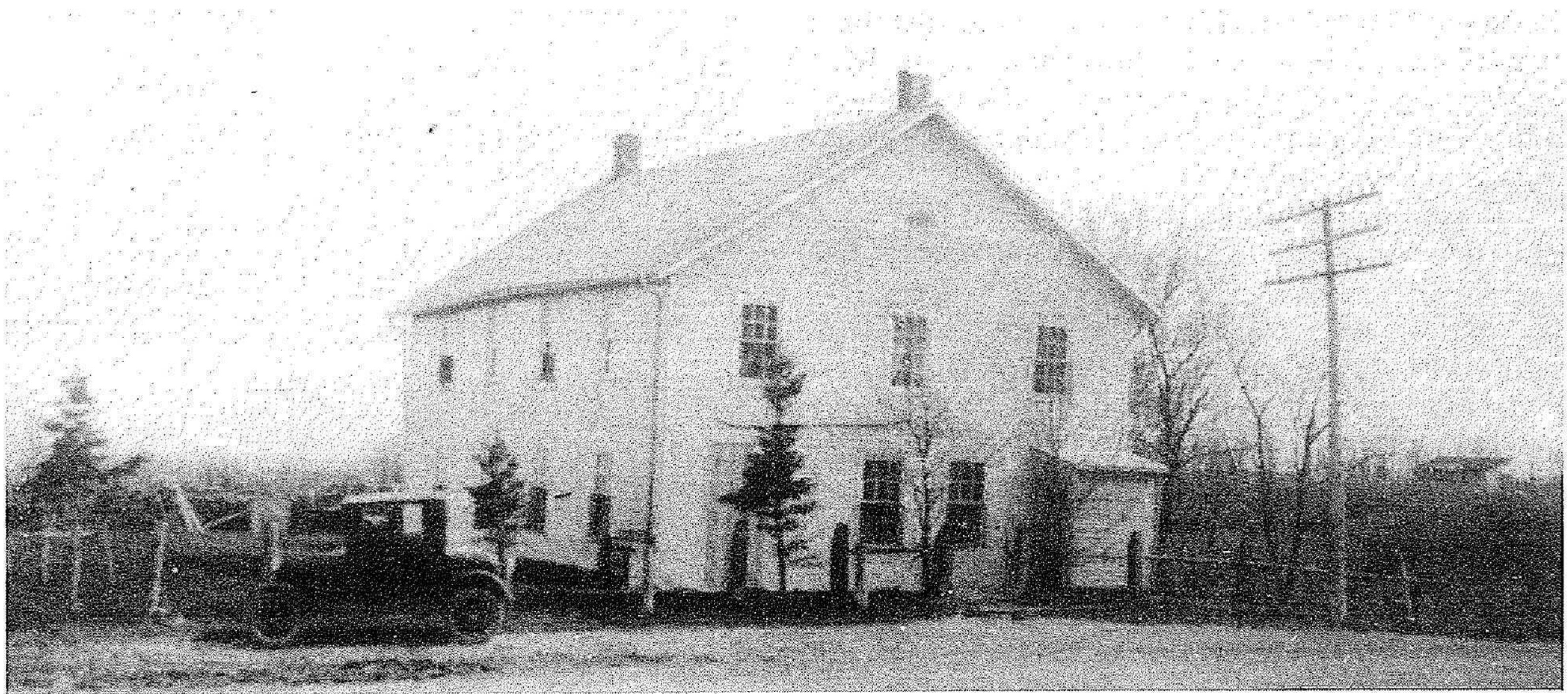


Buildings



Fulchers Midway House, Parks Creek, Highway #9 - built in 1871 and burned in 1962. Provided Hotel and dining accommodation between Winnipeg and Selkirk.

Halfway House Parkdale, Manitoba

Building constructed 1874

Article appeared June 26, 1937

Opposite the Parrish farm on the road north from Winnipeg, the road bends eastward at Park's Creek. There an old house leans over broodingly. It looks as though one more good puff of north wind will blow it into the creek. This is Caledonia House, or Halfway House, so called because it was halfway between Upper and Lower Fort Garry and the breaking point in the journey for travelers long ago.

