

## **Netley Community Club**

In the fall of 1967 the Netley Community Club purchased the Netley Lake School and property and thus it was given the name of Netley Community Centre.

Money was raised by selling five year memberships for ten dollars per family. Bake sales, cribbage tournaments, and weekly bingo helped to raise money also.

In 1974, it was decided that the club would build onto the existing building. This addition doubled the capacity of the hall and gave us new kitchen facilities. Later, a wheelchair ramp, new washrooms and a bar room were added.

In the spring of each year, a supper and a meeting are held. Every June, the Club has a community picnic.

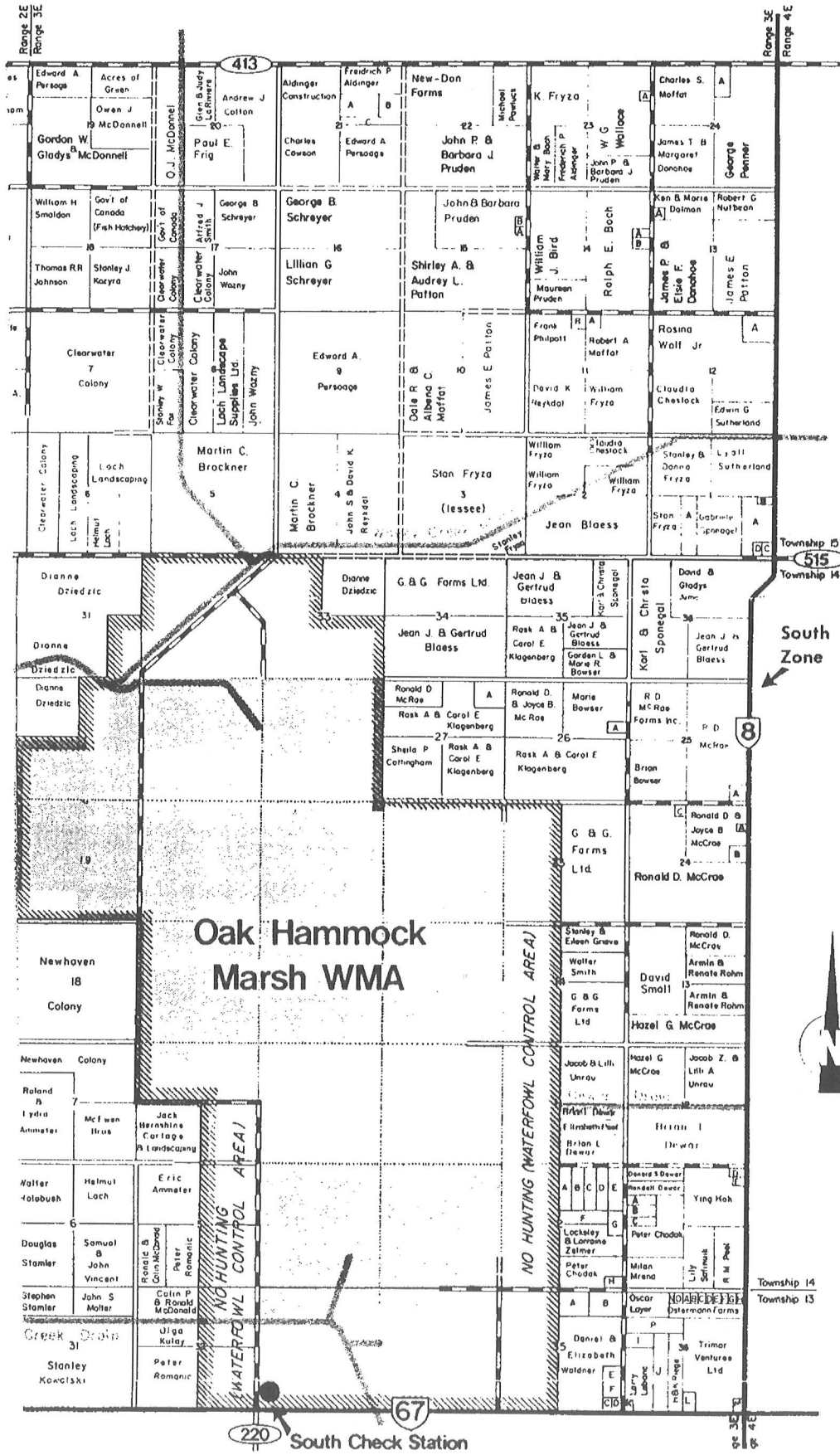
Donations of money from members of the community and Thursday evening Bingo keeps our little Community Club running.



Netley Community Hall.



