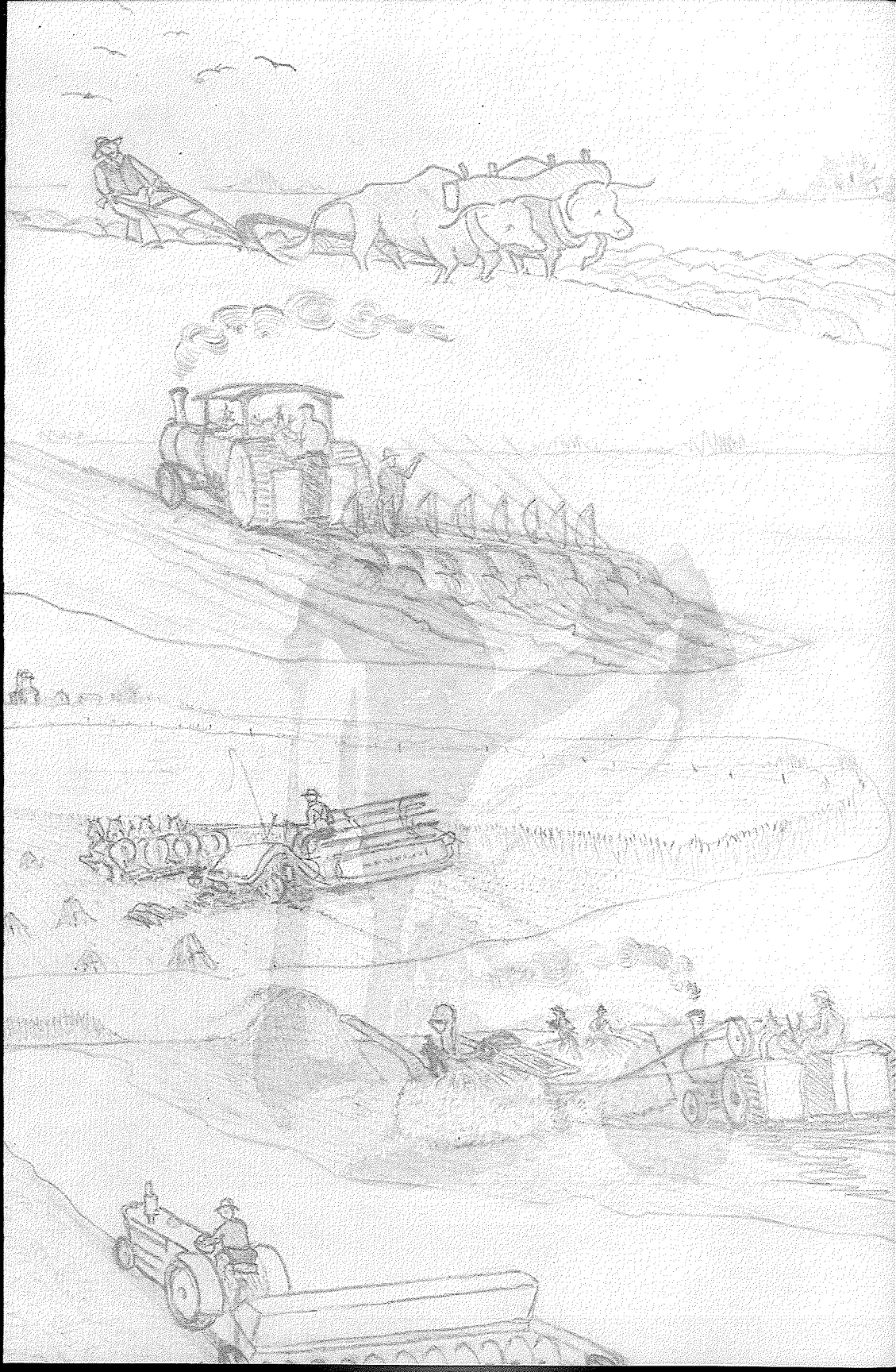

RE-ECHOES FROM ROCKWOOD

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RE-ECHOES From Rockwood

Sequel to "Rockwood Echoes"; and recording more of the History of Rockwood — and the men and women who pioneered this Municipality.

1870 - 1965

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Introduction

This sequel to "Rockwood Echoes" is published with the permission of the advisory board of the Rockwood Historical Society.

When "Rockwood Echoes" was published by the Society, only part of the material assembled could be compressed within the covers of one book. Many worthwhile manuscripts had to be omitted, because of the limitations of space. Many people were disappointed, because stories of their pioneer families did not appear in its pages.

In publishing this volume of "Re-Echoes From Rockwood" we are making an attempt to fill some of the gaps, and to portray the pictures of many outstanding individuals, who made great contributions to their districts — not for worldly gain, but for the well-being of their fellow men.

In these pages, the reader will find several poems from the school readers of long ago. It is so many years since they were published that they are, in themselves, ancient history. Such "memory gems" of long-ago school days became part of our lives. Reading these poems and the stories re-told in the pages of this book, must awaken memories which are, forever, part of the history of our community.

Many of the stories presented here were written fifteen or twenty years ago. Many of the characters mentioned have long since passed on. We hope the reader will realize this, and will enjoy the reminiscences of that other day,

R. A. Quickfall,
President, Rockwood Historical Society

Foreword

"Re-Echoes From Rockwood" is a sequel to "Rockwood Echoes", as it follows that excellent publication of the Rockwood Historical Society. This volume also is a supplement thereto, in that it puts on record many additional stories contributed by old-timers with long memories — for which space was not available in the earlier book.

"Rockwood Echoes" was outstanding among the many community histories produced in recent years in our Canadian West. The Historical Society of Rockwood earned the thanks of their own community — and of all Canadians who value such records as the stuff for building the history of our Canadian nation.

The members of the committee which has produced "Re-Echoes From Rockwood" deserve similar thanks for their hard work and co-operation which have added, in this volume, to the historical records of their community. It is an honor for me to enjoy even a minor share in this high adventure.

When my old friend and army comrade, Robert Quickfall, asked me to assist in editing the material for this book, I confess to serious misgivings. While striving to curtail business, public and farm activities to devote more time to writings already in hand (including a history of my own Assiniboia) I find myself in that state of "retirement" where I am busier than ever! However, lured by the fascination of local history, I undertook to help in the arrangement of material for this book, as I was able. Reading and re-reading "Rockwood Echoes" had prepared me to enjoy more fascinating material for this sequel. Nor was I disappointed. Rather, I am moved to make the observations following.

The student of history (that study of "who lived where, when and how")learns two lessons from the community workers who contributed and selected material for these two volumes. First, that mankind moves eternally over the earth. For example, the fur-men and buffalo-hunters who came from England, Scotland and Quebec to lord it over our western Indians a century ago, were, themselves, "plowed under" by tides of farmers from Eastern Canada — whose grandparents came from "Old Lands" overseas; and whose grandchildren headed further west. Whatever

lands our forebears left to come to Canada, our "racial derivations" lie in "origins" far more remote. No one can "type" the conglomerate attributes of Canadians, because no one can know our far-back ancestors, their treks over the lands and waters of the earth; or the skills, habits and thought-pictures they developed in ages of move, rest and move again — through infinite differences of climate, food and predatory threats.

The second lesson (more vital because of the foregoing) is in what has been selected as worthy of record — by people who saw history being made, here; and helped in its making. These volumes waste no space on accumulated riches or "pomp of power"; but are devoted to good citizens, good neighbors, good Canadians. Here is revealed the standards by which the folks of this typically Western Canadian community judge themselves and others. Here is revealed the foundation upon which they worked to build worthy family, community (yes, and national) lives.

Ed. S. Russenholt

Old Trails and Pioneers

By R. A. Quickfall

This is the story of an old trail and the pioneers who travelled it. It is a story of long ago, when a new country was first settled.

In the municipal office, Stonewall, there is a map of a survey made in the year 1870, of Townships 14, 15 and 16, Range 2 East, which comprise the districts of Victoria, Greenwood and Dundas. Marked plainly on this map is the old cart trail. We see it coming down from the Old Fort on the Red River, winding around Stony Mountain; through Victoria, the Victoria school and the William Vincent homestead; west of Good Hope school; northward, until it reaches the centre line of the sections one-half mile past our present No. 7 road; and, then, due north.

This was a "trail" long before the first settlers came north from Winnipeg. Old-timers said it was made by the Indians, coming from their settlements in the north when they brought their furs to the Hudson's Bay Post in the Red River; and, later, to pick up their treaty money at the Old Fort Garry. Little do we know of this old trail or what passed over it before the white man came. Indian warriors may have passed this way to meet other furious tribes, in the days long gone by.

It was the only highway leading north from Fort Garry. The Indians who first made this trail did not know that, one day, it would lead the white man to take possession of their choice hunting grounds. No fences or ditches were along this trail. Only the virgin prairie, the parkland meadows, the tall poplar trees to the west, and the great marsh to the east were its borders.

There was one outstanding feature of this old trail as it passed through Greenwood district: the fact that, for several miles, it ran along the eastern slope of the ridge. The woods on the top of this ridge were magnificent. It so impressed the engineer making the original survey that, instead of laying out the farms in the usual squares of 160 rods, he made them 80 rods wide north and south by 320 rods east and west — thus giving the homesteader 80 acres of timber and 80 acres of park land. This, rather than one man getting all the timber. This continues through five sections of land. The building sites chosen by the old pioneers along this trail and ridge are still the building sites of the present day land-owners, although, in some cases, they are half a mile from today's highway.

The report of the surveyors had gone east, to Ontario, and adventurous men and women began to turn their thoughts west-

ward. One day in 1872 two men arrived at the land titles office, Winnipeg. They had worked their way from the east, through the States, and down the Red River into Canada.

They were looking for homesteads; and were advised by the clerk to go north 30 miles to the new territory recently surveyed in Township 15. With their blankets and provisions strapped to their backs, they started north, and soon came upon the old trail. That evening they made camp near where the Good Hope school now stands. They arose the next morning and almost decided to return, when they met Mr. William Vincent, a descendant of the old Selkirk settlers, who encouraged them to continue about six miles farther north on the old trail. He was sure they would find the kind of land they were looking for. They took his advice, and ate their lunch that day on the land where one of these men made his home for 60 years.

These two men were brothers, Jack and Ned McKivor. Then, over this trail, followed the whole McKivor family, four brothers and two sisters, with their husbands and their mother. Seven homesteads were taken by this one family. Later came the Bowmans, the Gillespies, the Scotch Campbells, the Irish Campbells, the McDonalds, Archie Wood, Billy Ross, G. U. White, Ben Spearman, the Curries, Neil McLeod, the Crawfords, the Jefferys, and many others. These early settlers came mostly from Ontario. Some came by way of the States, but most of them by steamer, up the Great Lakes to Fort William. There, their teams and wagons were assembled. The rest of the trip was made over the Dawson Trail to Winnipeg; and then, over the old cart trail to Greenwood and Dundas. Many of them brought household effects and some farm equipment. The old cart trail, once only a pathway for Indians, had now become the white man's highway.

In the state of Missouri, 1300 miles south, a group of settlers had migrated from Ontario. They were not satisfied with their land; and hearing reports of the great Canadian West, decided to come north on May 1, 1873. Seven families began the long trek in their covered wagons. The cavalcade included equipment, plus seven horses and thirty head of cattle. It took three months to make the long journey. In August they camped in Winnipeg. The party was led by Francis Quickfall, and consisted of his four sons and four daughters, his son-in-law, R. F. Campbell, Jack and Frank Proudlove, Phillip Hill and the Trimbles.

Mr. Quickfall went to the Hudson's Bay store on his arrival to get supplies; and there he met Ned McKivor. It would be interesting to picture the meeting of these big adventurous men, who were to play an important part in the setting up of a new community. After becoming friends, Mr. Quickfall explained that

his party was looking for land; and he was advised by Mr. McKivor to follow him out over the old trail.

I sometimes wonder if it was just a coincidence that Mr. McKivor happened to make a visit to Winnipeg that day; or was it destiny? At any rate, after he told Mr. Quickfall of the lands: abundance of feed for cattle, springs of running water, building logs and fuel for generations to come, the party decided to follow him, except the Trimbles. They went to Portage la Prairie.

Next morning, with Mr. McKivor as guide, the party started north over the old trail. By sundown they had reached the end of their journey, tired, but happy. Robert F. Campbell had covered the 1300 miles on foot, driving the cattle. Thus, the districts of Greenwood and Dundas were started.

Except for the surveyors stakes and lines, everything was as it had been for generations, waiting for a new people to come and make their homes. Shelters had to be made, land had to be broken. Hard work at every turn; but the pioneer spirit was here, and skillful hands and willing hearts soon changed the countryside from an uninhabited place to a thriving community.

More supplies were needed; and in the winter of 1873 - 1874, Hank Bowman, Paisley Gillespie and Billy Quickfall, with three teams of horses, went back to Moorhead, Minnesota, for farm equipment, tools and supplies needed for the community.

At this time hopes ran high in this district. There were prospects of a railroad. Selkirk had been chosen as a terminus of the C.P.R. Shops and a roundhouse were built there, and a line was surveyed in a north-westerly direction. From Selkirk it passed through North Greenwood. A telegraph line, known as the McKenzie line, was erected. Many of the men in the district obtained work on this new project, but it was later abandoned, to the disappointment of the whole settlement.

These pioneer settlers were men and women of vision. School districts were organized; schools and churches built; and teachers secured. Before the municipality was set up, assessment was made on farm chattels, and school taxes collected locally. These pioneers were practical when they laid the foundation for this district.

In the year 1876 the first wheat shipment was made from Manitoba, East, and Mr. John McKivor was one of the farmers contributing to the shipment. The grain was grown on his homestead, on which the Greenwood school now stands.

Other settlers were now coming in. These included Joe and Andy Bradshaw, James Fraser and Matt. Cockerill. Romance was in the district. Tom Bowman married a daughter of G. U. White,

Ben Spearman chose a daughter of William John Campbell; and so, new homes were set up.

Then, in 1885, came the North West Rebellion. Eight of the young men of the district volunteered. They were Matt. Cockerill, Norman McDonald, Ben Spearman, Archie Gillespie, Ned Quickfall, Arthur Smith, George and Jack Campbell. All returned safely. A lot of us will never know the hardships endured by these settlers during those first ten years, especially the long, cold trips to Winnipeg by ox teams or horse teams. Over the old trail a special camping place was on the east side of Stony Mountain, where the teams homeward bound met others going in; and, at certain seasons of the year, campfires were seldom out.

Many years have gone since the coming of the pioneers to our district. They have nearly all passed on; and we who are left cherish their memory. The land they homesteaded is still here. The springs of clear crystal water still run, sparkling and dancing in the sunshine; and great herds of cattle, pasturing peacefully on the lower lands, quench their thirst from the brooks of these ever-flowing springs. The tall, majestic poplars, which crowned the ridge to the west, are gone, but in their place new second-growth has sprung up, symbolizing the descendants of the pioneers.

Only here and there can we find the old trail, which has served its day. In its stead, we have a great highway leading to the north, on which high-speed motor cars travel. Huge trucks, carrying farm produce, leave the district daily. Great modern buses ply the highway, carrying among their passengers pioneers of newer settlements in the farther north. Large grain fields are everywhere in sight; and the sound of the tractor in the busy season is seldom quiet, day or night. Modern farm homes, well lighted and comfortable, cover the landscape to the west. The whistle of the train can be heard as it passes through the towns and villages of a busy countryside. Overhead the drone of the aeroplane is heard, ushering in a new day.

There is a great change in our district since the day the pioneers first came. Very few people passing through know the story of it all; but we, the descendants of those pioneers, who do know and understand, recognize the heritage that these old settlers left and the contribution they made in the building of a new country.

Often, as I pass the cemeteries of Dundas, Windsor and Victoria, where these pioneers are now resting, I cannot help that feeling of reverence which comes to me. It seems that their spirits are very near, and a soft voice whispers, "Surely God is in this place."

The Dawson Trail — To Balmoral

By James S. Barbour

In the year 1854 my father, James Barbour, and my mother, Marion, shortly after their marriage in Kilmarnock, Scotland, booked passage on a sailing ship to America. The voyage of one month brought them to New York.

Father was a tanner and leather-finisher. He worked at his trade for a couple of years; and then decided to establish his own business. In a village called Kleinburg, then looming up among the big pine stumps 20 miles north of Toronto, he built a fairly up-to-date tannery and a good house. I often heard him say he had bought the first steam boiler and engine made by the John Abel Company when their plant was at Woodbridge, Ontario.

During the eighteen years our family lived in Kleinburg, my brother John and I were born. In my ninth year things began to happen. I heard people talking about leaving their homes and moving to Manitoba; getting cheap land and starting farming. Soon I heard dad on the same subject: land for his two boys. To my childish mind it all seemed too bad. Was I to leave my playmates — never again to ride my sleigh down the long hill over the Humber — no more hide-and-seek or marbles over the sidewalk — part from my little sweetheart, Mary Ann, never to see her again? Someone else would own the garden where I found worms to take down to the river on a drizzly day, when the fish would bite good. But maybe the fish would be bigger in Manitoba, and I wouldn't need to fight young Woster any more, having more pride than muscle, and sometimes coming out second best. Maybe it wouldn't be too bad.

Father sold his business and our good home, and the packing was on! Tools, toys, household effects — all were consigned to Winnipeg, by the Dawson trail.

One afternoon, early in September, 1874, we were on the dock at Collingwood, booking the trip over Lake Superior. The old steamer carried the name on her bow: "The Frances Smith," likely christened in honor of some lake skipper's sweetheart. When all were on board, a big whistle roared out a farewell to our playmates and the scenes of our childhood.

The old steamer took some three days to reach Thunder Bay. When we landed, it was a bright sunny day. I remember standing on the dock, looking down into the deep, clear water and seeing little fish gliding about.

Now began the rugged Dawson Trail, a wagon road 47 miles long to Shebandowan. Here, I believe, was our first night's rest. Log cabins had been built at stopping places along the trail, the comforts of emigrants well provided for. Here was some of the finest scenery in Canada — or in the entire world! Beautiful Shebandowan was our first lake. Across it the tug towed a train of boats. From then on it was lakes, rivers and portages — scores of them, to Rainy Lake.

Passing along the shores, we often saw a camp of two or three wigwams, the smoke from the camp fires curling among the pine trees, and canoes drawn up on the beach. Once, on the lake we saw a dusky maiden, her long black hair decked with an eagle's feather thrown over her shoulder, kneeling in her canoe, quietly paddling along, letting out her fishing line.

On landing at Fort Frances we found the Indians had gathered from far and near; and a big pow-wow was in full swing. The squaws were playing their form of lacrosse, using two balls fastened together a few inches apart on sticks like broom handles. The old warriors sat in groups, smoking kinnikinic. From the wigwams rang out the familiar Indian chant, hiyah! hiyah! yaw! in tune with the beat of the drums. For the small boy who had played Indian, this gave me a thrill I never forgot.

Seventy-two years later, I visited my daughter Alice, and her husband George Emes, at Fort Frances. Early one July morning I walked across the International bridge to the American side. Part way over, I stopped to take in the picture. There, stretched for miles to the east, beautiful Rainy Lake with the sun glistening on its ripples; to the south the city of International Falls; to the west, the two huge plants of the Minnesota-Ontario Pulp and Paper Company, smoke rolling from the tall chimneys. To the north the picturesque town of Fort Frances, and the beach where we had landed so many years ago, filled with the hopes and fears of our unknown future. Father, mother and my brother John were all long since laid away in the cemetery at Balmoral — and Jimmy left alone. Remembering the joys of life together — and the tragedies — brought tears to my eyes.

Turning again to the Dawson Trail. Reluctantly leaving the Indian pow-wow, a portage around the steep banks down to the river below the Falls, brought us back again to the boat, with a trim little steam tug on the cable. We were off on a sail for a hundred miles down Rainy River and over the Lake of the Woods! For a nine-year old boy there was something of interest to look at every minute!

Occasionally, we stopped to pick up wood for the tug from

piles along the banks. In bright sunlight we crossed the Lake of the Woods; and threaded its lovely myriad islands, now the favorite summer resorts of thousands of people from United States, from Ontario and from south-eastern Manitoba.

Passing along the western shore, our attention was drawn to an Indian burying ground. I remember seeing the pole platform, probably about eight feet high, on which the departed were placed. I have learned since that the body was usually wrapped in rawhide or birchbark, with some favorite items of the deceased placed beside it. All would remain there until the poles rotted and fell down. It was customary for the relatives to gather up the remains and bury them. Our American Indians, it seems, definitely believed in a future existence.

Our lake trip completed, horses and wagons were brought into action for the last leg of the journey, 110 miles to Winnipeg. We bumped over miles of corduroy road, big logs placed side by side on the muskeg. They were long, slow miles; for as our Canadian poet W. H. Drummond wrote:

> De corduroy road go bompety, bomp,
> De corduroy road go jompety, jomp,
> An' hees takin' beeg chances upset hees load,
> De horse dat'll trot on de corduroy road!

Coming out on the prairie we saw the first prairie chicken, the plump little bird so soon to decorate our oven with a tasty roast. Reaching St. Boniface we boarded a ferry barge; and soon landed safely on the west side of the Red River at the foot of Notre Dame Avenue — the end of the Dawson Trail.

The equipment brought with us to start farming included a trotting horse and mare, two bulldogs, and a Redwing game cockerel and hen. Dad was never fussy about the laying ability or the table quality of his flock. He always did want a bird that could lick any rooster that happened to stray into the wrong yard!

We found shelter in a rough lumber building, the Royal Hotel, on the river bank close to where we landed. "The Royal" was owned by two recent arrivals from our district in Ontario, William Morton, a bachelor, and James Jefferson. Mrs. Jefferson was just a lovely woman. They had two adopted children, Maggie and Eddy, both in a short time to be my school mates at Balmoral.

Now began the hunt for the object of our journey — land! Through the assistance of Mr. James Grahame and Mr. William Vincent, (then residing at Victoria, about 20 miles north and west from Winnipeg), father was successful in securing a half-section, identified by the surveyor's stake as E. half 12-15-1E. Today, this

is beside the thriving village of Balmoral. Then, since surveying of land only began in 1871, it was nowhere in particular, other than some 30 miles from Winnipeg.

Land-seekers had begun to flock into the area northwest of the town at "the Forks", which was soon to boom into a metropolis. John Fines, Norris Fines, William Holt, William Ashdown, George Hyde, James Mitchell, Andrew Mitchell, Allan Bristow, Neil McLeod, Martin Shipley, James Jefferson and their respective families were all located in a few miles surrounding Balmoral by about 1874.

In the spring of 1875 a meeting to organize a school district was held at the home of William Ashdown, elder brother of the late J. H. Ashdown, Winnipeg. Trustees chosen were Andrew Mitchell, George Hyde and James Barbour. A lot for the school was donated by George Hyde, a veteran of the Wolseley expedition and owner of the half section on which the village stands. When the question of naming the school district came up my father proposed Balmoral, which was accepted. When father came home from the meeting, I remember him telling mother that he had proposed the name Balmoral. We were still in the neighbor's house where we spent the winter of '74 and '75, so I consider the date is correct.

Now, in the building of the log school, co-operation was the one thing necessary and available. No by-law, vote or prints. With good ax-men and carpenters, the building was soon completed. Drilling the three R's into the boys and girls began forthwith!

One afternoon, when quietness seemed to be the principal necessity, my seat mate, Henry Bristow, whispered in my ear that his father's nose was so long that he could spring a steel trap with the end of it. Unfortunately, my snicker broke the silence. Promptly, the law came down the aisle brandishing an old-fashioned buggy whip. These persuaders were lead-loaded at the butt to give them the right swing. At once the butt came into action, each swing leaving a small lump on top of my intelligence container, and a deep dent in the back of the pine desk seat. A memorable item from the "good old days". Might be one reason why my education seems to have been neglected.

The first social effort in Balmoral was a temperance society. My brother John was secretary and Miss Fanny Crooks his assistant. Soon the love light was turned on; and a few years later they were married at the Crooks' home in Rapid City, Manitoba.

A union Sunday School was organized in the late seventies, and has carried on continuously. Some of its members who were young then are still giving their valuable services, with the result

that the Sunday School is still flourishing, while our church has too many empty seats.

The first place of worship in our neighborhood was a little Methodist Church one mile west of Balmoral. Soon its location was considered unsuitable by some members, while others objected to it being moved to the unholy site of so much dancing. Nevertheless it found its way to the village, and stands there today. A United Church that is worthy monument to old-time neighbors whose names may be read on the head stones in the village cemetery.

The first business enterprise in the village was a little log blacksmith shop on the bank of the creek just over the highway from the hall. The smithy was built and operated by Mr. Alex Scott; and the strokes of his hammer on the anvil rang out to sharpen plowshares to turn the sod to transform ancient hunting grounds into big farm fields — ready for the big machines and abundant production of today.

The first store was a small building beside the Ashdown home, a quarter of a mile south of the village. It was soon moved, placed just east of Mr. Slater's office, and used as a dwelling. Then Mr. Joseph Wells, who I would say was our first merchant, (and, as the first school teacher, also was my buggy whip artist), built a store that served the district for a number of years.

In 1881 Mr. Robert Rutherford arrived in the village. He was a congenial type, and a good mixer. He built a snug little hotel, which he later sold to Mr. James Skinkle, who proved to be a good citizen, always ready to do his part, residing in the village to the end of his days.

In 1883 a miller named George Buckpitt arrived to negotiate for the erection of a flour mill, and by different ways and means — of bonuses and financing — he had a fairly good mill operating for a number of years. Later Mr. Buckpitt sold it and moved to the Coast. It was not long until modern competition was too much for the little mill. One dark night the sky was lit by flames; and by morning only the big chimney remained standing (which like the deceased old man's clay pipe, had quit smoking.) Later, the big mill stone was rolled out to lay in the grass, where the boys and girls circled it, playing ring-around-rosey.

I wish here to mention an old timer, who was dear to the hearts of many a pioneer, namely Dr. Rod McDonald, who had been doctor at Stony Mountain Penitentiary under the pioneer warden, Col. S. L. Bedson. He spent much of his time at Balmoral when he retired from the penitentiary staff. He was a man who

apparently was not interested in a bank account, for no matter how cold or how long the journey, he never turned down a call for help, pay or no pay. Socially a leader, no party was complete without "the Doc" and the professional stroke of his violin bow.

After Mr. Rutherford sold his hotel he went in for business in earnest, with a general-store and up-to-date stock and implement agency. His family got the start of their education in Balmoral. Mrs. Rutherford was an accomplished pianist and a sympathetic neighbor. She often visited my mother, cheering her up in her declining years.

The district began to celebrate Dominion Day in the early eighties. People would gather from as much as 10 to 15 miles around. Some would drive in their bullocks to take part in the ox races. The track was on the highway, the starting post being a half-mile north and the finishing line near the village. No grades or ditches then. The spectators stood on the wagons or sat on rail fences like a flock of crows. When the contestants started, the cry would go up, "Here they come!" No bookie was allowed on the track; and the betting was regulated by the law of honest supply and demand.

The crowd then moved over the creek to the village for a full line of sports. Everyone who could, brought their lunch basket. The refreshment stand provided the usual confectionery. Lemonade was made in two large oak barrels. No bottled soft drinks, then! A platform was erected for dancing. So went a grand day.

Balmoral is still keeping up this celebration, but in place of the old wagon, buckboard and top buggy, the street is now lined from end to end with the latest models of shining motor cars.

In the summer of 1926, being on a building committee, I was instructed to negotiate the purchase of the old school lot from Mr. Clayton Skinkle, as a site for a community hall. By the united effort of the whole district a fairly large and substantial building was erected and paid for. It is now known as the Balmoral Memorial Hall. But, standing on the old log school site, it has for me a double meaning, for it includes the beginning in 1875 of education and the social life of Balmoral.

As a tribute to my deceased parents, James and Marion Barbour, who endured the hardships of the early days, it might be mentioned that 550 acres adjacent to the village are still owned and occupied by members of the Barbour family.

I have confined my memories to the pioneer times, hoping that a more competent pen will record items of interest at a later date.

The little village, always dear in my memory, serves a fertile district, pays its way, minds its own business, and is never troubled with swelled heads.

The Progress of the Pilgrims

By R. A. Quickfall

On the map of Manitoba, north of Winnipeg, is a very large tract of land bordered on the east by Lake Winnipeg, and on the west by Lake Manitoba. To the casual observer, this may not mean anything more unusual than any other part of this great province. To many people, however, who knew this particular area as the Inter-lake district, it is a part of the province that is different in many ways from the other vast expanses which make up Manitoba.

To enumerate these differences, which are at first not apparent, one will note that being situated between these two great lakes it is like a country in itself, separated from the rest of the province on the east and west, and running well into the unexplored north. Its difference lies, too, in the fact that it is perhaps the first land opened for the homesteader north of Winnipeg. It is different, again, because there is a story behind it all, a story that we do not know. Only the signs and landmarks tell us that long before the white man came, the Indians had used this land for generations.

Long before the rivers of the Assiniboine and Red were named, their junction point was the meeting place for aboriginal tribes; for, out of all this great Northland came two long trails, terminating near "the Forks" of the Rivers, now known as Winnipeg. One of these trails followed by the Indians, came down the eastern shores of Lake Manitoba, and was later known as the Fairford Trail. The other coming from Fisher Bay on Lake Winnipeg, circled slightly to the east and south, passing west of where Gimli is today, and continuing through the districts later known as Dundas, Greenwood and Victoria. This trail joined the Fairford Trail north west of Stony Mountain.

Why and when these trails were made and travelled by the Red Men, no one knows. Certain people have the theory that stronger and more war-like tribes domineered the lakes and shore area; and the weaker tribes kept to the woods.

Early settlers, coming in, found these trails well beaten. These old, well-travelled trails led pioneers northward — and so helped to colonize this great territory. Beside these same trails is evidence

of the early inhabitants: stone hammers, arrow heads and the graves of Indians and their belongings.

The beautiful parklands of Greenwood and Dundas, with game in abundance, pure springs of crystal water, and brooks with fish aplenty, must have been an Indian's paradise. In the winter, when the deep snows covered the ground and the streams were frozen, the Indians could retire to their wigwams in the deep forest to the west, now known as the Gunton Ridge. Proof of these facts is seen in the accumulation of relics and graves at certain points.

It was not until after the Wolseley Expedition came to Winnipeg in 1870 that the surveyors began to run their lines and plant their stakes in this land. The first land surveyed was earmarked for settlers who had been born along the River, for the early fur traders and Kildonan settlers. Large tracts were set out in 240-acre parcels, known as half-breed script. The incoming settlers spread northward like a tide. Most of these settlers were from Ontario. They travelled by way of the Great Lakes to Fort William, bringing with them their possessions, including some farm equipment. From Fort William, they travelled down the Dawson Trail to Winnipeg, which had also been the route of the Wolseley Expedition. Other settlers came by flat-bottom boats down the Red River by way of the States; then found the Indian trails and followed them. Many hardships were endured by these early Ontario settlers. Winnipeg was a frontier town, and only from there could their necessities be obtained. This was the market for their goods and their source of supplies.

To visit this trade centre, many days were required for travel with oxen. In the winter it was particularly arduous, due to the extreme cold and snow. Just northeast of Stony Mountain there is an old camping place where teams going to the city met teams homeward bound. Camp fires burned there almost continuously in the winter months. While teams were fed, greetings were exchanged and the travellers then continued to their destinations. Sometimes their ox-teams were challenged by bulls from the Bedson buffalo herd, and it was necessary for the teamster to use his shot-gun to protect his teams.

As time rolled on, and the railroad came to Winnipeg and the West, branch lines were extended to the north. One such railroad branch extended to the Icelandic settlement at Gimli. The district was well established by the time the railroad found them.

The coming of the railroad brought an influx of new settlers. A thousand and more homesteads were taken up by these new settlers, mostly Ukrainians. Behind this vast settlement there is a

story in itself, a tale of endurance and hardship. Coming with their families from Central Europe, with little or no money, they were given homesteads in this northern area. Great belts of spruce and white poplar; sloughs for miles; no roads; it was little short of the wilderness of Siberia. Log cabins were erected, with thatch for roofing. These were the settlers' first homes. The surveyors lines cut through the bush were used for trails. Flour was carried in by the homesteader on his back, sometimes wading in water to his waist. Notwithstanding these hardships, these pioneers persevered. They seemed to be possessed of a vision of a greater day ahead.

The winter proved to be the harvest time for these new settlers. When the ground and the sloughs were frozen solid, the homesteaders lost no time in getting themselves young steers and breaking them into harness. Then followed the making of sleighs, which were used for hauling logs to the neighboring sawmills. In this way, they secured lumber for better buildings. They also hauled cordwood to the railway sidings, sometimes many miles away. With the money so earned, provisions for the summer were laid by.

