

**VALLEY HISTORY
THE WINDERMERE
VALLEY MUSEUM &
ARCHIVES
BOX 2315, INVERMERE,
VOA IK0 342-9769
FEBRUARY, 1998**

TEGARTS

Written by Doreen Tegart. 1971

Arthur Tegart was born May 11, 1868 in Tottenham Ontario. He was the youngest son of Alexander and Ann Walker, Alexander's second wife. His brothers were Walker and Edward and sisters were Marjorie, Annie and Susan. Arthur, Walker and their mother came west in the 1880's and homesteaded, Walker and his mother along the creek at Windermere and Arthur on what is now the Alpine Ranch.

Arthur's first job was in Vancouver as a carpenter, but it didn't last too long as he bent too many nails!! He married Mary Louise Brown January 15, 1897 at Barkerville, B.C. He was 29 years old, she was a mere 17. Upon returning to Windermere, they lived in a tent for a while until they managed to build a small one-room cabin. On to that they added another room then eventually a ranch house was built on the 320 acres. Later, the "back field", another 25 acres was cleared.

Arthur and Mary's first son was Ralph Edward Lloyd, born Mar.14, 1898. Next was Thomas Arthur who died at birth. Robert Walker, Oct.12, 1901; Hazel Kathleen, Aug.7, 1903; Emily Bertha, April 19, 1905; George Jackson, Oct.19, 1906; Hiram Wesley (Buster), May 4, 1908; Ivy Charlotte, July 23, 1909; Marjorie Victoria Theresa, June 10, 1911; James Henry Sinclair, May 1, 1916; William Albert Wilson, Jan.6, 1919; Alice Grace, Jan.24, 1921; Reginald Montgomery, Nov. 29, 1923.

Life was not a bed of roses in those days but there were some incidents to be remembered. Arthur and Mary always attended church whenever possible. One Sunday while they were at church, the Indians pulled out all of

the fence posts where Arthur was building a new fence.

Hiram (Buster) drove Ivy and Marjorie to school in the cart each day and little brother, Jim, would hitch a ride whenever he could. However, one day the shaft broke and Buster was pulled onto his face and somehow managed to get up and stop the cart from rolling onto little Jim. The horse ran home and Arthur quickly saddle up and rode back to meet the kids. This was before Jim went to school so he would spend his days in the ditch along the road playing.

When Jim was born his dad cracked a whip over him which meant he was to be the horseman of the family. Jim was a bronc buster. Wild horses were roped, broken and used for his daily chores. One particular horse was Thunder Mountain, a beautiful palomino which turned out to be Jim's favourite saddle horse.

In 1919 Arthur bought his sister Annie's cattle at \$80 per head. Buster looked after them at Corral Lake along with Arthur's other cattle. Buster was 12 years old at the time. Uncle Mitchell, Annie's husband, died in 1919 so Arthur had Buster and Bob load up the 44 head at Canal Flat, to send to Calgary for sale. He then left with the cattle and a few days later brought a cheque back for \$114.00. If he'd stayed another day he wouldn't have brought any money back because of the cost of feeding the cattle in Calgary.

Jack Tegart, Walker's eldest son homesteaded 80 acres south of Edgewater. he was the first man to put a trail over the mountain to the Kootenay. The route is now called Tegart Pass. There are 24 switch backs on the east side of it. Jack and Arthur packed a canvas boat up the pass, put it in the Kootenay and floated to Canal Flat and from there to Windermere.

A Scientist Looks at Trout

*by N. Vernon Wood
March, 1945, "Valley News"*

.....I got thinking of past fishing trips. I remember the time when trout for eating purposes were about as welcome as a flock of yellow jackets at a Nudist Convention, and how Sawback Smith forced a change of diet.

Smitty and I had sold ourselves down the river to a pair of Ithycologists, which is the word they would have used to describe themselves. They came from some scientific institution or other and their mission in life was to study, weigh, measure, photograph and generally pry into the life and morals of trout, especially lake trout, only them called them Christivomer Namaycush. Imagine.

