals at night and the boys herded them during the day.

In 1885, when the Riel Rebellion erupted, T. K. Fullerton acquired his first team of horses; he had a contract to haul Government supplies for the armed forces and was away from home for several months.

When the irrigation ditch was built from Jumping Pound, through Springbank and eastward, all the Fullertons who could work were on that job. Keys Cullen was in charge of the crew of Fullertons, Henrys, Robinsons and the many more who worked for much needed grubstakes.

Soon after the Fullertons arrived on their homestead,

they began investigating the Bragg Creek area and all seemed to take a great interest in the potential of the forests. They began logging operations and a sawmill came into being. About 1886, they constructed a boom near the Holy Cross Hospital and hauled logs from the bush, dumping them in the Elbow River to float downstream to the boom. A flood broke the boom and all the logs were lost. The following year they tried again, once more a flood wrecked the boom and all the logs were again lost. That ended that experiment.

In 1906, T.K. Fullerton homesteaded NW¼ 12-23-5W5 (patented in 1915) and, with his son Stanley, built a small log cabin on the banks of Bragg Creek, near its confluence with the Elbow. This cabin was used as a bunkhouse for many years after, when Jake Fullerton, bought the quarter from our grandfather. R. G. Robinson had been using this spot for his headquarters while he was running several hundred head of cattle and horses all through that part of the country.

T.K. Fullerton never did make his permanent home at Bragg Creek but his sons all gravitated there eventually, Stanley being the longest resident.

Grandfather Fullerton was the first tax collector in the Spruce Vale area. William Vickery, who lived near there in later years, told us that all the neighbors paid their land taxes to grandfather.

The Calgary Weekly *Herald*, for Thursday, August 11, 1902, made the following announcement: "T.K. Fullerton's cab is in good demand these days. It is quite a novelty for the people of Calgary to see a hack waiting for orders in the city and a number of people are taking full advantage of the convenience. Mr. Fullerton is deserving of credit for his enterprise."

Grandpa and Grandma Fullerton were strict Methodists. On Sundays, only the most necessary chores were done. The Bible was read and hymns sung, the children were not allowed to play games nor indulge in frivolities of any kind. With five big, husky boys, full of ambition and mischief, this was no mean chore for the parents. Jake and Bob were the ring leaders and what one did not think of, the other did. Our fathers told us that they used to sneak away on Sundays, down to the river or a nearby creek and catch a big mess of fish. They did not dare take them home so they hid the fish until Monday, believing their parents knew no difference.

Grandmother died in 1899 at age 45 years and is buried in a Calgary cemetery. A few years later grandfather was married a second time to an English widow. He moved to another place almost directly across from the old homestead and our uncle John took over the original place.

The first day the Calgary street cars were using the 1st Street East subway, which we understand was 1913, grandfather was driving his horse and rig along 9th Ave. East when he was struck and killed by the street car coming out of the subway.

(Of the 11 children born to T.K. Fullerton and his wife Sarah Jane Redpath, eight survived: Thomas William, 1875-1949; John, 1878-1959; Robert, 1880-1945; Ernest Redpath, 1882; Sarah Jane, 1884-1934; Jessie Ann, 1886-1930; Nellie, 1888-1936; Stanley, 1891. See individual accounts. Ed.)

The "double F" cattle brand now owned by Stanley Fullerton was registered to T. K. Fullerton in the 1880s.

THOMAS WILLIAM "TOM" FULLERTON — 1875-1949 — by Winnie McLuskey

WF

Born in Wooler, Northumberland, eldest son of Thomas Kerr *Fullerton* and Sarah Jane Redpath. The account below was contributed by his daughter, Winnie McLuskey.

Dad met my mother, Elizabeth Victoria Love, in 1900, when she came west to work for Tom Jackson. Mother had lost her mother while only a baby, her twin sister had died, one brother and three sisters were placed in Dr. Barnardo's Home in Sussex, England. My mother was adopted out for a number of years by a Judge and Mrs. Phipps and when he died my mother was placed in the home. A number of girls from the Home emigrated to Canada, my mother among them. She celebrated her seventeenth birthday on the ship coming over. She worked for the Lyons family, then Judge Wallace in Ontario before coming to Calgary in 1900. Here, she worked as a domestic for Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Patrick and then for Tom J. Jackson, milking cows and doing the house work and for some time after Mrs. Jackson's death, caring for their six children.

My parents were married on August 10th, 1902, and went to live on their homestead just west of Twin Bridges, (there was no bridge there at this time.) The row of popular trees that he planted seventy years ago still grow there. Dad had his own threshing outfit, run by a Case steam engine. He threshed for farmers within a hundred mile radius of Calgary. My eldest sister, Florence, was born in the little white shack on July 25th, 1903, Dad driving to Calgary for Dr. Crawford. This was the only time my mother was attended by a doctor at the birth of any of her children. They were all born at home with the help of neighbor women.

While living there Mother prepared a meal for the hunted man Ernest Cashel who had committed a murder and was being sought by the Mounted Police. The family moved to the east side of the river, on the hill to the north, to a larger cabin. Mother did all the cooking for Dad's threshing crew. When Jessie Alberta was born there on September 16th, 1905, Mother was attended by a neighbor, Mrs. May.

Dad also had a sawmill in Bragg Creek, where the



Thomas William Fullerton. 1908.



Elizabeth Victoria (Mrs. T. W.) Fullerton. 1908.

Photo courtesy Winnie McLuskey.

Photo courtesy Winnie McLuskey

Provincial Park is now located. He worked in the spring and winter sawing lumber. A gentleman in north Calgary, a Mr. Weir, and John Craig remember buying lumber from him in 1905. A Mr. Grayson, one of the first ranchers north of our homestead in Bragg Creek, bought the lumber for his barn in 1906. The barn was torn down in the 1940's and the lumber inside was almost like new.

I was born at the sawmill site on April 25th, 1908. A Morley Indian lady, Mrs. Enoch Baptiste, was passing by at the time and attended my mother. Next day Dad drove to Jumping Pound and got Mrs. Harris to stay and help cook for the logging crew for a few days. Mrs. Harris and her son Fred, both very hard of hearing, lived on the farm just one mile north of our home place for many years. Oilwells began to spring up and Fred, while excavating for the oil company, broke his hip. They then sold the farm and moved to Calgary.

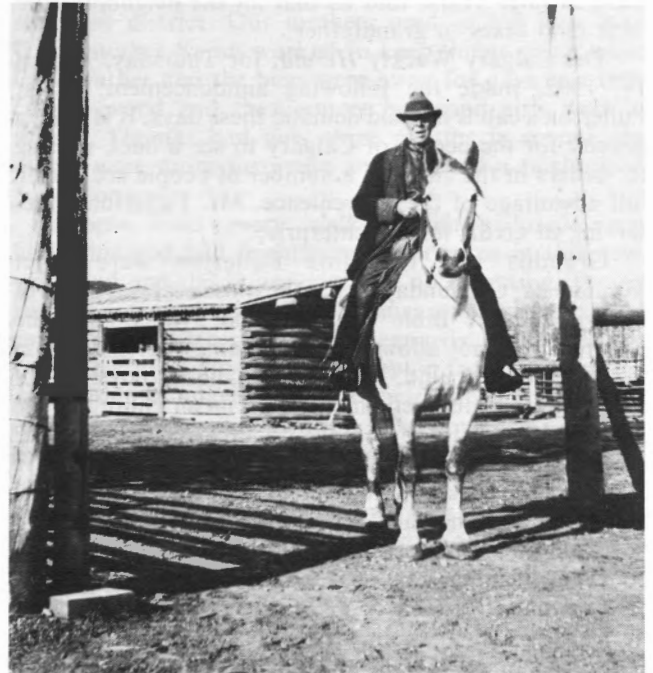
My brother William James was born on May 9th, 1911, while we were still living at the Twin Bridges place. Florence, Jessie and I went to the Elbow River School in what is now known as Springbank. Dad took out his second homestead in 1912, NE¼ 24-23-5W5 (originally entered in 1910, then by Daniel Kenneth Fraser in 1912 and again by T. W. Fullerton in 1913; patented to him in 1918). With the help of his neighbors, the Ford brothers Bill and Harry, Dad built a log cabin 28 x 24. We later added another addition about the same size. Dad helped the Ford brothers with their building in exchange. They had taken over their quarter south of Dad's after the first homesteader, Otto Bulmer left. (SE¼ 24-23-5W5; Bullmer (or Bulmer) entered in 1910; Harry Ford in 1913; patented to him in 1918). Mr. Bulmer had built a zigzag fence covering the south half mile and most of the west half around his place. The Fords sold out in 1918 to George Coyle, a Calgary man who used it as a summer holiday retreat. It was later rented to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Rees who eventually bought the Charlie Choate place and still live there. This quarter was later owned by Mr. George Woods.

On Nov. 5, 1914, with our furniture and other possessions loaded in the hayracks on sleighs, and accompanied by Mr. Newton, a neighbor, on his sleigh, we started on the journey to our new home in Bragg Creek. Art Livingston, a young man had come home with Dad the night before to help, rode our saddle horse and drove our three head of cattle, and the two calves were in Mr. Newton's wagon box along with the stove and other odds and ends. We all rode in the hay rack with blankets to keep us warm as it was a cold day. There was a nice hot stew prepared by the Fords waiting for us in the bunkhouse. Everyone helped to unload while Dad had to see that Mr. Newton got back across the Elbow River a half mile east of the homestead as the ice was not yet safe. We were all very excited about our new home — it was so beautifully located at the foot of Last Break hill with a lovely view of Moose Mountain between the two hills, Two Pine and Last Break. Sister Nellie May was born on Dec. 10 of that year and on Nov. 21, 1918, the last of our family, Lillian Irene, was born.

We had all the rest of our schooling in the Bragg Creek school, where our first teacher was Miss Cicely Wilson. Charles Reid was there in 1919, the year we had a forest fire which extended from the Forest Reserve almost to Priddis. The place where we now live was burnt

over in that fire. Dad, as a fire guardian, was on duty in charge of a crew of firefighters. Florence was 12 and Jessie 10 when they started to work in the bush, and I followed at the age of 10. We had two cross cut saws in operation in the forenoon. Then Jessie would skid with old Charlie (the horse) and I would trim the logs and help at the skid. We supplied wood to Springbank farmers for about ten years. We sawed one-foot blocks of wood and sold to Mrs. Watson's store, where Glamorgan is now. It was a long day to haul a cord of wood there with a team. Dad often made the trip in the afternoon with our horse "Tommy", in the buggy. This was the horse we drove to school, then later rode.

In the summer months we worked on the Bragg Creek Road, as far as Matthews stock farm — Jessie and Dad drove the teams, I filled the slips. We built numerous gallow gates which we made and erected for ten dollars each. We had a 15 acre field in which we always planted oats and cut with the binder; we also hayed and did other work for Clem Gardner, (of Pirmez Creek; a wellknown rancher and horseman) besides feeding cattle for him in the winter on the Grayson Place and on the Indian reserve. We bought our first car, a model T, with vegetables grown in our two acre garden.



The game warden, Tom Fullerton riding "Queenie."

Photo courtesy Winnie McLuskey

First Bragg Creek home of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Fullerton. Son Bill, daughters Lillie, Nellie, with parents. 1927.

Courtesy Winnie McLuskey



The Elbow River was a problem to us, as we had to cross it so often. As the government bridge was two miles to the south, the shortest way was to ford the river in the Sarcee reserve, (Clem Gardner had that part of the reserve leased for over twenty years). We set to building our own bridge in 1927. The high water took out the main span in 1928, we put in a temporary span and the same thing happened in 1929, so in 1930 we built a bigger and better bridge, two hundred and thirty five feet in length, the span over the main stream being sixty-six feet long, one log in the span being 36 inches in diameter. We cut the logs in Fullerton Valley, north of us, and Jessie and I hauled them with the front bob of a sleigh, using the team to load the butt end and trailing the rest behind, two and half miles to the river. We also filled the piers and cut about five hundred poles for the floor; these we bought from Ida White. In 1932 the Elbow River flooded again following two weeks of rain. This was the worst flood we ever encountered, the government bridge at Bragg Creek was washed out and struck the main span of our bridge snapping the logs in two. We rebuilt again only on a smaller scale.



The way it was done in the 1930s. Mrs. Ed (Jessie) Taylor discing with "Dolly" and "Billy".

Photo courtesy Winnie McLuskey



Ed Taylor, well known horseman along the foothills, 1930.

Photo courtesy, Winnie McLuskey

Dad, as Fish and Game warden patrolled the creeks and Elbow River from the Forest Reserve to Twin Bridges. Fishermen would warn their friends to watch out for "the man on the white horse". While distributing fish brought down by Mr. Martin who operated the Banff fish hatcheries, Dad found a stream in the Forest Reserve which was named after him, where a mountain nearby was also named Fullerton Mountain.

Sister Florence "Flo" married Joseph Curran, a farmer from Shaunavon, Sask., in Sept. 1929. They came to live in Springbank in 1930 where they bought land and lived until 1944. They had three daughters, Molly and Marie, the twins, and Ramona. They later moved to Wannock, B.C. where Joe died nine months later. Flo then moved to Prince George where she later married Ray Vaughn, a retired R.C.M.P. Now a widow she lives in Abbotsford; two of her daughters also live there and one in Vancouver. She has seventeen grandchildren.

Jessie was married on July 28, 1930, to John Edward Taylor, born on July 11, 1890 in Simcoe Country, Ont. He later came west to Indian Head, Sask. in 1917, then to Millarville in 1928 and to Bragg Creek in 1929. He was well known for his horse trading and as a breaker of horses. He worked for several ranchers at Bragg Creek before they moved to their own quarter four miles from Bragg Creek on the Priddis Road. They have two daughters, Bernice Fullerton, Okotoks, and Fay Ouellette, Calgary, and five grandchildren.

Nellie married George Cole on March 5th, 1935. They resided in Springbank and Calgary for some time before taking up ranching in Dovernort. They have two sons, Tom in Sundre, Norman at home and one daughter, Violet, at home. They have four grandchildren. George (Shorty), worked for many years for Bill Copithorne at Springbank before taking ill; he is now a patient in Bow Valley nursing home. Nellie carries on with the farming and raising cattle with the help of Norman. Nellie has three grandchildren.

My husband James McLuskey came from Glasgow, Scotland at the age of seventeen in 1923 and worked for Imperial Oil and at the Ogden shops. He tells of an adventurous trip by canoe and barge to northern Saskatchewan, with a crew of men to install the sewage system in the Indian Hospital at Ile à la Crosse. At the time we met he was working in Wilkinson's coal mine, Priddis. We took over my brother's homestead when we were married on Dec. 28th, 1937. (SW¼ 32-22-4W5. Entered by William James Fullerton in 1933; patented to him in 1942. Four previous entries: A. H. Nelson, 1914; Albert M. Baker, 1919; John D. Elliot, 1920; Tom Gillham, 1923.) We have one son Robert James, a school principal in Calgary, and two grandchildren. Jim having married Margaret English, also a teacher whose mother and grandmother were teachers before her.

Brother William (Bill) left home at 18 working for various ranchers including Matthews Stock Farm. Homesteaded our present quarter in 1932. He married Margaret Butler in Oct., 1941, worked in B.C. and Bragg Creek where he resided until his death on April 30, 1951. They had one son, George. Margaret remarried and lived in B.C. until her death in June, 1970. Bill was never interested in horses like we girls and could walk many miles in a day. We were all good walkers, as was my mother. We walked to school for years rather than catch the

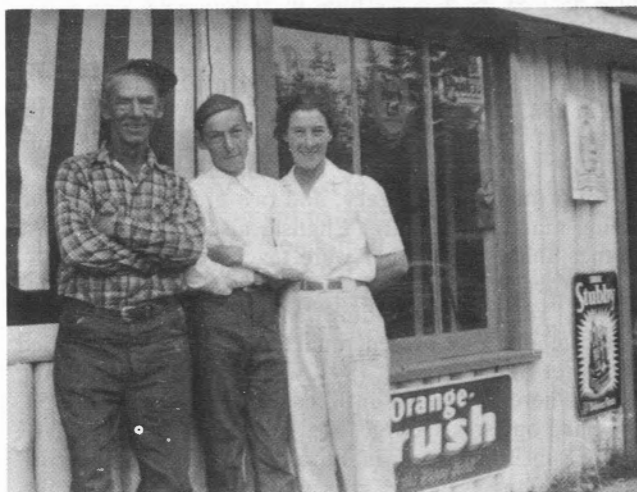
horses; they were always so hard to find in the mornings.

My youngest sister Lillie was married in August 1942 to John Dyck who was working in Springbank at the time. John worked for Frank Mills, Cochrane, in the lumber business till 1949, when they moved to Aleza Lake, B.C. where he is still employed in the lumber mills. They have four daughters and two sons. One son, Keith lives at Terrace, B.C. where he operates heavy machinery on road construction. Tom works at the mill with his father. The girls all married except the youngest who is still at home. They have eleven grandchildren. It is snow country where they live and Lillie gets all the exercise she needs shoveling it in winter.

Dad passed away on Feb. 17th, 1949 and Mother on June 13, 1958, after a long illness. She spent her last six years with Jessie and me. Jim and I bought a saw mill in 1951 and took out a timber lease on SW¼ 32 from Alex Walker. Jessie and I cut the logs and Jim skidded and hauled. We three ran the mill and we still cut lumber with this mill for our own needs.

The Tom Fullerton home ranch was the site of the first Youth Hostel in Canada. A group of young people put up a temporary camp on Mrs. *White's* property near the Elbow River at Bragg Creek, but there were numerous campers in the vicinity and they wanted a more secluded location. In 1935 they accosted my father while he was on patrol of the river and asked permission to set up a hostel on his property, "The Last Break Ranch", two miles north of Bragg Creek. Dad blazed trails with them and showed them the shortest routes to Priddis and Jumping Pound. The CYH soon had a large room for dining purposes and two sleeping rooms built. Joe Clitheroe and friends built a nice fireplace with stones from the river.

Mother and Dad became the house parents for this first youth hostel in Canada. The hostelers never took their cars to the hostel after it was built. This was one rule, most hostelers being hikers. On occasion Mary Barklay and a friend rode their horses which were left in our corral. Dad and Mother received a letter of appreciation from the hostelers in 1947. After Dad's death the hostel was gradually disbanded for lack of house parents, as the Alec Bapties who bought the ranch were not permanent residents at that time.



The James McLuskey Family: James Sr., James Jr., Winnie. Aug. 8, 1955. Photo courtesy Hazel Roberts

JOHN FULLERTON — 1878-1959 — by Freda Purmal

Y.H.6



John Fullerton, second son of T.K. and Sarah *Fullerton*, born in Wooler, Northumberland, England, came to Calgary in 1883. In 1901 married Fanny Henry who the following year died in childbirth, the baby living a few months in the care of Mrs. *Cullen*, Fanny's sister. In 1906, John married Elizabeth Ann Sedgewick, who died in 1940. Three children: Harold, born 1907; Alva, born 1912 in Leicester, England while Mrs. Fullerton was visiting her parents; Sidney, born in Calgary in 1914.



John and Elizabeth Fullerton. Early 1900.

John lived on the SW¼ 14-23-5W5, which he acquired in 1913. This quarter was the first deed land in Bragg Creek, homesteaded in the 1890's by a man named Ed Rochester. (The Township General Registers show that quarter as entered by Albert W. Bragg on Feb. 17, 1894 and by Edwin W. Rochester in 1897, and patented to the latter in 1902.) John lived for many years in the Spruce Vale district near Twin Bridges, on the Dick May place and on the original Fullerton homestead. He also lived in a big brick house in the Bankview district of Calgary when the two eldest children were very young.

John was a good carpenter and was mechanically minded. He and his older brother Tom operated one of the first threshing outfits in the country and the sawmills at Bragg Creek many years before any of the family lived there.



The John Fullerton Ranch house. Cabin behind house was first dwelling and later a shed addition. First and probably only windmill in district.

Photo courtesy Charles Reid

When he lived at Bragg Creek he raised cattle and horses, did butchering for the neighbors and was often called on to do carpentry work. For several years he hauled the mail from Calgary to the Bragg Creek post office. During the first world war, he operated the boiler in the Alexander Hotel in Calgary. I believe it was about this time that Sidney, their youngest son, died of whooping cough. Harold was killed in his early 20's by a runaway team while working at the Eau Clair Mills in Calgary.

A few years after his wife's death, John retired to a small place adjoining his old ranch home where he carried on with odd carpentry jobs in the village and often at Clem Gardner's ranch at Pirmez Creek. He sold his ranch to Lloyd Lewis who later sold the place to John's nephew, Robert Fullerton. Robert "Bob" and his family are the present owners. In 1959, at the age of 82, John died in a Calgary hospital.

I believe almost everyone liked my Uncle John and Aunt Lizzie. They had many visitors and often boarded the local school teachers. Aunt Lizzie was a wonderful cook and housekeeper. Alva went to school looking like a beautiful doll, her long black hair in ringlets and a fresh big hair ribbon every day.

The latter part of John's life were lonely years. Beginning with the loss of his first wife, his family seemed destined to tragic deaths. He did not live long enough to suffer through the deaths of his only daughter Alva or his only grandson, Johnny "Mitchell".

ROBERT "BOB" FULLERTON — 1880-1945 — by Freda Purmal

Born in Newcastle, England, the third son of T.K. and Sarah Fullerton. The family embarked for Canada soon after his birth.

Bob grew up and went to school at Spruce Vale with the rest of his brothers and sisters. He and my father, Jake, were very good buddies; they often worked on the same jobs and were both keenly interested in sports. While quite a young man he left the homestead and worked in Calgary, joining the volunteer fire department. With my father he became involved in sports. He was a big husky young man and soon became an excellent boxer and had he continued in this career, he would probably have become a champion being equally as good or better than my father. He did however become a champion

bicycle racer and was a fine skater. Like all young Calgary athletes he spent a great deal of time at the old fire hall, at that time a rendezvous for aspiring young athletes.

When my father went into partnership with Jim Wetmore in the blacksmith and carriage building business, Bob worked there for some time. Then he met a young Salvation Army lass who persuaded him to join the Army in 1907. Bob married Maude Norman and spent the next 25 years being transferred back and forth across Alberta, Saskatchewan and B.C.

Bob became Major Robert Fullerton in the Salvation Army and was chief of the men's division. His kindness, sympathy and sincere interest in the misfortunes of others made him a man loved and respected by all.

Whenever he was stationed in the Calgary area, he would go to Bragg Creek to visit his brothers. He was very upset when my father built the dance hall; he referred it as the "inspiration of the devil" and pleaded with father to shut it down. When he made no headway talking to my father, he appealed to my mother to try to persuade him to do something about it. My mother told him that Jake was dance crazy and no one would be able to talk him out of that project — and she was right.

Upon retirement, Bob decided he would like to buy a place and live out at Bragg Creek so he bought my grandfather Wilson's homestead, NE¼ 2-23-5W5. They stayed a very short time there as my Aunt Maude disliked the place and persuaded Bob to live in Victoria. One of their sons, Victor, lived there for a few years and when he left in the early 1940's, Bob sold the place.

Bob and Maude had four sons, Ernest and Sydney of Victoria were both in the R.C.N. during the war. Victor now lives at Red Deer and was with the R.C.A.F., stationed in various parts of Alberta. David was in Calgary the last I heard of him. Their daughter Joy married Owen Richards of Red Deer; they raise champion Ayrshire cattle.

Following several years of ill health, Bob died in Victoria, November 28, 1945. His wife Maude, who was born July 1, 1880, also died in Victoria on June 20, 1964.

ERNEST REDPATH "JAKE" FULLERTON 1882-1975 CIRCLE 5 RANCH — by Freda Purmal

SYN (5)

HE

The fourth son of T.K. and Sarah Fullerton, born on Good Friday, April 7th, 1882, at Marquette, Michigan, while the family was *en route* west. He was a year old when they arrived in Calgary in the spring of 1883. Spruce Vale School, near Twin Bridges, was the educational centre where Jake had his three or four years of schooling.

As a young lad he herded the family cattle on the hills north and east of the homestead and it was about this time he earned his nickname. His father had a bull called "Jake" and it was my father's chore to lead the bull to water each day and on one occasion the bull bolted, dragging my father on the end of the rope. His family and friends were so amused by the episode that they began referring to him as "Jake," and at this writing in his 94th year, he is still known as Jake.

Growing into young manhood, he worked on the

Jumping Pound-Springbank irrigation project, became a log skidder for Eau Clair Mills in their bush camp near Banff and spent several years working for the pioneer surveyor, A. P. Patrick. In 1897 he was a printer's devil on the *Calgary Herald*.

Jake spent a few years in Vancouver working in a mattress factory during the day and learning the arts of boxing and lacrosse in the evenings. He saved enough money to return to Calgary and enter into partnership with Jim Wetmore; the firm was called Wetmore and Fullerton, Blacksmiths and Carriage Builders. The first shop was on 8th Ave. East, next to the Queens Hotel; then they opened another shop on 9th Ave., east of the Elbow River, and, with business thriving, a third shop was opened at Irricana. They employed over thirty men, all experts in their particular phase of the business.

It was while my father was in this business, that he met my mother at a skating party with her friend Em Srigly and my father's brother Robert. My mother was Annie Weston *Wilson*, eldest daughter of John S. and Mary *Wilson*, who emigrated from Carlyle, Cumberland, England in 1884 when my mother was six weeks old.

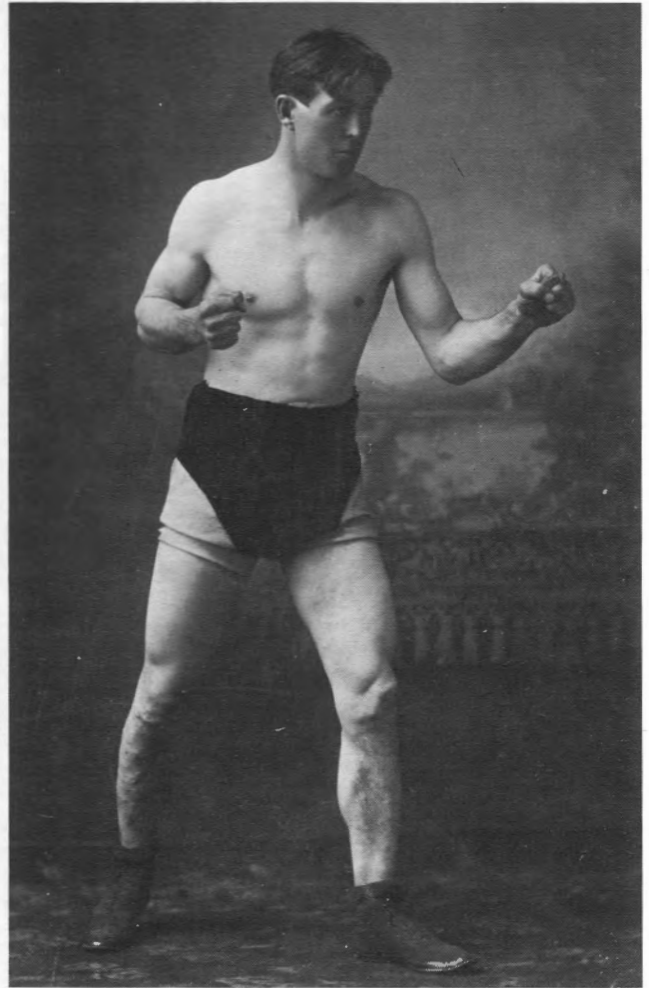
My mother was a slim, golden blonde girl with very large, dark blue eyes, and weighing only 98 pounds. She had intended being a school teacher but just as she started Normal School, she suffered a nervous breakdown. Later she took a business course and was a bookkeeper for Singer Sewing Machine Co. and later with Binnings, ladies' ready to wear.

On November 20th, 1907, my parents were married and thirteen months later, I was born in a little house in the Bankview district.

