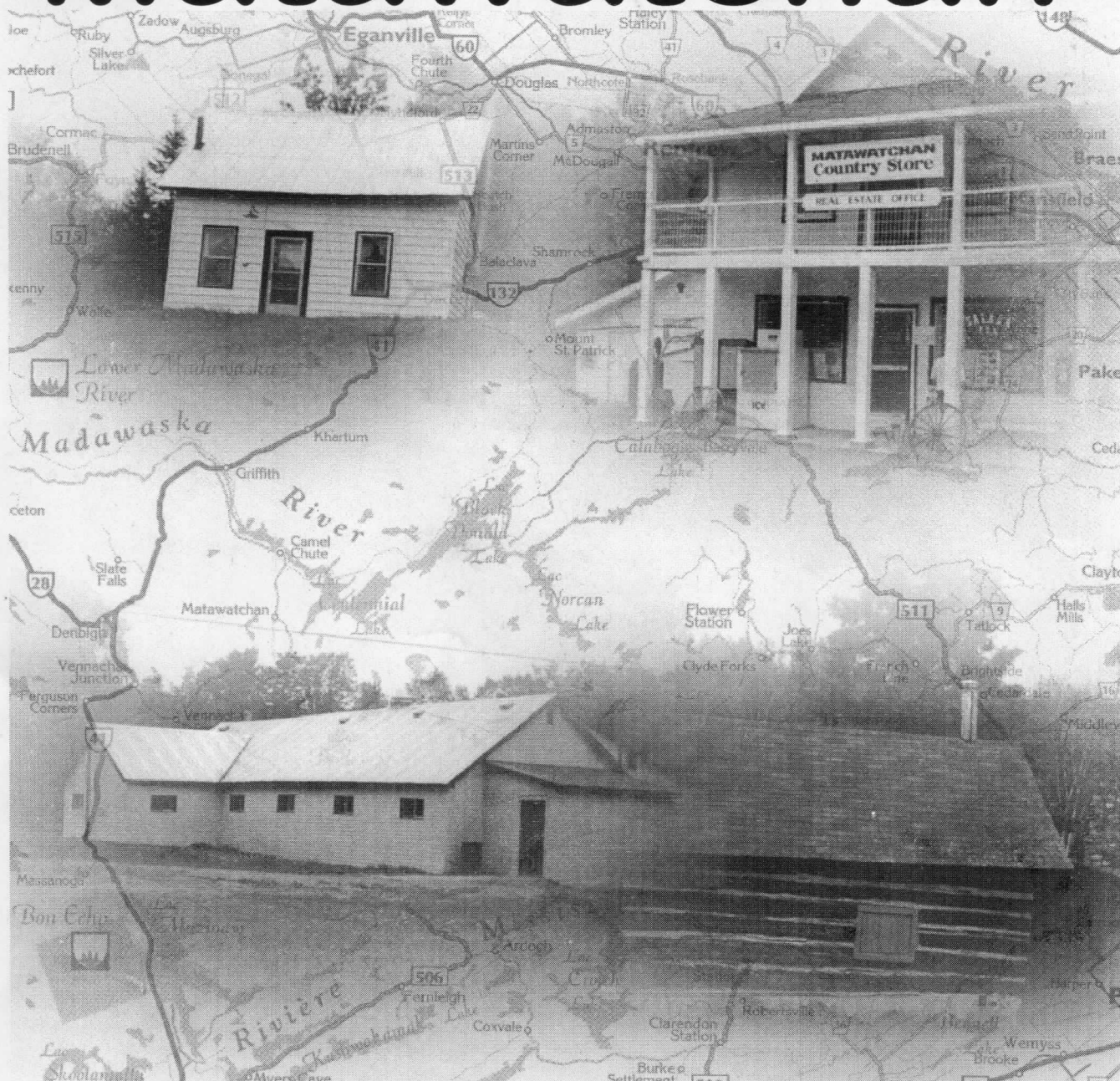


SS#1 School Reunion

August 19, 2000

*Memories
of*

Matawatchan



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

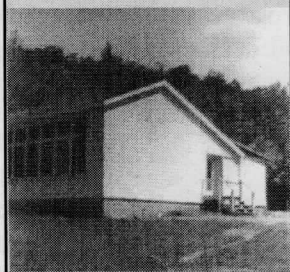
I would like to thank everyone who contributed to this reunion booklet by way of stories, poems, and photographs.

I would especially like to thank the following: - Elmer Strong for the wealth of material he so generously supplied for our projects. Without his material our job would have been twice as hard and far less successful. - Betty (Carswell) Leonard for keeping the books and making hundreds of phone calls to "tardy" students as well as her prompt willingness to do anything else asked of her. - Lula (Thompson) Hutson for the countless trips she made with me collecting addresses, stories, and pictures. She stayed with it even when she was falling asleep late at night. Olive (Thompson) Parks (MOM) for the many home-cooked meals during our visits to Matawatchan. Olive made it her mission to see that we were well fed and rested between stops at the various homes.

The ultimate accomplishment for this booklet, the calendar and name tags is due to one particular person. Dr. Glenn Grant, who is an expert with computers (he must be as he taught me), put all the bits and pieces together and produced for us a treasured memento of what will probably be the only Matawatchan School Reunion. I would like to, on behalf of all Matawatchan students, express our deepest gratitude to Glenn for his countless hours of work and for his dedication towards making this reunion an event to remember.



SS#1 Matawatchan, August 2000



School Times

Summer 2000



Colin Thompson



***Student of the Year
and Only Student to
have Lived in Three
Centuries***

A Welcome to All

by Elmer Strong

For the first time, and probably the only time, we will gather on a summer day this August to collectively reminisce about our experiences at the old Matawatchan school.

For more than a century the old public school served the educational needs of the Matawatchan community. The SS#1 Matawatchan schools, were located in three successive one room school houses, all within about a one mile radius of the village and served the needs of a once thriving community. For many, it was the only opportunity they would ever have for a formal education before entering the "school of hard knocks". For others, it was the foundation and stepping stone to more advanced training in preparation for careers outside of the community, in other parts of the country and in far flung nations around the world.

Through the years the school saw many changes. It evolved from placing its sole emphasis on teaching the "3Rs" (reading, riting and rithmatic) in the early years to an expanded curriculum including arts, social sciences and humanities. In its own way the school kept pace with the ever changing technology. The click and squeak of chalk on hard slate boards gave

way to quill pens and erasure tipped pencils. Straight pens with their messy ink wells were replaced by fountain and ball point pens. Slide rules were superseded by electronic calculators, the forerunner of the computer which dominates today's education system and much of our daily lives. The old Matawatchan school embraced new ideas and moved to prepare its students to compete in a world where during the school's one hundred year lifetime the growth in the world's knowledge doubled many times over.

Together with the church and the general store, the school formed the third pillar in the community infrastructure. It's role did not end at the close of the school day but it also served as the venue for community social activity as well. It was here that the Christmas concerts were staged, political meetings organized, box socials, euchre parties and other social gatherings held. Frequently following a social event, the desks would be shoved back, wax spread on the floor and the old school would ring to the sound of fiddles as happy revelers square danced until the light of dawn.

Today we look back with admiration to a time when dedicated teachers and pupils were able

Renfrew Mercury:
March 31, 1916
Matawatchan:

A very successful box social was held in the public school here on the 24 inst. in behalf of the Red Cross Society. All honour is due to Miss Mabel Hough, teacher, for the efficient manner in which the children were trained in drills, recitations and dialogues, with a goodly number of patriotic selections. Much credit is also due to the children. Each taking part did so to the satisfaction of the audience and came in for much applause. Mr. Charles Strong was chairman and acted as auctioneer, the boxes all selling at good figures. The pleasant event was brought to a close by singing "God Save the King".

Eli & Jane Ann Troke:
well known couple in
the village



to create a learning atmosphere that allowed eight grades to be taught by one teacher in an overcrowded one room school. And we recall how the dedication and cooperation of those pupils was often rewarded by the teacher using the last hour on Friday to read to the class a chapter from *Bambi*, *My Friend Flicka* or *Black Beauty*. It was an introduction to literature that continued to pay lifetime dividends for students long after other memories of the school experience had faded.

A declining enrollment and a move to consolidate small rural schools into larger educational centers forewarned of the impending demise of the old school. Finally on a spring afternoon in the late 1960's, the Matawatchan school closed

its doors for the last time. The school bell no longer rings out each morning at nine AM to signal the beginning of classes for the day. The school yard is silent now. No happy shouts of joy echo down the hill from children celebrating their release from class for recess or noon hour. The old school now exists only in the hearts and memories of those former students, where it will live on forever.

As the memories flood back and we try to recapture some part of those long ago school days, perhaps a tear may fall. But it is not a time for sadness, rather it is a time to rejoice. Rejoice in the memory of those distant carefree days when we had the privilege of sharing together a part of our lives in that old Matawatchan school.

ALL GOOD THINGS

(A true story)

He was in the first third grade class I taught at Saint Mary's School in Morris, Minn. All 34 of my students were dear to me, but Mark Eklund was one in a million.. Very neat in appearance, but had that happy-to-be-alive attitude that made even his occasional mischievousness delightful. Mark talked incessantly. I had to remind him again and again that talking without permission was not acceptable. What impressed me so much, though, was his sincere response every time I had to correct him for misbehaving "Thank you for correcting me, Sister!" I didn't know what to make of it at first, but before long I became accustomed to hearing it many times a day. One morning my patience was growing thin when Mark talked once too often, and then I made a novice-teacher's mistake. I looked at Mark and said, "If you say one more word, I am going to tape your mouth shut!" It wasn't ten seconds later when Chuck blurted out; "Mark is talking again." I hadn't asked any of the students to help me watch Mark, but since I had stated the punishment in front of the class, I had to act on it. I remember the scene as if it had occurred this morning. I walked to my desk, very deliberately opened my drawer and took out a roll of masking tape. Without say-

ing a word, I proceeded to Mark's desk, tore off two pieces of tape and made a big X with them over his mouth. I returned to the front of the room. As I glanced at Mark to see how he was doing, he winked at me. That did it! I started laughing. The class cheered as I walked back to Mark's desk, removed the tape, and shrugged my shoulders. His first words were, "Thank you for correcting me, Sister." At the end of the year, I was asked to teach junior-high math. The years flew by, and before I knew it Mark was in my classroom again. He was more handsome than ever and just as polite. Since he had to listen carefully to my instruction in the "new math," he did not talk as much in ninth grade as he had in third. One Friday, things just didn't feel right. We had worked hard on a new concept all week and I sensed that the students were frowning, frustrated with themselves - and edgy with one another. I had to stop this crankiness before it got out of hand. So I asked them to list the names of the other students in the room on two sheets of paper, leaving a space between each name. Then I told them to think of the nicest thing they could say about each of their classmates and write it down. It took the remainder of the class period to finish their assignment, and as the students left the room, each one handed me the papers. Charlie smiled. Mark said, "Thank you for teaching me, Sister. Have a good weekend." That Saturday, I wrote down the name of each student on a separate sheet of paper, and I listed what everyone else had said about that indi-



