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THESE ARE ARCHIVED FILES written by a Gabriola resident using the name “Gabriolare” and posted on his website: <http://www.gabriolare.ca/>. These are now mirrored at <http://gabriolan.ca/author/gabriolare/>. They are re-posted here without readers’ comments to ensure that at least the files are always available. Some of the photographs in these files have not been recovered.

Opinions expressed in these notes are those of the original poster and author.

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Written by a Gabriola resident using the name “Gabriolare”. It was originally posted on April 12, 2010 on his website: <http://www.gabriolare.ca/>.

Descanso Bay



Descanso Bay is the large one to the south that is NOT in the park

“Bay of Rest” is the loose translation for the name of the most familiar bay on the island to most Gabriola residents. The MV *Quinsam* pulls into Descanso Bay 16 times a day, and residents around Descanso Valley make good use of the beach access there at the foot of Harrison Way. Much of the land in that area was owned by one of the original settling families here—the Easthoms.

One local historian and anthropologist theorized that some of the first humans to come to Gabriola landed in the little inlet next to the ferry, since it offered shelter, water and food, and was close to Vancouver Island. It is a nice little spot on a hot day—or a windy one, and those waiting in the ferry line often wander down to the shady little bay with their dogs.

For many years, there was a public dock in that little bay—just next to the ferry dock. It was the only public dock on the entire north end of the island and was used regularly by locals and by visiting boaters from Nanaimo. As the story goes, a ‘storm’ took out the dock one windy night—although reliable sources suggest that is indeed a story, and it was the ferry that crashed into the dock during a particularly bad landing. All that remained of the old dock were the pilings that held it in place, and when a local man applied to the Federal Government—under a harbour renewal program—to replace the dock, a new ‘float’ was built by Canada Works.

It made perfect sense to have a public dock there, for boaters safety and for the convenience of islanders when the ferry was out of service. It was built and ready to be installed, when BC Ferries got wind of the plan and hired a pile-driving company from Nanaimo to come and *pull out the pilings* that were to hold the small new float in place. Apparently they did not want to risk running into the dock again, and removing the dock was easier than using due care and attention when docking the ferry. Since the federal funding was not sufficient to replace pilings,

the new float was never installed, and languished in Degnen Bay for years. Eventually another dock was installed—for emergency service use only. It should be for public ‘transient’ use just as it was for many years.



This small bay in Descanso Bay Regional Park is not Descanso Bay

Looking at charts and maps (and Google Earth now) it is hard to imagine that the name ‘Descanso Bay’ was given to a large stretch of Gabriola’s shoreline—from the point at the end of Eastholm Road all the way to Malaspina Point. Between those two points there are several bays and inlets and coves and points—all with their own local names—names that may not show up on mainstream maps.

When the Nanaimo Regional District ended up with some beautiful land—including the former Credit Union Campground—they didn’t bother to consult the locals about the name of the bays or points included in the park, or even check their records to see which generous Gabriola pioneer (McDougall is the name I found) had originally given the land to the Credit Union with the intention of it becoming park. Neither did they consider that Descanso Bay is universally perceived to be where the ferry lands—over 2 km away! With two beautiful coves, many other fine features, and a colourful history, the park was named ‘Descanso Bay Regional Park’. (Well...it is in the *region* of Descanso Bay...) Perhaps a local initiative will someday correct this typically careless bureaucratic misnomer. As it is, many locals still refer to the park as ‘the campgrounds’.

Regardless of the name...it is a very nice place to explore, from the bays and beaches to the biking/hiking trails across Taylor Bay Road.



