

# BUTTER CHURNS AND STERN WHEELERS

A FARM BOY'S ADVENTURES  
IN NINETEENTH CENTURY  
BRITISH COLUMBIA

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**BUTTER CHURNS  
AND  
STERN WHEELERS**

a farm boy's adventures  
in nineteenth century British Columbia  
by Christine Galbecka

Readings and activities for  
Grade Four and Five students

Cover Photograph of the Ramona—Chilliwack Archives P. Coll 81

Agriculture in the Classroom Foundation

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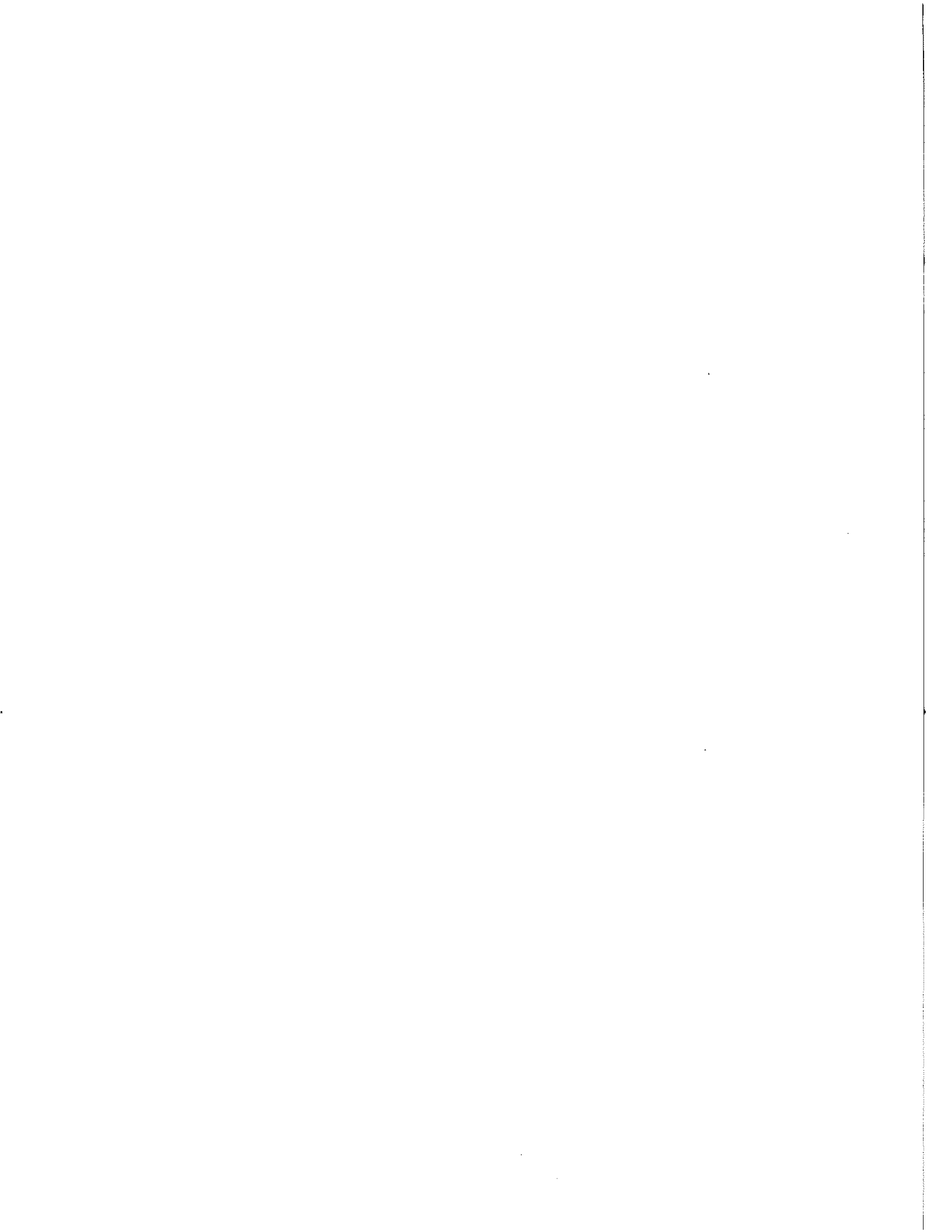
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# INTRODUCTION



*As time goes on, the gap of understanding between urban life and farming grows wider. Our children, in particular, are more removed from earlier, rural-oriented generations. To ensure a food secure world, these future decision-makers and potential leaders must thoroughly understand the nature of our food production system and its place in global, national, provincial and local economies.*

BC's Agriculture in the Classroom Foundation

This booklet is designed to introduce the nature of food production in British Columbia from a historical perspective. The story focuses on the week of a young farm boy on a small, turn of the century dairy farm in Chilliwack, BC. The readings and activities included in this package address many learning outcomes prescribed by the BC Ministry of Education's Social Studies, Language Arts and Science Integrated Resource Packages (I.R.P.s).

This booklet poses social, economic and environmental problems to the students. The readings and activities contained in this unit cause students to explore how pioneering immigrants and First Nations people used the land and living resources to eke out a livelihood in a local area. This unit highlights the pioneer's resourcefulness, reliance on family and community, and enduring need to cope with change. Upon recognition of these aspects in the story, the students may recognize that they too rely on natural resources and social networks. As well, students may come to understand that they may experience important changes in their own lifetime—changes that their decisions can impact. Students will see that history is not a static thing but rather a dynamic process that reaches far into the future.

Historical facts and information have been incorporated into a fictional story allowing the student to grasp the flavour of pioneer life. The story follows the day to day adventures of a Chilliwack farm boy named Freddy Thorpe (a fictional character based on Fred Toop (1886–1976) whose pioneer father, Samson Toop, came out from Devonshire England in the late 1800s to buy a farm in the Sumas Area). This character's daily routine was designed to reflect or represent the lifestyle of a typical farm boy. Some of the accounts given in the story have been

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adapted from actual interviews with Fred Toop. Further input comes from Imbert Orchard, author of the texts *Floodland and Forest* and *Growing up in the Valley* and anecdotes written by Mildred Evans Hall in her unpublished essay, *The Samson Toop Family: Chilliwack Valley Pioneers of 1876*.

The activities in each chapter of this booklet have been divided into three sections.

**Section 1: Historical Exploration** is designed to extend students' understanding of local history as well as check on their reading comprehension.

**Section 2: Your Perspective** values students' need to relate new information to their existing body of knowledge. These activities are more open-ended and invite students to relate their life experiences to events in the story.

**Section 3: Vocabulary Extension** aims to clarify some of the terms used in the story and to broaden students' English vocabulary.

Chapter 8 does not follow this format. Chapter 8 presents to students a unique social, agricultural issue which has no right or wrong answers. Students are asked to explore the issue, see two perspectives on the issue, formulate and justify their own position on the issue, and debate their position with the class. This type of activity is commonly referred to as **critical thinking or problem solving**. Throughout *Butter Churns and Stern Wheelers*, activities have been designed that engage the students so that they complete the unit feeling as though they have personally related to the agricultural history of Chilliwack.



## Relevant IRPs/Grade 4

### **Social Studies**

- relationship of culture to needs
- timelines
- past and present Aboriginal cultures
- various system of exchange
- factors affecting exploration (immigration)
- interactions of people with their environments—past and present

### **Language Arts**

- predict the meaning of unknown words by using structural analysis, context clues, and graphic cues
- locate specific details in stories, poems, mass media, and audio-visual media
- relate the works they hear, view, or read to their personal experiences or to other works
- gather information for specific purposes and identify sources, including people, print, audio-visual media, and electronic media
- demonstrate a willingness to improve their understanding by seeking clarification from others
- demonstrate respect for others by communicating their ideas and information in an orderly fashion
- listen to and show respect for the ideas of others
- review their contributions and communications within the group

### **Science**

- perform an experiment by following a procedure
- demonstrate an ability to recognize a valid interpretation of their results
- present their interpretation of the results from an experiment

## Relevant IRPs/Grade 5

### **Social Studies**

- contributions of various peoples to Canada
- immigration to Canada
- communities and their relationships to population, resources, transportation, and technology
- effects of lifestyles and industry on the environment

### **Language Arts**

- extend their understanding of a given selection by developing related questions and activities
- use a variety of written and graphic forms, including charts, webs, and maps, to organize details and information
- locate and interpret details to answer specific questions or to complete tasks
- create a variety of personal and informational communications, including written and oral stories, poems, or lyrics; explanations and descriptions; informal oral reports and dramatics; and brief factual reports
- use their knowledge of context and word elements to pronounce and make sense of unfamiliar words and specialized vocabulary
- determine correct meaning according to context, using print or electronic dictionaries, or thesauri

### **Science**

- identify living resources in the local environment
- describe how humans use BC's living resources

CHAPTER 1  
RISE AND SHINE



IT IS STILL DARK outside when father bursts into my bedroom and shakes me awake.

“Get up, son, and gobble down some breakfast!” he says. “The cows won’t be milking themselves, now!”

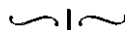
“Yes sir,” I reply wearily, and tumble out of bed. The cool wood floor under my feet is soothing after a sweltering summer night. So far it has been unusually hot and humid and the mosquitoes have been bad. I do not sleep much at night with so many of them swarming and buzzing around my head.

I hurry to jump into my overalls. I scrub my face and neck with cold water from a basin mother has placed outside my door. Father is always anxious to start the work on our farm every day at the crack of dawn, rain or shine.

Over a bowl of lumpy oatmeal and a glass of milk, I stare across the table at my father, Samson Thorpe. Many of our neighbours and friends call me his “spittin image” but I have no idea what that means. All I know is that I admire him. He is a strong yet gentle man who works very hard to take care of his family. He came to British Columbia in 1872. His brother, Hector had come to Canada and written him letters tempting him to leave England. Father had heard that “a future was prosperous in Canada” and the land was cheap. More than anything else he wanted to have his very own farm.

My mother, Emma, loved him so much that she came with him, even though she was afraid of moving to a new country. Neither of them knew what awaited them in Canada’s wilderness. In the very beginning, west coast Salish Indians lived in the Fraser Valley. They were called the Sto:lo (a word meaning river) Nation and to this day they live on the banks of the Fraser River’s **tributaries**. Father told me that the Salish Indians are a peaceful people who care about the land and water. The Fraser Valley had only recently been settled by **immigrant** farmers in the 1860s; they were the first pioneers of what was to become Chilliwack.

When Father and Mother arrived in the Fraser Valley in 1874 after first living in New Westminster, they were surprised at how undeveloped and rugged the land still was. The beauty of the Fraser Valley was staggering.



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Sumas Lake

MSA Museum P1374

One could see mountains all around and there was always a river within close distance to the small settlements. People traveled by a stern wheeler down the Fraser River if they wanted to go on long trips into the city. Father knew the mild climate would be perfect for growing lots of food for our cows to eat.

One of the most splendid sights of the Fraser Valley was Sumas Lake. Mother and Father knew their children would love to swim in it in the summer time. It was such a big lake. It was one thousand **acres** wide, stretching all the way from Sumas Mountain to Vedder Mountain. There were always fish in it—gigantic **sturgeon** and salmon—and in the fall it was home to millions of ducks.

I suppose these were just some of the many reasons why my folks decided to settle in this area. They would be close to the small town of Centerville, now called Chilliwack, where they could sell their milk at the Five Corners markets. They would be close enough to Chilliwack Landing on the river if they needed to take a stern wheeler on a long voyage into the city. They would also be close to Sumas Lake, one of the most beautiful lakes in western Canada. My parents loved the Fraser Valley so much that they decided to stay and rent their first small house. Despite some of the difficulties they had to endure, my parents were enthusiastic and hopeful for a prosperous future.

After a terrible flood in 1876 destroyed their rented home, they needed to look for new property. They were not able to get land on a river bank; most of the **crown grants** had already been taken up.

Finally my parents built a small **homestead** on the Sumas Prairie. Father had to travel a great distance over land to bring his supplies, furniture, building materials and equipment to the new home. He made many trips with wagons pulled by oxen. This took a long time, sometimes all day if the weather was bad. In the early days, there were only a few roads and even fewer trails. The roads were muddy and full of holes. Bridges were rare. Sometimes father had to travel by canoe in the middle of winter. How cold and damp that must have been.

