

A Centennial Commentary
Upon the Early Days
of
SQUAMISH, British Columbia

THIS BOOKLET

was only made possible through the generous help of our friends. Without their support little could have been done.

THE ARTISTS - Barbara Debeck, the street map on the back cover,
Miss Wilma Debeck, sketch of the Great Chief Mountain,
Edith Marchant, sketch of Cleveland being staked out,
Mr. Jack Stathers, the clever double-page map of "THE ROAD"
and the plan of Squamish on page 1.

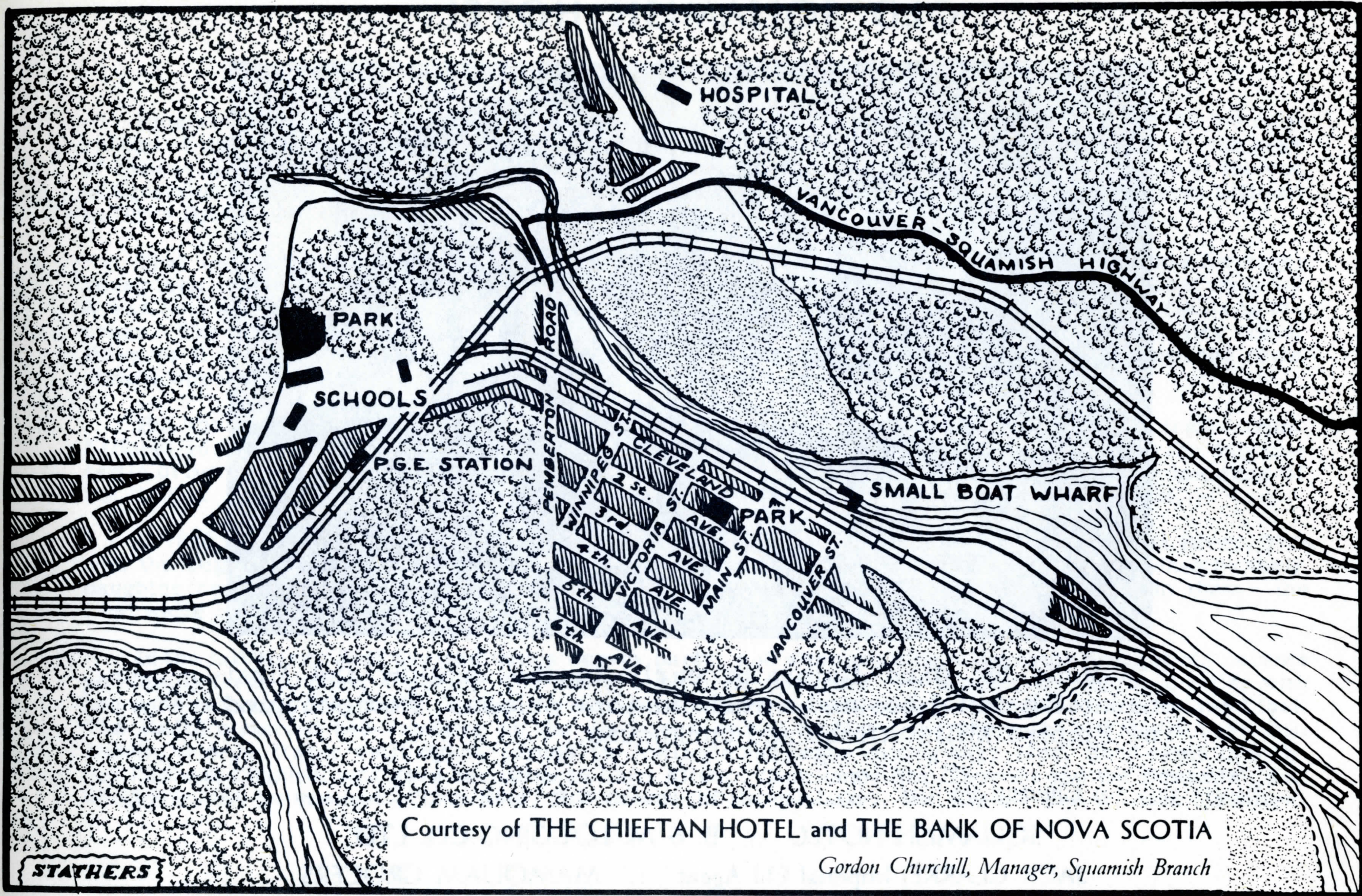
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Courtesy of THE CHIEFTAN HOTEL and THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

Gordon Churchill, Manager, Squamish Branch

STATHERS

OLD SQUAMISH HOTEL



Built by Dave Galbraith early in the century the first Squamish Hotel boasted a real old-time saloon. Now occupied by Empire Mills offices and bunkhouse.

Courtesy of:

SQUAMISH HOTEL :: B. & M. LOGGING CO. LTD.
JACK CLARKE, Imperial Oil Agent :: MAMQUAM GROCERS

A LITTLE BIT OF HISTORY

Squamish is a young community. It can barely get on the centennial band-wagon for in 1858 the only record of the Valley was made by one John McKay, who headed a survey party travelling from the head of Lillooet Lake up Green River and Alta Lake and along the Cheakamus Canyon to Howe Sound at the end of Squamish Valley. Mr. McKay liked what he saw and recommended that a road be built from Lillooet to Howe Sound - but the government thought otherwise.

That was the year of the Cariboo gold rush and the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow for eager young men. There was a road through the Fraser Valley and along the Port Douglas - Lillooet trail but it was long and arduous and costly. Business men wanted to cut the distance from the gold fields to the coast. The route McKay proposed was as rough as the Fraser Canyon outlet but on a smaller scale. However it did not eliminate the portages above Pemberton and Sir James Douglas considered the route almost impossible. He even refused to explore the Howe Sound area further.

But the pioneers persisted. In 1873 they won support for a road - or rather a cattle trail - from Lillooet to Lynn Creek. The trail which was only three feet wide was a \$38,000 failure for only one cattle drive ever went over its rough surface. Then in 1885 some Norwegians settled in the lowlands of the Valley. A flood swept away their homes and their lands and they moved on to Bella Coola.

In 1888 Mr. and Mrs. Robertson journeyed from their home in Manitoba to the Mamquam River. This was the beginning of a real settlement for they stayed and early the next year they were joined by their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Rae. That March a son, Edgar, was born to them - the first white child born in the Valley.