Old Steam Engine

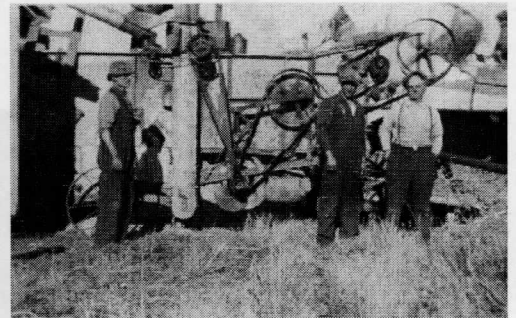
Thrashing Time

Renfrew Mercury:
March 29, 1918

Matawatchan: A concert was held at Glenfield School (Mission) March 18th. The schoolhouse was well filled and everybody was well pleased. Mr. Melburn Rose gave gramophone selections. Miss Brown (the teacher) and the two sisters, Misses Laura and Grace Ferguson, recited and took part in dialogues; also sang in the party. Rev. W.E. Harris and Mrs. McLellan sang duets. The moon shone, and the sleighs were numerous that conveyed the people from Matawatchan to Glenfield.

vidual. On Monday I gave each student his or her list. Before long, the entire class was smiling. "Really?" I heard whispered. "I never knew that meant anything to anyone!" "I didn't know others liked me so much." No one ever mentioned those papers in class again. I never knew if they discussed them after class or with their parents, but it didn't matter. The exercise had accomplished its purpose. The students were happy with themselves and one another again. That group of students moved on. Several years later, after I returned from vacation, my parents met me at the airport. As we were driving home, Mother asked me the usual questions about the trip, the weather, and my experiences in general. There was a lull in the conversation. Mother gave Dad a side-ways glance and simply says, "Dad?" My father cleared his throat as he usually did before something important. "The Eklunds called last night," he began "Really?" I said. "I haven't heard from them in years. I wonder how Mark is." Dad responded quietly. "Mark was killed in Vietnam," he said. "The funeral is tomorrow, and his parents would like it if you could attend." To this day I can still point to the exact spot on I-494 where Dad told me about Mark. I had never seen a serviceman in a military coffin before. Mark looked so handsome and mature. Mark I would give all the masking tape in the world if only you would talk to me. The church was packed with Mark's friends. Chuck's sister sang "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Why did it have to rain on the day of the funeral? It was difficult enough at the graveside. The pastor said the usual prayers, and the bugler played taps. One by one those who loved Mark took a last walk by the coffin and sprinkled it with holy water. I was the last one to bless the coffin. As I stood there, one of the soldiers who acted as pallbearer came up to me. "Were you Mark's math teacher?" he asked. I nodded as I continued to stare at the coffin. "Mark talked about you a lot," he said. After the funeral, most of Mark's former classmates headed to Chuck's farmhouse for lunch. Mark's mother and father were there, obviously waiting for me. "We want to show you something," his father said, taking a

wallet out of his pocket. "They found this on Mark when he was killed. We thought you might recognize it." Opening the billfold, he carefully removed two worn pieces of notebook paper that had obviously been taped, folded and refolded many times. I knew without looking that the papers were the ones on which I had listed all the good things each of Mark's classmates had said about him. "Thank you so much for doing that," Mark's mother said. "As you can see, Mark treasured it." Mark's classmates started to gather around us. Charlie smiled rather sheepishly and said, "I still have my list. It's in the top drawer of my desk at home. "Chuck's wife said, "Chuck asked me to put



his in our wedding album. "I have mine too," Marilyn said. "It's in my diary." Then Vicki, another classmate, reached into her pocketbook, took out her wallet and showed her worn and frazzled list to the group. "I carry in my bag, the entire class picture and this with me at all times," Vicki said without batting an eyelash. "I think we all saved our lists." That's when I finally sat down and cried. I cried for Mark and for all his friends who would never see him again.

Written by: Sister Helen P. Mroska. The purpose of this letter is to encourage everyone to compliment the people you love and care about. We often tend to forget the importance of showing our affection and love. Sometimes the smallest of things, could mean the most to another.

NOTE:

I am including this story in memory of all those students from Matawatchan School who are no longer with us. They may be gone from us for the moment but we carry them with us in our hearts and memories and in that way they become part of this reunion.

MAGIC MOMENTS

Tetter Tottering - an inexpensive old time game - Fay, Ray & Verna Thompson



Alexander and Christina MacPherson, Grandparents to almost all of Matawatchan

Early childhood burdens our adult years with a multitude of memories. For too long I allowed the negative memories dominance. In recent years I have elected to keep precious my early "magic moments" growing up in Matawatchan.

I remember the SPRING – my favorite time of the year – with special fondness. I can still feel the cool water of the Colton Creek lapping at my bare toes as Betty and I skipped from rock to rock seeing how far we could go without stepping in the water. I remember the educational outings our teachers would take us on to gather the first spring flowers. How delightful it was to spot a pretty little pansy-face peeking up from its almost hidden crevice. What a wonderful way of learning – and so inexpensive!!

I remember the hot dusty days of SUMMER – my favorite season. Long exploratory walks through the fields and then on into the bush area looking for new treasures. No carpet since has felt as soft and comforting as the patches of moss we would encounter. I remember bringing home a vacated hornet's nest and being completely fascinated with the intricacies of its construction. Yes, and I remember hot summer evenings when our lullaby was the musical sounds of nature. A tree frog near our house would make itself heard while across the meadow the "regular" frogs would croak out a melody known only to them and interspersed in these sounds you could hear the somewhat softer chirping of crickets. Or can any "virtual reality video game" really duplicate the game of catching fireflies in a jar? We didn't need computers – although I do find them useful in putting together projects such as this. We actively lived reality in our games not apart from them. And the games, the dozens of games we played hour after hour and our parents didn't have to spend a penny on equipment. A stick, a stone, a rope or an old cardboard box was all we usually required. I do not ever remember hearing chil-

dren complaining to their parents that there was nothing to do as I hear today while hundreds, if not thousands, of dollars of toys and equipment, surround the child.

Oh! and I remember the FALL – my most favorite time of the year. The crunchy harvest apples free for the picking that would later be roasted for dessert and, even better, the times they would be dipped in caramel or some other sweet concoction. And Halloween – what store could duplicate the homemade treats our neighbours made and the fun and laughter we enjoyed at each house we visited. Fall leaves and children's laughter – what absolutely hilarious and uninhibited fun it was to jump screaming with laughter onto a pile of fall leaves. Fall – the season of colour, the season of laughter, and the season of good harvest. What wonderful memories!

I most certainly remember WINTER – my absolute most favorite season of the year. Sleigh bells ringing, children singing – that almost covers winter for me. I remember so well the Christmas concerts at the Matawatchan School, the like of which I have not seen since. My absolute belief in Santa came from those early



school concerts. The thrill when Santa arrived with little bags for each of us. It really did not matter how much was contained in the bags. It was the anticipation of opening them and knowing they came from Santa that meant the most. I do not remember ever knowing who played Santa – I still want to believe he was real although I suspect the bags were made up by our teachers and/or our parents – acting as Santa's helpers of course. I have my teachers and Aunt Flo to thank for my belief in Santa. I remember one year I couldn't go to the Christmas Concert because I was sick. My world ended. My illness was nothing compared with the sick feeling in the pit of my stomach at the thought of missing Santa. Of course, Santa did come Christmas Eve and my world was set to rights again but I still regret missing that one Concert. Christmas season – time to hitch up the sleigh, put the horses' bells in place and visit family. Snuggled under homemade quilts atop a pile of hay we would venture forth under a full moon with bells ringing out on the crisp wintry air. Sometimes we would be off to Alvie Strong's place where I remember having the most delicious ice cream ever. Visiting in Matawatchan always held some delight or adventure. And oh my, what fun when we were

William and Mary Anne (Ilan) Strong, (Charlie Strong's parents) operated a store and fur trading post, where Beulah Snider now lives.



Mrs. Avery - owned the Wilson Store near Floyd MacPherson's place

lucky enough to have a shinny crust on top of the snow and we could go sliding on the hill behind Grandpa Kelly's. Aunt Flo would cut apart cardboard boxes and we, together with the Thomson kids, would slide down the hill screaming as we sped along, narrowly missing trees on the way and ending up in a pile of flailing arms and legs. What store-purchased toboggan could hope to compete with our simple fun?

In conclusion – I have realized that every time of the year is my most favorite. I would never be able to live anywhere other than a place with all four changes of season and at least a month of winter with snow. I am grateful that my early years were spent in the country and am grateful for the many, many wonderful memories I do have of my time living in Matawatchan.

Isabella Kelly



SUMMER SOLITUDE

Caught in the spell of a summer day,
Body and soul at ease.

Hidden here in the fragrant hay,
Soothed by a wandering breeze.

Lulled by the hum of a honey bee,
Lovingly touched by the sun.

Suddenly! Sweetly! the feeling comes,
That the earth and I are one.

I hear a cricket near my ear,
See a hawk soaring in the sky.

I watch a spider spin a web,
On a level with my eye.

If I should die in this quiet place,
And my bones bleach in the sun.

Then I'd be the way I feel today,
The earth and I are one.

*Hertha Darlington,
nee MacPherson*

CONVERSATION ELMER STRONG HAD WITH BILLIE McLAREN

Conversation Elmer Strong taped with Billie McLaren in July of 1965 at which time he talked about the Matawatchan school as follows: "My first teacher was a cousin of Mrs. Jack MacPherson, Edith Beebee. Rod Wensley taught there after her. He was from out at Wensley. The school ran from the first of September to the first of July. We used a slate, which you rubbed off with the sleeve of your shirt. The few scribbles that there were, measured about one inch thick with very rough paper that was hard to write on. The school teachers were very strict and discipline was usually, "' an old sender with the hand'", or stood up in the corner for a couple of hours. No talking or whispering was allowed. There were two students to a desk with an ink well in the middle of the desk. We had both pencils and pens but no erasures on the pencils. We used old round erasures, long like your finger. We also used a

knife to scrape off before we got erasures. You were considered to be "'well up in the riggin'" when you got an erasure. There were some large square erasures. Most work was done on the black board or slate. We used scribbles only to do homework. I never went to school at Quackenbush Lake - - always went to school in Matawatchan. We had to go to Renfrew to pass the Entrance Exams. In 1916 Pearl Love and I wrote our entrance exams in Renfrew. It took a day to go down to Renfrew. We went to Calabogie with Bill Hunter and then took the four o'clock train from Calabogie to Renfrew. We spent three days in Renfrew and then took the 11 o'clock train back to Calabogie and then the wagon and team back to Matawatchan. In those days you had to go to the nearest high school to try your entrance exam. I still have my entrance certificate."