By this time Jake was very much involved in sports. He and his brother Bob entered all the bicycle races, one or the other winning first and second. Jake played rugby with the Y.M.C.A. and Hillhurst against the Calgary Tigers in 1907 to 1909. He was also addicted to lacrosse which he played for several years, but boxing was his greatest interest. The following is a newspaper clipping from Toronto: "Toronto, April 23rd. (no year mentioned) Jake Fullerton will represent the Province of Alberta in the Dominion Amateur Boxing Championships, which will be held in Toronto, May 9th, 10th, 11th. Jake received word the other day from the powers that be, that his application had been accepted, he having challenged as heavy weight boxing champion of Alberta, having won the title in 1911. Jake will have the advantage of working out with Tommy Burns until the time of the battle and unless something very unexpected happens, should capture the title without much trouble. Jake has been acting as Tommy's sparring partner ever since Burns returned from Seattle."

During a smoker arranged at Mewata Armory, Jake, a member of the 103rd Battalion, carried the honors of his platoon into the ring against Burns. It was just an exhibition fight but Burns had a great deal of respect for Jake's boxing prowess. Tommy Burns, who promoted the ill-fated McCarty-Pelky fight in 1913, asked Jake to work out with Luther McCarty, which he did and they immediately became good friends, so it was a great shock to Jake as well as all Calgaryans when McCarty died in the ring, seconds after the fight started with Pelky.

Jake held the Western Canadian Amateur



Light heavy weight boxing champion of Western Canada, 1906-07, Ernest R. "Jake" Fullerton.

Lighthweight Championship for several years.

Having sold his partnership in the blacksmith business, Jake entered into another partnership with Bill Grazley, in the booming real estate business of 1910-11-12. By this time he had purchased his father's quarter section at Bragg Creek, NW¼ 12-23-5W5. In 1912, the house and barn were started, my grandfather, John *Wilson*, and William *McClintock* doing the carpentry work and by March, 1913, the Jake Fullerton family moved to the ranch. By this time Jake and Annie had three daughters, Sara Irene Freda, born December, 1908, Annie Alberta, born July, 1910, and Marion Ruth, born February, 1912.

Soon after getting settled in the new home, Jake homesteaded the SW¼ 1-23-5W5 (in 1914, patented 1919) and in the following years came to own and lease several whole sections of land in the Bragg Creek area.

When he arrived in Bragg Creek he owned a big work team of bays and also had a little blue roan team of buggy horses. He soon purchased another big team of percherons and gradually acquired a miscellaneous assortment of mostly unbroken mares. Crossing these with some big stallions, he soon had some fairly good animals. He also had a herd of mixed breed cattle until the early 20's when he purchased a fine herd of registered Angus heifers and had over 100 head when he went out of

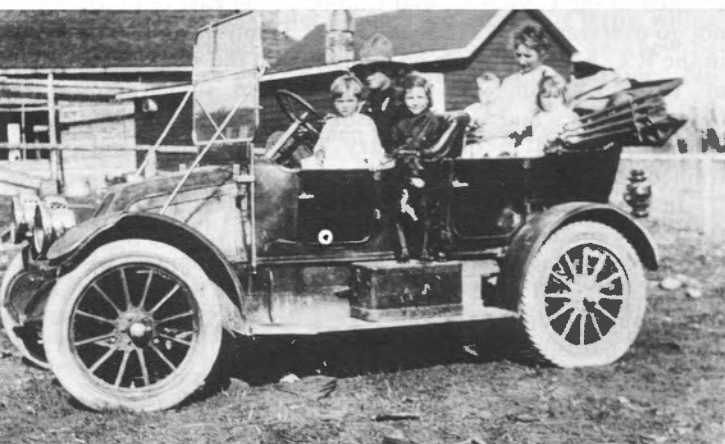
cattle. His cattle brand was 5 Y N and a few years later he had the circle 5 brand.

About 1914 or 1915, a potential developed for teaming contracting and Jake, having two big teams. took advantage of this opportunity. He hauled for oilwells, did road building and hauled big timbers for the first government bridge across the Elbow.

Jake operated his own sawmill for a few years and also cut and hauled cordwood in 16 foot lengths which he sold or traded for grain to Springbank farmers. He was also Commissioner for Oaths for many years.

In about 1915 or 1916, a start was made on a large new house but it was not until 1919 that the family moved in. This house was made almost completely of lumber from Jake's own mill; he hauled the rough lumber to Calgary to Cushing's Mill where it was planed and then hauled back to Bragg Creek. The house consisted of a kitchen, large dining room and three bedrooms downstairs, two bedrooms upstairs and an extra large living-room which was also used as a dance floor and boxing ring, much to my mother's disgust. We used wood for fuel, coal oil and later gasoline for the lamps and water was carried up a steep hill in pails from the creek. Although provision had been made in the house for a bathroom, it was never used as such, a path from the back door led to the "bathroom" and was complete with Eaton's catalogue. At this stage, Jake considered he had done his duty for his household; he made no further improvements or modernization and my mother still washed the family clothes on a scrub board.

The old house was moved a few yards away and sold



The Jake Fullerton Family, 1915. L. to R.: Ruth, Jake, Freda, baby Jean, Mrs. Fullerton, Anne. Dog on running board, "Pup". Car belonged to visitors from Calgary.

Photo courtesy Hazel Roberts



The Jake Fullerton ranch, Aug. 1917. Barn, shed and small house built in 1912. Large, new house under construction. Tent in background used by hired help, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Goodkey.

to Madame Beatrice Chapman and her husband. Mother purchased the house back from the Chapmans when they moved to the coast. Cliff Kemp owns the house now and it was moved onto the Kemp property.

When war broke out in 1914 Jake tried to enlist in the army but was rejected because of varicose veins in his legs but he was still a fighting champ and as late as 1920 won the heavyweight city championship.

In the early 1920's he started subdividing his river front property into one acre parcels, mostly to accommodate his friends who were already making the ranch a public camping ground. This led to the beginning of a dude business and the building of a store and dance hall. Stampedes also came into being as a yearly event, not one ever getting out the the "red." Pete Knight, just beginning his career in rodeos, won his first championship at Bragg Creek. Dances always followed the stampedes. The first was held on an open platform and the following year Jake rented a huge circus tent to cover it. Just as the final stampede events came to a close it began to rain and erupted into a cloudburst that lasted for hours. The tent leaked like a seive, the river and creeks became raging torrents and the roads were axle deep in mud. Motorists who attempted to return to Calgary were mired and many cars were still stuck for days after. Only the cowboys from Jumping Pound made it home, swimming their horses through the swollen creeks in the middle of the night. But the dance went on in our living room until daylight. The barn loft was packed with people, as was the bunkhouse and all our rooms. That was a night to be remembered.

The Round Hall was built in the middle 20's; it was Jake's own idea of an eight sided log building with a huge upright log in the centre. This unique building became a famous piece of architecture and is still in operation.

The Jake Fullerton home always seemed to be swarming with people, strangers and friends passing and staying the night. There were people from every walk of life, mounties, geologists, surveyors, cowboys, Indians and friends of the family. We girls often had our friends visiting over weekends. By this time there were six of us, Patricia Jean, born July 1914, Cicely May, born May 1916, and Hazel Belle, born January 1918.

We all attended school to grade 8 at Bragg Creek and then went to Calgary to high school or business school, working for our board and room. Mother encouraged and pleaded with us to get as much education as possible but father rejected that idea and wanted us all home. He did not have the money to pay board and room for us so we did the best we were able.

Not having any boys was a disappointment to my father but this was no deterrent to our doing a boy's work. We drove teams, broke horses, worked in the hayfields and bush, herded cattle and horses and when the dude business was thriving, we were all involved in handling the horses, packing, guiding, camp cooking in the mountains and any other jobs normally reserved for boys. We were very little use to our mother who slaved in the house all day, although she did teach all of us to cook and do other proper womanly duties, hoping to produce "nice little girls," while father was trying to mould us into a bunch of "tomboys."

Jake never tired of promoting and participating in sports, organizing skating parties, a catch-as-catch-can

hockey team, lacrosse matches, softball games and of course the inevitable boxing bouts. In the early days when mounties stayed overnight with us, after eating a good meal of illegal venison, Jake would produce a set of boxing gloves and ask the mountie to "have a little workout." After riding horseback all day I cannot imagine a man being too enthused about this idea, but not one ever refused and I can never remember one leaving without a black eye or several inches of skin missing. I have often wondered how these men explained their battered appearance to their superiors. Perhaps the superior officer derived some amusement from these encounters as each time a mountie came, he was bigger and huskier than his predecessor but Jake liked big men — the bigger the better.

Jake was endowed with exceptional promotional ideas. While in partnership, they both made money but when Jake was on his own, he lost money in most of his transactions. My mother endeavored to head him in the right direction to avoid his errors in judgement but to no avail.

My father was very fond of young people and crowds. From a few individuals, he encouraged crowds which materialized into boy scout camps and then St. Mary's boys camp, located in our night horse pasture. A few years later, Jake made a deal with Monsignor Smith and sold a few acres of the pasture west of the house for a token sum. This established camp is now called Camp Cadicasu.

In the fall of 1924, polio struck our household. My sisters Ruth, Jean, and Cicely were all stricken within a few days of one another. Little was known of the disease at that time but everyone knew it was contagious. My mother nursed the girls day and night and the only visitor she had was Mrs. Charlie *Harwood* who offered her assistance. Mother warned her that her own daughter Verna might be in danger but Mrs. Harwood stayed and helped my mother in many ways. My mother walked to the store each day to phone the doctor for instructions and give him a report on the girls' condition. Some six weeks later Ruth and Cicely were taken to the Junior Red Cross Hospital where Ruth remained for almost a year and Cicely for several months. Anne and I were attending school in Calgary and we were not allowed home to visit because of the danger of contagion. At this time my father was not in a financial position to pay for hospitalization but he butchered a beef and gave it to the hospital and he also supplied them with large Christmas trees every year until he left the ranch. In the middle 30's, he staged a boxing tournament and dance in the Round Hall and turned over all the proceeds to the hospital, in appreciation.

By the end of the 1930's the Fullertons had about a dozen log cabins which were rented in the summer and occasionally one or two would be rented all winter. This was my mother's project and it meant a great deal of extra work.

The depression years hit the family very hard, as it did thousands of others, but we were more fortunate than many people on the prairies. We had an ample supply of free firewood and game was plentiful to supplement the larder. Rabbits were in their years of abundance and these we shot and snared and sold to the Colpitts Fox Farms in Springbank. Jake cut and sold mine props and

had a wood contract with the Elbow Oil Co., a cable tool outfit drilling on what I believe was the NE¼ 35-22-5W5. My father had a crew of six to eight men and he paid them \$30.00 plus board and room, which was much better than what they could get on relief at that time. From all this, there was just enough money to buy groceries and feed for the horses with perhaps a few extra dollars for new radio batteries and some warm clothing. The winters were very harsh during these years, bitter cold and deep snow.

When war broke out, none of my sisters were home very much and my mother, wanting to do something for the war effort, opened the ranch home to young men and women in the armed forces who were training in Calgary. Each weekend, Jake's truck would pick up a load of service people whom mother would install in the cabins. She cooked their meals, they had free entry to the Saturday night dances and free horseback rides and were returned to their barracks on Sunday evening. Our home on weekends resembled the United Nations; there were all colors, creeds and nationalities and many regarded mother as their own. When their embarkation orders came through, they were not allowed to inform anyone but some of the flyboys would bring their planes low over the house and drop notes in the yard, informing my parents of their immediate departure and thanking them for their hospitality; a salute of their wings and they were gone.

My sister Cicely enlisted in the R.C.A.F. and trained at Clareholm before being sent overseas. She was in administration and returned to Calgary in 1945. Hazel enlisted in the C.W.A.C. and trained in the east but did not go overseas. Jean's husband, Ross Thomson, enlisted in the R.C.A.F. and while on a mission on the west coast at Tofino, he and his crew disappeared somewhere between Alaska and V.I. My husband, Wilfred "Bunny" Purmal, enlisted in the Calgary Tank Regiment and trained at Camp Borden, Ont.

In the early 1940's, Jake decided to sell the ranch and retire. My mother was aware of the trend towards higher land prices and a growing interest in the development of Bragg Creek and tried to persuade my father to hold on for a couple more years and take advantage of all the years of hardship and work that had been put in the place. But father was adamant, and in 1945 the ranch was sold. My father, mother, grandmother Wilson and sister Ruth moved to Calgary where Jake bought lots from the city for \$40.00 and built houses on them. Two years later they moved to Victoria, B.C.

Anne was the first girl married; she has a married daughter, Joanne and 5 grandchildren. Her eldest boy, Wayne, was killed in a motorcycle accident in Victoria and her second boy, Terry, lives with her in Victoria. Anne is a widow.

Ruth, who operated her store at Bragg Creek for many years, did not marry. She died suddenly in Calgary while here on a visit in 1953.

Hazel is in the real estate business in Calgary; her husband is Albert E. Roberts, employed at the Calgary Post Office. They have one daughter, Pamela, who is at present a nursing student at M.R.C.

Cicely now lives in Winnipeg, she married Gerald A. Morgan of Calgary. They have two daughters, Diane who is married and lives in Vienna, Austria, and Valerie,



E. R. "Jake" and Annie W. Fullerton. Golden wedding anniversary photo taken in Victoria, Nov. 20, 1956.

who is employed with the R.C.M.P. at Edmonton. Gerald is employed with C.P.R. Communications.

Freda married Wilfred G. (Bunny) Purmal in Victoria; he was the son of a pioneer Medicine Hat family. Bunny died in Calgary in 1968; Freda ranches at Millarville.

My mother, Annie Weston (Wilson) Fullerton, died in Victoria in 1967 and my father, Jake, now resides in a Calgary Nursing Home.

Through the years, my father made many enemies, principally because he was so very outspoken and undiplomatic. When he was supposedly angry with someone, he refused to speak to them and this included his family. Very often while not on speaking terms with a man, he would hire him on a job because he knew he needed work and he knew he would do the job right. No one will ever know how many people he helped in one way or another and when he left Bragg Creek, there were thousands of dollars on his books, money he had loaned throughout the years and had never been repaid, but I feel certain that his many friends far outnumbered his enemies.

My mother, always so kind and gentle with everyone, was very strict with her children and always hopeful that we would have a good education and become respectable citizens.

The house is all that remains of our old home. The barn burned down about three years ago. The bunkhouse, sheds and blacksmith shop have all been demolished. Only the old timers remember that what is now called the Elkana Ranch was once the Jake Fullertons' Circle Five Ranch. Jake died Nov. 15, 1975.

SARAH JANE "TOOTS" FULLERTON — 1884-1936 — by Freda Purmal

The fifth child and first daughter born to Thomas K. and Sarah Fullerton, born on the homestead at Spruce Vale. She remained with her parents, helping her mother until her marriage to Ira Nichol. When Ira was courting Toots, he had her brothers to contend with; they were kept busy thinking up all the deviltry imaginable to make the man's life miserable, such as hanging pails of water over the door to spill on him when he came calling. Little wonder that when they were married, he took his bride to Frenchman's Butte to live.

Ira and Toots had about eight children, many of them still living around the Lloydminster area.

JESSIE ANN FULLERTON — 1886-1930 — by Freda Purmal

Sixth child of Thomas K. and Sarah Fullerton. She left home at an early age, worked in Calgary for a while and then left for Vancouver where she lived with her younger sister at the time brother Jake lived at the coast. Jessie married a promising young boxer, Bill Richards, and they lived in Bellingham, Wash. until her death. A son Bill now lives in Alaska.

NELLIE FULLERTON — 1888-1936 — by Freda Purmal

Seventh child of Thomas K. and Sarah Fullerton. She also left home while quite young and joined her sister Jessie and brother Jake in Vancouver. Nellie married Will Barkley and lived in Bellingham. Following his death, Nellie married Jack Robinson. She had no children.

Like her sisters she spent a little time visiting at Bragg Creek but none ever had any inclination to live there, preferring an easier life and conveniences to the hardships their mother had endured.

STANLEY FULLERTON — 1891 — by Freda Purmal

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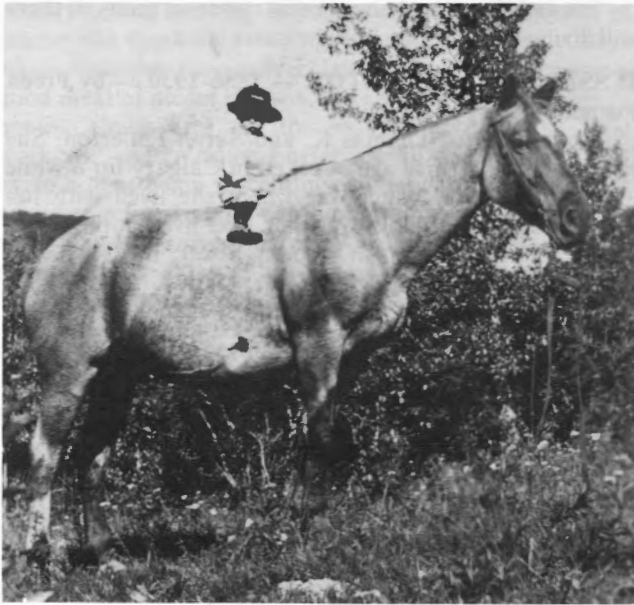
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The youngest of T. K. and Sarah Fullerton's surviving children, he was about 8 years old when his mother died and he lived with his brother John for many years. He has spent more years at Bragg Creek than any other Fullerton.

In the early days, Stanley and John ran a large herd of cattle together, then in 1909 he homesteaded SE¼ 2-23-5W5, patented in 1914. He built a little house on the sidehill where he lived for many years as a bachelor. He often worked for his brothers John and Jake and also rode the ranges for big ranchers in the surrounding districts. He had some good saddle horses and was an excellent rider. He participated in the bucking horse contests at the Calgary Stampedes, beginning in the 1919 show.

When I was a little girl, soon after we arrived in Bragg Creek, he became my cowboy hero, decked out in a big stetson, angora chaps and jingling spurs — I was completely fascinated. Adding to this admiration was the fact that he invited me to ride his roan gelding "Roany", a lovely gentle horse with crop ears. He lifted me into his saddle and went into the house to visit and hours later I was still riding Roany around the barnyard. The next time he came I reasoned that I did not need an invitation and no sooner was he in the house, than I was out, untied Roany and climbed up. When Uncle Stanley came out to go home, his horse and I were missing. A search was on and they found me in the top pasture, blissfully sitting on Roany who was walking around the field. I was severely chastised by my mother for that episode and from then on, Roany was out of bounds. That ended the horsenapping.

Stanley purchased the SW¼ 2-23-5W5, originally homesteaded in 1913 by Oscar Kellers, which had been owned by Archie Kennedy and Ed Gillespie, two Irishmen. There was a nice home on this place which had



Stanley Fullerton's horse "Roanie", one of the best horses in the district in the early days. Eldest son Russ, aged 3 years, up.

Photo courtesy Mrs. S. Fullerton



Modes of transportation in the 1930s. John Wells with four Stanley Fullerton sons: Baby Steve, Jim, Jack, Gene. Photo courtesy Mrs. S. Fullerton

been built by Oscar Kellers in about 1915. It was to this home that Stanley brought his bride, by democrat from Cochrane, in 1920. She was the former Eva Reinertson, daughter of Jacob and Christy.

By this time Stanley had a big herd of cattle, mostly of large shorthorn breeding, his cattle brand being the (double F) \mathcal{F} right ribs. He had a good team and saddle horses branded $\mathcal{S}7$ left hip.

Whenever his brother Jake needed help, he hired Stanley for road and bush work because he was dependable and a hard worker. He was excellent in the bush work having worked with his father and brothers John and Tom from the time he was a little boy.

In 1921, Stanley bought another adjoining quarter to the north of his home, NW $\frac{1}{4}$ 2-23-5W5. A man named Avary had homesteaded this place but before he proved up in 1915 he decided to leave and Alex Cairney took over and completed the improvements, later selling to Stanley.

Unlike his brother Jake who produced six daughters, Stanley had seven sons. Russell, born in 1921, married Bernice Taylor; they have two children. Russell spent 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ years in the services and was overseas with the Calgary Tank Regiment. He lives at Okotoks and has just retired from his business in the U.F.A. Co-op bulk oil and gas. He also has a paint store. Dave, born in 1923, is a bachelor and has been in the Forestry for ten years, manning Look Out Stations. He lives at home when not on duty. Robert "Bob", born in 1925, married Virginia Rees and has three children. He ranches with his father and lives on his Uncle John's old place, SW $\frac{1}{4}$ 14-23-5W5. Jack, born in 1927, is married and has six children; he lives in the village of Bragg Creek. Jim, born in 1927, is married and has six children; he lives in the village of Bragg Creek. Gene, born in 1930, is married and has five children; he owns the general store in Bragg Creek, does trucking and is involved in municipal and local affairs. Steve, born in 1937, is married and has two children; he lives in Calgary and works for the Calgary School Board.

I remember all these boys when they were children and admired them for their quiet good manners and ambition to work hard. They hunted, trapped and accepted any job available in order to help their parents financially. My mother often hired them to help her in maintaining the cabins and doing odd jobs. She was very fond of them and could depend on them doing a good job. My father also hired them for bush work whenever he had jobs available.

From a very humble beginning, Stanley and his family now have several hundred cattle, whole sections of land and have for the past fifteen years enjoyed a thriving business in the Post & Pole operation. Stanley, now in his 80's, still rides horseback and cares for some of the cattle herd in the winter and rides herd in the Forest Reserve when the cattle are on summer pasture.

The home of Stanley and Eva Fullerton is a beehive of activity with families, visitors and old-timers visiting. Eva is the ever gracious hostess to all who call. Stanley's first little bachelor home was moved to the backyard of their present enlarged home and is still being used as sleeping quarters when the main house overflows with guests.

My uncle Stanley has supplied a wealth of information regarding the earliest of settlers in the Bragg Creek area.

Dave Fullerton died suddenly, on February 24, 1975.



Stanley and wife Eva Fullerton. Picture taken at Banff at a meeting for the nomination of Clarence Copithorne to represent Banff-Cochrane constituency.

Photo courtesy Mrs. S. Fullerton

HERBERT GILLHAM — by Lucilla Irma Hoskin

HT

“Kinnerton, England — June 6, 1912 — from Dad

Dear Herbert: — A safe journey to you. May the Lord prosper your undertaking in that far-off land. Trust in the Lord for guidance. He will care for thee. May the Lord bless you. If we don't meet again on earth, may we meet in Heaven. Good-bye, God bless you.”

This was the blessing Herbert Gillham (my Dad) received from his father before embarking to Canada on the *Mauritania* in 1912. He left his wife, Emily, and four sons: Bruce, Tom, William and George to follow the next year when he would be established in the new land.

Work in the building industry was plentiful in Calgary in 1912 and as he was a joiner and cabinet maker by trade, he was readily employed.

Unfortunately tragedy struck in the spring of 1913 when Bruce and William developed polio, leaving both crippled for life. This prevented the family from following as planned.

At the outbreak of World War I my Dad joined the Canadian Expeditionary Force and, after training at Sarcee Camp, returned overseas to England, then to the front lines in France, Belgium and Germany. During the war he received the Military Medal for bravery in the field.

In May 1919, the Gillham family, which now included a baby daughter, Lucilla Irma (myself), embarked for Canada on the *S.S. Melita*. A rented home was established in Calgary where Dad worked again in the building industry.



Gillham Family, 1919-20. Top row: Mother (Emily); Lucilla Irma; Mr. George Parkinson. Front row: Bruce, Dad (Herbert); George. Tom and Bill absent.
Photo courtesy Lucilla Hoskin

In 1920 he homesteaded on a piece of land nestled in the foothills southeast of Bragg Creek, being the West ½ of Section 28, Township 22, Range 4, West of the 5th Meridian. (Previous entrants: NW¼, Charles J. Cane, 1915; SW¼ Thomas Peter Murphy, 1914.) Much of this half section and many sections for miles around were littered with deadfall. A recent forest fire had burned over the area. Trees — spruce and pine — partially burned had been left cured — an excellent source for building material and firewood. In the early 30's to help clear the land we sold much of this deadfall at one dollar per cord to provide fuel for the Elbow oil well.

Here on this homestead a tent was erected over a log floor and partial log walls on the north bank of the Middle Fork Creek, which ran through the land. This served as a temporary dwelling while my Dad built a log house. A nearby spring provided an abundance of fresh, cold drinking water and served as a refrigerator. Later a log barn, chicken house and hog pen were built. A log bridge was built to cross the creek. These logs were cut from the bush and deadfall and snaked out with a team of horses in the winter time and hewn to fit into place, as my Dad worked at his trade in the summer. From this building site we enjoyed a beautiful view of the Rocky Mountains, especially a view of Moose Dome Mountain.

A team and wagon and saddle horse, or just walking, were the modes of transportation.

To obtain supplies from Calgary it was necessary to cross settlers' property and the Sarcee Reserve as there were few or no roads. Thus we had to open and close approximately 23 gates to reach the Indian Reserve, cross the Reserve north of Priddis to Weasel Head Bridge and into Calgary. A day each way was required to make this trip — a total distance of approximately 50 miles. Often my Dad and youngest brother, George, rode a saddle horse in relay to make this same trip. They left together one riding and one walking. The one on the horse would ride for about two miles, then tie the horse to a tree and start walking. The other would overtake the horse and ride till overtaking the partner, then repeat the relay. In cold subzero weather care had to be observed so that they were not separated.

During this building period my Mother and I, with Bill, lived on 50th Avenue S.W. in Calgary, where Currie Barracks now stands, in a rented settlers' type cottage on about five acres of garden land. About 1923 we moved to the ranch, but my dad maintained the rented house and garden as it was convenient for a stop with the team when in the city for supplies and a home for him while he followed his trade in Calgary. Hence in this rented house we lived only a few months in the winter.

Open range extended for several miles west and north of us except for one or two settlers. Here small herds of untamed horses roamed the land. Often you could hear them squealing as they fought, kicking and biting each other, at the water holes. To us coming from England it was really the wild and woolly west and “dam scarey”. It was dangerous even to ride horseback near these herds as they would chase and attack you. Ranchers from Southern Alberta often ran herds of cattle over this range. Even if you built a fence around your property as we did — cattle at times would get out and get in. Thus to identify your animals it was necessary to brand them. My Dad's brand was HT on the left shoulder. One time

while Bruce and I were returning from Bragg Creek in the wagon, my brother got the notion to "beller" like a lost calf. Cows and calves came out of the bush from all directions. We moved out of there in a hurry. Were we scared? Another time a mother bear stood up in the road in front of us with her paws raised above her head. The team bolted from one side of the road to the other. The cubs appeared, crossed the road, the mother bear lowered herself to all fours and the happy little group trotted off into the bush. But we and the team of horses were anything but happy. We were really frightened.

When we dug the pioneer cellar under the log house we penetrated a seam of coal. When burned this fuel gave a tremendous heat but it burned out the grates. Thus as there was ample firewood we burned little of the coal. Also there were outcroppings of coal on the south bank of the creek. These were exploited by Mr. Oldham who read an ad in a California paper telling about coal in the area. Tom, one of my elder brothers, worked part of a couple years in the mines. As a little girl about six years old I visited Mrs. Oldham who lived in a tent structure on the south bank of the creek. (One day she was nearly petrified by a bear looking at her through the tent door). As the coal was an inferior quality the mines did not develop commercially.

Tom Gillham (in 1923 entered SW $\frac{1}{4}$ 32-22-4W5 but did not patent; previous entrants: O. H. Nelson, 1914, Albert M. Baker, 1919; John D. Elliot, 1920; in 1933 entered by William James *Fullerton*; patented 1942; see *Fullerton*, Thomas William.) was an exceptionally good hand milker and interested in cows and dairying, therefore he soon obtained work on a dairy farm in Calgary. In 1928 Tom married Beatrice Warren of Calgary. They established their home in the city and Tom remained in the dairy business.