The Ukrainian people were not the only settlers from Europe. A large immigration came in from Sweden and other Scandinavian countries. These settlers took up tracts of land west and north of Teulon. Great strong men, skilled in the use of the axe and expert carpenters, they found their talents greatly in demand. Coming at a time when the country was booming, these men quickly obtained work on the railroad or in construction. They would leave their families on the homesteads in the summer, and return in the fall with money and provisions. In this way, permanent homes were established and some equipment purchased. In a short time they were able to remain at home the year round and improve their farms. Some very difficult land was broken up and made into excellent fields.

When the day of the big steam tractor arrived, huge breaking plows were made by some of these men. Two abandoned steel railroad rails about ten feet long were used. The flat sides were placed together. A piece of boiler plate three feet square was riveted between the two flat surfaces of the rails. This would be the beam and landside of the plow. Then, from the factory they would obtain the largest moldboard available, with share and coulter to match. To complete the plow they added wheels and levers. This plow was then attached to a huge steam engine, sometimes as large as 40-horse power. With this outfit they were able to turn over practically the most difficult land. Good grain fields were developed. This surprised earlier and older settlers who had always thought this land would never be tilled.

It was at this time that a great influx of settlers came from the older French settlements from the south. Each and every nationality took up their own separate tract of land; pursued the same purpose with the same determination — in anticipation of new and better days ahead. The Icelandic settlement from Gimli spread to the north-west; and many crossed to Lake Manitoba, taking land and establishing themselves along the eastern shores of the lake. Many years have passed; and the changes that have been brought about in this land between the lakes far surpass the dreams and visions of the early settlers.

This great Inter-lake area, lying at Winnipeg's door, has been transformed from the earlier days of settlement. Ribbons of steel from the city have been stretched by the C.P.R. and the C.N.R. away into the north. Modern highways parallel the old Indian trails. The tide of new settlers rolls on and on, and their enterprise has produced progress comparable with anything in Western history.

The transformation of our northern districts has been a miracle. Little more than fifty years have elapsed since the coming of the Ukrainians; but, traversing their district today, one is amazed to find the extent of their progress in such a short time. Beautiful farm homes cover the landscape. The great woods are gone. Many of the big sloughs have been drained and in their place are great fields of hay and tame grasses. At one time government authorities were censored for placing these people in that so-called "God-forsaken country". Many prophesied that, when the wood was gone, these people would starve. But, officials from our agricultural department proved more far-seeing than their critics. Where lands were not suitable for extensive grain farming, the settlers built up large dairy herds, and today we find creameries built at the larger towns adjacent to these districts; and a happy, progressive people.

Schools are well-kept; and a great interest is taken in education. Meeting the children of these settlers on the highway on their way to and from school, one is amazed with their fine, well-kept appearance.

The territory between our two great Manitoba lakes differs from other parts of Manitoba in many ways. Here we have people of several racial origins, their several neighborhoods bordering on each other; living in peace and harmony and taking their responsibility of government; training and educating their youth in the full realization that all of us are working together to build our Canadian nation into the proud homeland of us all. The sons and daughters of all these settlers have played important parts in the last two great conflicts. It is true that other parts of Manitoba

have neighborhoods of all the various peoples; but where can you find another place where so many different peoples have built up their own separate colonies, and eventually merged into one common community, pursuing the ideal of becoming useful citizens in one united Canadian nation?

The Icelandic people, settling at Gimli, have been outstanding in the pioneering of this area. Establishing themselves along the lake shore where they have built homes and villages, their enterprise consists of farming and fishing. Trading posts have been established along the lake shore. Large fishing fleets go out each day in the fishing season. Fish hatcheries have been built at far-flung points; and, with their docks and lighthouses which they have erected to guide them home, it is not unlike the shores of Nova Scotia or New Brunswick. Not only in this line do these sons of Manitoba excel; but also in the fields of education have they risen to great heights. Doctors, teachers, explorers, men and women of outstanding ability have come from these Icelandic settlements. Several of these have distinguished themselves in the political field.

Journeying today, along the western shores of Lake Winnipeg one is thrilled to see the progress that has taken place. Lovely towns and villages have been built. Summer resorts and bathing beaches are thronged in the holiday seasons. Camp Morton is a real beauty spot; its beautiful Cathedral, shrine, park, schools and pavilion, are a sight to see.

Covering a period of years, it would be difficult to estimate the volume and value of the natural and manufactured products which have come out of this north country. Train-loads of wood, fish, stock, lumber, pulp, gypsum, limestone, roll southward in endless succession. With these commodities should be included millions of bushels of grain. Some of the first wheat shipped by Steele Brothers from Winnipeg in 1876, was grown between these lakes. At one time, even the pure crystal water which flowed from local springs, was bottled and shipped from these areas.

One of the earliest industries established was our lumber trade. Countless local saw-mills were set up and operated in the early years of settlement, when logs were available in the north. For many years this was a real winter enterprise. Millions of feet of lumber were sawed. Sometimes, as many as forty teams loaded at one of these mills in a day. When the city of Winnipeg and parts of the West depended more on wood fuel than coal, the Interlake district played a vital part in maintaining that supply. At nearly every railroad siding and village large stocks of cordwood were piled, ready for shipment.

Merchants traded supplies and farm necessities to the settlers for wood. The wood was shipped to the markets of Winnipeg and West. Great rivalry developed between villages. At many points a hundred ox-teams loaded with wood, came in one day. Wood-buyers were on the job; and keen competition prevailed between the merchants.

The winter of 1907 - 08 was one of the hardest experienced in the Canadian West. The snow blocked all roads to the city. On the prairies, a fuel shortage became so serious that people broke open railway box-cars to get wood, to keep from freezing. The City of Winnipeg was desperate for fuel. When newspapers brought this news to Teulon, a village situated 40 miles north of Winnipeg, an enterprising local business man wired the mayor of Winnipeg that he had 5,000 cords of wood less than 50 miles from the city, but that the railroad would not bring cars to ship it. The mayor at once got in touch with the railway officials. Promptly, the wood dealer received a wire from the railway freight manager, advising that he was dispatching a train of two engines and 45 empty cars to Komarno, the station north of Teulon, where the wood was piled; and that it would reach there sometime before midnight. There was no station agent at Komarno and the game played to get box-cars for loading in those days was a "King-of-the-Castle" game. In other words, whoever first got a few cord-wood sticks into a car, had the right to load that car.

Well, this was a Saturday night, and the writer was sent to Komarno, eight miles, to engage every available man and team. It was one of those cold winter nights that you never forget — beautiful moonlight and "30 below"! The Northern Lights danced in the sky; and smoke from camps and cabins rolled low along the ground.

A railroad contractor wintering his teams at Komarno offered a good price to hire every team and man to get cordwood on his sleigh. Other traders saw the commotion of teams and men loading wood. They got their men and teams on the job. About midnight we heard the shriek of the locomotive whistle in the distance. We had our teams with a cord of wood on each sleigh strung along the siding for half a mile. The train came in —two great puffing locomotives with headlights gleaming and snow piled high on the front of the engines. They ran ahead, threw open the switch, and backed the long train onto the siding. Then — bedlam exploded! Whips cracked! Teamsters shouted! Box cars were surrounded by the sleighs. Some fellows were throwing wood into the box cars; and others were throwing it out! After a time everything became properly organized; and the loading went on at top speed. All through the night could be heard the thud, thud of

cordwood being loaded. The writer arranged for the loading of 27 out of the 45 cars.

Shortly after noon, on Sunday, the complete train was loaded. It was necessary to get back to Teulon with the box-car numbers, to have the shipping bills made out and advise the railway that the loads were ready for shipment. On Monday noon two locomotives brought another string of empties and picked up the 45 cars of badly-needed fuel. It was Tuesday before the wood could be distributed to the various fuel dealers in the city. There, the fuel shortage was so acute that only one cord of wood was allowed to a customer. Thus, catastrophe was averted by the woods and woodsmen of the Interlake district.

As the railways pushed further into the North the wood trade continued to grow. Endless disputes broke out over the allotment of box-cars to merchants, dealers and individual shippers at points where no railway agents were stationed. The issue was finally brought to a close when the railway officials sent out men who acted as travelling car distributors. Cars were allotted on a waiting list basis.

The transportation of the early settler was confined to the horse and ox. However, today we see mile-long train-loads of merchandise and, on our highways, giant trucks and trailers hauling loads that would require many teams of horses and oxen to move. In remote places, inaccessible to railroads, great "cat" trains, as they are called, bring in huge loads of lumber, consisting of as much as 40,000 feet at a load. Other "cat" trains — hauling five sleds each loaded with eight cords — are used for pulpwood.

On the winter ice of our big lakes, this method of hauling fish is well developed. The assembled "train" consists of the snowplow, a cook-car and sleeping-car, along with the loaded sleds. Two crews accompany the train; and a stop is seldom necessary, day or night. These loads are hauled to the railheads, where they are placed on trains for delivery to their destinations.

Besides the vast wood, fish and farming industries of Interlake regions, we have huge limestone deposits at Stonewall, Stony Mountain, Inwood and Gunton. The quarries at Stonewall are, at present, the most active. Lime-burning kilns are almost continuously in use. Hundreds of bushels of lime are drawn off daily. At Stony Mountain the stone is mostly quarried and put through huge crushers. The Inwood quarries are newly developed, but promise to become a valuable industry. The Gunton quarries are abandoned at present but at one time they were the most active of all. At this place there is an abundance of stone. On the eastern shores of Lake Manitoba the gypsum deposits have been well developed, and have proven to be a very important industry.

In reminiscing of the period in which settlement has developed within the Interlake district, it is interesting to note the immense advancement that has taken place. The southern and older settlement is mainly Anglo-Saxon, while farther north are settlements where the pioneers came from Iceland, Scandinavia and various European countries.

Progress is apparent in all districts. Modern highways have been constructed that continue into the north, far beyond the end of the steel. The large buses and trucks which ply these highways pass productive grain fields and beautiful farm homes. Telephone and power lines parallel these roads. Electric energy supplying the power lines is generated on the Winnipeg River, far to the east. Towns, communities and even individual farms, have available the modern power and heat formerly only obtained in cities. We now see the houses and streets of the villages lighted, the local flour-mills operated by this power, and myriads of farm chores, even to milking the cows, done by this wonder worker, electricity!

One of the outstanding changes towards progress was the draining of St. Andrew's marsh, when a series of ditches were put in by huge dredges. Many farms were made productive where once there was valueless swamp. On these fields, combines are operated to reap the grain; and large herds of cattle and sheep are fed for market.

Further to all this, must be noted the advancement that has taken place at the Indian Reserve at the end of the C.N.R. line at Hodgson. Here, our government has built schools and sent farming instructors to educate the Indians in modern farming. The Indian youth have responded and good farming is carried on. Fine cottages have been erected. Farmsteads are productive and well kept. Many young men from the reserve served in the last two wars, with distinction. Many of these dark-skinned men have played important parts in the progress of this Northland as mail-carriers. Each of them, with his team of husky dogs and his load of mail or ballot boxes has faced death many times. Some have even lost their lives in their determination to get their loads to their destination. Crossing thin ice, driving their huskies at the speed of an express train, they have gone through to a watery grave!

There still remain some of the early settlers who have witnessed this tide of settlement. Others have moved on to other districts with their families to re-settle, pioneering anew. For those early settlers who still remain — many have been interested in the welfare of their fellowmen and in the midst of their daily work are not aware of the foundation they have laid. By their toil and

vision they have, unknown to themselves, built up a great land — each and every one contributing in his own way.

In this district where progress has reached great heights, schools, churches, hospitals, and various other institutions have been built to blend in with the general movement. Municipalities are well established and progressive. The administration of unorganized territory is well taken care of by government officials. The penitentiary at Stony Mountain, situated up on a big hill, has the appearance of a medieval castle. This institution is controlled from Ottawa.

Perhaps the greatest change that has come to our district is noted in the home life. The hard environment of the earlier settlers is in marked contrast to the up-to-date homes with modern appliances and conveniences of today. True, not every home is so equipped but a great many people are indeed fortunate to be so situated that by the touch of the hand on an electric light switch, the house becomes aglow with light. Numerous appliances change the drudgery of work to a pleasant occupation. Radio and TV supply the household with entertainment and enlightment. Within a number of districts, the municipal doctor and health nurse are available for those in need of their service. The daily trains and mail service in conjunction with our motor cars and bus transport keep us in contact with the city. Farm areas are also supplied, in a majority of localities, with service of a milk or cream truck as well as a freight truck for smaller shipments of merchandise, stock, etc. The Interlake area is so situated, close to a great city, that we have perhaps been first in line to obtain these modern conveniences. Educational facilities have developed an enlightened parentage more eager to use modern appliances.

In the annals of time great changes take place. The movement of settlers into a district speed up these changes. In a little more than half a century, we find a district transformed from relative wilderness to a prosperous diversified farming district. What will take place in the next half century, no one knows. Perhaps only the surface has been scratched, the fields of discovery are yet young; mining engineers may yet find great wealth.

New experiments are being worked out in agriculture. Engineers have planned a great highway. Airplanes are continually winging over the district. All these things ,and more, seem to point to a great future.

We who live between these two great Lakes have reserved seats, and in days to come we can look forward to one of the most progressive and best-developed districts in our great province of Manitoba.

The Red River Valley

Among all the wealth of our folklore which has been lost in forgetfulness, this old song is one treasure which has lived in popularity. A true folk-song, its haunting lilt almost certainly was born along our Red River of the North.

One story is that a soldier (veteran of the British Grenadiers) came west in the Wolseley expedition and captured the heart of a dark-eyed, native maiden. In the song she pours out her love for her soldier sweetheart. Whether or not this is the true version, this song is truly a native of our "Red River Valley - the Heart of the Continent."

From this valley they say you are going,
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile,
For they say you are taking the sunshine,
That brightens our pathway awhile.

Chorus:

Come and sit by my side if you love me,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu;
But remember the Red River Valley
And the girl who has loved you so true.

For a long time I have been waiting
For those dear words you never would say;
But at last all my fond hopes have vanished,
For they say you are going away.

Won't you think of the Valley you are leaving?
Oh! how lonely, how sad it will be!
Oh! think of the fond heart you are breaking,
And the grief you are causing me to see!

From this valley you say you are going;
When you go, may your darling go too?
Would you leave her behind unprotected?
When she loves no other but you?

I have promised you, darling, that never
Will a word from my lips cause you pain:
And my life, - it will be yours forever
If you only will love me again.

Must the past with its joys all be blighted
By the future of sorrow and pain,
And the vows that were spoken be slighted?
Don't you think you can love me again?

As you go to your home by the ocean,
May you never forget those sweet hours,
That we spent in Red River Valley,
And the love we exchanged 'mid the flowers.

There never could be such a longing,
In the heart of a pure Maiden's breast;
That dwells in the heart you are breaking,
As I wait in my home in the West.

And the dark maiden's prayer for her lover,
To the spirit that rules over the world:
"May his pathway be ever in sunshine,"
Is the prayer of the Red River Girl.

The Colonization Road

By L. M. Fines

The progress of our modern age is rarely associated, in our every day conversation, with the pioneers; but, if we pause to consider that scarcely more than seventy-five years ago large tracts of land in Manitoba were virtually a wilderness, we must marvel at the transformation in this short period of time. It is most difficult for us to visualize the trials and vicissitudes that beset these early pioneers; and we are humbled and inspired by the results which their fortitude and endeavor made possible.

In the years between 1870 and 1889 the tide of settlers rolled northward from the new frontier town of Winnipeg, continuing on north of Stony Mountain and following the higher ridges that lay west of the swampy tract of land, later known as St. Andrew's Marsh, and almost came to a halt at the forty-mile limit. It seems that the surveyors had decided that the land beyond was unfit for further settlement.

Within this forty-mile area swarmed an influx of settlers from Ontario; and this territory suddenly came to life.

In the early '80's the C.P.R. was built to Regina by way of Stonewall; and the long tedious journey for supplies by some of the settlers was shortened by over twenty miles. Within a short period of time great progress was evident.

The Rural Municipality of Rockwood was formed; and schools and churches were built within the district. In the village of Balmoral, eight miles north of Stonewall, a flour mill was erected, which was a great help to the settlers.

STONEWALL COUNCIL - 1964

Stonewall Council met Tuesday, January 7th, 1964, to appoint Committees for the year, and its regular meeting the following day. The boys were not warned they would be required to pose for this picture, but they all appear to be in a jolly mood, and seem rather eager to get to work. Back row, Clarence W. Olson, W. H. Taylor, Hugh Shepherd (Mayor), Alf Slatcher. Seated, Miss Doris M. Seed, Secretary-Treasurer; and Mrs. W. T. (Ethel) Hawkins, Stonewall's first lady Councillor. They have a busy term ahead of them. —Photo by Dr. A. H. Oussoren

It was in the year 1898 that the C.P.R. decided to extend its line from Stonewall northward, passing through the village of Balmoral, which was over twenty years old at this time; and on to the northern border of the settlement. Somebody said they got bogged down. They seemed, at that time, to have run completely off the ridge and had penetrated the very edge of the unsurveyed, wild and swampy area. Few had ventured beyond, except for a few lumbermen, who had established the old portable sawmills in the northern wilds. These miniature sawmills operated in the winter and sold the lumber to the settlers to the south.

This story would not be complete without mentioning the "Hunter's Paradise". Great lordly moose roamed this vast territory; and herds of elk, in the farther northern regions. During a long period of years, great hunting parties journeyed into the northlands, setting up their hunting lodges and following old Indian trails to certain stamping grounds of their own choice. They came home after two or three weeks, sleighs laden with choice venison,

moose steaks and roasts, and told great hunting stories full of humor and excitement. Time and settlement has changed all this today, yet some of the old-timers still tell of those hunting experiences.

The village that sprang up at the end of the steel was named Teulon, which was the maiden name of the wife of Mr. C. C. Castle, an outstanding settler to the east of that point. Mr. Castle was later appointed to the Board of Grain Commissioners.

The establishment of the railroad at this point was a complete mystery at the time, as many other locations could have placed the village on more solid ground. Someone writing to the press at that time, after a visit to the end of the steel, described it something like this: "When the first train had come in, the frogs in the ponds suddenly grew quiet, and an old owl flew into one of the 100-year-old spruce and peeked out among the branches and said 'Who, who, who, who in the devil are you?' Even the old lynx grew shy; and retreated to the deeper jungles beyond the duck pond!"

The coming of the railroad to that point was received with great enthusiasm by the settlers. Lying to the east was the township of Dundas, named by the Ontario settlers who had been there for twenty-five years waiting for the railroad to come. They had built a prosperous farming community. The post offices of Foxton and Pleasant Home had long been established.

My first impression of Teulon was a couple of box-cars, with the wheels removed. One was used for a station and the other for a section house, in which the section-foreman, Alphonse Lessard, lived with his family.

An elevator company sent a carpenter and a couple of men to investigate the possibilities of building an elevator. After constructing a shack, which was to be used as their living quarters, they abandoned the project. The shack, however, was soon to have a new tenant, none other than the late Mr. W. C. McKinnell. This young Englishman was full of energy, and started a small grocery business in the shack. From this small beginning, Mr. McKinnell later became an outstanding figure in the life of the community.

About this time a vast movement of new settlers got underway. The Department of Immigration sent a survey party to Teulon, headed by Mr. Macdonell, whose work played a very important role in the years that followed. It was at this time that the Colonization Road was surveyed, and no one could have foreseen what this great life line would mean to the North-West country,

for in the ten years that followed five thousand immigrant settlers were funnelled through Teulon, and two-thirds of them found their new homes over this road. The trail was surveyed from Teulon running directly north-west for the first 16 miles, coming out at the first Principal Meridian, north for another 20 miles, then bearing west slightly and going north again for 35 miles, beyond the Fisher River. The survey line was widened to permit supplies to follow the workmen. Land survey parties followed close, and the whole countryside was surveyed and staked into quarter sections.

The tide of immigration began to move in before 1900. The great Swedish Colony just north-west of Teulon was established with huge and stalwart men, who with their families took up residence in the Norris Lake section of the country. Norris Lake itself was a narrow body of water, about six miles long and perhaps a mile wide. The Colonization Road hugged its east shore line.

Coming from Sweden and Norway, these great Scandinavian men were skilled carpenters, masons and axe men, and soon built their homes. Their skill in building quickly made them in great demand around the countryside.

The tide of settlers rolled on, and the French-Canadian colony was established 14 or 16 miles on at Union Prairie (now Inwood). Over the great limestone ridge the settlers moved on to the east and west of the trail. Then came the Jewish colony, settlers from central Europe. The colony was established 30 miles north-west of Teulon. Here an old east-west trail connected the Icelandic settlements of Lake Winnipeg and Lake Manitoba, and was known as the Icelandic Road. Under an agreement with the immigration authorities, the Jews were allowed to take up land in several townships, and live in a hamlet, which they named Bender Hamlet. Here they set up their school, synagogue and stores. Two wells were drilled for them by the government at strategic points. A boarding house, livery, feed and sales stable were erected, and became a haven for the weary traveller.

Other settlers of many nationalities arrived and took up homesteads on land branching out from the road north of the Jewish colony. To aid these settlers, who were remote from any centre, the government built an immigration shed and post office, and appointed Mr. George Chatfield as the Immigration Officer and Postmaster. The site of the office was given the name Chatfield. Mr. Chatfield himself was an early settler from the Pleasant Home district, east of Teulon. The district north of Pleasant Home, by this time was filled to overflowing by the Ukrainian settlers. A large number of this nationality had taken up and settled a con-

siderable territory north of Chatfield; and found the new office most useful as an information centre and for mail distribution. A few years later, another post office was established farther north of Hamilick. There are still a few people who will remember Stove Pipe village, now known as Poplarfield.

Another influx of immigrants included a number of French settlers. They crossed a small creek called the Washaw, and took up land around what is now known as Broad Valley and Fisher Branch. The immigration during those years extended to the very edge of the Indian Reserve.

Great difficulty was experienced by the settlers in procuring supplies and equipment. Travel to and from the supply centre at Teulon was over trails through muskegs, stumps, sloughs and the roughest of terrain. No story will ever be written which can fully describe the hardships that were endured by these settlers; and when we consider the distance it was necessary for them to travel, it was indeed "a long, long trail".

It was 14 years after the railroad came to Teulon that the Canadian National Railway built by way of Inwood to Hodgson, and during those years supplies were teamed in from Teulon.

One settler who had determined to get his load across a muskeg, stopped for three days, and with the aid of his two sons and ox teams they cut and skidded 25 or 30 cords of logs and placed them side by side across the swampy ground. This is called a "corduroy road." This difficulty and heavy work was undertaken without fee or remuneration so that he and his fellowmen could travel this road without having to unload their supplies.

Stories of other men who used wheel barrows to transport their supplies for miles, and many more who carried flour on their backs for long distances, are legendary.

Going over the trail in later years we met some of the outstanding characters who seemed to have headed their parties. I. Espe, who established the post office at Norris Lake; Mr. Maston, who was postmaster at Union Prairie. Then there was Mr. Laporte and his son Ernie, who kept the stopping place, and whose hospitality will be long remembered. There was Billy and Leo Cossette, and the Latrelle boys, Alex and Art, and we must not forget Mr. Thuland, a Norwegian Magistrate.

Possibly a few people will remember Mr. H. Sneadon, an American. He remarked after he had registered for his homestead, and was back at Teulon: "By gad, I got me a good farm."

Many will remember Mr. Simpson and Mr. Gordon, with their livery and feed stable and boarding house at Bender Hamlet, and

Nathan Thorne and his good wife, at Chatfield. There was also Dan Torbiak at Stove Pipe village. These are some of the early pioneers along the Colonization Road. Some of them are up that way yet.

A wonderful change has taken place in the district since the early days. The Canadian National Railway has altered the location of a number of villages, and the names of others. Inwood has replaced Union Prairie, Bender Hamlet has long since been abandoned. Chatfield has moved further to the west, and is now a village. Stove Pipe village has been replaced by Poplarfield, and the villages of Fisher Branch and Hodgson are going concerns.

The original Colonization Road has had a few changes, but it is still there, a great Government Highway, graded, broadened and gravelled, girded by the Hydro electric lines, which carry power and light to the towns and countryside. Over this highway pass fleets of trucks, loaded with produce and merchandise to and from Winnipeg.

Teulon has ceased to be a supply centre for this north-western country. Large buses to and from the city pause at Teulon for refreshments and the hundreds of people that travel on them over the Colonization Road know very little of the old trail or of the sweat, toil and endurance of their parents and grandparents before them.

A great change has also taken place in Teulon. With the enormous flow of immigrants in those early days, better places of business were quickly established to meet the needs of the new settlers. Mr. G. B. Hughes, a huge man, standing six feet six inches, and weighing nearly 300 pounds, was the first lumber and hardware merchant. He was kept very busy selling tar paper, shingles, doors, windows and hardware in small quantities to the settlers. Mr. George Cook's boarding house and livery stable was bought by Rollie Johnston.

Alex Patterson, now living at Stonewall, knows the Colonization Road perhaps better than most of us. He was the mail driver for years, and made his trips in all kinds of weather.

The Hunter Hospital, in Teulon, was built in 1903, and has been a great source of comfort and healing to the sick and weary.

The Town of Teulon today is a far cry from the "jumping off spot" it was when the C.P.R. came. Streets have been graded and built up, pavement laid; and no similarity can be found with its early descriptions. An efficient school system has been built up, with boys' and girls' homes for scholars attending from outside points. Power coming in from the Winnipeg River, one hundred

miles away, lights the streets and homes, and furnishes power for local industry. The magnificent farming community to the east markets nearly a million bushels of grain yearly.

Very few people living in Teulon, today, know of those earlier days when nearly one hundred teams a day visited the town, coming in from many miles distant, hauling in wood, and obtaining needed supplies. Most of the business men of those early years have passed on and found their rest in the Old Windsor cemetery, a few miles south of town.

But business still goes on. Gay youth is still springing up. Fair maidens are still being wooed and wed. New generations will forget the Colonization Road and all that it meant; but a few of us who know and remember will always cherish the friendly attitude of the settlers and feel proud of the accomplishment made possible by their courage and industry.

The Colonization Road will ever remain a symbol of their faith in this Interlake country.

Mr. J. A. Bruce —— Early Settler of 1876

By Jack Inkster

Mr. J. A. Bruce's parents resided along the Assiniboine River in what is now known as St. James. As a youth he was an orderly at the Bishop's Court, St. John's Cathedral. At the time Louis Riel held Fort Garry, part of Mr. Bruce's duties was to carry messages from the Bishop's Court to Louis Riel.

Later, as a young man, Mr. Bruce freighted between Minneapolis and St. Paul, U.S.A. and Winnipeg by ox train. He was also one of a group of freighters — each man with six or eight ox-carts who took supplies for the first C.P.R. survey party. The freighters with their oxen moved in the general direction, fording or making rafts to cross creeks and rivers; while the survey party, with horses, contacted them each week and took so many hundred weight of supplies from each one in the group.

Mr. Bruce also spent one summer freighting flour and milling machinery to a mission at Lac La Ronge. It took from spring until early winter to make the trip by ox-cart. Occasionally, an ox would break a hoof and become lame; and Mr. Bruce found it necessary to make a shoe out of a H. B. C. cask hoop to shoe the ox.

Mr. Bruce located on the N. E. Quarter 27-14-1E. He was the first settler in the district. The school, a stone building still stand-

ing, was named Bruce School. He served on the school board, and as warden of St. John's Church, Brant.

One of Mr. Bruce's passengers from Minneapolis was a tinsmith - J. H. Ashdown — later the founder of J. H. Ashdown Hardware Co., Winnipeg.

Pioneer of Three Provinces

By W. E. Andrew

William Andrew was born March 17, 1842, in the township of Etobicoke, Ontario. In January, 1865, he married Amenda Walker. From this union five children were born: Bryon, December 28, 1866; Edna, November 30, 1868; Maria, September 7, 1872; Ernest, October 20, 1874; Annie, June 11, 1877. Mrs. Andrew died on June 29, 1878.

That summer, Mr. Andrew took the eldest son, Bryon; and went to Balmoral, leaving the other children with relatives. He came part way by train; then by boat to Fisher's Landing in the States; and to Winnipeg on one of the old flat-bottomed boats.

Buying a team of horses and some settlers' effects, he went north and bought Thomas Coverdale's homestead. If the writer's memory is right it was the S.E.¼ 7-15-2E, just three-quarters of a mile east of the historic village of Balmoral. That fall he sold his team, and leaving Bryon with relatives, he returned to Ontario.

On April 30, 1879, he married Esther Rodgers, and they came to Manitoba that summer, bringing Mr. Andrew's children with them. This trip was made to St. Paul; then, by stage and covered wagon to Winnipeg.

From this marriage four sons and one daughter were born: William E., May 22, 1880; Alfred, July 1, 1881; Margaret Esther, August 9, 1883; Oliver R., January 4, 1885 and Calvin, February 21, 1888.

For many years, William Andrew served on Rockwood council, when Andrew Mitchell was reeve and also James Toombs. He always took an active part in politics, being a staunch Liberal. On numerous occasions he took the platform for our old, never-to-be-forgotten friend, S. J. Jackson. He was also Police Magistrate; and in most cases tried to influence people to settle their disputes out of court. He always tried to be as lenient as possible with the underdog. The writer has some very interesting notes of evidence given in petty lawsuits. In these old suits of long ago, many names are mentioned. But they were not bad people around Balmoral, for it sure was a friendly village!

Most Saturday nights, the crowd gathered in Robert Rutherford's store, where the doings of the week were talked over. Some times we went to another friendly place — the sitting room of James Skinkle, who kept the hotel. His friends and neighbors were always made welcome. In these "good old days" there always were lots of dances; and we always had a grand time.

It was in 1893 that Robert Hillborn came from Ontario, and started the band. The first year he was at Balmoral he and J. R. Rogers rented the old Bill Holt farm, just west of Mr. James Barbour's. Next year his brother Elmer and sister Minnie came from Ontario, and he rented the George Hyde farm. The old band was a great drawing card for Balmoral, and it got many calls to play at picnics and sports days.

Our sister Edna, was married to William Fines in 1887. Mr. Fines has passed away; but Edna still lives on the old farm where she first went when married. Sister Maria was married to Robert Williams in 1898, and they lived on a farm near Greenridge school till they moved to the N. W. T., now Saskatchewan.

The Andrew boys, for a number of years hauled cordwood to Teulon. There were only three men there: Carson, McKinnel and Hughes. They got the wood north-west of Dennis McCarty's, where almost everyone got their wood and hay — on "Section 37". Believe it or not, that was a big section!

One winter we hauled three-inch tamarack plank for the municipality from Miller and Zeron's saw mill, near Gimli. It was a long haul. Some of this timber went to Stony Mountain, and some to Stonewall. Each councillor got his allowance hauled to his location.

As well as farming father's land over a period of years, we rented a number of other farms. The first I remember was a portion of Alf. Manning's farm; then the R. B. Smith farm, north of Balmoral; the Godfrey Brown farm; and one of the Gillespie farms, where Allan Cousins now lives. The last two or three years we were there, we had William Martin's farm rented; and a good old neighbor just north of us, in Mr. Saville Morton.

This summer while the writer, brother Alfred, his wife and daughter were in Manitoba, the good folk of Balmoral had a little get-together for us. It was held at the home of Ernest Hibbitt, where our sister Edna lives. Andy Jeffery asked me if I remembered a race he and I had with Russell Peden's threshing outfit. I was hitched to the old portable engine, which had a wood fire on, and almost full steam. Andy was hitched to the separator. Andy wanted to go ahead and so did I, so we had an old time horse race. I'll never forget the way that old engine swayed. Suddenly,

looming up ahead of us, was our old neighbor John McKinnon and his wife, with a big fat team and buggy. John made no attempt to get off the road, so I reached back and pulled the whistle! The speed of my horses did not increase; but John's team left the road in a cloud of dust!

Speaking of races, which is my favorite sport, I well remember the horse race on a sports day at Balmoral. Mr. James Barbour had old "Windsor" in a high two-wheeled cart, and Mr. Saville Morton had old "Barney" on a buckboard, with a tin dash. Those horses could step along. Saville got in the lead. Then, Jim brought old Windsor up neck and neck! Saville let out a yell and banged his willow gad down on the tin dash board. The horses broke into a gallop. It was lots of fun; and always a close finish.

My folks tell me that on July 1, 1881, at a sports day, five oxen were in the race. Father's white ox, Blucher, got first money, and one of the Slater's got second.