So Sawback and I packed a camp outfit on the cayuses and herded our scientists to Devils Lake, where Christy, what you call 'ems, run as high as 40 lbs. on the fin. We arrived just as a couple of Mounties and half a dozen local sports were pulling out after an unsuccessful attempt to locate the mortal remains of Walking Buffalo, a Stony Indian, who had gone through the rotten Spring ice a couple of weeks earlier.

For the next ten days we fished. We also lived, ate, breathed and dreamed fish. Those scientific birds certainly had one track minds and the track was laid on fish, constructed of fish and travelled from fish to fish. And the hell of it was that our Pilgrims had bought the grub stake and on the theory that we would have plenty of fish, had omitted to stock up on beans and bacon and bully beef. It got to the point where I used to examine my face anxiously every morning. Not that I liked my face so much, but that I expected gills to break out.

One evening as we loafed around the campfire, Sawback turned the conversation to the late unlamented Walking Buffalo.

"The old son of a b... should be clean for once anyway," he said. "I'll bet the day he went through the ice was the first time he'd been wet for twenty years." The Scientists were not amused and tried to bring the talk back to the life span of Christy, but Smitty broke in with -

"You know why them guys from town didn't find the corpse? Because them big trout eat him. I betcha he didn't last moren two, three days, even if he was big an' plenty greasy." He kept this up until we crawled into our sleeping bags.

Next day, Sawback brought in a trout specimen that was fairly large and very heavy for its length and girth. After carefully weighing and measuring it, the boss scientist began to dissect it, to check on its feeding habits

and so on. Suddenly he called us to the split log table we had made for him to work on.

Reposing among the usual mess of half-digested cray fish, fingerlings and bugs was a dollar watch, three batchelor buttons and a piece of dirty red flannel.

Smitty took one look and said, "Walking Buffalo, by gawd", "I've seen that old Ingersol of his a hundred times. Look on the back and see it hasn't W.B. scratched on it."

Sure enough it had. An hour or so later, the boss man called me to his tent. "Tex, how about proceeding to the railway with a pack pony and procuring a supply of meat in cans etc., etc. It has occurred to me that our diet has become somewhat restricted and monotonous."

As I was saddling up, I asked Smitty how he'd managed to stuff his watch and other exhibits down that trout. "The watch was easy" he grinned, "I just stuck it in his gullet an' shook hell out of him, but that chunk of my underpants sure took some coaxin!!"

JACO FINLAY AND MORIGEAU

"Fort Benton, Montana, was the supply point to our plains. Walla Walla and Colville held our western trade throughout this interior. Old Man Morigeau, first settler in here, was, like Jaco Finlay, his trusted friend, a devout Catholic; but (chuckle), it was reported that both having had family jars of great size on the same day, they sat down to debate an exchange of wives, the said wives being sisters. When each had related his troubles, they decided the church rule was to be obeyed implicitly. Young Baptiste was a fine fellow, and he, with the Finlay boys, are the men who made things here. He set up a store at Kicking Horse (Golden) with the advent of the railway survey and construction, and later moved back to Lake Windermere. I think his was the first store in Golden.

"Windermere was taken up by Gilbert Malcolm Sproat in 1883, on that celebrated trip of his with A.S. Farwell; when Sproats Landing and Farwell, now West Robson and Revelstoke, were also located. Windermere was filed in the name of John Jane, who, after being a Fort

Shephert officer, settled at Savona. It was sold to A.W. Vowell, who sold an interest to Capt. Parker; and finally Bob Galbraith bought it out, with the government buildings which Judge Vowell had erected there. The first storekeepers there were Brady and Goldie and George Starke ran its first hotel. It was named by Mr. Sproat from some fancied resemblance to the lake of that name in Cumberland on September 4, 1883. *from an interview with Ed Johnston by B.R. Atkins for the Vancouver Daily Province 1922*

NEWSCLIPS FROM THE PAST:

VALLEY NEWS: JAN. 1945

“John Appewhaite, our versatile townsman, has forsaken the bagpipes for the winter months and has joined the Williamson-Hillier Orchestra, playing a clarinet. We hope John revives his open air concerts for the summer months as the ‘skirl of the pipes’ wafted over the peaceful air helped break the monotony of gardening in the warm summer evenings.”