It was Granny Fulsher's home from 1874, when it was built, until her death in 1936. Now her daughter, Mrs. K. McCormick, lives there.

On the north side of the house there are four windows on the main floor and four on the second. Beside one of the lower-floor windows, with its age-telling twelve panes of glass, sat Granny on July 19 when the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Lord Selkirk Asso-

ciation went to honor her. It was a ninety-ninth birthday party in advance. Mrs. Fulsher sat very still in her neat black dress and little black cap, her hands folded in her lap, receiving her visitors from her window seat. She talked with first one and then another, answering questions about her ring, her house, and her memories.

Her house was built sixty-three years ago, one year before its present occupant, Mrs. McCormick, was born. All the lumber was brought from the United States by way of St. Paul and the river route. As a public inn it was well known, being the only stopping place between the new city of Winnipeg and the fishing town of Selkirk.

"Mother said there were often one hundred men in the house and the out buildings. I remember seventy-five being here when the first concrete bridge was put in on the highway. I'd made thirty-six pies in the afternoon — that was my midday rest! We'd have pies on the tables besides cakes and puddings. I never

saw my mother serve just a roast of beef, for instance; there would be roast pork too.”

Board, such as Mrs. McCormick recalled, and lodging in the only house on the prairie cost three dollars and fifty cents a week in the early days. It went up to five dollars after a while. Hungry men on the road could eat their fill for that. If you go upstairs today you can see beds with patchwork quilts on them, everywhere you look. You'll know what it meant to lodge many men.

In 1877 an informal luncheon party served in this house made history. Lord and Lady Dufferin, on their first vice-regal tour of the West, had been at Stony Mountain inspecting the buildings. Governor Bedson decided he couldn't give lunch to such important personages, so he brought them to Mr. Fulsher's house. The guests were served in the dining room, with its boarded ceiling and wainscoting waist high around the walls.

The dining room is the same today as it was sixty years ago when Lady Dufferin said the bread was the best she'd ever eaten. The “first painting and grain-ing” the woodwork ever got is still to be seen. The wallpaper has been renewed, but it is still a sprigged pattern. The electric light lamp hangs where the oil lamp used to be. All the rest is as it was.

In this room is an old walnut sideboard that mounts up and up to a series of little jutting shelves, each smaller than the one below. On one is a cut glass decanter with a drop silver whiskey label on a chain, a relic from the public inn days.

“We got all our liqueurs and brandies shipped from Montreal,” Mrs. McCormick says. The front parlor of today is the bar room of the eighteen seventies. “A door led directly in then, but we've made it into a window. There were three doors in the front of the house when it was built, leading into the house, the bar room, and the smoking room.”

The Halfway House, left untended, was burned by vandals in 1964. No treasures were saved.

Hawthorne Lodge

The property known as Hawthorne Lodge was obtained by George Taylor (Surveyor of the Red River Settlement 1836-1844) by a grant from the Hudson's Bay Company, in 1839. Taylor worked for the company, and during the years 1836-1838, he made the first complete survey of the settlement at Red River.

In 1848, John Flett, also in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, purchased the land from Taylor. Flett owned considerable land including the Hawthorne Lodge property. In 1858, he sold to John Edward Harriott the portion of land on which Harriott built the first house.

Harriott, a retired chief factor of Hudson's Bay Co., built a beautiful log and stone house on the bank of the Red River. It was named Hawthorne Lodge for the hawthorn hedge Harriott had imported from England. It was filled with furniture and pictures from England and France, all brought by way of Hudson Bay and transported inland by York boats.



Hawthorne Lodge, River Road, Lockport.

In 1862, the house was sold to Judge John Black for \$5000, complete with all it contained. Black was Judge and legal advisor to the Hudson's Bay Co. from 1862-1869. He was president of the Court of the Governor and Council of Assiniboia and the Supreme Tribunal of Rupert's Land.

From 1868-71, the property was owned by the Honourable Alfred Boyd. Records in the Provincial Library show him as the first Premier and Provincial Secretary. He represented St. Andrew's north in the first provincial legislature.