In the fall Harry Judd arrived with a survey party, and after building a log cabin brought his parents and family from London, Ontario. The Rae's, with eight sons and two daughters, and the Judd's, with two sons and eight daughters, formed the nucleus of a thriving community. Other settlers followed fast. The Madill's started hop-ranching on the place now owned by Mr. Dyke where the old Madill barn still stands; George Magee built dykes across the lowlands and began cutting hay; Mrs. Rose came in with her husband Charles, and gave her name to Lake Alice. Then came the Thornes and the Edwards', the Mitchells, the Drummonds, Tom Reid, Bill Brome (of Brome Lake), Ike Hayden and William Mashiter.

MASHITER HOUSE

Courtesy of SQUAMISH VALLEY TIMBER CO.



Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mashiter came here in 1891 and built this house a few years later. Now a duplex occupied by the Earl Watts and the S. W. Harrisons it is the oldest house in Squamish. See it north of the "Record Shop".

Mr. Mashiter who had taken part in the Cassiar gold rush brought his wife to Squamish in 1891, and built a store and post-office, which meant regular mail service and news from "outside" for the settlers. He was an important man in the community, serving as Justice of the Peace, conducting services in the church, and later acting on the school board when the school which bears his name was built in 1915. For a time, in 1891, a courageous preacher rowed up Howe Sound from Gibson's Landing to serve the little community. But he soon gave up.

Peter Herries, the Galbraiths and Mr. Bracken came in around 1900. Charles and Allen Barbour started logging at about the same time. They used six yoke of oxen - that was before the day of the high-ball operation - and took out six 24-foot logs a "turn", or load. The oxen created a problem for they were not easy to shoe. The animal had to be placed in a narrow stall made of poles, and its leg tied to a pole before it was safe to start shoeing.

Mr. Young, who had arrived some time before, started the first sawmill in Squamish. It was built on the dyke opposite the present site of the Esso oil tanks.

In 1910 Mr. Yapp began logging with steam. He first put his logs into water at the mouth of the Cheakamus but it seems that "they headed for market on their own" which was hard on Mr. Yapp's pocketbook. Moreover it was difficult to keep the slip clear of logs; some got stuck in the mud and were hard to get loose. One bright Indian lad devised a log jack to use under water. Only trouble was he didn't have a log jack - it was just a wonderful invention to earn a few hours sleep up the bank. One day Louis was away so long that his friends thought he had drowned. When he showed up they welcomed him like one come back from the dead and from that day on he was called "Seconhand Louis".

So the years rolled on with much hard work, pioneer dances to the tune of a harmonica or a squeaky fiddle, and floods - always there were floods. Most old-timers can tell stories of the 1908 flood which destroyed the Allen Rae house and carried off all the fruit trees but one on the H. H. Gaunt farm and which Mrs. A. P. Barnfield remembers planting. The one tree remaining can be seen in the yard of the section foreman's house at the P. G. E. shops. And the old-timers remember too, the many acts of real friendship that helped them through the hard years.

The "history" of Squamish can only be sketched briefly in this little booklet. For a real story we will have to wait - perhaps until the pioneers have told their stories at their centennial banquet.

CHEAKAMUS HOUSE

was a "Hunter's Resort fifty years ago. Built by David Galbraith and Dutch Charlie it attracted fishermen from Vancouver to New York for the Cheakamus River was one of the finest fishing streams in the Province. Cheakamus House was swept away by the 1940 flood.

The Galbraiths - Mr. and Mrs. and two daughters, Jean and Doris (Mrs. McRae and Mrs. Buckley) came here around 1900. A third daughter "Widge" was born here.



Compliments of

SQUAMISH TRANSFER

and

JOHNNY'S T. V. SERVICE

SQUAMISH HONOURS ITS OLD-TIMERS

There'll be many a story told and many a friend recalled when the old-timers get together at the Pioneer Banquet on August 7. They'll talk of the old homesteads, and the hop ranches, of the marryings and the dyings, of the Indian horse races and the small pox, of amateur theatricals at the Judd home, of the Mamquam Duke and his odd ways, of the old man who couldn't stand pestiferous children and shot one. They'll tell of narrow escapes from cougar and lynx, and bobcat and bear. And they'll remember the floods - the many floods that swept away their plantings, and ruined their houses and made better neighbours of them. AND BENTLY GORE, the village character 1891 - would only wear one new shoe at a time.

And the name of many an absent one will come up for these old-timers don't forget. There will be twenty-five tongues wagging and twenty-five hearts full of "the old days" and the old friends. Among those expected are:

Mrs. M. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. A.P. Barnfield, Mr. and Mrs. F. Buckley, F. Downer, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Edwards, Mrs. M. Heindl, M. Hurren, Mrs. H. Judd, Mr. E.T. Judd, Fred Magee, Mrs. Scott MacDonald, Mrs. Rose McNiel, Mrs. A. McRae, B. Racine, Edgar Rae, H.L. Rae, Laurence Rae, Mrs. Frank Scott, Clarence Tatlow, Cliff Thorne, Mrs. W. Webster, and Mr. George Williams.

One of the guests of honour, Mr. Frederick Osborne Magee, will be doubly honoured for he is the only resident of the Valley who will receive a scroll from the Province. To be eligible pioneers must have been in British Columbia prior to July 4, 1886, and Mr. Magee was born in Vancouver in 1876, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Magee having arrived in New Westminster in 1859. They journeyed through the Isthmus of Panama and farmed on the Fraser and in South Vancouver. A sister, Mrs. M.C. Dester, now ninety years of age has probably lived longer in Vancouver than any other person. Fred Magee's father was a friend of Sir James Douglas, and his brothers, George and Walter farmed in Squamish. A sister was one of the first teachers.



Courtesy of MACKENZIE'S STORE and JOHN HUNTER, CONTRACTOR

GOING TO SCHOOL IN THE EARLY DAYS

The solemn youngsters in the photograph are fifty-two years older now and can't be easily identified. Who are they? This was a large class for the early days, and it had as teacher a poet of some renown. A. M. Stephen, one of the first teachers at the Brackendale School was both a poet and a socialist. On the wall of his schoolhouse hung a large picture of Queen Victoria, much to Mr. Stephen's disgust, for he did not approve of royalty. So he turned the picture to the wall - not daring to remove it altogether. The ladies of the community were horrified and sent a delegation to the School Board in protest. They insisted that the picture be righted, and the teacher conformed reluctantly. But every day, as soon as school was dismissed, he would turn the picture to the wall and go back to work contented.