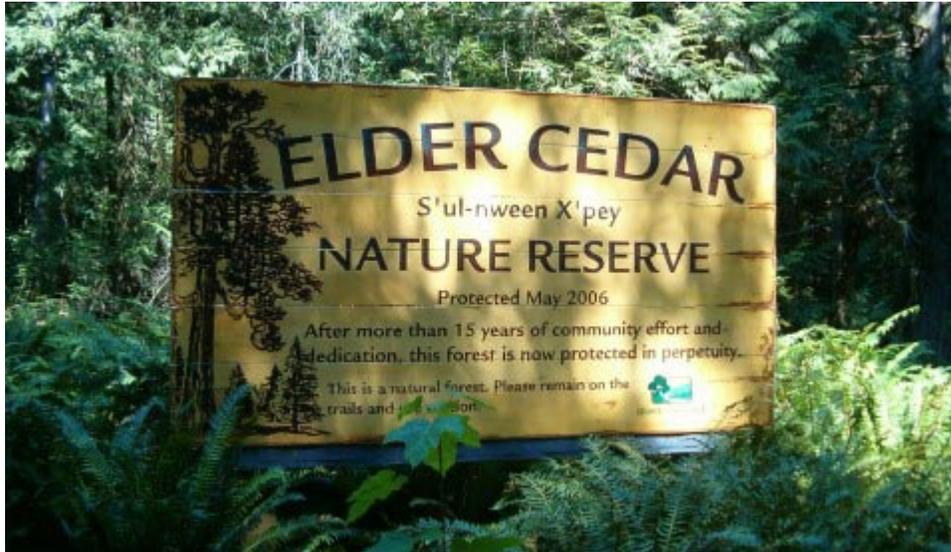
This non-descanso bay is also in Descanso Bay park.

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Written by a Gabriola resident using the name “Gabriolore”. It was originally posted on April 12, 2010 on his website: <http://www.gabriolore.ca/>.

Elder Cedar



Thankfully this huge sign is discreetly off the road far enough to be missed by the invasive hoards.

For a close look at what Gabriola’s forests looked like a hundred years ago, this quarter-section of gulf-island ecosystem is a joy to behold—but tread lightly...*you* are an invasive species.

When Gabriola was logged initially, it was often done by loggers from Vancouver who would come and go by boat. They would log the areas closest to the Strait so they could just drag the logs to the bluff and send them sliding down to the water where they would be boomed and towed to the city. It took more time and more manpower to log a forest then, and camps would be set up for the workers to live for weeks or months. One such camp was located where the Elder Cedar/S’ul-hween X’pey Nature Reserve is now. Typically, the trees right around the camp would not be logged – especially if they were cedar trees, which were not favoured by the loggers, who sought the big firs. These trees provided shade and shelter for the logging camp, and some of them are still standing today in this 160-acre parcel of relatively old forest that remained in the hands of the Crown.

At some point in the ’60s, this land was labelled ‘UREP’ land (for the Use, Recreation, & Enjoyment of the Public). With this designation, the land was left untouched, and had seen no significant logging since the 1940s at least. It became dense and thick and lush—virtually impenetrable for all but the hardest bush-whacker. There was no bigger chunk of old growth on Gabriola, and it *was* a fine example of how things live here *when they are left alone*.

When the Province offered the RPAT (Regional Protected Area Strategy) program, to begin defining parcels of Crown land that were significant in terms of their intrinsic value to the

province, a local activist submitted the UREP land for consideration. It met the criteria and made the list, but a change in government saw the program stall. When land claims began to surface in the 90s, the UREP land—still 'Crown land'—was an obvious target for a claim. However, since the earlier RPAT application had precluded the land claims—this chunk of forest was never put on the table. Although the land was officially designated as off-limits to land claims and logging, control of it was eventually given to a local body.

Enter the bureaucracy. Now a chunk of forest that had successfully defended itself from any significant human intrusion (at no cost to the community) had turned into a source of funding. There was a budget to spend and some 'management' to do. Heavy equipment got involved, and some of the few meandering trails became scarred in the name of access, or safety, or esthetics—or whatever. The trail entrance soon became big enough for a bandwagon and they erected a sign fit for Stanley Park.

Preservation of the land as a natural habitat for whatever wishes to live there was apparently not the priority of our local body. Instead, easier access for more people seems to be the direction to date, and that is succeeding. A relatively small collection of people (many with dogs) use the trails regularly, although there are more now than ever before. That may change. The addition of 707 acres of local forest land in the centre of the island should more than meet the community's perceived need for land to wander about in and perhaps take pressure off of the Elder Cedar reserve and let the focus be more on the preservation than the access. This land may once again become relatively 'unmanaged'—leaving it as a preserve for the natural gulf island flora and fauna that apparently can get along very well all by themselves.

