

Granite Creek Fire

some newspaper reports

Transcribed by Diane Sterne

Similkameen Star Saturday, April 6, 1907

GRANITE FIRE SWEEP

Old Mining Camp Almost Blotted Out by the Swift Running Flames. Government House, Hotel, Store and Postoffice Burned – Insurance Only Partial.

A disastrous fire blotted out Granite Creek on Thursday afternoon and left the old placer camp a heap of blackened ruins. The only buildings that escaped the voracious element were Judge Murphy's quarters and the celebrated Cariboo House, now vacant but once the scene of much gaiety and conviviality in the golden early days.

The fire originated in the kitchen of F.P. Cook's house, caused by a defective stovepipe. The house and store are practically one and fell an easy prey owing to inflammable building material and contents of store. Nothing was saved. Mr. Cook's loss will be heavy as, it is understood insurance was only partial. Mrs. Cook and children are staying at "Somerset," and Mr. Cook left Princeton yesterday morning for the scene.

The Granite Creek hotel, owned by C. DeBarro, is a total loss, the furniture and supplies being partially saved. It is understood he will temporarily occupy the Cariboo House.

The old government house is a total loss and with it perishes the scene of many memories of its various occupants. It was the hall of justice in the palmy days of Granite and in it eloquence and legal niceties served the purposes of big hearted counsel.

Total loss is estimated at about \$3,500.

Similkameen Star Saturday, April 13, 1907

GRANITE CREEK FIRE

Historic Old Camp Described With Pathos-No Insurance.

EDITOR STAR-Sir: With the passing of Granite creek the last monument of the golden age of placer mining in the Similkameen has passed away and the miner of the future will not be able to see even a remnant of what was once a town sporting 17 saloons, a government office, a temple of justice and a large number of miners' cabins with the latch string hanging on the outside to notify the traveller that high-souled hospitality awaited him on the inside.

Many of the old timers have crossed the Great Divide and to those who are still living, the gay old days of placer mining, with its golden harvest and high jinks, is but a memory. But all things that are built by human hands must go up in smoke or crumble beneath the heavy hand of time. But if all signs do not fail Granite creek will, phoenix-like, rise from her ashes, beautiful in a new youth, and more gorgeous than in the palmy days of '85 and '86.

The fire that swept this relic of a by-gone industry out of existence originated in Mr. Cook's house, which was a combination of store and dwelling, and was caused by the stove pipe setting the cloth lining of the room on fire, and spreading so rapidly that but little stock could be saved and the family had only time to save themselves. The Granite creek hotel was the next to go, but DeBarro saved most of his goods and is now established in a new temple of Bacchus farther up the street and is in a position to accommodate the travelling public. The latch string is still on the outside of the "Judge's" door.

OLD TIMER.