During the mid 20's Bruce homesteaded a quarter section northeast of my Dad's ranch. (In 1923 entered SW $\frac{1}{4}$ 34-22-4W5; patented 1930.) Then in the 30's he sold it to Mr. Saunders. This land is now owned by Mr. Horne. Bruce was interested more in horses and farm work than in dairying. Thus, although crippled in one leg, he cultivated the soil, broke the sod with a walking plough, at first sowed the seed by hand, and harvested. My brother Bruce also played the mouth organ. Often after work in the evening he would play "The Red River Valley", "Ramona", "Golden Slippers" and other popular tunes. In an attempt to be included our dog, "Pooch" would howl. We all enjoyed the merriment.

Due to the steep terrain of this original building site it was difficult to walk on the sidehill. A more suitable site was chosen on the south side of the valley but higher up where the land was almost level. To this site the original house was moved during a winter of the mid 20's. The logs were numbered, dismantled, and hauled by team and sleigh to the new site where it now stands. The roof was cut into six sections and re-assembled. A 35-foot well had already been dug with a windlass and pick and shovel in preparation for the move. The windlass was a homemade device from the supports of an old barrel churn and a log to wind the rope onto. This was used to haul the earth and gravel from the well bucket-by-bucket. Then used to hoist the water, which remains — a pattern of pioneer living. Within a short time a log barn, chicken house, hog pen and ice house were erected.

As the barn had no rafters for a roof, feed — oats and hay — was stacked upon the log beams to form a roof. This kept the barn warm and dry. Often partridge and pin-tailed grouse fed from the supply. My Dad and brothers often watched the grouse perform their chicken dance ritual.

As my youngest brother, George, was interested in cattle and an exceptionally good hand milker the herd grew, from a beginning of one cow and a few calves, to a herd of approximately 20 milk cows and other dairy cattle. During the mid 20's we obtained new-born heifer calves for \$3.00 each while bull calves were given free. As we sold only cream we had plenty of skim milk to mix with linseed — thus we were able to feed extra calves and a few pigs.

As most of the milking was done from early spring to late fall during the warm weather, it was necessary to refrigerate the cream. As we lived the life of early pioneers, modern comforts were nil. Thus we preserved the cream in an ice house — a hole 15 feet deep in the ground covered with a building constructed from upright poles. During winter this hole was filled with ice cut with pick and axe from the creek or spring and shovelled into a sleigh box and dumped into the hole. Water was poured in and allowed to freeze into a solid mass. Once a week this cream was delivered to Bragg Creek in a one-horse democrat. Often for "kicks" on a Sunday afternoon in warm weather my Mother would make ice cream in an old fashioned ice cream freezer. We were all willing to help turn it and sample the contents too. It was delicious!

In the late 20's a more productive quarter section of land was bought, NE $\frac{1}{4}$ 15-22-4W5, to supply more feed for the larger milk herd — approximately 15 head and other livestock.

Depression years were difficult but we always enjoyed enough to eat, wear and keep warm. Although humble, the life was interesting and good. We were all thankful for this. My Dad recalled his father's message and blessing which gave courage to him to go on, even if the years were lean, and hope for a more prosperous time. During these years my devoted Mother worked hard to fulfill the needs of the family. She churned butter with a paddle churn (and did we enjoy the buttermilk!), baked bread and rabbit pies on a wood fire, picked berries for winter preserves and jams. My mother washed clothes by hand and ironed with a flat iron usually on bake day to conserve fuel. This fuel was plentiful but much work was required to prepare it. Logs from the bush were cut and allowed to dry a year or two before being sawed by hand into stove lengths. Occasionally my Dad butchered a hog or a steer and the pork was preserved in a barrel of brine. At times we pickled beef in a brine of vinegar and brown sugar. Sometimes we swapped quarters of beef with the neighbors. My brother, Bill, raised chickens and sold eggs at ten cents per dozen and often sold dressed chicken, which weighed 2½ lbs., for 25¢ each.

Even though depression years spelled poverty this same period, the end of the 20's and beginning of the 30's, gave an invention which cannot be valued in dollars and cents. This refers to the little radio. In the early 20's we obtained a crystal set with one set of earphones. By disconnecting one phone it was possible for two to listen. Later we obtained a battery operated set with a loud speaker. We enjoyed listening to the church services, the

news, sports (Babe Ruth and the world series), soap operas and the old time music. Our family still has an old spring operated gramophone and several records of the old tunes. Our lives were enriched by this link with the outside world.

When a boy in England, my Dad was a member of a boys' choir. He thoroughly enjoyed singing and often led us in the old familiar hymns and songs.

As my brother, Bill, was crippled in both legs it was extremely difficult for him to walk any distance. At times he rode horseback. He did manage to catch a few coyotes — to tan the hides — and to attach them to a backing to make a rug. A few of the completed rugs were sold — one to a lady newspaper reporter who was visiting on a dude ranch near us — others to visitors in the area. We have a couple of these rugs in our home now. Coyotes! When we speak about coyotes and recall the yap and howl of the pack on a clear bright night it still gives one a wierd frightened feeling — a shiver and chill up and down your spine. How well we remember being awakened at night by coyotes howling — the howls coming from all directions — so close that you could almost feel their breath and almost feel the white teeth sinking in. A challenge to Bill to come and catch them. He did just that. Again the wild and woolly west!

Occasionally in the fall my brother George and a guide trekked to the mountains on a big game hunt. Several of his trophies were mounted by my brothers Bill and George. Often during the summer months George rode his saddle horse to Bragg Creek to take part in baseball games. Another sport which he thoroughly enjoyed.

Unfortunately in 1934 George met with a shooting accident. This tragedy changed the life of our family. As there was no one to milk the cows, beef cattle were raised.

During the early 40's my older brother, Bruce, joined the Forestry Branch. For a few years he was stationed as lookout man on the top of Moose Mountain. Then he became a Forest Ranger stationed at the Big Horn and North Fork Ranger Stations. Unfortunately due to ill health Bruce was forced to give up this work. After a year at home he passed away in 1956.

In 1940 my Dad built a new frame bungalow a few feet south of the original log house. Here life was easier and more comfortable but no more enjoyable. For many years salt was kept for the cattle at the bottom of the coulee bank south of the buildings so that we could check

the cattle. Here we often observed wild animals enjoying the salt "lick" along with the cattle. In order to increase our enjoyment of this wild game in their native habitat an area was cleared up the far bank of this coulee. To reach the salt "lick" it was necessary for the animals to cross the clearing. It was indeed interesting to watch the halting, nervous movements of the elk, deer and moose as they crossed this clearing to reach the salt lick.

As berries were plentiful, bears with their cubs often crossed this clearing. It was interesting to watch the cubs in their playful antics as they clowned about wrestling with each other and every bush that came in their way.

Many wild birds also inhabited the bush. These included blue bird, robin, Canada Jay, canary, warbler, humming bird, snow bird, wax wings, chickadees, wild ducks, and ruffed grouse. It was indeed a "bird watchers" retreat made up of birds from all ages. A sight to behold and a joy to listen. To us it was a real meaningful and refreshing pause in our daily routine to hesitate a moment and observe these animals and birds as they trotted and flew about performing their daily duties. An experience more meaningful than a movie.

Especially in the early morning hours were these birds choruses delightful. They were a call to us to be up and about and again resume our activities for the day. A call which often reminded the family (not me) of the bird songs in England. I had never heard the English birds until a trip to England in 1954. It was then that I realized what the English bird songs really meant. Nevertheless it was indeed refreshing and invigorating to be wakened in such a delightful manner and then to step out into the dewy wet grass and breathe the pure fresh pine-scented mountain air.

But progress, whatever it is, must take its toll, whatever it is. Both my Dad and Mother have passed away. Only Tom, Bill and myself remain. Tom sold his dairy farm near Midnapore and retired to Victoria, B.C. Bill lives in Calgary with my husband, Napier Hoskin, and myself.

At present cattle are pastured on the ranch and we maintain the buildings and enjoy many visits to our old home. We never realized in the early 20's that it would be possible to jet to England in less time than was required in the early days to cover the 24 miles from the ranch to Calgary. The old home is now equipped with electric power. When we switch on the lights we often think of the early days when we worked by candle light and oil lamps. Perhaps I should refer to our bush-line telephone, used by half a dozen neighbors, which was of covered wire and in places hooked onto the fences. Also I could be more specific with the way we stacked and cured the hay, cut the brush, and performed other pioneer activities. But time and space is at a premium.

My Grandfather's blessing has been fulfilled. May I say on behalf of the Gillham family, "Good-bye and God Bless You".

JOHN WESLEY GLENN — by Freda Purmal

Entered NE¼ 12-23-5W5 in 1910, previously entered by George Brenner in 1908. The Glens built a log home and operated the Bragg Creek Post Office when Bill *Graham* left. They did not remain long in the district. The quarter was entered again by Harry *White* in 1915 and the post office remained in the building with Harry



Homes of the Gillham Family. New frame bungalow built in 1940, original log house dismantled, moved, still standing.

Photo courtesy Lucilla Hoskin

and Mrs. White operating it for many years after and living in the old Glenn house until their new home was built by the main road.

Old timers will remember the log building which was at the foot of a steep hill, a few hundred yards south east of the Lodge, where Ida May lived for so many years.

WILLIAM THOMAS GOWDY — by **Bill and Arla Gowdy**

UR

My father, William Thomas Gowdy, who was a native of Guelph, Ontario came West in 1890. He homesteaded at Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. Then he and my mother moved to Indian Head, Sask. where I was born. After spending five years there we moved to Vernon B.C. Father did contract work and custom sawing of lumber for ranchers in the Nicola Valley and Kamloops. In 1905 we moved back to the prairies.

It was a cold day when Mother with us five children (John, Bill, myself, Mary, Emmaline and my younger brother David) drove to Priddis. I remember that Mrs. *Standish*, who operated a boarding house there, took us in, gave us a good supper and kept us for the night. The next day Father rented the hall, where we lived till Father had cut lumber and built a house for us. The house was constructed of green lumber, with saw dust filled in between the studdings. When spring came the lumber had shrunk and the wind blew the sawdust through the cracks, which made the house cold and dirty till Father got this remedied.

We children attended school in Priddis for a few days, when the trustees notified us that the old log school house was over-crowded, so we had to stay home. Luckily, my parents had good educations, my mother had graduated from the Ladies College in Guelph and Father was a graduate from the Guelph Academy, so they instructed us in our school work at home in the evenings.

At noon we children used to play on the ice with the school children. The winter of 1905-06 was a mild one. The creek would flood and freeze, so we had good ice for curling. Our rocks were cut from the end of a log with a large spike driven into it for a handle. I remember we played with Richard, Charles, Marie and Mavis *Stanton*. I remember the Blacksmith Shop, Stewart's Grocery Store and the Curling Rink in Priddis.

My father's sawmill was located on the N. bank, where the North and South fork of Fish Creek join.

Father did custom sawing of logs for the farmers and ranchers around Priddis. Father also had customers from the Shepard district. They would cross the Bow River on the ice, cut timber on government land west of Priddis (having secured a permit to do so) and haul the logs to father's mill to have them cut into lumber. Father got \$5.00 for sawing 1000 feet of lumber.

Father traded the saw mill to Mr. Joe *Fisher* (see Millarville) for several mares and a stallion. The stallion took sick and died on the way to Calgary.

Father bought a J.I. Case steam engine and plows, after moving back to Calgary — he did contract work, breaking sod for many of the new settlers around Chestermere, Shepard and Langdon.

In 1917 my parents bought a farm at Bennett Siding, where they lived till they died, mother in 1940 and father passed away in 1949.

In 1920 I started farming on my own. In January 1923, Arla Gunderson, who was teaching school at Beddington and I were married. We had two children William Gordon and Doreen.

In 1933 I bought SE¼ 17-22-4W5 from Mr. Lee Fairchild, who had pastured my cattle there the previous summer. This was the beginning of the UR Ranch. Later I expanded my holdings in that vicinity — I bought land from the C.P.R. and Hudson's Bay Co. and secured lease lands from the Government. It used to take us three days to trail the cattle from the farm at Bennett Siding to the ranch. The first night was spent at the Burns Feed Lot in east Calgary, the second night at Walter *Birney's* farm and the third day we'd get to the ranch. Some of the riders who helped with the drive were Frank *Wolfe* and his son Frank Jr., Shortie Mitchell, Louis *Merino*, Hank Sturgeon, Jake *Reimer*, Frank *Hodgkin*, Bill *Burby*, Stan Waters, Albert Gooley and others.



Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Gowdy with Billy and Doreen, 1935.

Photo courtesy Mrs. W. Gowdy

I was very fortunate to have a good, dependable and capable man, Jack Kjelson who took charge of the cattle at home on the farm in the winter and at the ranch in the summer for the seventeen years he worked for me. We were very grieved when Jack died in February 1948 from the flu and a heart attack.

Our children attended Sky Hill School, which was located on our land. Billy attended Western Canada High School and later took two years at S.A.I.T. studying Electronics and Farm Mechanics. Doreen attended Central High School and Mount Royal College, then took Home Economics at the U. of Manitoba in Win-



The Gowdy UR Ranch, 1933. L. to R. Standing: Tony Van Wyk, Charlie Birney, Jack Kjelson, Bill Gowdy. Billy and Doreen on horses.

Photo courtesy W. Gowdy

nipeg. In 1950 Doreen and Dr. Harold Antliff were married — they have two children, Creighton and Arla Mae.

In Aug. 1950 Billy married Irene *Burby*. There are two children, John and Mary Jane. Billy and I had worked together farming and ranching. After Jack Kjelson's death, Billy had supervised much of the cattle business. Billy and Rene had bought the Van Wyk ranch at Priddis and a farm at Bennett Siding. In November 1958 our lives were greatly saddened by Billy's death in a tractor accident.

My wife and I retired to Calgary in 1964, but still carry on some ranching in conjunction with the Antliffs, who have invested in part of the original UR Ranch, as well as the Louis Merino ranch and some parcels of land adjacent to it.

We have had good neighbors at the ranch and we as a family have enjoyed the time we have spent in the Bragg Creek — Priddis vicinity.

WILLIAM JAMES "BILL" GRAHAM — by Freda Purmal

Bill Graham, his wife and family, arrived in Bragg Creek about 1909. Graham entered SW¼ 16-23-5W5 in 1909 (patented in 1914), taking over the place from a man named Ira Johnson who had the land in 1908, but remained less than a year.

Graham had a fairly large log house on a steep hill, overlooking the creek. The kitchen of this house also served as the first post office. For the first six months Bill's cousin, John Wesley Fitzgerald, who in 1910 entered NE¼ 9-23-5W5, the quarter which is now the home of Albert Sanders, carried the mail to and from Jumping Pound, before Bill Graham took over.

The route to Jack Bateman's home and post office in Jumping Pound, could scarcely be termed a "trail" as it was through bush, sidehills and muskegs with a few muddy creeks to ford.

Sometimes when the weather was nice in the summer, Bill used a team and democrat or in the winter, team and sleigh but more often it was a saddle horse and a pack horse on lead. During World War I, we had what we termed the "wet years;" creeks were swollen and the muskegs became downright dangerous bogs, the horses floundering to their bellies in the slimy mess. Both man and beast had to have considerable stamina to make this journey every week.

The Grahams left Bragg Creek in 1918 and for some time rented the old T.K. Fullerton homestead at Twin Bridges. Peter Christofferson bought the Graham place and it is now part of the Saddle & Sirloin Ranch.

CHARLES "CHARLIE" HARWOOD — 1873-1941 — by Freda Purmal

Charles and Mabel (1884-1932) Harwood left their home in the Holmpatrick area of west Calgary in 1920 and settled on SW¼ 4-23-5W5, which Charles had entered in 1916 and patented in 1922. With their little daughter, Verna, they lived in a tent until Charlie built a small log cabin. They had no livestock other than a little cream colored pony and a sorrel, which they could either ride or drive. Charlie rode on a military type saddle.

The Harwoods were from England and Charlie spent several years in the British Army, serving in India and

the Boer War in Africa. While in Africa, he was stricken with malaria and almost died. He suffered periodic attacks of this disease for the rest of his life.

The Harwoods barely subsisted on their pine covered quarter at Bragg Creek. Although Charlie was never idle, it was an impossible place to earn a living. He was a quiet, gentle and kindly man, loving the beauties of nature but never quite able to cope with the realities of life. He played the violin and sang, sometimes his own compositions.

Although the Harwoods were isolated from their neighbors, they enjoyed the companionship of wildlife, especially the wild birds. When Charlie whistled, dozens of chickadees and Canada Jays came out of the woods; they ate from his hand and sat on his head and shoulders. He imitated their calls and derived great pleasure when he had gained their confidence.

A couple of years later, in the middle of winter, the Harwoods moved into my father's bunkhouse and Charlie was provided with a job. In the spring, my father sold Charlie a five acre lot on the east side of the river. He built a little log cabin and in the following years added on extra rooms. He worked on many jobs and helped a neighbor by building them a stone fireplace, free of charge.

Mrs. Harwood often helped my mother with heavy work and was invaluable when my three sisters were stricken with polio. Mabel Harwood died at the age of 48 of a heart condition and pneumonia resulting from shock and exposure after the family was rescued from their flooded home, during the big flood of 1932. Charlie died in 1941, at the age of 68. Combined with malaria, he had cancer.

After her mother's death, Verna lived with her father until she had finished school at Bragg Creek, she then went to Calgary to work. She married an air force boy from New Zealand, Alec Vail. They moved to New Zealand after the war; then returned to Calgary where they now make their home. Verna and Alec have one son, Leslie. Verna still owns the five acre home in Bragg Creek, which she leases to summer holidayers.

Many old timers remember Charlie Harwood, playing his violin for parties and house dances, but few knew that he was a gifted poet. His verses, some of them deposited with the Bragg Creek papers at Glenbow, reflect his experiences in Africa and India but the one below is his response to his life at Bragg Creek. All his poems are a combination of fact and fantasy.

WHERE BRAGG CREEK MEETS THE RIVER ELBOW — by Charles Harwood

There's a dear little place in the foothills afar,
Where my heart is living away,
Where the warm sun smiles, through the forest aisles,
I wish I was there today.
For I love the green woodlands of spruce and pine,
The emerald glades where streamlets flow,
Each nook holds a charm, near Fullerton's farm,
Where Bragg Creek meets the river Elbow.

Chorus 1

And how our hearts throb with delight,
Forgot is all trouble and woe,
As we stroll with our loved ones tonight,
By the banks of the upper Elbow.

* * *

An enchanted place, is the foothills at night,
There the stars more radiant seem,
The moon's soft rays on the water plays,
Oh how soft then to love and dream.
Inhaling the breath of the scented pine,
Strolling along with hearts aglow,
To Fullerton's Hall, tonight there's a Ball,
Where Bragg Creek meets the river Elbow.
Chorus 2

When we enter this Hall of Delight,
Forgot is all trouble and woe,
As we dance with the ladies at night,
By the banks of the upper Elbow.

JOSEPH "JOE" HASKINS — by Freda Purmal

Homesteaded SE¼ 35-22-5W5, in 1913; patented in 1919. Previous entrants were James Renwick Ramage, 1911, and Frederick Arthur Gladwin, 1912. He fenced the land and built a little cabin, purchasing the lumber for the roof from Stanley Fullerton. This quarter adjoined the north side of the O'Haggerty place.

Haskins remained about a year and then left the district. Little was known about this man. The property is now owned by the Connop family.

JOHN HOLDEN — by Freda Purmal

One day in 1920, John Holden arrived in Bragg Creek, driving a horse and buggy and asking directions to the Connop Ranch. He had been living in the farming area of Shepard, but had emigrated from Yorkshire, England.

John took over the vacant Haskins quarter, SE¼ 35-22-5W5. With strangers John was blunt almost to the point of being rude, but when he made friends, he enjoyed talking, especially about his exploits in England, poaching on rich men's estates and outwitting the gamekeepers. Another favorite subject was his horse trading deals and how he was able to camouflage an animal's blemishes until it was sold and he made his disappearance. He had a very strong Yorkshire accent and his language was quite colorful.

John told very little of his personal life in England and everyone was surprised one day when a priest arrived asking for directions to the homestead of his brother, John Holden. They lived together for several months and then the Reverend departed for his homeland. A few years later Jack Richardson, a nephew, came to live with John. Jack enjoyed taking in a few social affairs, especially if he thought there might be some "mountain dew" available. He rode everywhere on a little black mare called Sheila. He remained a couple of years and when he left he sold the mare to my father.

John had a nice driving horse that he used around the place but he always walked the four miles to the store and post office each week, carrying his groceries in a gunny sack slung over his shoulder.

There developed a strong relationship between John and my grandfather Wilson and for years he always had dinner with my grandparents every week. After dinner the two old gentlemen sat smoking their corn cob pipes and relating stories and the latest gossip. My grandparents looked forward to these weekly visits.

He was an expert shot with a shotgun, he enjoyed shooting prairie chicken and possessed an uncanny knowledge as to where to find them. He still hunted until his late 70s.

John raised a few head of cattle. One of the last he had was a huge, five year old roan steer. Everyone referred to this steer as "John's blue ox." When finally he sold the steer at the stockyards, it caused a sensation. The size and weight of the animal was almost unheard of around the stockyards and there were comments about it in the press.

John was an excellent vet and was often called on to minister to a sick or injured animal. Many neighbors suspected he had studied veterinary medicine in England. He was also a good butcher, able to dress out a beef or pig in a professional manner.

When the Elbow Oil Company re-opened drilling operations in 1935, John was persuaded to move to the camp and was given the job of taking care of the pump and water lines from the Elbow River. The company hired a young man, Roy Cox, to assist him on this job. This friendship lasted until John's death, years later. When the oil well completed drilling operations, John was kept on as caretaker and lived alone with his dog in one of the shacks.

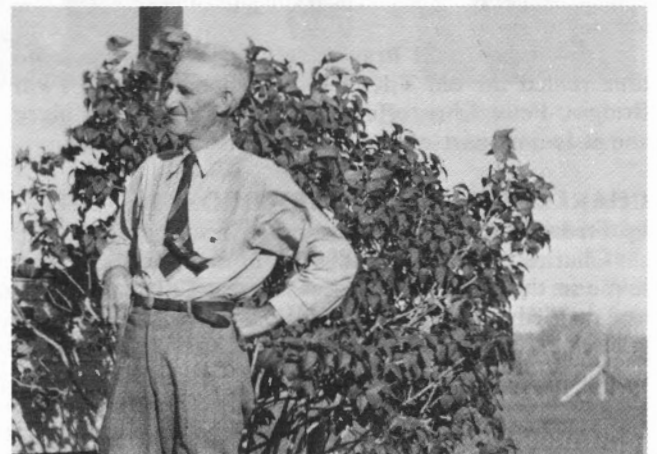
John was never forgotten at Christmas. He was invited for Christmas dinner to several neighbors' homes each year. In order not to offend anyone, he would go to a different neighbor each year.

As he grew older and became quite feeble, my father persuaded him to move into a cabin next to the Round Hall. He had one nutritious meal each day at our home and cooked for himself in the cabin when he felt inclined.

Roy Cox, his young friend from the Elbow Oil days, often visited John and when my family sold the ranch in 1945, Roy took John to his home in Calgary where John lived until his death. He was a good neighbor, always ready to help a friend in need.

TERRENCE "TED" HOWARD — 1882-1962

Born in Pakistan, he came to Canada with his parents at the age of four years and to Alberta in 1901. He homesteaded in the Blackie district from 1902 to 1917. He was a veteran of World War I, serving with the 82nd Battallion overseas. He married Mary Wilson, matron of the High River Hospital, in 1917. They drove by horse and buggy to the Elbow Ranger Station where he was Forest Ranger from 1917 to 1937. He was a good Ranger and respected by all. He was very fond of fine horses and



Terence (Ted) Howard, Forest Ranger, 1920s.

Photo courtesy Mrs. Agnes Connop



Mrs. Ted (Mary) Howard, ranger's wife. Photo courtesy Mrs. Agnes Connop

was famous for his honesty and kindness. On one occasion he took his pack boxes apart to make a coffin (which was lined by his wife) for a Stoney Indian baby who had died in a camp nearby. Lennie Mickle of Jumping Pound remembers one bitterly cold winter night he was spending with Mary and Ted Howard at the Ranger Station. A knock came at the door. It was Tom Powderface in need of help as his wife was about to give birth to a baby at their camp a few miles distant. Mary Howard accompanied her Stoney friend to the bedside of his wife where she delivered the baby, returning in the morning to say both mother and baby doing well. (Powderface Ridge west of the Elbow Ranger Station is named after this Stoney Indian Family). After retiring, Mr. and Mrs. Howard moved to Victoria, B.C. where they stayed only about three years. They lived at Okotoks where Ted died. Mrs. Howard continued to live in Okotoks until 1968, when illness forced her to go into a nursing home at High River. She died in September, 1969. Mount Howard, west of the Elbow Ranger Station, is named after Ted.

CHARLES HURST — by Lois Dunkley. Contributed by his daughter, Lois, married Francis Dunkley resident in Lima, Peru.

"My father Charles Hurst and brother George arrived by horse and wagon after dark at Bragg Creek in May, 1919, and not knowing the location of George's homestead called in at the *Reinertson* home. Mr. Jake Reinertson and his son Jacob hitched up their horses and led them to George's quarter section southwest of Angus *McDonald's*, now the Albert Sanders property.

"My parents and I joined George at Bragg Creek in 1921 — and we hoped by working together we would have a real ranch one day. George trucked in supplies for the Bragg Creek store owned and operated by Mr. and Mrs. Spike *Robinson*. He usually brought supplies once a week if roads permitted.

"Looking back on those days I remember that we as

neighbors had such good times and everyone was friendly and helpful and just like a big happy family. I especially remember Jake Fullerton's famous rodeos and he even enticed me to enter the Ladies Steer Riding Contest and wonder of wonders I managed to stay on and won a prize. Cranberry picking time was special too when we young people made a day's outing of it and came home with our cloth sacks filled, ready for making that delicious cranberry sauce and jam. I remember one time when Margaret Sanders and I were riding double and the horse didn't approve so bucked us both off. Margaret landed head first in an ant hill and she changed from a blonde to a burnette in an instant of time.

"Owing to my father's health we moved back to Calgary in 1923 leaving George to carry on alone. George moved back to Calgary in 1925 and worked for North Star Oil Co. until he retired in 1960. He died in 1962 and is survived by his wife Dolly in Calgary. She still has a cabin at Bragg Creek. Her daughter Marilyn, Mrs. Larry Biswanger, and her two grandsons, Glen and Kent, live at Fort McMurray, Alberta.

"I have been in Peru since 1958 working with the Wycliffe Bible Translators at their Jungle Base as Base Hostess. I have three daughters, Wanda, Maida and Lucille, all married, and ten grandchildren."

DR. GEORGE INGS — 1860-1933 — by Freda Purmal

Born in Prince Edward Island, he received his degree in medicine from Edinburgh University and in the 1890's practised medicine in Calgary. The Ings family lived for some time in their home on 13th Avenue West and then had another home, which still stands, on the north bank of the Elbow River, just west of the Stampede Grounds. This property once included about forty acres.

Dr. Ings had two brothers who ranched near High River. Frederick owned the famous OH ranch and later sold it to his brother Walter.

A highly skilled and respected medical man, Dr. Ings possessed an insatiable interest and curiosity in minerals. He spent months riding horseback through the high foothills searching for coal outcrops. One discovery was at the very source of Bragg Creek, at the foot of Moose Mountain. It has been said at one time he had over a thousand tons of coal stockpiled at this mine but there was no way to transport it out of the hills and over the years the pile became overgrown with vegetation and disintegrated. In the 1920's, when my father first started taking trail parties to Moose Mountain, I can remember seeing the remains of a few log buildings beside the trail.

Between 1900 and 1914, he discovered another coal seam near the mouth of Canyon Creek, near Elbow Falls. He hired a miner named Bob Parker to operate the mine and thousands of tons of coal were hauled for fuel in the operation of Bragg Creek's first oil well, the Mowbray-Berkeley, which was situated in Bragg Creek's Provincial Park. Jake *Fullerton* had the contract to supply the fuel and hired all the teams he could find in the district to keep the coal moving from mine to oil well.