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Written by a Gabriola resident using the name “Gabriolare”. It was originally posted on January 12, 2011 on his website: <http://www.gabriolare.ca/>.

Folklife Village



The high point of Folklife Village overlooks what has become the village center and is an integral part of the island's character.

When Vancouver hosted Expo '86, British Columbia constructed a pavilion to represent the province to the world. The “Folklife Village” was conceived and built to show off some of BC’s fine timber and no expense was spared to put together a masterpiece of post-and-beam construction. The architect was flown over the forests of BC to personally pick the trees to be cut to make the largest of the beams that support the unique structure. The ‘village’ created at Expo included two main components—the best of which is now the centrepiece of the village of Gabriola.

After Expo ended, the Folklife Village pavilion was sold, dismantled, and barged off into storage. It next appeared a couple of years later in drawings at an Island’s Trust meeting on Gabriola. An artists rendering of the village—shown nestled in the trees at the intersection of North Road and Lochinvar Lane was presented, along with a proposal to rezone the land from rural/residential to commercial.

Naturally there was dissent, but the Trustees of the day saw the opportunity have a beautifully designed and constructed commercial centre—right there in what was already becoming ‘downtown’. The existing commercial architecture was less than inspiring. The local restaurant—‘D’Pizza’ (now ‘Roberts Place’)—was in a house that had been expanded, and the cement block strip-mall-gone-sideways that wanted to be ‘Gabriola Centre’, didn’t have much style at all. Here was a rare chance to have an expensive post and beam showcase as a focus for Gabriola’s commercial core.

At the time, given the population on the island, that type of architecturally designed commercial construction was unaffordable, since there were not enough prospective tenants with enough

hope of making the rent required to pay for it. It was only because the 'used' structure was sold at such a bargain that the developer could afford to put the project together. The other factor that made it work was the timing. The island's growth was at a point where there was a demand for more local services and therefore more commercial space. It certainly took courage—and a big mortgage no doubt—to take it on. The owner of the land offered the community a portion of the acreage as 'park', and the deal was soon done despite the omnipresent opposition.

The project to reconstruct the Folklife Village pavilion took about two years. The site was prepared and the barges landed in Descanso Bay. It took at least 20 huge truck-loads—winding along some pretty narrow stretches of road—to get the huge timbers and accessories to the property. Putting it all back together—adapted for commercial use and able to pass local building codes—was no mean feat. It was the work of Bill Kristofferson—who had worked on major parts of the original construction, and Jay Friesen—with hands-on experience in post-and-beam construction and things architectural, that managed to get the giant puzzle back together.

The first tenants included the grocery store, a real estate office, and the fashion boutique. Within a few months 'Folklife Village' was pretty well fully leased and soon fulfilled it's promise to focus commerce in the village, and set the bar high for future developers.

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Written by a Gabriola resident using the name “Gabriolare”. It was originally posted on March 16, 2010 on his website: <http://www.gabriolare.ca/>.

Huckleberry /Huxley /\$100k Park



Part of the original trail constructed in 1988 at Huxley (Huckleberry) Park

Although there is some controversy over the name and ownership, there is no doubt that this piece of land played an important part in the development of the ‘village’ of Gabriola.

Originally the land where the park is now was part of a five-acre parcel that included the spot where *Folklife Village* is today. That vacant and treed five-acre parcel was for sale for about \$25,000 and languished on the market for some time. The folks moving to Gabriola back in the late eighties were not interested in buying such expensive land so close to ‘downtown’ when they could get five nice acres elsewhere on the island for less than \$20k.

When the proposal surfaced to relocate the ‘folklife pavilion’ from Expo ’86 to Gabriola Island and create a shopping center, that parcel of land became of interest, and the owner at the time—aware of the folklife proposal at hand—applied successfully to rezone her land from ‘rural residential’ to ‘commercial’. Since the location was just about perfect for ‘Folklife Village’, the

Islands Trust agreed to the rezoning application. Part of what sold the rezoning deal was the requirement that a portion of the land be dedicated to the community as a park.