Education which has a million dollar investment in the Howe Sound district today had humble beginnings. At first, the few white settlers up the Valley learned their three R's in a farm kitchen. Then in 1893 (or 1896?) the settlers banded together to build a little school on land donated by Tom Reid near Armstrong's Corner. Miss Magee, a sister to Fred Magee, was the first teacher. Enrolled were three Rae children, three Judds and three Indian children. In 1904 (or 1905?) a proper school was put up near Leski's Crossing where a commemorative copper beech now stands. This was where Mr. Stephen taught in 1906. Mr. Judd was secretary of the Brackendale District for a number of years.

Squamish (the lower valley) children first attended a private school in 1904. School was taught in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Foulke and the pupils were six of his nine children. Then in 1909 a public school was opened with Miss Mary Jukes teaching, and the Magees, the Hickies, and the Galbraiths attending. In 1910 the H.S. & P.V.N. Railway undertook to finance a school and class was opened in the Squamish Hotel, then moved to Dr. Paul's home (now the Munro residence). Miss Stella Ferguson, who taught was paid \$40 a month, the cost being shared by Squamish residents and the Provincial Government.

Finally in 1915 the Mashiter School (still standing) opened its doors with the following in attendance: Isabel Galbraith, Anne and Jack Mackenzie, Evelyn Fuller, Marion McNeil, Alex Munro, and M. Reeves. Mr. Fletcher and Miss Irene McLellan were the first teachers. Land for the school and grounds was donated by Mr. Mashiter who was an official of the Board for a number of years.

ALFRED AND HARRY BARNFIELD

There was a little snow that winter of 1910



Courtesy of: HOWE SOUND BUILDERS' SUPPLY
HOWE SOUND ELECTRIC & RELIANCE DISTRIBUTORS

INDIAN DAYS AND TALES

In the years before the white man came to B. C. the Chilcotin Indians used to come down the Squamish River from the interior to raid the peaceful Squohomish tribes. The last raid occurred about 1880. It was late in the fall and there was about six inches of snow on the ground. The Squamish people were on a fishing trip and camped about thirty miles up the Squamish River on Shovel-Nose Creek when the Chilcotins raided the camp. They slaughtered the men and kidnapped the women and children. In the ensuing melee, Jimmie Jimmie, then only a child of ten, managed to escape. Without canoe or supplies he yet managed to make his way to the mouth of the river where the main band was camped.

When the first settlers came to Squamish they found platforms built high in the spruce trees on the delta. The Indians used these platforms as lookouts, to watch for raiding Indians who came down to Howe Sound periodically on their forays. Once a band of raiders pursued the local tribesmen up the river to a spot close to the present Mamquam School. The Squamish Indians took to the woods and headed for the hillside and the raiders, who did not know the land as well, followed only to run into a patch of quicksand at the foot of the hill. They floundered around in the treacherous sand giving the local Indians time to make good their escape.

The early settlers all speak of the friendliness of the Indians. The settlers sometimes attended the Indian dances and even potlatches. Some fifty years ago Mrs. A.P. Barnfield, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thorne, and Mr. and Mrs. H.H. Gaunt were invited to a "really big affair" at the hall owned by Dan Jacob's father. More than a hundred North Vancouver Indians were guests and a gay time was had by all except for one small incident. The white party had just received Old Country mail and opened their letters at the hall. Some Indians feared they were their letters and showed their annoyance. But the Chiefs calmed the young braves and all was well. A potlatch is something to remember!

Sixty years ago hop farming was the main industry in the Valley. Squamish hops were some of the finest to be shipped to England, and the industry thrived until the demand ceased. The Madills were the first to grow them here, and by 1894 Allen Rae, Tom Reid, and George Magee were in the business. Early in September the Pemberton Indians came down to pick hops at \$1 a box. As usual, relates Mr. Judd, they came with wives, kids, dogs and horses, and Sunday afternoons there was horse racing and dog fights. The race started at the Hop Ranch gate and ended at Schoonover's Bridge. If a horse decided that it was losing the race, it would duck off the road into the woods - rider and all!



OLD TRAPPER

This is Charles Schoonover, proudly showing his winter catch of fur. He was a noted hunter and trapper and guided many a timber cruising expedition into the forests of the Upper Squamish River. He came to the Valley in 1905 and homesteaded up the valley where the new B.C. Electric power plant now stands. After the 1908 flood Mr. Schoonover moved to Brackendale. His daughter, Mrs. Scott MacDonald still lives in the Valley.

Schoonover's Bluff recalls the early family. In early days there was also a Schoonover Bridge.

Courtesy of:

JOHN CRANE, Alpine Lodge
CARIBOU CAFE
GRANDVIEW LOGGING
ECONOMY GROCERS

MRS. SCHOONOVER AND GOAT



Charlie Schoonover once brought home an orphaned kid and Mrs. Schoonover raised it on the bottle. It became quite tame but it grew and grew and became a loving nuisance. Schoonovers didn't know where to put it until an ad for "wild" animals in a Vancouver paper, gave them an "out". An answer brought the agent for a noble English lord to Schoonover Manor and soon Big Billy was part of the Duke of Bedford's estate. The picture was taken in 1910 on the Pete Herries place near Leski's Crossing.

Courtesy of:

PALM DAIRIES

Door to Door Delivery

and

MARGARET'S DRESS SHOP

GOVERNMENT WHARF (No built-in horsepower 50 years ago)

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MT. GARTBALDI FROM SQUAMISH
LANDING, NEAR VANCOUVER, B.C.

ON 100 YEARS OF HISTORY

B. C. TELEPHONE CO.

BOATING ON THE SOUND

It's a pleasure if you own a speedboat or a pleasant little dinghy, to go cruising down Howe Sound, and maybe catch a fish or two, and maybe just drift and dream. But when the Robertsons, the Raes and the Judds and the Mashiters came this way they had to charter a boat to reach the mouth of the river, then get an Indian canoe to take them up the main channel of the Squamish River. It took weeks to get from where you were to where you wanted to go - and you had to bring your bed and grub with you.

Now if you must make a quick trip you can charter a helicopter - or a speedboat; and if you are not in too great a hurry you can take the train or go by road in an hour or two.