In 1914, Dr. Ings went overseas with the Medical Corps. Before he left he informed his family that he had a hundred thousand dollars in unpaid medical accounts and there was a possibility that his family could collect about ten thousand, but one hundred dollars was all that was ever collected and that was the amount the collector



George Ings, M.D. World War I veteran. Geology prospector. Picture 1914. Courtesy Mrs. Edith Armstrong

charged as his fee. Although the Doctor kept an account of his fees, he never mailed a patient a bill for his services.

When Dr. Ings returned from the war, he again delved into geology, this time at Fort McMurray and the Athabaska Oil Sands. He was supposedly the first man to take samples of the tar sands to Ottawa for analyses.

He had five children: Edith, who married George Albert Armstrong; now a widow living in Calgary; Nora, now Mrs. Dyke, living in Victoria; Eric, who was killed in a highway accident near Edmonton a few years ago; Amy, died in infancy; Vera, unmarried and living in Toronto.

Mrs. Edith Armstrong says her father was certainly not a practical man; he educated his daughters in eastern schools in order that they might be prepared to make good marriages but they had no training for the purpose of self support. His habit of not billing his patients for medical services, and his years roaming the hills, support his daughter's statement. Nevertheless Dr. Ings was a very kind and happy man. I remember him vaguely when he stayed overnight on several occasions at my father's ranch and in later years whenever my parents spoke of him it was with some sort of reverence. He must have been a fine man.

Dr. Ings still has relatives in the Nanton district. A

niece, Mrs. Constance Loree, daughter of Frederick Ings, lives on the Midway Ranch. She prizes a special possession, the Doctor's medical bag that he carried on horseback. Quentin Armstrong, son of Dr. Ings' daughter Edith, ranches west of Nanton and is married to a former Stampede Queen, Edith Edge from Cochrane.

ALEXANDER MURRAY "ALEX" JAPP — by Freda Purmal

With his wife and child, homesteaded NE¼ 35-22-5W5 in 1914, patenting it in 1917. They had come from eastern Canada.

Alex built a nice log home and barn. This was a very poor quarter, mostly solid jackpine and sloping off to the east into a muskeg. He acquired a large herd of pigs of every color and size imaginable. To hold these pigs, he cut hundreds of small jackpine poles to build fences, which included several acres. Pigs will be pigs and they invariably broke down the enclosures and wandered around the country.

In a little over a year, the Japp family abandoned the place. They moved to a farm at Carstairs, and eventually sold out and moved back east. All the buildings on the Bragg Creek quarter were destroyed in the big 1919 forest fire. A wheat farmer from east of Calgary bought this land but never used it other than for pasturing some horses. Mr. Pearson sold to the *Connop* family who still own it.

ROBERT LAKE — by Freda Purmal

Robert Lake, a little, wispy, gray haired man, emigrated from London, England and on arriving at Bragg Creek in 1919, homesteaded the N.W. ¼-4-23-5-W/5. Patented in 1925.

It was evident by his character and his homestead of 160 acres of solid jackpine that it would be impossible to make a living off the land. Obviously a well educated man, dressed in English tweeds and leggings, he had done no manual labour and during his years on the homestead, managed only the most menial tasks. He received a small remittance from England and periodically, parcels of war surplus clothing, bundles of English newspapers and books arrived.

For awhile, Robert had a small team of nondescript ponies and then purchased a two-wheel California cart from Jake Fullerton. Jake had previously purchased the cart from Johnny Robinson when Johnny left the Bragg Creek area. When the ponies died, probably of starvation, the Lakes resorted to walking the 8 or 9 miles round trip to Bragg Creek for mail and supplies.

About 1921, Robert Lake Jr., a grown son came to live with his father. "Bobbie" was a husky young man and eccentric to the point of causing nervous mothers to warn their children against any remarks or deeds which might incite the man's anger.

In the middle 1920s two sisters of Robert Sr. arrived from London. Miss Alice and Miss Mabel Lake planned on living with their brother and nephew but found the living conditions impossible so they rented the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Trotter where they spent a fall and winter.

Regardless of the weather, the Miss Lakes could be seen every day enjoying long walks, dressed in heavy tweeds and woollens and carrying canes. After a new fall of snow the ladies enjoyed writing gospel messages in the

snow with their canes, one of their favorite roadside messages was "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." It is doubtful if they rescued any Bragg Creek sinners by "spreading The Word."

The Miss Lakes were frequent visitors at the Jake Fullerton home and confided in Mrs. Fullerton of their apprehension of the appalling conditions in which their brother and nephew lived. They pleaded with their family to return to England with them but to no avail.

Robert Lake died in the 1930s and the sisters returned Bobbie to London where he was placed in a home of a minister who specialized in the care of retarded adults. Miss Alice died a few years later but Miss Mabel continued corresponding with Mrs. Jake Fullerton well into the war years.

The former Lake homestead was eventually absorbed into the expanding ranch operations of the Stanley Fullerton family.

GEORGE LIVINGSTON — by George Edworthy

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George Livingston was born at Fort Victoria in northern Alberta, the eldest son of Sam Livingston, pioneer of the California gold rush of 1849 and the Cariboo gold rush of the 1850's.

After leaving Fort Victoria when in 1872 his father established his trading post on the Elbow River not far north of Bragg Creek, George lived at the trading post until Sam moved again and established a ranch and farm in the area around the bend of the Elbow where Heritage Park and the Glenmore Dam and the poshest residential districts are located. Here George grew to manhood and in 1893, married Amelia McArthur of Pictou, N.S., my

mother's sister. They acquired the ranch on the Bow River immediately west of what is now Happy Valley. After selling this ranch, they decided to try city life and built a home in Calgary, well out on the prairie at what is now the corner of 14th St. & 12th Ave. S.W., the present location of the Super S Drug Store.

For a number of years George worked for the C.P.R. but, after a bout with typhoid fever in the epidemic of 1904, he decided that city life was not for him and remembering the summers when he was a young lad riding herd on old Sam's cattle in the Bragg Creek valley, he looked it over again and found it still to his liking.

He built a log shack on the SE¼ 16-23-5W5, (entered by Arthur C. Livingston, his son, in 1913 and patented in 1918) very close to where John Hopkins (of the *Calgary Herald*) lived many years later. It was near here also that Bragg had his temporary home. There was an excellent spring with good water nearby which was probably the reason for the location.

For a number of years the Livingston Ranch was operated as a bachelor establishment, George and his son, Art, living on the ranch and Mrs. Livingston retaining the home in Calgary. Finally, a new home was built in the valley beside the creek in SW¼ 15-23-5W5. The Calgary home was disposed of and Mrs. Livingston took up permanent residence at Bragg Creek.

The Livingston Ranch comprised two quarters of deeded land, two quarters of lease and on the outside, unlimited free grazing land, for George Livingston was said to be the first permanent settler in the Bragg Creek Valley. The deeded land was the SW¼ 15-23-5W5 and the SE¼ 16-23-5W5, both quarters which are now the heart and centre of the Saddle and Sirloin Ranch and the site of many beautiful modern homes. The leased land was two quarters to the north, NE16 and NW15.

It should be recorded that George Livingston was not



George Livingston, son of famous Sam Livingston, with favorite horse "Old Buck". Photo courtesy Geo. Edworthy



Art Livingston, son of George and Amelia, on trail to Moose Mountain. 1923. Photo courtesy M. Sanders



Ranch home of George and Amelia Livingston.

Photo Courtesy Geo. Edworthy

the first settler on either of the above deeded quarters. The first settler on the SE 16 was Warren Bragg, who was there when the first survey was made and the surveyors, unknown to Bragg, named the creek after him. He and his young brother John, stayed only a short time when they moved to the Rosebud area. (According to the transcripts from the Township General Register Albert W. Bragg entered SW¼ 14-23-5W5 in 1894 — Ed.) When George Livingston died in 1927 his son Art had established a ranch of his own at North Pine in the B.C. block of Peace River. Mrs. Livingston carried on the ranch until 1929. I recall learning on my return to the ranch with my wife, from a pack trip to Kananaskis Lakes, in August 1929, that Walter *Birney* (see Priddis) of Red Deer Lake, had been out and made a deal with Mrs. Livingston to take all her calf crop at \$50.00 per head, an almost unheard of price at that time. I recall also selling 100 head of Angus calves, seven years later, for \$1000.00, just \$10.00 a head.

The ranch was sold to Pete Christofferson who owned the next ranch west. Mrs. Livingston made her home in Calgary until she died in 1931.

Art Livingston, the only son, was born in 1895. While living at Bragg Creek, he took some time off and travelled to California where he was a rider in the movies; one movie he played in was "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse". He died January 13th, 1952.

Having passed through several hands, the Livingston Ranch was finally purchased by the Saddle & Sirloin group and is today the home of many people who feel they have reached the end of the rainbow.

THE LIVINGSTONS — OUR NEIGHBORS — by Freda Purmal

I do not recall very much of George and Mrs. Livingston, except that they remained relatively to themselves. I was sent to their ranch on a few occasions with written messages but was never in their home.

Whenever George and my father met on the road, they always stopped and had a lengthy conversation. The only time we ever saw Mrs. Livingston was at school meetings or when she passed us on her way to or from Calgary.

George drove a team consisting of one rather large, dark buckskin horse, and the other small and cream colored. One horse was always a half a length behind the other as they jogged along the roads. The wagon was a narrow gauge wheel, light rig and when George went to Calgary he always had a few oat sheaves in the box to feed his horses. Other than my Uncle Tom Fullerton, only George had a binder to cut his greenfeed.

Mrs. Livingston never accompanied George in the wagon. She drove her own beautiful chestnut horse and buggy. Whenever we saw her going to town or to school meetings she was beautifully dressed and always wore a large veil which covered her hat and face. Sometimes we, as children walking to school, met her on the road but she would never look or speak to us. This seemed so strange it made us a little apprehensive.

Bragg Creek flowed directly through their home quarter and the creek was full of a beautiful assorted species of trout, so when the city fishermen first invaded our area, they naturally followed up the creek. Mrs. Livingston seemed to sense their presence because, within

minutes of a man's entry on their property, she would suddenly appear and order them off. Word soon got around and that section of the creek was given a wide berth.

The Livingstons were good neighbors; the only confrontations in which my family encountered with them were when discussions began on the building of the school. The families with children were demanding a school and those without were opposed. Mrs. Livingston was one of the strongest of opponents and the meetings became quite hostile affairs. The opposition argued that it was an injustice to have their taxes raised in order to help pay the cost of educating their neighbors' children. My mother was most unhappy and perplexed by Mrs. Livingston's attitude because it seemed obvious that Mrs. Livingston was herself, an educated lady.

When one reads press releases, listens to t.v. and radio programs, it would seem that today's school board problems are basically the same as they were 60 years ago.

In later years, I have often thought of Mrs. Livingston and felt pity for her; perhaps I am mistaken but I feel that she must have been a lonely and unhappy woman, deprived of her old friends and the culture to which she was accustomed.

Art Livingston was a tall, dark handsome fellow. He seemed always to be good natured, smiling and seemingly accepting the whole world and it's people as a huge joke. He was an excellent rider, roaming the country on a bronc and visiting everyone. He and my uncle Stanley, both bachelors at the time, were together a great deal.

I saw little of Art for several years until I returned home to operate a small store and post office in 1929. Art became almost a daily customer in my store. Later I sold the business and moved to the coast and never saw him again. When I returned to Bragg Creek in 1934 Art was established on his ranch at Peace River. Shortly before his death, he visited my parents in Victoria and told them his heart too, was really in Bragg Creek.

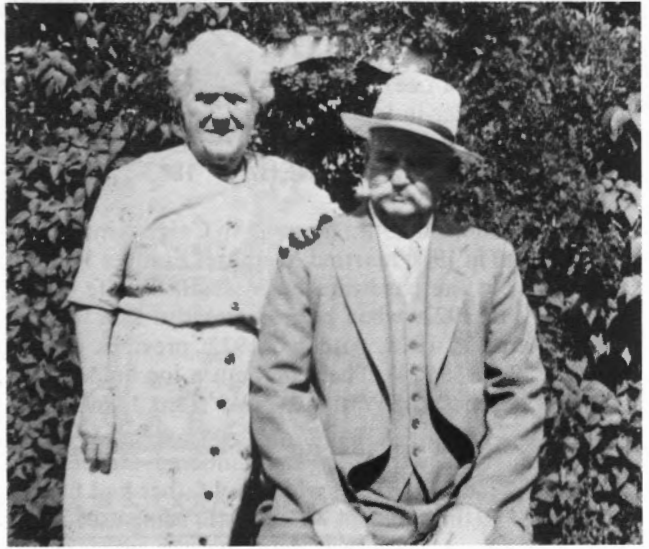
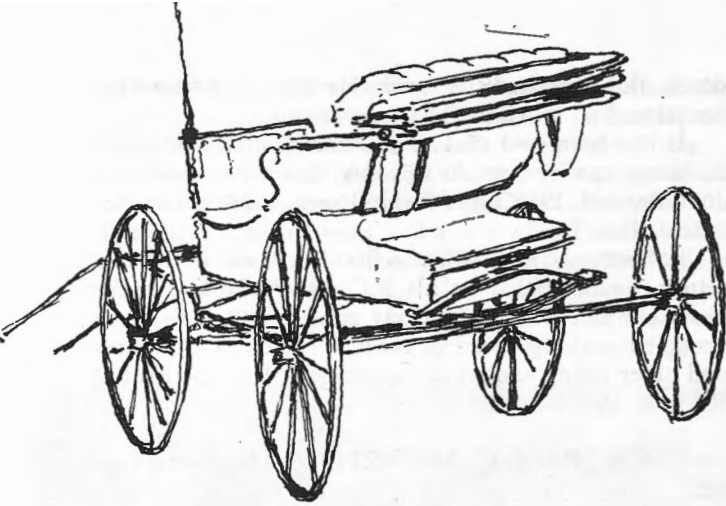
JAMES "JIM" LONG — by Joan Merryfield and Freda Purmal

Came originally from Missouri and with his family and arrived in Bragg Creek in 1910, settling on SE¼ 22-23-5W5. (Previously entered by Ernest G. May in 1899; entered by Long in 1908 and patented in 1913 — Ed.) He was a marvellous teamster and had a team of sorrel and white pintos which, though not big horses, were admired for the large loads they could move. Jim built a big house to accommodate his large family. He had been married twice and was raising his second family. Mrs. Long was a sister of Mrs. Bill *Graham*.

Vera, one of the older daughters, often worked for Mrs. Jake Fullerton until she married the head driller of the Mowbray Berkeley oil well. Another daughter was named Faye. The younger children attended the new school when it opened, until they left the district in 1915 or 1916.

The Longs raised some good Shorthorn cattle and, like all settlers, had some chickens and milked a few cows for their butter and milk supplies.

Ray Long, the youngest son of Jim and his first wife, homesteaded the SE¼ 17-23-5W5. (The entry in the name of Joseph P. Long is dated 1910; patented 1919).



Mr. and Mrs. Angus MacDonald who homesteaded west of Bragg Creek about 1920. Photo courtesy Mrs. M. MacDonald

Ray was drowned in the Elbow River while attempting to ford in 1912. The river was in flood when Ray and Bill McClintock, driving a team and wagon, plunged into the swollen stream. The irony of this tragedy was that Ray was a good swimmer, whereas Bill could not swim and yet managed to reach shore safely. When the high water subsided, the dead team, still hitched to the wagon, was found on a gravel bar about a mile downstream, near where the Sarcee Reserve fence crossed the river. Ray's body was found several miles further downstream and was taken to the Joe Robinson ranch where the corpse reposed in Joe's barn until it could be taken to Calgary for burial.

A bitter dispute developed between the families regarding the ownership of the harness and wagon.

The Longs later lived for a time at Priddis and their son Clarence, who now lives near Sundre, lived for a while on the Bob Norman place at Springbank.

S. J. LOTT — by Freda Purmal

In 1902, a man named S. J. Lott filed on S.E. ¼ -14-23-5-W/5. He built a log cabin and barn close to the creek and beside the present road going west from Bragg Creek, which was also a favorite camp ground of the Stoney Indians.

Mr. Lott must have been around for a few years as he received his homestead patent in 1908 but he had left the country when my family arrived in 1913.

One old-timer remembers him as being somewhat of an eccentric and that he eventually was placed in a hospital institution. The land is now owned by W. Friley.

ANGUS A. MacDONALD — by Mrs. Albert Sanders — born 1869

Contributed by his daughter, Mrs. Albert Sanders.

World War I veteran, plasterer and contractor, of Calgary. Homesteaded E½ 9-23-5W5. (As a veteran he was able to acquire a half section. He entered NE¼ in 1921 and patented it in 1924. Previous entrants were John Rob Breen, 1909; John W. Fitzgerald, 1910; Stanley Wallace Lasell, 1912 and Alfred Stratford, 1917. For SE¼ see *Marston*, R.S. Mrs. Ada MacDonald entered NW¼ 3-25-5W5 in 1931 but patent is not recorded in Township General Registers.) In May, 1922 he moved his wife Ada and four children to the homestead, to establish residence and prove up on the land. He stayed in the city to continue his work, coming out on the weekends.

It was quite a change for the city raised family to

move to the farm. We loved it. Our near neighbours were the *Reinertsons*, the *Hursts*, the *Livingstons*, the *Tetheringtons* and *Peter Christofferson*. We found the neighbours friendly and helpful and glad to welcome us to the community. There were plenty of young people and children in the area, we were never lonely and a party or dance could spring up at any time, people coming for miles around, bringing all the family. Everyone had a good time, even the wee ones. When the little ones got tired there was always a place to put them to sleep until the parents and older people were ready to go home.

Mr. MacDonald lived on the land until 1940 when his son Shelly enlisted and went overseas. As the three girls were married and living elsewhere, Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald returned to Calgary. Mrs. MacDonald passed away in 1954. In 1955 the land went to his daughter and son-in-law, Albert and Margaret Sanders, the present owners. He spent his last few summers in Bragg Creek, going away to warmer places in the winter.

Four children: Margaret, in 1926 married Albert Sanders; 3 children: Shirley, married Lyle Panton, lives in Red Deer, two children are Ronald, of Red Deer, and Wendy (Mrs. J. Branson, R.N.) Calgary; Thomas, "Tom" of Calgary; four children: Mary and Barbara, the children of his first marriage, grew up in Bragg Creek, with their grandparents the Sanders; in 1965 married Irene Rye, two children, Cari and Collin; Donald, "Don" of Bragg Creek, owns the Bragg Riding Academy and runs his business from the home place; in 1965 married Myra Holgate, two daughters, Pamela and Frances. Gerald MacDonald, "Shelly", married Maysie Budge, first school teacher of the Two Pine school; lives in Calgary; also is a plasterer and contractor, two children: Jean, married D. Benjamin; Angus, "Gus". Louise MacDonald married Robert McPhillamey, five children; Gerald, living at Gibson Landing, B.C.; Patricia, married Wm. Dillabaugh, Coalville, Sask., four children: Allen, Karen, Richard and Glen; Robert with Sun Life Insurance, in Edmonton; James, Kamloops, B.C., two daughters: Karen and Kelly; Terrance, Prince George, B.C., two daughters: Valerie and Heather. Ada

MacDonald married Charles Nelken, lived at Redwater, where they had a clothing store, a son Charles Jr., teacher in Edson, Alberta, in the high school, (a daughter, Sandra Lee). Ada, now a widow, lives, with her sister and brother-in-law at Bragg Creek.

JAMES HARWOOD MacNEIL — 1883-1960 — by Freda Purmal

Born at Thorold, Ont.; he came to Calgary in the early 1900's and in 1908 married Margaret Frances Wilson.

He was in the hardware business all his life except from 1919 to 1922, when he homesteaded NW¼ 1-23-5W5 (entered in 1918, patented 1922; previous entrant James H. Tups, 1914). There he built a log house. Mrs. MacNeil purchased SW¼ 1-23-5W5 from Jake Fullerton.

Both quarters were hilly and timbered except for a few small meadows, one of which my father had broken and planted to timothy and which is still being used today as a hayfield. A barn was built on the edge of the hayfield, close to an ever flowing spring. The land was all fenced and cross fenced.

While living at Bragg Creek, the MacNeils stayed with my grandparents, the John Wilsons. Between the two families, they had a fair sized herd of cattle, some milk cows and chickens and a team of horses.

When the MacNeil family left to open another hardware business, my father rented the land from them until 1935 when the Purmal family took over, building a small log cabin near the spring and barn. Following the Purmals' departure in 1941, Jim and Margaret sold the half section on a trade of the Calgary home of Stan Waters.

Jim MacNeil continued in the hardware business until his retirement to B.C. Their last store in Alberta was at Okotoks, where they lived for many years and which was the most permanent home they ever had.

Jim died at Vernon, B.C. His wife, Margaret lived in a retirement centre at Penticton until Aug. 1974 when she returned to Calgary to live in a nursing Home. Their only son, Jack, works in the Okanagan district for Gough Wire, his headquarters and home at Penticton. Jack and his wife Bessie (Guerin) have a son and daughter and 5 grandchildren. Part of the MacNeil property is now owned by S. Boyce. Margaret Frances MacNeil died March 7, 1975.

ROBERT S. MARSTON — by Freda Purmal

Irish by birth, Robert Marston arrived in Bragg Creek in 1910, homesteading the SW¼ 9-23-5W5. (The first entrant was Dennis O'Haggerty, 1909.) He built a cabin, barn and corrals, in preparation for raising some very good horses.

Prior to his arrival, he worked several years for Charlie Mickle of Jumping Pound and became a good friend of the Mickle family. Charlie's father, Wheeler Mickle, was a frequent visitor when Bob Marston was settling in on his Bragg Creek homestead. The Mickle family respected Bob to such an extent that Charlie and Mrs. Mickle named one of their sons, "Bert", after Robert Marston and some of the Mickle family make annual visits to the Marston home at Merritt, B.C.

In 1911, Bob received word of his brother's death, who operated a large ranch in central B.C. and upon his

death, Bob inherited the ranch. He then abandoned the homestead to move to B.C.

It has been said that some remains of the Marston buildings can be seen to this day. Later entrants were John Bartlett, 1918, and Joseph Brown, 1924, but neither patented.

Bob served overseas in the first world war and on his return, again settled on his B.C. ranch. Now over 90 years old and in comparatively good health, Bob keeps occupied making braided rawhide ropes, hackamores and other riding equipment which he sells to the firm of Riley & McCormick.

PATRICK "PADDY" McCARTHY — by Freda Purmal

For over ten years, Patrick McCarthy held lonely vigil over the property of the closed down Herron Petroleum oil well, situated about twelve miles south west of Bragg Creek in the Forest Reserve.

In the capacity of teamster, Paddy entered the employ of the company in June, 1929, when the oil hysteria was at its peak. The well was spudded in during August, 1929. In December, 1930, the well was closed down, supposedly for a short period, and Paddy was offered the position of caretaker until such time as the well re-opened.

Not many men could have withstood the loneliness of that deserted section of the Forest Reserve, but Paddy made himself a comfortable home in the cook shack of the abandoned camp. He kept himself occupied by building a little gas separator so that he was able to use the natural gas for cooking and lighting. He constructed a running water system, complete with shower. Unique cigarette lighters were distributed throughout his large livingroom, all operated by natural gas. He also made many useful little articles from deer horns and hooves, giving the place an atmosphere of a hunting lodge.

During the long winter months, Paddy passed the time by building model derricks, two of which operated down to the last detail. These derricks were made from scraps of whatever material was available around the camp. Bits of board, lead, fishing line, string, tin and keys from sardine cans; all went into the splendid workmanship of the derricks.

Paddy frankly admitted he was a very good fisherman, and his was not an idle boast, he knew exactly when and where the fish were biting and never failed to make a catch. In the summer sportsmen from the city who called on Paddy for fishing advice were well rewarded for their visits.

Paddy's sole companions the year round were his two faithful dogs, Sargent and Trixie. He taught his dogs many tricks and acrobatics and would go nowhere without his two friends.

Ted Howard, the Elbow ranger, was Paddy's nearest neighbor, bringing in his weekly mail and supplies. In the winter the ranger was his only contact with the outside world, except for the occasional visit of a passing Indian or trapper. About twice a year Paddy, with his two dogs, went to Calgary to make visiting rounds of friends whom he had met during the summer.

While the oil well was in operation, Paddy received an eye injury which grew progressively worse until he lost his sight. He was in danger of going totally blind in both eyes

unless he had surgery so, without any fuss or fanfare, this lively little Irishman entered hospital and had his injured eye removed and within a few days was back home.

Towards the end of the 1930's, Paddy acquired an old car which he drove as far as Bragg Creek. Everyone who lived near the road were well aware when Paddy was approaching because he sounded his horn for a half mile as he passed each home.

About 1941, Paddy McCarthy left Bragg Creek and was last heard of in Winnipeg, where he later died.



Paddy McCarthy, employee and caretaker of Herron Pete with pet dogs "Trixie" and "Sargent". 1939.

Photo courtesy Stan Saunders

WILLIAM THOMAS MCCLINTOCK — by Freda Purmal and Joan Merryfield

Born in the Citadel at Quebec, the son of a Scottish soldier. The McClintocks came west in 1882 to Fort Macleod where Mrs. McClintock is said to have cooked for Colonel Macleod. They moved to Calgary where Mr. McClintock was working at his trade as a carpenter in 1905. Attracted by the good fishing at Bragg Creek they made weekend trips there by horse and buggy. In 1912 William McClintock homesteaded NW¼ 14-23-5W5, and built a neat four room log house. (Entered 1913, patented 1918; previous entrant Oscar Robinson, 1910). The McClintocks had been living in the Killarney district of Calgary. Mr. and Mrs. McClintock had a grown son, Bill, who lived with them and a married daughter, Mary (Mrs. Bell), lived in Calgary.

William was a carpenter by trade and was always in demand to help build homes for the new neighbors who were moving into the district. He and grandfather Wilson built our homes, the larger of which that now known as the Elkana Ranch. William McClintock and John Wilson often worked on the same projects, with a mutual respect for each other's workmanship and the fine tools of their trade.

The McClintocks raised cattle and milked a few cows. Mrs. McClintock had a large flock of chickens and made excellent butter which she kept in huge crocks, keeping it in a spring to stay cool and fresh. There was a big demand for her butter and eggs. In their kitchen a large window facing south was almost obliterated by wooden tubs filled with gigantic begonias and geraniums, Mrs. McClintock's speciality. She was also an excellent cook and the McClintocks were famous for their hospitality and kindness.

This land was bisected by the old Stoney Indian Trail



but William left gates on this trail when he fenced the quarter, so the Indians continued to use it and they naturally had many Indian visitors.

One day in 1918, Mrs. McClintock became very ill and William hitched his little buckskin horse to the buggy to drive to the Joe Robinson ranch to phone for a doctor. Robinsons', ten miles from the McClintocks, was the nearest telephone.

Shortly before William reached the bridge on the Elbow, about a quarter of a mile from our house, (Jake Fullerton's) the horse shied and bolted, throwing William out and smashing the buggy against some trees. He led the horse into our place and was so angry that he would have shot his horse if he had a gun. He asked my mother if someone would ride his little beast to the Robinsons. As usual my father was not home and I was asked to go, carrying a note for Mrs. Robinson. William told me to ride "the hay out of the horse." I did lope him most of the way but I was just a little kid and susceptible to saddle sores on a sixteen mile ride. I remained while Mrs. Robinson phoned the doctor; then she wrote a note for me to take home and the doctor arrived that evening. Many old-timers and their families will be forever grateful to Mrs. Joe (Hester) Robinson for the numerous times she assisted in getting emergency phone calls through, before a line was constructed to Bragg Creek.