HEMAN TOWNS - GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

*Herman Towns -
Grandfather to all and
storyteller
extraordinaire*

Heman Towns was well known for both his outstanding baked beans, which he cooked in the sand for the picnics and for his telling of tall tales. In the lumber camps where he was head cook he was known as the camp jester and the evenings were spent yarn-ing. One evening he told the lumberjacks about the time he cut his foot half off with a broad axe. The fellows asked to see the scar. He undressed one foot and then the other and no scar. Heman drawled, "It must have been my brother Wyman's foot I cut".. Another yarn Heman told was about his pet fish. The fish followed him everywhere he went. One day he started off to hunt for the cows and he heard their bells on the far side of the creek. He had to walk a log to get across. The fish was coming behind and darned if it didn't fall off the log and drown.

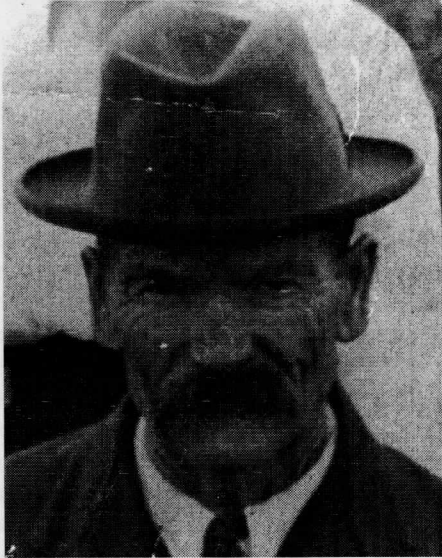


Heman Towns also speared bullfrogs and shipped the legs to the United States for 'fine dining'.. It was told that when the frogs heard Heman coming they would band together and croak a guttural warning that could be heard for miles 'Heman's coming! Heman's coming! Go down! Go down! Heman's last years were spent in Matawatchan. He said that before that he moved so often he couldn't walk toward the barn without his old rooster flopping over on his back and shoving up his feet to be tied! The Towns' grandchildren often stopped at Heman's place on the way home from school and were always given cookies (something they called walla wallops) and milk or sometimes it would be homemade bread with brown sugar. Heman would say "now eat up and git". At Christmas Heman would arrive at the Pete Kelly home with a cardboard box and when the door was opened he would call out "box is here". Inside were homemade socks for the boys and moccasins he had made for the girls.

Information from an article by Jean Parcher Richter, a great granddaughter, and from Marjorie Johnston, a granddaughter.

*The Thompson
Brothers*

**Only three in their
generation to get
their entrance
certificates**



*Colin
Thompson (above)*

*William (Billy)
Thompson (side)*

*Alexander (Alec)
Thompson (below)*



LIGHTENING STORM

We didn't attend Matawatchan School very long but I remember a storm shortly after our family started coming to stay the summer in Matawatchan. One evening we had quite a violent thunderstorm. My mother loved to watch the lightening and enjoyed the way it made zig zag trails and lit up the sky. She was watching the storm as it grew in intensity when Basil McLaren came to our place and said we had to come down to his place right away. We all went down to Basil's and he told us we had to go down in the cellar. We were mystified. Why would we go down in the cellar just because a storm was brewing when all we wanted to do was watch it. We finally understood that we had to go to

the cellar because Basil thought we would be safe there. Mother didn't understand, but she thought it was awfully nice of Basil to be so concerned for us that he came and brought us to his place.



I guess Matawatchan neighborliness like this was the reason my family kept coming back to Matawatchan year after year and why we still spend time here every summer.

Judy Clark, nee Dunn

OUT EARLY

One day several of the boys (I'm not saying who but a couple are probably here at the reunion) wanted out of school early so they put feenamint gum in a chiclet package and offered some to the teacher. It wasn't long before the teacher was headed out to the little house and after several such trips we were told to go home. Another day some boys wanted out early so every time the teacher turned her back working at the board they moved the clock ahead about 15 minutes. By the time the clock read 4 o'clock it was actually somewhere between 2 and 3 o'clock.

*Marion Adamson,
nee Strong*

SLEDDING, BIKING AND FISHING

I remember the fun we had sledding. We would sled down the hill from the school to behind the little house where Grandpa Kelly lived before he built the new place. If there was enough glare on the snow we would be able to come right out on the road and keep going past Basil Thomson's house. Good job there wasn't too many cars in those days!

I also remember that Orval Strong, Lynn McLaren and I use to ride on our bikes way back past Quackenbush Lake behind the old Johnston place to spear suckers. One time Orval had a flat tire so we took the tube out and put twigs in to fill the tire up. It didn't work too well because it took us ages to get back home. Most of the time we were pushing the bikes instead of riding them.

Glenn Carswell

MADAWASKA EVENING

Gary Ferguson

The brilliance of this day is dead
while in its place a bitter chill hovers
on the edge of dusk.

Bluejays in the hemlock merely croak
as though their shrill bravado
vanished with the sun.

A bushman interrupts his toil to scan
the sky as echoes from his axe blows
fade across the hills.

Then, trailing footprints on the snow
he plods toward home and leaves me
with the forest and the night.

SCHOOL INFORMATION

Supplied by Elmer Strong

In the interviews I had with the old timers about 35 years ago, several made mention of the first school being on the road into the MacPherson Settlement. I believe it was on the right side of the road near the top of the hill - - not far from where the last school was built - - (where Amy and Marion Rahm live now.) From the 1871 National census report, we know that Cecelia Moran was teaching there in 1871. Since she was apparently the second Matawatchan teacher, after Mrs.

Sandy McDonald, we can assume the school was built there not too many years before. The Renfrew County registry office records that a Crown Patent for one acre of land was issued to the Public School Trustees Sect. No. 1,

Matawatchan, on the 8th of Dec. 1883 on lot 10 of the 4th concession. On Sept. 5th 1885, School trustees, John Thomson, William Hutson, and William Thomson were shown as holders of the Crown patent.

MORE SCHOOL INFORMATION

Supplied by Elmer Strong

The first Matawatchan School was located off the road leading from the McPherson settlement from Matawatchan. Rod Wensley taught there. He had a brother Phil. Rod also taught at Wensley. Inspector Reid, a cantankerous man visited the school and begun asking questions from one of the female students. She was nervous and scared of him. She finally jumped up and bolted out the door. Reid shouted for her to come back. She paid no attention to him. Reid told Rod Wensley to put her back. Rod told him to "sit down and calm down or they will all take off.

THE ROAD

The road ran from somewhere beyond the general store, past our house to the graveyard, then continued on toward places where, my mother said, robins wintered. In my little world there was no requirement for a wider comprehension of geography.

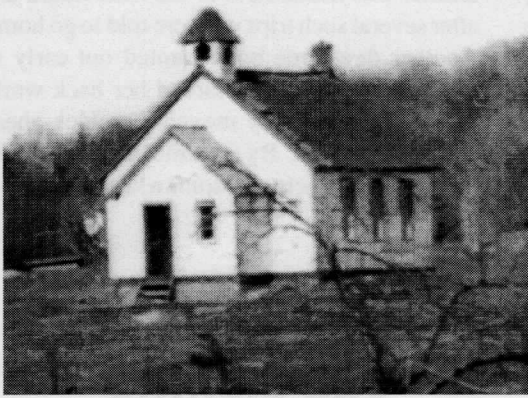
From our kitchen window, I could look across the road to our neighbour's house near the hill over which the sun came up. No matter how hard I pressed my face against the glass, my view of the road was limited to the brow of the hill near our gate, and in the direction of the store, to the knoll in front of my grandmother's house.

There would come a morning, after late autumn winds had ripped the last coloured leaves from trees, when I would wake up to a pervading silence. It was as though an enormous down comforter had covered our house, smothering all sounds from the outside world. I knew, even before I ran to look, that the first snow had fallen. In contrast to the surrounding countryside thrusting drab grays of rock, rail fences,

nude trees and twisted brush through new snow, the road was a corridor of uninterrupted white. The old lumber trucks, on these mornings, seem to muffle their bark, as though in apology for tracking graffiti across nature's handiwork. If the storm lasted long enough, I would get to see the big wooden "V" plow throw up serpentine windrows as it slewed along behind three or four teams of horses.

My "farming grandparents" who lived near the graveyard came, sleigh bells jangling in time to their horses' stride, one evening and took my brother and me to a Christmas concert in the schoolhouse where we saw Santa Claus. From then until Christmas Eve, my excitement grew until I lost confidence in my ability to distinguish between sleigh bells on teams along the road and those on reindeer cantering through the night sky.

At some point during the time of short days and bitter frost, after my brother and I had broken our Christmas toys and snow had lost its magic, we began to long for those soft winds that carry



OLDTIME REMEDIES AND PRODUCTS

The remedies and products you find throughout these pages were found in an old book dated 1907 and 1908 that was found among Floelle (Kelly) Carswell's belongings. From some of the information contained in the book I think perhaps they were written by someone coming from Europe, which may have been some of the Towns' descendants on my Grandmother Elizabeth Kelly's side of the family. Who knows! In any case they are interesting. However, I am not recommending any of the remedies and would be hesitant to try some containing unusual or perhaps even harmful items.

Betty Leonard, nee Carswell



The old United Church

Building of new United Church

the new United Church.



a promise of thaw and the return of robins from lands beyond the graveyard. During spring's muddy season, we could no longer hear the "tinkatink" of the mailman's Model A. It was stranded, like a moth on a fly sticker, in his yard until the roadbed dried and dust blew. In the mean time, he seemed to enjoy this break

from driving, lounging on the buggy seat while his glum old horse picked its way through washouts and mud holes. We hated that horse because of its uncanny ability to always set a course over our miniature mud dams and flood diversions.

By the time groundhogs sought out new green shoots in the ditch across from our gate, farmers had brought teams and wagons to "pay the taxes" with annual roadwork. From the pit at the bottom of the hill, they hauled gravel to repair wounds inflicted during winter's death throes. With rakes and shovels they performed their surgery until all scars had disappeared and the road looked trim and rejuvenated.

Through hot summers, this fresh surface became our sandbox. Though we considered it ours, we did give way to vehicles. The snarl of an engine would send us scurrying up embankments where we waved until the dust had drifted away and nothing but locusts ruined the silence.

With my brother and the neighbour's boys, I prowled the road on the lookout for bird's nests in nearby trees and for snakes in ditches. We threw stones and tried to flush groundhogs, by peeing down their holes, simply because they took up residence on our beat.

Images of certain events moldering in my cache of road

memories now emerge set, for some reason, against only summertime backgrounds. I remember heat and rank growth along fences when the mother of each new addition to the community came trudging through the dust carrying her latest offspring. She would stop and show it off to "oohs" and "aahs" from my mother while my brother and I stared, tonguetied and grinning. After each had continued on her way, my questions always forced Mother into creating some diversionary tactic in order to protect tender sensibilities from the truth concerning the source of these babies.

Funeral processions also came through the dust, but they filled me with childish dread because they carried dead people. Dead people could become ghosts. I would watch, like a mesmerised frog under the stare of a hungry snake, as the line of vehicles slithered past our gate and down the hill. I usually knew the mourners but never looked at them in case I'd feel some of the sadness that accompanied death.

