

He went to London about 1917 or 18. Johnny Harris had lots of money. Played a great deal of stud poker - games every night in the Rees Hotel. Stakes were high - \$5, \$10, \$20, occasionally \$50. Johnny was quite often. Since he had lots of money he could plunk down \$50 in a throw and if opponents were less rich (rangers etc.) they would hesitate to call him for such an amount. Lots of spectators for some games, especially if visiting "timber" tried to take Johnny. One memorable occasion, Richman won \$1200. Johnny gave him chips, then stopped payment on it in bank which was in New Denver. On the other hand, a pro gambler called up \$50, risked it in a game - Johnny took it from him in 2 hands. Then returned it and told him not to play again.

The White family were fine people. Clarence Cunningham was big mining man when I went there. He was an American and had been in Alaska. He got hold of the Delta River, took out about a million dollars, built a new concentrator and acquired the Idaho-Alamo, Wonderful, Sovereign, etc.

Had an arrangement with CTR railwaymen. They would run empty cars up to London, pick up ~~cars~~ ^{ore} from

HARRIS, JOHNNY

HARRIS
Johnny Harris in 1919 got the music bug and bought a beautiful cabinet phonograph and some records. He had it in his office and every night he would play it. I went in one night to listen to it. I had to keep quiet. Then radios came in and he got one. Well overtime a new and better one came in he would buy it. He would put the old one up on the shelf in the closet just off the card room behind the bar. The last time I was in Sandon he took me in and showed me his collection of radios and he had about 4 shelves full. I wonder what happened to them all.

He also went to the World's Fair in Chicago in 1906 (check) . The Indian Motorcycle Co. had motorbikes on display. Beltdriven. Johnny thought one of these would be great to go up to the Reco mine on so he had one shipped home. He got on it but had a heck of a time getting it stopped. It scared him so bad that he put it in the back room of the hotel and it sat there for years. Merv Cusick's father was CPR agent in Sandon and he heard about it and paid Harris \$50 for it. He was going to take the motor off the bike and put it on a track motorcar. Like a push car. A guy in Kaslo had one. So he got it altogether and then the Co. wouldn't give him a permit to use it on the rails. So he sold it to Oscar Olson. But no-one in Nakusp could ride it either. Eddy Carlson rode it all the way to Rothwell Pt. one night. On the way back he got it going pretty good but when he got in front of the Hindu shacks by the mill he realized he didn't know how to get it stopped so he headed straight for a sawdust pile and buried the bike and himself. ED V. POND.