When the war broke out in 1914, their son Bill enlisted and served overseas in the medical corps for the duration. When he returned home, he homesteaded NE¼ 14-23-5W5. (Entered 1920, patented 1925. Previous entrants: William Ferguson, 1914; George Park, 1915, Percy Slingsby, 1919.) He worked for Angus MacDonald as a plasterer in Calgary and also helped his parents on their place. During the 1930's as they were growing elderly, Mr. and Mrs. McClintock built a cottage in the hamlet of Bragg Creek. Slim McKeague and Bill McClintock cut and hauled the logs and helped to build the house, which was about half way between Mrs. White's and Mrs. Coates' stores. The homestead at this time was sold to Bill Colpitts who had Mr. and Mrs. George Woods live there to run the place as a fox farm. It is now owned by W. Friley. In 1927 W. A. McClintock, presumably Bill, entered SE¼ 4-23-5W5 but did not patent. Bill McClintock drove a truck for Mrs. Coates at

this time, hauling supplies to the store from Calgary. He was later a lookout man with the Forestry on Moose Mountain. He died suddenly during the 40's.

In the 1930's, not long after they moved into the village, Mr. McClintock died. Mrs. McClintock went to live with her daughter Mrs. Bell in Calgary but died a few years later.

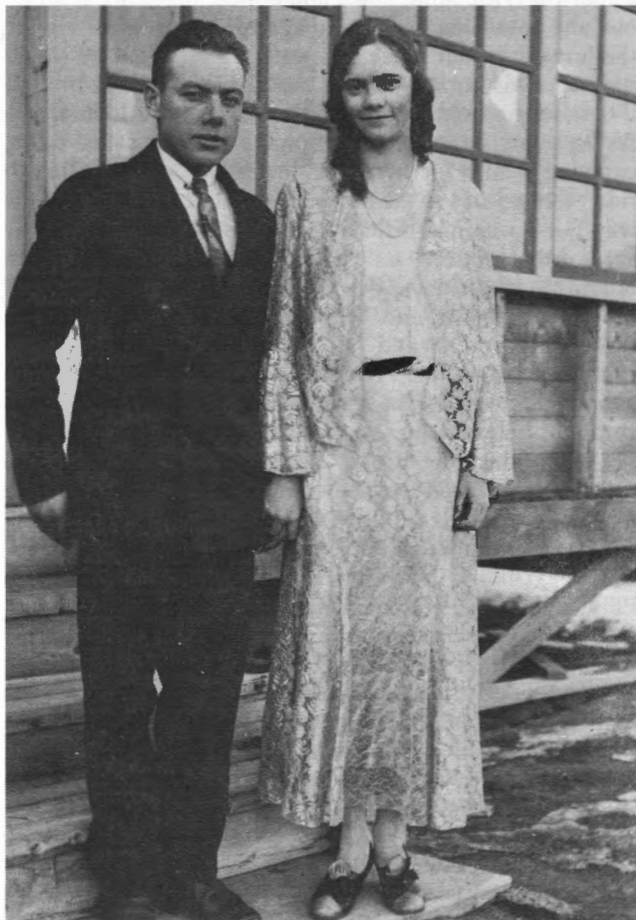
GILBERT "SHORTY" MITCHELL — by Freda Purmal

Shorty Mitchell was raised in the Lac La Biche country and arrived in the Turner Valley area in 1928 or 1929. He worked in the oilfields and once had a near fatal accident at Gorge Creek while hauling a wagon load of pipe for Indian Oils. On a steep hill and dangerous curve, the wagon tipped and rolled over the bank.

Shorty also worked for Ellison Capers of the Round T and Kentucky Ranches. He was a guide with packer Les Foster, wrangler Beryl Posegate and cook Jerry Unwin. The Capers operated a guest ranch and conducted parties into the Kananaskis Lakes region by pack train.

During the 1936 forest fire on Elk River, Shorty worked as a packer for ranger Fred Nash.

About 1930 he arrived in the Bragg Creek district, breaking land on the Alex Walker place and working for Chummy Cresswell. He met and married Alva Fullerton in 1931, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Muncaster. Alva was the second native to be married by Captain Muncaster, the first being Anne Fullerton.



Wedding photo of Gilbert "Shorty" Mitchell and Alva Fullerton, 1931.

Shorty and Alva lived on the S.W. ¼, 31-22-4-5. They had one son, Lawrence John "Johnny," born May 25, 1932. These were depression days and hardships were many but Shorty was an enterprising individual and Alva a willing worker so they managed to get along by hunting rabbits for fox farms and doing whatever jobs were available from neighbors.

Shorty enjoyed telling a story of how he trained one of his horses to come to the barn when called. Evidently this horse would not be caught in the pasture and by devious means, evaded being driven into the corrals. One day Shorty took his shotgun into the pasture, positioned himself behind the animal and shot a blast of pellets into the horse's posterior. He said from that time on he never had any difficulty persuading the horse to go to the barn.

When wildcat wells began drilling near the Mitchell home, Shorty obtained work on them until they shut down in that area. He then went on with them in other areas and was working for Cody Spencer Drilling Co., when in the 1940s while hauling some pipe, the truck went out of control and rolled in the ditch at a curve on Macleod Trail, just north of Midnapore. Shorty was killed in this accident.

Shorty was often reckless to the point of being foolhardy but he was always willing to help a neighbor in trouble and actually risked his life in his rescue of the Frank Badley and Charles Harwood families during the big flood of 1932.

Several years after Shorty's death, Alva married Harry Rivers and went to Rimbey to live. She died of cancer on April 4, 1960. Their son, Johnny married Reta Lynn Whitney in 1955 and made their home at Black Diamond. They had five children; Larene, Shelley, Lyle, Arlene and Stacey.

Johnny Mitchell was killed in a machinery accident near Millarville on April 24, 1973.

The old Shorty Mitchell place at Bragg Creek is now owned by "Buzz" Crosby.

REV. WILLIAM HENRY MUNCASTER — 1855-1933 — (Contributed by his granddaughter, Joan Merryfield and based on the Muncaster diaries and conversations with his daughter Mary Burby and his son Alfred E. Muncaster.)

Cattle: YM left hip YM

Horses: MS right shoulder MS

Born at Trafalgar Terrace, Broughton-in-Furness, Lancashire. He studied at the University of Edinburgh with a view to becoming a journalist and it was here that he met Eliza Tait Wilson whom he married on Sept. 21, 1877. They had five children, Margaret, James, Alfred, Eric, and Mary (my mother). He later became a Congregational minister and received his M.A. and B.D. He had a church at Stirling, Scotland in 1887 and at that time resided at 9 Douglas Terrace, which overlooked the field of Bannockburn. He later held charges at Beccles, Suffolk and at West Bromwich, Staffordshire.

On Feb. 27, 1907 he sailed from Liverpool on the C.P.R. steamship Lake Erie accompanied by his two sons Jim and Alfred and landed in St. John, Mar. 12. They paid a four hour visit to a brother, J. J. Muncaster, in Montreal and their long train journey ended in Calgary on Mar. 17, 1907. They spent the night in the



Rev. W. H. and Mrs. Muncaster in their early days at the ranch.

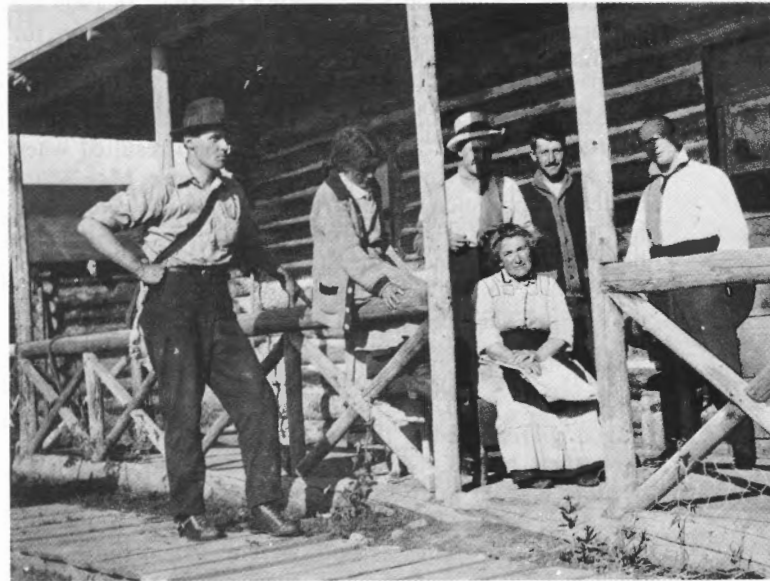
Photo courtesy Mrs. Mary Burby

Victoria Hotel in the company of Mr. *Gray-Donald* of Priddis (see Priddis section) who was to guide them to the homestead. The following morning they purchased a team of horses and on the second day after their arrival drove with Mr. Gray-Donald to his Priddis ranch, Eweny. The next day they rode to the upper Fish Creek valley (south fork) which at that time was known as Graystoke Township, where they made their choice of homesteads and of C.P.R. land to purchase. Following a trip to Calgary the next day to file on the homesteads they moved to the ranch site, NE $\frac{1}{4}$ 18-22-4W5. (NE $\frac{1}{4}$ entered by W. H. Muncaster, Mar. 22, 1907, patented 1910; NW $\frac{1}{4}$ by James W. Muncaster, Mar. 22, 1907 and 1913; SE $\frac{1}{4}$ by Eric Muncaster, 1915, 1921. Alfred E. Muncaster entered SW $\frac{1}{4}$ 20-22-4W5 on the same day in 1907; patented 1912.) By Mar. 27, ten days after their arrival, Mr. Muncaster was busy clearing land for a garden, they had purchased implements and had enjoyed visits from a man named Cummings (probably Walter J. C. Cummins who entered NW $\frac{1}{4}$ 24-22-4W5 in 1907 but did not patent), Nigel Gray-Donald (entered NE $\frac{1}{4}$ 16-22-4W5 in 1907 but did not patent) and had as their guest a young man named Napier (George C. Napier entered SE $\frac{1}{4}$ 20-22-4W5 on the same day as the Muncasters made their entries in 1907 but did not patent. Later homesteaded by Frederick G. Edgar.) In a short time they purchased more horses and, as noted in the diary, "brought them to our valley", thus beginning their horse raising activities. Cattle and chickens were soon added and a careful record of daily production was kept. By the time the homestead inspector Mr. Bryant called in May, Jim was busy breaking land, the garden was partly planted and they had made the acquaintance of a neighbor Mr. Rawlinson (probably Stanley Rawlinson, who entered NW $\frac{1}{4}$ 30-22-4W5 on Mar. 21, 1907, but did not patent). Charlie (Charles C., entered Mar. 21, 1907, but did not patent) Smythe who lived a mile and a half north on the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ 30-22-4W5 soon became a frequent visitor. The *Stanton* boys (see Priddis) from east of Priddis visited on weekends and Joe *Fisher* (see Millarville-



Mary Muncaster and her dog "Barney" on the banks of Fish Creek, which runs through the ranch.

Photo courtesy Mrs. Mary Burby



Visitors, Mrs. Muncaster and family visit with friends on the porch of the ranch house. L. to R.: Jim Muncaster, Mary Muncaster, —, Eric Muncaster, —, Mrs. Muncaster, seated.

Kew) from Millarville would ride in to spend the night. There was surely no loneliness in this new way of life.

After some work on the north trail it became passable for a team and wagon and by July 1907 Jim was able to go for lumber at the Tom *Fullerton* sawmill located near where the Provincial Park is today. It was an all day round trip. It was during this first summer that the *Stoney* Indians visited the Muncaster ranch as well as another neighbor Mr. *DeMille* and his boys (see

Millarville-Kew). In Sept. of that year a heavy snowfall made it very difficult to travel from Chittem Springs (named after a *métis* trapper) through the Indian Reserve to Fish Butte and on to the ranch. This storm also made it impossible for Charlie Smythe to remain at his camp on his homestead so he moved to the Muncasters until conditions improved. During the weeks that followed work commenced on the digging of the cellar for the new house. Trooper Oliver of the R.N.W.M.P. spent the night while on patrol in the hills and George Pocaterra and Mr. Webb from High River were made welcome. The following months were filled with the building of the house in preparation for the arrival of Mrs. Muncaster and Mary, who had remained behind in England. By Jan., 1908 the building was almost completed.

There were great preparations at the Ranch on Feb. 7, 1908 as Mrs. Muncaster and Mary were arriving in Calgary that day and Mr. Muncaster was off to meet them. They were driven to their new home by team and sleigh the next day and what a wonderful welcome it was as the boys ran to greet them. Many neighbors called in the following weeks including Frank Hopkins, Joe Woolings, George Gamsby (see Priddis), Norman Champion (see Priddis) and Jack March. (John Norman Champion originally entered NE¼ 16 in 1909 but did not patent and entered NW¼ 22-22-4W5 in 1911 and patented it in 1916.) John E. March entered NW¼ 20-22-4W5 in 1908 but did not patent. Many of these were to be good neighbors for many years to come. A helping hand to neighbors was a must and the diaries record many instances of the new settlers working together. In 1909 the Muncasters brought in extra supplies and kept a store for neighbors and for the Indians who travelled the Morley Trail, but this carried on for only a short while as "credit" was a problem. In 1910 the Irishman Dennis O'Haggarty called and a farm friendship resulted when Jim Muncaster helped him to build his house. Mrs. Muncaster became such a good friend that Dennis referred to her as "The Reverend Mother Muncaster". She also became a true friend to the Stoney Indians and they often visited her. One Christmas she sent to England for 50 dolls which she dressed and gave to the Stoney children. In later years many young Indian men would come to her and say "You have Papoose for my little girl?"

In June, 1910 a party of surveyors headed by Mr. Edgcombe camped at the ranch and Jim and Alfred reshod their horses. Mr. William Shankland, who later became Ranger at the Elbow, was with this party. Mr. and Mrs. Muncaster entertained them with violin and piano in the evenings as both were excellent musicians. Church services were held in their ranch home at this time with neighbors travelling there by team and on horseback to attend. About this time more work needed doing on the north trail (the main route to Bragg Creek from the south) and the *Livingstons*, the *Grahams*, Wesley *Fitzgerald* and Stanley *Fullerton* came to lend a helping hand with the grading. During the winter of 1910 and 1911, Jim, Alfred, Jack March and Bert Cobden set up a logging camp a mile and east of the ranch and cut logs for DeMille's saw mill. They jokingly named their operation "Slabholme". During the summer of 1911 Alfred and Bert Cobden went to work at a plant at Exshaw where Bert Cobden suffered a fall which resulted in his death. By this time Jack *Little* (see Millarville-Kew)

had homesteaded on Whiskey Creek and Jim had helped him build his cabin in 1912. Mary Muncaster with her dogs went to visit Mrs. Little, a bride, who had just baked a pie and put it to cool on the outside window sill. Intent on welcoming her guest she forgot all about her pie — the dogs didn't — they ate it!

In the years from 1907 to 1912 the ranch was put in shape for the boys Jim and Alfred to operate and Mr. Muncaster once more answered his call to serve mankind in the ministry. He served at Grassy Lake, Nobelford and Purple Springs, driving by horse and buggy to hold his services. Mrs. Muncaster and Mary joined him in Nobelford later, Mary spending part of her time there and part at the ranch.

Jim and Alfred took turn about working off the ranch at this time. In May, 1912 King Bearspaw delivered a letter to Alfred from George Pocaterra who needed a camp cook at Kananaskis Lakes. Alfred accepted the job at \$50.00 per month and rode off the following day with King Bearspaw. This party was cutting pack trails for the Forestry in the Kananaskis Lakes area, and the workers were mostly Stoney men and women. The job worked out well. In Aug., 1912 Mr. Helmer (Forestry Superintendent) and Alfred Muncaster went on a road making survey in the Forest Reserve and by September Alfred was kept busy making a bridge in the reserve. His Forestry work had really begun. During that month he went on a pack trip with other Forestry men — Mr. Millar, Fred *Edgar* and Ranger Brown (from the North Fork of Sheep Creek). At this time a site was chosen by Fred Edgar and Alfred Muncaster for the Sarcee Cache Ranger Station which was located about a mile and a half west of the Muncaster buildings at the Big Flat. Alfred set to work fencing the area immediately after the site was chosen. He then rode to Jumping Pound where Ted *Howard* had a gang of Indians working and had the workers come to the Sarcee district to help build a forest wagon trail. They were able to work until Dec. 5. During the winter the logs were cut and hauled for the stable at the Sarcee Cache Ranger Station and then for the cabin. In the spring of 1913 the Forestry boundary was posted by a Mr. Nye, a forest assistant, and later Alfred assisted him in moving camp to the north fork of the Sheep. The ranch was a popular stopping off place for Forestry men.

In the spring of 1914 Jim was busy clearing land for Fred Edgar (who had settled on the land adjoining the Muncasters) and helping dig the basement for his new home. However Jim never saw the job completed as when World War I broke out he was one of the first to enlist. While serving with the 31st Battalion he received the D.C.M. He was married in England during the war and his wife May and son Phillip returned to Canada with him. He served with the militia with the rank of lieutenant during the years following the war, when he was farming in the Red Deer district. Jim passed away suddenly at the early age of 44 years. His wife May now resides in Ladner, B.C. and their son Phillip is a maintenance inspector with Air Canada and lives in Pointe Claire, P.Q.

Alfred joined the Army Service Corps and was soon posted overseas. He later joined the Royal Flying Corps as a pilot and was shot down and wounded in action. Alfred also married while overseas and returned to Canada with his wife Olive and worked partly on the



The Passing of The Queen-Mother

The Mayor, Commissioner and Aldermen of the City of Calgary request the presence of loyal citizens at a brief

Memorial Service

in Central United Church, on Friday, November 27th, 1925, from 12.15 noon to 12.45. The Mayor will preside and Miss Phyllis Chapman, L.A.B. will be at the Organ.

ORDER OF SERVICE

Highland Lament - - - Piper J. MacMillan, 10th Batt.

Hymn "O God, our help in ages past"

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of Thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home. Amen.

Scripture Sentences - The Rev. Capt. W. H. Muncaster, M.A., B.D.

Prayer - - - The Rev. George A. Dickson

Hymn "Rock of Ages"

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

Address - - - The Rev. Canon James, B.A.

Dead March from "Saul"

God Save The King.

Benediction - - - The Rev. H. W. Avison, M.A., B.D.

ranch and in Calgary. They had one son, Michael. Alfred became an instructor in the Technical School which was established on the Colonel Walker Estate to train war veterans and was the beginning of SAIT. He worked with Charlie Choate at this time. It was necessary for Alfred to return to England for treatment of war injuries and he and his wife now make their home at East Cowes, Isle of Wight.

The Muncasters' third son, Eric had remained in England to attend Oxford University but came to Canada to teach high school at the coast before the war. He spent the war years on the ranch with Mrs. Muncaster and Mary as Mr. Muncaster had joined up, leaving his ministry at Blairmore to do so, soon after the outbreak of war and was serving as a Chaplain with the 89th Battalion overseas. Following the war Eric Muncaster became Vice-Principal of the High School at Blairmore, Alta. He was later involved in newspaper work and for some time lived in Montreal. He and his wife returned to England and he made his home in Oxford until his death.

Mary, the youngest child of the W. H. Muncasters, was born in Birmingham, England in 1895. She received

her education in West Bromwich, Staffs. Though in poor health when with her mother she left England to join her father and brothers, the invigorating climate of southern Alberta seemed to agree with her and she was able to enjoy ranch life to the full, and in a short time showed a natural ability for riding horseback. The ten mile ride to Priddis for mail and supplies was a weekly necessity and Mary often made the trip, accompanied by her faithful dog Barney. Her favorite place was the ranch but during her father's ministry at Nobleford and Blairmore she did spend time in these communities and while in Nobleford worked as telephone operator. During World War I she and her brother Eric ran the ranch and Mrs. Muncaster lived with them. She married Leo Burby in 1920 and went to live on his homestead which was north of the Muncaster ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Muncaster spent the rest of their years in Calgary where Rev. Muncaster was pastor of Westmount United Church. He did not lose touch with his old neighbors; after the war he drove from Calgary to Square Butte to hold church services at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Lyall (see Millarville-Kew). Dedicated to the armed forces and to returned men he served as Chaplain of the Alberta Military Institute, the Second Reserve Battalion of the Calgary Regiment, the Calgary Branch of the Royal Canadian Legion and the Colonel Belcher Hospital. After full and useful lives Mrs. Muncaster passed away in 1928 and Mr. Muncaster in 1933. Muncaster Way in Calgary was named after him.

DENNIS O'HAGGERTY — by Freda Purmal

Dennis O'Haggerty homesteaded the NE¼ 26-21-5W5, in 1909, patented 1918. As his name implies, he was an Irish immigrant. Prior to homesteading, he had operated a butcher shop in the Bankview district of Calgary.

Dennis was a man who left everyone who knew him with a deep impression and mixed emotions. Before leaving Ireland, he had studied for the priesthood and sung in a Catholic boy's choir and while he willingly admitted he had "the voice of an angel," anyone who heard him sing would agree. Our family would often put on our coats and stand outside, listening to him singing as he drove his team along the trail, homeward from a journey to Calgary. We could hear his beautiful voice for half a mile, in the still crisp air of a winter night.

Knowing of his many years of religious teachings, though, one would normally have assumed that his religious training would have made him a man compassionate towards both fellow man and beast; he was actually cruel to animals and this did not enhance his popularity. His horses were half starved and broken in spirit. Often his team would be exhausted by the time they reached our ranch on returning from Calgary and unable to pull the wagon up the hills; Dennis would just unhitch and walk home, leaving them without food. When my father was aware of this situation, he would take some hay and oats to wherever Dennis had left them for the night.

In about 1915 or 1916, Dennis surprised his neighbors by bringing home a bride, Molly, who was also from Ireland. She was a hard working woman and soon had the bachelor establishment turned into a comfortable home. She was the dominant partner and built up a

sizable herd of milk cows. Unfortunately she possessed a similar disposition as her husband, harassing the neighbors by cutting their fences and using their hay and pasture.

My father owned the adjoining northwest quarter of Section 26, which had a big hay meadow and flowing spring. This was where our winter supply of hay was cut and stacked and the pasture was used in the winter for the saddle and pack horses. No matter how well the fences were kept in repair, O'Haggerty's cattle were in our haystacks or grazing. My father talked to them about it, receiving humble apologies, but the cattle continued to feed in our land.

One evening near dusk my father and I rode the four miles from home, to the meadow and, as usual, the milk cows were merrily enjoying our freshly cut hay. Father was furious and as we driving the cattle back to their owners, we met Molly. She did not see us and, thinking the cows were coming home by themselves she started yelling at them and waving her apron, trying to head them back. Then she saw us. Although caught in the act, she still insisted she did not know how the cattle got through the fence, so my father rode along it and, only a few yards from their house, discovered a small, cleverly concealed gate and a well worn path into our field. Confronted with the evidence and by my very angry father, the O'Haggerty cows gave us no further trouble but their neighbor to the north was soon the victim of the same scheme. They notified the Mounties who came out and settled the issue.

One spring day Molly found an abandoned fawn in our meadow. She carried the little creature home, bottle fed it and turned it into a household pet. However, as it grew into a yearling, it almost killed Molly by rearing and pulling its razor-sharp hoofs downward. Molly's dress was ripped from the neck down and she suffered deep gashes to her chest and stomach. Dennis immediately turned the pet into a few months' supply of venison.

About 1926 the O'Haggertys left Bragg Creek and purchased a place in south Jumping Pound. Molly died while there and Dennis sold the farm to Sam Copithorne. Dennis died several years later while living in the Cochrane area. Before going to Jumping Pound they lived for a brief period in the Priddis district.

OUR NEIGHBORS OF THE 1930s — Freda Purmal

Older residents will remember the many friends and neighbors who came to the district during the depression years but remained for a brief period. Several young men drifted into the district seeking some respite from the hopeless employment conditions in the city. A few of these were familiar with the country and residents, having been here as youngsters in Boy Scout camps or with their parents on summer vacations.

These men were willing workers and thankful to have an opportunity to earn enough to subsist. They sometimes lived with families, receiving little more than board and room, others lived in low rental cabins. They drove teams, trucks, cut wood and mine props, helped with haying, hunted and trapped. They were earning their living while waiting out the depression period.

Another group of people took up residence during these years, they were mostly families trying the fox farm business. The Colpitts Ranches of Springbank estab-

lished these people on rented quarter sections, with a start of foxes which they raised on a share basis. With a few milk cows, pigs and poultry, they managed to feed and clothe themselves but had little else.

Some of these families were; the Jim Murrays, the Elmer Jamesons, the Allens, the George Woods, the Charlie Stantons, Louie Papp, Geoff Norman, Slim Summerville and Bill Colpitts. These respected people joined in the local activities, lending their varied talents in the community functions. When the fox fur market declined to an unprofitable business, these good neighbors gradually left the district.

THOMAS OWENS — BY Freda Purmal

In 1913 the NE¼ 25-22-5W5 was homesteaded by Mrs. Jane Owens, patented 1922. Tommy her son, built a little cabin and barn and had a small team of white horses. My father hired him to haul coal from Canyon Creek to the Mowbray-Berkeley oil well but he could not be depended upon to haul daily as his little team was not in condition to make the arduous trip more often than about twice weekly.

He kept very much to himself. He was mechanically inclined and drove an old Ford car at a time when the only other car in Bragg Creek was Harry *White's*. The neighbors were very curious about Tommy when the Mounties made numerous calls on him. Rumours were rampant but no one ever knew the reason for these official visits, so he remained a rather mysterious character.

Tommy left during the war years and either operated or worked in a garage in Calgary.

This place was vacant for many years or used for pasture, and in 1932 the log Two Pine School was built a few yards from the Owens' cabin. The land is now part of the *Connop Ranch*.

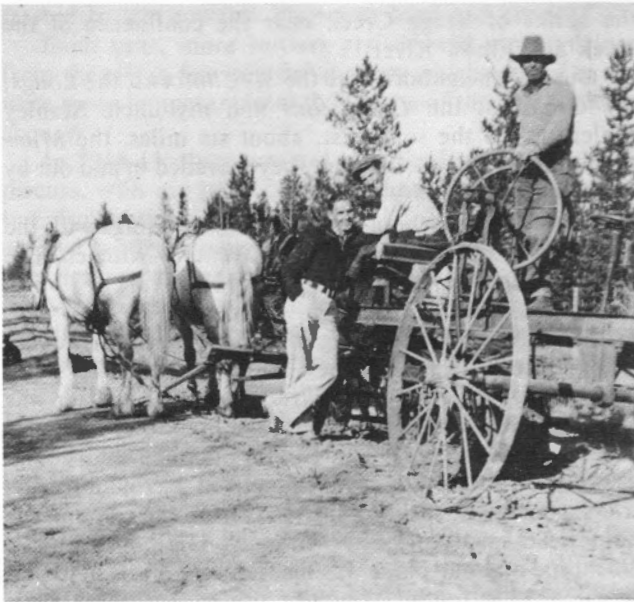
"RED" PEPPER — by Freda Purmal

Probably so called because of his shock of red hair, he arrived in Bragg Creek in 1917 and lived in a tent on the property which Bob *Marston* had vacated, SE¼ 9-23-5W5. He had a large herd of horses. He was accompanied his little son, Harvey, and another small boy known only as "Little Jake." They had come from somewhere in the States. They remained about a year and then left for Rolla, B.C., shipping all their horses to their new home. Charles *Hurst* and family were the next owners of this quarter.

WILFRED GEORGE "BUNNY" PURMAL — 1906-1968 — by Freda Purmal

WP

Born in Medicine Hat, the youngest son of Charles Purmal and Mary Wetmon. Charles emigrated to Medicine Hat in 1890 from near Riga, Latvia. He homesteaded a quarter of prairie land which is now part of the city. He recalled the skating parties of those early days and how his family cut the prairie hay to feed the horses used at the brickyard which he and his brother built, owned and operated as the Medicine Hat Brick Company. In 1898 he married Mary Elizabeth Wetmon, an immigrant from Suffolk, England. They had five children, Alfred, Violet, Ernest, Wilfred and Maude. Owing to a heart condition, Charles was advised to move



Municipal Road Maintenance, 1935. Jake Fullerton maintained the Bragg Creek-Calgary road through the Sarcee Reserve and some of the Municipal roads with his four-horse team outfit. Here is Jake operating the angle and depth wheels of the grader, Bunny Purmal driving the teams. Bunny's friend and former team-mate of pro baseball days in Vancouver, Don Weaver, visiting.

to Vancouver, so in 1912 the brickyard was sold and the family moved to the coast. Some Purmal property was still retained in Medicine Hat until the 1930's.