Boyd in turn sold Hawthorne Lodge to Dr. David Young in 1871, still at the \$5000 it had cost him. Dr. Young also purchased the house complete with furnishings, as a home for his bride. David Young was appointed Superintendent of Selkirk Mental Hospital in 1884. The hospital was at Lower Fort Garry until the completion of the mental hospital at Selkirk in 1886.

In 1905, Roderick Ross Sutherland bought Hawthorne Lodge. One of the first graduates of the University of Manitoba, he was a prominent businessman. The next owner of the house was the Honourable Robert Jacob, K. C., Attorney General of the province in the government of the Honourable T. C. Norris. Neither Sutherland nor Jacob actually lived in Hawthorne Lodge.

In 1918, after a fire had destroyed the house, the property was bought by Dunbar Hibbard Hudson.

Hudson was the founder of the Hudson Paper Company, and was the builder of the present house.

The Honourable James Osborne McLenaghan, K. C. bought Hawthorne Lodge in 1946. He practiced law in Selkirk and became Attorney General of Manitoba in Premier John Bracken's government.

The next owner of the property was George Percy Raymond Tallin, Q.C., Dean of the Manitoba Law School. He was also Chairman of the Manitoba Labour Board and a Provincial Magistrate.

The present owner, Dr. Irvin Olafson, bought Hawthorne Lodge in 1970. He is a dentist in Selkirk.

The English style stone house has a large verandah overlooking the Red River, and has three storeys. The grounds are park-like with many trees and flower beds.

As Mr. Pridham stated in his history of Hawthorne Lodge, "From the beginning those who dwelt at Hawthorne Lodge were men of high character and distinction, honoured by their fellow men, contributing much to the development of Rupert's Land and the new Canada of the West."

The Kingsberry House

Jane Macklin

"High on the bank of Medicine Creek — Muskikee CeePee in Cree — at Clandeboye is this inviting house, built at Old England in the early 1870's and moved to its present location in 1878."

These were the words used by Winnipeg Tribune feature writer, Lillian Gibbons in 1948 to describe the Kingsberry House at Clandeboye. "The Kingsberry House" was one of a noteworthy series entitled "Stories Houses Tell". Lillian Gibbons is the author of a book of the same title.

Lillian Gibbons asked Mr. Robert M. Muckle to tell her the history of the house. He told her this story: "Tom Taylor built this house. He's the man who named Old England. He had a store and stopping place and sold refreshments. The store had a large sign over it, Old England Forever, hence the name. This house he built for a hotel but it was never used as such. Instead it was moved to Clandeboye early in the winter of 1878. Motive power for the moving was three yoke of oxen."

Mr. Muckle continued, "George Kingsberry and his young bride, Betty MaRae, only seventeen, moved into their house December 21. Shortly after they had lighted the lamp at eventide in walked their first two visitors, Robert Muckle and Alex Muckle, my uncle and father. The young couple were just preparing to make some rum punch. George was quite a character: born in Toronto, he left home at thirteen, went west to Nebraska and California. In stature he was small, legs slightly bowed from riding