# Oak Hammock



## Recollections of Oak Hammock

by Ernest G. Johnson

Adam McDonald homesteaded on the NE quarter 27-13-3E in 1874. He called his homestead "Oak Hummock" because of a stand of large oak trees on a limestone ridge overlooking St. Andrews bog to the west. Legend has it that at a picnic on his homestead in 1886 hammocks were strung between the oak trees and after that the area was called "Oak Hammock". True or false the name has been perpetuated in the name "Oak Hammock Marsh" – the northern area of the St. Andrews bog restored by the Province of Manitoba and Ducks Unlimited Canada. I don't know if there were any official boundaries to the district of Oak Hammock. Generally speaking, it included our area bounded by Lockport road on the south, Highway 8 on the east, Peel road on the north and the "big ditch" on the west. Five families, Dears, Donald Campbells, Arthur McDonalds, Bowies, and Malanchuks, were situated outside these parameters but these families attended Earl Grey School located on Highway 67, one mile west from Highway 8. Some twenty-one families lived within the area. Of these, one was Swedish, one Danish, three mixed blood (Scots and Indian), five Scotch-English-Irish and the rest were Ukrainians. It was a coalition of all the groups except the Ukrainians that managed the affairs of the community in the early day, i.e. school board, picnics and dances. The Ukrainians did not participate because of the language barrier.

The school district was known as Earl Grey School District No. 1527. Initially the school building (old school) was located on the NW corner of 26-13-3E. It was a one-room school built in the early 1900s and was used for social functions as well. In 1924 a new school was built one mile to the east – replaced in 1958 by a new building which became obsolete around 1970 when school districts were consolidated.

I was born in 1918 – the youngest of seven children of Swede and Alma Johnson. I attended the "old school" for two weeks in the fall of 1924 and then the "new school" until the spring of 1932. Some of my recollections of that era may give some of the flavor of the time.

Our house was an old 1½ story frame farm house. It was unpainted, a condition which was more the norm than the exception in those days, upstairs was a "girls" room and a "boys" room – downstairs, bedroom, living-dining room and kitchen.. But in spite of limited space we still managed to board school teachers – and for the life of me I can't remember where they slept; there must have been another small bedroom downstairs.

I remember a Mr. Windsor when I was about 4 years old. He was bald. One day I climbed on a chair behind him and tapped his head with a spoon. He wasn't amused to say the least. Miss Stevens was another one that boarded with us. She was pretty and Oliver Mowat, the perennial bachelor, was sweet on her. He bid \$5.00 at a basket social for a basket a spy told him was hers. But she had changed to another at the eleventh hour and Oliver wound up with Mrs. Cubby Johnston. He was more than miffed.

As well as a space for the school teacher (only when the "old school" was in use), we also had space for a Post Office. My dad was Postmaster from 1921 to 1931. Mail addressed to anyone at "Oak Hammock Post Office, Manitoba" would reach them provided he or she came to our place to pick it up. This was accomplished by entering the front door into a small hallway. Stairs immediately on the left created a small alcove where an old trunk provided seating for about three people. On the right was an 18" by 18" opening in the middle of the wall into what once was a pantry. Now the pantry area had a counter at one end with a grid of pigeonholes on the wall above it and each pigeonhole was allocated to a family of the district.

On Fridays my dad travelled to Lockport by horse and buggy, or cutter in the winter, to pick up the bag of mail to be brought home and sorted. Usually by the time the sorting was finished the little hallway was full to overflowing with people waiting for their mail – almost a weekly social event. We certainly got to know the neighbours in this way.

Music at the dances at the old school was usually provided by a violin player with someone chording on the organ. Square dances and old time waltzes and polkas were the order of the day, with the odd Red River jig thrown in. My oldest brother, Herb, in his late teens, was particularly good at the jig and toward the end of such a dance would have the floor to himself with the best lady stepper to the delight of the rest of those attending. The dances usually lasted as long as the violin player could keep on playing.

My dad was not a particularly good dancer but would occasionally take to the floor for a polka with an old timer lady, Mrs. Alex Smith. When he did this the other dancers would stand back to cheer the "Old Swede" and his partner on, or perhaps they were afraid of getting trampled. While the social events were generally peaceful affairs there could be the odd occurrence that might result in a fist fight out in the school yard. One such happening occurred when one chap, quite inebriated on local white light-

ening, thought it good fun to shake a bottle of pop and spray the contents on all and sundry. George Jensen, the biggest and strongest man in the community took the chap outside to calm him down – and gave him a bloody nose in the process.

The annual Christmas concert put on by the students was always a highlight of the school year. Early in November the teacher would find suitable poems, songs and short plays for the event and would try to find the right performers for the task, and of course, what happened in rehearsal didn't always result in the actual presentation before the cosmopolitan audience of parents, aunts, uncles and miscellaneous attendees. At one such concert my sister Hilma and Winnie Leask got up to sing a song – both got stage fright and couldn't give voice to a note. They got a round of applause anyway. And of course Santa came – and each student got an apple, orange and candy. Food, music and dancing would wind up the evening.