Wilfred (Bunny) Purmal was raised and educated in the Grandview district of Vancouver. From the time when he was a very young boy, he was keenly interested in sports; football, basketball and especially baseball. From the sandlots he graduated to professional baseball, playing on the Pacific coast and in Trail, B.C. He worked for the American Can Company for several years, then changed to the auto body repair business, learning the trade in a Chevrolet agency garage in Vancouver. In between jobs and playing baseball, he spent several fall seasons working on threshing crews in Saskatchewan, a winter near Shushwap Lake, working in a railroad tie-cutting camp, and one spring and summer in the Cariboo country, trying his luck at gold mining.

On November 11, 1933, we were married in Victoria. Bunny was working for Slinger's Winery and playing ball for the company, earning a weekly salary of \$20.00. I was living in Vancouver, working for a wholesale grocery firm, making \$15.00 for a 5½ day week. By October of 1934, we had saved \$100.00. We packed all our worldly belongings into our 1928 Chev. coupe and headed for Bragg Creek, intending only to stay the winter, enjoying a visit with my family after an absence of five years.

We lived in one of my mother's summer cabins that first winter, Bunny working for my father, cutting mine props for \$1.50 a day. I had a rabbit snare line, so with our combined revenue we were able to live comfortably. Each Saturday the frozen rabbits were loaded in the back of the coupe and delivered to Colpitts' fox farm; then on to Calgary to purchase groceries and make sure my father never missed MacLeans' Saturday Auction Sales.

In the spring of 1935 we rented W½ 1-23-5W5 from my uncle and aunt, the James *MacNeils*. At this time

Bunny received a telegram from the manager of a baseball club in Trail, B.C. He was offered a job in the smelter if he would play ball for the "Tadanac Indians." In dire need for funds, we left for Trail where Bunny received \$4.00 a day working on furnace flues in the smelter. We lived in a tent in an auto court until fall, returning to Bragg Creek to prepare to live on our rented property, which had a barn but no house.

We received permission from the *MacNeils* to move a small log cabin from the NW¼ to the SW¼ near the barn. Bunny and my father jacked up the building and intended moving it on two sleighs, with two teams of horses — a good idea only it did not work. As soon as the building started to move the teams bolted, throwing both drivers into the trees, and, a few hundred feet farther on, the teams dashed into a big spruce grove, smashing the sleighs and harness and leaving the cabin at a precarious angle. It was then decided to dismantle the logs and reconstruct it on the new site.

In 1936, Bunny submitted a tender to the Federal Government for a contract to haul the mail from Bragg Creek to Calgary and return, including a pickup at the Pirmez Creek Post Office, operated by Captain Gardner, Clem's father. The tender was accepted and the monthly salary was \$33.00 for the 60 mile round trip. A couple of months after starting the mail route, the Elbow Oil Co. resumed drilling operations, about a mile from our home, and Bunny was offered a job as a tool dresser at \$6.00 a day, seven days a week. \$6.00 a day seemed like a bonanza and he accepted the job.

I was sworn in as assistant mail carrier and continued on the job twice weekly besides milking several cows and caring for the other livestock and poultry. The winter of 1936 was the coldest I ever remember; several times the temperature dropped to 60 below and there was deep and drifted snow. We had a Model A Ford and I left it at the oil well. When I was ready for the mail trip, the men had run hot steam through the radiator and had it going. I often picked up the men's pay cheques in Calgary and hauled groceries when the camp cook was low on supplies so the crew was anxious to see me get to Calgary and return.

When the oil well shut down, Bunny went to work in Calgary for Detroit Auto Body Shop, coming home on weekends. When our four year mail contract was about to expire, we declined an offer to continue when the Postal Department refused to raise the pay rate.

When the Calgary 14th Tank Regiment was formed, Bunny enlisted in "B" company and within ten days the men were sent to Camp Borden. I sold all the livestock and equipment and followed him to Toronto where I got a job in a service station. My sister Hazel accompanied me as her husband had already been shipped overseas.

A few days before embarkation, Bunny and nine others were categorized down for health reasons and returned to Calgary. Upon his discharge he again started working on oil rigs, the first being Inland Sarcee, drilling in the area of Water Wonderland, between Priddis and Bragg Creek. From there to Calmont Oils in Turner Valley, Shell Oil at Jumping Pound, Lloydminster, and various other locations in Alberta and Saskatchewan — fifteen years in all.

We lived for eight years in the Willowhurst subdivision of Springbank where we again started to farm and

raise cattle but the city people began moving in and land was too high priced to continue.

In 1956 we purchased a quarter section in the Midnapore-Red Deer Lake area, NE¼ 17-22-1W5, formerly owned by the pioneer family of Robert Hamilton.

Bunny died in February, 1968. I sold the remainder of the quarter in acreages and moved to the Millarville district, purchasing the SE¼ 26-21-3W5 from Robert *Winthrop*. (See Millarville-Kew) This is my home today, raising a few head of purebred Angus cattle.

Time will never erase my childhood memories of my life at Bragg Creek. Apart from the natural beauties of the country there was such unlimited freedom and space to enjoy the wonderful everyday adventures of every young child in that era and environment. Luxuries were few, hardships and frustrations were many but always viewed in a philosophical manner. Without their optimism and their faith in themselves and the country, our pioneer parents and grandparents would never have survived to leave us their precious heritage.

PERSONAL MEMORIES — by Freda Purmal

My first recollection of Bragg Creek is of March, 1913, and one of those blustery, cold days when my family moved from the large, comfortable brick house in Bankview to our new ranch home.

My father had fixed up a little tent affair in the back of the democrat with blankets and hot rocks for my sister Anne and me. I was then 4 years old and Anne was 2½. Dad and Mother rode on the seat of the rig, Dad driving our little blue roan team, Tommy and Billie. Mother was all bundled up in her long beaver coat, holding sister Ruth, who was about 13 months old.

We arrived at dusk, cold and hungry, following the 30 mile drive in the storm. My grandfather *Wilson* was waiting for us, with several kerosene lamps burning, wood fires in the kitchen range and an air-tight heater, and a hot, nourishing supper.

Our new home was small, with a kitchen, living room and two bedrooms. The interior was made of a material called "beaver board" and over this each room was papered in colorful designs. The exterior was brown stained shingles and there was a large screened verandah. Outside was a two-hole privy made of the self-same beaver board. Several years later the cattle got in the yard one night and ate all the beaver board; so only the wooden skeleton remained by morning.

There was a large shed, one end with a work bench and tool compartments, the other end for storing the buggy. It had double doors with a slot through the top of the door for the end of the buggy pole to protrude. The barn was quite large enough to hold twelve horses and there was a tack room and feed bin together, with the stairway to the loft. The barn was all shingled and stained dark red.

All the materials for the buildings had been hauled from Calgary by team and wagon. Grandfather *Wilson* and William *McClintock* had done the building, beginning in 1912.

There was a log cabin a few yards from the house which had been constructed several years previously by grandfather Fullerton and my uncles. My father had purchased the land from his father, NW¼ 12-23-5W5, on

the banks of Bragg Creek near the confluence of the creek and Elbow River.

Our only neighbors were the *McClintocks*, the *Longs*, the *Grahams*, the *Livingstons* and my uncle Stanley Fullerton. To the southeast, about six miles, the *Muncaster* family were settled but they travelled in and out by way of Priddis.

There was no school and no public buildings with the exception of the post office in the *Grahams'* kitchen. The nearest telephone was at the Joe *Robinson* ranch, 8 miles towards Calgary.

From the very beginning of life on the ranch we had many visitors. The old Stoney Trail had come over a hill between our house and the barn. When this quarter was fenced, the Indians had to detour but my father left gates nearby and we always had Stoneys coming and going. There were cowboys and ranchers from surrounding districts, geologists, surveyors, friends from the city and the homestead inspector, Bill Tempany. His home was at Cochrane and our place was his first stop-over on his inspection tour south. Mounties made our home their headquarters while in the district. Everyone was assured of a warm barn with grain and hay for their horses and although cramped for space, a visitor always had a warm bed and good meals as my mother was an excellent cook.

My father was an ardent fisherman and hunter, so most of our meat and fish came from the nearby woods and streams. In the summer we all picked wild fruit, mostly saskatoons, chokecherries, ground cranberries and blueberries. There was sometimes an abundance of wild strawberries, black currants, raspberries and gooseberries. We gathered what we could as fresh fruit was a luxury in which we seldom indulged.

Sunday was always a day of rest for the work horses so when the weather was nice, dad would hitch up the buggy team and the whole family would go for a picnic and fishing or visiting distant neighbors. When the first forest ranger, Bill Fisher and his wife and baby, (of Okotoks) settled at the Elbow Ranger Station, my family would visit them. Mrs. Fisher was always so happy to talk to another woman, being in such an isolated area.

When Mother was about to have another baby, Dad would ride 8 miles to Joe *Robinson's* to phone Dr. Crawford. The Doctor would drive out, examine Mother and take her back with him to a Calgary hospital. Two weeks later she would be home with a new daughter and the bread-making, sewing, preserving and carrying water up a hill for household use, went on as usual. It would be eighteen months before the next repeat performance.

Dad had me riding one of the buggy horses before we left Calgary, when I was about 3 years old, and in the first Calgary Stampede in September, 1912, Dad and I rode together in the parade. When we were on the ranch my sisters were riding almost as soon as they could walk. All of us rode continually until we left home to attend high school in Calgary.

As we became older, Dad had us driving teams and skidding logs out of the bush with a big work horse. It was often bitterly cold and the snow was deep but we never seemed to mind it and became quite adept in guiding the horse and log through standing trees and stumps, without hitting anything. I remember how thrilling it was to be able to ride the big horse home at night, hanging onto the hames for dear life when the old boy

started to trot towards his warm barn and supper.

Each year, more settlers arrived and more visitors from the city, a few now driving cars which seemed to me were more temperamental than some of the balky horses around.

In 1914-15, there was not only the first world war to discuss, with my parents' friends and relatives enlisting, but also considerable activity in oil drilling. This not only created more team work for my father and his neighbors but also more excitement for all of us.

My father usually made a trip to Calgary once a month with the work team and wagon, if we needed a large supply of food and materials for the ranch, but quite often he would take the driving team and democrat. He broke many driving horses this way; they were complete brons before he left home but after a 30 mile run in one day and the return trip the following day they were fairly well broken.

The first livery barn I remember, where Dad left the teams, was one just off 11th St. on 14th Ave. S.W. This stable was operated for years by Hugh McPherson who at one time had his own farm in Springbank and had two brothers farming and in the dairy business in Elbow Valley. Hugh was exceptionally good at handling horses and I often wondered how he was ever able to get some of them harnessed. He always had teams harnessed and ready to go but it often took three or four men to get them hitched to the wagon. There were many mean and vicious horses being used in those days.

It took 8 to 9 hours to make the Calgary-Bragg Creek trip with the work team. It was a very excited household when we were all waiting for Dad's homecoming with so many mysterious boxes and parcels. On a cold winter night, we would be continually rushing outdoors to listen for the squeaking of the steel wagon tires in the frozen snow; then we would hear the jingles of the chain traces and know it would only be minutes till he drove in, so there was a scramble to get the kerosene lanterns lit and Mother would put his supper in the oven to keep warm.

After putting the team away and having supper, the unloading of the wagon began. Usually the biggest treat was to see a box of apples, all wrapped in paper and blankets to prevent freezing. There was the thrill of seeing a 10 lb. pail of peanut butter, canned tomatoes and the 4 lb. pails of jam. There were 25 lb. boxes of dried prunes and apricots and the moment a 5 lb. pail of lard came into view, we girls would have a scramble to claim that pail when it became empty. The Pat Burns lard came in bright red pails, Gainer's were bright yellow and Swift's were silver. These pails were what we used as lunch buckets when we went to school. Baking powder was in a large orange colored can, the brand named "Eggo". Eventually Dad would produce a brown paper bag of hard candy — this was the ultimate in joy.

It is difficult to imagine the youngsters of today becoming speechless with excitement over a 25 lb. box of dried prunes, a pail of lard or a can of "Eggo" baking powder.

In the early 1920's, summer campers began to arrive in droves and this prompted my father to begin renting saddle horses and having Saturday night dances. Some of the teenage girls who came introduced me to my first sight of such magazines as "True Romances" and movie magazines with real photos of the current stars. I was given quite a few of these but had to cache them somewhere outside where I could spend hours engrossed in repetitive stories of the beautiful, young and innocent girl, betrayed by a wealthy married man. The girl invariably was pregnant and in total disgrace but it always ended in fairy tale manner with an old and ordinary boy friend coming to the rescue. My mother forbade this stuff in the house, calling it "utter trash." If she found my cache outside, it ended up in the stove.

We had two large bookcases full of good books which we were encouraged to read and the first book I ever read was *Trail of the Lonesome Pine* by John Fox. I read this book three times and developed an insatiable appetite to read anything and everything including Dante's *Infer-*



Ready for Trail Ride in Bragg Creek Hills. 1923. L to R. — Jake Fullerton; Freda Fullerton; —; Roy Anderson; George Thompson; Ralph Anderson; Lloyd Mewburn; Ronald Richardson; Laura McQueen; Jean McPher-

son; Jean McQueen; Herbert Richardson; C. P. McQueen. Laurier Hill in background.

no, which I did not understand and whose illustrations frightened me out of my wits. I burned more midnight oil and candles than the rest of the family put together.

It was in the early 1920's when my father began having stampedes at the ranch. Most of the riders and ropers were local boys or from the surrounding districts of Cochrane, Jumping Pound, Priddis, Kew and Millarville. Dad also began entering chuckwagons and riders and pack outfits in the Calgary Stampede Parades. Many of the boys who began their careers at our ranch stampedes later became champions at Calgary and in the States.

When my father first began subdividing and selling acreages along the river frontage, one of the first log homes was built by the Whitneys. Dan and Molly were Americans. They owned and operated the Dominion and Whitney Hotels on 9th Ave., across from the Palliser. A man named McCool built the Whitney Lodge, with the help of Chummy *Cresswell*. This was when Chummy first came to Bragg Creek.

The Whitneys were very kindly people, helping many who were down on their luck. They were very fond of children and young people, often asking my mother to let us spend an afternoon with them, plying us with cocoa and cake and lovely gifts at Christmas. The first boy scout camp was encouraged by these kindly people and for several years the camp was on the Whitney land.

The lawyer, Howard McLean, his wife and daughter Mary and son Hugh, lived in a log house across the river from the Whitney lodge. I still possess a pair of spurs which Mr. McLean gave me for teaching his daughter Mary, to ride. Another lawyer, Mr. Fenerty, built a log home near the McLeans. The Fenerty family still own this property.

Down the river on our side, were several early acreage owners who spent all their holidays in their cottages. There was Tom and Rose Smith and their daughter Dorothy. Tom was caretaker of Calgary City Hall and the family lived in a suite directly under the big clock. Next to the Smith cabin were the Glennies, Harry, his wife, and their son Jack and daughters Jean and Bernice. Harry was a travelling salesman. There was the Jensen family of Crescent Bakery, the Dulmage family, the Stan Sextons, the Harry Walshaws, the Eric Richardsons, the W. B. Trotters and many more.

Among the early campers, and later renters of my mother's cabin, were the McQueens. Charlie McQueen was in the insurance business and for some time a director on the Calgary Stampede Board. Mr. and Mrs. McQueen had two daughters, Laura and Jean. Laura married Dr. E. R. Selby and Jean married Brian Horne, who now have an Arabian Horse ranch west of Priddis.

Jean and I had wonderful times together, riding around the hills, and participating in the Calgary Stampede Parade. One exciting week I spent at their home in Calgary with daily excursions to the exhibition grounds, Jean loaded down with passes for all the rides and side shows. She was dumbfounded when the only ride I was interested in was the Merry-go-round.

The Joe Longpre family were yearly visitors and campers. Mrs. Longpre, daughter Ruth and sons Gerald, "Buster", and Leslie were steadies, with Mr. Longpre spending the weekends with his family. Joe worked for Eau Clair lumber mills. Mrs. Longpre was related to Peter A. Prince who owned the mill. Often camping or

renting cabins near the Longpres, were the Bob McLarens. Bob was in charge of the horses at Pacific Cartage. Their daughters were Ressa and Carrie and son Gilmour. Ressa married bush pilot Archie McMullen and they lived at Fort McMurray. Gil McLaren also became a bush pilot and later, for many years, a pilot with Air Canada.

E. L. Richardson and his family were frequent campers, often in company with the McQueens. Mr. Richardson was for many years president of the Stampede Board. They had two sons, Herbert and Ronald and a daughter Doris; all three were very talented artists. Besides the wholesale grocery family of L. T. Mewburn, and the Hugh McPhersons, the *Springs* and Chapmans, there were many more.

It was at this time that my father organized trail rides in the area, all day trips to Moose Mountain and pack trains to Kananaskis Lake via the Elbow River and Elbow Lake.

Emanating from all our associations and activities during these years, I remember enough adventures and misadventures to fill a book.

The first time I left home was at the age of 14, when my mother enrolled me as a boarder in Sacred Heart Convent and I attended St. Mary's High School. We were not Roman Catholics but my mother had been a day scholar at the convent during her high school days and knew the Mother Superior and a few of the nuns who had been Mother's classmates. My mother reasoned that the discipline and education I would receive outside school hours would, hopefully, smooth off some rough edges and launch my thoughts into something other than horses and cowboys. I detested the confinement but the experience has never been regretted.

At the same time as I was ensconced in the convent, my sister Anne also came to the city to attend school. She worked for her board and room at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Trotter, who treated her as a member of the family and went so far as to inquire of my parents regarding her adoption.

After leaving the convent, only part of my life was spent on the ranch. Things were changing each year. Many homes were being constructed on my father's subdivision and many of our older friends were spending less time at Bragg Creek, with an influx of newcomers.

My father bought his first car in 1920; it was an 1918 model T Ford. The first evening he had it, he took my mother for a drive, ending up on a large clump of willows with the front wheels completely off the ground. It took a team of horses to pull it back to ground level. Then in 1928 he purchased a 1926 model and only had that a week when he turned it completely upside down on an icy street near the Salvation Army Home on 17th Ave. W. Fortunately neither Dad or his passenger were injured.

In the summer of 1929, my father bought his first truck, a Chev with gear shift, but it was over a year before he had the courage to drive it himself. I had been driving the model T's for several years and I was now delegated to drive the truck.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Withell and their three daughters, Frances, Verna and Phyllis were holidaying with us at the time and Mr. Withell offered to teach me how to operate the truck. In about an hour he decided I was qualified so

I was on my own from then on. My sisters learned soon after.

My father's driving skills were pathetic and dangerous. His mechanical endeavors were worse. Whenever the car stopped, out came the spark plugs for a cleaning with his pocket knife and that was the extent of it. He was able to change flat tires but the old Fords were gradually becoming a mass of baling wire, holding the fenders and body together.

In the extremely cold weather, it took twice as long to get the car or truck started as it did to make the trip to the city. Dad first lit a fire under the oil pan, then poured gallons of hot water through the radiator. If it still refused to start, a team was hitched to tow it around the yard. These performances were always laced with colorful language and my mother sighed with relief when he eventually was off down the road. With good luck, the trip to Calgary could be made in 1½ hours.

Among some of the prized possessions that I acquired in the 1920's are an ivory, carved bracelet, a gift from C. P. McQueen. A painting of the great horse, Man O'War, was a gift from Mr. Archibald for training a horse for his son to ride in the horse show. Mr. Archibald was then manager of Campbell & Griffin. Ken Binns presented me with a .250-.3000 Savage rifle for guiding him through the hills on hunting expeditions, and of course the bronze spurs came from Howard McLean.

For me, life has been a stimulating experience, having lived a part of the pioneer horse and buggy era, through various stages of change to the present beginning of space technology.

JACOB ARTHUR REINERTSON — by Freda Purmal



Jacob and Christy Reinertson emigrated from North Dakota to settle in Craik, Sask., in 1903. They arrived in Bragg Creek from Craik in 1918, and settled in the house on Jim Long's homestead, SE¼ 22-23-5W5. They remained here about a year before moving to Cochrane,



Reinertson home visitors. Back row, standing: L. to R.: Son-in-law and daughter of C. Millett, Mrs. Reinertson, Mrs. Millett, Millett daughter, Chester Reinertson, Jacob Jr. Reinertson, — —, Claude Millett (standing in front). Sitting on verandah: Millett girl, Alva Fullerton, Florence Reinertson, Rodina Reinertson, John Fullerton. Standing on stool: Mr. Jacob Reinertson.

Courtesy Mrs. S. Fullerton



Reinertson Family while living at Cochrane. Eva and brothers off for a sleigh ride to visit the Zang family. 1919.

Courtesy Mrs. S. Fullerton

settling near the Cochrane Lakes. A few years later they returned to Bragg Creek, living on a quarter just south of the Bragg Creek School, NE¼ 10-23-5W5, on which Jacob had entered in 1918, patenting it in 1922. The previous entrant was Thomas James Welch, 1915. In 1922 Chester W. Reinertson entered on SW¼ 10-23-5W5 and patented it in 1926. The previous entrant was Edward H. Bennett, 1914.

Mr. and Mrs. Reinertson had a large family mostly past school age. One daughter, Dora, was already married and living in California. Eva was the eldest daughter living at home until her marriage to Stanley Fullerton in 1920. The others were Jacob Jr., Chester, Clarence, Rodina, Florence and Reinert. The three latter attended Bragg Creek School.

The boys worked around the district wherever jobs were available. Eva often helped my mother with housework. During the time of dances in our home, Florence played the piano with Charlie Harwood on the violin. The girls were excellent cooks, judging by the delicious cakes they brought to the dances. Mr. Reinertson was quite an entertainer and was adept at tap dancing at parties. Mrs. Reinertson was a lovely lady and the Reinertson home was most hospitable to all comers. Eva loved riding and spent hours in the saddle, accompanying her brothers on long rides. She has continued riding with her husband and sons throughout the years.

There was a near tragedy in the family one rainy day in June in front of our home. It had been raining for 24 hours and the river and creeks were beginning to rise. Our milk cows had forded the creek the night before and during the night the streams had reached flood proportions so the cows refused to be coaxed back for milking. By mid morning, the creek was still rising and my father put a bridle on a big work horse and was ready to attempt crossing the creek when at that moment Chester and Clarence rode up. Clarence was riding a green broke horse and he insisted on crossing for the cows, so my father, never thinking of an accident, agreed. Before Clarence reached midstream, his horse stumbled and fell sideways; the cinch must have been loose as the saddle rolled under the horse and Clarence was thrown into the water and immediately swept downstream. Clarence was helpless, weighted down as he was with riding boots, chaps and slicker, and the water was icy cold. Luckily he

was swept close to some overhanging willows and was able to grab a hand hold; luckily also several men who had been constructing the Whitney Lodge were looking on. My father had them form a human chain and he went into the water and caught Clarence by the arm just as he was about to let go from the icy numbness. He had to be carried into the house where he was put to bed with hot water bottles and mother poured some hot brandy down his throat. He was so numb with cold and shock that he was not able to speak. In a few hours he recovered and was able to ride home. Months later he developed pneumonia and was hospitalized. My mother always maintained that it was probably caused by the near drowning.

When Rodina had finished school at Bragg Creek, she went to Calgary for a while, either to work or go to business school. Soon after, she married Lennie Mickle and left to live on the Mickle ranch at Jumping Pound. She died in May, 1935.

Florence married Allan La Pine and moved to Rolla, B.C.

In 1929, the Reinertson family moved from Bragg Creek to the Peace River country. Jacob Sr. died at Rolla in 1947 and Mrs. Reinertson died in 1942. Jacob Jr. now lives at Hundred Mile House, B.C., Chester and Clarence in Summerland, B.C., and Reinert lives at Salmon Arm. Florence is in Dawson Creek. They all married and have families.

January 1975 — Clarence Reinertson passed away suddenly at Summerland, B.C.

JOHN, "JOHNNY" B. ROBINSON 1883-1973 — by Vincent H. Robinson



John Robinson and wife Clementine beside their ranch home at Bragg Creek. This house destroyed in 1919 forest fire. Photo courtesy V. H. Robinson



Johnny Robinson and his wife Clementine resided on N½ 27-22-5W5 from 1911 until 1918. It was known then as 'The Meadow' and is now part of the Connop property. It was purchased by his father R. G. Robinson in 1903 and was part of the deeded and leased lands west of the Robinson Cow Camp. (See Priddis) Johnny bought this half from his father in 1911 and he and his new Scottish bride, Clementine McIntosh, lived there until he sold it in 1918. Johnny continued to run the horse enterprise of the family Elbow Park Ranch and his time was divided between home, the 'Cow Camp' and the 'North Camp', the horse ranch at Nose Creek, (2000 head). Johnny, of course, frequently stopped over at his brother Jo's place, 6 miles north of Bragg Creek. This is the only Robinson property now remaining; Jo's widow Hester, his son Vincent and the latter's family still reside and ranch there.

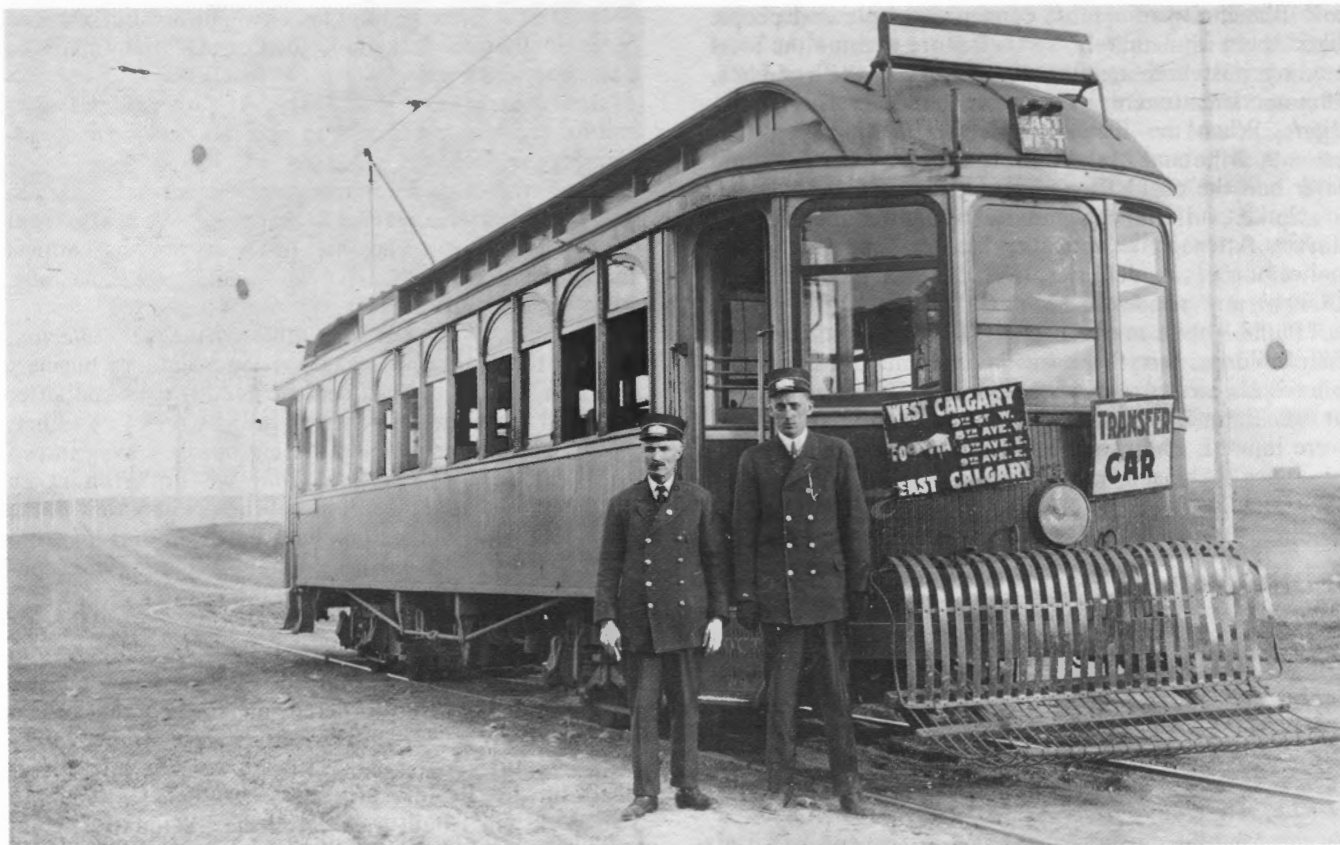
Johnny rode in the 1912 Stampede and was the first contestant to draw and ride the famous bucking horse 'Gaviota'. His nephew Vincent still has the saddle he rode on that occasion. In the early 20's he moved to Hazelton, B.C., where he had a taxi business, but he returned to the 50th Anniversary of the Stampede to relive 1912 again with long lost friends. He passed away in Sept. of 1973 at Terrace, B.C.