The deal was embraced by the overwhelming majority of islanders (there were half as many of us then), and the rezoning went ahead. The commercially zoned land then sold to the owners of Folklife, who paid \$137,000 for their portion. The island watched with glee as the project got underway to create what is now the focal point of Gabriola's village community.

To develop the park, an unemployed local man put together a complex funding application that saw the Provincial Government grant him a large sum to spend on employing islanders to improve local provincial parkland. Along with work at Twin Beaches Park and Drumbeg, the project included establishing the new downtown park. It included a small clearing for parking, a walking trail, and a horseshoe pitch (since destroyed by a careless equipment operator when the tennis courts were established a couple of years later). The crew of a dozen local workers spent six months on the projects—most of the work done by hand.

The recreation commission of the day was overseeing the project, and asked the hard-working crew to select a name for the new park. Not only did the workers select a name that represented the natural vegetation, but they created a large sign welcoming the public to 'Huckleberry Park'. Then things got ugly. Infighting and politics saw the name changed to reflect the name of the person (a rec commission member) who had sold the land—and made a tidy sum in the process. The 'Huckleberry Park' sign promptly disappeared and the 'politically correct' one was installed. Perhaps "*One Hundred Thousand Dollar Park*" would have been a better name, considering the benefits accrued by the 'generous' donor.



The Huckleberry bush that inspired the original name of the park over 20 years ago still thrives here. Huxley has long since left the island.

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Written by a Gabriola resident using the name “Gabriolore”. It was originally posted on March 27, 2010 on his website: <http://www.gabriolore.ca/>.

Joint Point



Joint Point and the bench on a fine spring day

Over the years various Gabrioloids have successfully applied for grants from the Federal or Provincial government. In the 60s, there was a project to mark all the ‘beach accesses’ that had become overgrown or hijacked by adjacent land owners who preferred to keep the public away and use the land for their own devices. Several concrete ‘beach access’ markers still point the way down these handy pathways to the shore.

One such project involved some work at Drumbeg Park—one of the nicest places on the island to spend an afternoon. The park was named by ‘Doc’ Nichols, who owned lots of real estate in the area—including the land that is now the park. Apparently the area reminded him of part of coastal Scotland called Drumbeg.

Besides a place on Breakwater Island—which he also owned—he had a homestead in what is now the park. Although a few of the trees he planted remain, the last of the house and chicken coop was burned down by the volunteer fire department as an exercise back in the late 80s.

Part of the project at Drumbeg Park included installing benches at some scenic spots in the park, and one such spot was at ‘Joint Point’, at the entrance to Gabriola Passage. From this fine wooden bench, relaxed park users (no pun intended) can watch boats come and go through the passage between Gabriola and Valdes Islands. Although the name does not appear on too many official publications, it is usually carved into the bench by artistic park patrons who sit and enjoy the view. Most locals know the name—almost instinctively. It seems to make scents.



Inviting place to sit and watch action in Gabriola Passage

If the view of Valdes and Kendrick Islands and the Passage is not entertaining enough, peering over the rocky outcrop on a sunny day, one may also spot some Gabrioloids 'au natural' catching some extra vitamin 'D' and an all-over tan.

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Written by a Gabriola resident using the name “Gabriolare”. It was originally posted on May 29, 2010 on his website: <http://www.gabriolare.ca/>.

The Maples Dock



Caption: 'The Maples' public dock is a memory now, but the site remains - now owned privately.

“The Maples” is pretty much the southernmost corner of Gabriola, where South Road turns uphill and away from the water and towards the Community Hall. There was a dock there for many years and those from the other islands would dock at ‘The Maples’ and head up South Road to take the Ferry to Nanaimo. The infamous Brother XII was a regular user of the dock when he came to Gabriola on his way to Nanaimo to get provisions for his cult/farm on De Courcy Island.

Things have changed and public access to the old ‘maples’ dock site is difficult—partly due to the efforts of a neighbour, who has chosen to install a private dock and discourage any local use of the foreshore. It is a great example of how local treasures are lost through a combination of ignorance, inaction, apathy, and bureaucracy.