Another community social event was the traditional 24th of May picnic. This would take place on a suitable prairie field with areas for foot races, horse races, baseball and /or soccer, and where there would be a big tent with tables and food; potato salad, cold cuts, cakes and pies, provided by the local ladies. Nobody went hungry and I don't believe any charge was made for these meals.

I recall at age 12 riding a pony for one of our neighbours in a race over ¼ mile of prairie. I rode bareback and had some difficulty controlling the spirited pony and two false starts resulted. This tired my mount and we were only able to place 2nd in a 4-horse field, a disappointment for the pony, my neighbour and myself.

Life for a boy growing up on a farm in those days would appear to be dull by today's standards. In the mid 1920's we got a crystal set radio and with the use of earphones could listen to CKY Winnipeg. In the late '20's a neighbour (Tom E. Mowat) got a "loud speaker" radio and brother Bert and I would go on the occasional evening and listen to old time fiddling from Shenendoa, Iowa. I remember one night we overstayed our welcome and Dora, Tom E's wife, told us, from the top of the stairs, to go home and listen to our own radio. We made a fast exit.

There were always chores to be done on the farm – seven days a week. Wood to cut and carry in, chickens and pigs to feed and cows to milk – the latter both before and after school. In the summer hay to make and potatoes to hoe. In the fall of course, harvesting. The word chore – a task that has to be done whether or not you feel like doing it – is a good description of the work on the farm, with the excep-

tion of harvesting. Harvesting was an exciting time, particularly threshing. This meant a congregation of all the neighbours with their teams of horses and wagons whenever the threshing outfit was available to do the job. In spite of the hard work it was a social event and lots of excitement for young and old.

To provide food for the threshing gang was the job for ladies and no housewife wanted the reputation of being a poor cook. Each housewife tried to outdo the neighbours so each meal – particularly the noon day dinner – was a real feast. This in spite of the difficulty of having fresh meat easily available (other than chickens and turkeys). Vegetables of course were plentiful from the garden, as were eggs, home cured bacon and hams. And no dinner was complete without apple and raisin pie – and each worker would have at least one piece of each. Mrs. Dear was tops in the pie category, sometimes having lemon pie as well.

A highlight for me was always the lunch at 4 o'clock in the afternoon (sandwiches, cake, tea or coffee) brought to you wherever you were working. This lunch was necessary as the threshing continued until sunset.

I'm glad we left the farm before the age of combines.

While men laboured long and hard in the fields, the housewife's work was longer and harder. In my mother's case, a family of seven had to be fed and clothed – cooking, sewing, and patching. She also helped with outdoor chores – gardening, milking, feeding pigs and chickens. One time when she was sawing some wood for the fire with a bucksaw (not one of her usual jobs) the pet cat came by for a rub and arched its back and tail. The result was a bob-tailed cat.

Social life was minimal – dances, picnics and concerts mentioned earlier. Ladies would have the occasional afternoon tea with one or two neighbour ladies. My parents and Mr and Mrs. Dear made alternate visits on Saturday nights during the winter to play "500". This was a card game something like Bridge with a right and left bower and the joker in the pack. You could also bid on a low hand – Mazaire and Spread Mazaire. A lunch of goodies and coffee (no liquor) wound up the evening prior to hitching up the horses for a 2½ mile journey home. Warm clothing and buffalo robes kept the folks snug and warm in the cutter on the cold winter nights.

Boys and girls on neighbouring farms often got together in the evenings to play hide and seek around the barn and haystacks or to just frolic in the snow drifts. And there would be an occasional house party. The Tomlinson family was our nearest neighbour and Bill, Betty, and Zillah corresponded in

ages to Bert, Hilma, and myself. At age 12 at these parties I learned to square dance and even learned the "one step" with Maude Tomlinson, the older Tomlinson sister. I remember walking home in the snow after that event with a feeling of exhilaration.

The Oak Hammock institution was Ryback's Store located on the "Rangeline" – now Highway 8 – about 1/8 mile south of Highway 67. The store carried odds and ends of everything – cold meats like bologna, sugar, flour, etc. and of course chocolate bars. A bar cost 5 cents then and the six-mile round trip to the store was always worthwhile if I was allowed to buy a chocolate bar. We could even get credit at the store and I got into trouble at home for charging up the odd chocolate bar without permission.

Rybacks also sold wine and perhaps white lighting. This was not done in the store but in the house. I wasn't old enough to imbibe but my older brother Ed visited on occasion and would come out slightly inebriated. The young swains of the neighbourhood would visit for a little liquid courage before the local dances but usually didn't get too drunk.

In the late '20's my brother Ed and other young adults in the community organized a social club called the "Oaks". We staged a play. Mr. Firman, the teacher, played the Negro lead and Rosser Mowat and Mary Kotowich were cast as the handsome swain and winsome beauty respectively. A teenage girl had a minor role but wasn't able to memorize her lines, so guess what, I was provided with curls previously cut from Mary Kotowich's long tresses and was put into a dress. The lines were no problem for me and as my voice hadn't yet changed the transformation was fairly realistic. The school was full for the performance and the audience most appreciative, especially when a bomb explosion called for in the script was made realistic with a blast from a 12-gauge shotgun.

