

pressing and the family moved to Arrowhead. Here there was no dairy, and with her children's welfare at heart, Lucy purchased two cows, much to Philip's chagrin, promising to see to the milking herself. The first milking session concluded with the cow's foot in the bucket, her tail in our heroine's face and with Philip facing a future at the milking stations. Two cows ensured year-round fresh milk, and a twice-yearly, twelve mile walk with each cow to be bred.

In summer, the CPR bunk house was hidden in a profusion of flower beds and shrubs. The garden became a show place and won province wide acclaim. For many successive years, Lucy, with her green thumb, won the 'Best Flower Garden Award' for the division. This grand sum of twenty-dollars was awarded by the CPR. It was all worth the effort though, when her oldest daughter presented a bouquet of Sweet-peas from the garden to the then Archbishop of Canterbury, when he was passing through the town.

Arrowhead is now under water. The railroad has been pulled up and the wagon-road is overgrown. The High Arrow Dam has been built to store water from the Columbia River. All that remains of the village is the small cemetery which lies on a high slope of land against the mountain. With the passing of the town passed the pioneer days, and for Lucy Daem, as for all of us today's events are tomorrow's history.

AN 1887 OLD TIMERS' CELEBRATION

As told by an old-time Cowboy
By Tom Stevenson

This Old-Timers' Celebration, which was held at Priest Valley, now called Vernon; was the outcome of a matched horse race between Alfred Postill, of the Postill Ranch, and Louis Bursie, from the reserve at the head of the Lake. The race was to be run at Priest Valley on the 24th of May. At that time, I was riding for the Postill Ranch, and helped to train Roney, their race horse. In a mile race we felt we had a sure winner. On the 24th of May, Alf, Bill and Ted Postill, Charlie Simms and I, leading our race horse, Roney, rode into Priest Valley, stopping at the new Victoria Hotel. Bursie with his race horse, Mountain Chief, had arrived before us, and also a good following of Indians from the Reserve. Then, like the gathering of the clans, from the valleys and the hills, the old-timers came riding in to see the race. There were Bob Lamley, Frank Young, Tom Clinton, Connie O'Keefe, Alex McDonnell, Pete Basett, the Connells, Christians, Dick Neil, Ned Woods, Goldie, Leon Lequime, Tom Woods, Captain Shorts, Fred Barnes, Leonard Norris, Tronson, Price Ellison, Cameron and many others. They were milling around the race horses, shaking hands and chatting, and selecting and betting on the outcome of the race. Excitement ran high as the betting proceeded, and to show my confidence in Roney I had bet most of my winter's wages on him before I realized it and hurrying out of the ring I ran into an Indian wanting to bet his nice little Appaloosa stock horse on Mountain Chief. I took a fancy to the Appaloosa and tried to swap my saddle horse for him. No go. But eyeing my new double rigged Cheyenne saddle, he said, "Bet horse against saddle." Off came the saddle and slapping it on the Appaloosa, we tied him to a tree, "winner take all."

We then rode down the old road to the landing where Tronson, Chief

Paul and Price Ellison as judges, and Fred Barnes and Connie O'Keefe, had stepped off the mile and were ready to start the horses. After the usual jockeying before the start, they were off head and head. At the quarter Mountain Chief led by four lengths, Bursie "laying on the quirt"; Postill lying low on Roney, making no move. At the half, Bursie in the lead by six lengths, still whipping; Postill, hand riding Roney now. At the three-quarters, Bursie in the lead by three lengths; Postill, riding hard and gaining. In the stretch, Bursie leading one length, both riding hard; and Indians closing in from behind and from the sides, shooting in the air. On they came, both riders now laying on the quirt, as over the finishing line they went; Roney in the lead by half a length; and swinging up on my horse, I rode back to the hotel to admire my new Appaloosa stock horse. What a thrill! There were more matched races as the afternoon passed away for side bets, starting from Price Ellison's corral on the White Valley Road and finishing at the hotel. There was also a foot race between a fast stepping Indian, called Cultis Jim, and Charlie Simms, for a side bet of a dollar, against a pair of beaded gauntlets which Charlie coveted and won.

After supper we moved the furniture out of the hotel dining room and Joe Brant, sitting in a chair on a table tuning his fiddle, Pete Goodwin calling, "All join hands and circle to the left." The dance was on. Then in the grey dawn of another day, with the sound of the hoarse voice of the caller and fast dancing feet and laughter and familiar "Whoopee" of the fast swinging, high-stepping, old-timer still doing his stuff, we swung up on our broncs and with a farewell "Whoopee" headed over the old Mission Trail for the Ranch.

HISTORY IN WORDS

By Don Watkins

Most of us are well aware of the history behind many of our local words. We know, for instance, that Kelwona got its name from a bearded pioneer who, to local Indians, looked more like a grizzly bear than a human being, and was nicknamed Kelawna, the Indian word for 'grizzly'. Similarly Penticton is of Indian origin. When the white man first arrived, the Indians had a permanent camp between Lakes Skaha and Okanagan. They referred to it as pentktn, 'permanent camp'. More closely analysed, this word is composed of the elements pen-tk-tn meaning 'always-time-place'.

If we take this game of word analysis one step further we can discover all kinds of interesting insights into the history of the people who now use them. We don't have to stay with place names; we can use just "ordinary words" in this analysis.

Look at the word "peach" for example, a word that automatically conjures up visions of the Okanagan Valley in the minds of Western Canadians. Centuries ago the wandering Greeks cultivated numerous trees that they found growing in Persia. The fruit of one of these trees was particularly appealing to them, and they called it "persicum", the fruit from the "Perisan tree". When this word eventually reached our language, it was written as "peach". So the word itself tells us where the fruit came from originally, and indicates the connection that our civilization has with the ancient ones.

While the Greeks liked their peaches, the Romans became partial to the fruit of a tree that one of their generals found growing in the city of Cerasos, in Pontus. The fruits were gathered and shipped back to Rome to