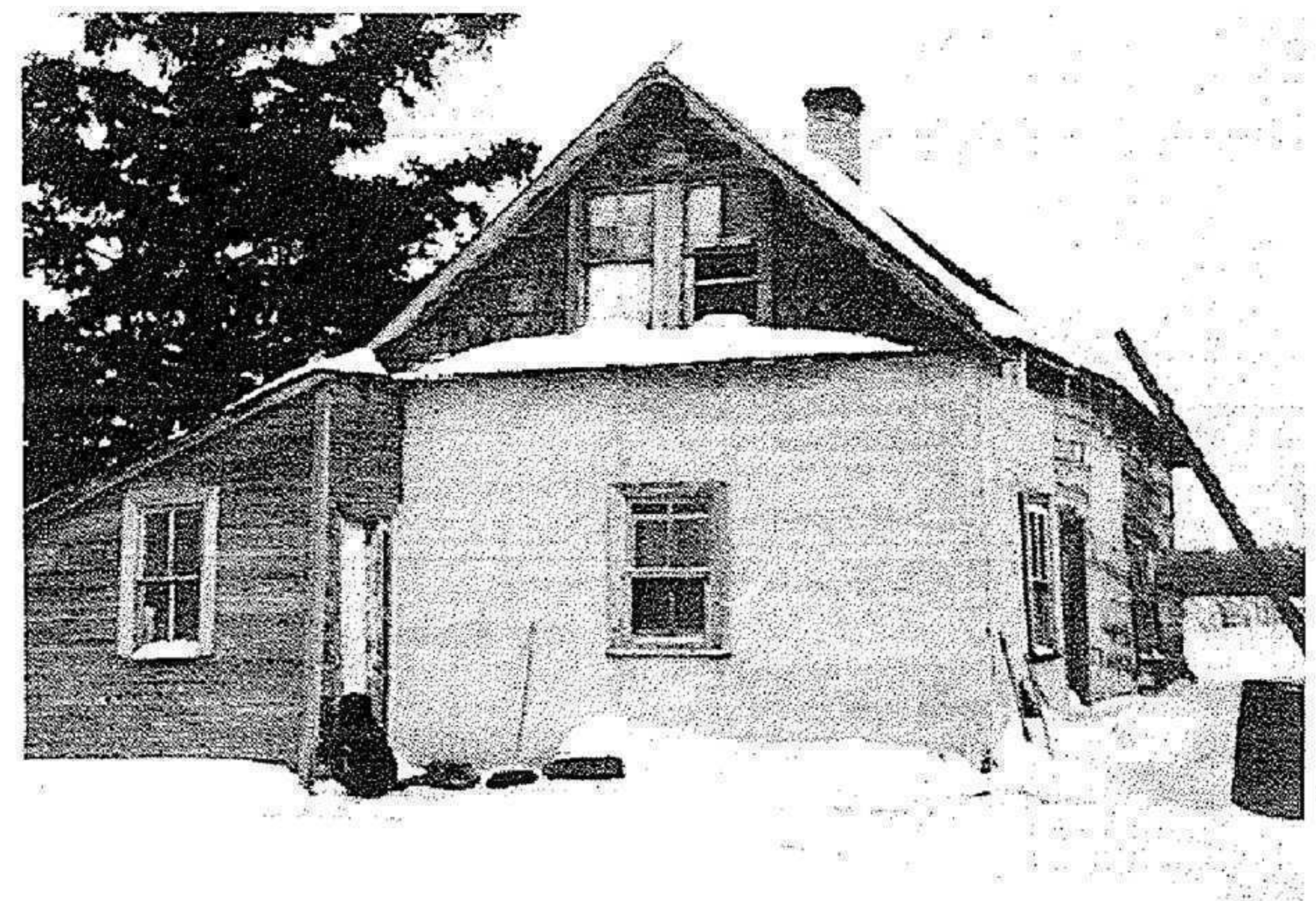
horseback. He arrived in Clandeboye with a bride and six beautiful oxen — to say nothing of the beauty of his bride! With the three team of oxen he broke the land on his farm, no small chore with scrub oak everywhere. The oxen had no collars, but pulled their load by means of huge wooden yokes attached to the plow by a chain. Speaking of Mrs. Kingsberry, Mr. Muckle recalled, "Elizabeth McRae was one of the twelve children of Duncan McRae, a stone mason from Caithness, Scotland, who came here in the 1830's and worked on both Upper and Lower Fort Garry. The Kingsberry's had no children but they raised a nephew called Kingsberry McRae. Mrs. Kingsberry was one of those spic and span housekeepers and she loved flowers. She was a widow for many years and was known and loved by all as Auntie Betty."

Concluding his story about the house Mr. Muckle said that in 1908 the house was put on a new foundation and new siding was put on. Alex McRae, another of Duncan's family, and James McPhail did the work.