Suddenly the noisy chatter of my two older sisters wakes me from my daydreaming. They have risen to join us for breakfast, which is unusual since they try their hardest to sleep in. As I sit in silence across from my father, watching him take one last gulp of oatmeal, I feel proud. Here is my family bustling about the kitchen of our tiny farmhouse, a house my father and mother built with their own hands. Our cows will soon be milked and that milk will be sold to other farming families like ours in the Fraser Valley. I feel happy to be helping my parents with their dream of becoming successful dairy farmers in Canada.

Suddenly Father glances up at me and catches my admiring stare. With a quick wink he says, "Why don't you get your chores done twice as fast this morning so you can help me take a shipment of Mr. Wells' butter to New Westminster? Mr. Wells at Eden Bank Creamery has been mighty busy with high demand for his butter from the city folk and he has asked for my help. We can take our own shipment of cream to New Westminster while we're at it. I'm sure you wouldn't mind coming along for the ride!"

I almost fall off my chair with excitement. A trip on a stern wheeler into the big city is not something children get to do very often. This would be my very first trip!

"Right away, sir!" I shout and practically jump straight from the table into my boots sitting near the door. I quickly dart outside and the sweet morning air fills my lungs. Running to the barn, I trip and almost tumble into a fresh pile of cow dung. I cannot wait to hear the blast of the stern wheeler's whistle, feel the misty wind in my face and see the black smoke streaming behind us. Today I will see the sights of New Westminster!

## Chapter 1 Activities

### Historical Explorations

1. Look at the map of the Fraser Valley (next page). Pretend that you are a new immigrant to the Fraser Valley. You are a fisherman/woman and you want to trade the sturgeon you caught at the Five Corners Market in Chilliwack. You hope to trade your fish for Freddy's fresh milk. Create your own route from **your farm** (draw and label your farm on the map) to the Five Corners Market (draw your route in red). Write about the different types of transportation you might use to get from your farm to the market.
2. Now show Freddy's route from the Eden Bank Creamery to the Market (draw Freddy's route in a different colour). List the different types of transportation he uses to travel?
3. Throughout the story keep track of the places Freddy travels to by adding them to the map if they are not already there. Neatly label all the places Freddy visits.

### Your Perspective

4. Chapter One explains why Freddy's family settled in the Fraser Valley. In point form list reasons on a Venn Diagram why his family immigrated to this area. Now interview your family members to find out how and why your ancestors came to Canada. Did your ancestors have reasons similar or different to Freddy's family? Complete the Venn Diagram to compare your ancestors' immigration to Freddy's family.

### Vocabulary Extension

5. The letters in the words below have been scrambled, but each scrambled word is found unscrambled in Chapter 1. Hint: they are in bold type. Unscramble the letters, find the meanings in the dictionary and begin the crossword. Look at the example below.

**stdeaomeh**—homestead

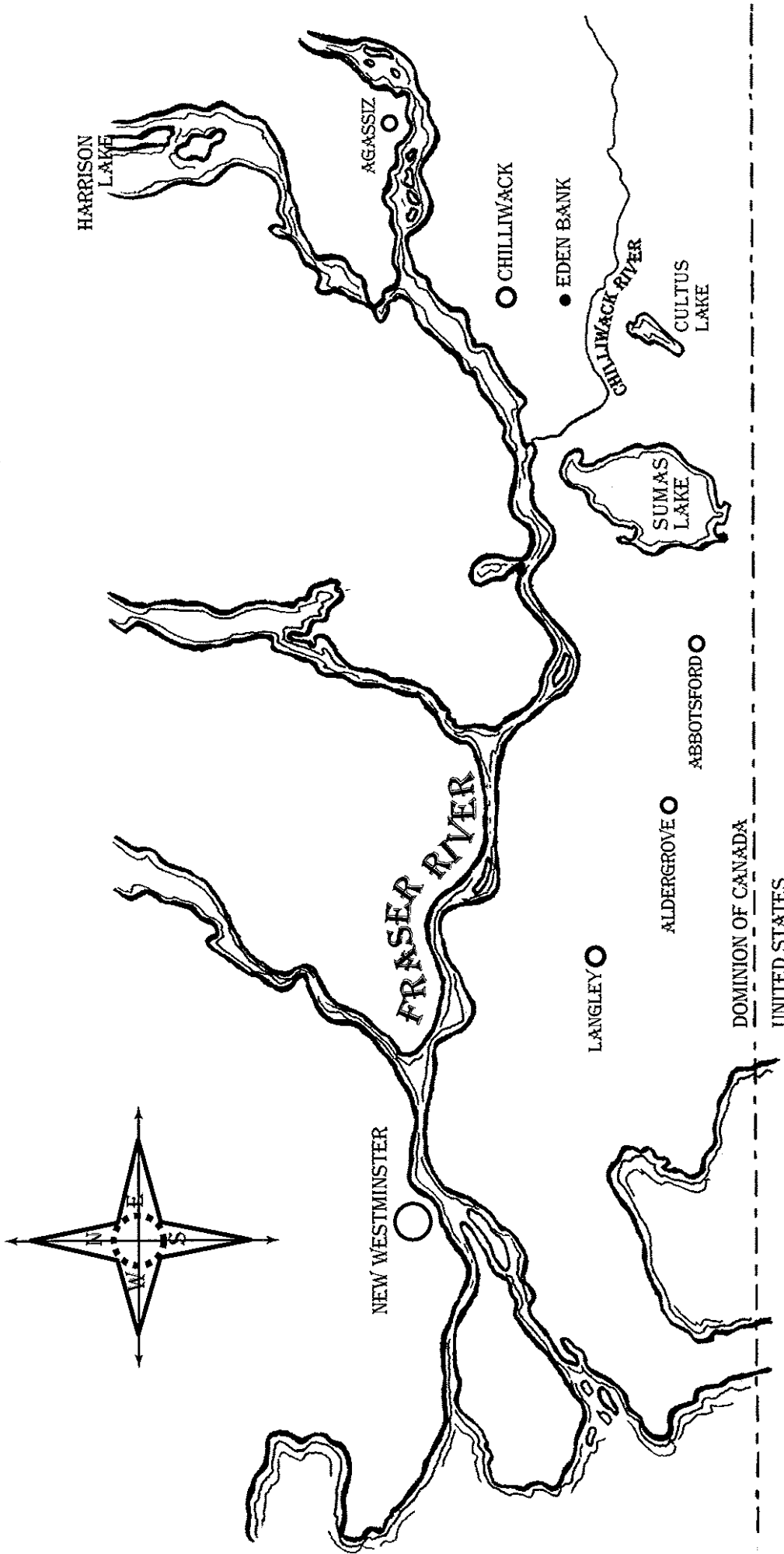
**estritubiar**—

**taniimmgr**—

**gestuonr**—

**wncro ansgtr** (In the West, a parcel of public land, usually consisting of 65 hectares granted to a settler (pioneer) under certain conditions by the federal government.)—

**races**—



CHAPTER 2  
MORNING CHORES



**W**HEN I ENTERED THE DARK BARN I found my two older brothers, Henry and Joseph, already busy milking. They work by the light of two glowing lanterns hanging on the wall.

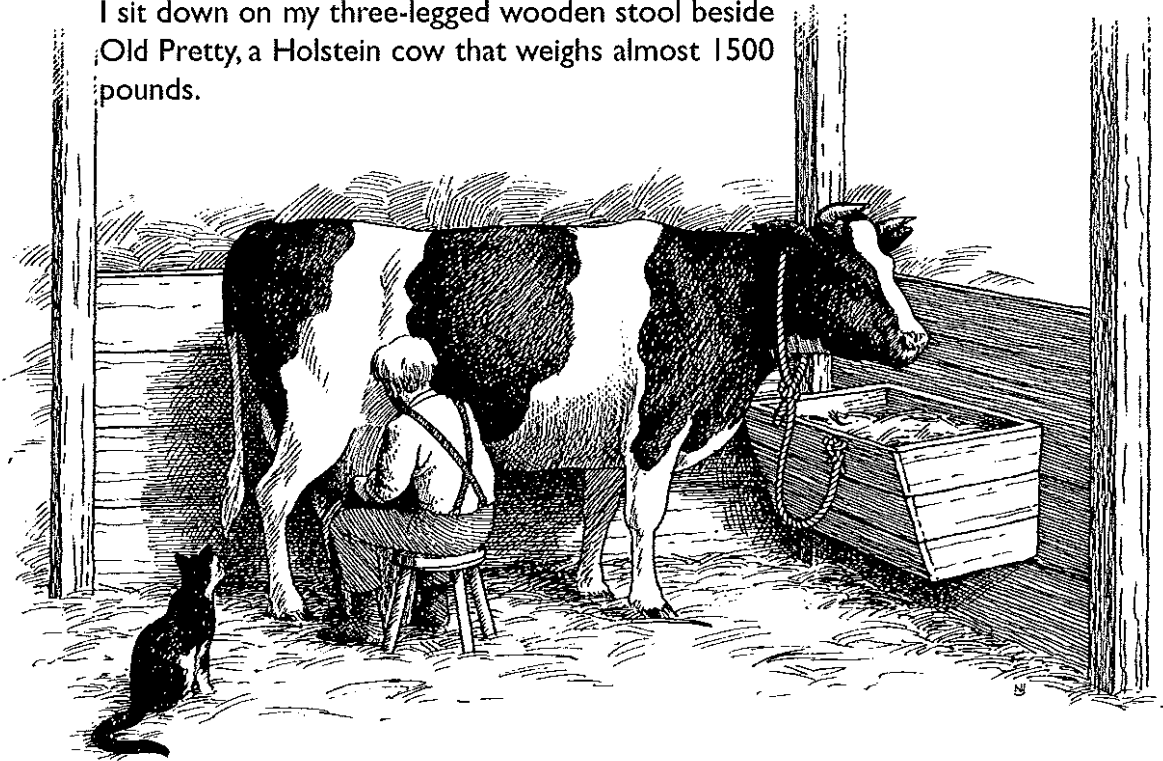
“Morning, Lazy Bones!” jokes Henry.

“You certainly are taking your sweet time today!” scoffs Joseph.

“Listen,” I explain, “for your information I was having breakfast with Father and he has asked me to go to the market with him today.”

My brothers turn green with jealousy; so, they make me milk the cows that are not used to me. Old Pretty, Dumpling and Dolly don’t like my hands. Usually cows show a liking for particular milkers.

I sit down on my three-legged wooden stool beside Old Pretty, a Holstein cow that weighs almost 1500 pounds.

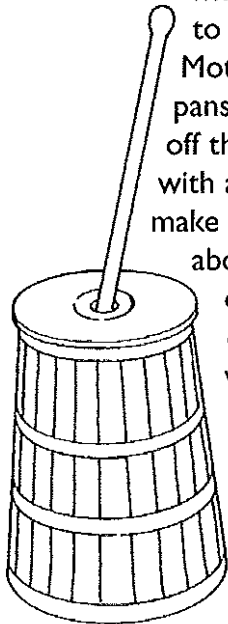




She is spotted black and white. She turns her eye closest to me and watches me through thick, blinking eyelashes.

I rest my forehead on Old Pretty's **flank** and stretch my arms down underneath. Her pink **udder** is so full it is already oozing milk. I gently wash off the mud with some warm water. Then I grab hold of two **teats** and begin milking into a clean pail. I listen for the familiar squish-squish of the tiny jets of milk hitting the bottom of the metal milking pail. Our cat, Whiskers, sits nearby and meows loudly. His eyes are fixed on the milk in my pail. I decide to give him a little taste and fire a white stream of milk at his face. Unfortunately he opens his mouth a little too late and I get him in the ear instead. With a hiss Whiskers bolts out of sight. Old Pretty seems content to be milked and I get a full pail from her in no time. My stroke of good fortune continues with both Dumpling's and Dolly's milking.

Meanwhile, Henry and Joseph, seeing that my cows are giving me no trouble whatsoever, storm off to the house after their milking is done. It is their job to take turns churning the butter in the coolest corner of our log house. Mother calls this room our home-made dairy. Having set out some milk in pans to settle yesterday, Mother takes them one by one and skims the cream off the top with a spoon. My brothers are responsible for making the butter with a butter churn. The churn itself is a small wooden barrel and the dash is made of two pieces of wood shaped like an "X" nailed to the end of a stick about the size of a broom handle. Henry takes the stick in his hands and dashes the wooden "X" up and down in the cream at the bottom of the churn until it turns thick. Eventually, after my brothers both take turns with the churn, the cream turns into butter. I have sat in that corner, before I was ready to go to school, and churned butter many a morning with that noisy wooden dash.



*butter churn*

Mother is in charge of molding the butter. She spends most of the morning doing this while my brothers and I finish the rest of our chores. She goes to her clean butter table and uses a roller

to flatten out the butter and make sure it is smooth.