Before leaving Balmoral, I must pay tribute to two of my old Sunday School teachers, Mrs. James Jefferson ("Auntie Jeff" as she was known to all) and Ada Cleland. They tried to place the rising generation on the right track; and if any went astray it was not their fault. Also our old superintendent of the Union Sunday School, Mrs. Archie Robertson.

In the fall of 1902 brother Ernest went west to Saskatoon with our cousin John Andrew and Weeden Walker, who was a brother to father's first wife. They homesteaded in Township 30, Range 10 West of third Meridian, just north of Twin Lakes. At the time the district was called Great Bend. Ernest returned to Balmoral for the winter. Early in the spring of 1903, father, Ernest, our brother-in-law, Robert Williams and Alfred Hawkins (who later became a brother-in-law) arrived in Saskatoon. At the time the Bar Colony was there. After a short stay they moved north-west. Father was not satisfied with the land still open at Great Bend and they journeyed another 20 miles north-west and homesteaded on 41-12-3W and 42-12-3W. They said it was 60 miles from Saskatoon but later we found it was over 70 miles.

Father returned to Balmoral to prepare for the move to the Promised Land. Late in June, 1903, father, Alfred, Robert Williams and his wife, sister Maria and son George, left old Balmoral. Father and Maria went by passenger train, while R. Williams and Alfred took a carload of settlers' effects consisting of six horses, a cow, some equipment and William's household effects. They arrived in Saskatoon on July 1, in time to see a man jump off the bridge into the Saskatchewan River. After freighting their effects to the homesteads, they hauled lumber for two houses. They built William's

house; then father and Albert built a house on father's homestead, as well as a sod stable. They put up considerable hay and Alfred broke ten acres on each homestead.

Late in the fall father returned to Balmoral and sold the old farm to Andrew Toshack.

On March 1, 1904, the entire family left Balmoral with many regrets. We were leaving behind our old school mates, friends and neighbors; and journeying into a new and an unknown country.

Going by passenger train were father and mother, Margaret, Calvin, Annie, Ranson Rogers and his wife and four children. Oliver and Billy went with two carloads of settlers' effects — 10 horses, 10 head of cattle, implements, household effects, crushed grain for feed, a big cow and two dogs. We had a fine trip till we got near Regina, when a big blizzard hit us. We stayed in Regina for a day. By then, more settlers had arrived and a full train was made up — mostly for Saskatoon, Rosthern and Prince Albert. But we only got a few miles from Regina when our train got stuck. So, late at night, we arrived back there again. The third time we pulled out we made Saskatoon — six days from Balmoral.

The worst, however, was not yet over. Alfred, who had wintered with the Williams family, came to meet us. Father, with one of the teams Alfred had brought, took the family out to the homestead. Alfred and Ernest waited in Saskatoon for the cars of stock to arrive. Then, the job of unloading commenced. Ernest (who knew the road) and Calvin, left Saskatoon with one team and a sleigh with some feed. They headed for the homestead and made very good time. On the second day out they arrived at Walkers, about 48 miles. When they got up the next morning, three of the cows had calved — and more to follow! So, it was decided to leave the cattle there, as Mr. Walker had lots of feed and stable room.

Ernest and Calvin settled down to wait for Oliver, Alfred and Billy, who were somewhere on the road. The five teams and sleighs all heavily loaded, left Saskatoon before day break. We made twenty miles by dark and stayed at Andersons. We left some supplies there to lighten the loads. Bright and early the next morning, we were on our way again. It was nice weather. We stopped for dinner, then crossed the North Saskatchewan River. By now the sky had darkened and about 4 o'clock a terrible storm blew up. There was not much of a road to follow: and there we were, on the prairie with five teams and could not see 50 feet ahead! We had a load of lumber, so we decided to put up a shelter and camp for the night.

Just then the storm lifted a bit and we saw a small building

not far off. We went to it and found a sod stable built for four oxen. We took the low pole manger out, scattered a bag of oat chop along the walls, unharnessed the horses and turned eight of them in, loose. By this time, the blizzard lifted again, and we saw a little frame shanty. We had to break the lock to get in. It was very small but had a cook stove. We put our smallest team in there and laid poles across to keep them away from the stove. We got a fire going and from a barrel of cured pork and lots of flour, we proceeded to cook a meal.

Taking turns at sleeping, one stayed up to keep the fire going and the horses from knocking the stove over. By noon the next day, the storm had blown over. Alfred and Oliver went out and found the trail. We hitched up the teams and made the Walker farm that night. The following day it stormed again. However, the next morning it was bright and calm. We started on the last lap of our journey.

Ernest had his oxen and sleigh ready, and took a little of each of our loads. When we got out about two miles there was no road. The horses were up to their bellies in snow. We plodded slowly on, changing teams to break the road. Sometime after dark we reached R. Williams' place. Ernest's oxen had played out and we had left his load three miles back. We found out that sister Maria had a baby girl, the second child born in the new settlement.

Ahead of us, just one mile, was father's home. What a grand sight when we got there to see mother standing in the yard with a lantern in her hand! It was really like coming home after 14 days on the road from Balmoral, to what is now Maymont.

We had a good, hot, home-cooked supper; and then debated what to do with the sow. The poor thing had been in a crate for 14 days. We boarded off a corner in the stable and gave her hay to lie on. To our surprise next morning she had a litter of ten pigs! Babies — calves — piglets. What a country for production!

We were only home a short while when we all asked, "Where is father?"

"Why", mother said, "didn't you meet him? He went with the team early this morning to hunt for you boys. He was afraid there had been a train wreck, or that you had got lost in the storm." Father had gone on the south of Twin Lakes, and we were on the north side. When he got to Walkers he found we were all right and he came home the next day.

Well, we started to build another stable with a load of lumber we had bought from John McGlure's mill, north of Teulon. We got the walls up, and put a pole and hay roof on it. Next day we start-

ed for Saskatoon with four teams, figuring on making the round trip in four days, but it was not to be that way.

We encountered more storms and were eight days instead of four. We were not discouraged and hit the trail once more, this time making it in four days. The road for thirty miles out of Saskatoon, was high, and cut off. We stopped freighting and turned our attention to hauling logs from the river, as we needed more buildings, and Ransom Rogers had to get a house. Sleighing was good to the river up to April 1. There were not many idle days that summer. When the snow went off we did some building with logs and put in our bit of crop. As soon as we heard the ferry was to cross the Saskatchewan River we took one wagon and led a bunch more horses to Saskatoon. From there we brought home our wagons, democrat and buggy, all loaded to capacity. The trail was tough — lots of sloughs. Sometimes we got mired; and had to put two or three teams on a load. Finally we got home safely.

During the summer a lot of people called at the farm, and I am proud to say father and mother never turned a stranger or traveller away. The old house was never too full that we could not make another bed on the floor. Then we had some old friends and neighbors come. Many of them stayed. W. E. Cook came in the summer of 1904, homesteaded, and bought a half-section. Joe Peden came and is here yet, at the time of writing. Rev. J. C. Madill homesteaded and lived here for five years. George and Grahame Florence took homesteads. George is still here. Our cousin R. J. Andrew, settled on the same section as Robert Williams. Accie Robertson homesteaded here and stayed four years. John Davis homesteaded and lived here until his death. Thomas Crisp took up land; but did not live on it. William Storey homesteaded and got his deed for the land. So, before the year 1904 was out, many Balmoral people were here with us. There came, also, many other settlers from Manitoba, Ontario and the United States.

In 1905 we got a doctor in Maymont, Dr. John Scratch. He is still going strong. For many years he had to drive with a team over a territory of 50 miles east and west, and 70 miles north and south. No weather was too bad — no night too dark for "the Doctor" to go and help some sufferer. He estimates he has brought 1500 babies into the world! Many times he crossed the mighty North Saskatchewan River in a wooden basket hung from the cable which the ferry runs on. Many times in the spring, when the ice was going out and in the fall when the river was freezing over, the ferry could not run. You had to pull yourself across, hand over hand, for almost half a mile. Such is the life of a pioneer doctor. Our doctor will go down in history as a hero!

To conclude this history of pioneering, I must record that our

first great sorrow was the death of our sister Margaret. She married S. R. Miller, December 25, 1906; and died February 23, 1908.

Calvin Andrew married December 15, 1908; and died November 13, 1929. Oliver married September 10, 1910; and now lives in Fort William, Ontario. Alfred was married in August, 1912, to Annie Kennedy of Ripley, Ontario. She died January 23, 1913. Our dear mother passed away in October, 1915. Father married again in November, 1916. Alfred was married, the second time, in 1924. Ernest married in 1917; and died October 2, 1940. Bryon died some years ago in Spokane.

There are just three of the Andrew boys living at the present time: W. E. on his homestead; Alfred, retired and living in Maymont; Oliver, in Fort William, Ontario. The girls, Edna Fines, Balmoral; Maria Williams, on her husband's homestead, two miles from Maymont; Annie Hawkins, Maymont.

The writer must not forget himself. I was married on March 26, 1912, to Caroline Campbell, of Baddeck, Nova Scotia. We have seven sons and one daughter. Three sons went through for preachers. We also had three sons in the last war. One is now buried in Holland. After being overseas over four years, he was drowned just a few weeks before the war ended.

In closing, I wish all my Balmoral and district friends a happy, healthy and prosperous 1953. Like some of the old wagons brought from Balmoral, I have bumped over so many prairie trails, that I am getting badly worn.

Hardships of Pioneer Balmoral

—From "The Stonewall Argus"

Dear Sirs:

I have enclosed a copy of a letter written by Mrs. Lily Fines, Foxdale, Sask., to her sister. Mrs. Fines was 83 at the time of writing, March 15, 1953.

When her parents left Ontario in 1876, it was with Balmoral as their destination. Her mother's brother, William Holt, was homesteading at Balmoral on the farm now owned by Bob Main. Mrs. Fine's father was Robert Andrew and her mother's name Ellen Holt. At the time of their journey there were two children, Lilly and Hillyard. Maria (Mrs. John Fines) was born at Balmoral.

After reaching Balmoral they bought the S. E. Quarter 1-15-1E. now owned by Mr. J. Millar. Uncle Sam was Sam Holt, who homesteaded L. R. Coumont's farm. William Ashdown homesteaded

Arthur Lawrence's farm and George Hyde homesteaded Russell Fox's farm. At that time George Hyde's farm included the land that now forms the main part of Balmoral. Barbour's farm has been in the Barbour family since 1874. It is now owned by Gordon Barbour, but was homesteaded by his grandfather James Barbour.

All members of the historical society who read Mrs. Fines' letter thoroughly enjoyed it, and felt sure others would too.

Yours truly, Mrs. George Thexton, Balmoral, Manitoba.

COPY OF LETTER

In the spring of 1876 they made ready to come to the Red River country. The selling of their stock etc., I do not remember; but about the first day of May we went to stay at Uncle Dick Andrews. We left there on the 22nd of May to drive to Goderich to catch the boat. They made a waterproof cover for the wagon. There were two boxes in the back and two spring seats. Uncle Sam was bringing a horse along, too. Where we ate and where we slept, I do not remember. We also had a black-and-white collie dog called Oscar, who was our constant playmate. When we got into Goderich, they found that the boat they had planned to sail on had already gone. There was a Roman Catholic mission boat going to sail that evening and we could go on that; so there seemed to be a hurry to get our stuff on board, and Pa came for us at the hotel to take us also on board. Ma, Hillyard and I stood on the deck and watched the shore recede from us, or so it seemed.

It was a slow trip as the boat stopped at quite a few places for Mass. There were some nuns on board going to St. Boniface. Mass lasted about two hours, giving us time to get off and look around at each place. I can mind going through the locks at the Sault.

All went well until we were near Duluth. It was foggy and they let the boat float that night. It was still foggy in the morning, but they started up with a man on lookout. He called out, "Rocks ahead." The captain pulled, as he thought, the rope to take off steam, but it was the wrong rope; and on went more steam. There was a slanting rock just ahead. We went tilt upon that. We were just twenty miles from Duluth. Two men went through the woods to Duluth to get a tug to pull the boat off the rock. Each side, the rocks were straight up and down. All the load was piled in the back end of the boat and all the men got out. Pa and Uncle with them. They cut big logs to try and pry the boat off. We were a couple of days there.

A wind came up and blew inshore, and raised the water and the boat floated off. With all the load in the back end, the ship dipped badly and was in danger of upsetting. The load had to be got back as quickly as possible and a lot of cordwood was

thrown overboard, Pa and Uncle Sam helping too, for fear the boat would upset. They had to face right out into the wind. Ma, Hillyard and I were in the washroom when the ship went off and she knelt beside a pipe with her arms around it to keep us from being knocked about badly. After quite a while Pa came. Uncle stayed with the horses to watch over them. There were quite a lot of blocks of ice still floating on the Lake; and the wind blew them into the Bay. The boat ran straight into them and we were stuck there for a couple of days. When the wind blew offshore and the ice moved out, we went on to Duluth. While we were in the ice, the ship they had planned to go on had been back to Goderich and passed us going to Duluth again. The boat we were on was too badly battered and dared not try to go through the ice. When we got to Duluth Pa took us to a hotel; and he and Uncle had to get the horses and our stuff off the boat and see about trains.

There was a passenger train in the morning, and also a freight, and the horses and our stuff would come on the freight. They had a room in the hotel, of course, for the night. When we were going to bed Hillyard could sleep with Pa and Ma. The man brought in a bearskin rug and put it on the floor for me to sleep on, no sheet. I would not lie down on that long hairy thing, and I said I could stand being on a rock, I could stand being stuck in ice, but I would not stand sleeping on that, so he brought me some sheets. Pa and Ma got into bed and the bed fell down. The man had to bring a hammer and nails to put the bed together. Finally, we all slept quietly.

In the morning we took the train for Fisher's Landing (Crookston) and got there that evening. They were expecting uncle and the horses, but they did not come, neither that day or the next. Then pa got word that uncle had met a man taking some horses through to Winnipeg and he was taking them off the train at Moorhead and driving them overland. Uncle was taking ours that way too. Pa was mad, for of course the horses' fare was paid through to Crookston and they were just two days on the boat to Winnipeg. We went on to Winnipeg then and had to wait there. We stayed at the immigration building on Higgins Avenue. One day, Hillyard was playing outside and saw a bunch of horses coming over the bridge, and that "Jack" was there. Pa looked and said, no, his horses were not there. Hillyard insisted, and then Pa went to see. His horses were there alright, but sorry looking horses. The dog, Oscar, was not there. He had not followed them from the place they had stopped the night before. They were on their way three miles before he was missed and Uncle did not bother going back after him.

It was a couple of days before we could start away from Winnipeg. They put the wagon together, got things loaded up and one day got away. The going was slow. They kept changing the horses. We had come as far as Harrower's; and they had hitched Uncle Sam's horse in Net's place. They thought she would just follow but she struck out for the buildings, so Uncle took his horse and went after her. A thunder shower came up and we took shelter under the wagon. It was getting dark by that time so we slept beneath the wagon. I suppose we got up early, as soon as there was light enough. The horses went better. We came past where Walter and Alfred Perry were working on their land. They directed us to John Vincent's, where Uncle Will had told us to go, and they'd direct us the rest of the way.

We arrived there by noon. We had a good dinner and the horses a good feed and rest. They had been watching for us for some days. We came along until we reached Wm. Ashdown's. Jackfish Creek was full of water, and I said to Pa, don't you think it is time you started back home, we have been coming away from home for a long time and things are getting worse all the time. Mr. Ashdown came out of his house and said, "you will be Bill Holt's folks. He has been watching for you for some time. We have been looking for you too. We've been counting on having you for neighbors, and had a farm picked out for you. It's a good farm." Pa said, "Where is it?" "You have just driven past it," said Mr. Ashdown. A man ploughed a furrow on it two years ago. He hasn't come back, so it's not likely he'll come back now.

As we'd planned on living at Uncle Will's till settled, we didn't have to drive through the creek. There was a trail around Ashdown's field and then we followed the road past Barbour's to the corner of Uncle's farm. We hit a white mud spot and settled down. The horses had to be unhitched, and we walked the rest of the way to Uncle's house. Uncle was alone, as Aunt Phoebe was at her folks (John Vincent's) sick. We had seen her when we were there. After supper Uncle took his ox team - pulled the wagon out of the mud and brought it up to the house. We had arrived.

Next day the men went and looked the farm over. Uncle took his oxen and plowed a furrow on it to hold it. Pa went to Winnipeg soon and bought the farm. He paid one dollar an acre for it. This land was not open for homesteading yet. A little later, it was open to be homesteaded and he received all the money back except ten dollars. The three men got busy and got logs out. Soon a house was up. Of course the logs were green, but they wanted a house of their own.

Pa took a trip to Winnipeg and brought out lumber, shingles and the "Star" cow. She was a good cow. It wasn't long until the roof was on; a part of one gable end in and a piece of floor. There was no door on and no windows in.

The men took Uncle Sam's horse (Net wasn't able to work yet) and made another trip to Winnipeg to bring out more lumber, some chairs and windows. We had bought a stove on the first trip.

I think Ma was a little lonesome that first night with no doors or windows. It rained. Net walked in and lay down between the beams. Ma said, "Let her stay, I shall feel much safer." In the morning Net got up and walked out.

Uncle Will had plowed a small piece of ground, and George Hyde let them have a pail of very small potatoes to plant. The potatoes grew well. No one had anything, as there had been three years of grasshoppers, and this was the first year of crop after.

They went ahead and got a stable up and some hay for the horses. Pa, having horses, got work threshing. Oxen were slower than horse power. He brought home some seed wheat, enough oats for his horses and for seed, some potatoes and several pounds of tallow to make candles.

We managed to break five acres. We took a trip to Winnipeg after Maria arrived, and drove out to where the dog had been left to see if he might still be there. We hoped that the dog might stay with the children. The man said they tried to keep him, his children liked him, and they fed him but one day he started on the back trail and did not return to them. Pa brought out more lumber, this time for making furniture, and a five-gallon can of coal oil. The coal oil would give him a good light in the evenings for making furniture. We made two cupboards, a table and two bedsteads, dug the cellar, hewed the walls and whitewashed them. We also bought some picture moulding and glass and made frames for the four pictures: Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. Ma put up her nice curtains at the windows. We were settled in our new home. Net got well, the "Star" cow had a calf in the fall, so I guess we really had arrived in Manitoba.

A Long, Long Trail

by R. A. Quickfall

My grandfather, Francis Quickfall, was born in 1820 in Lincolnshire, England, the son of Thomas Quickfall and Alice Proudlove. The home of the Quickfalls was about thirty miles north of Lincoln City, near the Humber River.

Francis Quickfall
who organized and led the seven family cavalcade from Linn County, Missouri to Greenwood Township, 30 miles north of Winnipeg in 1873.

About the year 1830, my great grandfather and his family immigrated to Canada. It took seven weeks on the sailing ship. Three weeks after they arrived, they settled on land in Huron County, near Listowel, Ontario. My grandfather was only ten years old at that time.

He was united in marriage with Mary Beldon about 1845; and, as the years went by, they found themselves with nine of a family — four boys and five girls. Anxious for the settlement and welfare of their family, they began to look for more land, as agriculture was the basic industry at that time. As a fairly large tract of land was required to meet the demands of their growing family, their attention was directed to far-away districts.

In 1868 the American Civil war was over, and the new American government offered the settlers free-hold property. My grandfather and his family, except the eldest daughter, with other Ontario residents, went south to the state of Missouri, settling in Linn County, near Bucklin Station, which was not far from the southern border of the State of Iowa. They became very disappointed with their choice of territory, their land being hilly and sandy, with rattlesnakes and Jesse James. There was no law and little order.

After five years they received the title for their property and then sold it. Through letters received from Ontario friends, they learned of the great Canadian North-West, the new Province of Manitoba and the promise of homesteads.

In 1872 Mr. W. Trimble and another man went as scouts to St. Paul by rail; and, from there, by cart trail and stage to the North-West as far as Portage Plains. Mr. Trimble was deeply impressed by what he saw, and when he returned to Missouri, he reported his findings. As a result, in May 1873, no less than seven families, with three covered wagons, seven horses, and thirty head of cattle headed for Manitoba.

Travel was slow, about fifteen miles a day. They stopped one day each week to wash, bake and rest the cattle.

From Minneapolis they travelled in a north-westerly direction, following the old stage route to Emerson. They arrived in Winnipeg in early August. My grandfather went to the Hudson's Bay store for needed supplies. There he met an outstanding gentleman, Edward McKivor, who had walked to Winnipeg that day from his homestead 30 miles north.

I like to picture in my mind the meeting of those two big men, and the conversation that took place. Mr. McKivor said, "Where I am located (later called Greenwood) there is everything you need—hay, streams of running water, logs for cabins and good land." My grandfather returned to his camp thoroughly convinced that this spot would be his destination.

Then came the parting of good friends. Joe and Bill Trimble set out for Portage la Prairie, where their descendants live today.

After getting their stock ferried across the Red River, the rest of the party journeyed northward with Mr. McKivor as a guide. On the first night out they stopped at the famous old camping-ground on the east side of Stony Mountain. Next morning they proceeded northward. The Indian trail ran near where Victoria School stands, past William Vincent's homestead, following the ridge west of Good Hope School. About a mile-and-a-quarter north of Good Hope School the trail crossed No. 7 Highway in a north-easterly direction. Along the trail the cavalcade wended its way on that August afternoon in 1873.

Surveyors had laid out the homesteads 80 rods wide and one mile east and west. East of the ridge were parkland meadows; and on the west side magnificent woods. Each homesteader had a good share of both. The surveyors had good foresight in this regard.

The cavalcade came to the homestead of W. W. Martin. This was one of the long quarters, the S. ½ of the N. ½ of Sec. 27-15-2E, just east and a little south of Gunton, later known as the Joe Bradshaw place, now owned by Donald Fraser.

Mr. Martin was a genial host and the party established a camp on his property. From here the Quickfalls and other members of the group, Philip Hill, Jack and Frank Proudlove, scouted each day to locate homesteads. All eventually got settled. The Quickfalls filed on more than two sections of land. The other took up many more parcels.

No time was lost in getting hay for the stock. It was mowed with a scythe and hand-raked. Cabins had to be built, and shelter for

the stock. Most of the men were skilled in the use of the scythe and axe.

Mr. Martin and a friend, James Madill, who were veterans of the Wolseley expedition, had worked on the survey in the district, and had batched the winter of 1872-1873 on Mr. Martin's claim. Mr. Martin told his bachelor friend about a sister he had in the East, and soon correspondence was started. This led to the arrival of this fair lady, who promptly married Mr. Madill. They kept the Pleasant Home post office for many years.

Mr. Martin did not do too badly either, for he wooed and won the lovely Barbara Ann Quickfall. At that time, maiden ladies over eighteen years of age could file on homesteads, so Barbara Ann Quickfall homesteaded the N.E. ¼ of 19-15-2E. Mr. Martin, who got title to his homestead, sold it to Joseph Bradshaw, and lived for a time on his wife's claim, later moving to Glenboro district.

Before the Quickfalls left Ontario to go to the South, a young Scotsman, with a poetic mind and a scientific violinist, Robert F. Campbell, had fallen in love with Janie Quickfall, and married her. He followed them to Missouri.

Martin Quickfall had a special lady friend in Missouri, Miss Bella Overstreet. They were married on Sunday; and started the honeymoon drive the next morning with the cavalcade. This young wife died eight years later.

Robert F. Campbell started out walking, and helped to drive the cattle. He was still walking when they arrived in Greenwood. Ned Quickfall rode the saddle horse, and was cowboy.

The journey was not without its fears and anxiety. Coming through Minnesota they were warned that some hostile Indian bands were roving around and they were not surprised when two State Troopers joined the cavalcade for two days.

My grandfather was an outstanding leader and he was boss of the group. His decisions were respected. After settling in Greenwood, he took a great interest in the community. His name appears in the records of the first organization meeting of Greenwood School District, and the first church services were held at his home. He owned the first horse-powered thresher in the district. After a long and useful life he died in 1902, at the age of 82 years, and his good wife two years later. They were laid to rest in the Victoria United cemetery.

These early pioneers went through many hardships. In the winter of 1874-75 three young men from the district, with three teams of horses and sleighs, went to Moorhead, nearly 300 miles

to the South; and purchased farm machinery, mowers, rakes, plows etc. When our first settlers came, the nearest railway was Minneapolis. In 1878, hopes for a railway close at hand were raised high. A line was surveyed from Selkirk, running in a northwesterly direction through the north-east corner of Greenwood Township. A telegraph line, named the McKenzie line, was erected. The project, however, was abandoned, much to the disappointment of the settlers.

Quite recently I went to the Winnipeg Land Titles Office to seek historical information, and I asked the lady at the desk how many maiden ladies had homesteaded in Rockwood Municipality. She seemed surprised at this question, and said, "none at all." "Oh yes," I said, "I know of some," and asked her who homesteaded the N.E. ¼ 9-15-2E., the S.E. ¼ 4-16-2E and the S.W. ¼ 10-16-2E. She asked her assistant to bring her a huge ledger, and in it she found the names of Barbara Ann Quickfall, Maggie Campbell and Catherine Campbell. An affidavit was attached to the last entry stating that Catherine Campbell and Catherine Wood were one and the same person. She had home steaded and later married Archie Wood.

A joke is told about one of the early settlers, a Mr. Robert Gillespie. He had taken a homestead close to where Gunton is situated; and had left his young wife at his brother's home near Winnipeg while he built a cabin on his claim. When it was ready he went to Winnipeg with his oxen and wagon to bring his wife and baby home. On the trip they crossed many bad spots on the road. His wife was terrified, but he consoled her and said, "There is one bad place up near Quickfalls." Late in the evening, getting near home, he said, "We are not far from Quickfalls now," and she cried out, "Oh, I am so afraid of those Quickfalls."

Many things have changed since those days. The old Indian trail is mostly plowed under. Huge grain fields are to be seen everywhere. No. 7 highway replaces the trail. On it, travel huge buses, trucks loaded with produce and cars in large numbers. The great cattle herds are gone and the timber belt that crowned the ridge to the west is no more. The old pioneers are, mostly, resting peacefully in Victoria, and the casual visitor to the cemetery sees only the headstones on the graves. But to the descendants of these grand old-timers it is hallowed ground, where our loved ones rest. Their memory will be cherished, forever.

House By The Side Of The Road

This deservedly popular poem was written by Sam Walter Foss, American poet who lived from 1858 to 1911. He was also a noted lecturer in his day. He published a few books, mostly verse, including "Back Country Poems" and "Whiffs from Wild Meadows."

The good, wholesome outlook and fine living philosophy expresssed in these verses, fit perfectly with this record of our pioneers.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the peace of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament:
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where the highways never ran;
But let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by -
The men who are good, and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban;
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife,
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears -
Both parts of an infinite plan;
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know that there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon,
And stretches away to the night,
But still I rejoice when the travellers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by -
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish - so am I! -
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban? -
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Brief Biography of the Heale Family

R. A. Quickfall

As time goes by, we look back over the years and think of the families of the early settlers and the wonderful contribution many of these early families have made to our great municipality of Rockwood.

Singling out these great contributions, I would like to pay tribute to the family of Faithful Heale, a very early settler in the old Windsor district — five boys and two girls. The boys, John, Walter, William, James and Frank — the girls, Marie (Mrs. Archie Fines) and Emma (Mrs. John Fines).

The homestead of Mr. Heale was bushy and stony. Many of the early settlers preferred that type of land. The general feeling was that, unless land produced good bush and had stone to incubate the crop, it was not good agricultural land.

The Heale family grew up with their shoulders to the wheel. Always lots of work to do. The elder Mr. Heale was active in community life. He was one of the first trustees of the newly-formed school district of Windsor in 1878. He was also instrumental in the organization of the Windsor Church. He played an important part in the building of the church in 1895; and in the general church life in the years that followed.

The boys were leaders in sport — Walter and Billy being outstanding football (soccer) players. Windsor had one of the best teams in the North Country. Every district had its own football team. The different teams were: East Dundas, Windsor, Victoria, Bruce, Balmoral, and, in later years, Gunton and Teulon. Billy Heale was the captain for Windsor. Billy and Wal[illegible] were sharp shooters; and in the same class of players as the [illegible]ley boys of Victoria and Mitchell and Sheldon of Stonewall. In later years, Jim Heale got mixed up in the games; a terrific centre half-back.

As the years passed, John and Billy Heale became outstanding threshers, covering the districts from Teulon to Balmoral for more than two months every fall. Then Johnny retired from the threshing business and took over the livery and feed stable in Teulon. Billy continued threshing and really excelled in the science of successful threshing. Burning coal in his big Case engine, he often put more than 4,000 bushels through his Red River Special separator in a single day.

In 1905 Walter and Billy established a sawmill 30 miles north of Teulon and 10 miles east of Narcisse; and, for many years after, operated the sawmill at different points north.

Walter Heale settled down to farming south of Teulon. Billy continued in the lumber business. His last sawmill was 13 miles east of Hodgson. Later, he sold the sawmill.

Jim Heale went to Winnipeg in his early manhood and worked for a number of years with the C.P.R. In later years he went west and was a grain buyer. He spent the last years of his life in Stonewall.

Frank Heale answered the call to arms in 1915, and made the supreme sacrifice at Passchendaele, in 1917.

Mrs. Archie Fines (Marie) lived in the Gunton district for many years, and raised a large family. As a whole family, they were the best educated family in Rockwood.

Mrs. Johnny Fines, (Emma) was the mother of a fine outstanding family who lived in Teulon for many years. She now lives at the Coast, the only living member of this great family.

The younger generation can look back, with pride, on this fine old foundation stock. Over a period of years, the Heale boys served their community with distinction. Johnny was councillor for Teulon Town for several years, and active on school board and church affairs. He married Miss Olive Heath from Northampton, England.

Billy was councillor for a time for Rockwood Municipality. He was also active on school and church boards. He married Miss Bella Storey, a daughter of an old pioneer family.

Walter was the sportsman, a great man with both rifle and shotgun. He married Miss Jessie Cameron from the "Land of the Heather."

Jim was a good sport, and took active part in all games. He married Miss Jessie Quickfall, a daughter of another old pioneer family.

Frank Heale sleeps in Flander's Field.

Jim Heale is buried in Stonewall cemetery.

Johnny, Walter, Billy and Marie (Mrs. Archie Fines) rest in old Windsor cemetery, close to their old home.

Sleep on, Beloved, we cherish your memory.

Early Settlers Of Victoria

By R. A. Quickfall

In the province of Ontario (where most of our settlers came from) it was the custom to name townships. That procedure was established in the early settlement of Rockwood Municipality.

Among Rockwood's family of townships none is more fair than Victoria, situated on the eastern side of the municipality, between Rockwood and Greenwood, on the eastern slope of the higher land and the western side of the great St. Andrew's Plain. Here some of the very earliest settlers found the land of their desire.

What more could they expect? Here was good land, good logs for building, wood for fuel, springs of clear crystal water, game a-plenty, hay in abundance, and fish in the streams.

The old cart-trail, coming in from the Kildonans and leading to the north, passed along the eastern slope of the ridge, and along this old trail the first settlers built their homes. The Vincent families were perhaps the very earliest settlers, coming in from St. Paul on the Red River.

These big, strong men, were a fine sample of manhood—law-abiding, friendly and excellent citizens. Outstanding, as a great influential character was William Vincent. Tales of his many acts of kindness and generosity; and his advice and encouragement to discouraged settlers, were told to succeeding generations. His sons and brothers were of the same principle. A Vincent's word was as good as his bond.

Early in the 1870's, other outstanding families came to Victoria: the Bouskills, James Grahame, who had the first Post Office called Wavy Bank. Then there was Johnny Dahl, on the S.W. 28-14-2E, who had the first threshing separator driven by horse-power. The little Church of England, built in 1875, still stands-and has church services.

The first Victoria School was built just east of where the church stands, on the south side of the road. It served its purpose there for a time. Then the district was divided in two. Victoria

School was transferred two miles south and later a half-mile north to its present site; but kept its original number, 49.

The northern part of the school district was called Good Hope. The school was built two miles north of the first old Victoria School. The first Victoria School was authorized January 25, 1878. Its first trustees were Wm. Vincent, Neil McLeod and Martin Shipley. The first teacher was Mr. Duncan.

Among the early scholars were: James Grahame, now residing at Teulon; Tom Williams, of Stonewall; the older Shipley boys; and some of Andrew Hunter's family. Whether it was good teachers or good scholars, some of these pupils became well educated people. Angus Campbell and Archie Campbell were early teachers at Victoria School.