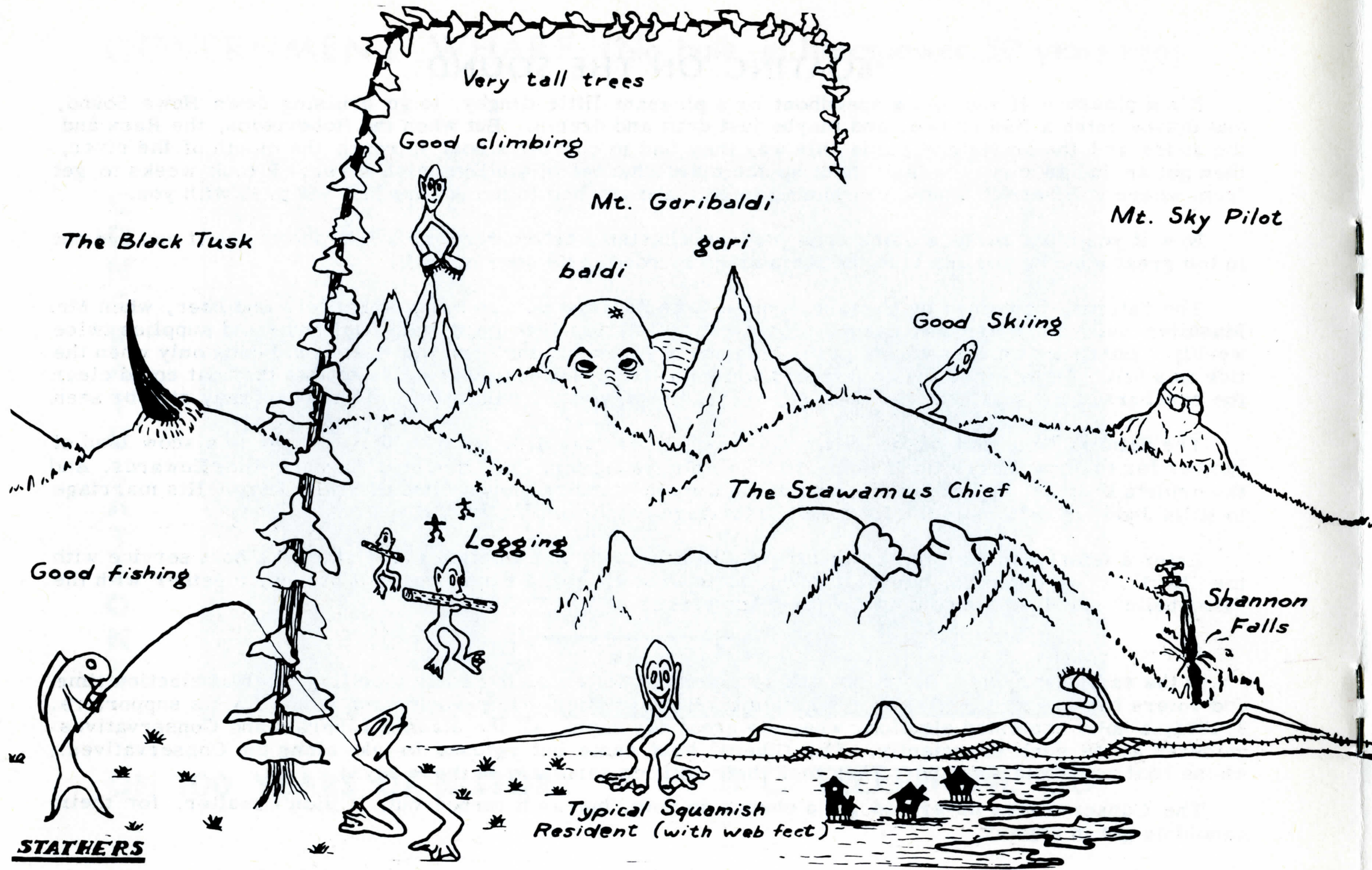
The Saturna, captained by Captain Mooney, was the first boat to bring in settlers and later, when Mr. Mashiter built his store and opened a post-office in 1891, it brought mail and news and supplies twice weekly. But there were sandbars in the Mamquam River channel and the boat could dock only when the tide was full. Many times the passengers waited all night for the tide to rise so that the boat could clear the sandbars. This was near the Shell Oil supply tanks, where remains of the old wharf may still be seen.

The Saturna was part of the settlers' lives. It was the S.S. Saturna that brought in a scow load of lumber for the new Harry Judd home in 1894 when young Mr. Judd married Barbara Anne Edwards. And the bride's brother, H. J. Edwards, who brought up the lumber, found himself a wife here. His marriage to Rilla Judd, in 1904, was the first white marriage celebrated in the Valley.

Later a wharf was built out beyond the Galbraith store and Captain Cates started a boat service with the "Bert". The Union SS. bought him out some time after the First World War and, together with the "Bonabelle" serviced the community for many years.

In the early days there were not enough voters in Squamish to justify a polling booth at election time and voters had to journey to Gibson's Landing. Each political party would send a boat for its supporters. In 1904, a hotly contested election, when the great day came, all the staunch Liberals and Conservatives gathered at the dock expectantly. The Liberal boat came but refused to take along the Conservatives. whose boat never did show up. They took their politics seriously in those days!

The Conservatives never did get a chance to vote, but as it turned out, it didn't matter, for their candidate got in anyway.



The Lions
(not prejudiced)

Vancouver

West Vancouver
(cliff dwellers)