MEMORIES OF BRAGG CREEK'S FIRST STORE — by Blanche Robinson Jefferies.

After much thought we decided to accept Jake Fullerton's offer to build us a store and living quarters so, in the early fall of 1921 we moved to Bragg Creek. Our quarters, two small rooms and the store, were built of logs and chinked with oakum, with three small windows and a front and back door. There was also a rough porch upheld by log posts, luckily covered with a rough roof and floored, and on this we kept our oil, gas, coal oil etc. Heat was from wood and water was carried from the river. Few people came from Calgary at first but gradually campers and fishermen came, living for the most part in tents. Jake gradually built a few very small cabins which were rented out and people began to come in larger numbers. In 1922 we added a large living room which somewhat increased our comfort.

The Post Office was run by Mrs. White and was half a mile east on the south side of the river. The Whites had the only telephone and we thought we needed some communication with Calgary. However the Telephone Company would not give us a phone unless we installed the poles. So Jake and my husband went ahead, Jake getting the poles out of the bush and we hiring Stoney Indians to dig the holes and put up the poles. I well remember it was Peter Ear and his varied family who did the work — I mean the women dug etc. and Peter Ear and his friends watched and smoked.

I boarded the teacher at the Bragg Creek School and she walked the two miles to school. About 1922, Dan Whitney, a Calgary hotelman, built a hunting lodge across the Elbow Bridge and west on the river. (This is still used by Dr. E. R. Upton as a summer cabin.) Chummy Cresswell built a hunting lodge about 3 miles south of the store and somewhere about that time Jake built the Round Hall, I believe about 1923. The Forest Ranger was Ted Howard and his wife who lived on the Elbow Forest Reserve. They came down weekly to get supplies



Rapid transit of yesteryear. On right, Walter "Spike" Robinson who spent 35 years operating Calgary street cars and with his wife Blanche,

opened the first store in Bragg Creek.

as did most of the permanent residents. One old man whose name I only remember as "John" walked six miles in for his bread, tobacco, tea, sugar etc. Tom Fullerton was the local game warden and rode around the country on a large white horse. You could come across him in the most unlikely spots and woe betide anyone caught fishing or hunting without legal authority.

There were several very bad floods and Jake and the neighbors would come and move all the food from the store across the bridge, carrying it in boxes as it was not safe to bring horses and wagons on the bridge and they did not want us marooned there especially as Philis was a small baby. These floods increased until (I believe it was 1932) the bridge went down the river and along with it a good piece of land and our store. There was left only the back wall of the living room with some logs sticking out from the wall and this was sitting at the edge of the water. All else had completely disappeared. Actually we had left Bragg Creek in 1925 at Christmas time and Mr. Badley was running the store at the time it was washed down the river.

WALTER "SPIKE" ROBINSON — 1892-1940 — by Freda Purmal and Blanche Jefferies

Born in St. Catherines, Quebec, the son of Venerable Archdeacon William Robinson of the Diocese of Montreal and Lillian Suffeldt. Of their seven children; Edith, Dorothy, Eric, Theresa, Lillian, Walter and Frank, only Edith and Dorothy survive.

As a young lad, Walter, or "Spike" as he was known here, contracted tuberculosis and at the age of 17 was advised to move west to a dry climate; his destination was Calgary. His first employment was in a Calgary bank but confinement indoors was detrimental to his health and he obtained a job as a motorman on the Calgary Street Railway and was a familiar figure on the Ogden run. Street cars being what they were in those days, Spike evidently had all the fresh air he required to maintain fair health as he remained on the street cars for 35 years.

In 1916, Spike married Blanche, born 1894, one of the six children of Ebenezer Healy and Sarah Pepper, who homesteaded south of Cochrane in 1889. Ebenezer Healy built and operated the first cheese factory in Alberta, situated on NE¼ 12-25-4W5. Sarah Healy died in 1901 and Ebenezer in 1937, at the age of 92 years.

My father had known Spike Robinson before we moved to Bragg Creek in 1913 and, as early as I can recall, Spike spent a great deal of time with our family on the ranch. The high altitude and clean mountain air was very beneficial to his health; he had only one lung. He was a fine man and everyone, including my parents, were very fond of him.

About 1919, Spike and Blanche camped in a tent in our pasture for most of a summer and Spike felt so well that my father tried to persuade him to move to Bragg Creek for his health's sake, offering to build them a store and living quarters.

After some consideration the Robinsons moved to Bragg Creek and opened up the first store in 1921. Spike

"Holden"—F. P.

and Blanche were a most congenial couple and people liked them immediately, so their store became the local trading post and meeting centre for all the residents, summer vacationers and passing bands of Stoney Indians. When the Robinsons left in 1925, my grandparents, John and Mary *Wilson*, took over the store and later had the post office.

Spike and Blanche had two daughters, Philis and Joyce. After Spike's death, Blanche married a city policeman, Jack Jefferies in 1954. He died in 1967. Blanche now resides in N.W. Calgary.

Philis Robinson married Jerry Wolton and they had four children. Jerry, who was in the lumber business and piloted his own plane, was killed when the plane crashed at Nanaimo, B.C., and his wife and two of their children were injured. Philis and her children live in Calgary.

Joyce Robinson married John Kell, an employee of the Canadian Western Natural Gas Co. They have four children and reside in Calgary.

JOHN THOMAS SAUNDERS — 1888-1973 — by Stan Saunders — as told to Freda Pural



My father, John Thomas Saunders, was born in the hop growing county of Kent, England. As a very young lad, he started working as a hod carrier and by the age of 16 had saved enough money to pay his own passage to Canada. He emigrated to Montreal in 1904 and worked for the Allan Steamship Lines until 1905 when he arrived in Calgary and obtained a job as a ranch hand for Pat Burns.



The John Saunders Place. Cabin built by sons, Stan and Bert, assisted by Sym Van Wyk and now owned by S. Horne, known as "Bighorne Ranch".
Photo courtesy Stan Saunders

Between 1905 and 1908, he worked for a survey party, covering an area from west of Edmonton, along the foothills to the Montana border. He remembers Claresholm as a one-shack store where he bought fishing tackle for 25 cents. In 1908, my father became involved in the bakery business, working for Web Shelly who operated the first large bakery in Calgary. He drove a team and rig until the automotive era came into being and then drove a truck until 1927 when he became a salesman, travelling the Alberta area until 1932. He retained an office sales position until his retirement in

1945. During these years, the bakery ownership changed from Shelly's to Jackson's, then to 4X and finally to Canadian Bakeries.

In the early years in Calgary, my father played football for the Maple Leafs, who won the Provincial championships in 1910.

My father met and married my mother in Calgary in 1912. She was Alice Jane Fletcher, 1882-1957, also from the county of Kent. They had two sons, Stanley Thomas and Albert Edward, "Curly", and a daughter, Edna Jane. All of us received our schooling in Calgary.

In the early 1900's my father met Jake *Fullerton*, then in the blacksmith and carriage building business with Jim Wetmore. They became good friends and, after Jake had moved to his ranch at Bragg Creek, my father, mother and we three children spent our holidays camped in a tent across the creek from the Fullerton ranch buildings. We were all so fond of the country that in the early 1920's my father purchased a cabin and lot from Jake. It was situated immediately adjoining the confluence of Bragg Creek and the Elbow, a few yards north of the Round Hall.

In 1934 my father purchased SW¼ 34-22-4W5 from Bruce *Gillham* and I homesteaded the adjoining quarter to the north which bordered on the Sarcee Indian Reserve (NW¼ 32-22-4W5; previous entrant James Miller in 1915; patented 1939). It was the last homestead in the Priddis area. My brother Curly, Sym Van Wyk and I built a cabin on the SW quarter, from logs we cut in the immediate area. We also built a log barn and other buildings; then we set to work clearing the land the hard way by using a grub hoe and axe to cut the roots of each tree, finally one of us would shinny up the tree and place a chain around the tree, giving us a good leverage for the team to pull the tree over. Many acres of our land was cleared by this method.

Horses were the most reliable mode of travel in that area as roads were non-existent and only wagon trails were used to get to Bragg Creek or Priddis. We used horses to cut our own feed and also put up hay on the Alex Walker place and the flats on the Sarcee Reserve.

We acquired a herd of cattle and horses, the cattle brand lazy L S. I purchased a beautiful black horse from Sym Van Wyk, which I named "Nigger". This horse had an annoying habit of putting on a bucking performance each time he was saddled and gave me many rough rides until he was warmed up, when he was a wonderful horse to ride.

Using Nigger, I was an outrider for the Harry Brogden chuckwagon outfit in the Calgary Stampede in 1935-6-7.

From the late 1920's, I have very fond memories of the wonderful times we enjoyed at get-togethers at our neighbors, the *Connops*, *Burbys*, *Cresswells* and others. Also the friendly visits while getting our mail and supplies at the *White's* post office and store and the general store operated by Guy and Tina *Coates*. I will always remember the wonderful times we enjoyed at dances in the Round Hall at Bragg Creek and the dances at Priddis and Red Deer Lake halls.

In 1940, I married Lydia May *Lee* of Priddis and the following year joined the Canadian Active Forces R.C.E. and was discharged from the army in 1944. I worked for Cominco at Trail, B.C. for 30 years, retiring in 1969 and



Stanley and Lydia Saunders, 1946. Stan appointed the last open homestead quarter in the Priddis-Bragg Creek area.

Photo courtesy Stan Saunders

since then have been living in northern B.C. where I operate a hunting and fishing lodge.

Lydia and I have two sons, Garth Thomas, who operates a car leasing business in Calgary, and Ralph Edward who was a bush pilot with P.W. Airways and a pilot on water bombers. He is now a pilot for Air West, stationed at Powell River, B.C.

My brother Albert, "Curly", married Ev Millar of Edmonton in 1946. They were both in the R.C.A.F. They have a daughter Linda and two sons, William and Patrick. They all reside in Calgary. My sister Edna married an English airman, Art Swindells, in 1944. They have three sons, Arthur John, Brian and Bobby. Art works for Gulf Oil and they also live in Calgary.

My father is still living on Malibou Road in Calgary, and enjoying reasonably good health. He is very proud of his driving record; from 1917 to the end of 1971 he never had any kind of accident or traffic infraction, which must be some kind of safety record. He stopped driving of his own volition when he realized his eyesight was failing and he was unable to distinguish traffic light changes.

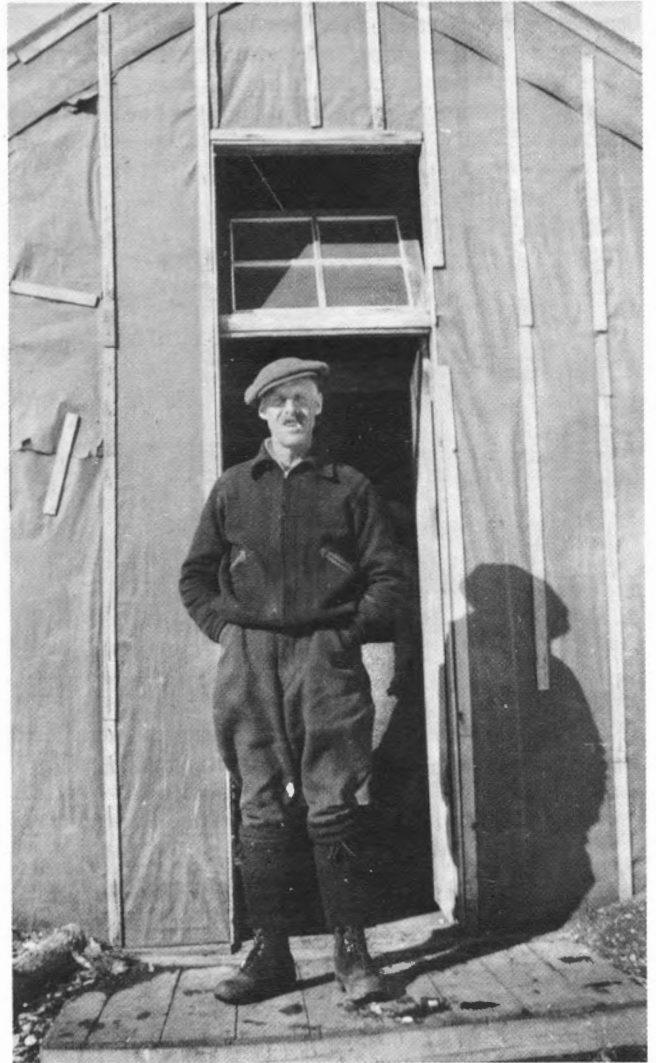
For many years, the SW¼ was used for hay and pasture by Pete Henderson and it was generally accepted that Pete owned the land until Bruce Gillham acquired the property. The Saunders ranch was sold to J. Stanley Horne in 1950 and is now known as the Bighorne Ranch.

August 12, 1973. John Thomas Saunders died in a Calgary hospital.

WILLIAM SHANKLAND 1887-1958 — by Mrs. George Deans

Born Edinborough, Scotland; came to Nova Scotia in 1905 and was there for five years. He came to Western Canada with a survey crew with which he worked from 1908-1911. Part of this was spent in the Bragg Creek area, as in 1910 he was camped at the Muncaster Ranch with

the Edgcombe party. In 1912 he joined the Forest Service at Nordegg, Alta. In World War I he served from 1914 to 1919 as a corporal with the 3rd Battalion Canadian Machine Gun Corps from Edmonton. He married Janet Hyslop in Glasgow, Scotland, on March 3, 1919 and he and his bride came to live in Canada. He returned as Ranger in 1919 to Nordegg where he and Mrs. Shankland made their home until 1937. In 1937 he took over duties of Ranger at the Elbow Ranger Station from Ted Howard and he served there until 1951. He was highly respected and the Shanklands were famous for their hospitality. Mrs. Shankland was a very active Red Cross worker and was a member of the Bragg Creek Red Cross group. After his retirement from the Forestry in 1951, Mr. Shankland worked at the Saddle and Sirloin Ranch until his death.



William Shankland, foreman at the Highwood Training Camp in 1938.

Photo courtesy Mrs. Geo. Deans

Two children: Jessie, born in Nordegg, 1922; lived at Bragg Creek from 1937 to 1943; married George Deans in 1943 while he was serving as a Wireless Operator with the R.C.A.F.; he had attended the Y.F.T.C. on the Highwood River in 1938 where W. Shankland was instructor; lookout man on Moose Mountain in 1939 and served on the Medicine Hat Police Force, 1945-1950;



L. to R.: Vivian Titterington, son Keith with Jessie Shankland, Campbell Shankland, Mrs. W. (Janet) Shankland, 1939.

Photo courtesy Mrs. Geo. Deans



William Shankland on his Forestry duties in 1940. Courtesy Mrs. Geo. Deans

returned to the Alberta Forest Service as Assistant Ranger under W. Shankland; currently Fire Control Dispatcher with the Alberta Forest Service in Edmonton (two sons, Glen and Verne). Campbell Shankland, born at Nordegg in 1927; moved to Bragg Creek with his parents in 1937 and attended Bragg Creek School for 5 years; now living in Calgary, married (two daughters, Kluane and Stacy).

SAMUEL MELVILLE SHARP "SAM" — by Mrs. A. Sanders

A bachelor, a Scot by birth and a veteran of World War I; he had served as a Guardsman at Buckingham Palace. After coming to Calgary he had a very successful plumbing business, Sharp & Anderson Plumbing.

In 1922 he homesteaded NW¼ 17-23-5W5. (He had entered this in 1914; he patented it in 1923. It seems probable that he had been in Canada before war broke out and returned home to enlist.) He farmed and lived

there until in 1942 he sold to Peter Olsen, another bachelor who had worked for Peter *Christofferson* since 1930. With a Mr. Proverb, Sharp went to Vancouver, B.C., to start and rent motels, a venture that did not turn out well. He served as a civilian with the R.C.A.F. in Calgary during World War II and died in the Shaughnessy Veterans' Hospital in the 50's.

JOHN SHERIFF — by Freda Purmal

John Sheriff homesteaded S.E.¼ 32-22-4-W/5 in 1912. Pat. 1917.

Little can be learned about the Sheriff family. They lived in an area between Bragg Creek and Priddis which was sparsely settled at that time with only the roughest of trails as entrance.

According to military records at Priddis, three sons joined the army in World War I. Pte. F. and Pte. L. Sheriff were killed in action and Pte. W. Sheriff returned home. A daughter, Mrs. Harry True (Trew) lived in Calgary but her husband, Harry True entered N.W. ¼ 32-22-4-W/5 in 1914 although he never proved up or made any effort to make improvements.

The Sheriffs built a large log house on a knoll overlooking the Sarcee Reserve. Some members of the family assisted Phillip Ladd to construct the roof on the Ladd home. The Ladds were the nearest neighbors. (See Priddis)

Stanley Fullerton recalls riding in the Sarcee Reserve one day and meeting John Sheriff who was walking with a piece of rope in his hand. Evidently the Sheriff horse had strayed and he asked Stanley if he had seen his "gee gee." It was also recalled that John Sheriff was seen leaving the old Stewart Store at Priddis, carrying a hundred pound sack of flour on his back. He had 4 or 5 miles to walk home.

The Sheriff daughter, Mrs. True, often drove her horse and buggy from her home in Calgary to visit her family. On one occasion she had driven west to the Graham post office and on her return found the Elbow River in flood. Stanley Fullerton arrived on horseback at the crossing at this time and assisted Mrs. True across the river. He maintains she would have been in serious difficulty had he not been there to help.

Many years after the Sheriffs left the country, old gates and fences were seen, all made of wood and pegged with wood, no nails or hardware of any description.

It is not known where the Sheriff family came from or where they went. It is assumed they left about 1918-19.

Alex Walker of Calgary acquired the place and used the old buildings for many years as a summer home. Ed Deeves purchased the property from Walker.

It is understood that Harry True became a high ranking officer in the armed forces.

ARTHUR D. SPRING

Based on conversations between his daughter-in-law, Germaine Spring, and Mrs. A. Sanders.

Born in England; aged 20 he came to Winnipeg, where he owned and operated a tailor shop. In 1891 joined the 90th Winnipeg Rifles and in 1904 joined the Lord Strathcona's Horse in Winnipeg. In 1918 he came to Calgary with the Strathconas as Quarter-Master Sergeant and he was Master Tailor for the regiment. It was in 1920-21 that the Spring family first came to Bragg Creek. When Arthur Spring bought a piece of land from

Jake Fullerton, a cabin was built on the property by Jake Fullerton and his father-in-law, Mr. Wilson. On September 28, 1928 while enjoying a few days holiday there, Mr. Spring died of a cerebral hemorrhage.

VICTOR SPRING

Only child of Arthur Spring. Served in both World Wars as a tailor for the Strathconas, with the rank of sergeant; returned to Calgary in 1943 with the rank of Lieutenant and as Supply Officer of the Prisoner of War Camp at Seebe, Alberta; retired in 1947 to live in Bragg Creek, where he died on October 15, 1965. His widow Germaine still lives in their home at Bragg Creek.

Two children: Maurice Spring, served overseas as a sergeant with the Strathconas. After the war he attended the University of Alberta and graduated as a Civil Engineer; now Professor of Engineering at Mount Royal College, Calgary; he and his wife Olive have six daughters: Christine, teaches Junior High in Calgary, married Peter Gifford; Germaine, Civil Engineer with the Department of Highways, Edmonton, married Nigel Smith, Civil Engineer; Brenda, married Ron Gillespie, engineer at Spy Hill Jail, Calgary; Anita, married David Snyder of Calgary; Kim and Maureen at home. Vivienne Spring, married Richard Connop, rancher and farmer at Okotoks (a daughter, Charmaine).

FRANK RAE STEWART — 1890-1970 — by Freda Purmal

Born in Charlottetown, P.E.I., where his father owned a farm and maintained a stable of harness trotters. He came to Calgary in the early 1900's and was known in athletic circles as a star player of English Rugby for the Calgary Tigers. He worked for a produce company for many years.

Frank enlisted in the army and spent three years overseas. When he recovered from wounds in an English hospital, he was discharged and returned to Calgary. In 1919 he homesteaded SE¼ 1-23-5W5, which my father used for pasture in return for fencing and keeping the

place in order. (He entered on this quarter in 1916 and patented it in 1920.)

An avid sportsman, Frank spent a great deal of time at our ranch, hunting and fishing and doing his utmost to avoid being used as a sparring partner by my father. He was an excellent marksman until quite late in life.

In 1920 he married my mother's sister, Cicely Jean Wilson. Their simple marriage ceremony took place in the little ranch home of my grandparents, the Wilsons. Frank brought the minister, Rev. J. C. Jordan, out from Calgary with him and following the ceremony there was an exhibition of shooting, with tin cans thrown in the air as targets. The bridal pair and the minister then left for the return trip to Calgary. I presume they dumped the reverend before proceeding to their bridal apartment.

About five years later Frank and Cicely purchased a lot and had a cabin built just north of Elsdon's store. They spent their holidays and weekends here and eventually sold the property to a family named Thomas.

Frank was manager of the ice cream department of Campbell and Griffin for many years and then moved to an acreage on what is now 98th Ave. near Glenmore Dam. Here the Stewarts raised some of the finest foxes in the country and when the fox fur trade faded, they started a mink raising enterprise, winning many prizes for mutation mink pelts. Frank also trained and owned hunting dogs, garnering many fine trophies in field trials.

About 1965, the Stewarts sold their mink and retired, as both were in poor health.

Cicely died suddenly at the ranch in March, 1967. Frank continued to live on the ranch for another two years but failing health forced him into the Belcher Hospital where he died in July, 1970.

Frank and Cicely had no family.

HENRY "HARRY" TETHERINGTON — by Freda Purmal

Harry Tetherington arrived from Calgary, driving a single horse and buggy, in 1917, to settle on NW¼ 9-23-5W5. (Entered in Feb. 1916; patented in 1923). He built a small log cabin and fences of small jackpine but made no other appreciable improvements. His wife refused to live there and only visited her family occasionally.

The Tetheringtons had a daughter Caroline and a son Harvey, who attended the Bragg Creek school. The family remained about a year and then returned to Calgary. Peter Christofferson took over the property later.

RICHARD TITTERINGTON — by Joan Merryfield

Richard Titterington moved to Bragg Creek from the Shepard district about 1922 to run cattle. He entered NW¼ 30-22-4W5 in 1923, patenting it in 1929. Previous entrants were Stanley Rawlinson (Rowlinson?), 1907; see Muncaster, W. H. and Alex Dewar, 1914. His sons were Charles, Wade, Roy, Riley, Con, and Earle. His eldest son Richard lost his life in World War I. There were also two daughters, Ellen and Liz. Charles homesteaded SW¼ 30-22-4W5, originally Charlie Smythe's homestead, in 1916 entered by Harold A. Rosenthal. According to the Township General Registers it was entered by "William" Titterington in 1924 and patented in 1929. Wade entered NW¼ 25-22-5W5 in 1922 and patented in 1929. (Previous entrants were George Rutherford in 1913 and Bruce Posegate (?) in 1918.) Then was later Jack McNab's and is at present part of



Ranch Wedding of Frank R. Stewart and Cicely J. Wilson, Aug. 20, 1920, at bride's parents' ranch. Back row: Mary and John Wilson, sister Annie (Mrs. Jake Fullerton) in light dress, sister Margaret (Mrs. Jim MacNeil) dark dress, Jim MacNeil and son Jack, groom Frank Stewart, bride Cicely Wilson, flower girl Freda Fullerton, bride's brother, William Wilson. Photo taken by the minister.

the *Connop* Ranch. Riley entered SE¼ 25-22-5W5 in 1930; this also became part of the *Connop* Ranch later.

Some of the Titterington boys spent their working years with the C.P.R. in Calgary. While in Bragg Creek they ran one of the earliest trucking businesses. Charles Titterington trucked supplies for the *Wilson* store. Riley, Con, and Earle Titterington trucked mine props for Jake *Fullerton* during the 30's.

Riley Titterington married Vivian Kelly (see *Connop*) and they have one son Keith. They made their home in the Red Deer Lake district where Riley farmed and was a school bus driver. Riley died, Aug. 1973, age 64 years.

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The Titteringtons were good neighbors and Mr. Titterington helped build the Two Pine School. The first Titterington house burned down during the 30's and Mr. Titterington built another house which also burned down in the 50's after the Titteringtons had sold out. The place was rented at various times and I remember the Richies, Nicolsens and Johnstons as among the renters. It was sold to the Stearne family who lived there during the 40's.

TURNBULL — by Freda Purmal

A man named Turnbull lived for a short time on SW¼ 15-23-5W5, later George *Livingston's* place. Little can be learned of this man except that he drove cattle herds through the country and forded the Elbow River approximately in front of where the Round Hall is located. This became known as "Turnbull's Crossing", according to some old timers but others contradict this, maintaining it is further west on Bragg Creek.

It seems generally accepted that Turnbull squatted on section 15 and probably had a shack and some holding corrals, as stinkweed grew in abundance when George *Livingston* plowed this land several years later; George suggests that dormant seed had come in grain which had been fed to horses. George *Edworthy* believes that *Livingston* named the small creek which runs from the north through this quarter "Turnbull Creek."

JACK WATERS — by Freda Purmal

In the early 1930's Jack Waters, a Sarcee Indian, and his wife, Mary Bull Collar, came to live on the extreme southwest corner of the Sarcee Reserve. Their little log cabin, now in ruins, is beside the main road between Pridis and Bragg Creek and near the entrance of the Bar K C Ranch.

Jack was a husky man and was well known in athletic circles. He attended the Old Calgary Industrial School and played football on their team against many of Calgary's leading athletes.

When the Waters became short of cash, Mary would walk to my mother's and ask for a job, so my mother would put her to work cleaning cabins or kalsomining some of the rooms. Mary did nice bead work and often sold little lapel sized beaded moccasins.

My husband, Bunny, and I were living on the *MacNeil* place, about 1½ miles from the Waters. One morning, following a heavy snowstorm in early March, we saw Mary coming across our field in knee deep snow. I went out to meet her and she was crying and in deep distress. She said Jack was very ill and asked us to ride to Bragg Creek to telephone for the doctor to come at once.

Dr. T. F. Murray lived at the agency on the reserve.

Bunny immediately left on horseback and talked to Dr. Murray who said he would leave at once. The big snow storm was worse in the open country and Dr. Murray got as far as Robinson's corner. Then, bogged down in drifts, he returned to Calgary.

Before we could hitch up a team to take Mary home, Shorty Mitchell called in. He lived about 1½ miles south of Jack's. Shorty took Mary home and stayed with them, waiting for the doctor who never arrived. When Dr. Murray arrived back at the agency, he phoned Bragg Creek store, asking that a messenger be sent to explain why he could not come.