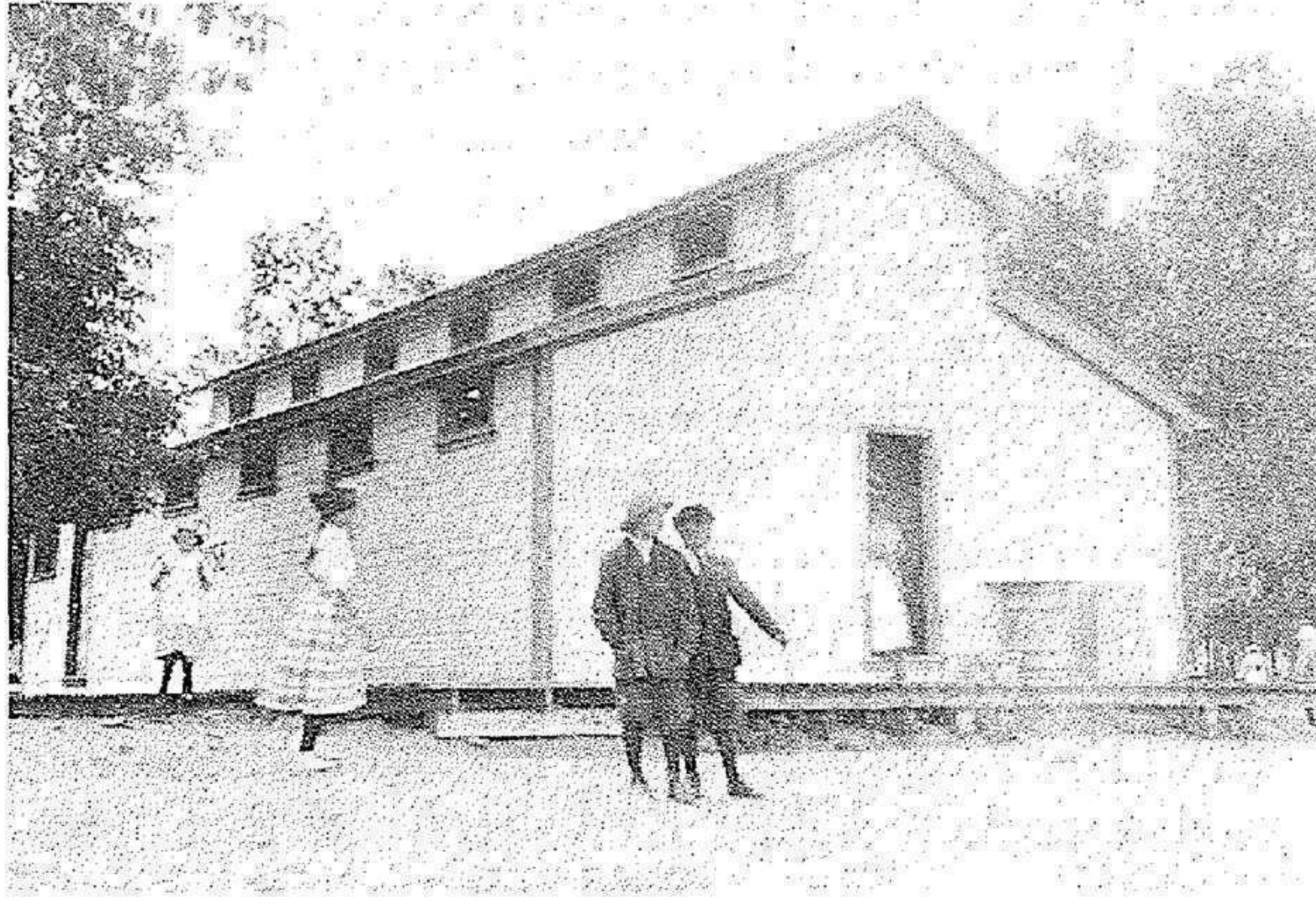
The "inviting, old house" has been a home for many families since the three yoke of oxen moved it "high on the bank of Medicine Creek". Kingsberry (Berry) McRae remained in the house for many years after his aunt's death. The Robert Cunningham family and later on the Earle Brackens and their family lived in the house. In 1948 Eldon McRaie and his bride, Lucille, made it their temporary home as did Eldon's brother, Leslie and his wife, Marguerite, some time later. During the Winnipeg flood of 1950, a family from a flooded area were happy to have a home of their own for a few days.

Many people today show their interest by asking about the house which is a landmark now in Clandeboye. It has been vacant for some years. The property and the house belong to Mrs. John Zelyk.

Buildings



Residence Paul Yakabowski, NW 12-17-3E — built 1912.



Women's Bath House, Winnipeg Beach, Circa 1915.



Old Homestead, R.M. of St. Andrews.