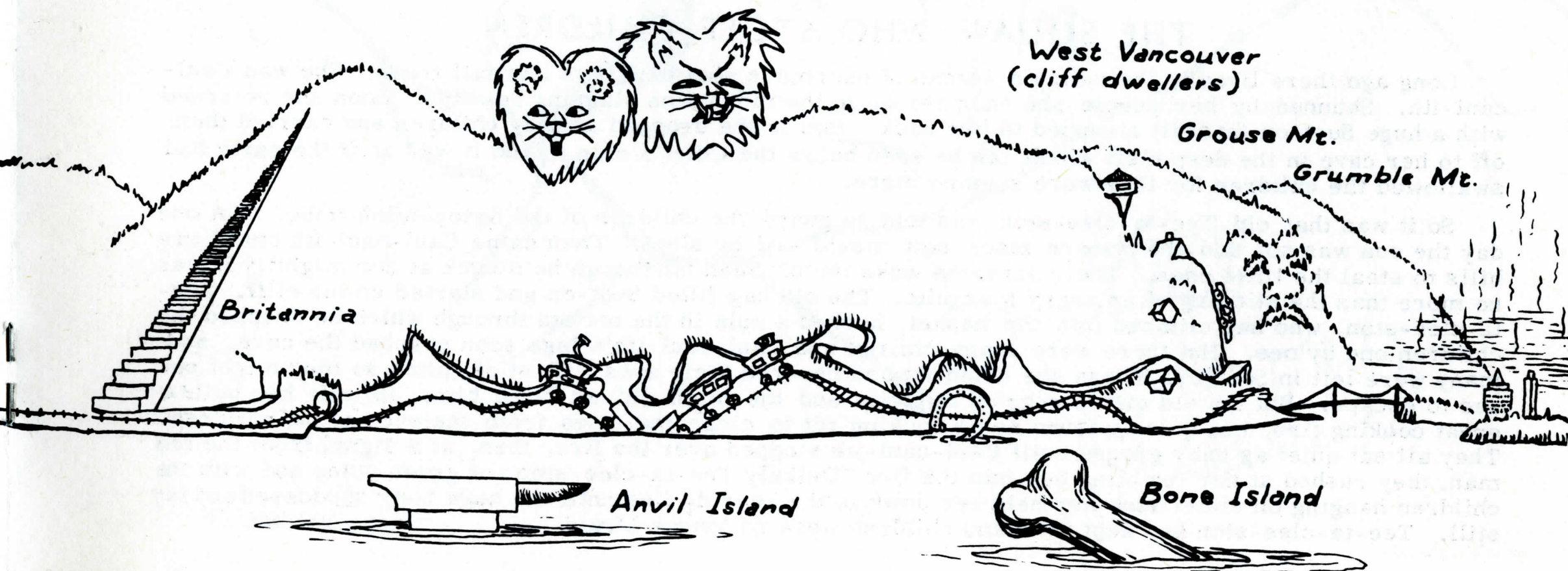
Grouse Mt.

Grumble Mt.

Britannia

Anvil Island

Bone Island



THE GREAT CHIEF MOUNTAIN

Towering over the sea entrance to the Squamish Valley is a great grey mountain of solid granite called "The Chief" because its outline against the sky forms the profile of a sleeping Indian chief. This rugged mass of granite, staring eternally into the heavens, is second only to Gibraltar. For countless ages it has kept vigil over Indian and white man alike, visible always even when the peaks around are wreathed in clouds.

In the days which are gone the mighty Squohomish tribe lived in the valley where every hill and stream bore the name of an honoured ancestor. But the story-tellers have gone from the valley and now only the "Old Ones" remember a little for the young people no longer wish to listen. The old Tillicum, Blind George, could recall only one of the many stories told about The Chief.

THE SQUAW WHO STOLE CHILDREN

Long ago there lived in the valley a woman of enormous size with legs like tall trees. She was Caul-caul-ith. Shunned by her people she took refuge in the mountains planning revenge. Soon she returned with a huge Seet-on (basket) strapped to her back. Into it she dropped unwary children and carried them off to her cave in the deep cleft which can be seen below the Chief's chin. And it was as if the earth had swallowed the children for they were seen no more.

So it was that old Tee-ta-clee-ston was told to guard the children of the Squohomish tribe. But one day the sun was hot and the waters made soft music and he slept. Then came Caul-caul-ith out of the hills to steal the little ones. Their screams woke the old man but though he struck at her mightily it was no more than the stinging of an angry mosquito. The old hag filled Seet-on and started up the cliff. Tee-ta-clee-ston, who had climbed into the basket, hacked a hole in the bottom through which he dropped the children one by one. But there were many children and Caul-caul-ith's legs soon reached the cave, and many were left in Seet-on. These she lifted out and covered their eyes with sticky pitch so they might not see to escape. But the old man struggled mightily and the pitch did not blind him. He saw her build a great cooking fire, and quickly found some cooking fat to clean the pitch from the eyes of the children. They all sat quiet as baby grouse until Caul-caul-ith stopped over the fire, then, at a signal from the old man, they rushed at her tumbling her into the fire. Quickly Tee-ta-clee-ston cut green poles and with the children hanging on either end they held her down in the roaring fire until the huge body shuddered and lay still. Tee-ta-clee-ston had kept faith and children were no longer afraid.



Wilma Debeck

THE SERPENT OF SHANNON FALLS

Victoria has its Cadborosaurus, Lake Okanagan its Ogopogo, and Squamish once had Sean-ath-ko. But Sean-ath-ko ventured on land and he was destroyed never to rise again. Long ago the awful serpent shook the sea-brine from his scaly sides and writhed up the cliff and inland beyond the place now called Pemberton. He fouled the water and the land and terrified the people, and the Great Chief's son, who was celebrating his marriage, knew he must destroy the monster before peace could return to the land.

"Be patient for two days" he told his bride stoutly, "I will slay the serpent and return to you." And, arming himself, he set out confidently to climb the mountain in the wake of Sean-ath-ko. But when he reached the lake on top he saw that while one head rested on the lake shore the beast's body coiled through the lake and beyond. He struggled on for many moons and the snows of winter fell and still he had not found the second head of the great serpent. Then one night, lonely and desolate, he had a dream, and a voice told him that the head lay just beyond and that now he must cut sharp spears from dry and pitchy cedar wood. These he must drive deep into the monster's neck. And in a few days he found the serpent head and killed the beast as he had been told to do.

Now he had another dream and again heard the voice. He must remain beside the dead serpent, it said, until the flesh had rotted from the bones. Then he must take the jawbone with him for it had great power. So he waited through the long hot days and the spirit gave him wisdom, and when the time came he plucked out the jawbone of Sean-ath-ko and turned homeward. He passed through many hostile tribes who would have killed him but for the power of his magic. Each time his enemies struck at him they fell down as if dead. Then, being of kind heart, he revived them. Soon he was called the Mighty Medicine Man and the people offered him rich gifts and brides, but these he refused for he was in haste to return home, and he desired only one bride - she who waited in the valley by the sea.

Winter came again before he reached the valley by the sea. But no one knew this haggard man and they faced him as foes. But when they would have struck him they fell down as if dead, and he raised them up gladly for they were his people. When they knew him they welcomed him - all but his bride, for she had little faith, and had taken another husband. He had destroyed the monster that threatened the people of the valley and he had won great wisdom, but he had lost his love. So it is with prophets and wise men - they must walk alone.

Now across the Salt-chuck the waters of Shannon Falls drop seaward a thousand feet down the cleft cut in the rock by the terrible sea monster writhing his way into the land. And the clean white spray mists the water as it has done for a thousand years.