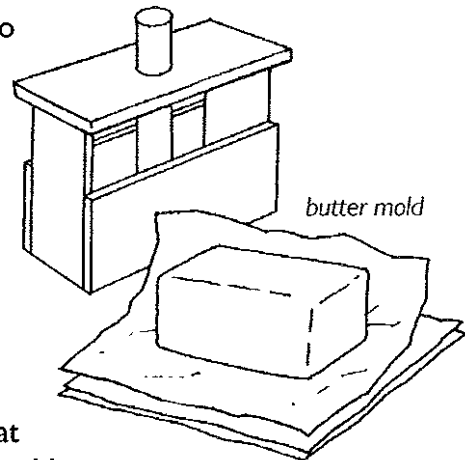
She fills up a mold with the creamy smooth butter.

Then she presses down on a plunger at the top that

pushes out the perfect one-pound rectangle onto the table.

After that, she wraps up the butter in special wax paper that makes it air proof.

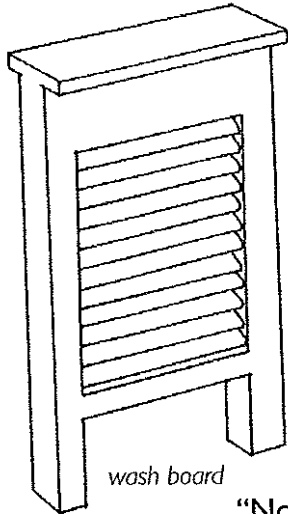
The butter keeps for quite a long time this way. The leftover skim milk is then fed to our hungry calves and pigs. Nothing goes to waste on our farm.



*butter mold*

## BUTTER CHURNS AND STERN WHEELERS

By eight o'clock in the morning I am just finishing up the last of my morning chores—hauling firewood into the house for the stove in the kitchen. I have already finished bringing water inside from our nearby well. My older sister Emma and younger sister Lily are helping mother in the kitchen. While Lily prepares everything for making butter, Emma scrubs some dirty clothes on a washboard in a basin. After that she brings the clean ones outside to hang on a clothesline. I stack the wood neatly by the stove and stop to pick a sliver out of my thumb.



Suddenly Father appears in the doorway. He looks annoyed and jams his fingers beneath the brim of his hat to wipe the sweat off his forehead. He has been loading heavy milk cans onto our buggy.

“Who was supposed to clean out the chicken house yesterday?” he demands. “It’s filthy in there!”

My brothers, both eager to seek revenge on me for being the chosen son to go to market, both point at me.

“Not me!” I protest. “It was Joseph’s turn yesterday!”

“Two against one! Two against one!” my brothers chant in unison. Their grins make me angry.

Father gives me a stern yet sympathetic look. His warning is brief.

“Better hurry up, son. If you don’t get your chores done soon, the stern wheeler will leave without you.”

I glare at my brothers. I’ll get them back for this! In the chicken house I grumble to myself. Cleaning the chicken house is my least favourite job. The hens flap their wings, uselessly trying to fly away as I move them from one nest to another. They peck and scratch at my poor hands. One chicken, protecting the egg beneath her, clucks at me fiercely.

“You be quiet,” I warn, “or else you’ll be sold at the market today. Do you want to be eaten for supper?”

I finish clearing out the eggs and soiled hay in a half an hour. I am pretty sure that’s a record. Oh well, a trip into the city on the stern wheeler is definitely worth suffering with the silly chickens awhile. I step outside the coop and squint my eyes against the brightness of the sun. It will be a beautiful day, perfect for traveling!

## Chapter 2 Activities

### Historical Explorations

1. Practice some kitchen magic. When milk comes straight from the cow, it is called whole milk. To make different products, milk can be separated. Try this experiment (next page) to see if you can separate the ingredients in yogurt. Write up your lab results.
2. Skim read Chapter 2 again. In your own words describe how Freddy milks the Holstein. Research how cows are milked today. Write your own paragraph about how most cows are milked in North America today. Draw pictures to go with your paragraphs. In point form record some of the differences beneath your pictures.

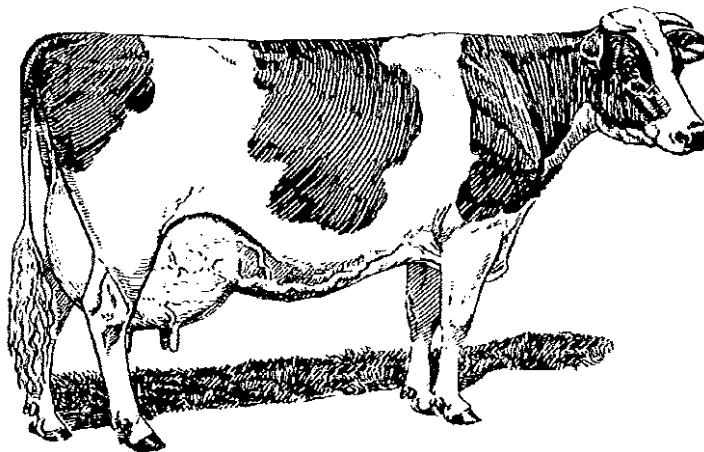
### Your Perspective

3. Look through magazines to find pictures of foods made from milk products such as cheese, milkshakes, yogurt, etc. Cut the pictures out. Now sort your different foods into categories (groups). Make up your own classification system. Create headings for your classification system and glue your pictures beneath the headings. Make sure you are able to explain to another person how your classification system works.

### Vocabulary Extension

4. Can you identify the parts of a milk cow? Look at the diagram below. Read over your word list. Can you match the words to the parts of the cow?

flank  
udder  
dewlap  
hoof  
horns  
brisket  
rump  
teats  
hock



Once you have correctly matched the words to the cow's parts, work on the crossword puzzle. Some of these vocabulary words are in the puzzle. You will finish the puzzle when you complete Chapter 8.

## Can You Separate Yogurt?

### Purpose:

To find out if yogurt can be separated into different parts or substances, and if so what are the substances?

### Materials:

- a clear plastic pop bottle cut in half
- a paper coffee filter,
- at least 500mL of yogurt

### Procedure:

1. Cut a plastic pop bottle in half.
2. Put a coffee filter into the cap end of the pop bottle (remove the cap).  
Place the cap end into the bottom half of the pop bottle
3. Scoop at least a 500mL of yogurt into the coffee filter.
4. Allow the experiment to sit for several hours.
5. Record your observations and findings.

### Observations:

Draw a diagram similar to the example below to record your observations.

<b>Before</b>	<b>After</b>
*Note date and time	*Note date and time

### Results:

What happened at the end of the experiment?

Can you explain what happened?

CHAPTER 3  
THE STERN WHEELER



FATHER TELLS ME I have finished my chores just in time. He has harnessed our two horses to the buggy and is ready to go. There is no time to waste, as we have a long journey ahead of us.

“Go tell your mother we won’t be back before dark,” says Father with a wide grin.

Mother kisses me goodbye and stands in the doorway to see us off.

“You be good, Freddy!” she says. “If you are a great help to your father, I will have some **Devonshire** cream waiting for you when you get home.”

Could this day get any better? Devonshire cream is my favourite dessert and Mother makes it best. My father and I wave goodbye and our rickety old buggy heads out. We should make it to the Sumas Landing on the river in about an hour.

We travel on a sun-baked dirt road that is very bumpy. The horses kick up clouds of dust that make my eyes sting.

“Will we be stopping at the Eden Bank Creamery first?” I ask Father.

“No,” he replies. “Mr. Wells will have his shipment of butter waiting for us at the landing.

I am so excited about my voyage on the stern wheeler, the horse-drawn ride to Sumas Landing seems to be an eternity. After the long and silent ride — my father does not like to chat much while he is driving — we finally arrive.

The **stern wheeler**, “Ramona,” is already at the shore. As it has a single paddle wheel at the stern, it does not need a **wharf**. The captain simply noses the bow of the ship ashore while the stern stays in deeper water.

Many people are crowded on the landing. Farmers are bustling about, loading their goods onto the ship. Some ladies and men are dressed in finery, or Sunday best, perhaps going to visit wealthy relatives or friends in the big city. Father parks our buggy and ties up our horses to a nearby fence. We begin loading our heavy milk cans on to the Ramona. The stern wheeler has three decks. On the main deck there is the boiler, the fire box, the engine room, the cargo space and the kitchen. Our milk cans are taken to the cargo space. Above the main deck is the cabin deck. The passenger cabins, dining room and lounge are there.

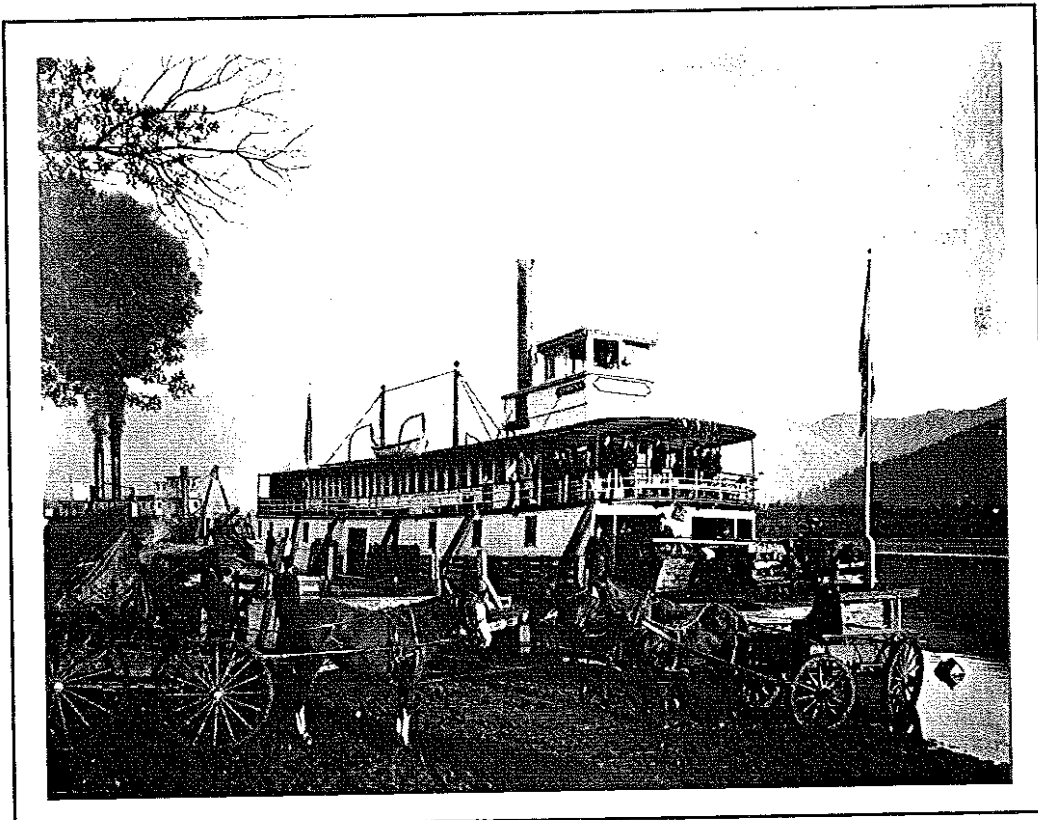
## BUTTER CHURNS AND STERN WHEELERS

The upper-most deck has the officers' cabins and the pilot house.

"Samson! I see you've brought your new partner with you today!" a loud, cheerful voice bellows from out of nowhere.

Father and I reel around to see Mr. Wells standing on the shore, waving over at us. I finish loading up the milk cans while Father gets instructions from Mr. Wells about his butter shipment. He is probably being told the right selling price for the butter and which booth is reserved for the Eden Bank display. I am glad we are helping out Mr. Wells. His butter is famous all over British Columbia!

Soon all the passengers and cargo are aboard. Father shakes Mr. Wells' hand and is the last passenger to leave the shore. The loud steam whistle sounds three times (it is so loud, many people cover their ears). My heart beats quickly as I watch the captain load wood into the fire box. The paddle wheel begins to turn and make a slapping noise as it hits the water. The ship begins to move and the captain disappears into the pilot house to take over steering. A deck hand stands by on fuel duty. He is in charge of loading wood into the fire box.



