

# PATTERSON

Born Jean Annie Patterson, Oct. 1917 at Royal Columbian Hospital, New Westminster, I arrived a week or so later at the small flag station on the G.N.R. called Ocean Park where I spent most of the next 25 years. My parents had bought 10 acres of bush on Sylvan Ave. at \$1.00 per acre in 1914. They cleared the land, built a house and out-buildings and started what mother called a stump ranch. Over the next 30 years, we raised animals such as a horse, cows, pigs, goats, ducks, chickens, rabbits, had a large garden and orchard. We ate lots of clams, crabs, smelts and oysters from the sea. We picked wild berries that grew well on the charred ground, and logs, left from a former fire in the area.

Our supplies at first were delivered from Crescent Beach by Pop Taylor's truck. Later Mother made out an order for things to be delivered once a week from David Spencer's Westminster Department store. Our first post office was at Crescent Beach in Captain Williams' hotel. Miss Horner was the first Postmaster. Before the addresses became R.R. #1 White Rock, the post office moved to the former grocery store location, kitty-corner to the Community Hall.

The first Christmas party that I remember was at Taylor's Store in Crescent Beach, where their son sang "Yes, We Have No Bananas" at the concert that preceded Santa's arrival. I rode on father's back as the family walked along the railroad track home that night. I still remember the pain in my chest from the hours ride and standing in the cold against a telephone pole while the train went by. The wind took off mother's hat and there was further delay while father took the lantern in search of the hat.

Elsie Cope accompanied me to the Crescent School, a mile from home during my first years. Concerts and community parties were held in the school until the Hall was built. School picnics, the school garden and the fair at Surrey Centre were highlights of my youth. The PTA was in a constant battle with the School Board to get necessary things. Mr. Catt, the janitor, lived next door.

After the church was built on property donated by Captain Williams, the Minister would often arrive at the Ocean Park station by train and stay at our home overnight before taking the service. We walked the logging road to church and Sunday School every Sunday for years.

Mother led a Sunday School class. Later when it became the United Church I also had a class. The Anglican church moved to Crescent where a bunch of the young people sang in the choir with leader Mr. Elliot. We were confirmed there and in 1943, I was married there.

Mother was involved, like everyone else, in community activities. She organized a singing group of young people. One of the highlights was Christmas caroling around the community, and skits to entertain at garden parties, etc. We spent many happy hours in the new Community Hall. Liquor was banned from the premises. The Ladies' Aid served refreshments. One person later told me, "If I never again eat another cress sandwich it won't be too soon!"

In the early days, in order to pay taxes and buy other necessities, we sold milk, eggs, and vegetables to the summer campers. My father got a job as night watchman for the railway. When he got bumped from that job he worked with Dr. Darwin of the United Church as camp caretaker during the winter months. He was also in charge of the ram that pumped the water up the hill for use at the camp. One of the early highlights were the lantern slides at the Tabernacle Sunset Services.

Summer life was really carefree, mostly spent at the beach. It was a family affair where all the neighbours helped clear the swimming area of rocks. Tom Broatch took his horses down one summer to move the big rocks. Ocean Park beach was crowded all summer long.

We had an Atwater-Kent radio with ear-phones powered by a wet battery which had to be recharged in Cloverdale, at Dan's Radio and Repair Shop. The Province newspaper told us of the world's problems! I travelled by bicycle, and on foot, over trails and dirt roads. Our first bus to New Westminster was by the Moorehouse Stage Line via Scott Road.

—Jean Rogers

## First Doctor in Our Area

Dr. Will Sager intended to be a medical missionary but his wife Hettie could not bear to take her children to China where he was to work. He worked as the Public Health Officer for Burnaby from 1931-1943, and after that at Wallace's Shipyards as the doctor then a short posting at Pender Harbour as they had no doctor.

He retired in 1945 to his Crescent Beach home which was built a few years earlier (the family had been renting summer homes each year since 1927). He still needed an income so opened a practice in White Rock to become the first doctor there. He also had a dispensary in his Crescent Beach home. He became a private physician and surgeon as well as district coroner, until more doctors moved out to the area. Dr. Sager died in 1953 of a stroke at the age of 66 years.

Shirley Sager became a nurse and married Jack Morrison. She and the children travelled widely to be with Jack wherever his career took him, but they had moved back to Sunnyside just before her father unexpectedly died. They were able to take care of her mother, and later an aunt. Jack Morrison became a well-known local realtor. Shirley still lives in Ocean Park.

Source: *The Sager Saga: A Family History* by Arthur Sager (1998) from Bruce Morrison, grandson. — Research by Shirley Stonier

## 'Minutes' Took One Minute

MINUTES OF MEETING

LADIES' AUXILIARY TO THE CRESCENT BEACH-OCEAN PARK  
VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPARTMENT

This is the entire text of the Minutes of the July 18, 1952 Meeting:

"Meeting – nothing accomplished.

Meeting disturbed by visitor.

No real meeting took place."

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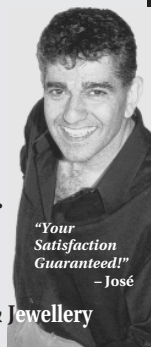
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