BOAT ARRIVING AT GOVERNMENT WHARF — 1909



Captain Cates began running the "Bert" to Squamish after the Government wharf was built "down by Galbraith's". Picture was taken in 1909.

Courtesy of the SUPERMARKET and H. & B. CONTRACTORS

THE SEAL AND THE PRINCESS

Long ago in the village of Stawamus, under the shadow of the Great Chief Mountain which rises 1500 feet above the water, there lived a princess so beautiful that she had no rival. Her father, Chief of the Squohomish tribe, loved her dearly and kept her in his lodge and would not listen to any suitor.

One day Asth-que, the Seal, saw her walking along the shore near his sea-home. He too, loved the maiden and coveted her for himself. But he could not travel on the land so he sent his friend Quee-utch, the sea gull, as his emissary to her father. Now Asth-que was a mighty creature, respected and feared by the people of the coast. The Chief was honoured but downcast for he knew that he would never see his daughter again. So he called together his advisers and they devised a plan. Another lovely maiden was chosen and dressed in the clothes of the Princess and sent to the shore to Asth-que. But Asth-que knew. And back went Quee-utch to the Chief screaming "Can-a-a-adge, can-a-a-adge - that is not the one."

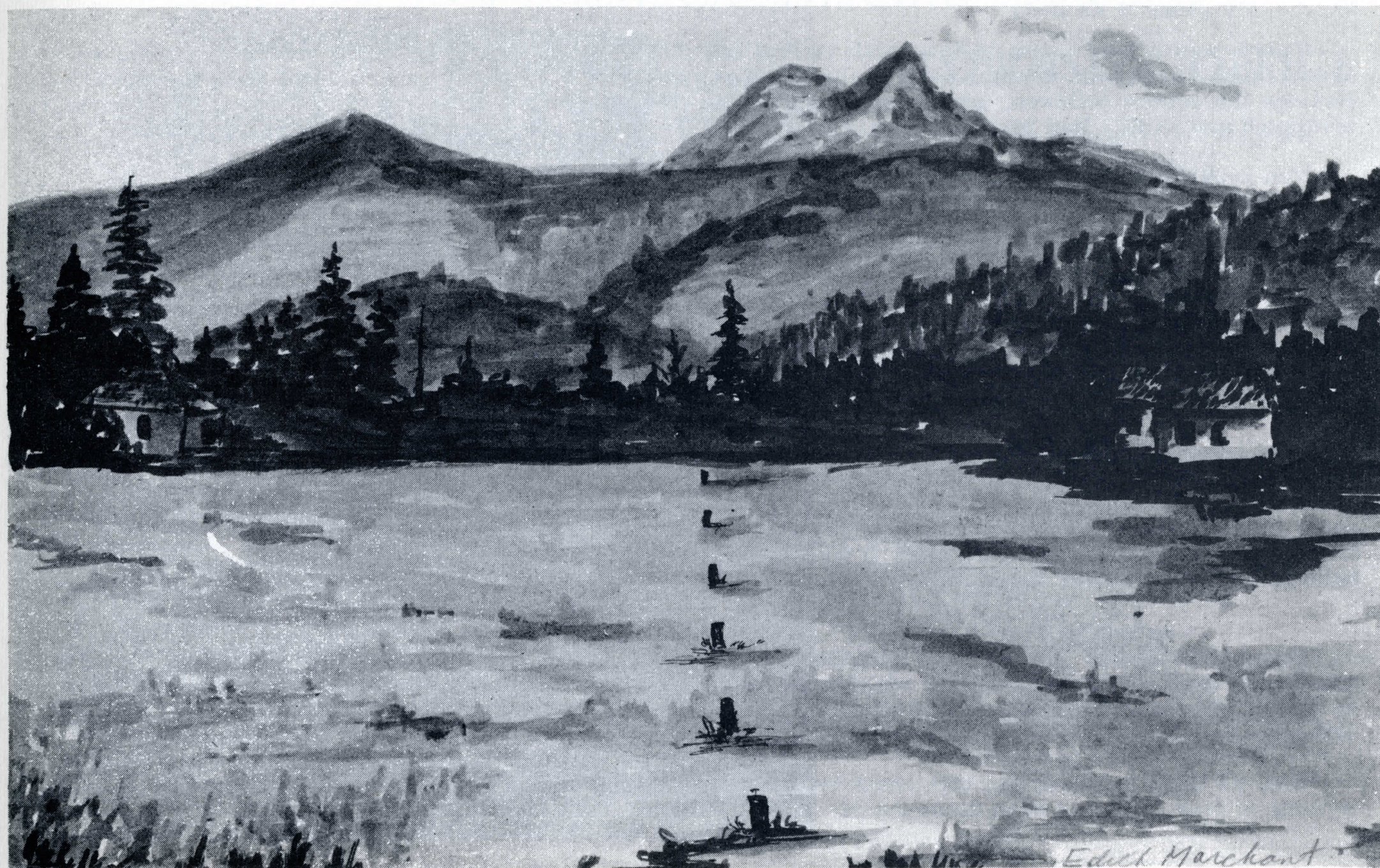
Again the men of the village chose a substitute and dressed her royally. And once more the sea gull swooped down screaming angrily, "Can-a-a-adge, can-a-a-adge". Finally the seal lost patience. He raged at the stubborn Chief and worked bad magic on them. He called back the sea water and made the waters of the rivers dry up. And there was great suffering in the village of Stawamus, for there was no fish and no water to drink.

At last the Great Chief knew he must give up his daughter. So the women sorrowfully dressed her in fine clothes and the men made a stout raft of logs and set the Princess upon it. Sadly the people watched her drift away to meet her bridegroom. This time Quee-utch flew over their heads calling "Can-itch, can-itch - it is the one". Asth-que knew he had won the Princess. He caused the waters of the sea to rise again, the raft floated free, and gently Asth-que rose behind it and gently pushed it out to sea.

There was water to drink again, and fish to eat, and the village prospered. But the beautiful Princess had drifted out beyond the Sound to the great sea and was never seen again.

*Sketch of "Cleveland Avenue" by Courtesy of: FRED & MAY'S BAKERY and
THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA, Canada's Largest Bank,
L. G. Urquhart, Mgr., Squamish Branch*

CLEVELAND AVENUE — 1909



Edick Marchant

FAVORITE OLD TIME YARNS

There was a land boom in Squamish in 1912 and 1913. The name of the town was changed to Newport and because there was another town of the same name in B. C. the name was changed back to Squamish. Besides the school children, who were important in those days too, voted for the change. But the boom continued and in 1913 Rod Mackenzie paid \$5,000 for the lot on which the Cariboo Cafe now stands.