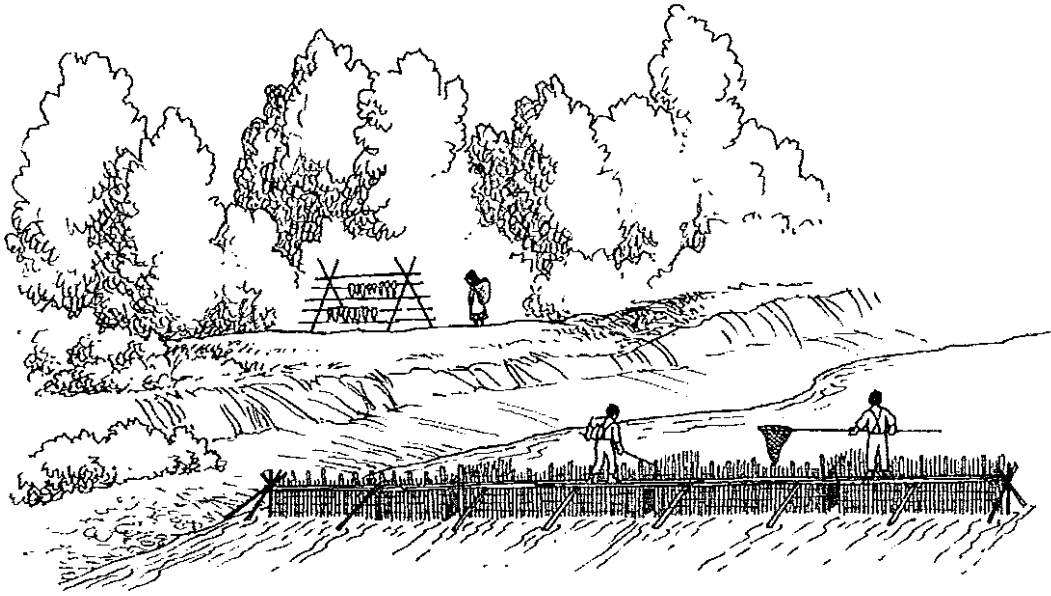
*The Ramona*

*Chilliwack Archives P. Coll 81*

In no time we are churning our way down the Fraser River. Father and I stroll down towards the stern of the ship to watch the paddle wheel. White spray and swirling water cascade down from the wheel as it turns quickly.

Steam and smoke belch skyward and great puffs of black and white stream behind us. I must pinch myself to make sure I am not dreaming. This is the most exciting journey of my life!

Father treats me to an iced tea in the dining room and then we go back outside to the passenger deck. We stand watching the distant shoreline ripple by as if in slow motion. Suddenly, my eyes focus on small groups of people gathered on the bank of the river.



“Who is down there at the water’s edge?” I ask father.

“The Sto: lo people. They are fishing for **salmon**,” he replies. “Around this time every summer native tribes from as far away as Vancouver Island travel up the Fraser to fish here. This is the Sto: lo peoples’ **ancestral** fishing ground. You cannot see, because they are too far away, but they are using **dip nets** behind the weir they build in the river. The weirs are owned by the head members of families but any relatives can use them. The Sto: lo consider it selfish not to share the family fishing stations, for they do not believe in owning property as so many of us do.”

“What do they do with so many salmon?” I ask.

“Well, son, salmon are an important part of the Sto: lo people’s diet. The word Sto: lo actually means river. They never brag about the number of fish they catch, as this would bring them bad luck. To show the salmon respect, I have heard they

## BUTTER CHURNS AND STERN WHEELERS

do not speak or even laugh while they are fishing. When a family returns to the village with a catch, they share their fish with everyone. The bones of the first eaten salmon are put back into the river so the spirit of the fish will become whole again and return next summer.”

“How do you know all that? I ask.

“Mr. Wells has told me many stories about the natives. He is a friend to many Sto: lo men and women who live nearby his farm. He loves to learn new and different things about their culture,” Father replies.

“Have you ever caught a salmon?” I ask, pulling down my hat so the wind won’t carry it away.

“Well,” says Father, blushing a bit, “I am certainly not an excellent fisherman like the Sto: lo people are. Actually, I have never really fished for salmon on purpose, only by accident.” He turns his face away with a low chuckle.

“What do you mean, by accident?” I say. Now I am really curious. Father clears his throat, something many parents do before telling children long stories.

“Remember I used to tell you the story about the 1876 flood, when you were just a young boy? My first fishing experience happened that very year. Your mother and I were renting that tiny house across from the Atchelitz church, you know, just getting started in this new land. Anyway, I recall it rained and rained for days that summer and I was getting really concerned about the water collecting in the basement. I went down there, one afternoon, to see how much the water had risen and was wading around in water up to my waist. All of a sudden, I felt something brush up against my foot underwater. Why, it was a great big salmon! Somehow, I caught it in my hands, but when I tried to lift it out of the water it was very strong and slippery. I couldn’t hang on to it so I decided to leave it there, swimming around. I climbed the stairs and closed the kitchen door so it couldn’t get away. Later on I asked your mother if we could cook it up for dinner, and by golly, we did! It was a grand feast!”

My father is laughing out loud by the time he finishes the story and I am laughing too. I wonder just how that salmon got into the basement of that old house? The flood waters must have been very strong to carry a big salmon that far from the river. I have never tasted salmon, and from my father’s description, it sounds delicious. Maybe there will be some for sale at the market today!



## Chapter 3 Activities

### Historical Exploration

1. Update your map showing Freddy's route to New Westminster. Remember to add in as many details from the story as you can.
2. The Sto:lo people use many different technologies to catch fish. The dip net is only one way. Research information about Sto:lo fishing and choose two other techniques for fishing that you would like to teach someone about. Some techniques are stinging nettle nets, spearing, and sturgeon fishing from a canoe. Draw pictures to go with the technique you choose to write about. Make sure you put your writing in your own words.

### Your Perspective

3. Freddy says, "This is the most exciting journey of my life!" Write at least one page about the most exciting journey of your life. Where did you go? What did you do? How did you feel? How did the journey end? Read your story to a classmate.

### Vocabulary Extension

4. The first five words relate to the photograph of the Ramona in your story. Using resource books: dictionary, encyclopedia, non-fiction books, thesaurus, learn the meanings. Draw the Ramona and label 5 parts.

**stern, bow, boiler, pilot house, paddle wheel**

5. Make predictions about what you think the following words mean. Write your predictions down beside the word and then check the dictionary to see if you have the right idea. Write the real definition down beside your prediction. See the following example.

Prediction	Real Meaning
<b>Devonshire</b> —a place where cream is made	a rich, thickened cream,
<b>Stern wheeler</b>	
<b>Wharf</b>	
<b>Salmon</b>	
<b>Dip Net</b>	
<b>Ancestral</b>	

CHAPTER 4  
NEW WESTMINSTER MARKET



IT IS A LENGTHY JOURNEY on the river but Father and I enjoy every single minute of it. Before we know it, the Ramona is approaching the wharf at New Westminster. I can feel the ship slowing down and the paddle wheel eventually stops turning.

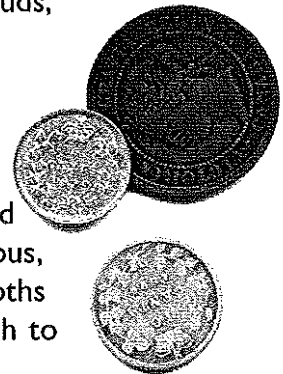
Our ship is docked and all the passengers scramble around to find their belongings. Deck hands rush about, working hard to help unload all the farmers' heavy cargo.

"New Westminster is much more than just a market," says Father. "People come here to socialize as well as sell their goods. It's an opportunity for city folk to mingle with country folk like us. We'll meet plenty of nice people today."

"Great!" I exclaim. I begin helping Father carry our milk cans towards a large brick building with a tin roof. At the door, Father pays an admission fee of 5¢. We enter through the large doorway and my eyes widen at the swarm of activity taking place.

The market building is packed with crowds of smiling people. Along one of the walls are wide stalls in which farmers like us are able to display their goods. There is also a big fenced-in square where the livestock sales are held. Live animals are sold to farmers by auction. I watch and listen to the auctioneer who is energetically taking bids on a wobbly-legged Jersey calf. Beads of sweat form on his forehead as he finally shouts, "SOLD FOR FIVE DOLLARS TO THE YOUNG MAN IN THE SHEEPSKIN VEST!" Everyone applauds, turning to the lucky new owner of the calf. Father tells me that 20 to 30 horses and 30 to 40 cows will be sold today alone!

We hurry to set up our booth. "This is the busiest time of the day," says Father. A dockhand from our ship has followed us close behind, wheeling in the cart full of Mr. Wells' butter. Father was told to sell it for 10¢ a pound, a very reasonable price for such famous, farm-fresh butter. The market clerk comes around to all the booths and collects a small fee. Father tells me we must pay it if we wish to use the space at the market to make our own sales.



I cannot believe how many different items are being sold in one building. The market truly is an exciting experience. It is a place of sights, sounds and smells. Turning to me, Father says, "Go on, son. I'll take care of our business and you can go browse around. Don't wander off too far and don't go buying anything we can already get at home. Here's 25¢. You can treat yourself to something good to eat."

I thank him and hasten away from our booth. A whole 25¢! I feel like the richest man in the world. I merge into the crowd of hurrying shoppers. Somehow I feel more grown up. I am now an official customer, with money burning a hole in my pocket.

Many booths are occupied by women, about my mother's age, retailing butter and eggs. I notice most of the signs in front of the fresh fruit and vegetable stands read "Agassiz" and "Aldergrove". These farmers are mainly selling corn, berries and apples. A whole box of apples is sold for 30¢! There are some tables nearby with women selling apple pies and other pastries. Loaves of fresh bread sell for 5¢. My stomach suddenly growls and I decide to walk as fast as I can in the opposite direction. All that food smells too good and I'm not sure if I'm ready to start spending my money just yet.

I approach another wall where farmers have hung about 40 carcasses of beef. Many of the farmers slaughter a cow or pig and dress the meat themselves. Then they transport the dressed meat to the market that very same day so it is guaranteed to be fresh. It costs 6¢ a pound for dressed pork and 5¢ a pound for dressed beef. People can only buy their meat in fairly large quantities here. Many Chinese stores and restaurant owners are interested in buying meat. I notice farmers also set up boxes of six week old weaners that sell for \$1 a piece. These baby pigs are taken home from the market and fed until they grow big and fat. Then they are slaughtered so families can enjoy ham and bacon.

Another booth nearby is occupied by some local fishermen who sell freshly caught fish, seafood and smoked fish. I approach one big, burly man who has a stringy beard that looks like seaweed. He reminds me of a storybook pirate.

"Pardon me, sir," I say. "Do you sell smoked salmon here?"

"Why of course we do, laddy!" he replies. "Half a pound for 10¢!"

I pretend to do some quick calculations in my head to make it seem as though I really know my prices.