Neil McLeod homesteaded just east of where the Good Hope school stands but later purchased a quarter in Greenwood Township. In 1876, the first shipment of wheat was made from the West to Eastern Canada. Neil McLeod contributed 22 bushels, grown on his homestead in Good Hope.

The Currie brothers, William, John, Hugh and Malcolm all homesteaded east of Good Hope. The families of William and Hugh were outstanding. All the boys, three of Hugh's, and five of William's family, enlisted for service in the first World War.

On the western side of Victoria Township were the homesteads of the Goods, the Littles, Ebenezer Sutherland, Andrew Hunter, and the Tocher brothers, George and Sandy.

Centre School is on the western boundary of Victoria, and is the early seat of education to its Victoria scholars, as well as the scholars coming in from Brant, the neighboring Township to the west.

The Presbyterian Church on the northern border of Victoria was built in 1883. Many of the early settlers from Victoria are at rest in the cemetery there.

The early settlers in Victoria were wonderful home-makers. Establishment of churches and schools were among their first considerations. They built good homes and cleared their farms under trying circumstances. Nearly all have passed on; and, in their passing, left behind fields that were well tilled.

An old landmark that was noticeable for a number of years two miles east of the old Victoria Church, and a little south, was the remains of the dredge boat, "Mary Jane." She foundered in 1898. From the road looking east, it had the appearance of a vessel turned partly on its side; the boom sticking out of it, on a 45 de-

gree angle, gave it the appearance of a partly-capsized schooner. It sat there for years, good government property, till someone "lowered the boom" and it eventually disappeared. It had failed in its attempt to widen the channel that carried the heavy flow of water from the Poplar Springs to Jackfish Creek, to the north. This job was completed in 1930 by a more up-to-date dredging machine.

A joke was told by some of the early settlers regarding one of the prominent citizens of that day. He and a friend were caught in a bad blizzard coming from Winnipeg with their oxen; and, when not too far from home, realized they were lost. Apparently their vision was impaired and they were not too capable of driving (under the circumstances). They eventually came to a fence, decided to follow it and soon came to a set of buildings. There was no one home, so they camped there for the night. When daylight came the storm had subsided. They got their bearings — and found they were right at home!

As time passed, new settlers came in 1908-9. The American Land Company purchased quite a few of the homesteads on the east side; and brought in American settlers. About ten families settled in the Good Hope and Victoria School districts. Not many of them stayed.

Outstanding among these settlers was Jim Croy, for not only did he establish himself well, but he settled his four boys. Mr. Croy has retired and is now living in Stonewall. One of the boys, Gerald, went to British Columbia, but Fred, George and Tommy, the latter on the home farm, are real community men — coaching their families in 4-H work, good dairy men and farmers — a real asset to the district.

Perhaps one of the finest of Victoria products was the late Garnet Shipley, raised and educated at Good Hope. He excelled in good principle, farmed successfully and built up a fine farm and home. He was a great community man in church and school and a great sport. His sudden passing, a few years ago, came as a shock to many friends.

Of the early farmers of Victoria, Charlie Shipley is perhaps the senior. He has seen three-score-years-and-ten in Victoria, close to the place of his birth. He had been a leader in community sports, a great football captain, and an outstanding player. Few were his equal. The Victoria football team from 1900 to about 1914 held the championship of Rockwood. All players were Victoria boys. They never looked for outside help. The Shipley boys were noted as clean sports; and always stood out strongly for fair play.

Nearly all the early homesteads in Victoria have changed hands, yet Wilfred Riley, Bert Bouskill and Milton Good are on the original homesteads of their fathers or grandfathers.

Over a long period of years, the schools of Centre, Victoria and Good Hope have educated and sent out many good students who have taken their place in the greater activities of life. As we pass the schools today we see many boys and girls who will be our citizens of tomorrow. Coming from homes like there are in Victoria, their careers have got away to a good start.

Passing through Victoria in the springtime or summer we are fascinated by the beauty of the landscape. Cherry trees laden with blossoms, silver willow and orange lilies cover the roadside and meadows; and, in the late summer around the beautiful farm homes, wave the grain-fields, while from the meadows comes the breath of new-mown hay.

At the little Church of England, west of the highway, a lone elm tree — planted long ago over the grave of a loved one — has grown high above the structure, with one branch pointing to the west, another to the east, resembling a father with head bowed in prayer and arms outstretched upward and outward, as if saying, "Bless you my children."

Jubilee Services At Victoria Church

From the "Stonewall Argus"

Victoria United Church celebrated its 50th anniversary on Sunday last, October 1, 1933, with ideal weather for the occasion. The morning service at 11 o'clock, was in charge of the resident minister, the Rev. J. E. Clarke, and the Rev. N. R. Wright of Winnipeg, a former minister, was the guest speaker.

The music was led at both services by a double quartette from the Stonewall United Church, composed of Mrs. Jack Morrow, the Misses Jessie Laing, J. Montgomery and K. Christie, and the Messrs. David and Douglas McIntyre, W. G. Saundry and Earl Crookshanks, with Mrs. H. O. May, organist.

The congregation, at both services, completely filled the church. The order of the morning service was as follows. The Doxology; Hymn, "Happy Day"; History of the Church read by Rev. N. R. Wright; Solo, "His eye is on the Sparrow," by Mrs. Jack L. Morrow; Anthem, "Son of My Soul," by the double quartette; Sermon, by Rev. N. R. Wright, on the story of Gideon. The speaker stressed the enthusiasm of a few leaders, and how great

victories had been won for God. In his remarks, he stated that "depression is not an evil, but a blessing in disguise to the human world."

Commenting on the building of the Church he made mention of the sacrifice made by those who sponsored the work, and remarked "that today the same enthusiasm was lacking in almost every church." Fifty years ago seemed to be a great era for the building of churches, as so many are celebrating the jubilee this year. "If we are enthusiastic, the Church is not going to be empty, or a name, but a reality. Enthusiasm is contagious — let us spread this. It is needed in the church as well as in other things. We only need two or three enthusiasts to fill the church today. Let us have the few to work for the Love of God," Mr. Wright continued. He also referred to the many "isms" in the world today, and evidently he is a great believer in the Oxford Movement, as he thought it the greatest movement at this time.

After the offertory, Mr. Earl Crookshanks sang, "Open the Gates of the Temple," followed by the hymn "O God Our Help in Ages Past."

The evening service, which commenced at 7:30 o'clock, found the church packed to its capacity with people present from Winnipeg, Teulon, Gunton, Argyle, Balmoral, Stony Mountain and Stonewall.

The following was the order of service: Hymn, "Thou shalt arise"; Solo, "The Stranger of Galilee," by Miss Jessie Laing; Hymn, "I need Thee every hour". The history of the Church was again read by the Rev. N. R. Wright; Prayer, by the Rev. J. E. Clarke; Anthem, "Abide with me"; Sermon by the Rev. R. N. Wright, his theme being "Some of the great problems that faced the Christian Church today"; Solo, "The Ninety and Nine", by Mr. David McIntyre; Hymn, "Saviour again to Thy Dear Name we Raise."

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH

On October 22, 1882, on application of the Rev. Alexander McFarlane (the missionary in charge of the stations known as Greenwood, Victoria, Brant, Argyle and Dundas), leave was granted him by the Presbytery of Manitoba to proceed to the election ordination and induction of elders in order to form a session for the said mission field.

On Nov. 12, 1882, public worship was held in the home of Mr. Malcom Currie, and at the end of the service, Mr. McFarlane inducted the Messrs. George Tocher and Neil McLeod into the eldership of the Mission Field, known as Victoria and Greenwood.

The first communion service was held in the home of Mr. Geo. Tocher, January 7, 1883. During the summer of that year this church was erected by Mr. Neil McLeod and others, and on November 11, 1883 it was opened for public worship and dedicated to the service of our Lord and Master.

Any record of the opening services, we are sorry to say cannot be found, but we know that during the ten years previous to this date the late Rev. James Robertson, Dr. George Bryce and Prof. John Hart drove over the Prairies from Winnipeg to hold services in the homes of the pioneer settlers.

The first trustees and managers were: John Scott, James Mitchell, Hugh Currie, E. R. Sutherland, Geo. Tocher, and Neil Mc Leod. Among our Methodist friends of this time we are glad to remember John and Norris Fines, William and Robert Andrews, Charles Mollard and Martin Shipley. They contributed to the building fund and often worshipped with us. The late Mr. Shipley attended regularly and was a great help in the Sunday School. The surviving members, to the best of our knowledge are Mrs. John Scott, now at Radisson, Sask; Mr. and Mrs. Peter Florence, Vancouver; Mrs. Hugh Currie, Red Deer, Alberta; and Mr. J. H. McClure, now with a daughter at Orangeville, Ont.; and Mrs. Jas. Walton, Stonewall. Mr. McClure was clerk of the session from 1891 to 1932, a period of forty-one years.

Time does not permit us to dwell on the worthy ministers who followed Rev. A. McFarlane, nor to mention the many families of sterling character who made this a strong congregation. We remember, with gratefulness, the faithful services of Mrs. Morton and Miss Cleland (Mrs. Gorby), who were organists for many years.

The anniversary services are held today one month ahead of the original opening date, hoping to have better weather than we might have a month hence.

We have been favored with the names of the ministers who have labored so faithfully in this field. They are as follows, and in order: - Rev. A. McFarlane, Rev. S. Polson, Rev. D. McLeod, Rev. A. G. Bell, Rev. J. G. Madill, Rev. R. Boyle, Rev. J. Whillans, Rev. C. D. Campbell, Rev. J. B. McLaren, Rev. S. D. Curtis, Rev. T. W. Bailey, Rev. N. R. Wright and Rev. J. E. Clarke.

The anniversary supper and concert was held last evening in the Balmoral Community Hall, and was a great success.

"The Stonewall Argus"

The Model Church

From a hymn-book of long ago, this old song speaks to us in the language of things proven truly worthwhile through many lifetimes.

Well, wife, I've found a model Church, and worshipp'd there today,
It made me think of good old times, before my hair was grey;
The meeting house was finer built than they were years ago,
But then I found when I went in, it was not built for show.

The sexton did not set me down, away back by the door,
He knew that I was old and deaf, and saw that I was poor;
He must have been a Christian man; he led me boldly through
The crowded aisle of that grand Church to find a pleasant pew.

I wish you'd heard the singing, wife, it had the old time ring,
The Preacher said, with trumpet voice: "Let all the people sing;"
"Old Coronation" was the tune, the music upward rolled,
Until I tho't the angel choir struck all their harps of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away, my spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, faltering voice with that melodious choir;
And sang as in my youthful days, "Let Angels prostrate fall.
Bring forth the Royal diadem, and crown Him Lord of all."

I tell you wife, it did me good to sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse of shore;
I almost want to lay aside this weather-beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port, forever from the storm.

'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife, but simple gospel truth;
It fitted humble men like me; it suited hopeful youth;
To win immortal souls to Christ, the earnest preacher tried;
He talked not of himself, or creed, but Jesus Crucified.

Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er, the vict'ry soon be won,
The shining land is just ahead, our race is nearly run;
We're nearing Canaan's happy shore, our home so bright and fair;
Thank God, we'll never sin again; "there'll be no sorrow there."

The Village Of Teulon

By Mrs. Chas. Clifford

When the first official train arrived in Teulon on December 12, 1898, Mr. F. E. Carson, was left as station agent. He got off the train with his belongings and some food supplies. When the train left, he felt quite alone with a box car for a station.

Mr. C. C. Cataway and an assistant came out and started surveying the town site. An elevator company sent out material to build an elevator. The carpenter at once built a shack in the bush, west of the station to live in; but when they were preparing the foundation for the elevator, they found the ground too soft to build on. They pulled out, leaving the carloads of material standing on the tracks where it remained all winter.

Mr. William McKinnell had been sent out with the elevator gang to be the grain buyer and operator. When the carpenters left, he bought the shack and supplies and started the first store in Teulon. A well driller and an assistant came out to drill a well for the C.P.R.; and a gang of men to build a water tank.

Mr. G. B. Hughes in January, 1899, came out from Winnipeg, and bought two lots on Main Street. He built a one-storey building, big enough for living quarters with a hardware store in front; and began a lumber yard. Mr. Hughes had been a policeman. He kept his eyes and his ears open for any trouble. He was 6'2" tall and weighed 327 pounds.

E. Jones built a boarding house east of Mr. Hughes and also a livery barn and moved out to Teulon in the middle of March. Messrs. Carson, Aston, McKinnell and Eslen were happy to be finished batching. Mr. Aston and Mr. Eslen were partners of Mr. McKinnell. They sold out to him that spring.

The winter of 1899 was a very cold one with deep snow; but spring came early, beginning March 17, and soon there was water everywhere. The train had to go through water several places crossing the prairies between Winnipeg and Stony Mountain. There were no drainage ditches in Teulon, except a creek to the south and water lay till it dried up.

The C.P.R. sent out Arni Olson and a big gang to ballast the track. They had their own boarding cars and Mrs. Olson and Mrs. Little cooked for them. Mr. Little worked with the men. When they had finished and moved away, Mr. Bob Mellis came as section foreman and Mr. Little continued to work with him. Mr. Mellis remained until fall when Mr. Lessard and his family came and lived in two box cars. He was foreman for a long time.

Settlers were coming in on every train. The Swedes and Norwegians went west and north and the Ukrainians north and east. The Swedes all had household goods and settlers' effects but the Ukrainians had only bundles of personal effects. They all wore sheepskin coats and high top boots. Some of the women's coats had beautiful embroidery; and they wore babuskas on their heads. As there was no bakery or imported bread to be had, the boarding house had to supply this need.

Mr. McKinnell built a store with living quarters above, in May, to the south of Mr. Hughes. Mr. Jones did the work. Miss Kate McKinnell came from Calgary to keep house for Billy.

Among the new settlers to come in over the new railway, was A. F. Snider and family, with a carload of household and settlers' effects. He purchased three farms formerly owned by McMahons. Another family, Henry Smith, bought E. H. Jones' farm just south of Teulon but did not stay long and sold to Mr. McKinnell.

Church services were started in the back of McKinnell's store. The first service was conducted by Rev. Bunn, an Anglican minister followed, later, by Rev. Baldock.

In August, the Sunday Schools of Rockwood had an excursion to Selkirk. It was the first train-ride for many of the young folks.

The Municipality of Rockwood had roads made two and one-half miles west and two and one-half miles east and one mile south of Teulon. These roads made it possible for settlers to come in to Teulon from all directions.

In the fall of '99, Mr. Jones sold the boarding house to Mr. Collier of Stonewall, and built a smaller place north of Mr. Hughes. A. D. McMahon moved into the boarding house and operated it.

As the mail had to be brought up from Foxton Post Office, W. McKinnell made application to have the post office in his store. The application was granted and the mail was brought in on the train three times a week; and later a daily service was begun. A. E. Hunter was a partner at this time with Mr. McKinnell.

During the first winter and for a long time after, settlers cut and hauled cord wood into Teulon, trading it for provisions and other goods. There was cord wood piled everywhere. The quarries at Stonewall took a great deal of it. Dry wood was worth only $1.30 per cord and green wood $1.25!

In 1900 Duncan Woods built a small store north of E. Jones, but did not have much success and sold it later to Jack Cook. Mr. Jones' house was struck by lightning and considerable damage was done to it. He sold it in the fall to Tom Campbell who built another storey and made it into a general store with living rooms above. Mr. McKinnell sold his store to J. F. Alexander; then married Christina Woods and went back to his farm at Melita, Manitoba. The post office was transferred to G. B. Hughes's Store.

Peter Leslie and his family came and built a blacksmith shop and a house on Main Street. He brought with him a blacksmith named Pete Provost to run the shop. They lived in the house only a short while and moved into the boarding-house which they operated until the following spring. Then they sold the house and the shop and went back to live in North Dakota. Hugh Maginnis, who bought the property, had owned a blacksmith shop at Foxton Corner. He operated the shop in Teulon for only two years, when he died. Others to own the shop were Jens Helm, Jim Dixon, Ed Dolsen, Tom Ogilvie and Wm. Horbetz.

Archie Woods built a flat warehouse beside the blacksmith shop and set up his son, David, in the implement business. David was a good salesman and soon had a good business buying and selling everything.

When Mr. Leslie quit the boarding house, Mr. McNeil took it over. Later, he built one of his own on Main Street where the municipal building now stands. In time, additions were built to the house.

Andy Miller built a hardware store south of Tom Campbell. Weston Montgomery stocked it; and Fred Anderson operated it. Joe McNichol had a tinsmith shop in this hardware store; and after he left, Fred hired Alfred Coupland to clerk and taught him the tinsmith trade. A few years later he sold out to F. C. Green and Mr. Green sold to Woods Limited who, in turn, sold to Jack Johnson who was burned out in 1923.

Dick Blake, who was manager on the Castle farm, erected a butcher shop on Main Street and Mr. Little did the butchering for him. Otto Johnson of Stonewall came and rented the store that Duncan Woods had owned and started a harness shop.

A manse was built for the minister, Rev. Loree, and a Methodist Church was built the following year. A school district was organized and a school built north of the church. The first anniversary supper was served in the school. A class had been taught in the box-car freight shed by Clara Galbraith. The pupilis were Arthur, Florence and Eddie Lessard, Willie Galbraith, Della Little and Percy Jones. Miss Grace Jones, sister of Mrs. Loree was the first teacher in the new school.

The C.P.R. built a new station, replacing it in a few years with a larger one. The first station and freight sheds, all were sold and moved to farms.

George Cook was the next to have the boarding house and the livery stable. He had the first well drilled in Teulon. When Dan Gunn was drilling it, a large bull moose came out of the bush and had a good look at them. Another well was drilled for the village across the street in front of F. Anderson's store. Mr. Cook sold to Otto Johnson and built a cottage across the street north of the boarding house. Jack Johnson operated the livery stable, and built a house and harness shop on Main Street. He later sold to Jack Braidner. He resold to Dave Wood, but operated the business for him. However, he did not stay long. Fred Ward ran the shop for a time, and it was eventually taken over by George Lincoln.

Mrs. Martin had a house built north of Johnson; and took over the post office from G. B. Hughes. The latter had sold to Duncan Gillespie and gone to B. C. to live. Tom Good took over the boarding house from Otto Johnson for a short while. Duncan Gillespie later moved to a store north of McNeil's boarding house where Rosenfield and Finklestein had been in a building owned by Mark Campbell, Sr. Isaac Freedman came to Teulon in 1903, as a cattle buyer. He built on Main Street and did some butchering. Years after, the building became a bakery.

Ed Levins built a house and butcher shop on the corner of Main and 2nd. Streets. This property has changed hands many times with Freedman, Walton, Bergner, Desjarlais all being owners. It is now owned by Stanley Irwin. Mr. Freedman built another store farther north and sold it to Miss Nettie Campbell who after a few years, sold to Stuart Grahame. Mr. Grahame had the top storey taken down and made into a garage which he operated until the time of his death. It was then sold to Teulon Motors managed by Mel Woods.

A second blacksmith shop was built on the corner of Main and 4th Streets by E. H. Jones and operated by W. McCrimmon. The top part was converted into a pool room operated by Clint Buffin.

W. Bond was the first farmer to retire and build in Teulon. John Goosky was the first Ukrainian to live in the village. He owned several acres east of the town site but built his house on Main and 1st Streets which he later sold to Duncan Campbell, Sr.

In 1905 Mr. McKinnell returned to Teulon and bought his store back from Jack Cook. Mr. Cook took over the McKinnell farm south of town. Mr. McKinnell built an addition on the south side of the store. This was used for an office by Dr. R. McDonald. At a later date this part was turned into a restaurant by Tom Galbraith.

In 1906, Steve Larkin and Mr. Burge bought the old boarding house, raised it, built a storey under it, and named it the "Pioneer House". They applied for a licence to open a hotel but the licence was not granted. After changing hands again, the building was burned down in 1908. The Cecil Hotel was built the same year as the "Pioneer House" by Herman Latourell. It was sold, in 1908, to Larkins and Burge who managed it until 1911 when it was sold to Fines Brothers.

After the Pioneer House was burned, Jack Cook bought the lot and built a large livery barn which passed through various hands including W. Campbell and John Heale, who operated it until his death. The structure was then demolished and a car body repair shop now stands on its foundation.

George Clifford built a house and butcher shop on 3rd and Castle Streets and rented it to James Walton. In 1908 J. J. Bond sold his farm and bought the first Freedman store. George Chatfield built a bakery which in 1910 was destroyed by fire.

The Anglican church was moved to Teulon from where it had been built, two and one-half miles east of the southwest corner of John McMullen's farm. The snow was deep; and seven teams were required to move it.

A four-room school was built north of the town site on property owned by the Athletic Club. The top floor was used for a community hall; but was soon needed for class rooms.

W. McNeil sold his boarding house to Joseph Jeffery and purchased a home formerly owned by David Coupland. Ed Dolsen built a house and operated the blacksmith shop after the death of H. Maginnis. Charlie Bond bought Tom Campbell's store and lived in Dolsen's House. F. C. Green built a large brick house, which was bought later by David Wood; and, in turn, by Bert Wood whose son, Bill, now lives there.

The telephone line was built into Teulon in 1909 or 1910. Vernon Little had a real estate office; and built a dwelling house

on the north side of the Beach road and sold it later to Mr. Dan Dicks.

In 1912 a disastrous fire broke out and burned all the buildings south of 3rd Street — McKinnell's store, Galbraith's restaurant, Mrs. Martin's house, the blacksmith shop and the pool room. Mr. McKinnell built another store of concrete with a full sized basement and had a lumber yard across the street from where his first store was. Chas. Bond sold his store to William Campbell and went to Washington to live.

In 1913 a large hall was built by the Social Service club. Mike Slobodanek built a general store in 1914, which he still owns and operates with his son, Walter. W. McNeil bought the store formerly owned by J. J. Bond.

By this time the First World War had begun. Many of the young men who joined up never returned — Roy Stokes, Frank Heale, Gordon McNeil and Ben Martin.

In 1915 Woods Limited bought the McKinnell store and F. E. Carson managed it. Norman McCullough was station agent. In 1916 Mr. Nels Ellison built the first garage and in 1917 he built a house and later a grist mill. He operated the mill until his death when Lars Larson and Peter Peterson looked after it until the Ellison boys grew up and were able to take over the business. They built a chicken hatchery; and each year handle thousands of chickens and turkey poults.

Harry Turner built a garage east of the livery barn and operated it for a short while. Then Charlie Cronmiller rented it and built a brick garage on Main and 4th Streets. Mr. Cronmiller was licensed auctioneer and was connected with Moody of Selkirk and Kerr in the undertaking business. He and Stanley Brooks had the garage until 1953 when it was sold to Bruce Cook, a son of Jack Cook.

Letters patent incorporating the Village of Teulon were conferred on May 6, 1919. The 20th of June, 1919, was nomination day and the vote for mayor and councillors was taken on June 27. Mr. James Grahame was returning officer. The officers elected were as follows: Mayor - Archie Wood; Councillors - F. E. Carson, John Heale Jr., George Elliott, George Lincoln. Officers appointed by by-law at the first meeting were: Secretary-Treasurer - James Grahame; Assessor - W. C. McKinnell; Health Officer and Constable - W. J. Boyd; Health Officer - Dr. A. J. Hunter; Solicitor - H. R. McTavish. The total assessment in 1919 was $142,120.00 Population, 568. Other mayors were George Elliott, H. Druitt, C. Cronmiller and R. Ellison, F. E. Carson.

In 1919 James McLeod came to Teulon and opened a drug store in the building which had been a butcher shop operated by the Waltons. Mr. McLeod bought J. Ogilvie's home and resided with his parents. After many years he had a fully modern home built on Castle Street and in 1954 a fine brick drug store, which he sold in 1956 to W. Blackwood. In 1919 also, W. Story started a barber shop and pool room; rebuilt it after it burned; and ran it until he sold to Peter Natsuk. Fred Heath also had a barber shop and lunch counter; and, when forced because of ill-health, sold to Charlie Woo, who made it a restaurant that was operated for many years. It now stands idle.

The Purity Milling Company built a large elevator in 1920 with J. J. Goulds as manager. He remained until his health failed when Anthony Rybachuk, his assistant, took over. Manitoba Pool Elevators bought it, added an annex on the north side; and later built another elevator south by the section house. The N. M. Patterson Co. built an elevator between the two Pool ones; it is operated by Stewart Dicks. The Pool elevators are operated by Tony Rybachuk and Don Lowe.

James Grahame built a large brick house. A. H. Campbell opened a law office beside the Canadian Bank of Commerce built that year. The following year the Dominion Bank opened with Mr. Watson as manager and later Mr. Graefer. The bank was closed. After World War II, Peter Martin purchased the building and took over the post office from his mother. Because of poor health he sold it to Lloyd Larkin in 1945. The post office was transferred to a new building on 3rd Street in 1956. The Dominion Bank re-opened the branch in 1957.

Dr. Simpson came in 1920 as an intern when Dr. Hunter had typhoid fever. When he had finished his internship, he became Dr. Hunter's assistant and stayed until 1927 when Dr. Goodwin came. He purchased Dr. Simpson's home and took over his practice.

Wm. Brace, of Stonewall, in 1902 erected a flat grain warehouse and sent his son Arthur to operate it. It was sold after a few years to D. Wood, who built an elevator which was burned.

A second pool room and barber shop was built by W. Boyce and later purchased by Raymond Snider who opened a general store. He sold to Mr. McKinnell, who rented it to Charlie Chung who, in turn, made it into a restaurant for many years, finally selling to Clark and Johnson.

James Childerhose had a draying business for a time; and was followed by Clarence Lenton, who operated it until his retirement.

Another big fire in 1923 destroyed the store owned formerly by Tom Campbell, the hardware store and blacksmith shop. A big fire wall Dave Wood had built beside his premises, saved the whole block from burning. Volunteers put the fire out and controlled it from spreading further.

The skating rink and curling rink were built in 1924, with Chas. McPherson having charge of the work done by volunteer helpers. Mr. McPherson had built a work shop and cottage in the village in 1908 and did carpentry in both Teulon and the surrounding countryside for many years.

The Philips Creamery Co. built a creamery in 1927 on the property where McKinnell's lumber yard had been; George Doern was its first manager. He was followed by Leo Magnusson and Frank Dwornick who is still there. Mr. Doern bought the bakery from H. Druitt and operated it until he sold to George Grahame who did the baking himself.

The Grey Goose Bus Co. began a bus service between Teulon and Winnipeg. Harry Pitts was the first driver. The bakery was the bus stop. Mr. Pitts quit driving and purchased Stuart Grahame's garage on 1st Street and began a trucking service. The transfer business passed to successive owners - Harry Vanalstyne, Leo Jeske, George Cruse, F. Compton and finally M. Medock who now owns it.

Four other churches have been built in Teulon besides the Methodist and Anglican. They are the Greek church, built north by the road and lately procured by the Legion, who have converted it into a hall which is in great demand for many functions as well as Legion meetings; a Catholic church and hall, built by the Ukrainians east of the town; and another Catholic church moved in and set on a new, full-sized basement. A Pentecostal church was built on the corner of North Road and Castle Street with Miss Delgaty as the first minister. Rev. Hamilton came in 1946, when an addition for living was made and a sidewalk laid; Mr. Hamilton did much of the work himself.

S. Larkin bought D. Wood's office in 1926 and made a store of it, which is now known as the "Red and White Store". Ten years later he bought the D. Wood implement building and sold implements, gas and oil. He turned this business over to his two sons, Ralph and Hugh, sold his store to S. Thorsteinson who, in turn, sold to Walter Twonick who remodelled it.

In April, 1930 the power and light by-law was submitted to the people and was passed by a vote of 89 to 2. A hydro line was built into Teulon.

After selling to Larkins, Dave Wood had a garage built where Fred Anderson's store had been; and Bert Wood did a trucking business for him, buying cattle and hogs. After Dave died, Bert took over the garage. When he entered politics in 1948, his son, Lloyd looked after the trucking. His son, Bill, operates the garage and Allan Campbell the oil; Lloyd now lives in Winnipeg.

In 1936, when another fire destroyed a store owned by Mrs. Demery and the telephone office, the Manitoba Telephone System built a new brick office. The village built a municipal building where the store had been; and also, purchased a fire engine.

In 1938, the United church had a wing added to the south end of the church. This was used for Sunday School and church meetings and, during the war, by the Red Cross.

When Mr. McKinnell was elected M.L.A., he sold his store to I. W. Schlass and his home to the United church for a manse. O. Brown purchased the old manse. The Church was moved beside the new manse, a full basement put under it and the building modernized. Mr. Schlass operated the store for several years and sold to Alex Peroswich who resold to Mr. Parent, who made a department store of it. He, in turn, sold to Kotchorek Brothers who still own it. The hardware division is operated by Les Reichert for Marshall-Wells.

W. Horbetz had been operating the blacksmith shop built by Leslie. When it was burned, he built a shop where Mr. Mudd had resided and sold implements. John Marks built a shoe repair shop opposite Mr. Horbetz.

Elmer Patterson built a store on Main Street and sold hardware and electrical appliances and supplies. He sold it to McLeods of Winnipeg but managed the store for them, until he left to open a tourist business at Flin Flon. The store is now managed by Mr. and Mrs. Stuart. Beauty parlors have been operated by Harriet Sibinsky and Mrs. Leo Baron.

Leo Jeske had a locker plant and a dwelling house next to it, built east of the school. On the property purchased from John McLean, Stan Smerchanski erected a large work shop.

When the new highway was made, several men began businesses near it. Alex McMahon built a store at the corner of the highway and North road; G. Boyd a garage; Wainwright a garage and home. The auto wrecking plant begun by the late Jack Griffin, is now operated by Pete Rybachuk and Steve Dychuk.

In 1957, the village had the opportunity of having a hosiery factory established and after the local Chamber of Commerce raised the required amount of money, the company rented Stan

Smerchanski's Shop and put in knitting machines and began operations. They now work 24 hours with three shifts daily.

The Athletic Club purchased 20 acres of land adjoining the south side of Teulon and made a park of it. As the area had been under cultivation for years but was badly infested with quack grass, it soon was converted back to sod. Picnics and sports are held there now, previously held on the school grounds.

Hector Campbell built a store east of the Beaver Lumber yard and sells electrical supplies and appliances. Jack Leach is a partner in this store. Opposite the lumber yard the Co-op has an egg grading station. Beside this store is another blacksmith shop. Teulon also had blacksmith shops in the past owned by W. White and Robert Slater. At one time there was also a watch repair shop and a dry cleaning business; but they did not last long.

In 1954 a new hospital was built, a one-storey brick building on the land owned by John Gooski. It holds twenty beds and is fully modern. The old hospital was sold and demolished.

Many lovely homes have been built in recent years and Teulon continues to grow. The curling club and the agricultural society combined resources in 1957 and built a large curling rink at the west end of the park.

Strange, but true is the fact that not a building has burned since the fire engine was bought! That was money well spent!

Teulon's New Elementary School

By Mrs. C. Coupland

February 5, 1960, was a great day for students, teachers and residents of Teulon, when at 2 p.m., a ribbon-cutting ceremony took place at the east door of the new elementary school. Dr. J. M. Goodwin, Chairman of the Board (of which he has been a member for 32 years) welcomed the people. He spoke of the past record of Teulon School, and hoped that record would continue to be upheld.

Rev. R. C. Matthews led in a prayer of dedication, after which Chief Inspector Lightly cut the ribbon and officially declared the school opened.

A capacity crowd of nearly 500 filed into the beautiful auditorium for the program. Dr. Goodwin acted as chairman. It was opened with " O CANADA", followed by two choruses by the elementary students. Dr. Goodwin also introduced the guest speakers.

Mr. Lightly brought greetings from the Department of Education, saying he had been impressed with the sincerity of the school board from the time of its first meeting, at which plans for the new school were discussed. He was also impressed with the co-operation of the municipal authorities who worked closely with the school board in arranging financial details. On congratulating the board for the tremendous amount of work done in planning the school, he paid particular compliments to the board secretary, Mrs. M. Coupland, whose contribution had often been overlooked. He remarked that it had been a pleasure working with her.

Mr. Lightly reminded the students of their duty towards the preservation of the new school. He said sometimes we find new schools open game for destruction. A school should be comfortable, clean and attractive.

Hon. Maurice Ridley, representing the Manitoba Government, praised the efforts of the board for the job done in building the new school. He asked the students to look around and remember how fortunate they are. The teachers, he wished every success in their work.

In the absence of Mayor Ellison, Councillor A. Rybachuk, representing the Village of Teulon, thanked the School Board and its Secretary, and all others, who had anything to do in bringing plans for the new building to fruition.

Reeve Lloyd Fines also voiced his appreciation and congratulations on behalf of Rockwood Municipality.