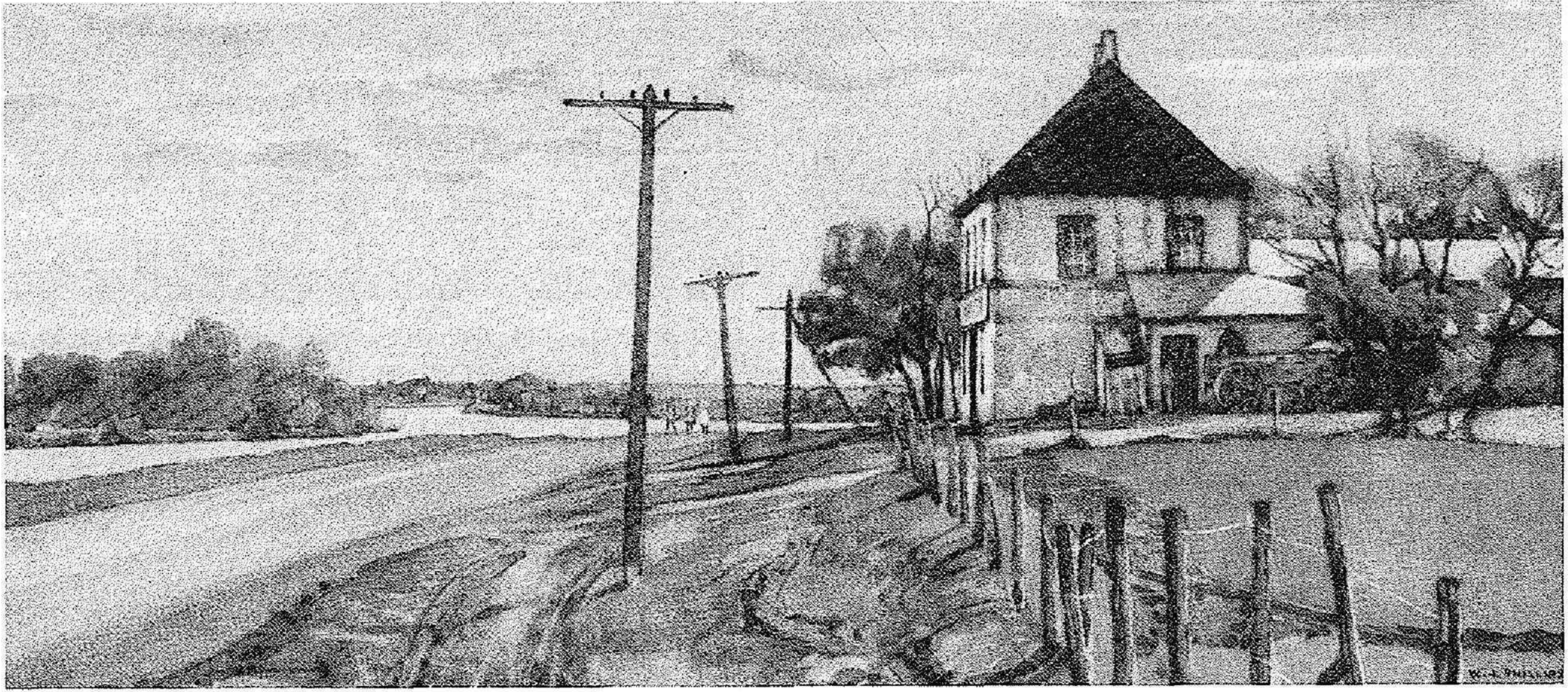
Typical settlers' home, owned by Harold Couture, 1936. L to R: Helen (Couture) Guyot, Mrs. Couture, Olive (Couture) Poirier, Theresa (Couture) Hough.