Ten years later he purchased the adjoining lot for . . . \$35!

Mrs. Armstrong tells an amusing tale of a white horse her father owned. The horse was old and wise: "he used to get a bellyache", relates Mrs. Armstrong "and Dad would pour a bottle of warm milk and soda into him - he would get up then, but he wouldn't have to work that day". It got to be a habit. Whenever there was a hard days' work ahead the old white horse was sure to pretend he had a bellyache. And how was a poor farmer to know the difference?

Harry Judd farmed and drove stage and served as secretary of the School Board. He did just about everything even to performing minor operations on the children before Dr. Paul came to the Valley. "He was good at cutting open boils and poisoned hands", says Mr. Earl Judd, "and us kids would sit on some pretty sore sit-downs for a long time before Dad caught on. When he did and we saw the water basin and the carbolic acid we knew it was time to take to the woods". Mr. Judd still has the pocket knife his father used for these "operations."

From the highway just south of The Chief a fault in the rock is very noticeable. According to legend this is the trail of a great serpent which used to live in Burrard Inlet. Driven out of the Inlet it is said to have come over the mountains to Howe Sound. The marks on the rock are supposed to be the trail he left when he slithered down the rocks into the waters of Howe Sound.

Now we can't be sure, but this could be our own Sean-asth-que. If so swimmers and fishermen have nothing to fear. He has been disposed of!



NEWPORT TOWNSITE OFFICE

Doing a boom business,
October 1909.

Compliments of:

H. & W. LOGGING

GEORGE AALTEN,
Painters and Decorators

R. S. BISHOP

PHIL'S DRIVE-IN

LETTER IN THE PROVINCIAL ARCHIVES

- 1861 - Colonel R. E. Moody of the Royal Engineers, in a letter to the Colonial Secretary concerning a route from Pemberton to the head of Howe Sound as an alternate outlet to the Port Douglas road, said that His Excellency the Governor (Sir James Douglas) considered such a route unnecessary as no such road could exist. The governor considered it equally unnecessary to explore, select, and reserve town sites along Howe Sound.

THE NAME OF CARSON

- 1877 - Three men, Robert Carson, Richard Hoey and Indian Pecollah Kostah, drove 200 head of cattle along the rugged Lillooet-Lynn Valley trail. Feed along the high plateaus was scarce, bridges had been washed out, and the cattle couldn't manage the steep rises. The drive cost those men money! But the Carsons are a determined lot, and in the next generation, Ernest Crawford Carson, M. L. A. for Lillooet, and Minister of Public Works, studied the problem of road and rail outlets for the Valley. He died before he completed his task, but everyone remembers the quiet, determined man who was the fourth son of Robert Carson and Eliza Jane Magee, of the Magees who were pioneers of both Squamish and Vancouver.
-

- 1948 - Squamish was finally incorporated as a village with three elected commissioners. Mrs. A. McRae, G.S. Clarke, and J.R. Morrison were the first Village Commissioners, and Mr. Clarke has been returned to the governing board every year since then. He was the first chairman. Mr. J. Jacobsen is chairman this year of 1958. Mrs. R.R. McCormack has been Village Clerk for several years.
-

- 1952 - A splendid new hospital was opened as the result of tireless efforts by Mrs. R.R. McCormack, Dr. Kindree and a committee of hard-working citizens. It is one of the most progressive and cheerful hospitals in the Province.

Courtesy of SQUAMISH VALLEY STAGES :: JIM ELLIOTT — Insurance

TONY'S BARBER SHOP & BILLIARD PARLOUR :: SID BISHOP, P.B.A. Agent

THE BRACKENDALE & CHEAKAMUS STAGE



Driven by Harry Judd this was his 1910 model featuring the original tubeless tires. It wasn't one of those push-button jobs - you had to crank it. The horn was optional at no extra cost! Mr. Judd started with oxen and in 1903 changed to horses.

CHIEF OF THE BUCKET BRIGADE

Like so many residents of Squamish, Henry Alexander (Alec) Munro came here for a few weeks and remained for the rest of his days. In 1912 the Newport Hotel was settling noticeably on one corner and Mr. Munro came to do the repair job. Three months later he was joined by his wife and sons.

He was the founder of the Squamish Volunteer Fire Department and was credited with developing the service from a bucket brigade to an organization with a \$10,000 investment at the time of his death in 1950. He was fire chief from the time of the brigade's inception until failing health forced his retirement shortly before his death.

Mr. Munro carried on a freighting service after he completed work on the Newport Hotel. In addition he operated a livery stable. Early in the 1920's he engaged in logging at Birken but returned to Squamish to freight all the material for the Utopia Dam at Britannia by packhorse. When the Ashloo Mines were opened in 1934 he undertook to transport all freight into the area. Later he started a pack-horse service into the Black Tusk Meadows of Garibaldi Park.

As a life member of the Board of Trade one of his proudest achievements was the new Squamish River cut-off across from Buckley's which definitely eased the threat of floods to the town.

In March, 1950, he was awarded the Good Citizenship medal for outstanding service to the community during his thirty-eight years residence.

Jim Gill was the first man to try building a railroad in the Valley. He had bought out Ike Hayden's place in Paradise Valley but left it for railroading. Begun in 1909 his road was operating to Cheekeye in 1910. The company's name was almost as long as its run: "The Howe Sound & Pemberton Valley Northern". It never got to Pemberton but when the McBride Government bought the line in 1912 and renamed it the Pacific Great Eastern it built on through Cheakamus Canyon. In 1915 trains ran through to Lillooet, but in 1916 there was a four-month tie-up - too much snow! The railroaders had to ski out.

The name Newport was given the town of Squamish by the H. S. & P. V. N. Railway in 1911 but the name was changed back to Squamish by popular demand.

SQUAMISH — 1914



Courtesy of:

YARWOOD DRUGS
THE RECORD SHOP

AL BOSNELL, McGavins Bakery Rep.
HARRISON SHOE REPAIR

WE THANK YOU

The Squamish Centennial Committee is pleased to offer you this booklet of pictures and stories about the "Old Days". We hope you like it and will look at it again and recall your Squamish friends.

