

VALLEY HISTORY AND THE WINDERMERE VALLEY MUSEUM

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Frederick Benjamin Young 1867-1931

Frederick Young was born to an Anglican Minister in Surrey, England. His father died when Frederick was very young. His mother was left with little money and an aunt helped with raising the children -four boys and a girl.

Frederick Young joined the British Army in 1885 in his 18th year but before he attained 18 years, the legal age for enlistment. The family didn't have enough money to put him into Officer's Training so he worked his way through the ranks. His home Regiment was the 1st Cheshire Reg't. He was sent to Africa-Somalia-to raise a regiment there and was there until just prior to his marriage in 1902. His regiment in Africa was the King's African Rifles. Following their marriage, Captain and Mrs. Young lived in various parts of England. They always had one or two servants- usually a cook and /or a parlor maid. Capt. Young had a man to look after the horse and trap and do the gardening. Captain Young had also spent a period of time in Dublin, Ireland and was at one time connected to the Seaforth Highlanders. It

was during his service in Africa that he was promoted to Captain.

While stationed in Africa, Capt. Young had a pet mongoose. He credited the pet with saving his life when it killed a poisonous snake while Captain Young was sleeping. During his time in Africa Capt. Young also shot the antelopes and collected the trophies that have been displayed at the family home on Toby Benches since 1912. He shot many pairs of antelope from the smallest-DikDiks—to the largest-Elands. When he returned from Africa to England, he had the trophies shipped as "Medical Supplies."

Following his marriage, Capt. Young was in England where the possibility of promotion in the Army was very slow. He would have been sent to India and as children didn't accompany the men stationed there, the family would have been separated. The family decided to come to Canada. They had read the advertising promoting the Columbia Valley being circulated throughout Britain by the Columbia Valley Irrigated Lands Ltd., and the CPR Land Department.

Capt. Young took out some of his Army pension to buy the farm on the Toby Benches. He also had a small private income. He came to Canada March, 1912, a month before his family, who followed in April. Mrs. Young came with her three children: Clement, 5 1/2 years, George, 4 years and Phyllis, 9 months. The family came on the same ship over the Atlantic and train across Canada as Capt. and Mrs. Phillips who were coming to purchase property. Mrs. Young was grateful for their friendship and help with the children on the long journey.

Capt. Young purchased 100 acres and called the farm "Mapembe" which means "horns" in an African Language. The house was to have been ready for the family when Mrs. Young and children arrived in April, but it wasn't. They lived, camp style until

November of that year in the barn. Mr. N.M. Marples, who had come from England to purchase land, stayed with them in the horse box stall in the barn, while his house was being built. There were about 20 families waiting for completion of their homes. The problem was a shortage of carpenters. The few there were, went from place to place, trying to complete the projects. The land was all treed and had to be cleared for farm use and the first crop was killed by frost.

The house as it stands today is virtually unchanged from 1912 apart from electricity and propane heat which were added some years after their arrival. The wood stove dating from 1912, is still used for cooking in the winter and is an interesting focal point of the kitchen. The home has many beautifully preserved pieces of furniture and rugs hand-hooked by Major Young when he was a Prisoner of War for nearly 4 years in Germany during W.W.1.

The barn, still standing, was built of logs hewn with a broad axe. The chicken house, built with lumber from packing cases containing their settlers effects, is also still standing. Phyllis kept chickens until her death in January 1997.

Life was hard in those years but everyone was very kind and helpful. Mrs. Young had come from a religious family. Her father was a Director of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. Mary Phyllis Ingram was a child when her mother died and as she matured, she took on hostess duties for her father. They had 5 servants and part of her duties was to order meals and do the entertaining. Mrs. Young knew Lady Elizabeth (Northcote) Bruce in England before she was married.

After coming to Canada, Mrs. Young had to do everything for herself. A road gang cook taught her to make bread and Mrs. Barbour was very helpful in teaching her to keep a pioneer home.

On the farm they had horses, cattle, sheep, chickens, milk cows and pigs. They had no machinery and the crops were harvested with horses. There were usually 2 teams and 2 wagons working during haying season. The girls, Phyllis and Helen, helped stack the hay in the barn with the big lift.