The social order in the community had the English, Irish, Scots at the top, followed by the Scots-Indian mixed bloods, and then, again because of the language barrier, the Ukrainians. This resulted in some bad blood between the young bucks of the upper two levels and the Ukrainians. After one "Oaks" club meeting at the school, brother Ed, Rosser Mowat and other Anglos started for home walking west and the Ukrainian group, Steve Zalisko and friends started east. An egg sailed through the air from the east and hit Rosser squarely in the back of the head and splashed all and sundry. After the hit both groups continued home but met at Rybacks store the following Sunday afternoon. After an exchange of words in the store

Rosser and Steve went outside and squared off with bare fists. The match was fairly even until Rosser gave Steve a foot in the groin. That ended the fight and also ended the social club.

All the Ukrainian families were all very industrious and most took vegetables, milk, and eggs to the north-end market in Winnipeg. They would do this on Saturdays, leaving with their produce in a horse and buggy about 5 o'clock in the morning. This was their "cash crop" and enabled them to survive on the farm during tough times when other straight grain producers failed. And of course many of the 2nd and 3rd generations became skilled tradesmen and professional people.

We left the farm in the spring of 1932 and moved to the village of Stony Mountain. There had been three years of drought, grasshopper infestations and crop failure. Dad was a first-class carpenter and felt that in the circumstances carpentry had more of a future than the farm. However, we retained our Imperial tractor and Bell threshing machine ( a wood frame model) and continued to custom thresh for some of our farmer friends at Oak Hammock. Dad was the thresherman, brother Bert the engineer and, at age 16, I was the field pitcher. We would travel from farm to farm with our outfit, be fed and watered at each place, sleeping in the haylofts at night. It was a great life with lots of fun and shenanigans among the young folk after supper in the evenings. Where the energy came from I don't know.

Sleeping in haylofts didn't seem to worry us at all. We would have a couple of blankets each on a foot or more of hay. I had a combination suit of winter underwear as pyjamas, and one night getting into them in the dark, I had difficulties. When brother Bert shone the flashlight on me to see what was wrong he found me with my arms in the legs and my head sticking out of the trapdoor. My dad wasn't given much to mirth but that night he chuckled himself to sleep. But the days of the old wooden thresher were numbered. It couldn't compete with the newer, bigger, and more efficient machines. It had a limited run in 1934 with Bert as the thresherman and Herbie Dear as the engineer. In 1935 it wound up at Kowalski's farm at Stony Mountain and like the wonderful one hoss shay, ultimately dissolved into dust – or at least debris.

The depression and the war changed Oak Hammock. Those farmers that survived the depression were able to expand farms during the war and invest in new tractors, deep tillers and combines. And in 1968, Oak Hammock was discontinued as a place name. But it was revived to name the marsh when part of the St. Andrews bog, previously

drained, was restored. On the east side of the marsh is a cairn with these words inscribed on a bronze plaque.

### **Genesis of "Oak Hammock"**

In 1886, settlers from Lower Fort Garry and St. Andrews districts gathered for their first community picnic on an oak-covered knoll bordering St. Andrews Bog. During those early years the preferred site for the picnics was the homestead "Oak Hummock", so named by its owner, Adam McDonald.

Legend has it that some of the picnickers strung hammocks from oak to oak and relaxed in the shade. As a result, the picnic site and surrounding area came to be known as "Oak Hammock".

This cairn was dedicated on July 19, 1986, the 100th anniversary of that first picnic, to honour the early settlers whose leisure activities gave rise to the name "Oak Hammock Marsh".

The dedication of the cairn was the opening event of an "Oak Hammock Day" picnic organized to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the first picnic held in 1886. After the dedication the crowd travelled to the southwest side of the marsh to the observation mound site to enjoy the activities of a picnic; races for the children, buggy rides for all, tug-of-war between Rockwood and St. Andrews municipalities and then dancing on an outdoor platform to a modern band with old time fiddling as well for square dancing. The weather co-operated and the celebration didn't let up until the band packed it up at midnight.

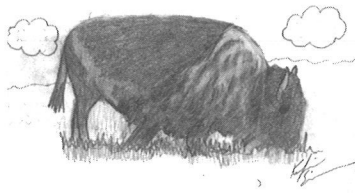
With the restoration of the marsh, the developing of a new world-class interpretative centre and ongoing picnics, the name "Oak Hammock" has become known far and wide. Those early settlers must smile as they relax and look down from their hammocks strung between the oaks in that great "Oak Hammock" in the sky.



# Parkdale



Parks Creek, entering St. Andrews Municipality travelling north on # 9 Hwy.



