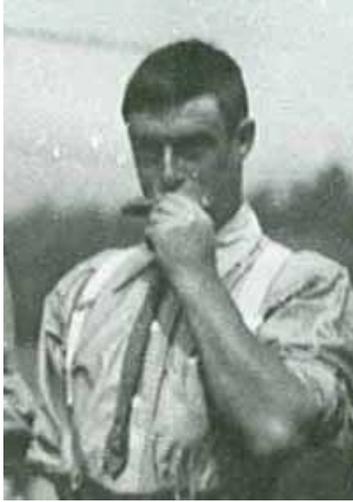


VALLEY HISTORY
AND THE WINDERMERE VALLEY MUSEUM
BOX 2315, INVERMERE, V0A 1K0 342-9769 MAY 2005



HENRY (HARRY) BONE

Born in Hampshire, England, in 1881, Mr. Bone spent most of his earlier years working at race tracks as a horse trainer. In April of 1912 (a week after the Titanic was sunk) Henry Bone, together with Ernest Ede, left England for Canada, arriving at Golden the same year.

Three years later they both were back in Europe, in the Canadian Army, although not in the same battalion. "I'll never forget Christmas dinner on Vimmy Ridge," says Mr. Bone.

Returning to the Windermere country , he put in his time doing odd jobs.....clearing land, laboring. "Anything I could lay my hand to,"until he purchased his cabin and started trapping in 1922.

It's not likely you've seen Mr.

Bone's log cabin unless you've travelled along the logging road that turns off from the Banff-Windermere highway near McLeod Meadows and follows the Kootenay Valley to the logging camp of Wilder Bros. At the side of this road Mr. Bone has a modest, one room log cabin that he's lived in for the past 33 years.(this is 1955) Only the road hasn't been there all that time.

"With this logging road through, it's pretty convenient now. I can get into Radium for supplies and mail almost any time I like." explains Mr. Bone. " But until a few years ago it was a 24 mile hike, often on snowshoes, to Radium. I'm just glad I don't have to walk it anymore."

Mr. Bone used to supplement his income with road construction work and work for the Park for about four or five months a year. In 1921 and 22 he worked on the construction of the Banff-Windermere Highway.

One of the windows in his cabin, the one by the head of his bunk, is broken, and the glass replaced with a piece of cardboard.

"A bear did that. One night I heard this noise outside and shone my flashlight at the window and there was the bear looking in at me. The bear took an angry swipe at the light and shattered the window."

Mr. Bone also tells how he shot a grizzly in his backyard. He first noticed the bear when he was getting

his breakfast, and thinking it was just a brown bear, didn't pay much attention to it. But when he was cleaning up, he noticed it was a grizzly.

"As I don't like running up against these fellows, I stepped outside with my rifle and dropped him", Mr. Bone stated in his matter-of-fact manner.

Only those with the souls of the original pioneers could stand the lonely, isolated life that Mr. Bone knew. Before the present logging road was in, there were often stretches as long as six months without seeing anyone. But for Harry Bone, it was the only life.

"I wouldn't go back to England for any money," he says. "not on a bet! Lonely? No, I don't get lonely. In fact, I wouldn't enjoy it if there were too many people around."

But just the same, he has a warm and sincere welcome for visitors, even unexpected strangers who drop in. He seemed quite happy to stop and talk.

"I'm not urgently pressed for time."

In 1955 Mr. Bone accepted a caretaker's job at the Wilder Bros. Mill at Radium. It was the first winter since 1922 the 74 year old Harry Bone had not been in his log cabin on the Kootenay River.

(*Columbia Valley Echo-Oct. 1955*

Out of the Past

The trio spending a winter on the shore of the Columbia, near Golden in 1881 were Sam Brewer, Paddy

Ryan and Tenas Bob. Tenas was so named because of his short stocky stature but he was more formally known as Robert Jackson. And thereby hangs a tale.

Brewer himself knew little about his companions for it seems that there was an unwritten law among the old-timers about asking too many personal questions. New comers were accepted at face value without prying as to where they came from or where they were going.

After their sojourn on the shore of the Columbia, Tenas Bob went on with Sam Brewer to the St. Eugene Mission near Joseph's Prairie (Cranbrook). There Brewer introduced himself and made arrangements for the two to stay. The priest in charge of the mission naturally asked the name of his companion, a little detail that Sam had overlooked. "Tenas", meaning small in Chinook, had served well enough.

Sam went out to his pal and asked his name receiving the reply, "Just call me Bob."

Sam pressed the question but for all his insistence the reply was "Just call me Bob".

Sam returned to the priest and described his companion as Robert Jackson. The name was good enough and Bob accepted it for formality until his death but to his friends, the stout little man was always Tenas Bob.

The three returned to the Valley in due course. It was the custom for those who had no other form of entertainment to gather at the Tin House in Athalmer. Occasionally, as the evening waxed merry, it was

nt

quite a sport to ply Tenas with another drink which made him talkative. Then they'd stand him on a table top and let him orate vociferously on whatever subject was on his mind.