For the determined beach lover, there is a public ‘beach access’ at the end of Shaw Road that can get you to the water. It may not LOOK like a public access, but it is—right there where the yellow cement marker points to the sea. It’s a bit of a scramble down and up the bank, but there is a knotted rope there to help. It will take you to a nice bit of southern waterfront where you get a good look at the site of ‘the Maples’ dock. The photo above was taken there, from the rocks at low tide.

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Written by a Gabriola resident using the name “Gabriolare”. It was originally posted on August 31, 2010 on his website: <http://www.gabriolare.ca/>.

Orlebar Point



From Bells Landing, Orlebar Point is silhouetted against the south coast.

One of the most scenic places on the BC coast, this point has been on the front page of the national papers—for reasons other than its beauty.



Where Berry Point Road meets Upper Berry Point Road is where one politician met the end of his career.

Orlebar Point is at the end of Berry Point Road—now. Apparently the Berry Point road allowance used to run directly to the point—that is until a certain high-powered politician took a liking to the location and somehow managed to purchase it from the province and amalgamate it with another lot—when nobody from Gabriola was looking. What was intended as a fine beach access became part of a residential waterfront lot where former BC Cabinet Minister Dave Stupich built himself a home.

It was beautifully done, and even included a desalinization plant. Many local tradesmen worked there off and on for months and when the news broke a few years later that Stupich had been caught with his hand in the cookie jar (misappropriating funds from a charity bingo) the island was buzzing with stories about the place. The media descended on the island and choppers brought in RCMP investigators. It was a big scandal, and Gabriola Island made headlines, as Stupich—a former Provincial Cabinet Minister AND federal Member of Parliament faced some damning charges.



Some nice rockwork graces the entry to Orlebar.

Mr. Stupich was eventually convicted for his actions, and sentenced to serve some time under 'house arrest'. The court, however, recognized that confining the disgraced politician to a luxury home on arguably one of the nicest locations on the coast, was hardly a tough sentence. The court required that the time be served at Stupich's daughter's house in Nanaimo. Now, to me...*that makes Nanaimo a penal colony for Gabriola Island*, and I take great delight in telling that particular part of the Stupich saga to folks from the Harbour City (much to their chagrin). Most Gabrioloids love it – unless perhaps they voted for the man.

It is worth noting that the fellow who originally blew the whistle on Stupich rented a modest place on Gabriola for a while as the case was coming to a close. Jacques Carpentier had worked for one of the charities involved and discovered the discrepancies in the books. Jacques kept good records and had collected lots of paperwork from the Nanaimo Commonwealth Holding Society (NCHS)—which was run by Stupich—a powerful man in the NDP at the time.

When he started asking questions, his life was threatened and he soon went public. The RCMP then began a forensic investigation. When the case ended with a conviction, a large box of paperwork was returned to him by the RCMP, representing the evidence he had presented. He left Gabriola shortly thereafter.

The Stupich home has changed hands now, and—questionable ethics aside—Orlebar Point remains a beautiful place to visit, and the entire south coast is spread out before you. The tourists love to take pictures there—usually with their backs to Orlebar.



These views from Orlebar Point are much different than the ones Mr. Stupich got while serving his time in Nanaimo.

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Written by a Gabriola resident using the name “Gabriolore”. It was originally posted on June 23, 2011 on his website: <http://www.gabriolore.ca/>.

Retirement Village



The Retirement Village has matured as gracefully as many of its residents.

In the late 80s, when the trees were cut down to begin the work on the retirement village on North Road, many islanders went ballistic. When the stand of large fir trees was reduced to to a jumble of timber and stumps, the land just east of the school was very visible and it was a shocking change that happened virtually overnight.

The land had been for sale for a while with no takers, but when Don Powell, bought it he saw potential for development. The island’s OCP (Official Community Plan) called for seniors housing and Don decided to take a chance and provide it. He got through all the red tape and got underway—despite the great hue and cry over the logging. There was a road to be built, and the clearing continued—amidst the wailing of the many islanders who did not want any trees cut down. In some circles, Mr. Powell was not a popular guy, but many tradesmen were very happy to see a project that provided employment, and many seniors were happy to have a local option for retirement living, when the time came to sell their acreages and scale down.