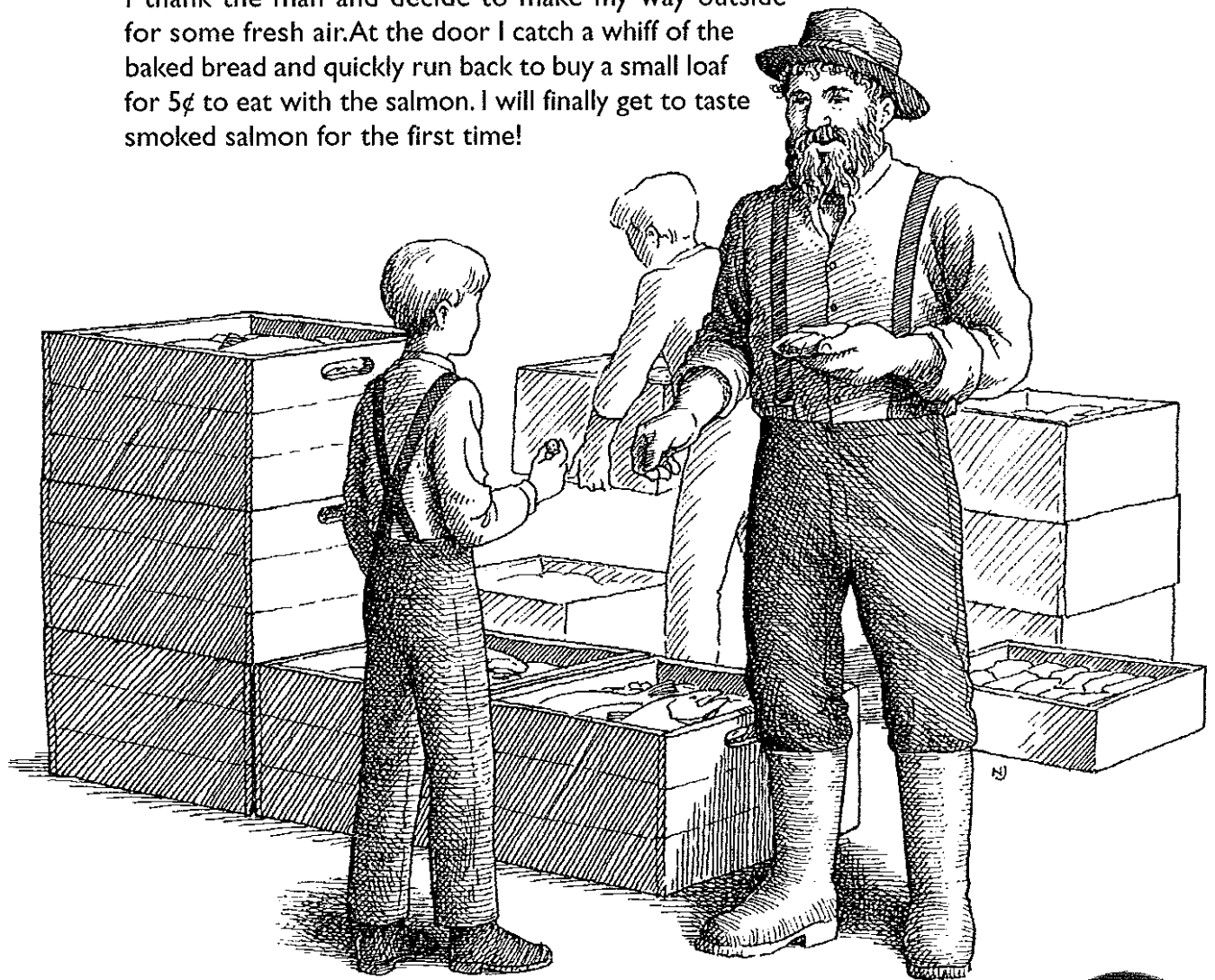
"All I've got is 5¢ to spend," I say. Father has told me about bartering before.

"All right, SOLD!" he barks.

I smile and pay him for the fish. It is wrapped up for me in brown paper.

## BUTTER CHURNS AND STERN WHEELERS

I thank the man and decide to make my way outside for some fresh air. At the door I catch a whiff of the baked bread and quickly run back to buy a small loaf for 5¢ to eat with the salmon. I will finally get to taste smoked salmon for the first time!



I go to a tiny patch of grass near the riverbank and gobble up my lunch. There are still a few farmers paddling up the river in rowboats and stopping to unload at the market slip. There is a ramp that goes down to the water from the market building. The farmers are able to unload their goods and take them up the slip leading directly inside.

I choose to go check up on Father and bring him some of my leftover lunch. I am positive by now he is hungry and needs a lunch break too. On my way back to our booth, I pass by a young man from Burnaby selling fresh-cut flowers in bouquets. A few tables over are some pretty young women from

Ladner selling honey. I figure Father and I should bring some honey back to mother. The fact that the girls at the table are wearing pink and blue frilly dresses with flowers in their bonnets and that they have very long eyelashes has nothing to do with my stopping to pay them a visit. Mother can use the honey to bake something extra special and honey drizzled over porridge or on bread at breakfast sure would make a nice change. I buy one small jar for 10¢ and forget about trying to barter with women—they are much too smart for that.

By the time I reach Father I notice that most of our milk has been sold and there is a line-up for the Eden Bank butter. I help Father with the anxious customers and when they are gone, he stops for the snack I have brought him.

“I thought I would see people selling things other than food.” I comment.

Father swallows and says, “No, this is mostly a farmer’s market, not a homemaker’s market. The fishermen are the only people that sell produce at their booth that doesn’t come from a farm. Everything else you see comes from farms all over British Columbia and is produced by farmers. That’s why I love coming here on Fridays so much. I feel right at home. Coming to New Westminster gives farmers a chance to show off their hard work to the city folk and I like that a lot too. Now I suppose we’d better clean up and head for home. I’d like to pick up some tobacco and a crate of Aldergrove apples before we leave and I can see the line-up for apples is a mighty long one.”

It is about half-past five when our stern wheeler finally leaves the New Westminster wharf for Chilliwack. I am exhausted and manage only to stay awake for half the ride home. Father and I rest comfortably in the passenger quarters; he smokes his pipe and reads the New West paper as I slowly nod off.

## Chapter 4 Activities

### Historical Exploration

1. Make a list of the items sold at the market and write down their prices. Do some research to find out what these items cost today (look in a grocery store flyer). Look at the example. Which item has increased the most in price? List at least two reasons why you think this item may have increased so much.

Market Item	1889 Price	Today's Price
small jar of honey	10¢	\$4.75

2. Look at an old advertisement from at least 40 years ago. Now find a magazine or newspaper advertisement that tries to sell the same product. What differences do you notice in the advertisements? Are there any similarities?

### Your Perspective

3. How much money do your parents give you for your allowance or for a treat when you go shopping? Freddy got a quarter from his father. List the things Freddy bought with his quarter. Then list the thing(s) you could buy with a quarter today. Have you noticed anything about the value of money over the past 85 years? Write a paragraph about what you have noticed.

### Vocabulary Extension

4. In Chapter 4 the author used many metaphors to describe scenes. A metaphor is a comparison between two different things when a word or phrase normally used for one thing is used for another. Here are some examples from your chapter.
  - “swarm of activity”—swarm usually refers to bees. In the story it refers to activity.
  - “Beads of sweat”—beads often refer to the decorative parts of a necklace. Here beads refer to \_\_\_\_\_.

In this chapters find 3 other metaphors in the text and state what is usually referred to and what is being referred to in the story (see example).

CHAPTER 5  
A MIDNIGHT SNACK



FATHER IS RIGHT about coming home late. We make it back home in our buggy long after sundown. Father asks me to take Mr. Wells' earnings over to Eden Bank early in the morning. Luckily I got to have that nap on the ship, otherwise I would be much too tired.

Sure enough, when we get home, mother greets us with her usual smile. She has waited up for her "boys." Father and I enjoy a late supper of sausages and potatoes and keenly watch mother working her magic on our special dessert. She is truly a marvel in the kitchen, especially when it comes to making Devonshire cream.

The recipe has been handed down from generation to generation on my mother's side of the family. Mother lived in Devonshire, England where this dessert was very popular. It is made by placing a pan of milk — when the cream is all up at the top after it has been setting for at least 24 hours — on the back of the stove. Mother lets it sit there until just before it comes to a boil. When she sees that the cream is all wrinkled and sort of moving, she knows it's ready. Then she sets the pan in a cool place until it is perfectly cold and the cream is solid. Father and I are then allowed to dig in. We just scoop the cream up with a spoon and our tastebuds are in heaven. I swear, Devonshire cream is the most delightful tasting thing I ever get to eat.

Mother is very happy with the jar of honey I give her. She tells me she will make oatmeal honey muffins and apple pie next weekend. Father is very pleased at this news.

"Surely we would go hungry without your mother here." he exclaims and kisses her on the cheek.

"And we'd probably be naked too if we didn't have the clothes she makes us." joke.

On a more serious note, mother adds, "And the women in town would have quite a hard time delivering their babies alone! That's one of my most important jobs." Mother was trained as a midwife in England. I am so very proud of both my parents. It is very late and finally we all head upstairs to bed. I believe I will be asleep before my head even touches my pillow. I try and tiptoe, so as not to wake my brothers and sisters, but my tired feet feel like lead. What an unforgettable day this has been.

## Chapter 5 Activities

### Historical Exploration

1. Update your map showing Freddy's route back home. Remember to add in as many details from the story as you can.

### *Choose to do either 2.(a) or 2.(b)*

- 2.(a) In Canada midwifery was not accepted as a professional, medical proactive for many years. Recently, midwifery has become a recognized profession and those interested can receive certifiable training. Do some research on midwifery to find out what these people are trained to do. Cite the resources you use to get your information.
- 2.(b) Devonshire cream is the most delightful tasting thing Freddy has ever eaten. Do some research to find out how cream is made from cow's milk. Draw a flow chart to show the process the milk goes through. Cite your resources.

### Your Perspective

3. Is there a recipe in your family that has been passed down from generation to generation? Bring one of your oldest, favourite recipes to class. With a partner look at your recipes and put your ingredients into the four major food groups: dairy, protein, vegetables and fruits, and carbohydrates. Where do most of your ingredients come from?



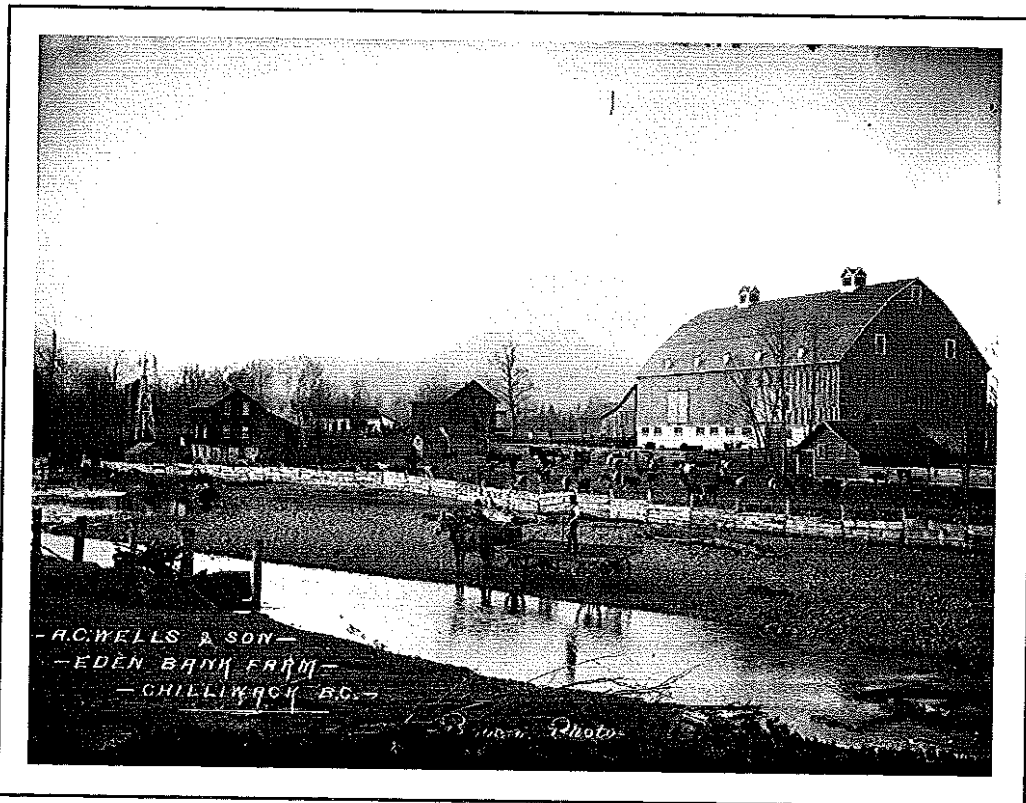
CHAPTER 6  
FROM EDEN BANK TO FIVE CORNERS



HIS MORNING I WAKE UP feeling older and wiser for some reason. Maybe it is my trip into the city that has made me feel this way. I feel as though I have a lot of great things to look forward to when I grow up. I want to be like my father—work hard, travel a lot and enjoy what I do. Someday I would like to take over our family's farm and run it myself.

Mother lets us spread some delicious, golden honey on our toast this morning at breakfast. What a treat. I would take honey on toast over lumpy oatmeal any day. If only there weren't so many mosquitoes buzzing around me. I'm scared they will fly into the honey jar and get stuck so I quickly fasten the lid.

I hurry to finish my usual chores so that I can take Mr. Wells' earnings over to him at his farm. Mother will ride with me today. She will take some of her butter to sell at Five Corners after we visit Eden Bank.



Eden Bank Farm

Chilliwack Archives P 3542

## BUTTER CHURNS AND STERN WHEELERS

Eden Bank is the name of Mr. Wells' farm. It is also the name of his famous **creamery**. He built it in 1885 and it was the very first creamery in the Fraser Valley. Father told me that the village of Sardis has begun to grow around Mr. Wells' farm and creamery because everyone loves Eden Bank's butter and cheese.

It takes mother and I close to an hour and a half to reach Eden Bank from our house. It is a very hot morning and our two horses must stop often for water. Sure enough, Mr. Wells greets us when we arrive at his gate. Behind him, in the farmyard, I watch family members rushing about in every direction, in and out of the farm house and to and from the barn. Hired men dodge each other in the barnyard and dozens of hungry cows slowly file out of the milking barn to graze in the lush green field in the distance. Eden Bank is like a small community in itself. There is always plenty of action here.

