

BACK IN TIME

To Victoria and return—Part Two

BY EVELYN BYRNE WILLIAMS WITH JANEEN SATHRE

John and Pearl Byrne have been traveling north from the Applegate area to Victoria, Canada. The year is 1937, and they have been car camping along the way and enjoying the company of John's sister Maud, her husband Harold, and their son Bernard. We join them again as they contemplate crossing the border into Canada.

Dad's Story, Part Two

One of the Canadian officials was a little officious, and reprimanded Harold for not having his papers with him. Said he might not be able to get back into the U.S. without them. It made us some uneasy, but we decided to smuggle Harold back over the border in some manner regardless of the cost. On all our trip we were treated very courteously by everyone.

A short distance north of the line we encountered several small stands close to the highway, all selling native honey. Pint and quart containers stacked up in pyramids, and it looked very inviting, so we bought some. The young man selling said it was of native production, and we found it to be very nice tasting honey.

We began to sit up and take notice, as we are now in Canada. Crossed the Fraser River and reached New Westminster at 4 pm. Another nice little city. Camped at "Hollywood Auto Court" about eight miles this side of Vancouver. The cabins were modern and the prices reasonable, although they were due for a raise July 1. Supper over we drove into Vancouver, this stretch of highway being called the "King's Way." Vancouver claims a population of 246,000. We had intended doing more cooking on the trip, but the women are lying down on the job, and the men voted a sit-down strike, so we dined at the "White Lunch."

What one notices most in Vancouver are the cars and the people. The city

At Butchart Gardens: (L to R) Aunt Maud, Dad (John Byrne), Uncle Harold, Mom (Pearl Byrne).



seems to be several years behind the U.S. Lots of small cars of old vintage and the trucks also. They must use a great deal of sawdust and coal, as we saw a lot of this being transported in sacks loaded on open trucks. The people are typically English as far as we are able to judge, and it seemed off to see so many people of our type. We were told that Victoria was more English than Vancouver, but we were unable to see much difference.

Drifting around the city, Harold who was the brains of the party this day conceived the idea of following one of the sightseeing busses, which proved very satisfactory. Bernard maneuvered in behind one of the busses leaving at 2 pm, and we followed it all the way through Stanley Park, making a complete circle. At Prospect Point work is under way to build a bridge across Burrard Inlet to North Vancouver. Looking northeast across the inlet, one can see North Vancouver and a beautiful array of high mountains, rivers, and inlets—a very enticing picture to a hunter or fisherman. These parks are all beautiful, and it is useless to try to describe them.

We traveled east, then north, and then gradually turned south, where we could look out across the channel to Vancouver Island. At this point another halt was made at a tea garden. We pulled ahead of the bus and waited, viewing a monument erected to the memory of Captain Fraser. We did not know just where the bus was going next. When the bus pulled out the driver gave us several

lusty toots of the horn, whether it was in salute or derision, we do not know, as anything might be thrown at a car bearing a California license. Ahem!

We wound around through a maze of beautiful homes, flowers, hedges and lawns, as there are a lot of retired and wealthy people in Vancouver. Back in the city we took in a show at the Century Theater. When we came out it was 8 pm, and the

sun looked to be still about a half hour above the horizon. We are far enough north that the days are pretty long. We stayed at our same camp and "500 rummy" was enjoyed until a late hour. This developed into somewhat of a cutthroat game, and we ourselves were most always in the hole. Sometimes from a dead silence the word "rummy you" would be shouted from our lusty throats, and the occupants of the

adjoining cottage would turn over with a groan, as in some of these cottages, a thin partition separates the two, with a garage on each side. Anyway, they were Californians, or most of them were, and were used to disturbances.

We boarded the "Princess Victoria" and were off for Nanaimo at 11 am. Large rafts of logs are in evidence, and one gets a better view of the country above North Vancouver. The trip across was pleasant, but uneventful, reaching Nanaimo at 1:30, a city of 7,000. There was something peculiar about the name of this city, and every time we tried to pronounce it, everyone tried, until it became a joke. We lunched at Shasta Café at 2 pm, and headed north over a good paved highway. Passed through Wellington, a large coal-mining district.

June 28. The weather warm and clear again this morning. Headed for Butchart's Gardens, located several miles northeast of the city. Passed a large observatory, but did not feel like spiraling up to it. After winding around through some low hills we made a sharp left hand turn, then went down into a parking court. We noticed one officer here, but on our return he was gone. We were allowed to wander at will about the gardens without attendant.

To describe these gardens would be impossible. The sunken part of the garden is an immense mined out quarry. From an observation point you look down into a

mass of flowers and shrubbery. The erosion on the rocky sides of the walls has allowed the flowers to grow in profusion aided by frequent rains. Strips of green lawn and masses of flowers of every description. The air is heavy with the odor, and we could almost feel the thousands of honeybees struggling upward to some hives we saw later. We sure would like to taste some of that honey.

Up early June 29. The weather is a bit cloudy. We boarded the S.S. Iroquois at 9:15 am, and are off for Port Angeles. Bernard got some more pictures, leaving the docks, and an aeroplane passing us, skimming low to the water. This is quite a little trip, and one gets the swell of the ocean. We began to feel rather peculiar, so went inside and sat down as near the center of the boat as possible and practiced rhythmic breathing. This helps a lot if you know how it is done, and one would look so undignified leaning over the rail. Pearl had a Calvin Coolidge look on her face, and Maud sort of a do-or-die. Maud and Bernard finally made a hasty trip out on deck, but we did not follow. They probably were looking at the scenery.

And finally: We are getting back to the crooked highway (Roseburg and south), but there is a good deal of historic interest here in all these placer streams and mountains. Occasionally you catch glimpses of the old road, and can visualize a team and wagon bumping and grinding around a narrow mountain road. It is certainly a long step from those days to our present mode of travel.

Grants Pass seems to be the tourist city of them all. The whole of Sixth Street is turned over to the tourists parking, and you can leave your car parked here all day if necessary. We lost track of our timetable here, but it is some time in the afternoon, and we are headed toward home. The Applegate country looked very good, and the outline of the blue Siskiyou looked inviting. At odd times, for amusement, we have looked over maps of this country, of Canada, of Alaska, and we have a great desire to see them at close range, but we believe if we ever had the good fortune to do this, there would come a time when we would be glad to come home.

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Author's Note: John has been gone for over 40 years, but this wonderful story of a cherished trip he took so long ago keeps him a part of our family—his children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.
—Janeen Sathre

The air is heavy with the odor, and we could almost feel the thousands of honeybees struggling...



Get along little doggie, Applegate style, up on Carberry Creek near Steamboat Cemetery. (Photo courtesy of Bob and Linda Fischer.)

Happy
Holidays!

Here's hoping 2013 brings good fortune to all.

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