VALLEY NEWS: SEPT. 1945

“Invermere now has a group of Junior Forest Wardens who are being trained in Forest Protection and the preservation of wild life.

The boys are receiving instruction from Forest Ranger J.L. Johnson and Game Warden H. Tyler. Later in the season it is hoped to take the group on an outing to give them practical experience.

Junior Forest Wardens to date are Jack Richardson, David Lewis, Edward Fuller, Lloyd Smith, Eugene Durand and Frank Johnson. Their uniforms consist of red shirts, forest green hats and ties to match.”

VALLEY NEWS: DEC. 1945

“More than 1750 pounds of clothing for the United Nations Relief Drive last month has been credited to the Windermere District. The original shipment from the Windermere District Red Cross which includes Athalmer, Invermere, Radium, Edgewater and Windermere totalled 1706 lbs. In addition to this 40 lbs. was contributed from Wilmer and a further donation was sent from Fairmont.”

DID YOU KNOW?

A law against obtaining husbands under false pretense which was passed by the English Parliament in 1770 enacts:

“That all women of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, who shall after this act, impose upon, or seduce and betray into matrimony any of His Majesty’s male subjects by virtue of scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, bolstered hips or high heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors; and the marriage under such circumstances shall be null and void.”

**T. Eaton Co. order
placed by Dr. P.W. Turnor
September, 1912**

1 doz. Sardines	1.50
1 Pump	2.00
5 lb. Currants	.50
10 Soup	1.00
10 Roast Beef Tins	2.30
6 Tins Marmalade	5.10
3 Tins Raspberry Jam	3.60
10 Macaroni	1.10
2 Lea & Perrins Sauce	.70
10 lbs. Coffee	3.15
1 Baking Powder	1.10
12 Yeast Cakes	.45
10 lbs. Yellow Split peas	.50
20 lbs. Rolled Oats	.70
13 Rice	1.00
3 Bags Salt	.15
100 lbs. Sugar	6.00
16 lbs. Yellow Sugar	1.00
10 lbs. Tea	2.25
5 Sacks Flour	16.75
20 lbs. Raisins	2.00
20 Doz. Candles	2.40
5 Bon Ami	.55

10 Tins Cocoa	4.50
3 Swifts Hams	7.92
14 lbs. Bacon	3.20
3 Tins Lard	5.10

What's Happening at the Museum:

We are grateful to the Invermere Rotary Club that is overseeing and funding a new vault for our archival material. We have outgrown our existing vault and there are important documents that need to be in secure storage. The building permit has been taken out so we expect construction to begin soon. This project is estimated to cost \$6000, so this is a generous donation from the Rotarians.

The Tuesday evening workbees continue with new faces in the group this winter. They are accomplishing a lot and their work is much appreciated.

Our Heritage Day event this year was a Luncheon held in the Windermere Hall and the topic was "Windermere History". Speakers were Frances Kimpton, Ray Crook and Jaryl McIsaac. There was a display of artifacts and photographs relating to Windermere residents and events. The ladies of the Windermere Community Association catered the lunch.

At our January meeting, held at the Museum, we saw a video on the historic S Half Diamond Ranch at Premier Lake. The video was made from old movies and still photos taken at the ranch in its heyday. It was of local interest as Madeline Turnor, one of our pioneer residents, worked there for many years and could be seen in the video.

It will soon be time for 'spring cleaning' at the Museum and we will be looking for volunteers!

Dorothy Blunden, Curator, is also organizing the school programs for the spring and will need help with those, too. They were very successful last year, and we appreciate the opportunity to share our local history with the children.