GRAZING THE PAST AND PRESENT

### **Workers Benevolent Society (1) Bethania Home for Aged and Infirm (2), Parkdale**

In the December 3, 1913 Winnipeg Free Press, an article was printed outlining a plan to create a labour colony village which would provide better and cheaper housing for working classes. Homes were to be priced at \$1,500.00 to \$2,000.00 each. The nearby Winnipeg-Selkirk line of the Electric Railway would be handy for commuting to Winnipeg from Parkdale.

Much of this land, 720 acres, was owned by C. W. N. Kennedy and T. D. Robinson owner of T. D. Robinson & Sons Company which dealt in coal, firewood and lumber. Robinson was Kennedy's son-in-law and a real estate broker. Kennedy's Greek style house was estimated to cost \$85,000.00 in 1911. Robinson's cost \$43,000.00 when built in 1913. At that time a carpenter made 50 to 60 cents per hour. The opening of the Panama Canal in 1914 brought an end to Winnipeg real estate boom and the above mentioned buildings were the only ones built. (1)Mr. Kennedy died in 1921 and his home served for a while as head quarters for the St. Andrew's Country Club. The Club was not a success and was then sold to the Workers Benevolent Association (W.B.A.) in 1928. The W.B.A. plans were similar to Mr. Kennedy's and Mr. Robinson's, but drew its support from Canada's Ukrainian community. In 1926 at the second National Convention the W.B.A. passed a resolution for creation of a fund toward establishment of an orphanage and old folks home. The W.B.A. purchased the property 74 acres and buildings for \$42,500.00 with an additional 30 acres bought later that year. The orphanage and old folks

home officially opened August 1930. The hard times of the 1930's hampered their ability to raise further funds. It was closed in 1938 and the land and buildings were sold in 1945.

(2)The Schönwieser Church later known as the First Mennonite Church bought the 104 acres of the estate for \$40,000.00. The balance of the original estate had been sold earlier to W. L. Parrish. It was named "Bethania-Home for Aged and Infirm". Much of the early furniture was donated. In the first Board of Directors meeting they attempted to have representation from as many Mennonite districts as possible.

The property was bounded on the east by the Red River and on the south by Parks Creek. The buildings were in a state of disrepair. The residence had very large rooms that had to be divided to accommodate the seniors. On March 1, 1946, sixteen patients from Steinbach, along with the first matron Miss Maria Vogt, arrived. The official opening was on Sunday, June 23, 1946 with his Honour, Mr. Roland F. McWilliams Lieutenant Governor of Manitoba was first to address the assemblage.

By 1951 the cost of repairs reached \$45,000.00 plus the heating and electrical systems did not meet current regulations.

Abram Rogalski of Glenlea, Manitoba was hired as the first farm manager. He was succeeded in 1962 by Mr. and Mrs. Ben Friesen and they in turn by Mr. and Mrs. H. Heinrich. In 1960 they began scaling down the farming operations. In 1965 the Board decided to rent out the land. The home had a capacity of over 60 residents including the heavy care patients not accepted elsewhere. Their care of seniors went beyond the Mennonite community. In late 1950 several nursing homes in Winnipeg opened lessening the demand for Bethania's rooms. Doctors preferred the Winnipeg locations. In 1966 a decision to sell the property was made and in 1968 K. A. Powell Canada purchased it for \$80,000.00. The Home then relocated to Winnipeg.