They also prepared the harnesses to have ready for the men to take the wagons out. They worked in the fields, as well. Other duties included feeding pigs and milking cows.

The family sold cream, milk, pork and eggs to supplement their income. When the hired man was finished farm duties, he helped Major Young cut firewood which was sold for \$4.00 /cord for green wood and \$7.00/cord for dry wood.

The trip to town for provisions was made with horse and democrat. In 1912, Athalmer was the main town as all goods came by boat in season. By spring, many supplies in the local homes and stores had run short. Mail came once a week by horse and stage and was greatly anticipated. Monthly church services were held in the Young home before Christ Church was built. The neighbours would all join in the congregation. Rev. E.G. Thatcher for years came from Spillimacheen to conduct the services.

Tragedy struck the family November 4, 1913. The two young sons, Clement and George and their friend Vivian Marples drowned in a pond near their home. Mrs. Young was devastated by the tragedy and as she was expecting her fourth child, Captain Young thought it best to take the family back to England until after the baby was born. Some family possessions were stored at the Karmax Ranch, the home of Capt. and Mrs. MacCarthy and a caretaker was left on the property.

Helen Mary was born June, 1914. While the family was in England, WW1 broke out and Capt. Young was recalled to the Army. Early in the War he was taken Prisoner of War in Germany and was there going on 4 years. He was eventually part of a transfer of equal numbers of British and German officers to Switzerland. Mrs. Young left her daughters in England with family and spent about 6 months with her husband in Switzerland. It was there that he and Mrs. Young collected the butterflies now on display in the Museum.

During WW1, Captain Young was promoted to Major. After the onset of peace and his discharge from the Army, the family returned to the Columbia Valley and their

home. Upon their return, they found that many of their neighbours had also been recalled for military duty and some chose not to come back to Canada.

Phyllis and Helen grew up on the "Selkirk Ranch" as it was re-named when they returned from England. They had friends among the families on the Benches and when not helping with their farm duties, they enjoyed riding horses. They made many trail rides with their friends— often up Mt. Swansea.

Major Young died in 1931 after a lengthy illness during which he received the constant care of his devoted wife. After his death, his widow and daughters carried on farming. Later in the 1930's, they rented the house and farm out and returned to England, planning to remain there. The rent, however, didn't cover living expenses in England so after a year and a half, the family returned. Helen was very happy to come home to Canada and has never gone back to Britain. Phyllis, however, did make several visits to family here. (Young Files)

Ling Lore

(By Ron Ede)

The sound of axes chopping holes in the ice was almost continuous as new fishers arrived and others having no luck at one place moved to what was hoped to be a more productive location.

The Ling was, in fact, very durable and because of this stories tended to become slightly or greatly exaggerated. It was well known that a fisherman could catch a Ling early in the morning in minus 25degree Fahrenheit weather, leave it beside the hole while he fished out the day, where it would become frozen solid when he picked it up to take it home. Once at home, he placed it in a pan and left it overnight to thaw to be ready for skinning and cleaning the next morning. Many times when the man of the house went to perform his cleaning chores, the fish would be wriggling in the container.

Every year my Dad, Dapper Ede, set out about 20 night lines fifty yards or so offshore from the clay cliffs that were once a promi-

nent feature below the Akiskinook Subdivision. Cutting 20 holes through ice , in many years was over two feet thick was no small task. This was before the era of ice augers or chain saws, and a single-bladed axe wielded by brawny arms was the instrument used to get down to water level. Dad cut the holes in the shape of an almond to give him more maneuverability with the axe when he got down to the delicate chopping near the bottom of the ice. Even then he had to be careful because, with water splashing all over, a misplaced swing could mean one more axe-head deposited in the bottom of the lake. He lost so many axe heads that he usually carried two axes with him to avoid the two mile walk back home to get a second one if the first took an unplanned plunge.