Inspector G. W. Sadler said the past year was the best education has had. We now have the opportunity to go ahead, he continued, for a new collegiate in Teulon. Further, he said, that as long as school boards are as capable as our division board, any argument about finances would be resolved on the basis of what is best for the children. He congratulated the district on having a man like Mr. Emil Moeller to represent them on the Division Board, stating that in all his years of experience, he never met a man more interested in education.

Mr. H. Procter, representing Interlake School Division No. 21, wondered as he gazed upon the group of intelligent boys and girls, how many would come out with flying colors on graduation day in Grade XII. The fall-out of students was terrific, he said, especially at the beginning of high school. He assured the audience that they were going to be asked for a similar expenditure for a new high school building, and hoped and prayed that the electors would respond as they had for the public school.

Inspector Menzies congratulated the architects and school board for the handsome building, paying particular attention to the auditorium. He trusted it would be used for such games as basketball, which helped to build good citizens, who can hand out as good as they can take.

Mr. Pratt, on behalf of the architects, added his congratulations to the school board and contractor for making the building possible.

Hugh Cook, Grade VIII student, representing his fellow pupils, offered thanks to the School Board for the new building. He contrasted the fine new features of the new school with drab conditions in the old building, recently vacated.

Mr. F. Sawatzky, contractor, thanked the School Board for its co-operation.

Mr. Ralph Trombo, Principal, welcomed the citizens on behalf of the staff, and remarked upon the melancholy feeling he experienced upon leaving the old school. He was, however, exceedingly glad to be able to undertake his duties in a new atmosphere. "But", he added, "I will never forget the old."

Dr. Goodwin called upon many former teachers to stand. He also read a telegram from Dr. George Dragon, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, a former student, who wished the school every success, stating he still cherished many pleasant memories of his school days in Teulon.

The program was interspersed with selections presented by the elementary school children, whose contributions followed the general theme, "We are the future of our Nation."

Rooms 1 and 2 contributed three numbers of folk dances, led by Mrs. Bruce Campbell and accompanied by Mrs. L. Campbell. Room 3 directed by Mrs. M. A. Robinson, presented an item of Choral Speech. A song by Room 5, was directed by Mrs. J. Gretchen, and accompanied by Mrs. L. Campbell.

After the singing of the National Anthem, lunch, supplied by the school board, was served by the ladies and collegiate girls.

In the evening, the school with all its lights aglow, presented a lovely picture; and over 100 visitors viewed the building at their leisure. Later all were served lunch, thus closing a very happy and successful day.

Faith Of Our Fathers

An address by R. A. Quickfall to the 35th Anniversary Meeting, of Gunton Local No. 219, of the United Grain Growers, Limited, November 26th, 1954.

My remarks would not be complete, tonight, unless I made an attempt to introduce the very early settlers and pioneers of this Gunton-Greenwood district and their contribution in establishing this farming community.

I have chosen as a topic: "Faith of our Fathers". It was because our pioneer settlers had faith in God and the west and the communities which they founded that our great western country is what it is today.

This township of Greenwood 15-2 E was surveyed in 1871. Its settlers began to arrive in 1872. I am using Greenwood as a term, rather than Gunton, because Greenwood is the township. Gunton came later and is surrounded by Greenwood township. Our early settlers, coming mostly from Ontario, found a district here not unlike their homeland — beautiful forests of poplar on the ridge to the west and great green meadows and park-like lands to the east, with springs of clear crystal water.

They were 500 miles from a railway and 30 miles from a store; but they had a great faith in God and in the future and in this new country.

The Greenwood School was the first school built this far north. A meeting was held in Ned McKivor's house in February, 1877, to discuss the possibility of a school, with the result that a district was formed. The trustees were elected at this meeting. A school was built. The trustees appointed their own assessor to assess farm chattels on which school taxes were collected. They sat as Court of Revision on a certain appointed day and received complaints re assessments before the municipality took over.

In 1876 the first shipment of wheat was made from Winnipeg and the West to Eastern Canada. Mr. John McKivor contributed 17½ bushels of wheat grown on his farm, just a few miles from Gunton.

In 1878-79 the C.P.R., building in from the east, established their roundhouse at Selkirk. Intending to use that point as a terminal, they extended their right-of-way in a north-westerly direction, passing just north of Gunton. The right-of-way was brushed out and the telegraph line erected known as the McKenzie line.

Some of the settlers had employment for a short time. This project was later abandoned — to the disappointment of the settlers.

Organization of the Rockwood Municipality in 1880, followed closely by the C.P.R. to Stonewall on its way west, brought a closer market for grain. The long cold trips to Winnipeg by teams (mostly oxen) were no longer necessary. A flour mill was established at Stonewall and also at Balmoral, where grain was taken for grist. Grain then was purchased at Stonewall. The coming of the C.P.R. to Teulon in 1898 brought the grain market still closer. A grain warehouse was built at Teulon by Wm. Brace, the mill owner from Stonewall; and an elevator was built at Balmoral.

Gunton is seven years younger than Teulon. It was not till the quarries started at Gunton, in 1905, that siding was put in here. A year later Gunton got its name.

It was around 1908 when the Grain Growers Grain Co. was first introduced to the Gunton farmers. I believe it was Malcom Stanbridge, from Stonewall, who held a small meeting in the English Church — then used as the school — and explained the possibility of shipping some carloads of grain over the platform to the Grain Growers Grain Co. In the following years a number of carloads of grain were shipped over the platform. Among the early shippers were Billy Quickfall, T. Porter, Donald Simpson, James Morton, Mac MacDonald, Geo. Cockerill and others.

Early in the year 1919, at the close of the First World War, a number of outstanding men in our district were successful in organizing our Gunton local of the United Grain Growers, with the idea in mind of selling shares to establish a grain elevator here at Gunton. Leading this movement was the late L. P. Bancroft, Chairman, and Ellwood Fraser. Other members of the Board were James Gillespie, John N. Campbell, R. W. Sargent. By the fall of 1919 the elevator was completed. Its first grain buyer was Ronald Hill; and its first delegate to Calgary was R. W. Sargent.

At that time we had the United Farmers of Manitoba sponsored by the U.G.G. A debating team from Gunton, Mr. L. P. Bancroft and Mr. Ellwood Fraser, after a series of debates won the championship of Manitoba — having had as opponents such outstanding men as Judge Adamson and Stanley Knowles, later M. P. Later Mr. Bancroft was our representative at Ottawa.

As the early settlers colonized our district of Greenwood and Gunton, the U.G.G. colonized and pioneered the west making its first start in 1906. It now has 687 elevators conducting the business of the farmer, for the farmer, by the farmer. Great progress has been made in farmer co-operation since that time. The U.G.G. ele-

vator agent is the farmers' friend, always ready and willing to serve. Our present grain buyer is Mr. Norman Herd — present here tonight.

Many years have gone since the coming of the pioneers to this community. They have nearly all passed on; and we, who are left, cherish their memory. The lands they homesteaded are our farms today. The springs of clear crystal water still run. The great herds of cattle that once pastured on the great green meadows are gone. The tall majestic poplars that crowned the ridge to the west are gone, but, in their place, a younger generation has sprung up — symbolizing the farmers of today.

The old trail that brought the settlers in has been ploughed under. Only here and there can you find its trace. In its place we have a new highway, paralleling the old trail, that leads into the north where high speed motor cars travel. Great trucks, laden with produce, leave our district over this road, daily. Great busses pass, carrying among their passengers pioneers of newer settlements in the north. Beautiful and well-lighted homes cover the landscape. Great grain fields have replaced the green meadows; and, in the busy season, the sound of the tractor is heard day and night.

There is a great change in our district since the days of the pioneer. The long, cold trip to Winnipeg seeking a market for grain is past. Instead, the U.G.G. elevator is here, supplying a market at our back door.

Passengers by car or bus who travel the highway turn their eyes westward and see our elevator silhouetted against the western sky. They do not know the story behind our district; but we, the sons and daughters of the pioneers who do know, gaze with admiration at the achievement of our forefathers.

I am proud of our U.G.G. elevator at Gunton. It symbolizes the spirit of the pioneers. It stands alone as a cenotaph. At our banquet here tonight we are celebrating its 35 years of service to our community. In the years to come we believe our U.G.G. local and elevator will go on to greater service — working in harmony with the descendants of our pioneer settlers and bearing witness to the tale I have told.

John Harrower ——

Early Brant Settler

By Jack Inkster

Mr. J. D. Harrower first saw the light of day in the U.S.A.; but he came to the Red River Settlement of Kildonan at an early age. He located on the N.W. ¼ 23-14-1 E and married Miss Victoria Polson. They had two sons, one of whom, Alex, served overseas in the First World War. The older son, James, a retired bank manager, lives in B.C. One daughter died in infancy and Mrs. Harrower died at the same time.

The spring of 1895 was a very early spring. Easter was late. On Easter Sunday, the wheat seeding in the area was practically completed.

On Easter Sunday morning, a neighbor, Mr. Craik, who lived on S.W. 33-14-1 E arrived to have dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Harrower. The day was very warm. As they sat at the noon-day meal, they heard a crackling on the roof, which they mistook for a shower of rain. They continued to enjoy the meal, and neighborly talk. Too late they realized that the crackling noise was not rain — it was fire! All the Harrower buildings were completely destroyed, together with all their livestock, except one horse which happened to break out of the stable, badly singed; and one brood sow.

Later, Mr. Harrower became a noted feeder of beef cattle. In the spring of 1919 he shipped what was rated the best finished car-lot of steers to be delivered at the Winnipeg Stock yards up to that time.

The Burial of Sir John Moore

From the school readers of bygone generations this old poem by C. Wolfe marches, with measured meter, back into the memories of pioneer school days.

Sir John Moore was one of those rare, immense characters and born leaders, who in his day (the early 19th century) was revered by the entire British army. His men held a deep affection for him. The brave Sir John Moore fought a desperate battle with Napoleon at Cortina in Spain on January 16, 1809. He had 2500 men. Napoleon

had 7000. At an early stage of the battle Moore was struck by a cannon ball. He died in the moment of Victory.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried,
Not a soldier discharged a farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning
By the straggling moonbeams misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor shroud we wound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread on his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
But little he'll care, if they let him sleep on
In a grave where a Britain has laid him.

But half of our heavy work was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory,
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone - with his Glory.

Funeral of Mr. V. W. McFarlane

From the "Stonewall Argus"

Not Stonewall only, but Rockwood as well, devoted Friday, August 7, 1925, to the honoring of the memory of Mr. V. W. McFarlane, whose loss is so deeply deplored. Close upon one thousand people were assembled to pay him the last tribute.

The Masonic Order took charge of the rites and conducted them in a very effective manner. After the private service in the home, the casket was borne through the lines formed by the members of the order to the hearse. The procession proceeding to the Municipal Hall was formed as follows: Clergy, Stonewall lodge No. 12 A.F. & A.M., Reeve and Council of the Municipality of Rockwood, Mayor and Council of the Town of Stonewall, Mayor and Council of the Village of Teulon, President and Executive of the Union of Manitoba Municipalities, President of Manitoba Good Roads Association, Reeves and Councils of the rural Municipalities of Woodlands and Rosser, Hearse, Chief Mourners, Municipal staff, Returned Soldiers of Rockwood, Stonewall Lodge No. 49 I.O.O.F., Wide Awake Bible Class, Salvation Army and Tecumseh United Farmers. These various organizations came near to filling the hall. The remaining space was quickly filled by other citizens, many of whom could not find entrance.

His Pastor, Rev. J. E. Lane, took charge of the service. The Union choir, of which Mr. McFarlane was president, had arranged the music; being besides the hymns, and anthem, "Yea, Though I Walk Through The Valley Of The Shadow Of Death," a solo by Mrs. E. Frayne, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," another by Mr. H. A. Lawson, "Vale" were beautifully rendered.

Scriptures lessons were read by Revs. Mason and Irvine, prayers were offered by Rev. W. H. C. Leech and Rev. J. W. Anderson; Rev. J. E. Lane taking as his text "Know ye not that a Prince and a great man is fallen this day in Israel?" paid a masterly tribute to the excellencies of the character of the deceased, in his public life, his community service, his church and his private life.

Besides floral designs sent by personal friends, wreaths were placed about the bier of the Masonic Lodge, the Municipality of Rockwood, Town of Stonewall, Village of Teulon, Reeve and Councillors of Rockwood, Municipal Office Staff, Union of Manitoba Municipalities, Good Roads Association, Stonewall School Board, Methodist S. S., Methodist Church, Methodist Ladies' Aid, Union Choir, Returned Soldiers of Rockwood, United Farmers of Tecum-

seh, I.O.O.F. Lodge, press room boys of the Free Press, Winnipeg Supply & Fuel Co., and the Municipality of Rosser. An Anchor was sent by the Salvation Army and the Citadel Band; A broken wheel by the Old Timers of Rockwood and a Sickle by the Wide Awake Bible Class of which Mr. McFarlane had been President for many years.

The long cortege then proceeded to the cemetery, where the beautiful Masonic funeral rites were conducted.

The thought that prevailed in all minds was the amount of valuable work accomplished in a short life. "That life is long which answers life's great ends."

A Forgotten Congregation

By R. A. Quickfall

At the intersection four miles north of Balmoral, on the old No. 7 Highway, stands the "Old Red School." This nick-name had been given by the drivers for the bus companies. The original name was: "Greenridge School, No. 211." Built in 1885, the year of the North-West rebellion, this school immediately became an outstanding community centre.

The pioneer settlers surrounding the school were from Ontario — good men and true. They chose that district because it had what they said at that time was necessary for a good farm — lots of wood, stone and good water. They grew the finest of grain and vegetables, raised first-class livestock, kept good homes and provided an excellent living for their families. Many outstanding members of these pioneer families have contributed to the fine example of citizenship in the community, proving leaders in many fields of activities.

The first trustees of the school were R. B. Smith, C. Slater and Thos. Porter. The first teacher was Miss High Court, who proved to be the master of her ship. She weighed 180 pounds. Stories of this teacher have been told and re-told many times to the younger generation. For years, her strong-arm tactics were remembered by her scholars.

Other teachers at the school were: Thomas John Smith, Annie McFarlane, Richard Fines, Mr. Emsell, Maidie Ellen Rutherford and William Lyon McKenzie, beside several more. The school was closed in 1911, when consolidation came into effect at Balmoral and Gunton.

But this is only part of the story of this great community; for, as soon as the school was built, a church and Sunday School was established, affiliated with the Methodist Church. Mr. Laidlaw was the first minister to conduct services. Previously, worship was conducted in private homes by Mr. Meriam and Mr. Dyer.

Greenridge services were linked with those of East Dundas, and later with Teulon. Imagine the long, cold drives the ministers endured in those days!

The Sunday School was well organized. Mr. William Edgar was perhaps, the first superintendent; later, Mr. John S. Fines. His record as superintendent is wonderful. He never missed a Sunday for nine years — except when school was cancelled.

When the church was built at Gunton in 1907, services were discontinued at Greenridge, much to the regret of some of the old families. One old chap was heard to remark to the minister: "You are a mean man to break up our little service at Greenridge."

I like to think back over the years and recall the changing scenes that I have witnessed. The old town line we called "the-North-and-South-road" at that time was a busy spot, especially in winter, when some days from 50 to 100 teams would go by the school. This was the main highway to the North country, where there were wood camps and saw mills. Strings of teams went north in the morning and returned late in the day with cordwood for the quarries at Stonewall and loads of lumber for building puposes.

At threshing time, when labor was exchanged, we went around among our neighbors the day before threshing and got the help we needed. The old portable threshers used were hauled around by horses and oxen. The grain in those days would be stacked in the farmer's yard. The threshing outfit would be placed between two stacks. Two men cut the bands on the sheaves and two men, in turn, fed the separator. The straw was carried out of the way and stacked.

Preparing for threshing was a great time. We would get a pile of dry wood ready to burn in the engine; and it was a sight to watch the sparks fly from the old smoke stack. When dinnertime came there was a long blast from the whistle! All hands would have a foot-race to the house for a piping hot meal!

The Slater family did most of the threshing. They never made a fortune at it, but were always interested in satisfying the farmers. Some one asked one of the Slater girls one day how many men lived at their home. She said: "Well, there's John and Tom, Wes and Bob, Will and Jim, and father." So, you see, they always had lots of help.

Around twenty-five to thirty pupils attended the old school. From the southeast came the Mortons, Cliffords and Quickfalls; from the south the Porters, Scotts and Slaters; from the east the Martins, Stills and Fosters; from the north the Blacks, Brills, Watsons, Smiths and Cosens; and from the northeast the Johnstons.

These scholars are scattered all over the North American continent today. Five of the boys who attended the school now sleep in Flanders Fields. Many others who fought for freedom came home again. Some still live close by.

We remember too, the picnics, socials, the meetings and the good times when we walked home with the girls in the moonlight. Those were the good old days!

Dr. & Mrs. Evelyn Honored

A representative group, consisting of members of Rockwood and Stonewall Councils, Ladies' Auxiliaries, Hospital Board and Doctor Area, along with Doctor B. McQueen, Dr. Potter, Mrs. Riddell and a few others met at the Rockwood-Stonewall Medical Nursing Unit on Wednesday afternoon last. The occasion was to honor Dr. W. F. Evelyn, on the eve of his retirement, and Mrs. Evelyn.

Some twenty or more filled the sitting room; and among them was James Lindsay, who was chairman of the first Hospital Board and Municipal Doctor Area, retiring in 1962. He was made a life member at that time.

Councillor John Harcus acted as chairman; and paid a high tribute to Dr. Evelyn for his untiring work and kindly attitude. "The Doctor has completed 35 years with us", he said, "and during that whole time, has placed the people he served in the fore. No matter what time of day or the night, no matter what the weather, he could not say no to any who needed medical attention. His life has been one of devotion to duty, equalled by a very few and excelled by none."

The chairman called on the Mayor H. K. Hutson to perform a special duty. The Mayor came to town a couple of months after the Doctor; and they have been close friends ever since. He expressed regret at Dr. Evelyn's retirement, which takes effect Dec. 31 of this year, 1963. The Doctor had always given of his best; and his retirement will be keenly felt by all in this district.

Mr. Hutson addressed most of his remarks to the Doctor, and spoke on behalf of all the organizations represented. Dr. Evelyn,

he said, came to us in November, 1928, and had attained the highest traditions of his profession. Retirement comes to us all and for the Doctor he wished a long and happy one.

The community wished to recognize in some tangible form, the services rendered by a devoted and selfless man; and presented him with a purse, containing a cheque in the amount of $3,200.00.

Mrs. Wm. Yule, on behalf of the Auxiliaries, presented Mrs. Evelyn with a beautiful bouquet of red roses and Mrs. Jos. Saundry handed over a book with copper-tooled cover, containing names of all subscribers.

It was very evident Dr. Evelyn was surprised. He said the cheque was almost unbelievable and he extended thanks to all who made it possible. He praised the boards and auxiliaries, who have done so much to help in the great work, and for giving him Dr. Potter to assist in the last six months. All have been very kind he said, and more especially the last few months when he had to go "easy" on account of health. Speaking of retirement, he said, one looks back over the years and is often asked whether you would do the same again, and he remarked that were it possible to turn back the clock, he would have no hesitation in doing so.

He spoke also of his wife's devotion, to whom he paid highest tribute, saying how on many occasions meals were late or hurried because of duty and of times when he was called out at night and did not return till morning. He said, "We (Mrs. Evelyn and I), are very conscious of the kindness we have received from you all."

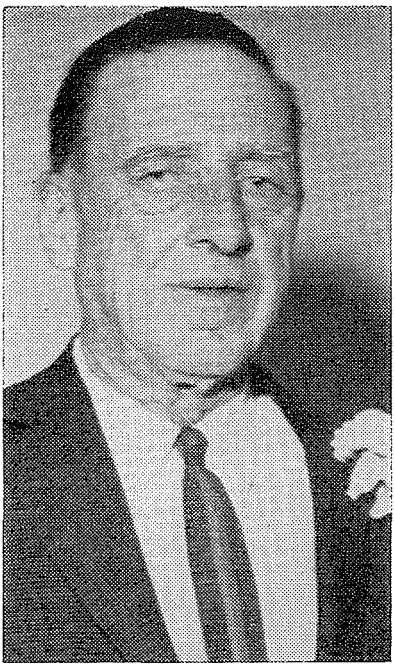
Following the happy occasion, a lunch was served by the hospital staff, and a pleasant hour spent with picture-taking, etc.

—"The Stonewall Argus"

Final Tribute To Dr. Evelyn

Stonewall and district was saddened Tuesday morning, May 5, 1964, when word was received of the death of Dr. W. F. Evelyn, beloved husband of Elsie Evelyn at the age of 66 years, at the Winnipeg General Hospital.

Dr. Evelyn was born in England, coming to Canada at an early age. He served overseas in the first World War; was a life member of the Canadian Legion, Stonewall; a charter and honorary member of Stonewall Golf Club; and a graduate of the University of Manitoba. His early education was received at Machray School, Winnipeg; at Westbourne, Man., where his father was



Dr. William Frederick Dawson Evelyn

principal for 19 years; and at Gladstone. He then attended St. John's College, Winnipeg, for a time; and in February, 1916, enlisted with the 184th Winnipeg Battalion as a runner.

He was gassed in France in 1918 and was demobilized in April, 1919. Following this he taught school for a year, after which he enrolled at Manitoba College to pursue his first love — Medicine.

The next six years of his life were fully occupied with his studies.

His internship at Regina General Hospital was followed by the young doctor going to Northern Manitoba; to Saskatchewan; and later, to Morden. In November, 1927, Rockwood, Stonewall and Dr. Evelyn came together. Stonewall has had many doctors prior to this, and now required a young and rugged man to minister to the health needs of the district.

In Dr. Evelyn, Rockwood found a man, a friend, a doctor, to whom his calling, training and abilities were above all else; and over the years Stonewall was most fortunate to have had the devoted service of such a selfless man for so many years, whose consuming thoughts were always his patients. In January, 1933, he married Miss Elsie Clack.

Dr. Evelyn retired from active practice the end of 1963, after thirty-five years of caring for the ill. In January, the doctor, with his wife and daughter, left by motor for a holiday in California, for several months. Shortly after his return he was taken to the Winnipeg General Hospital suffering from his old ailment, his heart; and though his progress toward recovery was reported to be good, death came unexpectedly Tuesday morning.

There is so much that could be said of the great doctor. He will be missed by his many, many friends, former patients and business associates as he passed to his great reward, loved and respected by all.

Surviving, besides his wife and one daughter, Sandra at home, are two sisters, Mrs. W. J. Butler (Sylva), of Arden, Man., and Mrs. O. Patteson, (Oretta), of Winnipeg.

Funeral service was held on Friday, May 8, at 2:30 p.m., in the Church of the Ascension, Stonewall, with interment in the family plot, Stonewall cemetery.

The Rev. J. C. Martinson officiated, and delivered an eloquent address, pointing out some of the many fine qualities of the deceased. It was an inspiring eulogy, worthy of a great man who went about doing good, whenever and wherever needed. Many a life, he said, has been saved, many a burden lifted, by the doctor's quick action, any hour of the day or night. No one ever heard the reply, when appealing for help, "Wait until the morning."

Hundreds of persons, from all walks of life, could not gain admittance to the little church, and stood around in the cold afternoon with heavy hearts and bared heads, while the service was in progress, to pay a final tribute. A loud speaker helped to carry the message delivered.

Pall-bearers were H. H. Shepherd, J. Harcus, J. A. Boyd, C. F. Larcombe, B. T. Dawson, and Lloyd Fines.

The A. D. McKenzie funeral home was entrusted with arrangements.

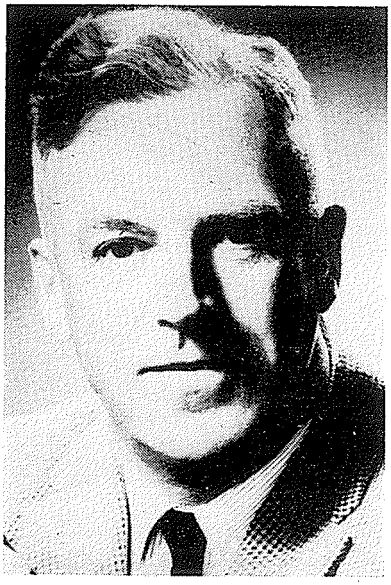
— "The Stonewall Argus"

Ben Lewis

Among the outstanding individuals who have made great contributions to their home district and to the Municipality of Rockwood, the name of Ben Lewis ranks high.

Early in his life he was elected to the Rockwood Council; and he later became reeve at a time when the municipality was heavily involved in debt. Rate-payers were so discouraged that many of them were talking of refusuing to pay their taxes; and allowing the municipality to go into liquidation.

The bank had complete control of all Municipal finances and of all tax monies collected. All cash received for sale of property immediately became the property of the bank. These were the years of the terrible, thirsty "Thirties." The Municipality owed the bank $100,000! All monies for school repairs, roads and operating expenses had to be begged from the bank.



Ben Lewis

Ben Lewis organized his council into a shrewd business administration. School boards were consulted and asked for co-operation. Through the direst depths of depression, every school was kept open. In some school districts, very little school tax was collected. The relief situation was terrible in the northern part of the Municipality. Every family on relief received consideration — although some of the councillors were harshly criticized by individuals who had less sympathy for their unfortunate fellow man.

Gradually, Rockwood recovered. Through careful administration and firm economy measures, the municipality steadily moved away from the clutches of the bank; and, step by step, climbed to solid financial footing.

Since that time Ben Lewis has "gone places". For several years he was secretary of the Milk Producers Association; then member of the Milk Control Board of Manitoba; also secretary of the Manitoba Federation of Agriculture and Secretary of the Manitoba Blue Cross. Now living in B.C., he carries on his lifetime of public service in the position of Executive Secretary of the B.C. Co-operative Union.

Back-Tracking Into Yesterday

by R. A. Quickfall

Leaving Winnipeg by way of Logan Ave. West, we proceed along the Rosser Road to Atkinson's corner, which is the junction point. As we turn north and continue on old No. 7 highway, we approach the Lilyfield district. Here we pass the stately homes of the Lawrences, the Stewarts, and the Laing Bros., descendants of the early pioneers of the district; over the old Hickey ridge, of "wagon trail" fame, passing through the town of Stonewall, with its famous white limestone quarries.

Continuing north along this road, the beauty of the landscape is revealed in a sweeping panoramic view. As we gaze to the

north, to the east, or to the west, we see tall evergreen formations, marking the homesteads of the early pioneers, planted by them when the trees were only shrubs.

As we travel on, we come to the picturesque village of Balmoral, twenty eight miles north-west of Winnipeg, nestling snugly in the valley of the Jack Fish Creek. The fine wide bridges, the grand old trees, the pretty white cottages, and the stately old church, present a magnificent picture.

But it is not the Balmoral of today that I wish to tell about. I would like to take you back to that other day when the first settlers came in the years of 1874 to the early 80's — before there was any highway and when adventurous young men and women left their Eastern homes in search of new lands.

Into this district in those pioneer days came John and Norris Fines, John Peden, James Jefferson, James Barbour, Tom and William Coverdale, Bob Andrews, the Holt Bros., William Ashdown, a brother of the late J. H. Ashdown, founder of the hardware company, and George Hyde.

William Ashdown started the first store and was appointed the first postmaster. Alex Scott opened the original blacksmith shop. George Hyde's homestead and pre-emption furnished the townsite and James Barbour gave the village its name.

Settlers coming in and settling close by and to the east were the Storey family, Andrew and James Mitchell, John and William Scott, William Andrew, Allan Bristow, William McQuarrie, the Tocher Bros., Saville Morton, James Sutherland and John Clifford.

To the southeast were the Fergusons, Andrew Hunter, Ebenezer Sutherland, Martin Shipley and the Curries.

While the country to the north was being settled, there must have been many anxious homes in Ontario. Grey-haired mothers and fathers must have spent many anxious hours thinking of (and praying for) those young men and women who had left their eastern homes. Many were parted forever; but the loss to Ontario was a great gain to our community.

Skilled in the use of the axe and scythe, and with their eastern experiences these hard-working pioneers soon erected new homes, made new fields and harvested the first grain, some of which was threshed with a flail!

Johnny Dahl, in Victoria, was perhaps the first to thresh with his horse-power and small separator. The Quickfalls, to the north-east had a similar outfit. Instead of the thresher going from farm to farm, the machine was staked down in the yard and home-

steaders came with their wagon-loads of sheaves. The precious grain was carefully threshed and bagged. In 1880, a flour mill was erected in Balmoral. This was a great convenience to the settlers. Balmoral now was like the hub of a wheel — with the many trails that led to it, as spokes.

The schoolhouse was built near where Holloway's blacksmith shop now stands. The first teacher, I believe, was Miss Jennie Wells. McEwen built a store. Two blacksmith's shops were built — one by Alex Scott and the other by Archie Robinson.

The country to the north was now settled for many miles. Over these trails came the homesteaders with grist to the mill and with their plowshares and coulters to the blacksmiths.

Away from the north came Andy Miller, Billy Jack Boyd, Faithful and John Heale, William Galbraith, Henry King, the McMahons, Daddy Lashbrook and the Scotch and Irish Campbells. Sometimes these men brought their young lads along. When David Campbell came, perhaps young Eddie was with him; and when Duncan Campbell came Jimmy or Dunky would accompany him. Sometimes the good wife or one of the daughters came with their parasols and sun-bonnets; and, while the head of the family looked after his grist and his shares and coulters, the good ladies exchanged their butter and eggs at the store for household necessities.

The hotel and livery barn had been built, and large plank bridges erected over the creek. The rumble of the wagons over the old plank bridges had a sound like distant thunder. From early dawn until late in the day, the blacksmith and his helper pumped the old bellows; and the first thing one heard when approaching the village, was the ringing of the anvil and hum of the mill.

Mr. R. Rutherford sold his hotel to Mr. J. C. Skinkle, and started in the general store business. He proved to be a good merchant, and soon established an excellent business bringing in his supplies from Winnipeg, and later from Stonewall, by stage. Post offices were now established at Greenwood, Foxton (Dundas), and Pleasant Home. Mr. Rutherford, who was also the postmaster for Balmoral, was responsible for the safe arrival of the mail at these points.

The livery barn was much in demand. Settlers and travellers passing through found it, the hotel and the boarding house great conveniences. Mr. Skinkle was a genial host, attending well to the needs of his guests, and cheering the weary traveller on his way with many a good yarn!

The first church in the district was built on John Peden's farm, a little more than a mile west. It was later moved into the

village. The first minister was the Rev. Merriam, followed by the Rev. Joe Dyer. In 1883 a little Presbyterian Church was built in Victoria. Rev. McFarlane was the minister who took the first charge; and the first settlers laid to rest in the new cemetery were Alexander (Sandy) Storey and his brother, James. Then the fine old church that stands in Balmoral today was built, in 1889. The men who contributed their money and time to the building of these two fine old churches are worthy of much praise.

Among some of my earliest recollections are those of attending services in these churches. I still remember some of the first hymns sung there. One of the families that added greatly to the success of the interesting services held in the Balmoral Church was the family of Norris Fines. They were a choir in their own home; and always faithfully rendered excellent service to the church.

In the building of a new community, back in those early days, there seemed to come men who fitted into each trade and occupation necessary for the welfare of the community, such as the miller, the blacksmith and the storekeeper. Perhaps one of the best all-round men coming to Balmoral was William Manning. Taking over the mill from Mr. Buckpitt, he operated it for a time. Later he established a sawmill in the north. Besides this, Mr. Manning proved to be a good farmer and thresher.

A brass band was organized by Bob Hillburn, consisting of eighteen members. This proved to be a real achievement, with several outstanding musicians discovered in the district. This band operated for several years and journeyed to Stonewall, Winnipeg and surrounding districts, playing all the tunes of that day. It was known as "The Balmoral Brass Band", which was later shortened to the "B. B. B." Members of the band were: Charlie Allen, Wallace Harvey, Billy Watson, Elmer Hillburn, George Williams, George Holloway, Edward Morton, James Barbour, William Andrew, Alfred Andrew, Oliver Andrew, D. G. Williams, James Clark, Sid. Patterson, Jack Brill and the organizer and master, Bob Hillburn.

In those early days of Balmoral the ox-team was everywhere in evidence. Perhaps it was because it took less grain to feed them and less care; or, perhaps it was because these settlers had been used to driving oxen in the past. However, some of the early settlers were really good at driving oxen. Some boasted that they could pick a bull-fly off the ox with the end of a whip lash, without touching the animal.