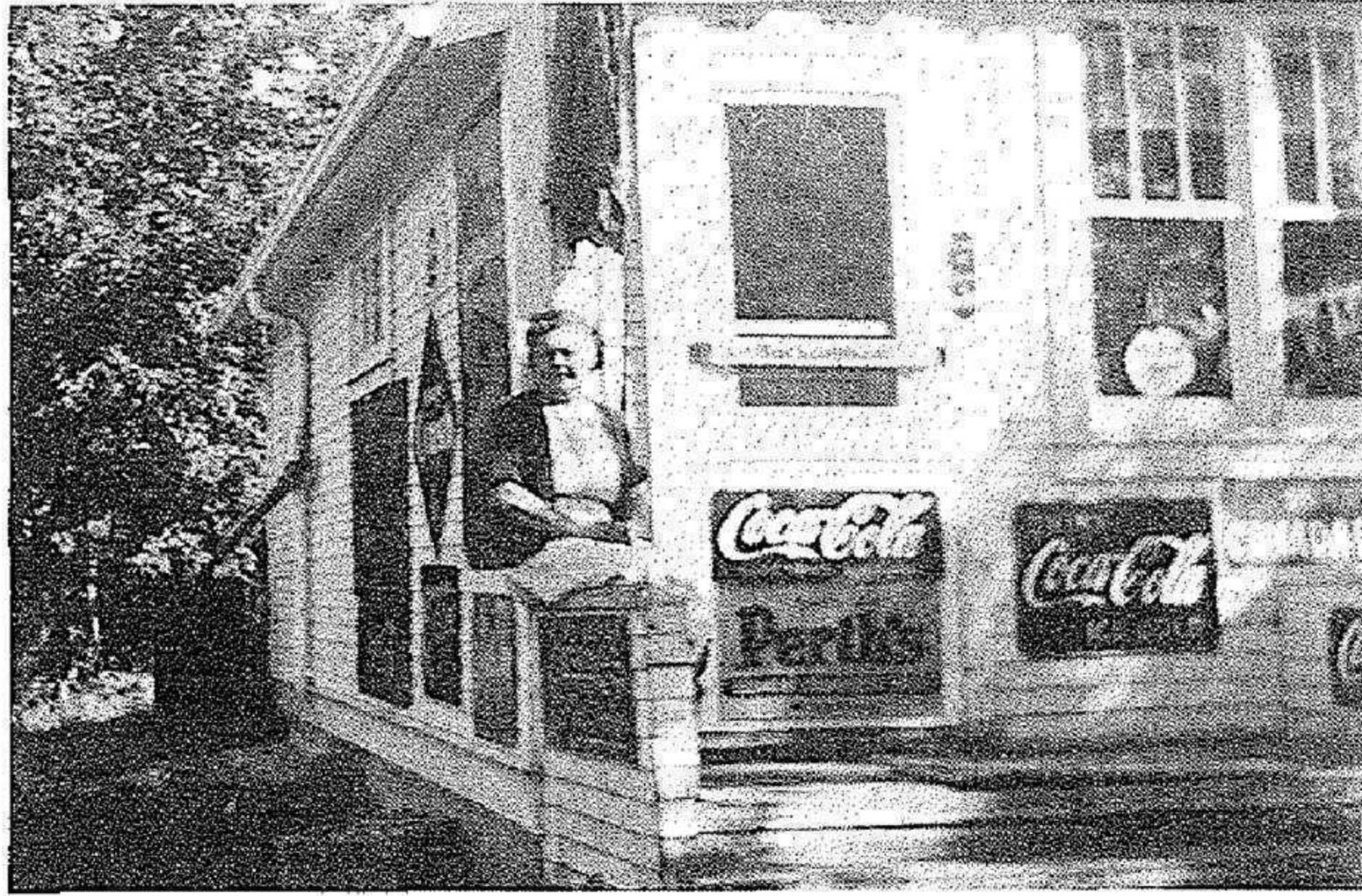
A landmark on River Road in Mapleton, built about 1912-13 by Samuel H. Summerscales, whose wife was a descendant of Red River settlers, Bannermans and Fletts. The daughter, Lillian Summerscales Dewar sold the house to John N. Lyon, in the 1940's and is now occupied by his daughter, Gwen Lyon Fox.



Contemporary Home.



Lockport Flour Mill, River Road — Lockport. In 1917 H. B. Lyall together with G. B. Corke formed the Lockport Flour Mill Company, Ltd. In 1920 they sold the company to Mr. George Gilmore, who operated it until, 1941, when illness prevent him from working. Mr. Lyall and Mr. Corke then took it it over once more, and sold it in 1942 to Mr. Joseph Picha. In time the historic stone building was torn down and a frame one was built to take its place. Painting by W. J. Phillips and story submitted by Mrs. Gladys R. (Lyall) Taylor.