Ron Bradshaw and Dapper Ede for years never missed a day fishing off Windermere Point during the Ling season and they brought home some large catches and some very big fish. However, according to them, the biggest one got away! On that particular day, Dapper was fishing just around the corner from the tip of the Point on the South side, and Ron was fishing around the corner on the North side. Linda, Ron's young daughter, was happily running back and forth between the two fishermen. Suddenly, Ron said, "Linda, run over and tell Dapper I've got a hell of a big Ling gaffed near its tail." Linda ran over and told Dapper, and he said, "Tell Ron I've got a bloody monster gaffed near its head."

Then began a lengthy period as each tried to land his fish with Linda, excitedly, running back and forth telling each about the other's battle with their monsters. Finally, both fishermen tired, and the Ling were winners and swam away with their gaffs.

It wasn't till later when Ron and Dapper compared notes that they realized they were both hooked to the same fish, one on one end and one on the other. Their story was given credence as several boaters as soon as the ice was off the Lake claimed to have seen two broom-stick-like poles cruising up and down the Lake.

(Ron Ede Files)

A Pack Horse Named Star

(By Doreen Tegart)

Around 1943, Jim Tegart bought 100 head of horses for \$100.00 off Joe Johnson, from Canal Flats. These horses had to be rounded up. In February, Jim rounded up about thirty head of these animals. Out of these horses, one outshone the rest. He was a two year old stallion, coal black. We judged him to be part Morgan. Due to the marking, or blaze on his face, we named him Star. We broke and gelded him as a two year old. One was not able to ride him, but he turned out to make a wonderful pack horse, if you chose not to get near his hind feet. Many an unsuspecting man met with a hoof in the middle.

Every fall Star packed out at least a ton of wild meat on a thirty mile trek up the Palliser, besides a load of groceries going in. After hunting each fall, Star wintered on the Brisco sloughs. In the early 1960's, after a hunt one fall, five horses were missing. Star was amongst them. Jim finally found them in February, and the only horse he found alive was Star. When he heard Jim's voice, he braved the Kootenay, at Cross River Ford. Cody Tegart rode Star from the river to the truck, Old Star was weak, but he still had enough spirit to try to buck. Star was in shape again to pack the coming fall. In Stars last years, he became as wily as a coyote. When round up proceeded in the fall, for the pack string to be put to use on the trails, Old Star would stand perfectly still under a big ole tree and watch horses and riders go on by. You often wondered if he was thinking "Well now, I've put my days in and I think I'm about due for old age pension, so you younger fellows will just have to take over!"

Star passed away at the ripe old age of 34 and went to sleep on the Ranch dreaming of high mountain peaks and winding mountain passes.

Museum Update

February is Heritage Month. The Provincial Heritage Week is February 17-21. The Heritage Theme is "Bringing the Past into the Future"

During February the Museum will be open on Tuesdays from 10am-4pm.

On Thursday February 20th, at 2pm there will be a gathering at the Museum with a guest speaker from Kootenay National Park. Lori Horrocks. Everyone welcome.

Kootenay National Park is celebrating it's Centennial this year. They have unveiled a Canada Post Stamp on January 13,2020 as only one of their activities. There are many more so do come along and hear of the updates for the coming year .

On April 21,1920, the Federal Government of Canada agreed to build the Banff/Windermere Highway. The road was completed September 30, 1922. This became a very important corridor from the Columbia Valley to Banff and Calgary. Five miles on either side of the highway became Kootenay National Park. In the early years it was a long days drive.

And finally, remember the summer theme is "Heritage Buildings." this will be a pictorial display of many of our heritage buildings from Canal Flats to Spillimacheen. Watch for the opening date!

Old Time Movies at the Museum

Spring 2020 Program Sunday evenings 7pm.

March 22- Lust for Life 1956

The story of painter Vincent Van Gogh. Set in Europe of the late 1880's.

April 19- Beggars of Life 1928

An American 'silent' film classic starring Louise Brooks as a train-hopping hobo who dresses like a boy to survive.

May 24- Night Song 1947

Sophisticated socialite Cathy goes slumming and encounters Dan, an embittered blind pianist. His music so enraptures Cathy that she hatches a desperate plan to pull Dan out of the long, dark night of his soul.