- 1) *Source Linda White, Winnipeg*
- 2) *Source Bethania Home, Winnipeg*



# PETERSFIELD

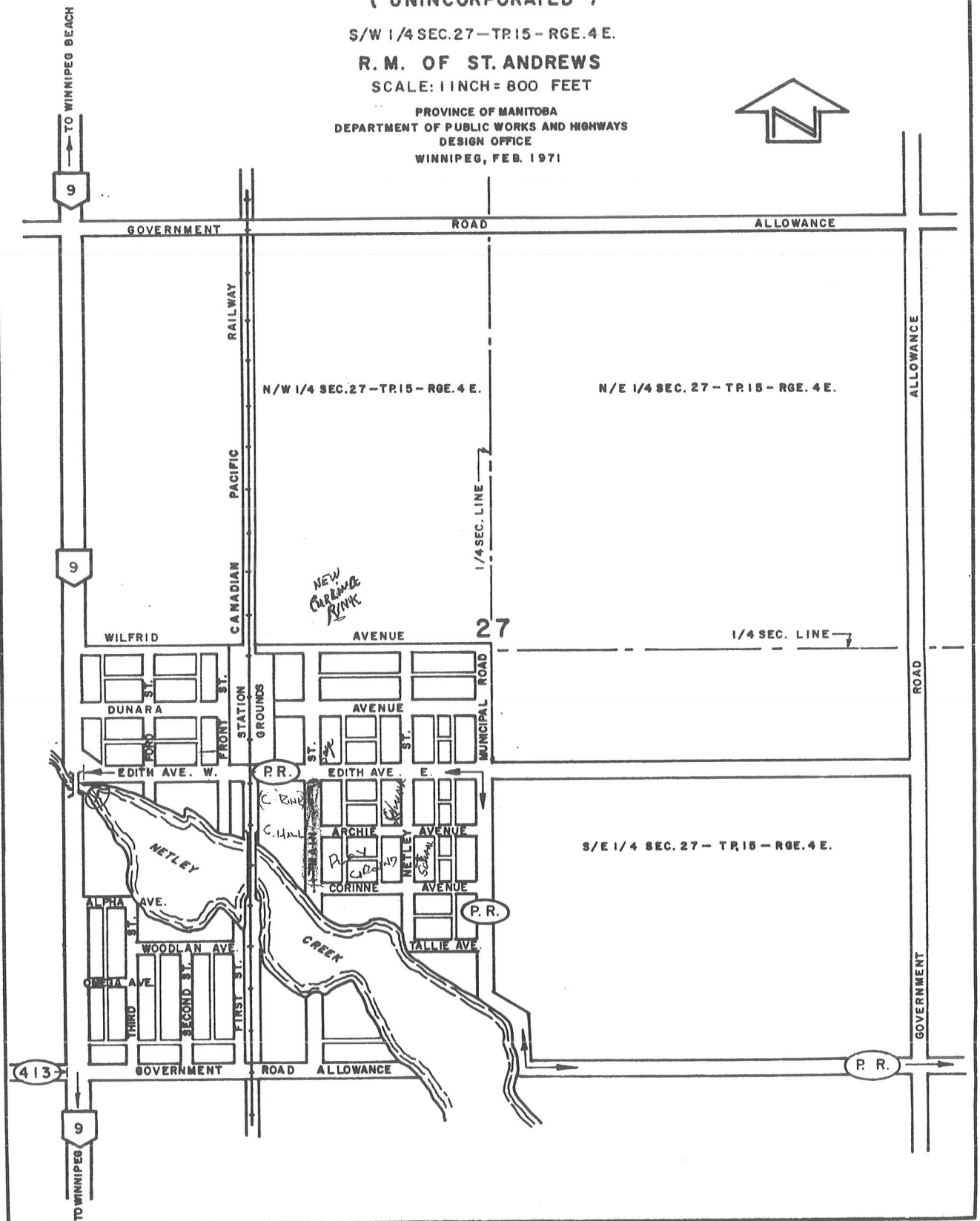
( UNINCORPORATED )

S/W 1/4 SEC. 27 - TR. 15 - RGE. 4 E.

R. M. OF ST. ANDREWS

SCALE: 1 INCH = 800 FEET

PROVINCE OF MANITOBA  
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS AND HIGHWAYS  
DESIGN OFFICE  
WINNIPEG, FEB. 1971



## The Village of Petersfield

Petersfield has an interesting history. Originally, it was called St. Louis, for its founder, Romuaid Gadeau Xavier Saint Louis. Much is learned about the culture of the district from Frank Walter's book *"Pieces of the Past"*. Mr. St. Louis discovered the area now known as Petersfield when he came to explore the area with his friend Alexander Muckle, who had established a new life on Muckles Creek, almost three miles east of Clandeboye.

St. Louis visualized the possibilities of the Petersfield area as a summer resort and townsite when the railway bridged Netley Creek, in the early nineteen hundreds. St. Louis encouraged businessmen from Winnipeg to invest in the project which included the north side of Section 27 15 4E and the south side of Section 22 15 4E. St. Louis dreamed of having small acreage sold to families who could have cows. He could establish a cheese factory, a lumberyard and implement dealership. When his dream was slow to evolve, his investors got restless and he bought them out. After his death in 1909, the area began to be referred to by the Railway Company as Peter's field, because Peter Bye looked



Netley Creek at Petersfield, 1928-29.



Netley Creek at Petersfield – 1999.

after that area. There is also the story that a Peter Sinclair had a cultivated field south of the present hotel that was used as a landmark. The name Petersfield has survived.

It has developed in a little different manner than what St. Louis anticipated, but he did think it could be a summer playground for people from Winnipeg and that it has become.

The Community Club president, George Einarson, received pictures that were taken in 1928-29, seventy years ago. It is interesting to see the contrast of then and now, 1999.

The view from the bridge on #9 Highway is similar to the old picture. The immediate noticeable difference is the television disk, and the metal barricade replacing the old concrete one.



Veitch's Store, 1928-1929.



Veitch's Corner – NW Corner Edith Ave and Front St., 1999.

As you make the turn and head east over the bridge, the second block to the north once held the Veitch's Store and gas station. This was destroyed by a tragic fire and the corner of Edith and Front has succumbed to a growth of trees.

The first curling rink was back in the northwest corner of Edith and Front Street, right behind Veitch's store and garage. Now when you look north on the railway track, there is no elevator or no station house. The Ogilivies elevator was bought by Manitoba Pool and the elevator at Netley was enlarged. The station house was moved to an area known as Houghton Bay, on Netley Creek, and is part of a lovely two-storey house.