"Thank your father for me, Fred. I am very much obliged to the both of you for your help!" says Mr. Wells. His broad smile stretches his bushy mustache wide across his face and he shakes my hand firmly.

"We were glad to give you a hand, sir. I'm sure you'd do the same for us if we were in a pinch!" I reply.

Mr. Wells **doffs** his hat at my mother and she nods and smiles at him in return.

"Freddy certainly enjoyed that stern wheeler ride," she exclaims. "He can't stop talking about New Westminster market".

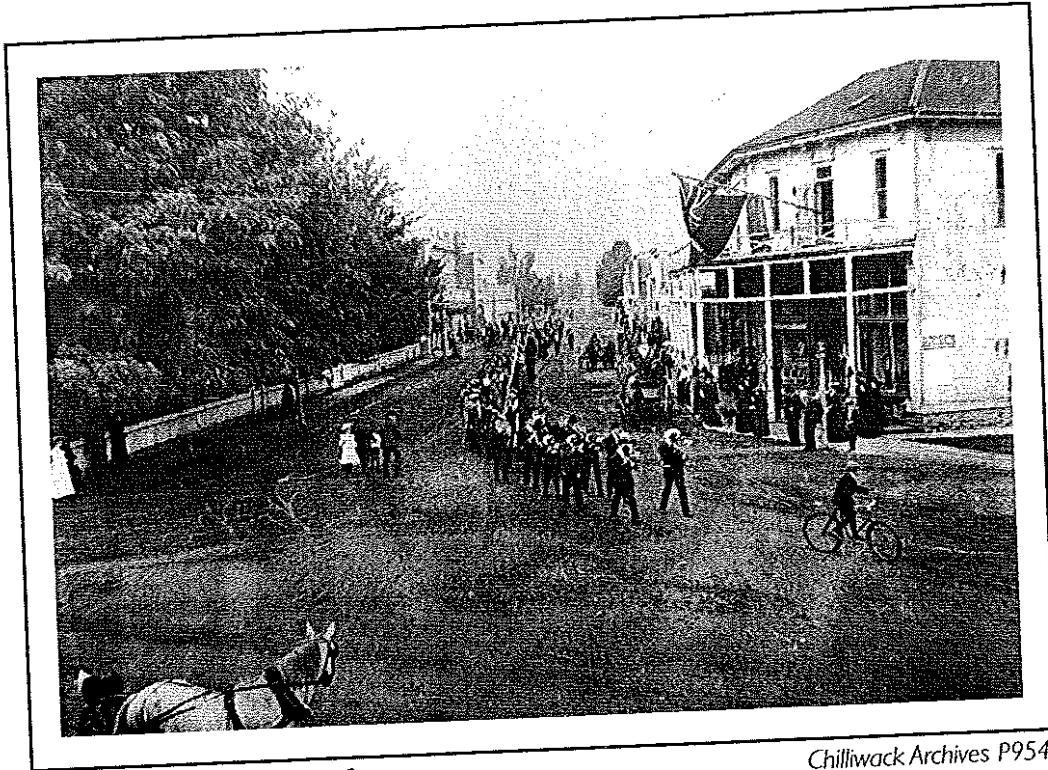
"Well, I'm sure it was an awful long ride, and you were mighty tired," answers Mr. Wells. "Maybe someday we will get an electric railway built from Chilliwack to New Westminster. Traveling on the train would be much faster and even more exciting. Just imagine a smooth, fast ride on dry land. Farmers here in the valley could deliver their products to the market in half the time. You would love traveling by train, Fred."

"Indeed, sir" I say. "The stern wheeler was slow, but it was fun to see new places and people. When do you think we'll see a modern electric railway in these parts?"

Mr. Wells seems to have all the answers: "Oh, not for another 10 years or so, I'd say. I'll tell you one thing though, once we do, it will mean electricity everywhere else too."

"Wouldn't that be something!" exclaims Mother. "It would be nice not to fuss with filling up and lighting coal-oil lamps and candles every night."

Mr. Wells chuckles. "It would be a big improvement. Electricity would change everything for us."



*Dominion Day Parade at Five Corners*

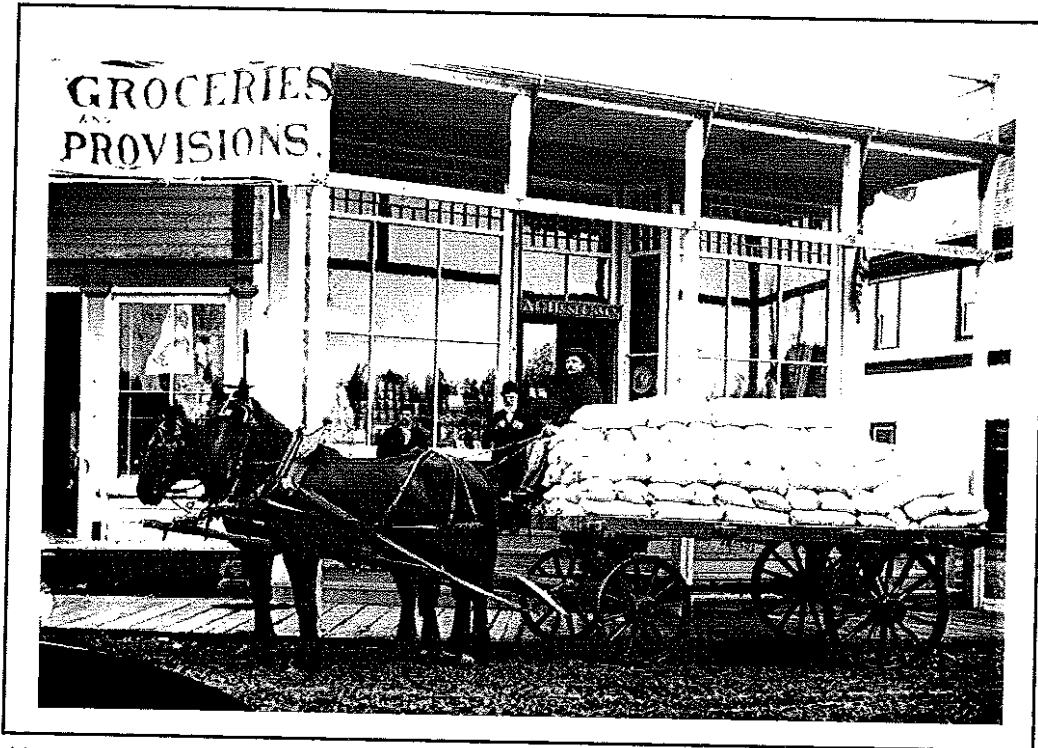
*Chilliwack Archives P954*

We chat with him a while longer, then he excuses himself as he must be getting back to work. We wave goodbye as our buggy moves off once again.

Now Mother and I are headed downtown to "Centerville" (which is now called Chilliwack). Five Corners is the area downtown where five streets meet. These streets are Wellington Avenue, Young Street North, Young Street South, Yale Road East and Yale Road West. We take Young Road South to get there. Mother explains that when she and father first moved to the Valley, Five Corners did not exist. There were farms there instead.

"Five Corners is an area that underwent a big change," she says. "The farms close to the business section of the town were sold and that land was divided up into building lots. The farmers were paid a lot of money for their land. The new building lots are called additions, because new stores and shops will be added to the community. Business owners know that Five Corners is where everyone likes to shop, therefore it is very smart to own a store downtown."

Mother certainly knows what she's talking about. As we ride down Wellington Avenue in the heart of downtown, trying to find a parking spot, I stare at all the different kinds of stores that line the street. I see Henderson's General Store, Oddfellow's Hall and Galloway's meat market. There is also a bank, a drug store,



*Henderson's General Store*

*Chilliwack Archives P 3570*

a blacksmith shop, a bakery, a **grist mill**, a hardware store, a barber shop, two hotels and the Chilliwack Progress newspaper office.

We park our buggy at the side of the road and tie up our horses. Mother always takes her butter to sell at Henderson's General Store. Mr. Henderson compliments Mother by telling her how much his customers love her butter. She is happy to hear that. Mother trades her butter for other groceries at the store. I decide to walk down to the bakery and take a look at all the goodies.

Window shopping is a great way to spend a hot, sunny afternoon. Strolling along, I watch the Wellington Avenue sprinkling wagon roll by. The driver looks very sunburned and unhappy, as if he wishes he could lie underneath the cool water showering out of the wagon and cool off. His job is important. The water keeps the road from getting dry and dusty. If he does not water the roads, passing horses will send the dust flying up in clouds and it will collect everywhere, especially on store owners' window sills. Nobody wants a grimy looking building.

As it is Saturday, I know there will be specials on at the bakery. I walk in and almost fall backwards from the heat wave. It is like walking into a furnace! The ovens are so hot, I can see icing melting into sticky pools beneath some of the baked goods on the counter. I feel sorry for the poor baker who mops the sweat off his forehead every minute or so. He looks like he too will soon begin to melt!

My mouth waters a little as I glance at the big display of sugary treats. There are all kinds of different types of cookies, dark fruit cakes and fruit buns. Everything looks tasty and I wish I had more money. I decide to buy a dozen cookies with the 5¢ I have left from my trip to New Westminster. They are chocolate with white frosting. I will bring them home to share with the rest of my family. We never get to eat anything chocolate.

I carry my treats back to Henderson's Store to meet up with Mother. I am peering into the bag, smelling the cookies, when all of a sudden I trip over one of my shoelaces. I scrape my elbow on the gravel as I hit the ground, trying my hardest to save my cookies from being thrown onto the sidewalk. I pick myself up and notice a big advertisement in the store window next to me. It is an ad for the Chilliwack **Exhibition**. It reads, "COME ONE, COME ALL, TO THE ANNUAL CHILLIWACK EXHIBITION, THE SOCIAL EVENT OF THE YEAR! ALL BRITISH COLUMBIA FARMERS WELCOME. COMPETE IN ONE OF MANY CATEGORIES IN LIVESTOCK AND **HORTICULTURE**. PRIZES AWARDED. SPORTING EVENTS. FOOD AND ENTERTAINMENT. SUBMIT YOUR APPLICATION AT ISAAC KIPP'S HOME NO LATER THAN AUGUST 1." This exhibition sure sounds like fun! I will ask Father about it when I get home. Maybe I can show one of our cows and win a prize!

Back in Henderson's store, Mother is finishing buying some flour, lard, raisins, sugar, Sunlight soap and coal oil. Her bill comes to \$5.50 but instead of taking money, Mr. Henderson takes mother's butter as a trade off. I can see Mr. Henderson eyeing up my cookies so I offer him one.

"MMMMMM!" he says, smacking his lips. He pops one into his mouth and pats his stomach. I suppose that's his way of saying thank you. Mother and I smile at him and say goodbye.

On our way home, I ask Mother if she likes living on a farm in the Fraser Valley.

"I'm sure you agree it is a lot of hard work," she answers, "but I wouldn't want to do anything else. I have learned how to do many things to keep our family safe, warm, well-fed and happy since your father brought me here. My jobs are important, and if I did not work with your father, as a team, our farm would surely fail."

I ask her, "You can do anything, can't you Mother? Why, I think you can even handle an axe just as well as Father!" This makes mother blush and laugh out loud.

"If not better," she whispers, "but don't ever tell him I said that! You know, that reminds me of a very funny story."

"What is it?" I ask, wondering if perhaps Mother once caught something more exciting than a salmon in the basement.

## BUTTER CHURNS AND STERN WHEELERS

“Well, you were the fifth child born into the family, but when you were on the way we were all sure you were going to be a girl. I had spent many days making you baby clothes by hand. Some of them were even **embroidered**. I spent long hours stitching by the fire at night. Our old cradle had fallen apart, so I made a new one myself, spending every second of free time, which isn't very much for a busy mother, in your father's workshop sawing and hammering away. I was quite proud of the cradle I made, and painted roses, hearts and butterflies all over it. I thought my baby girl would look so sweet in it! Anyway, my goodness, you sure did fool us! You had to wear all the girl clothes until you were almost two years old and Lily was born. Then we gave your clothes to her and I made you a little jacket out of flour sacks. Times were pretty hard, we had a very big family and we didn't have much money, but we made it through the tough times. And after you got your jacket and trousers we turned you loose. You were a real boy from then on.”

“That's a relief, Mother.” I say. “I don't think I'd fancy wearing a dress today! I'm glad to be wearing boy's clothes”.