The zoning allowed for ‘institutional use’ and churches fit that category, so a small lot at the corner went to a religious group that erected a church—which obviously inspired the name of the road. Amen.

The first few residential units that went up were a hit. A couple sold right away, and the rest were rented over the next few months. Slowly, the project grew, and over the years Don put up two more phases, along with a custom-built building for the ambulance. By now, more folks were getting used to the new development and recognized its value to the island. Don Powell himself moved into a unit in the newest phase, and his hands-on approach to the project endeared him to the residents and the island in general. Ironically, it was not long after that the Islands

Trust—whose local trustees had been vocal and harsh in their criticism of Powell’s development—ended up leasing a building from him for their Northern Office.

Today, as trees have grown and landscaping has matured, it is hard to imagine NOT having the Retirement Village. Although it met with plenty of opposition during its infancy, it now blends in nicely with the island’s style and many of the strata units have been sold to local seniors.

There is almost always a waiting list for rentals.

A flock of guinea fowl and of wild turkeys have taken up residence there as well—although feelings about the birds are mixed among the human residents. The birds do provide natural entertainment—albeit noisy and messy at times. Just like Gabriola politics!

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Written by a Gabriola resident using the name "Gabriolore". It was originally posted on August 26, 2010 on his website: <http://www.gabriolore.ca/>.

Rockwood

'Back in the days' when there were less than a thousand people living here full time, everyone pretty well knew everyone else....and where they lived. In the early 80s, when a new family bought an old home on North Road from a local mechanic, there were no house numbers. When describing their location to new island acquaintances, they found most would exclaim at some point – "that's Gus Hussey's old place!" When being introduced, neighbours would say, "these folks live at Gus Hussey's old place." It became a bit of a family joke and after a couple of years of living at 'Gus Hussey's Old Place' they decided to give the place a name of its own that reflected the elements of the property, and they painted it on the old mailbox at the side of the road.



A few old mailboxes still grace the island's roadsides. Snail mail anyone?

Very few of the old mailboxes remain, but they are reminders of a time when leaving your mail in an unlocked box by the road was the norm. If the box was turned with the door facing the road, that meant there was mail to pick up, or mail had been delivered.

I cannot write about mail on Gabriola without mentioning two of my favorite old-time islanders, Wayne & Phyllis, who delivered the mail for many years (between smoke breaks).

Wayne, who taught mathematics at the College in Nanaimo for a time, was a small man with a deep voice that would be the envy of any radio announcer. He and Phyllis were fixtures in the White Hart, where they practically owned a table. Avid smokers, they were good at growing and curing their own tobacco as well. They had a few good friends with whom they shared their

harvest. Apparently they would even deliver their home-grown tobacco right to your mailbox—a service frowned upon by Canada Post.

When you were checking your mail (perhaps for your government cheque), it was easy to tell if Wayne and Phyllis had been there yet; there would be fresh spots of oil in front of the mailboxes where they had stopped their tired old vehicle. Although they have long since moved away, I am sure many folks still remember them fondly.

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Written by a Gabriola resident using the name “Gabriolare”. It was originally posted on March 15, 2010 on his website: <http://www.gabriolare.ca/>.

Silva Bay



This shot of Silva Bay was taken from Westgyle Rd.

In the 1860s, recent Portuguese immigrant John Silva relocated from Mayne Island to Gabriola and purchased a parcel of land that included what is now known as Silva Bay. It is about the only place-name on Gabriola that reflects the arrival of the many Portuguese people who settled on the BC coast. It was John Silva who donated the land for the log church in Silva Bay.

According to the late Jim Davis, a long-time resident of the bay, Silva paid a whopping \$1500 for the 75 acres that included the bay. That was a lot of money in the 1800s. It wouldn't pay his taxes today.

A descendant of John Silva (Henry) lived at the head of the bay for years in the pink house that still stands (barely) today.