The sight of three or four cars passing our house during the course of a summer evening not only provided

entertainment but also indicated that someone, somewhere, was throwing a "do." I don't recollect this pastime during winter, I suppose, because a car would be out of sight before I could dash to a window and scrape enough frost from the pane to provide a peephole.

The impression that all local boys, who went to war, came home on embarkation leave during one particular summer, I attribute to a memory, which tends to compress series of long-past events into neat time segments. Whether to visit our neighbours, stop in for a chat with my father or to go striding past, I saw each one of them on the road before they went overseas.

We marked the passage of time, during our care-free summer days, only by events which interrupted play for all other measures were as irrelevant, as the places to which the road led. We did sense the turning of a seasonal clock though, when golden rod in gaudy yellows and

**FOR
RHEUMATICS:**

_ oz of Iodide Potash, 1
oz of Stick Sarsaparilla.
Put in three pints of
Fresh Rainwater and
boil down to a pint then
strain it and add the
Potash of Iodide to it.
Tablespoonful three
times a day.

**FOR CLEANING
LUNGS:**

_ pint Linseed oil raw;
_ pint Black Molasses;
_ pint Rum. Mix all
together. Dose - half
wineglass three times a
day before meals.

milkweed with bursting pods crowded onto the graveled shoulders, as though waiting for a parade to pass. The big threshing machine, rattling by on its way from farm to farm, reminded us that summer was slipping away. By the time the last hunter from "out front" had passed our gate with a deer carcass slung over his front fender, we were again awaiting snowfall.

Successive spring runoffs continued to ravage the road. Farmers continued to repair it and the war became a bad memory. Traffic changed as motorised vehicles forced horses to languish on farms. Model A Fords and disc-wheeled Chevies were joined by sleeker models with window defrosters, which eased the strain of winter driving by eliminating the need for drivers to open windows and lean out. Horns no longer "beeped" or made "aooka" sounds. The new models emitted multi-toned notes impossible to imitate, even when we pushed on our Adam's apples and stuck our fingers up our noses. Hydraulically operated blades, mounted on huge

trucks, eventually replaced the old wooden snowplow.

By this time, I had matured beyond the stage where an unaccompanied sortie to the outhouse taxed my capabilities but I was still not inclined to reflect on progress. Like the mud and dust of the roadbed, change was taken for granted. I did not reflect on the disappearance of an old way of life. It never occurred to me that this small section of a narrow country thoroughfare was my window on the world or that people traveling along the road were participating in micro segments of an endless jumble of broader events which, when considered in retrospect, become history.

Dedicated to the memory of "The Neighbour's Boys," Cecil and Merle Thomson, who with my brother and I prowled the road, threw rocks at snakes and tried to flush groundhogs by peeing down their holes.

Gary Ferguson

MEMORIES OF GEORGE KELLY (The Heman Towns of our Generation)

(from George's funeral service, January 20, 2000)

George had a passion for life like no one I've ever seen. He loved it and lived it to the fullest - he had so much to give and never asked for a thing. He always looked at the good side of people and never hurt anyone except himself.

George was always there to lend a hand when you needed it - and sometimes when you didn't. You could always count on him to build the biggest fires and have the best fireworks display. His love for all people, young and old made him a joy to be around. He loved people and animals alike - well, maybe not all animals. On numerous occasions he said if anything ever happened to him he wanted to be buried in a steel casket for fear that all those cats would come back to haunt him.

I recall Evans telling me about the time he said the Lord was named Howard because in the Lord's Prayer it says "Howard be they name".. George was doing his thing in the outhouse during a thunderstorm and when the thunder roared, he could be heard from the outhouse saying "Take it easy Howard". I'll never forget dress-

ing up as a woman and George saw me stranded, paid my way into the dance, bought me a drink and thought he had a date until my breasts fell down to my knees. George supported every good cause he could from Fish and Game Clubs to Lottery funds and kids at Halloween.

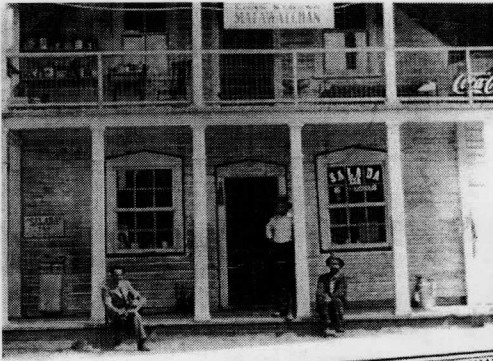
Whenever a couple of weeks went by and George hadn't come cruising up the driveway, we had to ask where he was. There will always be a light shining in our house in case George ever wants to show up in the middle of the night. We would take a visit from him every night if it meant bringing him back. He started Possum Lodge with an enthusiasm I wish we all had and hopefully Chapter 11 will live on. I'm sure we'll never find anyone to sell as many tickets for the fishing derby or as many hot dogs on the ice.

George will always be a legend in Matawatchan, he'll always be missed and will always remain close to our hearts. SKIPAGOO!!

Paul Gaulin, Friend

UNRULEY BOYS

I attended Matawatchan School on the hill in the village from 1924 to 1927 – about three years. I pity the teacher who tried hard to teach us something under difficult circumstances. First of all with 60 pupils in one small room 2 were seated in some of the seats.



Matawatchan Store in village - then

When my two older brothers, Gordon and Lindsay would come home with their books I would listen and look at the pictures as



they read out of the Primer book. I had it down quite well when I started to school. When I was asked to read I would start in, not even knowing my ABC's. The dear teacher thought I knew how to read. Well, to say the least, we had a great time thinking up ridiculous things to do. Things such as asking to leave the room and then running down the hill to the cheese factory and eating curd in school hours. We would come back in 15 to 20 minutes unnoticed.

Matawatchan Store now



Oh, the teacher tried to bring us in line but there were a lot of big boys there who only went to school when there was nothing to do at home. One day at noon we got a little out of line. The big boys suggested we all take the afternoon off so away to the woods we went to smoke dry elm roots. Our mouth got so hot we would have almost been as well off with the lighted end in

our mouth. We were a little tardy in getting back to school but we did get back about 4 o'clock. But the teacher had another plan for us. She decided to warm our hands real good before sending us home. So we all lined up across the front of the school. Well, the dear teacher miscalculated. She didn't realize when she started strapping those big boys they would laugh at her, which they did. The boy's hands were like shoe leather so the strap didn't hurt much. I think she only got to 2 or 3 when her strength gave out. She returned to her desk, fell in her swivel chair, and began to cry. After a bit she said to the rest of us, "I will get you later".. She never mentioned it again. Needless to say we were an unruly bunch and needed a good thrashing all of us.

Donald MacPherson

LITTLE ISABELLA

Another great disaster
Has come upon us all.
For a sweet and a lovely maiden
Has answered Jesus' call.
For the Saviour needed a flower
To decorate His throne
And that is why He called
Our little sister home.

The Doctors worked so hard for her,
The Nurses tried their skill
But a great and a mighty surgeon
Said, little heart be still.
For the Saviour needed a flower
To decorate His throne
And that is why He called
Little Isabella home.

In the great and the Holy Bible
Where every word is true
There is a verse that's written,
We'll meet beyond the blue.
So with this consolation
We can dry up our eyes
For we know we'll meet little Isabella
Away up in the skies.

Repeat of 2nd Verse.

*Song written in the early 50's
Lorena Ferguson nee Hutson
Wayne Ferguson*

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS:

1 oz Mandrake Root; 1 oz Dandelion Root; 1 oz Burdock Root; 1 oz Gentian Root; 1 oz Hops; 1 oz Bucha Leaves. Put in five pints of water and boil down till three pints then add one pint best old rye, one pound white sugar then bottle. Dose – tablespoonful three times a day before meals.

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS:

White of 4 Eggs beaten into a froth; 1 wineglass of Water; 1 wineglass of White Vinegar. Add ten cents worth of Rock Candy. 1 wine glass Honey; 1 wine glass best Brandy. When cough comes on take one tablespoonful.

Mrs. Jack Hunter (The Hunter's sold the Matawatchan Store to Charlie Strong on Christmas Day 1924)

STOLEN KISS AND TEACHER'S NAME

When I was quite young I use to think that if a boy kissed you then you would have to marry him. One day George Kelly kissed me and I started into the crying because I thought we would have to get married. Some of the other kids (our brothers and sisters probably) started singing: "Georgie pordgie pudding in the pie, kissed Arlene and made her cry". Well, needless to say we didn't have to get married.

I also remember that when we wanted to ask the teacher something we would say, "please Miss" and so I thought Grace Thompson's name was please. One day I seen Tommy Thompson walking toward the school and I put up my hand and said, "Please, your father is here to get you".

Arlene Hay, nee MacDonald

I REMEMBER

I remember:

- going to the old school and running down the hill to catch the bus and never being fast enough to get a front seat, because the big boys had got them.
- the new school had electric lights but since there was no hydro they didn't work.
- when the blackboard blew up.
- the sunburn I always got at field day.
- waiting after school for what seemed like forever, for the high school bus to come.
- the fun of forgetting regular school and practicing for the Christmas concert.
- Russel Parks driving the bus. He always brought us a treat at Christmas.
- Malcolm McLaren driving the old red bus.
- getting a nice cold drink at the spring behind the new school.
- climbing on the big rock over in the corner of the schoolyard.
- putting the stage up for the Christmas concert.
- how we were trained to stand up and say Good Morning Mr. _____ (or whatever time of the day it was when the inspector choose to visit).
- playing in the gravel pit at the new school before the bulldozer came and leveled it.
- how hot it was playing baseball and how a game seemed to go on forever.
- crawling through the culvert that ran from near Basil Thomson's house to the road over the hill and the teacher catching us.
- sliding out of the schoolyard on cardboard.
- going down to where Melvin's house is now to pick apples and getting back before the teacher saw us.
- when Norman and Melvin cut the toe off Daryl Thomson's boot with a saw but managed to miss his toe.

- dreading Friday because we had both spelling dictation and memory work – both of which I dreaded.
- practicing for field day and how high Marguerite could jump.
- when Wayne Rahm broke his leg.

But most of all I remember the good friends I made and the good preparation we were given for our future. We were free to play what we wanted and show our own creativity, not have interests pushed upon us. My wish would be that all children could grow up in this environment and let be children not little adults.