A good story is told of Mr. Charlie Slater, one of the early pioneers, and father of the late J. H. Slater. Charlie was at the

hotel in the village one day and some of the men there were boasting of their oxmanship. Charlie bet them he could bring his team up to the platform by the hotel, stand on the sidewalk, start his oxen, and, by word of command, turn them completely around and bring them back to where they had started. Several men took him up; and the test was made. Charlie had one very fast ox, the other very slow; and, as soon as they started, the fast ox took a circle around the slow one and the team came back to the starting point! Charlie collected his bets!

It was the Wells Brothers, Walt and Alf, who brought the first steam thresher into the district. The portable engine and separator were moved about by oxen or horses. The separator was fed by hand; the straw was conveyed on a carrier and stacked away by hand. As the grain came out, it was measured in bushel baskets. Threshing became a great science and perhaps the most successful and scientific thresher to use this new power machinery was Wm. E. Cook, now of Maymont, Saskatchewan.

Balmoral district has seen the threshing system changed six times in less than seventy years. First, the flail was used; then, the horse-power — followed by the portable steam outfit. Then came the giant traction engine, with the separator boasting self-feeder, blower, and elevating and weighing bagger. This was followed by the gas tractor, smaller outfits and, finally, the combine has found its way into the fields. These modern machines seem to be labor-saving devices — but have robbed threshing of its earlier excitement and sociability.

The early pioneers had a real spirit of co-operation. Each neighbor seemed to feel it his duty to help the other fellow in the exchange of work.

In the early settlement of this district (as in other communities) things were ever changing. In the case of many homesteads, there were successive owners. Samuel Cleland took over the homestead of Wm. Ashdown, Charles Mollard came in from south-east Victoria, where he had first homesteaded. John McClure came a little later from near Brampton, Ontario; and Sidney Preston, came from the east and bought the blacksmith shop from G. Sellers, who had purchased it from Alex Scott. Mr. Preston sold it to Mr. Holloway, whose sons, George and Sid, are still in business after over fifty years of service.

The school was rebuilt across the north road further to the east; and was the foundation of the education for the children of the early residents. Then, in 1914, the present four-roomed brick school was built and consolidated. It included the school district of Bruce and part of the school district of Greenridge. This has proved to be a great success. Here, children have re-

ceived their high school education, and only require normal school before obtaining a teacher's certificate. Others, after receiving Grade XII, take up various business careers. Vans now bring the children within the district to school.

The early settlers experienced many trials and hardships. One of the greatest problems was that of obtaining supplies. Some outstanding feats performed along this line include carrying home on his back from Winnipeg, fifty pounds of flour by John Peden; also by Noris Fines. In another case, Saville Morton broke up his garden plot and did other team-work with a pony and a heifer. In 1876, the first wheat shipment from Manitoba was sent east by steamer and Neil McLeod was one of the contributors. The years from 1874 to 1900, saw great progress in the Balmoral district. It was during these years that a model farming district was set up. The countryside had changed from an uninhabited district to, perhaps, one of the most up-to-date farming communities in the West.

Well-planned farmsteads had been developed where the work was well arranged and every job well done. Great pride was taken in the fine four- and six-horse teams. Well-groomed and well-broken horses worked the farm land with great success.

In 1898 the railroad came to Balmoral. The village was twenty years old by this time; and much business had been transacted there. The coming of the railroad and its extension northward changed the method of handling mail, as the post offices in the north were also changed and got mail service by train.

During the years 1903 and 1904, when the great North-west was calling for settlers, many of our Balmoral people, descendants of the old pioneering stock from Ontario who had first settled this district, turned their thoughts westward. The blood of adventure was still running in their veins! We still remember them; and we, like those old Ontario people who had, in the '70s and 80s, witnessed the exodus of their sons and daughters to Manitoba, shared in the same sadness to see our good friends depart to make homes in a new land, pioneers anew!

The districts of Battleford, Maymont and Radisson, Saskatchewan, were the destinations of these Balmoral people. They included; the families of Wm. Andrew, W. E. Cook, J. C. Madill, Bob Williams, R. Rogers, J. Mitchell, and John Scott; and, as young men: R. J. Andrew, Joe Peden, Ackie Robertson, Graham Florence, George Florence, W. T. Storey, and Ernie Andrew. Twenty-two homesteads were taken by this group. Their settlers effects were shipped to Saskatoon. Thence, they moved some fifty miles with their own teams, as the railroad did not pass through their district until some years later.

Seeing Balmoral today we note that the whole district has been transformed. Over the great highway through the village pass swarms of vehicles, cars, trucks, tankers and busses. Some slow down, and a few stop for refreshments or supplies before speeding on again.

Many of the fields, once producing only grain, are now the gardens of Manitoba. Hundreds of acres are cultivated for potatoes and other garden truck. Some of these market gardeners make as many as three trips a day to Winnipeg with garden produce, a far cry from the early days when it took three days to make one trip with oxen!

Most of the farmsteads have new tenants. Among the families still holding down "the old homestead" are: Joe Fines, on his father's farm; Gordon and Jack Barbour on their grandfather's farm and pre-emption; Billy Clifford has his father's pre-emption; and Oliver Mollard his grandfather's farm.

So time has rolled on. The old trails that brought the settlers into the village with their grist to the mill are mostly plowed under. The ox-teams are gone. The old mill, the hotel, the livery barn, have long since been victims of fire. The old Ontario farmers have passed on. In their wake they left fields that were well and truly tilled!

Only with the melting snows of the north-west, or when the heavy June rains come, does the creek rise in all its glory, forcing the waters under the great white bridges, swirling around the sturdy old maple trees, and washing the walls at the back of Holloway's old blacksmith shop, then rushing on to the east to join the waters of Wavy Creek, eventually to be lost in Lake Winnipeg.

A new and well-trained choir now sings in the church. Old familiar faces are gone from the congregation but the same majestic spire points to those higher things. The proud old evergreen trees planted by those early settlers seem to stand as statues to their memory.

The story of Balmoral and its early settlers, like the waters of the creek, will eventually be lost in the great sea of time. Yet, there are still a few who can bear witness to my tale; the silver-haired lady you meet at the church or post office, or the old gentleman with the cane, will tell you of that other day.

We, the descendants of those early settlers, recall these memories with pride; and hope that, as time goes on, we shall see here, always the real sterling character that was portrayed in the men and women who laid the foundation of this great community.

Criminal Tragedies

"Into each life some rain must fall"; and, even in our community, with all its reverence for law and order, sometimes falls the heavy hand of criminal tragedy.

Circumstances point to the conclusion that a young girl, Nora Inman, of Gunton, was foully murdered on the evening of July 1, 1913. Strange to say, she was not missed until her body was found by the little daughter of Thos. Holt, while picking berries in the bush on her father's farm. On Dominion day, the Inman girl, who had been working for Mrs. W. C. Ross, went to her home in Gunton, to spend the day. As she did not return at night, Mrs. Ross supposed that she had remained at home.

The girl had been at home, and set out in the evening for the Ross place, and her parents supposed her to be there in safety, until her body was found ten days later. A strange-acting fellow, said to be a "dope-fiend" who had been about the town for some time, was not seen after July 1, and he was at once suspected of the crime, and arrested in Winnipeg.

"The Stonewall Argus"

Stonewall district was horrified on Monday, December 9, 1916, to hear that Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Vincent, of Victoria, had been murdered. All that is yet known with certainty is that the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent were found on the Monday evening at their home, some seven miles northeast of Stonewall, both having been shot. Mrs. Vincent's body was in the dining room, where she had apparently been making ready a meal; Mr. Vincent's body was found in the granary, covered with horse blankets. Many rumors are afloat, and suspicion points to Bert Spain, a hired man, as the murderer. Spain drove into Stonewall on Saturday, left a horse at Sims' livery barn, paying $5.00 for its keep for a few days, then made some purchases at Genser's store, and left for Winnipeg.

The murder was not discovered until Monday when Mr. J. Pulfer called at the house to canvass in the municipal campaign and found the door locked. He called at the home of Mr. T. Sibbald, not far distant and he and Mr. Sibbald went over to the Vincent home, where they discovered the murdered bodies.

The murderer is supposed to have been prompted to this awful deed by the knowledge that there was a large sum of money in the house, which is now missing. The sad event has cast a deep gloom over the whole neighborhood as Mr. and Mrs. Vincent both

belonged to well-known families, and were widely known and very highly respected. Mrs. Vincent, before her marriage, was a Miss Gall, and was on the staff of the Winnipeg Schools for some six years.

An inquest was held yesterday by Coroner McLeod, and a verdict of murder by some unknown party was rendered.

— "The Stonewall Argus"

What I Saw ——

by R. A. Quickfall

The day had been showery and the roads were slushy. I had gone to the village of Gunton to post some letters and pick up the mail. As I left home, my wife cautiously warned me to watch out for the train at the crossing. I dropped the letters into the mail-box; and was told the mail had not arrived as the train was late.

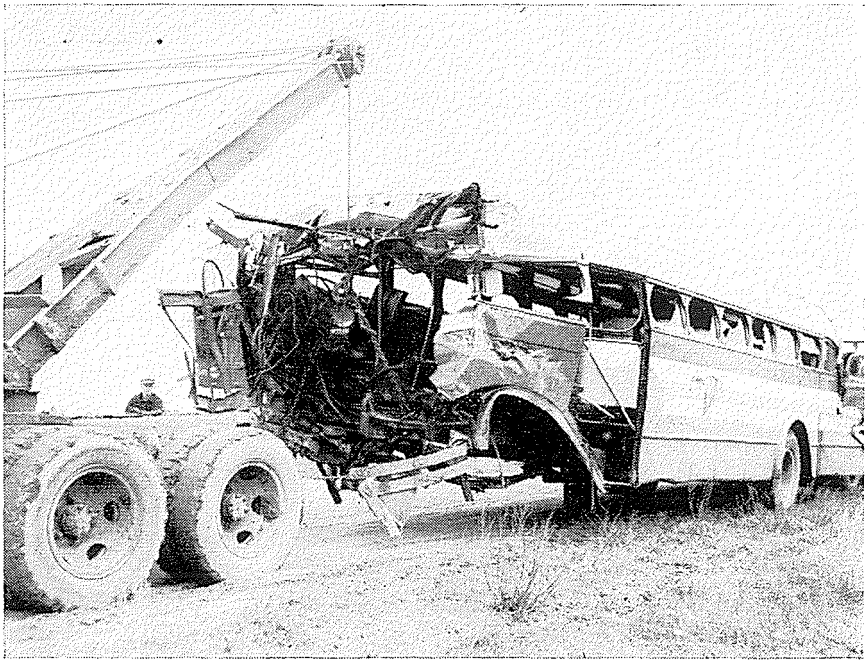
The Grey Goose bus from Winnipeg, with its load of passengers, slid in quietly, stopping at the cafe, as usual. Two of the school teachers alighted and, also, some other passengers. The bus then swung into gear, and was soon around the corner. I heard the whistle of the train at the half-mile post south of the station. Then, in a few minutes, a boy raced past on a bike, calling out that the bus had run into the train.

Mr. Gaudin, the storekeeper, jumped into my car and we soon saw that the report was only too true. The train had stopped north of the crossing. The bus was still upright, its front crushed and twisted. It was swung almost around. It was a terrible scene. Some of the passengers were staggering around. Through a space where the door had been, was a mass of blood. A girl was dead in the twisted wreckage of the front end.

They carried a girl out and laid her on the grass. Another girl, badly hurt, was made comfortable for the time in the bus.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gilson from Greenwood came along; and no better help could have arrived at such a moment. Mrs. Gilson immediately took command of the situation. Her ability to comfort the stricken passengers and to get the cars rolling to the hospital was wonderful. Picking up Hugh Campbell, who was bleeding badly, I was one of the first to get away.

Mrs. Gilson pleaded with the bus driver, who was badly hurt, to get in a car and go to the hospital. He insisted on staying on the spot, saying the police would want to question him.



Wrecked bus at Gunton.

As I sent my car forward at high speed, my thoughts went back to another day 36 years ago on April 9, at Vimy Ridge. It was my initiation on the battlefield. I had been attached to the stretcher bearing party. Twenty of us with five stretchers. We were held in the jumping off trench for 20 minutes after the boys went over the top. Then we were ordered to pick up the wounded. We met some of the boys staggering back, bleeding terribly. Almost the same scene as I encountered at the bus, except for the noise of battle and deep mud.

As I got onto No. 7 Highway I met Dr. Goodwin. I knew it was he. His terrific speed told me it could be no other. Other cars were following him. Mr. J. R. Poole, the postmaster, who had witnessed the crash, had phoned the doctor and police. Later he conveyed some of the injured to the hospital.

The doctor gave immediate attention to the two girls who were seriously injured, and had them conveyed to the hospital — one to Teulon, the other to Winnipeg.

Arriving at the hospital about fifteen minutes after the crash, we were met by the nurses who had been informed only a few minutes before to prepare for the injured. Only five girls were there at first. It is hard for me to describe the wonderful work

done by Miss Mary Yak, the Hospital Matron, and her staff. The injured were arriving every few minutes. Seven beds had to be brought in from storage space, besides linen and rubber sheets. Attention was immediately given to the more seriously injured persons. Mr. Gaudin and I made an attempt to assist with setting up the beds. Nurses and other help came from the Village of Teulon. The injured were placed in every available space, the corridors, the operating rooms, and the kitchen.

Dr. Goodwin was on hand, also Dr. Evelyn from Stonewall. Harry Buckingham, of Stonewall, was detailed to police duty at the door to keep the idly curious from coming into the crowded hospital.

Once again my thoughts carried me back to those days long ago. Once more I was at the dressing station back of the front line, where the wounded were being brought in on stretchers; and the khaki-clad boys were lined up waiting for medical attention. There at the dressing station were girls ready to give valuable aid. Here, again, were these brave nurses working swiftly and systematically like one machine, stripping off blood soaked clothing, laying the injured on the beds. Inside of two hours all the injured had received first-aid medical attention and were resting comfortably.

Adding to the strain put upon the doctor and nurses, an expectant mother was brought into the hospital; and a new life was ushered in.

It was 2:30 a.m. when the nurses were able to get some rest. I came away from the hospital about 9:30 p.m. and went back to Gunton, where a large crowd had assembled at the scene of the accident. By this time, darkness had engulfed the countryside, but a street light situated on the corner, shone down on the mud-spattered and totally wrecked bus.

The engine on the train was badly damaged, as the bus had hit the driving shaft by the three big driving wheels and buckled it. Another engine came from Winnipeg later and the train went on to Arborg.

Four R.C.M.P. officers were there checking careless smokers, as gasoline was spilled from the bus onto the ground. It was near midnight before the citizens of the community settled down, astounded and worried as to what would come next.

In the course of a lifetime we see strange things happen. The boy at school reads of battlefields, while later in life he is there in reality. A girl reads of Florence Nightingale. Later, she may find herself there in reality — another "Lady with the Lamp."

The passengers on the bus were unaware of their fate. Such is life. Let us live for the good we can do; and try to be prepared.

Mr. A. E. Clarke

by Mrs. Stewart Matthewson

In any history of Grassmere, mention must be made of Mr. A. E. Clarke who, in 1919, moved from Winnipeg with his family to the farm formerly occupied by Mr. Colin McDonald. This farm, located four miles west on the Warren Road and one half mile north, was an excellent location. It was near the Grassmere school, Ekhart; and surrounded by fine old families, such as the Durants, McKerrachers, Tom Calders, Alex Calders and many others, who warmly welcomed the Clarkes to the community.

Grassmere School was the centre where everyone met to hold dances, meetings, Christmas concerts, debates, spelling bees and many other interesting events.

At this time a movement was on foot, in which the farmers became actively interested. The United Farmers of Manitoba, as it was called, was organized; and Mr. A. E. Clarke became president of the Grassmere division. He served in this capacity for many years; and, when he retired from office in the UFM., he was secretary of the large division of Selkirk.

In 1931 "A. E." as he was often called, was elected a councillor for Rockwood; and served on many worthwhile committees in the best interests of the people. He remained in office as councillor for six years; and, then, was elected Reeve where he served for four more years. While Reeve, he carried on the policy of Mr. Ben Lewis, his predecessor, in reorganizing and rebuilding municipal finances; and curtailing unnecessary spending.

Mr. Clarke became a member of the regional Advisory Committee for the Veterans Land Act; and continued in this for some years, meeting and helping many hundreds of veterans to become established.

In 1939, Mr. Clarke was appointed one of Manitoba's two supervisors in the Wheat Acreage Reduction Program. He had the northern half of Manitoba, a very large territory, with many problems arising. When the program was changed to Prairie Farmer's Assistance, Mr. Clarke continued as supervisor. He worked for the government for sixteen years, met many wonderful people, and tried at all times, to help the farmers to the best of his ability.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Clarke

Soon after moving to Grassmere, Mr. Clarke became interested in the agricultural society, quite a strong organization at that time. He served as president for two years; and director for eighteen years. He also was a trustee for Grassmere School for a number of years. He became president of the local Pool elevator when it was first organized; and held that office for two years. He has remained a member for many years and is still very interested in the "Co-op Movement."

Mr. Clarke has always taken a keen interest in politics, the welfare of the Liberal party his great concern. He was president of the Liberals for Selkirk constituency until it was taken in to St. James, and secretary of Rockwood Liberal Society. He acted as returning officers for many years.

Mr. Clarke and family had for many years spent the winters in Stonewall or Winnipeg. Finally, in 1948, moving to Stonewall he took up residence at what is known as the Health Unit; and later purchased the home owned by Mr. Don Campbell.

In 1953, at the request of a group of the town's citizens, Mr. Clarke was persuaded to enter the mayoralty field. He became mayor and remained in that office until, due to ill health, he resigned in 1958.

Mr. Clarke is at present living in Stonewall, just as interested in current events, town politics and community betterment as his numerous past activities would indicate.

* * *

The heights that great men oft have reached
Were not attained in sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept, were
Toiling upward in the night.

Changing Scenes

by R. A. Quickfall

It was the custom of the settlers who came from Ontario to Manitoba to name their townships. Thus, township 16 - 2 East, in the Municipality of Rockwood, was named Dundas. The east half was called East Dundas and the west half West Dundas. Long before No. 7 Highway was built through the centre of the Township, the settlers had made that dividing line.

Early in the '70's, the two Campbell groups, the Scotch and the Irish, had taken as homesteads and pre-emptions, more than half of East Dundas. This was, and is, a beautiful district, a great park land, with poplar bluffs, haylands and springs of clear crystal water.

But this story is of West Dundas, which is much different from the east half of the township with good land, heavily wooded and quite a lot of stone.

Among the settlers were the McMahons, John and Faithful Heale, William Ross, the Lashbrooks, Henry King, the Endersbys, Ben Teskey, Adam Storey; and, later, the Mudd Bros., Duncan Galbraith, Paul Jefferson, William McNeill, William Galbraith, William Coupland and E. Jones.

The first school in West Dundas was built in 1881. Mr. Faithful Heale was chairman, Mr. Henry King, secretary, and Mr. J. C. Fraser the first teacher. It was named Windsor School. This gave the whole district the name of Windsor District. Later, the Orange Lodge was organized; and a hall built half-a-mile north of the school, called the Windsor Orange Hall. In later years, the Presbyterians built a church south of the school, known as Windsor Presbyterian Church. These community centres were well patronized in the early days. The school was filled with smart, eager scholars, and many outstanding business executives came from that school.

As a recreation centre, the Orange Hall was much in demand. With an enthusiastic Lodge, a fife-and-drum band was soon organized. The Hall was used mostly for dances and there were plenty of good fiddlers in those days — especially for the Scotch and Irish jigs and reels. An Independent Order of Good Templars was also organized, with good results, not only at that time, but also in later generations.

Good use of the hall could have been made for worship, but the old Christian families felt that the house of God and the dance hall should be separate places. Great picnics were held there; and good ball teams were challengers for other districts. Windsor football team was hard to beat.

Among the most active farmers were the McMahons. Coming from Ontario via the Dawson Trail, they brought good horses and farm equipment and soon had good grain-fields. The little settlement was called the Garden of Eden. They were the first settlers to haul loads of grain to the Stonewall market and grist to the Balmoral Flour mill.

The trail they used was known as "the road to Sixteen." It ran through sections 5 and 8 in 16-2, south through 32-15-2, west of Gunton 29-15-2, and came out on the east side of Balmoral, near where Mr. Thos. Fox lives. This was a much-used trail and for many years it was the life-line of the northern settlement, until the government ditched and graded the township line. Old Sixteen Trail is noticeable yet, through sections 32 and 29-15-2. It was as straight as a survey line, and was 40 rods east of the road allowance. A polebridge on section 8-16-2 made a crossing on the Ross Creek.

Archie Wood lived east of the dividing line between East and West Dundas, but he always associated himself with West Dundas. He and his family were always active in the church and school. They were the best educated family in the North at that time. All received their public school education at Windsor school. Mr. Wood was a successful farmer. The Mudd Bros., too, grew good crops; and stayed a long time in the district. The McMahons had the first portable steam threshing outfit; but, in later years, Heale Bros. were the real threshers in the district.

Time has rolled on. The old settlers and their families have passed on, or left the district. The old farms all have new tenants, with larger fields and more modern equipment. Windsor school district was taken into Teulon Consolidated School district.

The coming of the railway to Teulon, in 1898, changed the whole pattern of the community. The story goes that the Windsor district was the original destination when the C.P.R. extended its line north from Stonewall; but some influential individuals from the North-East went as a delegation to the C.P.R. officials and persuaded them to go a couple of miles further north. Had they stopped east of Windsor, the school, church and hall could have been used for years.

On the west side of the township, Mr. McPherson and his four sons acquired homesteads. They were all carpenters. Two

sons, Charles and Hugh, took up the trade in real earnest. Hugh went to Matlock and followed his trade there, but Charlie made his home in Teulon, and his carpentry work was a masterpiece. From Stonewall to the end of the steel at Arborg and Hodgson, many of the finest structures testify to his skill and workmanship.

In the early 90's the government put in a drainage ditch from the McMahon settlement through the Ross Creek channel. This project provided a good drain for the waters from the north-west which formerly flooded these lands. A bridge was built over the ditch a mile west of the Orange Hall. Parts of the pile driver used in the construction of this bridge were carried away by some of the lads, who were later taken to task for their actions.

Mr. John Gibson had a blacksmith shop on the west side of the Township, and his services were in great demand and appreciated by the settlers.

There were no properly dedicated cemeteries in the early days. Burial places were often just a secluded spot on someone's farm. Such was the procedure in West Dundas. Near where the Orange Hall stood there is an old burial ground where quite a number, perhaps ten or twelve, were laid to rest. A number of the bodies were moved to Windsor cemetery in later years, but some are still there. One of the earliest burials was that of Mr. Lashbrook. When the funeral party came to his grave they found it dug north and south, instead of the regular custom of east and west. However, they laid him to rest and he still lies there in the field. No one knows the exact spot. Across the road allowance to the east, there are a number of graves overgrown with trees and brush.

The Orange Hall has long since been torn down; and Windsor School closed and sold. Services at Windsor Presbyterian Church were discontinued in 1912, when the congregation consolidated with Gunton. As to the cemetery, the first burial was that of Mr. Duncan Campbell, Sr., in 1895. Many of the friends of the pioneer families are resting there, and new graves appear from time to time. But the old church refuses to surrender, for it stands dark and alone, on a little hill, with its doors and windows boarded. A great evergreen tree stands as a sentinel watching over the graves of our loved ones.

Times have changed, yet the memories of those early pioneers will linger in the hearts of those who knew and loved them. They set an example of citizenship which many of us today could well afford to follow.

Pioneers Of Dundas

by R. A. Quickfall

The wonderful story entitled "The Early Settlers of Dundas", written by Mrs. O. W. Brown of Teulon, and printed in "The Stonewall Argus" tells the early history of a great people and their magnificent achievement in establishing a grand community. My life has been lived close to the border of this community; and many have been my associations with these families. I did not know "Grandpa" Campbell, but I well remember his descendants. Let us go back, back to that old home in Ontario, in 1873. We would find the senior Mr. Campbell with a family of seven boys and one girl. He was anxious to see his sons settled. Four of them were already married.

I understand he was a man who was familiar with the scriptures. Perhaps he saw that passage in Genesis where God told Abraham to leave his kith and kin and go unto a land that He would show him. He left his family at home with the exception of Mark, whom he took with him. Surely Mr. Campbell was guided by that verse of scripture when he came so many miles to the great district that he named Dundas. Truly, here was a new land of great acres, parkland, meadows, springs of running water, lots of game, and logs for cabins.

This was really new land. The surveyor was at work in the district, but his chain and stakes were not there that day. Mr. Campbell, on his own survey of the district, must have seen the deep blue spring and its waters rolling away in the creek it had made itself, and thanked God for guiding him to this great land. He left his son, Mark, there; and, after staking twelve claims for his family, returned to Ontario. What a story he could tell back home!

His influence must have been strong, for four young wives had to be convinced that this was a great opportunity. The following summer, 1874, their belongings were packed and loaded on a lake-boat bound for Port Arthur and the Dawson Trail, which would lead them to their destination.

The party got delayed along the Dawson trail awaiting the arrival of a new son (Dawson). When the baby arrived, they were close to a friendly Indian encampment, and the young squaws came in numbers and were thrilled to see the new white baby. They were determined to take the baby in their arms; and a guard had to be posted in order to protect the child.

Mr. Campbell and his daughter Elizabeth, left the boat at Duluth. Miss Campbell had been taken ill on the boat, and Mr. Campbell brought her by way of stage from Duluth to Moorhead, then down the Red River, by paddle steamer, to Winnipeg.

The Wolseley expedition had been in Winnipeg for some time, having arrived in 1870. The regular troops had left, leaving a garrison of Canadian militia on guard duty. On the wharf that day was a tall, smart young soldier, by the name of Ben Spearman. He was talking to an officer; and when Mr. Campbell and his daughter stepped off the boat, Ben snapped to attention. "Excuse me, Sir," he said, "Here is my wife and her dad. I must go to them." He had never seen either of them before in his life! Going up to them he politely told them where they could find accomodation. Believe it or not, he later married the girl!

On his discharge from the army he was given military bounty land — a half-section free. He immediately proceeded to the Dundas district and took the west half of Sec. 35-16-2 East, later owned by Ben Hanson and Lawrie Malpas. Miss Elizabeth Campbell had taken hometead rights on the S. E. Quarter 14-16-2 East, later known as the Beckstead farm. The happy knot of matrimony was tied between Benjamin Spearman and Elizabeth Campbell. They became known as Uncle Ben and Aunt Lizzie to the younger generation and after selling their farm to Mr. Beckstead, they went to Stonewall district to live.

Among the early settlers in Dundas was a gentleman known as G. U. White. He was a councillor for Rockwood, and a magistrate. His four lovely daughters were admired by the gay lads of the neighborhood. Mark Campbell was one of the lucky fellows. A sister was undecided for awhile. Eventually she wrote,

> "They talk about the Dundas boys,
> And blow them up you see,
> But the long legs of Greenwood,
> They are the boys for me"

So she established her home in Greenwood, and became Mrs. Tom Bowman. The two younger daughters married two brothers, Dan and Harry Dicks. Emma still lives in Teulon.

Another early settler was Mr. Savage, a huge, strong man. He carried 200 lineal feet of lumber from Winnipeg, on his shoulders, to finish his cabin; and later a cook stove! Big Johnnie used to say: "If you don't believe me, I will take you down to the bog and show you his tracks yet!"

Then there is the story of Billy Jack Boyd. While fixing his fence one day he looked up and saw a maiden stranded across

the creek. Better than Sir Walter Raleigh, he waded through the creek, gently picked up the girl in his arms and carried her safely to dry ground. She later became his wife. Romance? Ah, yes, romance was alive in pioneer days!

Years have passed and the younger generation grew up. The virgin prairie and bluffs are become great grain-fields. Herds of cattle pasture on the grass land, and quench their thirst from the brooks of the ever-flowing springs.

Some one asked young Mark Campbell "How deep is the blue spring?" His reply was, "A team of horses took a dive in one day and it was three days before they came up again."

Many of the descendants of the Irish Campbells became well educated and found new occupations in far away places. Others established themselves as outstanding farmers and home-makers. Working with them in the threshing season, one was impressed with the co-operation of these families. They had well-kept horses. Their equipment was in first class shape. They had lovely big fields of clean grain. Stook and grain wagons worked like clock work. A team and wagon would always be ready to take the men from the threshing machine to the house for dinner; and after dinner was over, a team would be waiting to take them back to the fields.

These rides were thrillers. Magnificent, matched teams, raring to go, would take you across the fields to the threshing outfit sometimes a mile away. Someone would say "Here comes Sam! And John is coming up on the right. Hold your hat, boys!" The race was on! Ben Hur and his chariot race had nothing on those boys. But, if you wanted to get to the machine first, you had better ride with Eddie!

One of the favorite threshers was Billy Heale. For many years his big steam outfit threshed the golden grain. Bill was a jolly man and his attitude blended with that of the Irish boys. Coming in one night to the kitchen where the boys were washing up for supper, after an exceptionally good day, (threshing well over 4,000 bushels), he said: "Well, we haven't done much today, boys, but we'll give her hell tomorrow!"

Time has swiftly passed. Some of the early pioneers are gone and others are in retirement. The younger generation of Irish Campbells are still on the land. New faces can be seen on a number of the old farms. Great highways and good roads have changed the picture. Electric lights have been installed in the homes and the barns. Cars, tractors and combines are everywhere.

This is a different spot to the district Mr. Campbell colonized; but it still is Dundas. The blue spring is still deep and clear. The creek has been deepened by a drag line. Excess water is carried away to Netley Creek and to Lake Winnipeg. The great marsh to the east is now grain farms.

Situated on the Campbell homestead is Dundas cemetery, where the remains of this fine old generation rest in peace. The evergreens planted years ago over the graves of loved ones, wave in the western breeze and seem to murmer, "This is hallowed ground, this is Dundas. Surely God is in this place."

May we living here today never forget the sacrifices made by those grand old pioneers in order that Dundas district should be a better place in which to dwell.

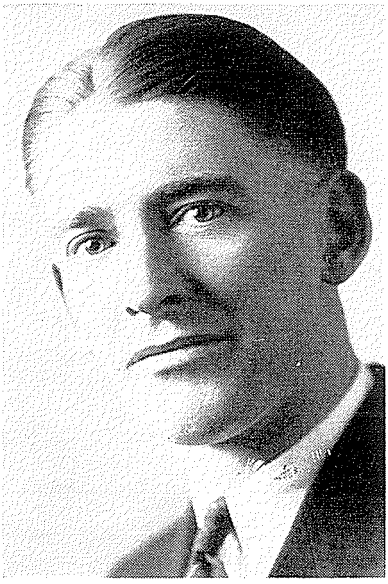
Signs Of Rain

Written in England many years ago, doubtless by one who knew that — however well he worked his land — the harvest he reaped depended largely upon the weather.

The gusty winds begin to blow.
The clouds look black, the glass is low.
The scot falls down, the spaniel sleeps.
The spider from his cobweb creeps.
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws —
Sits licking on her whiskered jaws.
Hark! how the chairs and tables crack!
Old Betty's joints are on the rack.
Low on the ground the swallow wings;
The cricket too, how sharp he sings.
Just see yon rooks how odd their flight
They imitate a gliding kite.
How restless are the snorting swine.
The busy bees disturb the kine.
Loud quack the ducks; the Peacocks cry.
The distant Hills are seeming nigh.
The dog, so altered in his taste,
Leaves mutton bones on grass to feast.
Last night the sun went pale to bed;
The moon in Halos hid her head.
Twill surely rain, I see with sorrow;
Our jaunt must be put off tomorrow.

Leonard Fines

by R. A. Quickfall



Leonard Fines

In almost every district and community we know individuals who stand out from other men in lives of great usefulness.

The Gunton district was fortunate indeed, to have Leonard Fines born and raised there. He took a great interest in all community affairs; and was particularly active in church and school affairs. For a time he taught school.

His friendly and genuine personality and his mastery of the violin made him an excellent entertainer. His ability made him a leader in organizing social events.

Leonard Fines was an accountant for the Winnipeg Electric Company for some years. When failing health made him unable to carry on his office-work, he retired to his home in Gunton. He contributed to his community as secretary for school, for church and also for the Gunton Memorial Hall. To all these he gave generously of his time and energy.

His passing in 1955 was sadly mourned by the people of his community — who acknowledged, with gratitude, the contribution made by his lifetime among them.

* * *

I would be true for there are those who trust me,
I would be pure for there are those who care,
I would be strong for there is much to suffer,
I would be brave for there is much to dare.
I would be friend of all the lonely friendless,
I would be giving and forget the gift,
I would be humble for I know my weakness,
I would look up and laugh and love and lift.