Petersfield Elevator, 1928-29.



Petersfield Station, 1928-29.



Station House remodelled on Houghton Bay, 1999.



Petersfield Railway looking North – no elevator – no station house, 1999.

The open area to the south of Edith Avenue after you cross the railroad track, was once a lumber yard and implement shed complex. Now there is a slab of concrete that was the base of the second curling rink, which burned in April 1989. It is a skate board haven or a skating rink, depending on the season. The Memorial Community hall hosts most of the community's activities.



Petersfield, 1928-29.

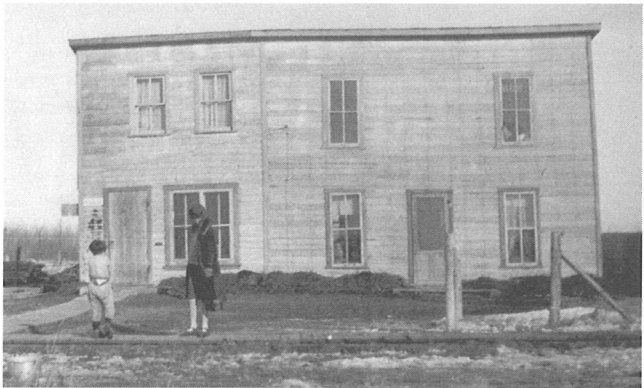


Petersfield overview from Edith Ave. just over the railway tracks, 1999.



Concrete from 2nd curling rink, now used for skate-boarding and ice skating, 1999.

On the south-east corner of Edith Avenue and Main Street is believed to be the approximate location of the Montague boarding house and post office. It is now a well-treed residential area. It is the present home of Mary Janisch.



Petersfield Post Office and Montague Boarding House, 1928-29.



Petersfield Memorial Hall, 1999.



Corner of Edith Ave. & Main Street – 1999 – site of the old Post Office & boarding House.

Across Main Street from the Memorial Hall is the same house as was pictured in the 1928-29 pictures. It has been remodeled and still serves as a comfortable home.

All the “old timers” remember Sages Store, located on the northeast corner of Edith Avenue and Main Street, It is also a treed residence. Sage’s Store supplied the community with all its needs for many years and it was always a gathering place for news and humour.



Home of Vernon & Arlene Masters – 1999.



Sages Store – 1928-29. NE corner Edith Ave. and Main St.



Sage's Store.



NE corner Edith Ave. & Main St. – former location of Sage's Store, 1999.

A little further north on the same side as Sage's Store, was the Woodman's Community Hall. It was the height of a two-storey building with a balcony where you could get a panoramic view of all the action, including dancing, Christmas concerts and social events. The home of Harold "Buck" and Marge Hermanson is the remodeled hall, located in the same area.

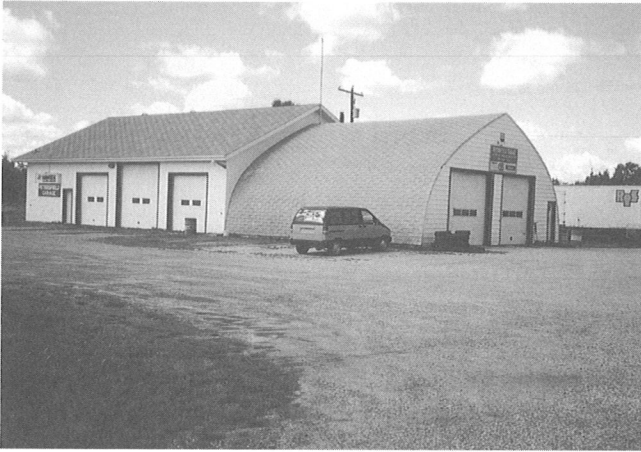


Petersfield Woodman's Hall, 1928-29.



Present home of Buck and Marge Hermanson, 1999.

On the left side of Main Street, west from the present residence, is Petersfield Garage, owned by Terry Zamatis, formerly his Dad's base for Pete's Transfer.

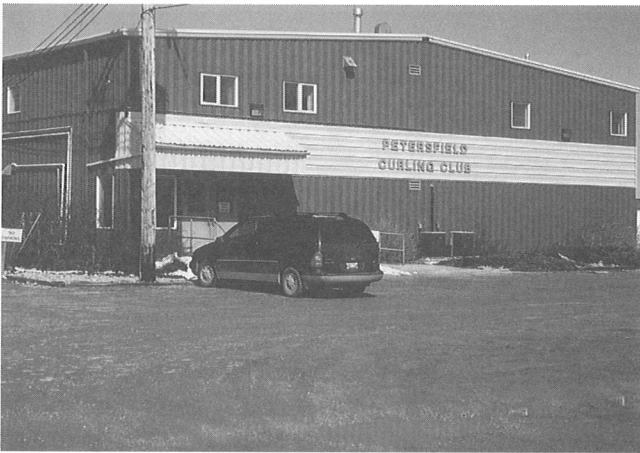


Petersfield Garage – 1999.