Gail Holtzhauer, nee Snider



**List of Teachers who
have taught at the
Matawatchan School and
Bus Drivers**

1 Mrs. Sandy McDonald; 2 Cecelia Moran (Mrs. Colin MacPherson); 3 James Summerville (3 terms); 4 Dr. Cameron; 5 Mr. Tinny; 6 Maggie Taylor; 7 Dr. McNab; 8 Maggie Armstrong; 9 Bill Spence; 10 Miss Ritchie; 11 Jean Ross; 12 Martha Adams; 13 Miss McTavish; 14 Edith Bebee; 15 Rod Wensley; 16 Ethel Bebee; 17 Jennie Bebee - Later Jennie MacPherson; 18 Martha McNulty; 19 Martha Ball; 20 Mable Hough; 21 Bessie Stewart; 22 Mazie Davidson; 23 Katie Wilson (1916-1918); 24 Pearl Love; 25 Katie Audbur; 26 Anne Fraser; 27 Edna McMillan; 28 Florence Close; 29 Evelyn Frood; 30 Kathleen Johnston (1927-29); 31 Hazel Davidson - Later Mrs Dick Thomson (1929-31); 32 Olive Park (1931-34); 33 Russel Shultz (2 years); 34 Gladys Wederburn (3 years); 35 Verna Buchamen; 36 Mayme Barton; 37 Gladys Patno; 38 Noroel Inwood; 39 Clayton Stewart (1942, 4 months then joined army); 40 May Goodrich; 41 Jessie Adair; 42 Eric Hawthorn; 43 Ruby Flynn; 44 Mary Quinn; 45 Jennie MacPherson; 39 Clayton Stewart (1949-51); 46 Rachel Hill (1951-53); 47 John Hunter (1953-54); 48 Don Kranz (1954-55) 49 Grace Thompson (1955 to closing) 50 Malcolm MaLaren 51 Elmer Hutson; 52 Russel Parks; 53 Amy Rahms

TEACHERS AND BUS DRIVERS OF MATAWATCHAN SCHOOLS



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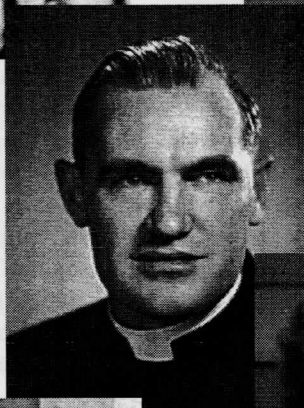
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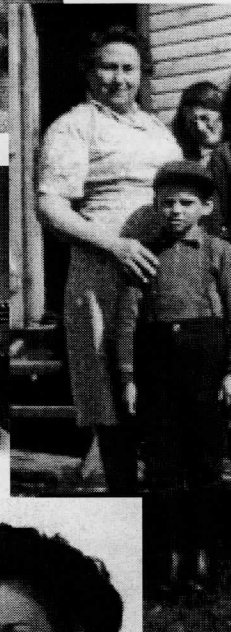
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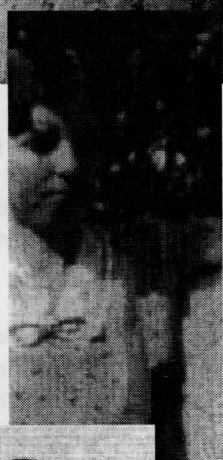
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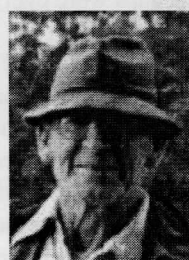
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MY NEW JUMPSUIT

I was quite young when I attended the Matawatchan school and the only story I can think of is the following:

I had been sick and had been absent from school for about a week. I was feeling a little better, but still not able to attend school. My Dad was going to Matawatchan one day around noon hour and I asked to go with him so that I could pick up some of my books to try to catch up with my schoolwork. My mother had purchased a flowered jumpsuit for me, which I was quite proud of, so I wore it to the school so that I could show it off. The children were out for noon hour and were playing in the schoolyard when I arrived. Several of the children immediately noticed my jumpsuit, but instead of admiring it they began to laugh and make fun of it. I was terribly disappointed and embarrassed, and never wanted to wear it ever again!

*Amy Johnston,
nec Thomson*

SALVE FOR CHAPPED HANDS:

4 oz Rosin; 4 oz
Beeswax; 2 pounds
Lard; 1 pound Tallow.
When cold add 4 oz Oil
of Turpentine.

FOR HEADACHE OR NEURALGIA:

3/8 Gum Camphor; 3/8
Cayenne Pepper; 3/8
Laudanum; 3/8
Hartshorne; 1 pint
Alcohol. Rub on the
part afflicted.

I remember hearing stories about my Uncle Hughie and the pranks he and his friends would pull. One of the stories I heard was that he and his friends would go down to the store and get handfuls of pop bottle caps from where they opened the bottles of pop and would go back up to the school and throw the caps through the open windows and run like mad. Flying bottle caps were everywhere.

Well, I guess I did my share of pranks also. I remember when the new school was built and a culvert was put in to take excess water from Basil Thomson's well and the run off from the ditch. The culvert ran from the road beside Basil's right across the schoolyard to the far corner. It wasn't very big but we would manage to get in and crawl or wiggle through to the other end. There was a time I remember when

SKIING

Although the withered earth is heaped with snow
Trembling trees stand stark and bare
As cringing to cruel winds that blow
Their anguish through December air
Our laughter echoes to a roguish moon,
Leaning high above us, large-white,
To mingle with the stars so thickly strewn
Like candles burning in the velvet night,
And far beneath, the moving arms of trees
Bend down in homage to the gliding skis.

Ruth Kelly

SUMMER WILL WAKE AGAIN

Summer is sleeping, here she lies.
October came and closed her eyes,
So gay, so bright, now wearied worn,
While summer sleeps, we must not mourn.

Strum her a melody while she sleeps
On earth made moist by clouds that weep.
Dream with her while she must remain,
Tulips will waken with her again.

Ruth Kelly

PRANKS

someone panicked when we were about half-way. It was pitch black in there and hardly room to move. We didn't think we were going to get them through but finally managed.

One time Dennis and I (and I think someone else might have been with us) jacked the back tires of Roy MacPherson's truck up on blocks just high enough so that Roy couldn't go anywhere. Roy kept stepping on the gas but didn't move. Finally he went and got someone to check the truck to see what was wrong with it.

Then there was the time one Halloween night that Dennis and I moved Roy's outhouse back a few feet thinking he would come out in the morning and step in the hole.

Brian Kelly

Renfrew Mercury: July
19, 1918

Miss Katie J. Wilson of
Carp, after teaching for
two terms in School No.
1 of Matawatchan, has
left there, much to the
regret of all. Before
leaving there was a
social gathering graced
by the presence of
Mayor Moss of
Renfrew, at which the
following address was
presented to Miss
Wilson

**Matawatchan,
June 28th, 1918**

Dear Miss Wilson. We,
the undersigned
trustees of S.S. No. 1,
Matawatchan, feel that
we should not be doing
our whole duty to the
above named S.S. if we
did not convey to you,
our retiring school-
teacher, our apprecia-
tion and the high
esteem in which we hold
you. During the past
two terms in which we
have been privileged to
have your services as
teacher, you have
proven yourself not only
a faithful and efficient
teacher, but have also
endeared yourself to the
community through your
pleasant and affection-
ate nature. You have
endeared yourself to the
scholars, one and all,
who deeply regret your
departure, and you have
also won an esteemed
position in the church
and social life of the
community. We feel that
we are voicing the

MEMORIES OF MY SISTER BESSIE

I remember my first day of school. Bessie wanted me to sit in the double desk with her but the teacher wouldn't let her I suppose because I was in a lower grade. Bessie took my scribbler and pencil and wouldn't give them back to me perhaps thinking the teacher would give in and allow me to sit with her. I guess Bessie wanted to look after me because it was my first day.

One day my mother had to leave to attend Mrs. Lennie MacPherson who was having a baby. She left Bessie to finish cooking the citron she had on the stove. She asked her to put in the whole cloves when it was time but Bessie put in the ground cloves instead. You can imagine how that turned out!!!!

On another day mother sent Bessie to Charlie Strong's store to get some groceries. One of the items on the list was 10 cents worth of pepper - in those days that was a good bit of pepper. Bessie asked Charlie for 10 pounds of pepper. Charlie knew mother wouldn't be needing that much pepper so he just sent her back a small amount. Charlie sure had a good laugh about Bessie's 10 pounds of pepper!!

I remember once Bessie giving me instructions of what to do if Dad was giving me a switching. She said that I should grab him around the legs and it wouldn't hurt so much because he wouldn't be able to get a good swing with the switch. She said that was what she did.

Marjorie Johnston, nee Kelly

MY FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

Up at daybreak, a big day ahead,
Have no time to dally — can't stay in bed.

A big healthy breakfast; then brush my teeth,
A newly starched dress, crinoline underneath.

Off to the school with brothers, three,
They're in such a hurry, won't wait for me.

There are so many children, it makes me feel shy
Wish Mummy were here, I'm afraid I might cry

There goes the school bell, now here we go,
The teachers now line us up all in a row

From one thing to another the morning's gone fast,
Oh, but I'm hungry, we can eat at last.

I'm beginning to like school, and all the new things,
The new books and toys, the slides and the swings.

I shall come back tomorrow, and the day after that,
I will learn to play ball with the new ball and bat.

I shall make many friends, and go home each night,
I might even learn to read and to write!

Amy Johnston, nee Thomson

DREADED SPELLING TEST

We went to a one-room schoolhouse that went up to grade eight. We had a teacher with the initials E.H. who loved to use the strap! He said one day that anybody that didn't have their spelling right the next day would get the strap. This was my weakest subject. I could never get the I and E rule and which came first or after — I before E except after C. He gave ten words straight from the spelling book. I wrote each of the five words with the IE and left that part of the word blank and then filled in the blanks when he gave the answers out. I got caught and therefore I got

the strap. He said take a clean sheet and write them again. Well I had them all right! "Why didn't you do that the first time" he asked and I just shrugged my shoulders, but I did learn my lesson not to cheat and I hope he learned his not to threaten anyone. I also will never forget the smile on Dean Wilson's face when I walked back to my seat and the sad look on my sister Verna's face who was about eight years old and my brother Ray who was seven years old.

Fay Gilmore, nee Thompson

sentiments of the whole community when we say that we deeply regret your departure and wish for you in the future God-speed, and all the good things, which this life affords.

Signed on behalf of the school section - JNO Ferguson, JAS McLaren, Walter Hutson, James Thomson (Missionary)

Joe & Sarah McLaren: Sarah - midwife & Joe caretaker of lookout tower

CHOLERA MIXTURE:

1 oz Tincture of Opium; 1 oz Cayenne Pepper; 1 oz Camphor Gum; 1 oz Turkey Rhubarb; 1 oz Jamaica Ginger; 1 _ oz Sweet Nitre; 1 pt of Alcohol. After a day or two add _ pt best brandy. Dose - _ teaspoon in sweetened water.

COUGH CURR:

5 cts (assuming this means cents) Oil of Tar; 5 cts B. Orleans Molasses; _ pt best Whiskey; _ pt Water. You can take half of molasses, _ of Tar, a cup of Whiskey and a cup of Water. Dose - Teaspoonful 4 times. Increase dose if you feel like it. Take fork and beat tar and whisky then add molasses and water.

HELPFUL OR TROUBLE, DOUBLE TROUBLE?

Dennis MacPherson, Brian Kelly and I use to go climbing the lookout tower, which was almost a hundred feet straight up. My Grandfather, Roy MacPherson, was in charge of it then. We would climb up the outside rungs instead of the ladder. When we got to the top we would walk around the top beams. It's a wonder we are all still alive! I can remember Grandpa kept a catalogue there and he would tear off a piece and throw it out to see which way the wind was blowing.