In early 30s, according to Annie Watson, a long-time resident of the bay, there was an abundance of large black and white rabbits in and around Silva Bay. Their origin is uncertain, but they thrived there until the depression. Times were tough, and they pretty much disappeared after that—most likely ending up in rabbit stew.

For many years, the ‘Boatel’ was a fixture in the bay, with Audrey and Leo LeLoupe trying to make a go of it. Leo had one of the best selections of fishing lures on the coast. Their little store was a place to hang out for a cup of tea with Leo and get caught up on the local gossip. The prices were a little steep and the merchandise a little old, but the view was great.

Of course, there is plenty of [history in the shipyard](#), where work was done during the war. Although Pages Marina, across the bay, is a consistent and peaceful place, the large marina goes up and down with the tide. Each change of owner over the years has brought a different flavour to the place. At one time it had a small hotel and made an attempt at running a spa of sorts, but a fire and another ownership change left it vacant and run down. It is usually a busy place in the summer—despite the management.

The Royal Vancouver Yacht Club has an outstation across the bay, and being the closest sheltered moorage this side of the Salish Sea from Vancouver, the whole bay is usually crowded with boats every summer weekend. Fortunately many of them wear white pants and are easy to spot as they wander ashore and toddle up and down South Road.

Some local wags still refer to the marina as ‘saliva bay’ or ‘spit bay’ marina for no other reason than it is irreverent and worth a chuckle. It is even more of a chuckle that—in the aviation world Silva Bay has an ‘airport’ code – SYF. Stick that on your baggage!

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Written by a Gabriola resident using the name "Gabriolare". It was originally posted on September 16, 2010 on his website: <http://www.gabriolare.ca/>.

T and T



The old T&T building was the site of some automotive shenanigans and gave the island a flavour that is not so easy to taste anymore.

When the T&T Texaco station opened in the late 60s, the island was starting to grow and a gas station was a welcomed addition. At the junction of North and South Roads, at the top of the ferry hill, the T&T soon became pretty much the center of automotive activity for over 30 years.

Originally opened by Ted Easthom and Ted James, the T&T was the place to go if you wanted to know anything about anything on Gabriola. Sid Skinner bought out Easthom in the seventies and he and Ted James enjoyed the social part of the business as much as the automotive side.

They knew where just about everyone lived and what they drove. Before the RCMP became a permanent fixture on the island, it was common for folks to call the T&T and ask "have the cops left the island yet?"

Since they had the only tow truck, the police routinely called the T&T after hours to request their towing services. That itself was risky business, since the tow truck driver was often in no condition to drive himself, and tales of towing mishaps are still told amongst many long-time islanders. They did many good deeds, delivering heating oil to many folks down some bad winter roads and long driveways, and extending credit when they knew they may not get paid any time soon. On Christmas Eve, it was traditional for many regular customers to drop in with bottled gift and enjoy a holiday laugh or two with some real island characters.



The sign that was once a landmark at the junction of North and South Road was rescued by a local mechanic and now stands on Carr Blvd. close to his shop.

At the T&T one could enjoy a cigarette and a cool beverage on any given afternoon and chew the fat with Sid and Ted between fill-ups. Although many of the regulars could fill their own tanks if they wished, the T&T was full service (not necessarily fast). Ted would often have to crawl out from under a vehicle to pump gas. He would usually not have a smoke in his mouth at the time. Usually. It was not uncommon for one of the repair bays to be half full of empties. On the odd occasion, when the boys had been 'distracted' at closing time, Ted would arrive at the station early in the morning to find the lights and gas pumps on, and the doors wide open, having 'forgotten' to close things up the night before. He would check the cash register and find it untouched from the day before....business as usual. Times were a little different then.

With some serious competition re-opening another gas station down the road, things went downhill in the 21st century and Sid turned the business over to his son. Ted James left the island, moving to Prince George, and Sid died suddenly of a heart attack—not far from the T&T. The property was eventually sold along with a neighbouring parcel, and redevelopment began. What had been a scrapyard became a strip mall—which many islanders see as an improvement.



In an attempt to fit the local motif, the shed 'style' of the slightly revamped old T&T garage was repeated in the design of the new development in the background. Is that an architectural shenanigan?

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