The following morning, at age 57, Jack Waters died. Shorty took Mary to his home, where his wife Alva cared for Mary while Shorty returned to the cabin to remain with the body until someone came for it. Owing to the severity of the storm, it was two days later before the Waters' relatives arrived by team and sleigh to remove the body.

Mary Bull Collar returned to the Calgary Sarcee settlement area to live with relatives. No one has ever lived in the cabin since, although a son-in-law, Narcisse Pipestem came, to live in a new house a half mile distant.

KEITHA AND ED WATRIN — by Keitha Watrin

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"I moved out to Bragg Creek from Calgary in the fall of 1929. It was in October and the snow was about three feet deep. I had rented Mr. A. *MacDonald's* place for the winter.

My girl friend was Vivian Kissinger who in 1938 married Tom Day. In the early 40's they started the Calling Valley Polled hereford ranch at Millarville. She and I had become friends in 1924 and were the very best of friends till she passed away in 1966.

It was a cold and windy day in October, when Vivian and I trailed my horses out to Bragg Creek. Vivian always said that was the longest 35 miles she had ever ridden.

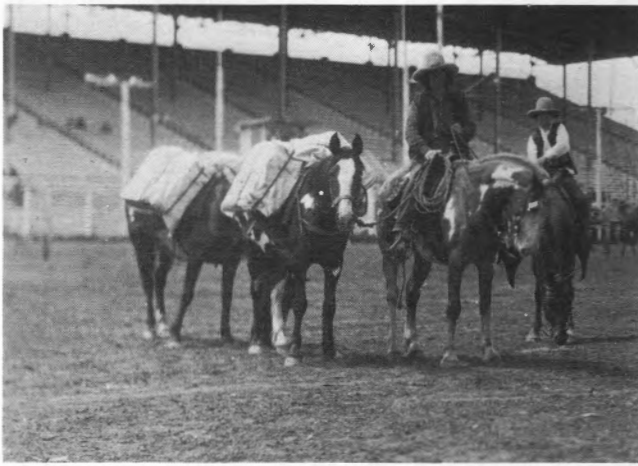
It was the spring of 1930, I rented the Gorden *Cumming* ½ section. It had been Mr. J. Reinerton place; I boarded Dick and Jim *Connop* as the school was just across road.

I worked on the building on my quarter, it had been the Jim *Long* homestead. The quarter had been bought from the Imperial bank in 1926. It was the SE¼ 22-23-5W5.

In 1930 Dick *Connop* then 11 years old went in to the Calgary Stampede with me. We took horses in to show, in the horse show. I took my pack outfit in too. We did very good in the horse show, and we won the first prize with the pack outfit in the parade. I won first prize with my pack outfit in the parade for a number of years and I also won the best dressed ranch cowgirl for a number of years.

In 1932 I filed on homestead on SE¼ 4-23-5W5. It was used for pasture till I built on it in 1936. In 1934 to 1937 I drove a car and truck for Mrs. *Coates*, she had the general store at Bragg Creek. I made two trips to Calgary a week, sometimes more often. That was in the days of deep mud and snow roads.

In 1936 Ed Watrin and some friends came out to



Winning first prize with pack outfit at the Calgary Stampede is Keitha Watrin and Dick Connop, 1932. Photo courtesy Keitha Watrin



Keitha and Eddie Watrin ride in Calgary Stampede Parade, 1940. Photo courtesy Mrs. Ed Watrin

Bragg Creek, to try and get some wild horses that ran south and west of Bragg Creek. But they did not do too good, so they soon gave it up. I knew Ed back in the 20's. I remember when in July 1925, that Ed rode the great bucking horse Midnight. In Edmonton he won first money on Midnight that day. Ed rode a lot of the best bucking horses in those days. In Canada and in the U.S. In 1930 Ed won the Pacific International Championship.

In 1939 in March Ed and I were married. Ed's three sons went to the Bragg Creek school. We always took in the Calgary stampede, Ed won the ranch best dressed cowboy for years. He is still at it, and won the best dressed cowboy in Rimbey in 1971.

In 1961 we moved out here to Bluffton, Alberta. It was hard to leave all the good friends at Bragg Creek."

The Watrin brothers were prominent and long-time figures at rodeos. Ed was born in Iowa and came to Alberta in 1909, after living seven years in Minnesota. He lived at High River and in 1931 and 1932, at Kew. He had four children: Shirley, who married Ben Dartnell, residing in Montreal; Norman, who died in 1957; Ronald, (Tiny) died in 1944; and Leo, who lives with his wife and daughter at Gem, Alberta.

The first trip Ed Watrin made to Bragg Creek was to the Amoss Ranch in September, 1922, to attend a rodeo. The judge at this rodeo was Art Wilderman and they made the trip in a Model T Ford. In 1923, Ed attended a rodeo at Jake Fullerton's, along with Slim Watrin and Casey Patterson. Slim won the "all around" cowboy competition at Jake Fullerton's in 1924. Outstanding Indian contestants at this event were Tom Powderface and Johnny Bearspaw of Morley.

HARRY WHITE — by Freda Purmal

Harry and Ida May White arrived in Calgary about 1910, from Ottawa, Ont. Suffering ill health, Harry was advised to move to the foothill country. They opened a grocery business on 14th St. and 19th Ave. S.W., a store still in operation.

The Bankview district was a sparsely settled area at that time and practically the whole neighborhood were "The White Store" customers and friends. Harry or a young helper delivered groceries in a delivery rig pulled by a sorrel horse named "Dick". The groceries were carried into the homes in a "Sunlight Soap" wooden box, which had open hand holds at each end. The groceries were emptied onto the kitchen tables and the box returned to the store.

When the Jake Fullertons, friends and customers of the Whites, moved to their ranch at Bragg Creek in 1913, Harry and Ida May began visiting the ranch and in 1915 entered an adjoining quarter, NE¼ 12-23-5W5, patented in 1921.

The Elbow River flowed through this property so that part of the land was on each side. Their first dwelling was a temporary affair, a tent with board floor and boarded sides. It was situated on the west side of the river on what is now the Jack Dunford property (see Turner, Robert, Millarville-Kew).

By this time Harry had purchased a McLaughlin touring car, with brass banded lights on each side of the front seat, brass rods running from the top of the car to the front fenders and huge brass mountings around the headlights.



The Harry White family, L. to R., Front Row: Ida-May, sister Lil Watts, Harry White. Their 1912 auto. Photo taken 1912. Courtesy John McCloy

When the Whites finally left Calgary to make Bragg Creek their home, Ida May's father, Mr. Watts, helped build their first log house, which was an addition to the original building used as Bragg Creek's second post office by the *Glenn* family.

In the spring of 1918 Harry and Ida May took over the post office and mail carrying job which they continued for many years. The mail was still being carried from the Bateman post office at Jumping Pound, so it was a particularly arduous trip for Harry each week with team and democrat in the summer and by sleigh in winter. Continually plagued by ill health, Harry sometimes had to ask a neighbor to make the trip for him.

When the mail route was changed to Calgary, Harry drove his car whenever the roads were at all passable. The Bragg Creek roads were notoriously bad and the first question asked by waiting residents, when Harry finally arrived, was "How are the roads?" Harry gave a detailed account of the road conditions. Every few miles on the 30 mile route had a specific landmark, for example, Chicken Flat, Chittem Springs, Belgian Horse Ranch Gate, Clem Gardner Gate, Milburn Creek and other sections of the infamous "six mile stretch" of black gumbo.

Some residents rode as far as ten miles to get their mail and often had to wait two to three hours for it to arrive. It then had to be sorted and the letters date-stamped, so the yard outside was full of saddle horses and teams tied to the trees and fences. The mail bags were opened and dumped on the floor of the livingroom where the sorting took place. As each piece was sorted, it was handed to waiting people until the job was finished. Some residents carried their mail home in gunny sacks or in flour or sugar bags, and some used army kit bags. The kit bags were the best as they were waterproof and the ties could be looped around the horn of the saddle.

Around the middle 1920's, a political fervor took hold in the area, and it depended on what political side of the fence a few people sat whether or not they would reap any rewards for their support of the government in power. The only favours the Federal Government had to offer were the post office, the mail carrying job and the road maintenance through the Sarcee Reserve. The postal jobs were the so-called "plums" and when the Conservatives were elected, the Whites were offered these jobs and if the Liberals were the winners, the Jake Fullerton family had first choice, so for the following 15 years the postal appointments were juggled back and forth between these two rivals. Needless to say, this situation caused a great deal of hard feeling and severed many long friendships as the whole community got in the act and took sides.

When World War II began, no special interest was shown in who operated the post office or carried the mail. It was at one time a poorly paid job and a thankless one, not really worth being the cause of such animosity and the terminations of long standing friendships.

Harry and Ida May had no family of their own but soon after their arrival in Calgary, became life long friends of the McCloy family. Kate McCloy is the daughter of the pioneer family of Nimmons. As the McCloy children grew up, they considered the Whites as part of their own family, spending a great deal of their time at Bragg Creek. They referred to Harry White as "Uncle Hal" and Ida May was "Aunt Ida". The Whites



Mrs. Harry (Ida-May) White posed by door of her second home in Bragg Creek which was later totally destroyed by fire. Courtesy John McCloy

had their own personal pet names for each other, "Hal" and "Mumsy."

Harry and Ida May will always be remembered by the residents and summer visitors as kindly, courteous people, who became an integral part of the development of Bragg Creek.

IDA MAY — by Mrs. A. Sanders

This may seem a funny way to head this story, but that is the way most people will remember her. She was known and loved by many for her kindness, cheerfulness and hospitality to all that came her way.

The Whites' homestead is now the centre of the hamlet of Bragg Creek. The land the Community Centre now stands on they cleared with a hand stump puller as their first crop field. In later years it was to be the home of the last school houses in this district. One of them is still there, now used as a Sunday School. The first Canadian Youth Hostel was also there until it was moved to the Tom Fullerton land.

In April 1918 Hal took over the Post Office and carried the mail until he died in 1925. Ida May continued on with the mail until 1926, when the Post Office was moved to Upper Elbow for a few years. It then returned to Ida May's and she carried the mail and ran the Post Office well into the forties with the assistance of various mail carriers, including John Fullerton, Freda and Bunny Pormal and Jack Elsdon.

In July, 1930, she lost her home by fire. Everything was gone, only the clothes she had on remaining, and only the fire-place and stone chimney of her home left

standing. It was not too long before she had a home again, her neighbors and friends helping to build it. The name of her home is WAKE SIAH LODGE.

She built and ran a small grocery store and operated the first gasoline pump. She leased the store to Jack *Elsdon*, when she no longer could handle it. Later owners were Mr. Perry, Doug McWilliams and Gene *Fullerton*.

Ida May married Charles Sherman in 1942; he died in 1949. She carried on until her own death in September, 1953, and is remembered as a grand old lady, young at heart and a real pioneer.

JOHN SARGISON WILSON — 1885-1933 — by Freda Purmal

NVN

Born at Potts Gill, Cumberland, England; married in 1883 at Penreith, Cumberland, to Mary Strong, 1861-1954, who was born at Calbeck, Cumberland.

They emigrated to Canada in July, 1884, with their six weeks old daughter, Annie, and settled at Sarnia, Ontario. My grandfather came to southern Alberta in 1890, bringing in the first herd of sheep for the Sarnia Ranching Company, whose headquarters was at Medicine Hat. Shortly afterwards he left the Company to work at his trade as carpenter with the C.P.R. at Lethbridge.

In 1893, my grandmother left Sarnia for the west with her three children; Annie Weston, William John and Margaret Frances. They came directly to Dunmore Junction, changing there to the narrow gauge railway to Lethbridge. A few years later they moved to Canmore, then the divisional point of the C.P.R., where they lived in a converted railway car. While in Canmore, in January 1898, another daughter, Cicely Jean, was born in a Banff hospital. It was also while living at Canmore that a neighbor named Lee persuaded my grandfather to go to Yale, B.C. Mr. Lee was actively involved in gold mining and he wanted my grandfather to build him a cradle and a bridge. The cradle was a success but the bridge was washed away in high water.

While grandfather was away, grandmother became gravely ill; she had gall stones and was alone with the young children. I remember my grandmother's story of the madam of a house of ill repute not too far away who heard of my grandmother's plight. She would come after dark, bringing baking and other foods and attending to the laundry and housework. She told my grandmother that she would come only after dark, thus eliminating any danger of embarrassment with the neighbors. Grandmother was a very strict, Bible reading Baptist and immediately proceeded to convert the madam. She could never understand why such a kindly woman would be indulging in this "sinful trade."

Grandmother was finally taken to the Banff hospital for surgery. She was the first patient in the hospital to have gall stones removed and this "first" resulted in the preservation and display of her stones at the hospital for many years, probably to this day.

In 1899, the Wilsons moved to Calgary. There had been a strike of C.P.R. employees. Grandfather refused to go on strike but was dismissed by the C.P.R. with all its employees. Grandfather was again doing carpentry work, and was a carpentry foreman during the building

of the sandstone City Hall. He also spent several years on government bridge building projects.

Possibly due to my father's persuasive powers and my grandparent's love of the country, the Wilsons moved to Bragg Creek in 1914, homesteading NE¼ 2-23-5W5. Grandfather built a small four room house on top of a hill, overlooking miles of valleys and hills. They grew a huge vegetable garden and grandmother picked quarts of wild strawberries, black currants, gooseberries, blueberries and cranberries. She raised chickens and they had a small herd of cattle; the brand was N V N.

In the late 1920's, they rented the homestead and took over the little general store and post office at Bragg Creek. They stayed here until ill health forced grandfather to leave.



John and Mary Wilson standing on first Government built bridge on Elbow River, 1922.

My grandfather was a frail, quiet little man. He had been very well educated in England where his father was a wealthy land owner. While still a young man his father was murdered one night by highway robbers, who stole documents which they used, by forgery, to gain possession of his estate and his family was ejected, penniless.

Grandfather learned the trade of cabinet-making and carpentry and worked and lived with a family friend named Weston. Mr. Weston had soaring ambitions for his prodigy until my grandmother entered the picture. Grandmother was of Scottish blood, uneducated and considered to be in the peasant class. Mr. Weston was so annoyed when they married that he asked my grandfather to leave. However both my grandparents admired him enough to name their first daughter after him and this is why my mother's second name is "Weston."

My grandmother was a vigorous, hardworking woman. She abhorred waste and idleness. She made every penny count; on the other hand, she was so kind and generous she would help and feed anyone in need.

From Bragg Creek, they moved into the Okotoks home of their daughter and son-in-law, Jim and Margaret MacNeil, who operated a hardware store there. My grandfather, fondly called "Dad" by everyone, is buried in the Okotoks cemetery. Grandmother Wilson lived periodically with her three daughters, finally making her permanent home with my mother and father, and when they left for Victoria in the 1940's, grandmother went in tears, lamenting leaving Alberta. She died in Victoria in 1954.

Of the four children: Annie Weston Wilson, married E. R. (Jake) *Fullerton*; she died at Victoria March 24, 1967. William John. Margaret Frances, who married James H. *MacNeil*; died March 7, 1975, in Calgary. Cicely Jean, married Frank R. *Stewart*; she died in Calgary, March 11, 1967, just a few days prior to her sister Annie.

The old Wilson homestead at Bragg Creek has been subdivided into small acreages and has many new homes.

WILLIAM JOHN, "BILLIE" WILSON — 1886-1969
— by Freda Purmal

Billie Wilson, my mother's brother, homesteaded SE¼ 12-23-5W5, in 1913 soon after the Jake *Fullertons* moved to Bragg Creek, and patented in 1919. He built a log cabin of peeled jackpine, which my father helped him cut and skid out of the bush. Approximately half the quarter was pine and spruce and the remainder was buckbrush. After the brush was cut and burned, about twenty acres was broken and put into crop.

With the help of his father, Billie dug out a water well, cribbing it as they went deeper but no adequate water supply was found. However each year produced several acres of wild blueberries and Billie spent hours picking and preserving this tasty fruit.

When W.W. I was declared, Billie enlisted and was overseas for the duration. He was in the 39th Battery of the 10th Canadian Artillery as a saddler. He had been a



William John Wilson, 1915.

harness maker and saddler with A. Carson Saddler, Calgary Saddlery, and the Great West Company.

When Billie returned to Bragg Creek, he lived partly on his own place but sometimes with his parents; they worked both quarters together. When money became scarce, he would go back to Calgary to work at his trade but when automobiles began to make inroads on the saddlery business, Billie learned the car upholstery business and continued in that trade until his retirement, many years later. He owned several cars himself and at one time drove a Gray Dort.

In the middle 1920's, Billie bought a team of horses at the stockyards for my grandfather to use. They had been used by a circus and were a pair of black and white pintos, weighing about 1,600 pounds each. One horse was very gentle but the other was a nervous, high-strung animal. My grandfather was not able to handle them so my father used them for over a year and I drove them one fall, cutting greenfeed with a mower.

After his parents left the ranch, Billie sold the quarter to my father and moved to Vancouver. He married a widow with three half-grown sons, Mrs. Louise Yates. A few years after she died, he married an old friend of 40 years, Mrs. Louise Sexton, widow of Stanley Sexton, a fellow worker of Billie's at a garage in Calgary. The Sexton family owned a summer home at Bragg Creek for many years.

Billie died in Victoria in June, 1969.

When my father sold the Circle Five Ranch in 1945, he sold the Billie Wilson quarter to Jack Dunford who resold it and it is now in 20 acre parcels with lovely homes on each acreage.

FRANK WOLFE — by Rita Wolfe

Members of the Wolfe family who had close associations with Bragg Creek include Frank, Senior, and his wife Della, and their sons, Frank, Junior, and Charles and his wife Rita. The senior Wolfes purchased the Cowslip Ranch, half of 17-22-4W5 and SE¼ 20-22-4W5, from Frederick E. *Edgar* in 1930, when their home was in Calgary. The following was contributed by Rita, widow of Charles, who died 1972.

"Charles and I moved out to the ranch from Turner Valley — Charles had hurt his right hand badly while working on the Mill City rig. Dorothy and Lewis Vastine came with us for the summer; they were from Casper, Wyoming. During the next two years we really enjoyed living on the ranch, repairing things, fixing fences. We were really thrilled when after we had been there two years Mr. *Gamsby* rode up the lane and had lunch with us. In 1932 Charles was straw boss at the camp for unemployed in the Forest Reserve and recorded on film, experiences that were rarely photographed owing to the hard times of the 30's. The Burbys were always there to help and advise and befriend us. The ranch was rented to Fairchild, from Strathmore I think, for the winter of 1933. The Frank Wolfes moved back to the ranch in 1934 and Frank, Junior, was with them. They lived there until they sold it in 1939, when we all moved to B.C.

We had been living at Innisfall after our daughter Wilma Joan was born in Calgary. During our stay in Calgary, Frank Badley had helped Charles get a job with Union Packing. The Badleys had had the post office and store at Bragg Creek until the flood washed the building



Charlie and Frankie Wolfe at their "Cowslip Ranch" in 1932.

Photo courtesy Mrs. Rita Wolfe

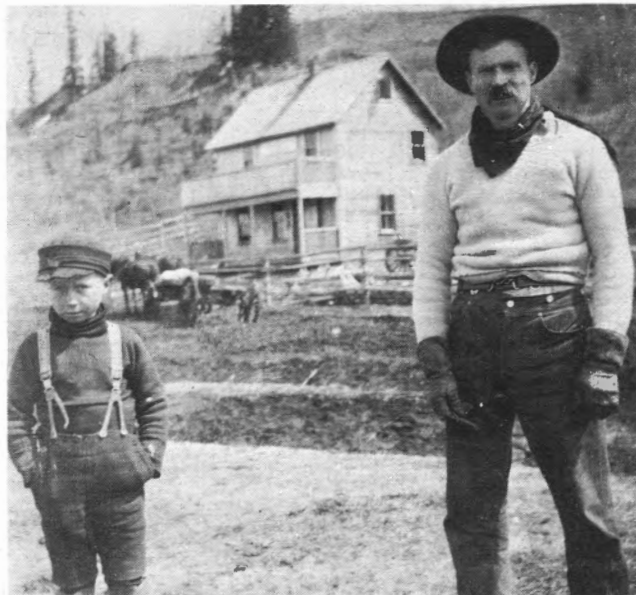
away. The Frank Wolfes only stayed a year in Invermere and then moved to Tappen, B.C. Frank, Jr. married Edith Miller in Innisfail and made his home there. The Frank Wolfes moved to Athalmer, B.C. in 1946 and bought a home there. Mrs. Wolfe passed away in May, 1959 and Mr. Wolfe in October. They were buried in Mountain View Cemetery in Invermere. Frank and Edith died in a traffic accident in 1963 and are buried at Innisfail. Charles had the B.A. agency and the garage and service station in Athalmer. He sold the garage and we bought a home in Invermere in 1969 and I had a specialty shop called the Town and Country. We are both retired but work part time at Fairmont Hot Springs. Wilma Joan married in 1956; she has two daughters and lives in Beaverton, Oregon."

JOSEPH "JOE" WOOLINGS



Based on the recollections of his neighbors.

Joe Woolings, a veteran of the Boer War, lived on NE¼ 13-23-5W5, next to the Sarcee Indian Reserve boundary and about a quarter of a mile downstream from the Steel Bridge at Bragg Creek. In 1907 he had entered NE¼ 2-22-4W5, patented 1911. This was on



Joe Woolings about 1910. A. M. Stewart's store of Priddis in background.

Photo courtesy Mrs. George Park

"Whiskey Creek" which got its name from whiskey smugglers who we are told had a shack on the side-hill along the creek near his homestead. Jack Hunt recalls that the remains of this shack was found in 1937 by loggers working for the Laurie McBee sawmill. In 1930 he entered NW¼ 32-22-4W5 but did not patent. (Entered in 1935 and patented by Anne Alberta, daughter of Jake Fullerton.) One story was often told of Joe Woolings and Frank Hopkins. While gathering horses on the Hopkins ranch, they stopped and tied their horses to a tree. Joe's bronc pulled back, uprooting the tree and uncovering the seam of coal which became the Fish Creek Mine. In 1911 this mine opened and operated for many years. In 1914 Joe Woolings and Jake Fullerton hauled coal with teams from this mine to the Mowbray-Berkeley Oil Well at Bragg Creek. They travelled via the Jew Valley past Cummings and Ladds and across the Sarcee Reserve to Bragg Creek. Joe Woolings loved to prospect and was successful in finding coal west of the Elbow Ranger Station. He also opened a mine on Ed Taylor's about 1923 which produced hundreds of tons of coal. He took many pack trips to the mountains — a life he loved. He was fond of nature and is said to have called the deer which roamed the hills "God's Cattle". As a pastime he wrote poetry. He died during the 1940's.



Joe Woolings during a visit with the Tom Fullerton family, 1931.

Photo courtesy Winnie McLuskey

BRAGG CREEK CROCODILES — by Joe Woolings

You gave us bears in bunches,
 And you have given us deer in droves,
 And you have put big boa-constrictors
 In our little mountain groves.
 We have taken it lying down,
 We have acted very meek,
 But please, oh please dear lady,
 Don't put Crocodiles in our creek.
 We don't mind a tiger,
 Or a dinosaur or two,
 Or perhaps a hairy mammoth,
 We could turn into stew.
 We don't mind some elephants,
 Or at least one once a week,
 But for heavens sake have a heart my dear,
 And keep your crocodiles out of our creek.
 We have heard of the mean old farmer,

Who wouldn't give ski hills,
But he is only a bugie batchelor,
Who never pays his bills.
We have read about mountain cats,
As big as a mountain peak,
But I hope we never read about
The crocodiles in our creek.
We have read of grizzly bears,
That chased the kids to school,
And battled with the teachers,
And gored her pinto mule.
We have heard of bats in the belfry,
And other things unique,
But I hope the time will never come,
When there's crocodiles in our creek.

CONCLUSION — by Freda Purmal

Unlike the adjoining communities, Bragg Creek is rather a unique area. There has been little space for expansion in ranching and farming owing to the proximity of the Forest Reserve and Sarcee Reserve boundaries. There is very little arable land, the greatest area comprises high hills and heavy forestation, therefore the utilization of this type of terrain for a retirement and summer resort seemed inevitable.

The preservation of the forests in the Provincial Park, the Forest Reserve and privately owned small holdings retain one of the most important watersheds on the eastern slopes of the Rockies, hopefully, this will remain as such.

SONG OF A NONAGENARIAN

Pills, pills and still more pills
To cure the aches and other ills
Taken by night and through the day
To this treatment, one has to obey.
On such matters the Nurses are strong
Else in this World you won't be long.
In order to live you take such ruling
So down they go, without any fooling.
Thereby you live to a ripe old age
But sooner or later your time will come
When life's span will be done.
The Doctors and Nurses who ever strive
Do their best to keep us alive.
But we fool them to the last
By filling the requirements of a cask.
So ends their labors for the time
Until another Patient toes the line.
In these few Verses I wish to convey
The routine of Hospitals act this way.
Yet each one of Us will agree
That such institutions do unlock the key
Where We are nursed with every care
With love and kindness that cannot compare.
F. N. Moysey, Colonel Belcher Hospital, age 90.

ADDITIONAL BRAGG CREEK BRANDS

S7 Robert (Bob) Fullerton (see Stanley Fullerton)

-3← *H W. King-Hunter

3S Albert Sanders (see Angus MacDonald)

◇ 9 Mrs. Mary Lynch

v Don Sanders (see Angus MacDonald)

T A. Marshall

WF Jessie Taylor (see Thomas W. Fullerton)

3 Dolly Moore

ADDITIONAL PRIDDIS BRANDS

U7 Mrs. Wm. Standish

-A 2 R. W. Crowell

LPO 2½ Wm. Standish & Sons

Members of the Millarville-Kew-Priddis-Bragg Creek Historical Society.

Campbell Aird	Jack Hunt	Dick and Helen Lyall	Helen Preston
Sid Aird	George Ingeveld	Janet MacKay	John Standish
Vera Anderson	Esther Jackson	Hugh and Dessa Macklin	R. Stanton Sr.
Jean Blakley	Eileen Jameson	Mildred Macmillan	Marie (Dibbie) Stewart
Frances Borgal	Sheilagh Jameson	Stewart McRae	L. G. Thomas
Stastia Carry	Stan and Edna Jones	Joan Merryfield	Kathleen Tosh
Joan Dunford	Katherine Kendall	Wilfred Middleton	Edith Trotter
Annie Eden	Jack King	Leonard and Betty Nelson	Jack Waite
Elwyn and Irene Evans	Richard and Marjorie King	Jim Oaks	Bill Ward
Joe and Jane Fisher	Wilbert and Hazel Lancaster	Eunice Park	May Whitney
Harry Fisher	Frank and Edna Lee	M. Pryke	Kate Woodford
Leslie Foster	M. M. (Bobby) Lee	Freda Purmal	Tom Woodford
D. W. and Nita Foster	Nina Lochhead	Harry de Roaldes	
David Glaister Jr.	Robert and Margaret Lochhead	Elizabeth Rummel	

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Mary Burby	Russel Evans	H. B. Ladds	Irene Smith
Agnes Connop	Goettler Family	McKevitt Family	Violet Stanton
Tom Cuffling	Mrs. Hermione Hervey	Lennie Mickle	Elaine Taylor
Mary Denning	Molly (Graham) Humble	Wilfred Middleton	Joan Tosh
Anna Dowling	Stanley Fullerton	Albert and Margaret Sanders	

In Memory of Members Who Passed Away Before Book Was Completed.

Sid Bannerman	Marjorie Glaister	Tommy Macmillan	Francis Sinclair-Smith
Bob Carry	Davie Glaister	Elva Prusky	Jack Stagg
Jim Carry	Bill Jackson	Henry Prusky	Mrs. V. Whitney
Grace Chalmers	Ford Lochhead	Nina Rodgers	A. G. Woodford
Jack Dunford	Hallie Lochhead	Pat Rodgers	H. W. Woodford