I do remember getting in trouble when I almost burnt Grandpa Roy's house down. I was trying to burn the dead grass off like I seen the adults doing and it got out of control and burnt right up to inches from the house. I was just trying to be helpful!!!

And the other time I tried to help by cutting my sister Karen's hair. Mom had to take her over to Uncle Basil's to get it straightened out. Still trying to be helpful I cut my own hair when they were gone and when Mom came back she

had to take me over to get mine straightened out. Adults just didn't seem to appreciate when I was helpful!

One time Karen and I were doing our business in the outhouse, which was a two-hole with a lid that lifted up on hinges. We had the top up and I guess were fooling around. Somehow Karen fell in - and I mean right all the way in. What a mess! I swear I did not push her!!!!

One of my saddest memories was when my Great, Grandfather Joe McLaren died. He was the best and we were very close. As soon as I was told about his death I went and took some moccasins he had made and a machete which he had stored in the shed beside their house and buried them up behind Davie and Maggie Bell Wilson's place because I didn't want

anyone else taking them. I would love to have them now to keep as a memento of Grandpa Joe but I could never remember where exactly I buried them.

Chris MacPherson



SAUERKRAUT STORY AND BURNING SCHOOL

Beulah Strong was always one of the poorest spellers in school but she was really good at history. One day we were having a spelling test and we all lined up right across the front of the school. Beulah was at the bottom of the row. The teacher started at one end asking us to spell sauerkraut. The question went right down the row and nobody could spell sauerkraut. Finally, the question was asked of Beulah and low and behold she spelled sauerkraut right the first time. She went to the head of the class. We all just stood with our mouths open. We all decided that the reason Beulah knew how to

spell it was because her father, Charlie, had sauerkraut in the store and it was probably marked on the container.

I also remember one day when the stovepipes took on fire and Albert Kelly at the time was in the outhouse. On his way back he noticed the flames and came in and told the teacher who immediately took care of it. We were all mad at Albert because we thought if he had let the school burn we would have had a holiday.

Melinda MacPherson, nce Hutson

BURR FIGHT

(and other memories)

One day at noon seven kids, myself included, were having a burr fight. We were throwing balls of burr at each other when Gloria Shaw on her way back from lunch walked right into the path of someone's ball of burrs. A burr ball hit her on the head and burrs ended up tangled in her long golden locks. Needless to say we all got the strap. I can still see Grace Thompson trying to get all those burrs out of Gloria's hair.

Billy MacPherson
Place



I remember one day when we were having a test and I 'accidentally' cheated. I never thought I was as smart as the other kids so thought I couldn't possibly have an answer right if they had a different one. I happened to look over at Joan Thomson and noticed that her answer to one of the

questions was different than mine. I didn't think Joan's answer could be wrong so I changed mine. The laugh was on me. It turned out that the answer I had to begin with was the right one. This taught me to never cheat – even 'accidentally'.

I also remember when I was going to school in the little old school on the hill and Garnett Kelly was courting Rachel Hill who was our teacher at the time. Garnet and Ardean would come to the school to see Rachel and I remember they would throw knives at a mark on the building – to impress Rachel I suppose with how good they were as marksmen. Rachel would pretend to be mad at them but she couldn't have been too mad because she would end up going for a drive with them. We weren't sure which Kelly boy she was interested in but I guess it was Garnett since she married him.

Stella Rouble, nee MacDonald

HOUSE OR HOME?

Somebody said what a beautiful home,
I asked how that could be
For I was in that beautiful house,
There was no love that I could see.

Somebody said as they passed it by
And looked at the house once more,
What a beautiful home, but I wondered why
That I hadn't noticed before.

Although there was riches and wealth untold
And everywhere I could see
I noticed one thing that was missing
And I wondered what that could be.

So I pondered awhile as I stood there
And looked at the so called home.
Is this a home or just a house
That is made of wood and stone?

And as I wandered on down the road
I stopped and looked once more
At a little old cabin build of logs
With a welcome sign on the door.

So I walked on over and went inside
And saw that there was none
Of the riches and wealth I had seen before
But my search had just begun.

I stayed and talked to the people there
And knew that I had found
The one thing that makes a house a home
I could see it all around.

The little children that I could see
Were happy and I knew why.
A mother and father with love in their hearts
Were standing very close by.

So I thought it's not how wealthy you are
Or the worldly goods you own.
There is only one thing and that is love
That makes a house a HOME.

Mclinda MacPherson,
nee Hutson
(Sept. 20, 1990)

*Dedicated to my parents
Walter and Margaret Hutson
who knew how to make a house a home.*

WHITE LINIMENT:

1 cup Cider Vinegar; 2
fresh Eggs; 5 cts
(assuming this means
cents) Liquid Ammonia;
5 cts Turpentine. Put
eggs in jar then put
vinegar over, then the
ammonia and turpen-
tine. Apply frequently.

TOOTHACHE:

2 drachms Alum
reduced to a powder; 7
drachms Nitrous Spirit of
Ether. Mix and apply to
tooth.

TOOTHACHE:

*Hyoscyamine seeds.
Burn the seeds and
convey the smoke
through a little paper
tube to the hole in the
tooth. Generally cures*

CHILBLAINS:

*Place red-hot coals in a
basin. Throw on a
handful of Corn Meal.
Hold feet in the smoke.*

CORNS:

*The strongest Acetic
Acid applied will relieve
soft and hard corns.
Apply night and
morning.*

MEMORIES OF MATAWATCHAN

Matawatchan is not what I know it to be
Such a long, long time ago.
So many changes have taken place;
It's all for the best I know.

If some of our dear old ancestors came back
And walked by Centennial Lake,
I wonder if they would know where they were
Or think it was all a mistake.

I remember so well the way it was
Before they flooded the land.
How those dear old people worked so hard
To scratch out a living by hand.

They worked long hours from morning 'till night;
Twelve hours was a short day for them.
But we owe them so much I'm so proud to say
The women as well as the men.

But Hydro came in and bought up the land
From all those who had to move.
I'm sure it was hard to part with their homes,
But Hydro had something to prove.

That progress for all of the people concerned
Made work for many a man;
Brought all the conveniences we never had
So that's when our comforts began.

So thanks to the Hydro for doing so much
To improve our living style,

For then we were all able to have
What we wanted to have for a while.

The creeks that flowed freely in the spring of
the year
Are nearly all but gone.
Where we waded with bare feet and enjoyed it
so much
By stepping from stone to stone.

The picnics are something we must not forget,
With sand-baked beans and the rest.
Homemade ice cream and cookies so big,
Made by women who were some of the best.

They all helped out and I'm happy to say
This tradition is still carried on today
By those that moved in, those that moved back,
And those who elected to stay.

Something I'll always hold dear in my heart
Are the memories of so long ago,
Of Matawatchan and the people who lived here
The ones we were so glad to know.

God bless you and keep you, we owe so much
To a lesson that we all have learned;
Of Honesty, Hard Work, Patience, and Love,
This praise I know you have earned.

Melinda MacPherson nee Hutson
(July 1999)

*Old fashioned
barn raising*



**CURE FOR
DIPHTHERIA:**

When the first signs of diphtheria or sore throat appears, boil turpentine and tar together, close the room tightly and let the fumes stay therein.

**CURE FOR
MOSQUITO
BITES:**

Apply soap to the bites at the same time making a lather.

FOR SPRAINS:

Take a pint of sweet milk and boil it. Mix a tablespoonful of mustard in a little of the milk. When the milk comes to a boil add the mustard. Stir well together. When cold set away for use. Rub the sprain and all around it with the mixture and bandage. In 3 hours repeat the treatment after washing off what was on before and so on.

**REMEDY FOR
EARACHE:**

Take a bit of cotton batting, put upon it a pinch of black pepper, gather it up and tie it. Dip in sweet oil and insert into the ear. Put a flannel bandage over the ear and head to keep it warm. It will give immediate relief.

PROTEST MARCH

I often think how the teacher would say only Shirley and Marion would ever get out of Matawatchan. They were the only two to stay. I am darn proud to say I come from there. We all did pretty darn good I think.

I remember a protest march we went on in a fresh fall of snow one autumn. Murray led us up over the hill down to where Malcolm McLaren built the house, around the road and back up the hill to the school. I was not very big at the time. I remember being so tired. We all got scared as we got nearer the school. Murray led us back into the school and right up to the front. We were all late. The funny thing was the teacher didn't say a word but just told us to sit down. I guess she was just glad to have us back. I don't remember who she was or what we were protesting. I was just glad to get back into my seat.

Lillian MacPherson nee Thompson

**LEAVING OUR
SCHOOL**

I was born in a little log house on the hill up from Matawatchan, now known as Dan's Mountain in the history of that part of the country. My brothers, Gordon and Don, and myself got our first book learning in the one room school at Matawatchan. When I was around ten my Dad bought the Percy Wilson farm which put us in a new school district. We did not know anyone in the Miller school and were so attached to all our friends in our old school that for one year we walked each day to our school in Matawatchan. After one year we were forced to go to the Miller school. What a sad parting from all our friends!! I for one missed fighting with them!!

Lindsay MacPherson

**TEACHER'S PET
(OR THE ENFORCER)**

I remember when Hazel Thompson taught and I use to go to school early to clean the blackboard to get on the good side of the teacher. She gave me a nice picture to hang on my wall but I lost it in the fire when our old house burnt. One morning when I was there early I told Clayton Ferguson to go and get a pail of water for drinking and he told me he didn't have to do what I said. I took him by the ear and pulled him outside to where the flagpole was and I picked up a board that was lying there and started flogging him. I looked over toward Billy MacPherson's and Charlie Strong and Billy MacPherson were standing there watching me. I can still hear Charlie saying "laws me, look at what that girl is doing". Clayton went and got the water when I let him up.

Olive Parks, nee Thompson

**A TRICK ON THE
TEACHER**

One day some of us students decided we would play a trick on our teacher who was Jennie MacPherson. The wall clock at school was broken so she had her alarm clock on her desk. Every time she had her back turned writing on the board one of us would go up to ask her a question and would put her clock ahead about 10 minutes. She would look at her clock and say, "Oh my gosh the time is just flying. Where is it going?" By the time it came 12 o'clock the clock was 1 hour fast. Pansy Thomson came back after lunch and told her the clock was 1 hour fast. She said, "No it can't be because I set it with the radio this morning. Your Mother's clock must be slow." By the time it came 4 o'clock her clock was 1 hour fast. When she went home that night she found out Pansy was right. The next morning she came to school not too happy and tried to find out who did it but no one told because there was too many of us involved. But from that time on she kept her clock in her desk drawer.

Verna St. Aubin, nee Thompson

REMINISCENCE

There is a lot in the area to write about. Even to the beginning of Church Picnics. I wasn't around when they had picnics in that bush before you get to Harold's but I remember in front

of Watty Ferguson's, the orange walk and how the bag pipes scared the horses and eating our lunches on blankets on the ground. I am sure the Thompson's brought cookies three and a half inches across with a raisin or more in the centre. One year the picnic was held in John Ilan's grove, which is Norval's now. A few times in Love's bush and on Dad's land until he sold it for \$1.00 to the Hall Committee.