Vimy — Where Canada Was Born

By R. A. Quickfall

April 9th is an outstanding date. It was on April 9, 1917, when our Canadian Army in France stormed and captured Vimy Ridge. The front line was well established on the western slope of the Ridge. British and French Armies had lost 50,000 men when they climbed the western slope of that ridge and entrenched themselves firmly along its crest. These lines were taken over by the Canadians in December, 1916.

This great height of land, at its highest point 470 feet above the surrounding country, ran northwest and southeast for several miles. It rose abruptly on the west side; and sloped gradually to the east.

With characteristic thoroughness, the Germans had fortified the eastern slope and crest of the ridge with field guns, trench mortars, machine guns, deep dugouts and mine galleries in the chalk. Their defences were as impregnable as experienced ingenuity and determined labor could make them. In addition, every comfort had been added for permanent occupation. Officers' quarters were well equipped with French first-class furniture, pianos, etc. Billets for other ranks were supplied, with hospitals, lighting plants, etc., all dug deep and steel-and-concrete reinforced. The job the Canadians had to do was to capture the whole Ridge and drive the "Jerries" clean off to the flat country eastward.

I had enlisted in Winnipeg in April, 1916, with the 203rd Battalion — an offshoot of the 90th "Black Devils". After training at Camp Hughes, Manitoba, and at Bramshott and Seaforth, England, Jim Sutherland and I were drafted to the 44th Battalion, in France. We joined our unit on April 7 at a place called Bouvigny, about seven miles west and north of Vimy. Here the Battalion had gone through long, intensive training in preparation for the big event.

Our draft of fifty men, being newcomers, were put in carrying parties. I was detailed to a stretcher party, to carry out wounded to the dressing stations after they had been given first aid on the battlefield. The Battalion was up to strength; and was supremely confident. We were now with real soldiers: experienced, hard and tough. Next morning was Easter Sunday. Tremendous commotion — sergeants barking orders, corporals getting each section out on parade for final inspection of equipment: gas masks, rifles, water bottles, ammunition, Mills bombs, rifle grenades — checked and re-checked.

There was an old grindstone continuously in use — every soldier putting a razor edge on his bayonet! Late in the evening the battalion, after final inspection, was handed over to the commanding officer. After a few tense moments the order came: "Battalion will move to the right, 'A' company leading."

We were away on the road to Vimy. At that same hour other Canadian battalions were doing the same thing. The capture of Vimy Ridge was the work of 100,000 Canadians.

We marched along sunken roads and through broken villages. Only heaps of rubble remained. Dusk settled. In the east we could see German flares going continuously. They kept this up from dark till dawn, all the time. Streams of great German shells whistled back over our heads, falling with a tremendous crash, sometimes nearby. As we approached, shell-fire became more intensive. The battalion had now broken up into smaller parties. We were halted from time to time. We were getting closer to "The Ridge".

The shelling was now terrific. We were broken into still smaller squads, and were hustled across the little Souchez River and valley, heading for a big tunnel dug away under the Ridge for half-a-mile in the chalk. Light bulbs dangled here and there, from a lighting plant that had been installed. Here our Battalion was under cover for a time. Water was knee deep in some places.

Among the men of the 44th that night were Frank Heale, Jim Patterson, Len Billings, Charlie LeMasurier, Jim Sutherland, Fred Fell, Jack Dorrian, Norman Rutherford and many more I had learned to know well. After what seemed to be a tremendously long time, the sections began to move forward. Zero hour was approaching. Our carrying party was the last to move out.

Climbing up fifty-odd narrow steps, we came out on the top. It was terrible! The roar was deafening. The whole country to the west seemed to be packed with guns, each pouring death and destruction on the Germans. They, in turn, were giving us everything they had. Machine gun bullets crackled and screeched over our heads. As a boy at the old Greenridge school, I had read the battle stories such as the "Charge of the Light Brigade" and the battle of Waterloo. Now, here, I was on a real field of battle more terrible than one can tell or even imagine .

The sergeant took us to Hospital Corner for a number of stretchers. We left our rifles, packs and ammunition there, and returned to the line. He said, "Our boys went over on this front. Go ahead out there; pick up the wounded and bring them into the dressing station." This dressing station had been chiselled out of the chalk at the mouth of the tunnel.

A snowstorm of blizzard intensity had developed. We began the long and terrible task of getting those boys to the dressing station. The mud was like soup. Sometimes we sank to the hips and could only push the stretchers along the ground — all day into the night, and all night in the moonlight. I was broken down; my back would not let me lift. We secured help from the ranks.

Dr. Strong, our Medical Officer, told me not to try to carry any more, but to take a white flag, locate the wounded boys, and get them brought in from the battlefield. There, on the top of the Ridge, half-buried in mud and badly shattered by gun-fire, was a Massey-Harris binder. The words were plain: "Massey-Harris, made in Canada."

I was famished for food, and I told the first aid corporal. "Well," he said, "you don't need to be hungry. There's lots of food laying around out here. All those dead fellows have their rations in their packs."

"Oh my gosh," I said, "I couldn't eat that!"

"Why," he said, "that is fresh and good. Here, eat mine, and I will get some." He rolled a dead young German over, and took some black bread, sausage and a can of jam out of his pack. We both sat down in a shell hole to feed ourselves.

Not long after our boys went over the top that morning, we saw the long strings of German prisoners coming back, flanked by well-bayonetted guards. We knew how the fight was going. This continued all through the day — 11,000 German prisoners were taken in the capture of Vimy.

On the night of the third day, the battle was over as far as Vimy was concerned. The Canadians had routed the Germans off the Ridge. The weather had been terrible, rain and snow! Now the sun came out brightly. We saw strings of new troops coming in to relieve us. They were English regiments from Cornwall and Devon. As they took over their posts they called gaily, "Good old Canadians; good old Canada!"

Back from Vimy, we went to rest billets. Dead on our feet. No sleep. No rest. After clumping back a few miles from Vimy, the men were ordered to fall out and rest. They dropped like logs. I think some of them were asleep before they hit the mud.

We stopped at Arloux, "Winnipeg Camp". There we met our field kitchens. No worry now from German shells. Their batteries were silenced and disorganized. We fed ravenously on bacon, porridge, potatoes, bread and tea — lots of it. After a good sleep we proceeded back to our billets at Bouvigny. Not all — some 260

were casulties, plus 23 missing, 66 known dead. The Battalion was rebuilt as new troops came to us.

Again, intensive training, preparing ourselves for the next big drive. The summer of 1917 was one drive after another. The Germans were pushed back! The 44th Battalion had 2,200 casualties in 1917, more than two full battalions killed, wounded and missing.

The battle of Vimy was my initiation. It was the first truly great **Canadian** victory. Far more: it was the focus of trials, tribulation and training which produced the certainty of our Canadian nationality. Vimy — where Canada was truly born!

* * *

I live for those who love me, for those who know me true,
For the Heaven that smiles above me and awaits my Spirit too,
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Major Frank Cockerill

Frank Cockerill was born in Lincoln, England. He came to Gunton in the year 1907; and later started a small store at Rockspur, just a mile south of Gunton when the stone quarries at that point were very active. A few years later he went into the general store business in a bigger way in Gunton village proper. Later he had the post office in the store.

When war broke out, in 1914, he was very active in the "Fort Garry Horse". He immediately enlisted and took a number of men from Gunton and district; and proceeded overseas with the Fort Garry Horse.

On his arrival back in Gunton, after several years of service overseas, he married Miss Violet Bowman, who had managed his general store business in his absence.

He was an outstanding merchant and good community man.

When war broke out in 1939, he was made O.C. of Veterans Guard; and is generally known as Major Cockerill. He is now retired and resides in Gunton.

Major and Mrs. Frank Cockerill

Norman Rutherford

By R. A. Quickfall

As time passes so do great personalities. I met and learned to know Norman in France during the First World War, when he was a soldier in the 44th Battalion.

On Thursday afternoon last, September 20, Mr. Len Billings, another member of the 44th, and I, attended his funeral at Grosse Isle. We knew him to be a great fellow among his comrades in the line and out of it, a great conversationalist, with a friendly smile. We had seen him on the battlefields of Vimy, LaCoulotte, Avion and Mericourt, at Hill 60 and 70, in the terrific battle of Lens on August 23, 1917, and at Passchendaele.

We met many times at the 44th Battalion re-union and dinner, where we went over the battlefields again, and rehashed old experiences with our old comrades and buddies.

Norman Rutherford

The little church at Grosse Isle was filled to capacity with his many friends of his private life that he lived and worked with. His was a useful life, not only for his service for King and Country, but also in his community, as church and social worker, a great friend and neighbor.

The service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. P. N. Murray. To a hushed audience the hymn "The Lord's My Shepherd" was very appropriate, as many times he had walked through the valley of death. After the reading of the 90th Psalm, Dr. Murray gave an excellent address, and a comforting message to the bereaved. After the singing of the great hymn, "I to the hills will lift mine eyes" and the benediction, we proceeded to the cemetery at Stonewall where the Masonic bearers bore his casket to its last resting place, and as the pastor proclaimed the last rites we felt that God was in this place.

"Soldier rest, the warfare o'er,
Sleep that sleep that knows no waking,
Dream of battlefields no more."

Neighbor Corbett, of Gross Isle

20th Century Settler — Farmer — Sportsman — Soldier

Herbert S. Corbett

By Ren James

Herbert Stewart Corbett began life on a pioneer farm in the Springfield district of Manitoba. His people came originally from Ireland; and settled first near Peterborough, Ontario. This was during the 1840's — disastrous famine years in the Old Land.

When soil in the new location proved shallow and unsuited for farming operations, Samuel James, son of this family, worked his way west to the Red River country with a road-building crew engaged in opening an overland route through Ontario's "North-West Angle" to Fort Garry on the "Red".

Later known as the "Dawson Road", this pioneer "highway" was employed by troops moving to Fort Garry in the early 70's. It also served incoming settlers, until rails arrived some years later.

S. J. Corbett was greatly impressed with the agricultural prospects in the province; and he promptly secured homestead rights to some choice farm land, a few miles east of the "Settlement" at Fort Garry.

The pioneer's homestead grew and prospered until rising land values encouraged a change of ownership in 1896.

"Herb" was one of the family of six boys and six girls who moved with their parents, that year, to a new home on the prairies south of Rosser. He well remembers helping to drive the family herd of Holsteins — some of the first in Manitoba — through the streets of Winnipeg on the trek out to Rosser. He says that there was a major traffic jam on the Winnipeg streets that day.

There are memories, too, of the crocuses' — thousands of brightly shining blossoms across the unbroken prairies on that long-ago springtime journey.

"Life was good and there was plenty of fun and action in our family", he remembers of those early days. School years ended with the 7th grade; but there were many more lessons to learn in the busy round of the prairie farm. Some of these came while driving a team of oxen in the heat of the summer months, others on the cold prairie trails of winter.

In the year 1909, Herb turned his attention northward to a heavily-wooded half-section in the Grosse Isle district. Though legally described as W½ of 5, local people had known it better as "Section 37". To a son of the pioneers this was a challenging situation; so, an offer was made to the absentee owners, McKenzies of Toronto, to purchase "stumps and all" at $15. an acre. When this was not declined, a new settler was soon hard at work clearing and breaking land on his own farm.

About 70 acres were seeded to crop in the spring of 1911. The first harvest returns were encouraging. Buildings then appeared on the SW of 5; but the most important event of the season was a wedding, where Miss Sutherland, of Treherne, became Mrs. Herb Corbett, of Grosse Isle.

Neighbors soon learned to value the generous hospitality and help that came from the new home for worthy projects. The first local skating rink, across the road in neighbor Ridgeway's woodlot; the first hockey team with goal-man Corbett guarding the nets; the first ball-team with catcher Corbett behind the plate; the local school-board, the pioneer church of St. Michaels, (to name a few) all shared support from this source.

When peaceful pursuits were rudely shaken by the outbreak of War in 1914, Neighbor Corbett joined the hundreds and thousands of farmer sons, brothers and fathers who left all to serve with Canada's armed Services.

After long months in action with an artillery unit on the Western front, he was seriously disabled during an enemy gas attack. On return to Canada, a lengthy convalescence gradually restored health and strength; and Gunner Corbett reported for duty on the farm front.

With characteristic determination, the stout-hearted veteran plunged into the clearing and breaking of the bushland acres that had awaited his return. They gradually yielded to the persistent attack as, year after year, more land came under the plow. As the fields grew larger, the livestock program expanded, with Holsteins

assuming a dominant place in the daily operations. New and larger buildings were added, from season to season, and the "Glenwood" farmstead took on a most pleasing and prosperous appearance.

The whole property was turned over in 1940, as a thriving and going concern to a Winnipeg grain broker. Our neighbors moved away to Aldergrove, B.C., there to settle again on a small acreage in the Fraser Valley.

The years of retirement have not been idle. The woodlot, the garden, fruit trees and some farm animals still require care and attention; but time has been found for regular visits to the home province and occasional tours abroad.

The driving spirit of the pioneers has not been lost to those of a later generation, who not only gave their best years to the building of homes and communities throughout the nation, but were willing in times of danger and stress to serve and defend the cause of freedom, if need be, with their lives.

We will not forget them.

Passchendaele

By R. A. Quickfall

After the battle of Vimy, in April, 1917, the 44th Battalion had many engagements with the enemy. In June, a fierce encounter as LaCoulotte almost annihilated the Battalion. Again, on August 23, only 175 of all ranks reported after a fierce engagement near the borders of Lens. All through the summer our Battalion was involved in heavy fighting; and in that short period of time there were lost, killed, wounded, missing, or taken prisoner, more than two thousand men.

Early in September word got around the Battalion, that the whole Canadian Corps was going to Belgium. Canadian troops were being relieved on the battle front between Arras and Lens and replaced by Imperials. The Canadian Army was being mobilized to move north.

This was a tremendous undertaking, involving 100,000 combat troops plus 10,000 railway and forestry troops (for Canadians dominated both light railway and forestry corps in France). For a whole month we moved. The troops were marched, entrained, taken by truck — any way to get there. The movement was far behind the battle line, often as much as forty miles back. We were billeted in farm yards and villages for a week at a time, while the Army Service Corps moved steadily north. Thousands of teams of horses

moving army supplies, guns and equipment. What a sight! German planes were kept well back, so they could not observe the movement. It was past the middle of October when the movement was completed to Ypres, in Belgium. Here, the line pushed forward in a large salient, like a horseshoe. The movement of British and Australian troops was up through this salient (which was a sea of mud) to their front-line position at Zonnebeke and Passchendaele Ridge.

The Germans had built heavy, reinforced concrete machine gun emplacements, rows of them. (The British Tommies had named them pill-boxes.) These concrete machine gun nests were four feet thick and had railroad rails thrown in to reinforce the cement. There were only small slits in the front of them for vision; the machine guns firing through these could mow down an attacking force with little risk to the defenders.

As the last of the Canadian Corps arrived, the forestry battalions brought in millions of feet of planks; and a plank road was built north from Ypres, under cover of darkness. Thousands of duck boards (made of 2x4 stringers six feet long laid on their edge, with 18 inch slats nailed across) were strung out in the night. Light railway was laid on the plank road and more duck walks and plank carried forward. German shells tore into the plank walks continously but gaps were immediately filled. Field guns and batteries that had been bogged down for weeks were yanked out by the big, fat horses of the Canadian transport. The Imperial army horses were leg-weary and tired of wading mud.

Some of the field guns were moved ahead as far as three miles. On October 23rd, 24th and 25th Imperial units withdrew from their forward positions. The line and artillery positions were taken over by Canadian troops. This territory had been a battleground for close to three years. It was said that the Australian and British Armies had lost 100,000 men in that time defending that line; and in attempts to capture the Passchendaele Ridge. The Germans commanded this height of land. From it they could observe all movements of the British army in that area.

It was said that the boast was made at Army headquarters that the Canadians could take the Ridge. However that may be, they were to be given the chance. We all were moved up near the German lines and told to lay low. There were very few trenches — only shell holes — to lie in. The creeks and streams had been dammed up by the Germans. This, coupled with tremendous downpours of rain, made the area a sea of mud.

On the night of October 25th, the Canadian batteries opened up, pouring death and destruction on the German lines. On the

morning of the 26th, before daylight, our troops attacked on a two-mile front. The German battalions had been heavily reinforced with fresh troops. The Russians had laid down their arms on the Eastern front, releasing hundreds of German battalions. They were flushed with their Eastern victory, and exceedingly bold; but no match for our Canadian soldiers. Our boys passed the machine gun nests. Gunners who stayed too long were bayonetted or shot down when they ran out of these enclosures. Their bodies lay in piles.

Beyond these fortifications the Canadian objective was made. Thousands of German prisoners were taken. One of our boys called out to a troop of prisoners: "Getting any shells over there Fritz?" The reply came: "Shells! We sent you shells but you fellows throwed over the factory."

On the night of the 28th of October, the Germans, having brought up reinforcements and consolidated their line, made a vicious attack on the two-mile front they had lost. Our boys, holding the newly-won front, sent up S.O.S. signals. These were huge flares shot high into the sky; red, green, orange. They wove a living pattern of briliance on a two-mile front. All troops in reserve were ordered forward to help the boys in the front line. Back toward Ypres, the whole countryside and sky was illuminated like a tremendous fire. Then, we heard the roar of shells! The whole country shook like an earthquake. Every gun came into action! No Man's Land and German positions received the worst pounding of the whole war. In spite of it all German troops were coming on, shooting flares in the air and firing light machine guns from the hip. One flare they shot out of a gun. It hung by parachute for five minutes, lighting up the territory ahead of them.

We were among brush and scrub, where a railway had run through. The steel rails were twisted like hay wire. I found myself close to advancing Germans. A bullet ripped my tunic pocket, another tore my cartridge pouches, and another one went through my right arm between the elbow and the wrist. I dropped my rifle, grabbed my hand, and ran back out of the bush. Opening two buttons of my tunic, I shoved my hand in there, using my tunic for a sling for my broken, bleeding arm. Another boy, shot through the leg, called out to me, "How do we get out of here?" I took him by the arm and we hustled back.

The German flares were falling on the ground, hissing like snakes. A stretcher-bearer gave us first aid quickly; and I went on to the dressing station. It was over-crowded. Only severe cases were checked. Stretcher parties were carrying away the wounded. The doctor said, "Any of you fellows who can walk had better follow the stretchers out." I did not need to be told twice. I was on my way!

About two miles back the ambulances were being loaded. Walking wounded were put in a truck, and we were soon out over the plank road and on our way to Ypres, where a huge dressing station was in operation under the old jail. Here I received medical attention, splints put on my arm, and a sling to carry it. After answering all the necessary questions, such as regimental number, name, religion, home town, next of kin and receiving some bread and jam, we were put in another ambulance. At 4 o'clock on the morning of October 29th, I was thirty miles behind the line in a casualty clearing station at Poperinghe, waiting for the Red Cross train.

It came in the afternoon of the second day, an engine and seven coaches. To my surprise, it was "C.P.R." They were tourist coaches. Many were re-fitted to carry stretchers; and there were several cars with regular seats for the walking wounded. Sometime before the next morning we landed at Rouen No. 6 General Hospital. After what seemed to be a long wait, and all stretcher cases had been removed, we were allowed to leave the coach.

The walking wounded lined up for a bath and clean-up. What a sight I was! Nearly a week's growth of whiskers! Blood and mud covered my clothes! And lousy! Finally I came to the bath tub where two English Tommies gave me a thorough scrubbing in a hot bath. I was told to get pyjamas at a wicket; and was helped into them by an orderly. By this time my arm was giving me a lot of pain. I was told to go through a door and report in the Hospital.

What a change! Here was a huge room with perhaps a hundred hospital cots and real nurses. This was an Australian hospital. They steered me to a cot in the corner; and, again, I went through the usual questionaire. My temperature was taken. Then I was given a good bowl of tea with milk in it and some buns and jam.

I settled down and began to think, "Well, I am out of the war." Up the line a few days before, there seemed to be no hope of ever getting out of it. One had almost forgotten friends at home. You were a soldier in the army with one purpose — defeat the enemy and win VICTORY. Friends — homes — meant nothing to the Officers Commanding. Now it was different — I was out of it. Perhaps I will be going home. Maybe the war will be over before I am ready to come back up the line. So, I sank into a kind of coma — battle fatigue, they call it — and slept for three days! The nurses could hardly rouse me for medical attention. "Wake up, Canada" they would say, "Are you not ready for eats? How long are you going to sleep?" After a week I was ticketed to England. Dear old Blighty!

When you check into the hospital, your clothing is checked in as one tunic, one cap, one trouser, one shirt, one pair socks, one pair boots, etc. Well, when I was checked out, the Australian orderlies had lots of fun fitting me out in an Australian uniform: long coat with belt sewed in, nearly down to my knees, and a felt hat turned up on one side, with a big sundown badge on the side. That was my walking-out attire.

The Red Cross train taking us down to La Havre was well loaded. After an all-night journey we landed at La Havre where we were to cross the channel to Southampton, England. We were put aboard a ship which went out about half-a-mile from shore; and dropped anchor. Three hospital ships were loaded. All waited for darkness. While we were at supper we heard them lifting the anchor. In a short time all three vessels, with lights blazing, were really cutting the foam. In the morning we were safe at anchor in Southampton.

We got a glimpse of England through the port-holes: green landscape and cottages. What a difference from shell-torn France, and the dead trees killed by gas and gunfire. That night I was bedded down in a hospital in Birmingham, England. My arm was hard to heal as the bullet which passed through it, had not only broken the bone, but damaged the nerves that fed my hand. It took eighteen weeks of electrical massage to wake up the fingers. Nearly a year after I was wounded, I was sent home to Canada. My discharge paper read "Unfit for further military service."

It took the Canadian Corps six weeks to chase the Germans back six miles; and completely conquer Passchendaele Ridge. The boast that the Canadians could take Passchendaele was not an idle one. The price that was paid was terrible. 7,000 Canadians were killed, wounded, or taken prisoner. Eleven thousand German prisoners were captured. We do not know what the German losses totalled. Dead, wounded and prisoners could well reach twenty-five or thirty thousand.

Imperial troops again took over the line in November. In December the Canadian Army moved back to our old stamping ground, east of Vimy — between Arras and Lens. There they relieved the British Tommies, who had done a good job of holding the line.

Not long afterwards, the Imperial troops were ordered to abandon the whole "Salient", and straighten out the line North of Ypres. One wonders why this was not done three years before; and the Germans allowed to wade their own mud? But "the top brass" make decisions that seem very peculiar to the men who do the fighting. Are they always right?

The 44th Battalion came home to Canada in the summer of 1919. It was a changed Battalion. Six thousand men had passed through its' ranks. Each of them changed, in the terrible experience of war.

We Knew Six Thousand Men

By E. S. Russenholt

In August, nineteen-fourteen, the shimmering sunshine lay
On seven million Canadians - working, day by day,
To make their living; build their homes; and see their families grow
Along the southern margin of this land we scarcely know.

Working to cultivate new fields, to harvest bigger crops;
To push our frontiers outward, beyond the whistle stops.
Working to meet the challenge of opportunity
In our vast, unmapped resources that stretch from sea to sea.

Working in sweaty optimism; and with determined hope —
Each man relying on himself with destiny to cope;
Fearing no interference from others, near or far;
Having no wish nor knowledge — no thought nor time for war.

When — in far distant places whose names we hardly knew —
The Sun of Peace was blotted out; and (triggered by a few)
Explosions of historic hates and greedy lusts for power
Sent, rolling over all mankind, the deadly storms of war.

And from Canada, where we believed in work and peace and right,
Of every nineteen people, one went overseas to fight!
And of all who volunteered from our young land of the North,
One of every sixty-nine was in our 44th!

From coastlines of three oceans and vast encompassed lands,
From East, West and North they came to offer willing hands.
Some were from the Maritimes, had trod a schooner's deck.
Some from farms three centuries old, in Province de Quebec.

From Ontario came others — where maples, peaches, pines
From day to day, were giving way to factories, cities, mines.
Some from the Northland — better known two hundred years ago!
Some, whose folks were native here for longer than we know.

And in the roll-call of their names wide origins we see ——
Wide as the regions of the earth — older than history!
Names rooted in the ancient tongues of Nordic, Slav and Celt —
Of Teuton, Latin, Mongol — of forest, sea and veldt.

But — in the roll-call that began each busy training day —
They spoke those names in syllables (like all they had to say)
Different from all other speech — in accent, tone and stress;
Their voices modified and formed by Canada's impress.

By the sparkle of our winter — when the icy snow-king reigns;
By winds that blast the Rockies, to sweep our Western plains;
By the grandeur of our sunsets; by the smells of forests tall;
By the sight of billowing wheatfields turning golden in the fall.

All the manifold experience of our working, living hours —
All the challenge of the building of this Canada of ours —
In their turn, upon our thinking and our speaking put their brand
To mark us all "Canadian" — come we from whatever land.

And so they came — Six Thousand Men — like others in the Corps,
Not fired by wild-eyed oratory nor printing mixed with gore!
But holding deep convictions (tho' rarely voiced 'tis true)
That the maximum of freedom and fair play is each man's due.

Individualists they were — an independent breed.
They only knew the discipline a man himself may need
To do the work, build the home to make his dream come true.
They cursed the army discipline — imposed and harsh and new.

So we trained and worked together; together marched and fought
Whensoever we were ordered. Learned the lessons battle taught.
"Home" wherever rations issued. Here today. Tomorrow gone!
Learned the old law of survival — disciplined to "Carry on"!

Learned the pride of every section: Bombers, Scouts and Riflemen,
Signals, Transport, Lewis Gunners ("Up the line we go again!")
Learned that fundamental lesson, must be learned by every man:
Work together, stick together; do your job the best you can!

So, we bound ourselves together in our Unit's strength and pride
In the testing of "the Salient". Then, away with swinging stride
To the Somme. Thru muddy murder, bloody filth and putrid stench
Walked into annihilation at ill-starred Regina Trench.

Ranks refilled by reinforcements — with a hundred thousand more
Men from Canada turned soldier who were the Canadian Corps —
Captured Vimy Ridge; and held it — all according to a plan
That gave each man his job to do — carried out by every man!

Took impregnable positions; and, far more to you and me,
Confirmed, asserted and established Canadian nationality!
On "the Ridge" stands a memorial - at "the Pimple" blasted, torn —
"To no man — but to a nation". There our Canada was born!

Thenceforth, forward and forever, far beyond Valenciennes —
We were the "Canadian Army"! All of us "Canadians"!
Today, some twenty million of us build our Canada anew
On foundations strong, eternal — set for us by those men we knew.

There were few glamored heroes in the myriad pals we knew.
Men they were from farm or city, with a job they had to do.
Few of us have "made a million" in the hectic days since then —
But we share a greater treasure; for we knew Six Thousand Men!

For our pals who've headed West, on the Trail we all must go
We stand in reverent silence — thinking of each one we know.
And — as we now remember them, let us dream a moment more
Of a better Canada to build than we ever saw before!
For, as our glorious sunsets any human paints outshine —
So — our Work is only human; but our Dream must be divine!

(Read at the forty-fourth annual Re-union of 44th Battalion, April, 1961 — these verses could fit every Canadian unit)

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Robert A. Quickfall

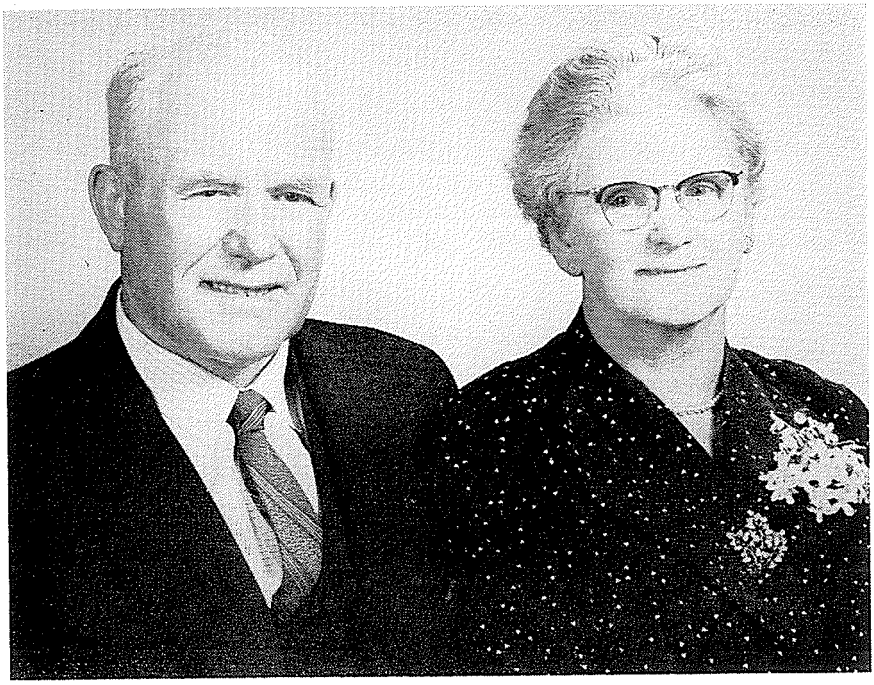
By R. A. Quickfall

I was born on October 21, 1886, in the Township of Greenwood, in the Municipality of Rockwood. My boyhood and schooling were spent in Greenwood district, where I attended Greenridge School. I was a good scholar; but left school in 1900.

From 1900 to 1916 I was active in general farm work; and had a hobby for threshing in the fall. I served considerable time firing the thresher boiler and later became threshing engineer. For several years I was an engineer at a saw mill. At one time, I was also bush foreman for Woods and McKinnell, where I often had over sixty men working for me.

I was closely attached to my home where I helped my parents support younger brothers and sisters. I have, also, always been associated with Sunday School, Church and Young People's activities.

In April, 1916, I enlisted; and went overseas in October of that year. I joined the 44th Battalion; and in March, 1917, went to France and took part in the capture of Vimy Ridge. I was wounded on May 10, and spent two months away from the Battalion. I saw severe fighting that summer; was wounded at Pas-



CELEBRATE 40th WEDDING ANNIVERSARY . . .

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Quickfall, Greenwood, celebrated their 40th wedding anniversary on Thursday, April 7th, 1960. They were united in marriage in St. Andrew's Anglican Church, Sturgeon Creek, by the Rev. Thomas Marshall. Mr. Quickfall served overseas in Word War I and for many years represented Ward 4 as Councillor in Rockwood Municipality, and also as Reeve. Both are well-known throughout our district and take an active part in community affairs.

schendaele, and sent to a hospital in England. In the following October I was invalided home to Canada; and discharged from the army on November 22, 1918, with a small pension.

In the spring of 1919 I bought a farm through the Soldiers' Settlement Board. Here I retired in 1961. Of the forty soldier settlers in the Postal Districts of Gunton and Balmoral, I am one of the few who stayed.

On April 7, 1920, I was married to Maude Alberta Smith, formerly of Birmingham, England. The wedding took place at St. Andrew's Anglican Church, Sturgeon Creek (Winnipeg). In the spring of 1921, our daughter, Marguerite, came to us. We gave her a good education. She taught school for a while, is now married and lives at Rosser, Manitoba.

In the fall of 1932, I was elected as a councillor for ward 4, Rockwood Municipality. I served 12 years as councillor and four years as reeve of the municipality.

During World War 11, I helped organize the Red Cross Association in the Greenwood district and was their Secretary-Treasurer. For nine years I was secretary of the Greenwood School district and for 10 years served as Superintendent of the Greenwood Sunday School.

One of my great satisfactions was to help organize the Greenwood Fat Stock Show, serve as secretary and treasurer for 14 years; and see it become an outstanding success. I was honored to be chosen President of The Stonewall Branch of the Canadian Legion BESL No. 52. In the Provincial election of 1949 I was the Liberal candidate for the Rockwood constituency, being defeated by Mr. Robert W. Bend, who later became Minister of Health.

In March, 1955, when we organized the Rockwood-Woodlands Historical Society, I was named their President. In November, 1956, I was appointed director of Civil Defence for District No. 8, embracing 12 municipalities.

We are now comfortably retired on our farm, where we have a good home with many modern appliances. I was indeed fortunate to find so excellent a lady for my wife. She has been a great home-maker and helper and has taken a keen interest in the organizations with which I have been associated. She keeps me on my toes and active.

Council Tours Rockwood

By R. A. Quickfall

Rockwood Municipality is thirty miles long and fifteen miles wide. Within these borders are many road and drainage problems. The many delegations that come to the council, from time to time, with their grievances keep the councillors keyed up to their individual responsibilities. But what do the councillors in the North know about the problems of their Southern colleagues or vice versa?