“You are much more than a boy now, Fred” mother says with a sigh. “You are turning out to be a real fine young man.”

I sure hope Mother knows just how proud I am of her too. I am positive she does, as somehow mothers seem to know everything.

## Chapter 6 Activities

### Historical Exploration

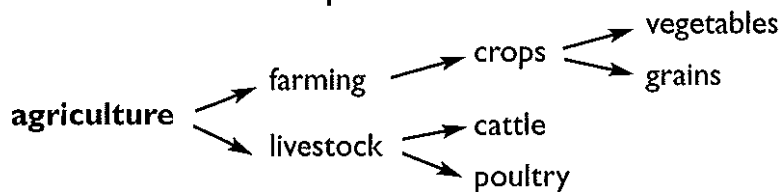
1. Create a second map showing Freddy's route into Eden Bank and Five Corners Market with his mother. Add in some of the buildings Freddy passes. Make up symbols to show what the stores sell, such as a horseshoe for the blacksmith shop.
2. You are the new city planner for the Fraser Valley. Your job is to decide where the train route should go from Chilliwack (Centerville) to New Westminster. List 2-3 reasons why you think your route is a good choice. Create a symbol for a train route and draw your route onto your map.

### Your Perspective

3. Freddy's mother buys some coal oil at Henderson's store. The coal is burned in a lamp so that the family may have light at night. Explore your own house. Make a list of all the different ways your family uses electricity. You should be able to find at least 10.
4. Describe your experiences when your power went out. Explain how long it was out, why you think it went out, what did your family do in the darkness, and any funny events that occurred during the power outage. Read your description to a classmate.

### Vocabulary Extension

5. Find the following seven vocabulary words in this chapter. Use resources to find out what the words mean. Complete word webs on each vocabulary word. Look at the example.



creamery

doff

grist mill

Exhibition

horticulture

embroider

CHAPTER 7  
THE FALL FAIR



AS SOON AS MOTHER and I get home, I run into the house in search of Father. He is no where to be found inside so I ask Lily where he might be. She looks up at me from a picture book in her lap.

“He’s outside napping in the **hammock**. He told us not to bother him while he’s sleeping, Freddy. Now I think you shouldn’t bother me while I’m reading.”

“Thanks, Lily!” I say and yank on one of her long braids.

“MOM!” she hollers, but I am out the door as quick as a wink before she can tattle on me.

Sure enough Father is sound asleep in the back yard. His hammock sways to and fro in the afternoon breeze. I am surprised that he doesn’t wake himself with his loud snoring. I creep up to him and quietly pull a long piece of grass out of the ground. Sticking it in Father’s ear, I wiggle it around a little bit, just to see what he will do.

I guess he thinks it is a mosquito because he swats his ear as hard as he can. This swift move tips over the hammock and sends Father to the ground. Down he goes, face first, crushing his favorite straw hat beneath him.

“Doggone bugs!” he bellows. As he picks himself up and dusts off, he turns around to face me.

“Uh ... it was me, Father,” I say in a small voice, showing him the blade of grass. “I didn’t mean for you to fall out of the hammock.”

“Fred, that was a mighty nasty trick to play on your old father. I’m awfully tired and was really enjoying that nap.” he says. “What on earth has gotten into you?”

“I’m sorry, sir!” I stammer. “It’s just that I saw this advertisement in one of the windows downtown today and I needed to ask you about it.”

Father groans. “Well, son, I’m sure you could have waited until I was finished sleeping. Anyway, why don’t we go over and sit in the shade and talk?”

We walk over to our pear tree and sit down beneath it. The fruit hanging from the branches is not quite ready to pick and eat yet, but I’m sure in a few weeks



the pears will be ripe and delicious. Hopefully, Mother will make her pear preserves again.

Father leans back on the tree trunk and asks, "So what was this advertisement you saw, Fred?"

"Well, it said something about the Chilliwack Exhibition. What is that? It sure sounds like fun. Is it something I can go to, Father? What are the prizes?" I ask all these questions in one big breath.

"One question at a time." laughs Father. "The Exhibition is a fair held every fall that allows farmers to compete for prizes by exhibiting or displaying what they do best. Now, since all farmers are experts at different things, this might mean they'll wish to show animals like cows and chickens, or their best fruits and vegetables. They can enter contests for homemade butter, cheese, jams and jellies. Many are expert gardeners and enter their flowers to win prizes."

"I want to enter a contest too." I say. "Maybe I could show our new calf. Would that be a good idea? He will be over a year old in October."

Father replies, "Yes. Come the Exhibition he will be big enough to show. I'll think it over, son."

"I read on the sign that there will be sports too." I exclaim.

"Oh yes, there are athletics. Many teams compete in football and lacrosse. There are also horse and pony races."

"I think we should all go to the Chilliwack Exhibition this year," I say. "Maybe we could make it a family tradition."

"It certainly is something to consider. If the weather holds out and we don't get much rain this summer, perhaps I can convince your mother to enter her pear preserves and plum jam in the contest and I will try and win a prize with our big garden carrots. We could all win a ribbon" says Father with a smile.

"I'm sure we could!" I say. "You will have to teach me all about showing cattle. I will have to learn what the judges will be looking for, you know."

"Don't worry about that just yet. We'll have plenty of time to prepare. Now you'd better go wash up as I'm sure dinner will be ready soon."

Father gets up from his spot under the pear tree and walks towards the house. I sure hope he will let me go to the fair this fall. That sign in the window said it was the social event of the year! I can just imagine how much fun I will have.

## Chapter 7 Activities

### Your Perspective

1. Look at an Exhibition Program. Find 5 contests or activities you would like to enter. List your choices. If you were a judge of 3 of your chosen contests, what qualities would you look for in the participants or entries? Look at the example.

<b>Contests I Would Like to Enter</b>	<b>Judge's Criteria</b>
I. Pie eating contest	Who can eat the most pies the fastest without wasting any food

### Research Project

2. Research a cow's digestive system. How does the cow's body turn the food it eats into milk? Use information provided by your teacher to help you to understand this natural process. List or draw the steps involved in a cow's production of milk.

## CHAPTER 8

# THE PICNIC BY THE LAKE



AFTER CHURCH THIS MORNING our whole family is invited to a grand picnic at Sumas Lake. Sunday is a common day for picnics. It is the day of rest so everyone gets together to play games, relax and eat a little more than usual. In these parts, picnics are more or less like big parties. Most often, picnics are organized to celebrate something, like Victoria Day, a new barn being built or the end of hay season. People bring their own cooking to share and sometimes, if the picnic goes until after sundown, we have a big bonfire and roasted potatoes. The fire keeps the mosquitoes away at night. During the day we keep **smudge pots** burning all the time. We make smudge pots by building fires in big buckets and putting clay over the fires so they will smoke. It is the smoke that keeps the bugs away. Sometimes, during high water, the mosquitoes are very bad around the lake. They swarm around in clouds, and if we are not careful we can breathe them in. Father told me they were so bad one year that many calves were killed—they were smothered—and farmers had to give up milking because the bugs were eating them and their cows alive.

Luckily, high water season is over, so the mosquitoes shouldn't be that bad today. The picnic starts at noon so after church Mother is running around the kitchen trying to make an apple pie to bring along. I help out by peeling and slicing some juicy apples for her.

"Go tell your brothers and sisters not to get changed out of their Sunday best," says Mother. I think she is just trying to get me out of the kitchen.

The picnic spot is not too far from our house. I know for a fact that there will be ice cream and lemonade for the children. I am very excited because ice cream isn't something we get to eat very often. Once I asked Mother where ice could possibly be found in the middle of summer. She told me that the ice must be collected in winter time and stored in what's called an **ice shed**. The ice is usually cut in blocks from nearby ponds that freeze over in the winter. The blocks are about 15 inches square, which probably means they're very heavy. These big blocks are stacked between layers of sawdust in the ice shed. The sawdust **insulates** the ice and keeps it from melting. Ice cut in the winter can be stored this way until the following fall. Ice cream must be made and eaten quickly, as once the ice is taken from the shed it begins to melt. Mother says there will be vanilla ice cream with fresh blackberries on top at the picnic. I can't wait!



Picnickers at Sumas Lake using branches to ward off mosquitoes.

MSA Museum P 1394

At the picnic the children play games while our parents sit under small tents to keep out of the sun. It is very **unfashionable** to have a suntan. Women carry **parasols** to shade themselves from the sun. I watch all the grown ups sipping beer and **raspberry cordial**, as well as enjoying cucumber sandwiches as a light snack before lunch. They all look very happy.

Most of the boys my age play a rough-and-tumble game of football. Most of the girls skip or go down to Vedder creek, read poems to each other, and pin wildflowers in their hair. I hope our parents will let us go swimming later on. The boys never ever swim with the girls, though. Actually, I have never seen a girl swim.

I decide to take a break from the soccer game and wander down to the lake shore and dip my feet in the cool water. I make my way through some trees, down a small, winding path towards a clearing, when suddenly I hear two voices up ahead. I step back into the shade of a large cedar tree, so as not to be seen. I watch two men in suits pointing out towards the lake. One man has some strange looking equipment and the other man has a ruler and is writing down numbers and figures on a piece of paper.

"Yes indeed, this lake is our biggest problem," I hear one man say.

"It'll be a mighty big project to drain it, but with the expertise of the Dutch, we should be able to pull it off," replies the other.

Drain it? Why would these men want to empty such a beautiful lake? I think to myself.

"If we don't get started on it soon," says the first man, "I'm afraid we'll continue to be flooded every spring. The 1894 flood was the worst one so far, but who's to say an even worse one is not on the way? Who knows when the next flood will strike? Many people in the community have expressed their concern. But lets look on the bright side. Once the lake is drained, there will be acres of new farm land for sale."

I cannot let these men know I have been **eavesdropping**. I tiptoe away, as quietly as I can, grateful that the soft earth beneath my feet is like a carpet. I make my escape successfully, all the while thinking about what I can do to stop them. I must talk to someone and tell them what those men are planning to do!

When I get back to the picnic spot, my brothers run over to greet me. They see the disappointment in my eyes.

"Why the long face?" asks Henry.

"Never mind," I say. "You guys finish the game without me. I don't feel like playing any more."

I go and sit beneath one of the tents. I have a picnic table all to myself, as all the parents are busy preparing food and drinks. Nobody even notices I am there.

Where will all the children go swimming once the lake is gone? Where will the Salish people paddle their canoes and fish for sturgeon? Where will all the ducks stop and rest in the fall when they are flying south for the winter? All there will be left will be an open field. Sunsets will never be the same. I won't see the reds, pinks and purples of the setting sun ripple across the quiet water of the lake anymore.

Today, not even vanilla ice cream can cheer me up. I am very quiet on the ride home. I pretend to be sleeping so that Father and Mother do not bother me with questions.

I toss and turn in bed that night, trying to think of a way to stop those men. I can understand their concern about the bad floods; nobody wants to be in danger! Isn't there some other way to fix the problem? As for new farm land, there are many farms here in the valley already! How many more do we need? I realize the best person to talk to about Sumas Lake is Father. I'm not looking forward to confessing that I spied on the men, but maybe he will be able to explain what I heard them talking about. I am scared I'm sure father will understand how I am feeling.

## Chapter 8 Activities

### Critical Thinking

1. Freddy has overheard some disturbing news. The question is whether or not Sumas Lake should be drained. Freddy needs to know your views on this issue. Do you think the lake should be drained? To develop a well-informed opinion, look back through Chapter 8 and read Chapter 9 to find the Pros (for) and Cons (against) of draining the Lake. Look at the example.

Pros	Cons
Draining will reduce damaging floods	Children will not be able to swim in the lake each summer

Now that you have some understanding of the pros and cons for draining the Lake, you need to discuss with your classmates whether or not you think the Lake should be drained. To make a wise decision, you must listen to your classmates ideas. You don't need to agree with everything that is said, but you need to have an open mind to new views on the issue. As you discuss the issue add new pros and cons to your list.

After some class discussion, you need to decide which position you will take on the issue. Reveal your decision by completing the *Justifying My Decision* handout.

### Vocabulary Extension

Research the meanings of the following vocabulary words and complete the crossword that you started in Chapter 1.

**smudge pot**—

**ice shed**—

**insulate**—

**unfashionable**—

**parasol**—

**raspberry cordial**—

**eavesdrop**—

## Justifying My Decision

I have decided that the

lake should be drained

lake should not be drained

I believe this because (state your reasons)

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I believe that a possible solution to this issue is to (explain what you think should be done about the lake)

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Take a class vote on the issue.

