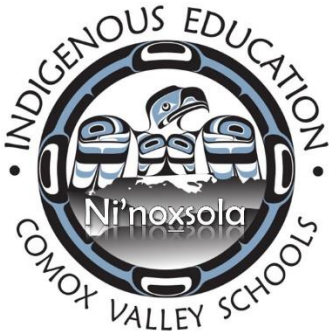


NINOXSOLA

Elders in Residence Program
Indigenous Education Comox Valley Schools



Sheila Buchanan
The Log Cabin



Hello again, today my story is about the log cabin I was raised in.

As I have said before we were very poor. We had a log cabin (more like a shack) that we lived in. It was built out of logs and was not insulated, therefore very cold in the winter. The logs were laid one on top of the other to build the cabin, each one overlapped to fit into the other log. In between the logs was a gap which was filled in with mud.

Prior to filling it with the mud a process had to be followed. The mud was mixed with dry straw to hold it together. Water, straw and mud were mixed together until it was a nice clay substance. There were times where the mud would eventually dry and fall out and there would be a hole. In the winter, it had to be filled with a rag to prevent the wind and snow blowing in. Every Fall the process had to be repeated, to prepare for the winter and refill all the gaps.

The roof was built with lumber we picked up at the dump yard (land fill). The boards were nailed down and a black tar paper (which was bought in rolls) was laid on top of the boards. This prevented the roof from leaks. Sometimes however it would still leak. Inside the cabin a grey paper which came in rolls as well was used to cover the walls. It was not really thick but it served the purpose.

We only had 2 beds in the cabin. I usually slept on the floor because my aunt came to live with us and she slept on the one bed. Grandma and grandpa slept in the other one.

The most valuable thing in the cabin was my grandmother's Singer sewing machine. There wasn't much else in there, it was a one room cabin with a table and benches, a couple of chairs, a kitchen stove and a stand for the wash basin and a small cupboard to hold out few dishes and food. We had no electricity, therefore no fridge. There was no running water and we had to use an outhouse to go to the bathroom. We used kerosene lamps for light. We had two going at once, one lamp did not give much light.

I guess life was hard in those days, but it was a way of life for most people therefore we thought nothing of it. We endured and survived.

More to come next week.

Please keep safe and stay well.

Kookum Sheila