I think the landmark I miss most is the lookout tower. It was a great guide mark and in old days when a hunter was lost they put a lantern in the tower to guide the person out.



Tower House

*Eunice Stewart, nee MacPherson
excerpt from a letter she wrote.*

BARE FEET

I remember the old box stove in the school and how the stovepipes ran all the way across the school. We would be so cold in the winter when we arrived at school that everyone would crowd around the stove to get warmed up. In summer when it was really hot the teacher would throw a cold pail of water under the desks to cool the floor. In summer we went to school in our bare feet and saved our shoes for Sunday. One day I was late leaving school because the teacher was coming to our place for supper that night and I waited to walk with her. Shortly after we started out it started snowing and by the time we got to our place my feet were almost frozen. If the teacher hadn't been coming with me I could have ran all the way and been home twice as fast.

Annie Thomson, nee Thompson

REGISTRATION LETTER

FROM A STUDENT EXPLAINING HER TARDINESS

Dear Betty:

I'm sorry I'm late with my registration
I should have better concentration.

I'm not slow, I'm just forgetful,
I file things away by the fistful.

Should have followed instruction to mail it soon
Or included it with the bills that loom.

I am really quite a procrastinator
I rarely do it now, I do it later.

One of these days, I'm gonna miss out
The time will come, there is no doubt.

In the meantime, thanks for friends that be
Who send messages through the family tree.

Bev Delaire kindly reminded me
I checked re: the tardy brother too

He's hoping to be let in free
And be given a t-shirt indigo blue.

JUST KIDDING!

I hope he is as smart as me
And sends his money so friends he'll see.

Too bad, I'll never write good poetry like my
mother. Oh well, at least I take after my brother
(tardy too!).

Thank you and looking forward to seeing you
at the reunion.

P.S. I don't know Nancy's excuse,
To make up a tale would be of no use.
I do know that we are always on the run.
Coming and going with family is fun!

Judy Scobie, nee Johnston

COLOGNE:

*Exceedingly fine. 2
drachms each of Oils of
Bergamot and Lemon
(oil of lemon grass
would be nicer); 1
drachm of Orange; _
drachm of Rosemary; _
drachm of Neroli; 4
drops each of Essence
of Ambergis and Musk;
1 pt of alcohol. Shake
occasionally.*

IN MY DAY

I started school in September, 1924. I wasn't started until I was 7 as I had to walk from where we live now. I went with Lorina and Melinda Hutson. Miss Anne Fraser of Ardoch was the teacher. That first day proved very interesting as she tried to fit 40 children into a school built for 20 but somehow she managed to get us all sitting down by putting 3 children in a seat meant for only 2.

There were no grades, but instead Primer, First, Second, Third and Fourth Books. Each book had a junior and senior part to it. If children worked quickly they often finished the entire book in one year so some children could finish public school at a very young age.

The year I went the entrance class consisted of Ruth Kelly, Maggie-Belle Love, Cordella Hutson, Marie Thompson (the minister's daughter), Oswald Hutson and Billie Ilan. At the end of the fourth book you had to write your entrance exam and this could only be done by going to Renfrew or Calabogie for three days in June.

During the years I attended Matawatchan school the following teachers taught there – Anne Fraser taught for 2 years and was followed by Edna McMillian, Florence Closs, Evelyn Frood, Kathleen Johnston, Hazel Davison (later Mrs. Dick Thomson) and Olive Park.

The Christmas concert was the highlight of the year, the school was decorated with a Christmas tree - a great delight because at that time

in Matawatchan most homes didn't have Christmas trees. Each child took part in the program and at the end of the evening Santa would make his appearance with a gift for every child (provided by parents).

Each spring we had Arbor Day when the boys raked the yard and we girls scrubbed down the school.

For a few years Mr. Frank Dench the agricultural representative from Renfrew had a school fair first at Camel Chute for all the schools in the area and later at Matawatchan for just our school. Pupils could compete for prizes with flower vegetables and baking. They also showed sewing that they had done the previous year in school.

From time to time we of course had sick tummies or bumps and bruises. At that time there was no school nurse so we were sent to

Mrs. Sarah McLaren who saw to our needs and if it was serious enough you were let rest on her couch for the rest of the day.

School in my time was much simpler and financially much more efficient. Children were allowed to make more decisions on their own and were not supervised every minute.

All in all the Matawatchan school served a large area for many years giving a great many students a good education to start their future.

Beulah Snider, nee Strong



Mary Anne Strong (Thompson) - above, Beulah Strong, Charlie Strong, owners of Matawatchan Store in village



WASHING FLUID:

1 can Gillett's Lye dissolved in 1 gallon of water; 5cts (assume this means cents) liquid ammonia; 5 cts salts of tartar; 5 cts borax. One cupful to a boiler of cold water and a chunk of soap. Put in the white clothes and boil. Cannot be beaten for towels.

THE WATER FOUNTAIN



*Hannah Carswell
postmistress*

Post Office

*Dave Carswell
delivered mail*



I was in grade four and it was a hot summer day in June. As usual all the students were outside playing softball or some other type of sport. When the bell rang everybody would line up at the water fountain to get a drink and of course the younger kids would be bumped to the back of the line. Anyway Jackie Giffin and I were the last two waiting to get a drink when I decided to close the school door not knowing that Jackie had a portion of her hand inside the door jam. It must have been painful Jackie... but I think I hurt just as much because your big brother Timmy came out of nowhere and gave me a good shot in the arm. I was able to show off my black and blue bruise for weeks.

Stewart Thomson



CAUGHT BY THE TEACHER

I remember one Halloween Michael Kelly and I were trying to topple the traffic sign near the school that warned motorists to slow down. Unfortunately our teacher Grace Thompson spotted us. She opened the upstairs window and whispered these words as only Grace could whisper! "If you boys don't leave that sign alone I am going to call your parents." We probably got the strap the next day. By the way I would like to meet all the students (if there are any) who never once got the strap while they attended the Matawatchan School.

Stewart Thomson

GOODBYE SUMMER

Goodbye to summer
With heat waves and flies,
To camping and boating,
And sun in your eyes.

Goodbye to living
In old faded jeans,
To pretending you like
Wieners and beans.

So back to the city,
And back to your job;
No more can you waddle
Around like a slob.

But into a suit,
A collar and tie,
To change overnight
To a different guy.

The children complaining,
Will go back to school,
And still remember
The golden rule.

Their hair must be tidy,
Their fingernails clean,
And a skirt will replace
Bikinis and jeans.

*Grace Thomson,
nec Ferguson*

LADIES????

I remember Murray MacPherson use to tease the girls something terrible. One day when he was teasing us too much Mabel Hutson and I turned on him and knocked him down. He fell right into a fresh cow paddy. This happened at school and before he could go back into class he had to go home and change. He told his mother, Beatrice, what happened and she said, "I thought those two girls were ladies but they sure are no ladies after this."

Marjorie Johnston, nec Kelly

HOT SUMMER DAYS

Sandy MacPherson Place

I can remember how we all couldn't wait for the end of the school year in June. The only problem was we lived on a farm. About five to six weeks were spend taking in the hay.

Colin John Place

However, I do have one good experience regarding hay and no it's not what you think. This involved work. My great Uncle John Kelly asked me to help him bring in sheaves of oats from the field. Of course I was instructed by my Father not to accept any money. Well the next day I drove the horses and built the load while Uncle Johnny pitched on the

sheaves. I think we only took in two loads all day. So after being fed supper by Aunt Alice it was time to settle up. I refused to accept payment at least three times and even referred to my Father's instructions. That's when Uncle Johnny said, "What your Father doesn't know won't hurt him". Not only did I get fed supper by Aunt Alice, I got to listen to Uncle Johnny tell all his great stories about the past... and I walked away with \$7.00 in my pocket. What a payday!!!

Stewart Thomson



School Yells

During School Fairs the students paraded from each school. Each school had their own school yell. Ours was: 1, 2, 3, 4, who for, what for, who are you going to shout for, - Matawatchan #1, rah, rah, rah. Another one was; Chicalaca, chicalaca, chow, chow, chow. Boomalaca, boomalaca, bow, wow, wow. Matawatchan #1, rah, rah, rah

Beulah Snider, nee Strong

STICKFAST FOR FLIES:

Mix together equal parts by measure of melted rosin and castor oil. Stir until thoroughly mixed which will take only a minute. We use foolscap writing paper.

HAIR VIGOR:

1 drachm each of Sugar of Lead, Borax and Lac Sulphur. Add _ drachm Alcohol and 1 drachm Aqua Ammonia. Add 1 drachm each of Bay Rum, Glycerin and Scented Bergamot. Put in a pint or little more of soft water. Shake before using.

Dorothy Smith

and

Billy Smith,
storeowners, across
from where present
Matawatchan store is
located

PARTS OF ME

I have not made so many trips back to Matawatchan as I have over these past two years when I've been busy gathering pictures, twisting arms for stories, and generally enjoying the wonderful Matawatchan hospitality that was so generously offered at every stop.

I've certainly appreciated the concern Matawatchan folk have expressed about the huge job I had taken on in deciding to organize a school reunion. I always did tend to leap before looking. However, I am writing this story to let everyone know that I gained far more than I gave in carrying out this responsibility I set for myself.

I was not only gathering stories, pictures, etc. for the school reunion but also collecting pictures for a Hutson and Kelly project I have been working on. I have put together two family collage pictures for my son so

that he will have knowledge of his roots and a visual picture of all his relatives. Sometimes my head felt like it was going to explode trying to decipher all the names and pictures and decide who was related to me and in what way and which one of the Thompsons/Thomsons was I related to through my Hutson side and which through my Kelly side. Not to mention how many times I am related to all the Matawatchan MacPhersons!!! I think I have it figured out now but don't ask me to explain. I am realizing more each day that knowing our roots is important in establishing our self-identity. We need to know those parts of ourselves that can only be recognized by knowing our ancestors.



As I was saying, I've gained so very much by visiting and talking with so many Matawatchan people both in person and by phone. First and foremost on my list is the precious gift I've been given by way of knowledge of my mother. As most if not all of you know, my mother, Isabella Hutson, died within hours of my birth and hence I never had the opportunity of knowing her. Over the years I did not ask for information about my mother as I intuitively sensed that her death had continued to be a painful memory for my father and so she remained a shadowy figure from a shadowy past.

Over these past months when I would drop in to visit someone or phone for information, almost one of the first things that would be said to me was, oh, I remember your mother so well! And the person would go on to supply me with some tidbit of familiarity that would give me a little more knowledge of my mother's personality. I eventually realized that my mother was becoming a real, live, breathing individual and what's more one who I would have dearly loved to know. She may be dead and beyond my reach but now, through the eyes of the many who knew and loved her, she has been made real to me for the first time in my life. What a wonderful gift I have been given!