We want everyone to enjoy our Centennial Celebrations but most of all we hope you like our BIG CENTENNIAL PROJECT - the NEW LIBRARY. If you haven't yet seen it please look at the sketch on the back of this book which will help you find your way to it. Squamish has had a library of sorts for little more than a year now but it has a large membership and our young people are reading more and more. We feel that Squamish is big enough for a real library.

We are grateful to all those who have supported our Centennial Project in any way, and we wish to say a warm "Thank You" to those who helped us produce this booklet, by advertising and by loaning pictures and records. Their names will be found on page one.

The Centennial Committee members, whose names appear below, will be glad to give you any information or assistance they can.

chairman	R. Street
vice-chairman.....	G. Behrner
secretary.....	Mrs. James Smith
treasurer.....	J. B. Gault
members:	Mrs. Denis Debeck, R. Bishop
	Mrs. Freda Munro. T. Martin
	H. Bailey
rep. Village Commission.....	S. Bishop
B.P.O. Elks.....	G.S. Clarke
Canadian Legion	W. Curran
Library Board.....	Mrs. E. Hansen
Pioneers'.....	Mrs. R. Farquharson
souvenir booklet.....	Mrs. Rita H. MacCosham

Events sponsored by the Committee - Klondyke Night - - March 7
 Visit of the "Fortune"
 and the "Miramichi" - - July 16 to 18
 Centennial Queen - - July 18
 Centennial Celebration - Aug. 7.8.9.



1921 FLOOD

Floating sidewalks were a great convenience in flood days. Some people tied them to solid posts or fences and didn't wait for canoes. Seen here are Mrs. F. Buckley (Doris Galbraith) and Mrs. Irene Heiliger (now living in Vancouver).

The 1921 flood reached half-way up the walls of the house in the background. This house, now occupied by the Ed Machins, is next to the Supermarket.

This was the year the Mamquam rampaged cutting a new bed through to the Squamish.

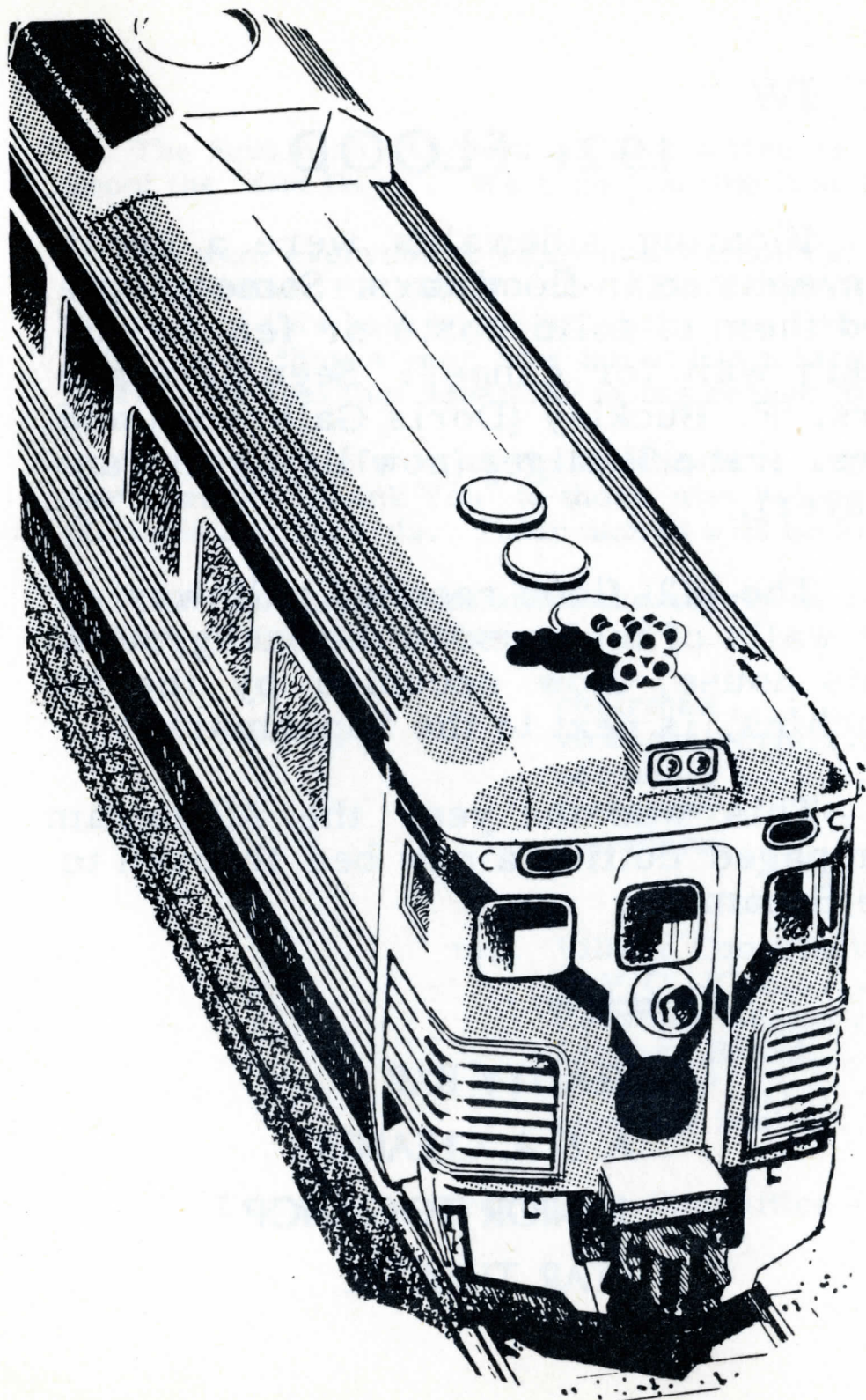
Courtesy of:

BEAUTY BAR

A. & A. CLEANERS

JUNIOR TOG SHOP

STAR THEATRE



P. G. E. SALUTES SQUAMISH AND THE NEW HIGHWAY

The modern Pacific Great Eastern Railway extends Centennial salutations to Squamish ... Gateway to Garibaldi and B.C.'s scenic Northland ... now connected directly to Vancouver by rail and road!

Squamish -- southern terminus of the P.G.E. in past years -- now looks to the future for even greater growth and prosperity. Another vital step in the development of British Columbia in its Centennial year!

PACIFIC GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY

Head Office: 1095 West Pender Street
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1858-1958

B.C. CENTENNIAL YEAR