**For** draining the lake

**Against** draining the lake

Create a horseshoe seating arrangement with those favouring one side of the issue on one side of the horseshoe and those on the opposing side of the issue on the other side. Decide where you should sit in the horseshoe arrangement based on your position on the issue. Hold a class debate on the issue. Remember that in debates, students must take turns when presenting an idea. Have fun.

Did the debate change your views on the issue at all?

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If so, in what ways?

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CHAPTER 9  
RISE AND SHINE AGAIN



ODAY, IT IS NOT FATHER who wakes me up. A horrible nightmare scares me awake instead.

I peer outside my window to see that it is a rainy day. The grey clouds hang low over the mountains, covering them like thick wool blankets. As I put on my shirt and overalls, I slowly begin to remember bits and pieces of my dream. Everything starts to fit together like a puzzle in my mind.

In my dream, I was standing in the middle of the drained-out Sumas Lake. For miles and miles around I couldn't see anything except muddy soil and a few puddles of lake water left behind.



The drainage project begins.

MSA Museum P2



Suddenly, grass grew beneath my feet. I turned around and saw farms appearing everywhere. Houses in rows and rows began to appear up along the sides of the mountains. I turned once again, facing northward, only to see a long, smooth gray road. Different coloured buggies without horses were whizzing by on it so fast I could barely see them. Then I heard a voice shout, "Get out of the way, sonny!" I reeled around to see a giant machine with sharp looking spinning discs in it headed straight towards me. The man driving it frantically waved his arms at me but my feet were stuck and I could not run. Then I woke up.

What can this dream mean? Why were there houses on the mountains? Why didn't those buggies have horses? I decide to forget about the dream for now. Although it was strange and frightening, it probably does not mean anything important.

It is time to face Father and tell him about the two men I saw yesterday and what they are planning to do. When I get downstairs to the kitchen, Father is eating his lumpy oatmeal and reading the newspaper as usual. He does not even see me sit down across from him.

I clear my throat to get his attention. "Ahem."

Father is startled. He looks up from the newspaper and his face shows a concerned expression.

"What's wrong, Fred? You look like you haven't slept a wink. Why, you have dark circles under your eyes and you're as pale as a ghost."

I tell Father the story about the men at the lake. In the middle of my story, Mother joins us at the table. She has come inside from collecting eggs for breakfast. They can see I am very troubled about the lake disappearing someday.

"I know it is very hard not to see the advantages of this big draining project, son," says Father. "I will miss the lake very much when it is gone. You will understand why it is a wise decision when the project is finished. There won't be mosquitoes bothering us anymore. Farmers will be very successful when they get to farm the rich soil of the lake bed. Most importantly, we will all be much safer without the danger of floods!"

Your father is right dear," says Mother. "Farming in the Fraser Valley will grow and develop much more quickly if that rich land is opened up and made available to farmers. We will all miss the lake, Freddy, but this decision is being made for the good and safety of the community."

"Where will we swim?" I ask. "What will happen to all the fish and ducks that swim in the lake?"

For once Father looks like he does not have an answer. He takes a deep breath and says, "Unfortunately not all of those problems can be solved. Sometimes there

## BUTTER CHURNS AND STERN WHEELERS

is never an easy solution. Perhaps we can think of some solutions before the project is started. It will take many years to drain the lake so you still have plenty of time left to enjoy it.”

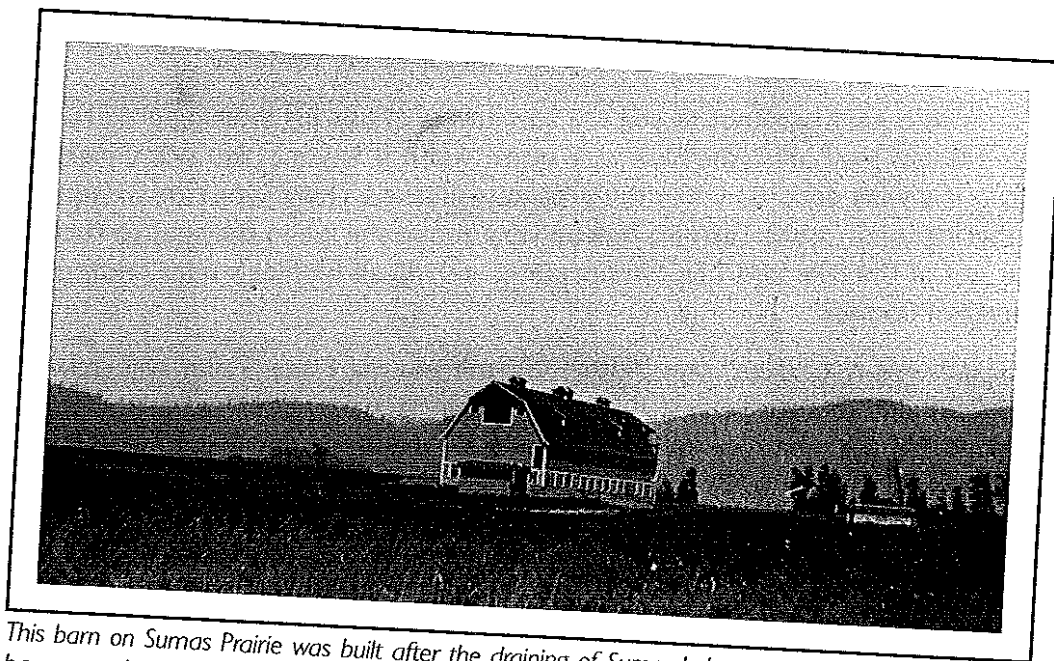
At that very moment a bright ray of sunshine beams in through our kitchen window.

“Look!” I exclaim. “The sun is coming out. I think we should go swimming in the lake today.”

“I think that is a splendid idea!” says Mother. “We will finish our chores and go cool off with a nice long swim.”

I go to the door and put on my muddy gumboots. I sure am glad my parents did not scold me for eavesdropping. I knew they would explain everything to me and make me feel better. I step outside and the fresh morning air fills my lungs. On my way to the barn, I think about everything I have done and seen in the past week. I used to think a farm boy's life was very plain, always full of the same old chores and duties. Today, I believe I have started to see things differently. I see changes are happening all around me. Some are good and some are bad. Instead of just letting these changes take place, I think I will start to question why they are happening.

That way, when I am an old man someday, I will be wise about which changes could be helpful and which could be big mistakes. I wonder what changes I will see in my lifetime. I sure hope I don't see too many changes around here, though. I am pretty happy with the way things are.



*This barn on Sumas Prairie was built after the draining of Sumas Lake was complete. Many similar barns were built by the government to encourage sales of the farm land. MSA Museum P 151*

## Chapter 9 Activities

### Historical Exploration

1. With your class, research what happened to Sumas Lake. What is the land being used for now. What does the land look like. Is there anyone in your community who remembers what the lake looked like? What information does the public library have on Sumas Lake? Do some research and bring it into class.

### Your Perspective

2. The author describes Freddy's dream in detail. Illustrate a picture for this scene. Put in the details from the story. Compare and contrast your illustration to other students. Do you all envision Freddy's dream in the same way?
3. At the end of the story, Freddy has a realization. Explain in your own words what you think Freddy is learning about history. Are there any lessons to be learned from this story? How does what Freddy learns at the end of this story relate to your life?
4. What did you like about this unit? What did you learn about the local story of Chilliwack? Which activities were the most interesting? Which activities would you change? Do you have suggestions for changing this unit?

### Optional

5. Add a final chapter to Freddy's story. Write about swimming in Sumas Lake. Who goes swimming with Freddy? Does he get into any kind of mischief? Will he try to stop the drainage of Sumas Lake?

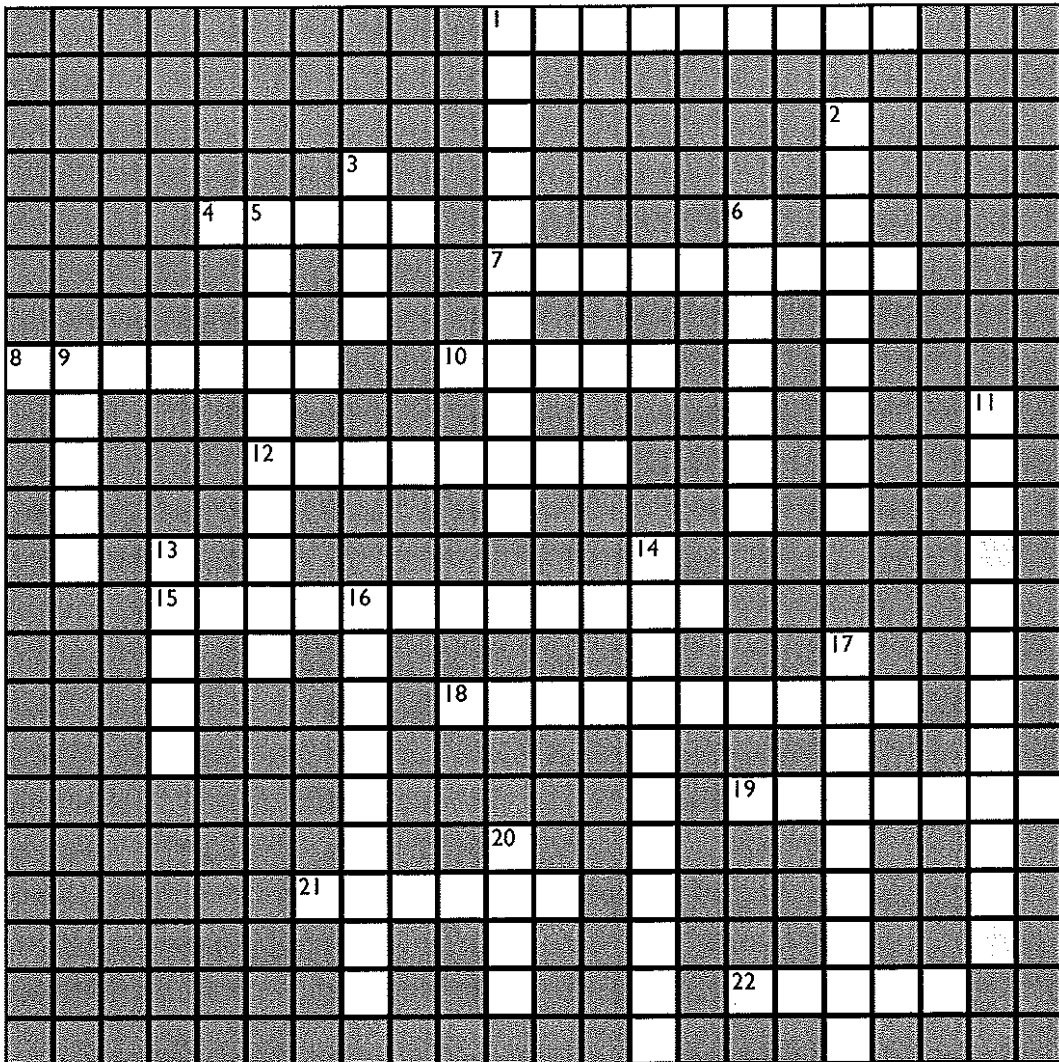
## Field Trip Suggestions

- Visit the Chilliwack museum.
- Visit the Kilby Historical Farm and Museum.
- Visit Tretheway House in Abbotsford.
- Visit Fort Langley.
- Visit a dairy farm or dairy—see how cows are milked or ice cream is made.
- Visit a salmon hatchery.
- Visit an antique store.
- Visit a market (eg. Granville Island).

### **Other Suggestions**

- Have a pioneer day at school.
- Have your class plant a garden.
- Search the Internet for information on dairy farming.
- Watch a movie in class that shows what life was like in the nineteenth century.
- Contact a local First Nations band office for a demonstration of traditional methods of cooking, drying and smoking salmon.

## Butter Churns and Stern Wheelers Crossword Puzzle



### Down

- 1 stitched and stitched
- 2 belonging to descendants
- 3 dam on the river
- 5 place in England
- 6 snooze place
- 9 measurement of land
- 11 needs no wharf
- 13 platform for loading boat
- 14 streams into others
- 16 new to our land
- 17 a new farm
- 20 joint

### Across

- 1 listen in
- 4 milk gland
- 7 keeps warm or cold
- 8 fancy sun shader
- 10 milk squirters
- 12 huge bottom feeder
- 15 growing plants
- 18 public show
- 19 its cold in here
- 21 silvery and pink
- 22 between hips and ribs

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