And the many, many other stories I heard about grandparents and other relatives on both sides of my family, which would include almost all of Matawatchan. Stories which have made me so proud to know I have come from such hardy, loyal and enduring individuals. One story about my Grandmother Elizabeth "Lizzie" Kelly that was told to me

HAIR TONIC:

1 oz tincture
Chanherides; 2 drachms
Sugar of Lead; 2
drachms Lac Sulphur; 2
oz Glycerin; 2 oz Bay
Rum. Add 1 quart soft
water and 1 tablespoon
salt.

Berry picking

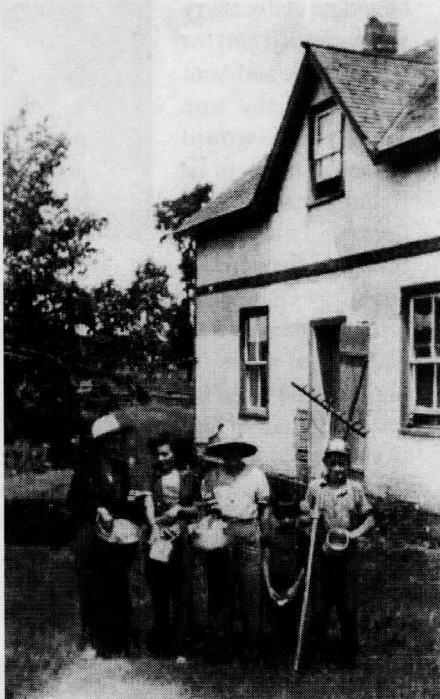
**Karin Lehnhardt &
Betty MacPherson
present owners of
Matawatchan Country
Store**



seems to sum up my ancestors. One of my stops took me to the home of Frances and Donald MacPherson. What a wonderful few hours was spent listening to Donald relating stories from his earlier years. I could have listened for hours. He told me many things about relatives I hadn't known before and I am grateful for these bits of knowledge. Frances, a wonderfully loving person who I had not had the privilege of knowing before, however, told one story I shall never forget. Her story about my Grandma Kelly seemed to embody all the attributes I have come to recognize as being part of my Celtic ancestry. Frances told me she remembers well when Grandmother Kelly lost her one son Albert who had not too long before returned from World War 11, and another young son Glenn age 17, and a granddaughter Frances just a wee bit of a thing not yet a year old. They were all killed when Uncle Albert's brakes failed and he hit a train. Three other relatives were hospitalized; Grandma's daughter, Marjorie and her husband Jim Johnston, and

Albert's wife Joyce. Donald and Frances being relatives as well as Donald being a Minister went to the Kelly home as soon as they heard about this terrible tragedy to offer love and comfort. Frances told me that she sat with Grandma Kelly trying to think of what she could possibly say to this woman who had just suffered such a great loss. What she wondered could she say that would bring comfort in the face of such tremendous grief? How could she even pretend to understand the depth of Mrs. Kelly's grief or what she must be feeling? Frances offered what comfort she could and then that unbelievably strong but tinny wee woman turned to her and

said, "You know Frances, it could have been worse." How? How could anything be much worse than losing two of your sons and a granddaughter in such a sudden and unexpectedly horrible accident? I guess Grandmother Kelly was thinking that she could have lost her daughter, son-in-law and daughter-in-law as well. Frances told me she has never forgotten my grandmother's words and the lesson she learned that day. She said she has applied those words in her life over the years. I am so thankful that Frances told me this story so that I now might take these words of wisdom and apply them in my own life. When things become difficult I know I will hear Grandma Kelly's words echoing in my head and will better be able to face whatever I must.



This story sums up the knowledge I gained about

my other relatives, for example my Grandmother Hutson who endured the loss of five of her children before she eventually left us, one of them being my mother at the very young age of 21. And yet, I never remember seeing my Grandmother Hutson as anything but a loving and giving person who was always there with arms wide open ready to shower you with love and, of course, a good hearty meal – and what a meal it would be!

Or the story of that wonderful lady, great, great Aunt Sarah McLaren, midwife, who having just lost three of her young children to diphtheria all within a week, still found the strength to go to other homes and take care of their sick when she was called upon. I wonder. I do wonder, who of us today could hope to emulate such heroic behavior. I for one would not want to be put to the test.

Or then there was the story related to me of great, great Aunt Katie MacPherson, another midwife of the village who, together with Aunt Sarah, delivered my Uncle Albert Kelly. I am told that Grandma Kelly was near death with



*Clifton Kelly,
Storcowner, across
from the Heman
Town's House and
later Harold Carswell
Place*

*Marion & Emil Rahm,
Owners, Matawatchan
Store in village*

*Johnny & Gladys
Thompson, Owners,
Matawatchan Store in
village*

*Christine Henderson
and Beatrice Baker,
Owners, Matawatchan
Store in village*



extremely high fever and perhaps I might never have known her but for the ingenuity of Aunt Katie who decided that if she made Grandma really angry she would fight for her life. She and Aunt Sarah did the one thing that would cause Grandma to be fighting mad. In her hearing they lied through their teeth

about my Grandpa Kelly. After some time of repeating these lies they found out that Grandma had a lot of spunk in her yet. When it came to her Pete she wasn't going to let anyone spread falsehoods about him even if she had to rise up from her death bed and tear a strip or two off these fine women. What Doctor would have known Grandma well enough or would have even thought of trying such a method?



My grandmothers Hutson and Kelly were two of the strongest and most loyal women I have ever known and when I think of what it means to truly be a real woman I need not look to the Womens' Lib organizations of today but to my very own female ancestors.

This has become lengthier than I anticipated but as cousin Garry would say – it figures. I do want to ex-

press my thanks and gratitude to all my relatives both dead and alive that have contributed to what I am today. I only hope that I have not disappointed them too greatly.

Where I've been, what I've seen,
All parts of where I'm at;
Fragmented I search
For all that I was and all that I'll be.

The little tot with sparkling eyes,
The world a dreamer's paradise.
The growing child with questioning spirit,
Answers found in nature's guise.

The youth for life impatient
To experience all in the present.
The adolescent wanting love's perfection,
Finding changes hard to fathom.

Mature now I wonder,
Where are all those parts of me?
What lessons did I leave behind?
What parts of me are missing?

Isabella Kelly

CLOSING PRAYER

I have remembered the following prayer throughout the years since leaving school and particularly remember that when our teacher had us say this prayer we knew it was time to go home. I think the following few lines we said at the end of each day is appropriate for the ending of this reunion booklet:

"May the Lord watch between me and thee while we are absent one from the other."

Mizpah Benediction

Arlene Hay, nee MacDonald

ADDRESSES

Ray Thompson AUTOGRAPHS

Elmer Strong

Sylvia Miller

Sylvia Henderson

Kirby Thompson

Sally Dunn Springer

SALLY DUNN

Glen Carswell

Patsy Thibault
PATSY CLOUTHIER

Biffie
SANDRA GIFFIN

Ira Thompson
IRA THOMPSON

Scott Mac Donald

TERRY SHAW

Shirley Shaw

Riid Thompson

Arlene Hay
Arleen Mac Donald

Mayorie Johnston
MARJORIE KELLY

Wayne Ferguson
WAYNE FERGUSON

JANET. TURNER

JANET FERGUSON

Stewart Thompson

Christine M. Henderson
CHRISTENA FERGUSON.

Oral Strong

Marmar Kelly

Jacqueline Jenks

Jacqueline Strong

Larrel Mac Pherson

Hillabrough

Russel Parks

Dwight Johnston

Glen Mac Pherson

John W Leach

B.A. Betty Leonard

BETTY CARSWELL

Melinda Mac Pherson

MELINDA HUTSON.

CAROL

Clayton R Stewart

Curice Stewart (Mac Pherson)

ROSENBLATH

Marian E. Adams
MARIAN E. SIRONIS

Stella Roubel
Stella Mac Donald

Calvin Thompson

George Kelly

Melvan McLaren
Isabella Kelly

Mrs Olive Parks
Olive Thompson

KAY ROSENBLATH
KAY Mac Pherson

Goldie Olmstead
GOLDIE SMITH

~~Chris Thompson~~
CHRIS MACPHERSON

Annabel Thompson
Vivian Cecelia MacPherson
VIVIAN CECILIA MACPHERSON

Byrd Mae Donald

Marion Rahm
MARION THOMPSON

Opal McNulty
OPAL WILSON

Winnifred Thompson
Fay Helmer

Judy Scobie
Judy Johnston

Cathy Clouthier
CATHERINE MARIE KUCHER

Wayne Rahm

Murvin D'Arcy Malcolm
MURVIN D'ARCY MALCOLM

Fern Pittipas
FERN THOMPSON

J N MacPherson

Theresa Stevenson
THERESA FERGUSO

David R Thompson Michael Kelly

Dona McLaren Hugh Rahm

Shirley Strong
Shirley Strong

Olive Laurer
OLIVE STRONG

Verna St. Aubin
VERNA THOMPSON

Gail Holtzauer
Gail Snider

Norma Lance
NORMA STRONG

Marilyn Thompson

William Thompson
WILLIAM THOMPSON

Ann Pennock

Marlene Whyte
MARLENE PARKS

Pansy Bauer
PANSY THOMPSON

Cordella Jane Thompson
Cordella JANE Hutson

Dale

Night Thompson
NIGHT THOMPSON
Annie Thompson
Angeline (Annie) Thompson

~~Laura Thompson (MacPherson)~~

Joan Pilon

Sylvia Pillerin
Sylvia Thompson

Alma Pape
ALMA THOMPSON

Cheryl Belgo
Cheryl Thomson

Joan Thomson

Mary Dodge
Mary Kelly

Amy Leona Johnston
Amy Leona THOMPSON

Beulah Strider
BEULAH STRONG

Heather Darlington

J. J. Rosenblatt

Terry Rosenblath

Reg Ferguson
Reg Ferguson

Elda Malcolm
Elda McLaren

Heather MacPherson

Donald W. King

Rodney MacPherson

Eileen MacPherson
Eileen MacPherson

Bob Wilson

Allen MacPherson

Channel Thompson

Muriel St. Louis

MURIEL ILAN

Bill McDonald

Lindsay MacPherson

Bev Dellaine

BEV HUTSON

Lula Hutson

LULA THOMPSON

Kath Thompson

DEAN WILSON

Richard Johnston

J. E. McLaren

Randy Malcolm

IVAN McLAREN

Tom MacPherson

Sharon Hutson

Darlene Hutson

Betty MacPherson

Margaret M. King
MARGARET M. KELLY

Beth MacPherson
Beth MacPherson

Donna Johnston

Patrick J. Kelly

Marguerite Leprie

MARGUERITE MACDONALD

Lynda Mason
Lynda MacPherson

Beatrice Roach

Beatrice McLaren

Grace Thompson

Carol Kauffelt
Carol MacPherson

Alan MacPherson

CORRINE FERGUSON
Corrine MacPherson

Nancy Lane

Nancy Johnston

Dorian Kelly