It has been the custom, in years gone by, for the entire Council to make a tour to inspect all Municipal properties and view some of the major problems. Such tours have often proven to be of great value.

ROCKWOOD MUNICIPAL COUNCIL & STAFF - 1964

Just prior to holding the Statutory Meeting of Rockwood Council on Tuesday of last week, we happened along with Dr. A. H. Oussoren, who took this picture of members of Council and staff. Reading from left to right, back row: W. J. Griffin, Ward 5; L. Vandekerckhove, Ward 1; J. Verbrugge, Ward 3; B. T. Dawson, Secretary-Treasurer; T. V. Sinclair, Ward 4; front row, J. Harcus, Ward 2; Miss Helen Montgomery, assistant Secretary-Treasurer; L. G. Fines, Reeve; W. Persoage, Ward 6. We wish them a pleasant term. —Photo by Dr. A. H. Oussoren

Such a trip was planned and carried out, recently. The meeting place and starting point was Balmoral. Accompanying the members of the council were B. T. Dawson, Secretary-Treasurer, and Jack (Scotty) Hamilton, representative of Armco Metal Products. Two cars conveyed the party to Balmoral, the centre of Jack Inkster's ward. He immediately took over, and said "All right, boys, follow me." Over a newly-shaped road coming into the village from the west, he showed the party a job well done by the Municipal road-maintainers and operators, Elbourne Good and George Buck.

Then the party went to the big gravel ridge five miles west and north of Balmoral, where there is gravel sufficient for the Municipality for many years to come. Trucks were busy hauling gravel to the newly-reshaped road into Balmoral. Here we almost came to grief, as the car ahead, driven by Scotty Hamilton, swerved to the left to miss a mud hole, bounced over a big stone hidden in the grass and came to a stop a few yards further on.

The second car, driven by Ed Mills, came to a grinding stop astride the stone and had to be lifted off. After examination of the cars we were relieved to find no serious damage had been done; and we were able to continue the journey.

Proceeding south, we soon found our trip was not a secret. Some big and burly farmers were waiting for us. They were not letting us by without showing us their particular troubles.

We crossed the new Argyle Road and gave it the once over, and proceeded south, with Councillor Stewart taking over. Bill was proud to show us some of his accomplishments in the last few years; and stopping at strategic spots he pointed out new problems, and showed us the start and stopping points of the Norquay Drain, with its proposed laterals and, also, the two miles of new Rosser-Rockwood boundary road and the Trick road. It was past lunch time. We swung into Stonewall and snatched a hasty meal at Wilf's.

"This is where I take over," said Ed Mills, "and I'll show you some real country." We went over the new Trick highway, then south to Rockwood School. Ed told us how he intended to link the Wieneke road with the Trick road in the very near future. Over the old hill we travelled at a rate just inside traffic regulations. Ed seemed to gain speed when he passed his own house for some reason or other. He led us down the valley road to the southeast, past Target hill and Potter's field, east toward Blackdale showing us the new inter-municipal road of St. Paul, Rockwood and Rosser.

Swinging to the north at Blackdale we were now almost in the southeast corner of the municipality, Rosser on the south-west, St. Paul south and east, and St. Andrews just to the east. Coming north on a good gravel road, Ed pointed out new drainage work waiting to be done, taking us to the bridge over the dredge ditch west of Oak Hammock. We were now straight east of Stonewall. Just on the edge of St. Andrew's municipality he showed us a gravel road to the very edge of Rockwood, and another a mile south of there. Coming west two miles, we stopped again. Here we ran into Elbourne Good with the big, new motor patrol reshaping the road. That boy has lots of places to go.

At this point Ed really had something for our attention. Huge tracts of land are owned and some of it farmed. Two individuals own more than ten thousand acres; and, scattered through, are many smaller holdings and farmsteads. From time to time, the council has had delegations from this district, regarding market roads. Ed reminded us of the request of these owners for the continuation of the pipe line road, which came from the city, fifteen miles.

A proposition has been moved (which seems to be logical) that they form their own local improvement area and extend their road about ten miles north to link up with the old dredge ditch east of the Henderson Ranch at "the Y", where an excellent grade again continues north to Dundas. This would make a straight market road to the city. In this way, at a small cost to each quarter section per year, over a period of ten years or less, a great improvement could be made. Such a project appears to be highly feasible.

Our party proceeded north on a fair trail, and again entered Jack Inkster's ward, passing great flax fields and hay-fields. We came to the Shipley's pasture and Marcel's ranch, where 1200 sheep were grazing; and over the bridge at the Jackfish Creek to the Crystal Springs ditch, where cool water ran sparkling clear.

Scotty took out his cup. "Boys," he said, "this is the second best drink that I can recommend." At "the Y," on the correction line, between Township 14 and 15, we looked south toward the city. We could readily see that a market road was only a few years away. Great herds of cattle, near here, grazed contentedly on abundance of grass and quenched their thirst at the running streams. The Crystal Springs at one time ran at will. It is now under control and empties into the big ditch at "the Y." The clear, deep, blue water is five or six feet deep at "the Y" bridge, where the waters of Poplar Springs and the Crystal Springs meet; and it provides a swimming pool, as a diving board was noticeable. None of the councillors, however, had any notion of trying it out.

From here we drove north again. This time on the dredge ditch grade. Councillor Jeffery took over. Andy said, "I don't know whether you fellows realize it or not, but we will have to pay attention to some of the demands of these farmers, as it is only going to be a very short time until this land is broken up. These men are getting more bushels to the acre than we are on the higher lands. They have no stone and very little brush and they will have to get better roads to market."

Haying machines were at work: power mowers and side delivery rakes drawn by tractors. We saw a sweep and stacker combined, dropping its load on a high stack. Here was a baler following the windrow, baling as it went; and a truck loading for market.

Coming to the Petersfield road, we had travelled from east of Stony Mountain on nearly a straight line. We now turned west a couple of miles and then north again. Councillor Jeffery had a few more improvements for us to view, including the new drainage that had been put in, also a new half-section of land to

which the Municipality had recently acquired title. We continued our journey north. Arnett Cook showed us the new Teulon Road with pride, and the mile of new grade from the old East Road at Arthur Campbell's corner, west to the new highway.

Steven Knihniche said, "Hurry along boys, I have to meet my wife at the bus tonight at Teulon." He led us out to the new, reshaped road by Norris Lake School, and told us: "I had to build a road for Mr. Brewster and his neighbors. Mr. Brewster is 80 years old, and has lived there for 45 years. He only had a bush trail and could not get machinery in or out of his farm."

Then there was the road to the Swedish cemetery. The minister had approached council, pleading for a road. "Surely", he said, "after all the pioneering these old people have done they deserve a decent road to go to the cemetery."

"I'm not through with you yet," Steve told the rest of the Council, "I want to show you a devil of a mess. When you drained Carlson's Lake into Lake Norris with the drag-line, why didn't you fix that corner a mile south of the highway? When I saw that, Steve said, I was so mad I almost swore. Fifty yards of a hole at the intersection; and two steel pipes wanted." The drag-line was right there, and lots of gravel and material to work with. This hole was left two years ago, making it impossible for anyone to use the roads.

"This is where the reeve has to come to my assistance," said Steve. "Darned if I know what to do."

We surveyed the situation; and told Steve to get it fixed up.

We stopped at Clark's restaurant, in Teulon, for supper. Did that boy set up a square meal! And did we show him what we could do with it! Steve hustled off to meet the bus. Arnott Cook had a drainage problem three miles southwest of Teulon, and away we went again, down into the old McMahon settlement of sixty years ago. There the McMahon Bros. farmed at that time, in one of the finest settlements north of Winnipeg. They called their district the Garden of Eden. They had, with government help, at that time, deepened the old water course with a ditch into the channel known as Ross' Creek. Today, this drain is plugged with brush and silt, damming back the water onto the fields of the newer settlers.

"To take care of a problem of this nature," said Councillor Cook, "it would take every cent of my money, and wouldn't leave me a blame thing to help out other fellows".

"That is the same thing I have been up against," said Councillor Stewart, chewing on the end of a cigar that one of the boys had bought for him in Teulon, "and when these worried farmers take their troubles to the reeve he simply tells them to get after their councillor."

Proceeding along toward Balmoral, someone suggested we swing across to the Town line and go straight south into Balmoral. "Don't try to cross on any of those roads," warned Councillor Jeffery, "they are only fit for a yoke of oxen and a wagon."

We kept to the good gravel road through Gunton. It was close to 9 o'clock in the evening when we landed back at Balmoral. We had really seen a lot of the municipality, but had missed the northeast corner and the Ridgeway district. We will have to see them some other day.

We located our own cars and made our way to our respective homes, feeling that in the last ten years great strides have been made, both in road building and drainage, with lots more to do. Without a doubt we have a great municipality and challenging problems ahead!

Education — Vital Industry

The Story of Interlake School Division No. 21

By J. C. Cumming

One of the most forward steps in education in Manitoba was brought into being on April 1st, 1959, when the secondary education system was segregated from the elementary system and 46 areas were set up to administer the secondary schools of the province. These areas were designated as school divisions. Their responsibility: to give every child in Manitoba an equal opportunity at a high school education.

Our division was named "Interlake No. 21" and comprised the municipalities of Rockwood, Rosser, the major portion of Woodlands and small parts of Assiniboia, West St. Paul, St. Andrews, the local Government District of Armstrong, the Town of Stonewall and the Village of Teulon.

The division was divided into six wards; and trustees elected — one for each of wards 1, 3, 4, 5 and 6; and two for Ward 2. The original trustees elected were: E. R. James, Grosse Isle, Ward 1; Thos. Robertson, Marquette, and Hugh Proctor, Woodlands, Ward 2; Emil Moeller, Teulon, Ward 3; Phillip E. Last, Argyle, Ward 4; J. C. Brown, Stony Mountain, Ward 5; J. A. Boyd, Stonewall, Ward 6.

Hugh Proctor was named chairman, and J. A. Boyd, vice-chairman, of the board. Inspector G. W. Sadler was appointed secretary-treasurer pro tem.

At the time of its inception, there were eleven high school units being operated in this Interlake Division. These units continued to operate under the division board, until plans could be formulated to centralize them into larger units capable of giving students more diversified courses, similar to the programs of city schools.

J. C. Cumming was appointed secretary-treasurer; and commenced his duties on June 1, 1959, on a full-time basis.

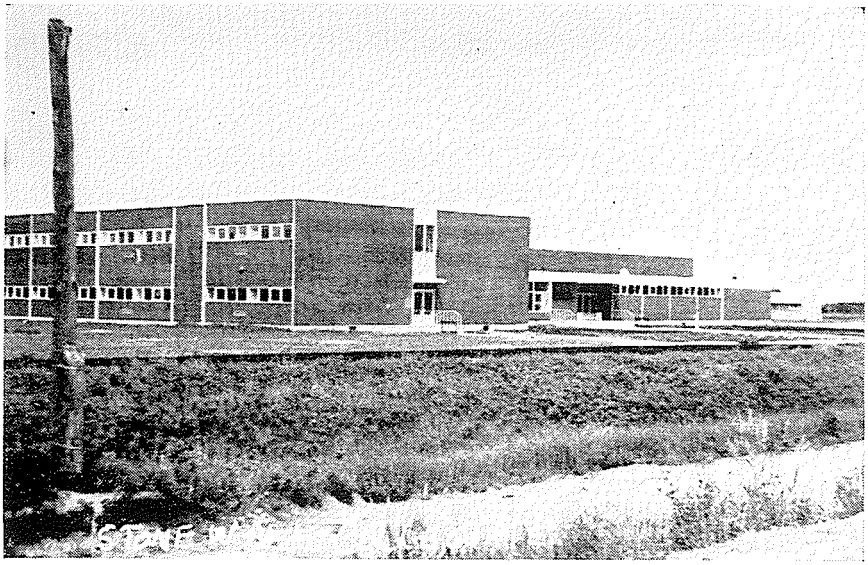
After many meetings and considerable ground-work, the board decided to build three new high schools in the division, one in the north, at Teulon; one in the central part of the division, at Stonewall; and a third on the west side, at Warren or Grosse Isle. These locations were discussed, further, at a regional trustees' convention and it was decided that the western part of the division would best be served from a unit in Warren.

In the summer of 1959, the board decided to build two temporary class-rooms at Warren to look after the influx of students for the fall term. They, also, decided to purchase five buses to transport children to the collegiate units.

In the fall of 1959, the board — with their architects: Smith, Carter, Searle & Associates — began planning the three collegiates. Areas were set up; and enrollment checked to determine the size of each unit. Finally, the decision was to build a 32-classroom collegiate at Stonewall and 16-classroom units at Warren and Teulon.

The smaller schools each included 8 academic classrooms, a technical classroom, laboratory, library and a 4-classroom count gymnasium. The Stonewall collegiate comprised 14 academic classrooms, a technical, or shop, room, home economics room, commercial room, library, two laboratories and a six-classroom count gymnasium.

The Division Board spent the early part of 1960 tabulating costs, enrollments and figures for the intended bylaw vote. Meetings were held in all parts of the division to acquaint taxpayers with the program and to expound the values of the new system. The estimated cost at that time was $1,091,000. It seemed an insurmountable obstacle! But, when it was explained that this money could be raised by a three mill levy over the entire division, the picture did not look so black. The board did a thorough job of informing resident electors and, when the vote was taken in September, 1960, the bylaw passed with a fair majority.



One of the three new High Schools in Interlake Division No. 21

After the vote, the board pushed the task of finalizing building plans, so that the structures could be started early in 1961; and be in use by the end of that year.

In the fall of 1960, enrollment had risen to the point where it was necessary to build one more temporary classroom at Warren and two at Stonewall; and to purchase two more buses to transport the added pupils.

Early in 1961, sites were secured for the three schools. A 20-acre site at Stonewall was purchased from Mr. Gray, and a 10-acre site, at Warren, from Mr. R. Manchester. The north half of the existing school-grounds at Teulon was bought from the elementary board as a site for the new collegiate. Tenders were advertised; and contracts let to the following construction companies: Stonewall Collegiate, North American Building; Warren Collegiate, Walter Bergman, Ltd.; Teulon Collegiate, Harper Construction Ltd.

Wells were drilled in the winter of 1960-61. Building began in early May, 1961. Numerous meetings were held during the summer, to decide on furniture and equipment for the new units. Due to the ever-increasing enrollment, the board decided to use the three new buildings before they were completed. Students were moved into the collegiates in early October. Official openings were held in November and December, 1961. As custodians, Mr. W. Durant and Mr. G. Durant were appointed for the Stonewall Collegiate; Mr. C. B. Oliver, for the Warren Collegiate; and Mr. E. Coverdale for the Teulon Collegiate.

Debentures in the amended amount of $1,069,000 were sold to A. E. Ames & Co., of Winnipeg, for $97.67 per $100, at a rate of 5¾% interest.

Mr. J. C. Brown retired as trustee for Ward 5 in December, 1961; and Mr. Geo. F. Mackie was selected by acclamation in the October elections to fill the vacancy.

Four more buses were purchased in the summer of 1961, bringing the total to 11 vehicles. Another used bus was bought in September of the same year; and yet another 66-passenger bus was ordered for early 1962.

The spring of 1962 saw a start made on landscaping the new sites; and much work and time were devoted to beautifying the grounds. At Stonewall, equipment was set up and the Industrial Arts and Home Economics departments were begun. A start was made, also, on a commercial course at Stonewall and Teulon. At Warren, where enrollment was not large enough for a full commercial course, the optional typing courses were instituted.

Mr. Emil Moeller was elected chairman of the division board in January, 1963. The years 1963 and 1964 were taken up with problems of increased enrollment and new courses. With the ever-increasing demand for high school graduates in the labor field, courses were amended and pilot courses begun, to inaugurate the new general course in Manitoba high schools. This new general course is not a watered-down matriculation course; it is one which should be more useful to students who do not enter university. The general course made its start in the Stonewall Collegiate in 1963, and in Teulon Collegiate in the fall of 1964. Further changes in the curriculum are slated for 1965.

Mr. Phillip Last, one of the original trustees, retired at the end of 1964; and Mr. Louis Lefebvre was elected by acclamation to fill the vacancy.

At the end of 1964, the division will have operated for five-and-one-half years. They have been busy years — years of real accomplishment!

The degree of growth that this venture has attained is indicated by the fact that from 1959 to 1964, enrollment increased from 434 to 780; teachers from 26 to 36; and the number of buses employed, from none to 14.

The people of Interlake Division No. 21 can be justly proud of the progress they have made for the betterment of education — the Vital Industry of our community!

Looking ahead, the future promises continued, steady development. Based on students presently in school — with no allowances for failures or drop outs — total enrollment in the division's three new collegiates may continue to increase as indicated in the following tabulation:

	Grade 9	Grade 10	Grade 11	Grade 12	Total
1960-61	191	197	156	113	658
1963-64	217	224	238	191	870
1967-68	244	234	231	209	918

This high school population will flow from 46 elementary schools in the division. Stonewall Centre includes Brant, Balmoral, Edward Best, Good Hope, Irwinton, Ridgeway, Rockwood, Stony Mountain, Tecumseh, Victoria, Argyle, Wentworth, Phipps, Ulster, Emesville, Little Mountain and Lilyfield.

Warren Centre includes Woodlands, Grosse Isle, Meadows, Marquette, Meadow Lea, Poplar Heights, Reaburn, Grasfield, Rosser, East Rosser and Gerrie. Teulon Centre includes Dundas, Erinside, Erinview, Carlsborg, Gunton, Greenwood, Komarno, McFarlane, McMillan, Netley, Norris, Light, Plum Ridge, Stacpoole and Westerham.

Kelsey and Rock Lake have not been included. Should they decide to use the high school facilities, it would add about eight students per grade at Warren. Likewise, Indian students in residence at Teulon have not been included. It they continue to come to Teulon, it will add about five students per grade.

MANITOBA AND CONSERVATION'S LOSS

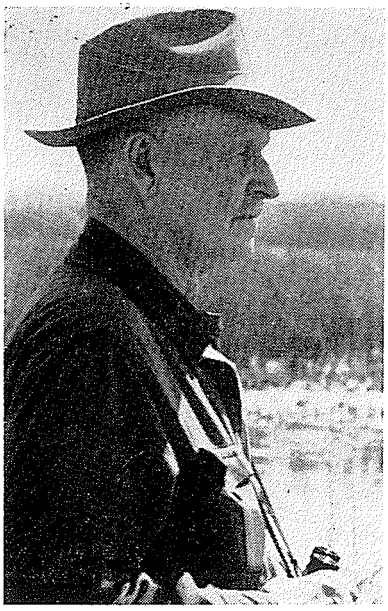
A Tribute To Frank Ward

By Paul Murphy

The cause of conservation was dealt a severe blow on Thursday, March 5, 1959. Manitoba's sportsmen, and citizens generally have suffered an immeasurable loss. All because one man departed from this life. A man who carried the fight for wildlife sanctuaries all his life, has been called back to Him who provides sanctuary for us all.

What manner of man was this — this exception to the adage that no man is irreplaceable.

It is true that his friends were legion, that no citizen of Manitoba was so personally well known, that none knew so intimately every village, forest, slough and stream of our great province. But the frequent use of these descriptive clauses has robbed them of their meaning. They appear too trite to be used for a measure of this man.



Frank Ward

Can this writer who for the past six years was privileged to accompany him over a hundred thousand miles to nearly a thousand meetings throughout the width and depth of our province provide an answer?

What qualities contributed to his remarkable character and personality? Was it great learning? Certainly not in the sense of formal education. He was brought up with Indian children in our remote northern interlake region. Here was no opportunity for any but the most elementary schooling. His knowledge was self-acquired - the works of Milton, Dickens, Shakespeare - the great masters, read in the fading glow of the kerosene lamp.

Was it eloquence? Admittedly he had few peers as a platform speaker. But fine speaking is the most easily acquired talent of any with which God has endowed mankind.

Was it highly developed powers of memory? He never required a single note - in fact he scorned their use. His words and actions were from the heart, not from the reference library.

Was it vigour? Tenacity? Perseverance? He possessed those qualities in abundance. Snowdrifts, highway conditions, whether the journey was four hundred miles for forty people, or forty miles for four hundred, his attitude, enthusiasm and temperament never altered.

Was it unselfishness? Service without thought of reward was the theme of his lifetime work. Not for him was the ready acceptance of protective care and idleness, even after he passed three score and ten years.

We think the answer to this man's greatness is best illustrated by a short poem of the nineteenth century writer, titled "Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel." This imaginary character was given a negative reply to his query of the angel as to whether his name was in the Golden Book along with those who loved the Lord;. He asked the angel to list him then as "one who loved his fellow-men."

The Angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo, Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

We think perhaps herein is the answer we seek. The answer to why the name Frank Ward, Manitoba's "Mr. Conservation," leads all the rest of those working to protect and preserve our wildlife heritage.

Shed a tear, and say a prayer, for a man whose like many of us will never see again! Rest easy, old partner.

* * *

There is little satisfaction to be gained from doing things
Which present no difficulties. It is the tough task which brings
A keen sense of worth to the man who wins the fight.
His failures test his courage, and his problems prove his might.
Until a man has conquered loss and overcome defeat
He cannot fully understand why success is sweet.
One should be thankful for disappointments, for battles lost
And for mistakes that seem to charge an overwhelming cost.
One should be thankful for days of doubt, when it is hard to see
That all things work together for good that is to be;
And one should be glad for all that life has brought because then you know
That men must brave adversities if they would greater grow.

Reclamation

By R. A. Quickfall

When the men of Kildonan settled along the left bank of the Red River, they looked away north and west; and as far as the eye could see, there was a great, grassy marsh. They referred to it as Grassy Moor, or in the Scotch term "Grassmere", from whence came the name of the Southern Creek which emptied its waters into the Red River.

Further up the river, another creek came out of the grass lands, later known as Parks Creek, pouring its waters into the Red at Middlechurch.

The Kildonan settlers were surprised to learn that this great, grassy marsh was a strip running fifty miles north, and that its width was about seven or eight miles. It was so full of muskeg, lakes and springs that only duck hunters explored its inner regions. About thirty miles north of Kildonan, Wavy Creek ran out of these marsh lands into the Red and still farther north Stony Creek and Netley Creek were the outlets. These creeks were all named in later years by the incoming settlers. Draining its waters into the marsh from the west and north sides (which was later named St. Andrew's Marsh), were Janet Creek in Victoria Township, Jack Fish Creek, Ross's Creek, Heale's Creek, and Mawhinney Creek, to the north.

In the '70's and '80's the settlers moved northward from Winnipeg, flanking both sides of the marshland; and took up their homesteads. There were but few crossing over the marsh in the summer time, so the new settlers had difficulty in making acquaintances.

Within the marsh area were a number of natural springs. East of Victoria and about five miles north of Stony Mountain, Poplar Springs poured forth a tremendous volume of water. Seven miles farther north were Crystal Springs, and still farther north, the Blue Springs territory. Of all this group of springs, perhaps the Crystal was, and still is, the most active. Millions of gallons of pure crystal water flow from this spring every hour, both summer and winter. One has to go almost a mile from the spring before there is any sign of freezing water. Also in this vicinity are numerous artesian wells.

In the year 1900, the city of Winnipeg, anxious about its water supply, drilled a row of wells for fifteen miles north of the city. These were 12 inch wells, and 3-ft. piping was laid. Booster pumps

were installed all along the pipe line, and the water was stored in a reservoir on McPhillips street. For twenty years this was Winnipeg's sole water supply. The project was later abandoned, when water was brought in from Shoal Lake, some 80 miles east. The old line was sold to dealers, who took all the piping out of the ground. For a time, water from the Crystal Springs was bottled and sold in Winnipeg for drinking purposes, but this also was abandoned later on; and, for many years, the marsh lands seemed doomed. Any mention of improvement only brought a scornful laugh from the sceptics.

An election appeared on the horizon in 1896, and the late Samuel Jacob Jackson of Stonewall, was a candidate. He held a political meeting in Greenwood School and told his audience of a proposed government scheme to drain St. Andrew's marsh. A big machine, called a dredge, would dig a big canal through the centre of the marsh and in a few years farmers would be growing wheat on the land. Barges would come up from the river to load the grain, and it would be shipped to the markets of the world. There were no railroads north of Stonewall in those days. After finishing his well-prepared address, Mr. Jackson poured himself a drink of water, wiped the sweat from his brow, and sat down. The chairman asked if anyone wanted to ask questions of Mr. Jackson. One canny old Scot said, "If its a fair question, Mr. Jackson, will there be any fish in this canal?" Never stuck for an answer, Mr. Jackson jumped to his feet and said, "Indeed, there will be; and if you have luck some day you may catch a whale."

In later years a lot of whales were caught and they were not of the deep sea variety, for there was plenty of speculating going on. True to the promise made by Mr. Jackson, two dredges were built, and a series of ditches were dug, while smaller drainage attempts were made by men with shovels. Thus, a great start in drainage had begun. The low-lying lands had only one use, that of growing hay in abundance. Farmers made a great effort every year to obtain feed supplies for their stock, as very little grain was grown.

When drainage got started it brought forth the usual protests which generally follow any new undertaking. But, slowly and surely, a change was taking place, and by means of more extensive ditching, farms were stretching out farther eastward each year. In 1921, Mr. John Lower and his foreman, Walter Kane, purchased several sections of land east of Gunton and west of Petersfield. They broke about 2,000 acres the next year and sowed it to flax. The growth and the stand was marvelous, but a hard killing frost on August 17 ruined it all.

Years have rolled by and a tremendous change has taken place. Of the marsh lands remaining today there are perhaps 1,000 acres situated seven miles northeast of Stony Mountain, known as Oak Hammock and Bedson Lakes. This spot is a hunter's paradise, and is kept for that purpose by a number of sports, who have bought this territory.

But, from Kildonan to Gimli promises to be one of the richest agricultural areas in Manitoba, for the land that was once all swamp has been transformed. Two great highways now are at its borders, No. 7 on the west and No. 8 on the east. Daily, great trucks and trailers, resembling barges, loaded with all kinds of produce, travel to the markets. Flax in tens of thousands of bushels, barley in like quantities, flax straw for hemp, hay by the thousands of tons, wild and tame grass seed, and rape seed, representing close to a quarter of a million dollars each year.

The county of Lincolnshire, in England, 300 years ago, was a swampy marsh land; and the first men who attempted to reclaim it were nick-named "bull-frogs." That is why the people of Lincolnshire are called "Yellow Bellys." But, today, Lincolnshire is one of the richest agricultural areas in England.

The old pipe-line from Winnipeg has now become a straight road, and further extension is in the making of another 18 miles north. Situated between No. 7 and No. 8 highways, this road will save haulers of produce to the city 12 miles on the round trip.

This seems to be a fulfillment of Mr. Jackson's dream. But, instead of a canal, the great loads will be hauled directly to the city on a market road through the centre of this once great swamp. Cross roads are in the course of construction between the two main highways.

The change that has taken place in the development of this vast area is beyond anyone's wildest dream. On one farm alone, six combines were seen at work last fall. Land is selling around $35.00 to $40.00 per acre — land that was considered of little value only a few short years ago. One rancher sold $2,000 worth of wool.

The co-operation of the councils of Rockwood and St. Andrews, and the Government Drainage Board, over a period of years, made this possible. Fred Humphries, Nelson Barret and Howard Cameron, all engineers of the provincial government, perhaps, are the men who had the foresight to make it a reality. In the years to come great possibilities are forecast. Already, farm homes and dairies are springing up and the hydro is supplying light and power. The springs that ran wild are harnessed and the water is under control. A new drain was completed this year from the south side of Township 15-3E., which empties into Netley Creek,

eight miles to the northeast. This follows one of the old Norquay drains made 70 years ago, and will take care of surplus water and prevent flooding of crop lands.

The hazards of prairie fires that swept through the territory in days gone by, are overcome. The writer recalls one fall when fifty or sixty farmers and threshers hurried to the bog to fight a fire. Two furrows were plowed about 100 yards apart, and fired in between. Horses driven by coatless and hatless drivers galloped with the plows, and the fire was steered off to a marshy area. This prompt action by fire guardians Billy Heale and Charlie Shipley saved a big loss to many of the settlers, although numerous hay stacks had been burned before the fire was brought under control.

Not so long ago, it was a common practice for settlers to spend from two weeks to a month hay-making, camping right on the spot. The camp sites were chosen near a bluff or a spring. Camp fires, songs and the playing of pranks made the evenings more than interesting. Fish could be hooked from the springs any day.

But these are past memories. Today, this busy world demands other things. Those of us who have witnessed the many changes that have taken place, cannot help but say that the reclamation of this bog land is for the good of mankind. It will help to feed and clothe the nation.

Mother Shipton's Poem

This look into the future further than we care (or dare) to venture — has become part of the folklore of English-speaking peoples.

Mother Shipton, according to the Encyclopedia Britannica, was a witch and a prophetess, who is supposed to have lived in England in the early Tudor times. Tradition is that she was born at Knaresborough, Yorkshire, about 1468-1488. She died in 1561. Her whole history rests on the flimsiest authority; but her alleged prophecies have had, from the sixteenth century, quite an extraordinary hold on the popular imagination. Read in the light of what has happened in the world during past centuries, and of the stirring events of the present time, what is known as Mother Shipton's Poem will give the reader something to think about .
Here it is:

A carriage without a horse shall go,
Disaster fill the world with woe;
In London, Primrose Hill shall be;
Its centre hold a Bishop's See.
Around the world men's thoughts shall fly
Quick as the twinkling of an eye,
And waters shall great wonders do —
How strange, and yet it shall come true
Thro' tow'ring hills proud men shall ride
No horse or ass by his side.
Beneath the water men shall walk;
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall even talk;
And in the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, as well as green.
A great man then shall come and go,
For prophecy declares it so.
In water iron then shall float
As easy as a wooden boat;
Gold shall be found in a stream or stone,
In the land that is as yet unknown.
Water and fire shall wonders do,
And England shall admit a Jew,
The Jew that once was held in scorn
Shall of a Christian then be born.
A home of glass shall come to pass
In England — but alas, alas!
A war shall follow with the work,
Where dwells the Pagan and the Turk,
The States will lock in fiercest strife,
And seek to take each other's life,
When North shall thus divide the South;
The Eagle build in Lion's mouth;
Then tax and blood and cruel war
Shall come to every humble door.
Three times shall lovely, sunny France
Be led to play a bloody dance.
Before the people shall be free,
Three tyrant rulers shall she see;
Each sprang from different dynasty.
Then, when the fiercest fight is done
England and France shall be one
The British Olive then shall twine
In marriage with the German vine.

Men walk beneath and over streams;
Fulfilled shall be our strangest dreams.
All England's sons shall plow the land,
Shall oft be seen with book in hand.
The poor shall now most wisdom know,
And water, wind, where corn doth
grow;
Great houses shall stand with farflung vale,
All covered o'er with snow and hail,
And now a word of uncouth rhyme
Of what shall be in future time;
For in these wondrous far off days,
The women shall adopt a craze
To dress like men and trousers wear,
And cut off their locks of hair.
They'll ride astride with brazen brow,
As witches do on broomsticks now.
Then love shall die and marriage
cease,
And Nations wane as babes decrease.
And wives shall fondle cats and dogs
And men live much the same as hogs.
In nineteen hundred and thirty-six
Build houses light with straw and
sticks,
For then shall mighty wars be planned,
And fire and sword shall sweep the
land,
But those who live the century through,
In fear and trembling this shall do,
Flee to the mountains and the dens,
To bog and forest and wild fens —
For storms shall rage and oceans roar
When Gabriel stands on sea and shore;
And as he blows his wondrous horn,
Old worlds shall die and new be born.

Conclusion

The successful publication and sale of "Rockwood Echoes" was an achievement of which our Society and our entire community may be rightfully proud. All the copies published have been sold: and orders are still coming in!

Having an overflow of material contributed from outstanding local writers, we, the Committee of the Rockwood Historical Society, decided that — rather than let this worthwhile historical material be discarded or lost (as too often happens) we would assemble it in this volume: "Re-Echoes from Rockwood"; and have it published.

We are deeply indebted to all who have co-operated in this adventure — to Mr. Ed Russenholt, who kindly consented to assist by editing the material for us; to our Advisory Board — Mr. Ben Dawson, Mr. Charles Trick, Mr. Ren James, Mr. Jack Inkster and Mr. J. W. Lindsay; and to "The Stonewall Argus" and the Saundry Brothers for permission to use the many articles that had been printed in their newspaper over the years. Sincerely,

R. A. Quickfall, President,

Rockwood Historical Society.