Petersfield Church, circa 1928 – 1929.

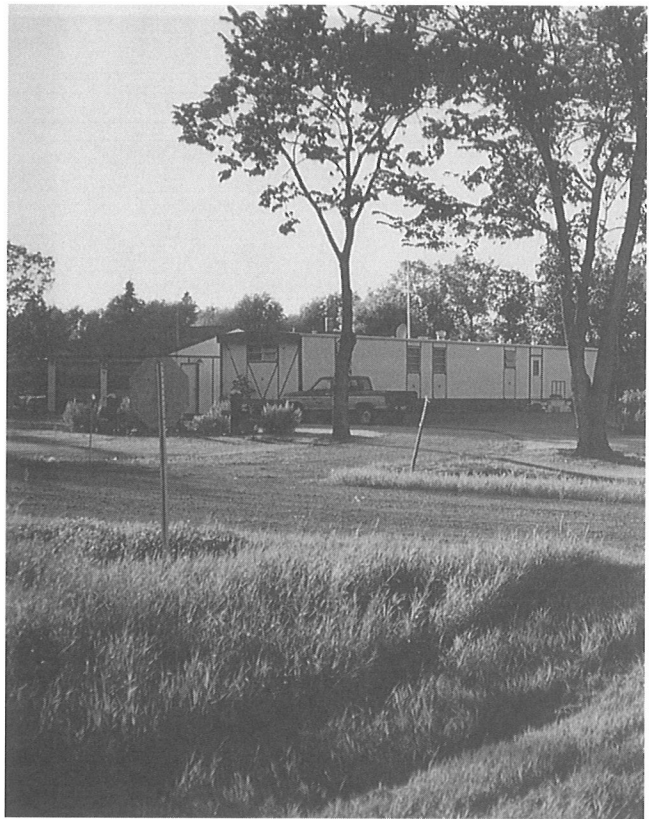
On the northwest corner of Archie Avenue and Netley Street is the site of the Petersfield United Church. It is now a private residence.



Petersfield Curling Club, 1999.

Continuing north on Main Street in Petersfield is the new Petersfield Curling Rink that has four sheets of ice and is among the finest in Manitoba.

Returning to the corner of Main and Edith and continuing one block south past the Petersfield Memorial Hall and turning east on Archie Avenue, you have the Petersfield ball park. Many, many, students and teachers will remember when all the surrounding schools gathered here for field day in June.



Corner where Petersfield United Church once was – Archie & Netley, 1999.

Turn right on Netley and there is the former Petersfield School that has been remodeled by different owners and is now a residence.

Frank Walter's book "*Pieces of the Past*" denoted the existence of the William Robinson's Company Store, which was apparently on Edith Avenue on the north side, before the corner of Main Street.



Petersfield Baseball Diamond and Sports Area, 1999.



Petersfield School converted to a residence, 1999.



Former location of Wm. Robinson Co. General Store, 1999.

It would be remiss not to mention the Wagon Inn of the past established by Dave Veitch and later assisted by his wife, Doris (Taylor) Veitch, situated on #9 Highway north of the bridge. Besides serving coffee and food, it was a General Store and is now owned by Joan English and called Petersfield Store. It also houses the Post Office.

As you approach Petersfield on #9 Highway from the south, at the crossroads of PR 413 and #9 Highway you see the Petersfield Hotel. Continuing



General Store, Petersfield, 1999 – the former Wagon Inn.



Petersfield Motor Hotel, 1999

towards the bridge you pass three residences and notice the complex that was formerly known as Armstrong's Garage, with a large two-storey settler type house. Bordering the creek is the, now closed, Lily Pad Restaurant.

On the opposite side is the newly reestablished parking and picnic area with a beautifully sculptured Mallard Duck facing Netley Creek.

It is interesting to learn that the names of the streets in Petersfield reflect the names of St. Louis' wife and family, and his carpenter, Fred Ford Sr. The municipality cancelled the plans for the south side of section 22 25 4E in 1927.

The Roman Catholic Church has grown with the community. The church is west of the graveyard and the site of the old church. It is learned from conversation with senior residents that Romeo Gilbert's Dad, who lived between Camp Chesley and Netley Resorts, now Doris Veitch's home, was very instrumental in supporting the Catholic Church.

St. Louis, now Petersfield, had a poolroom and barbershop which was moved three lots west and is now Athol Horne's summer home. Mrs. Milda Lemoine tells me that there was a bank, so small you had to walk in and back out.

An early entrepreneur at the turn of the century can rest in peace knowing that his dream, Petersfield (his St. Louis) is all he intended it to be and more entering into the year 2000.