Treated to a few extra glasses of beer, he would soon become immersed in his subject while the on-lookers cheered him on.

One evening when he was engrossed in a harangue which had worked him to a certain pitch of oratory, a few merry fellows proceeded to stuff the pockets of his pants with paper. Tenas was too worked up in his subject and too well lubricated by the potions to notice until smoke and an unpleasant warmth in regions of his person put a quick stop to his oration.

The merrymakers had applied a lighted match to the paper stuffed in his pocket.

The fire was quickly extinguished and Tenas took the joke as well as anyone. With the genial spirit of generosity which marked those rough and ready old-timers, the perpetrators of the joke took him down the road to Joe Lake's General Store and fitted him out in a brand new pair of pants.

Later Tenas Bob and Paddy Ryan were partners in a ranch below Swansea Mountain until Paddy moved to the west of Windermere Lake and farmed near what is still known as the Paddy Ryan Lakes. (2005) Tenas had a log hut in the neighborhood of what is now the Westside Rd. in Invermere.

Sam Brewer lived for some years at Perry Creek, near Cranbrook, then brought his wife north from the U. S. .

They had one child, Hope. They came to Fairmont where they partnered with George Geary. Later they bought him out and in time built a new home which they named " Fairmont Castle."

(Winn Weir Files)

Columbia Valley Times

January 25, 1912

Second Annual Wilmer Bonspiel

In replying to the toast to the Golden visitors, Charles A. Warren caused great amusement by his reference to the 'difficulties and hardships of the way' incurred in getting to Wilmer. The first hardship, he said was 27 below ; the second was two bottles of Scotch, and the third was two more bottles of Scotch. The last and greatest of all was two more bottles of Scotch. But in spite of these hardships, he would certainly come again next year."

Golden Star- 1912

Calgary People Plan Summer Residences.

Metropolis of Alberta will be only 9 hours run from the Windermere Valley. Work on the Banff-Windermere automobile road which, when completed, will place Calgary's four thousand automobiles within 9 hours of the Windermere District. It is to be proceeded with as quickly as possible and already many Calgary people are planning the construction of summer homes.

Elkhorn Ranch

The Elkhorn Ranch was originally pre-empted in 1883. The survey was made by the Hon. F.W. Aylmer. The pre-empter states, "Needless to say I located a choice piece of land and recorded a right to 250 miners inches of water for irrigation purposes on the adjoining creek." (Morigeau Creek, now Windermere Creek 2005)

The farm was later sold to Colin McKay, and in 1907 was purchased by John Jones. Mr. Jones had four sons: George, Arthur, Horace and Frank, and one daughter, Emily who married Arthur Taylor in Windermere on September 10, 1910. This couple ran a store in Invermere. The ranch was then known as the Big House Ranch.

Frank Jones lived in Invermere for many years and his sons, Jack and Carl raised their families here.

The Jones family sold the Big House Farm and it became the Dominion Government Experimental Farm until the late 1930's. Since then it has passed through a succession of owners until its purchase (Sept. 1984) by Mr. and Mrs. Hans Leverkus.

(Museum Files)

1898- from a magazine that was found in a prospector's cabin at the headwaters of Toby Creek.

"A sure cure for everything was the Oxy-donor Victory which "causes the human body to attract and absorb oxygen from the air. The Oxy-donor causes the natural cure of all forms of disease in men and women without medicine or electricity."

THE MAYOR OF CANTERBURY

Canterbury, (Invermere) in the early days of 1900-1902, had a hotel, a few stores and a newspaper but all had a short existence. For many years, M.H. "Mac" Craik, the Mayor of Canterbury, was its sole resident. About 1909, the town site was purchased by the Columbia Valley Irrigated Fruitlands Ltd. and development of the new town site of Invermere began. Mac Craik continued to occupy his log shack located on the right-of-way of the Kootenay Central Railway which was being built. His home was near the present bridge crossing the tracks to the Fort Point (2005). After repeated warnings to vacate his home, which he refused to heed although the steam shovel was within a few feet of him, the construction crew bodily removed him and his belongings to another building. Within a few minutes the huge shovel moved forward and left only a gaping cut in the landscape where the shack had once stood.

(Jaryl McIsaac Files)

MUSEUM UPDATE

We are in the process of extending the basement to include a storage room for our artifacts. The cement work is now completed. We have had financial assistance from the Lions Club, The Columbia Valley Community Foundation, Pat Bavin the Village of Invermere and possibly Columbia Basin Trust. Thank-you for all the support.

Our curator, Dorothy Blunden, works on Mondays so stop in and have a visit. During June and September the museum will be open week-day afternoons with volunteers. For July and August, we have applied for a summer student so that we can be open for more hours. (Submitted)

(Compiled by Sandy McKay)