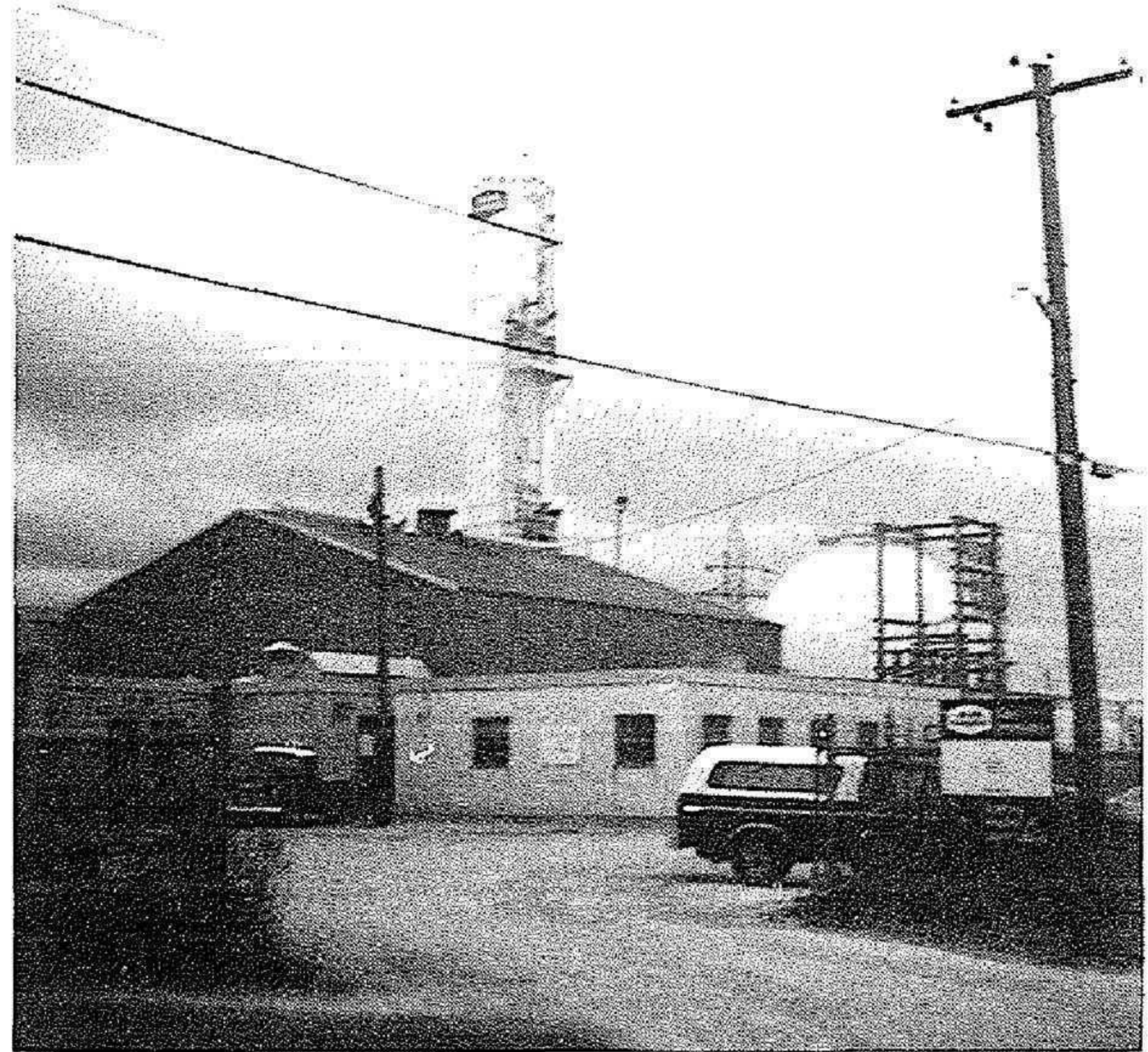
Dickenson's Store, Old England, Mrs. Hilda Houghton on front step.



Community Store, Matlock.



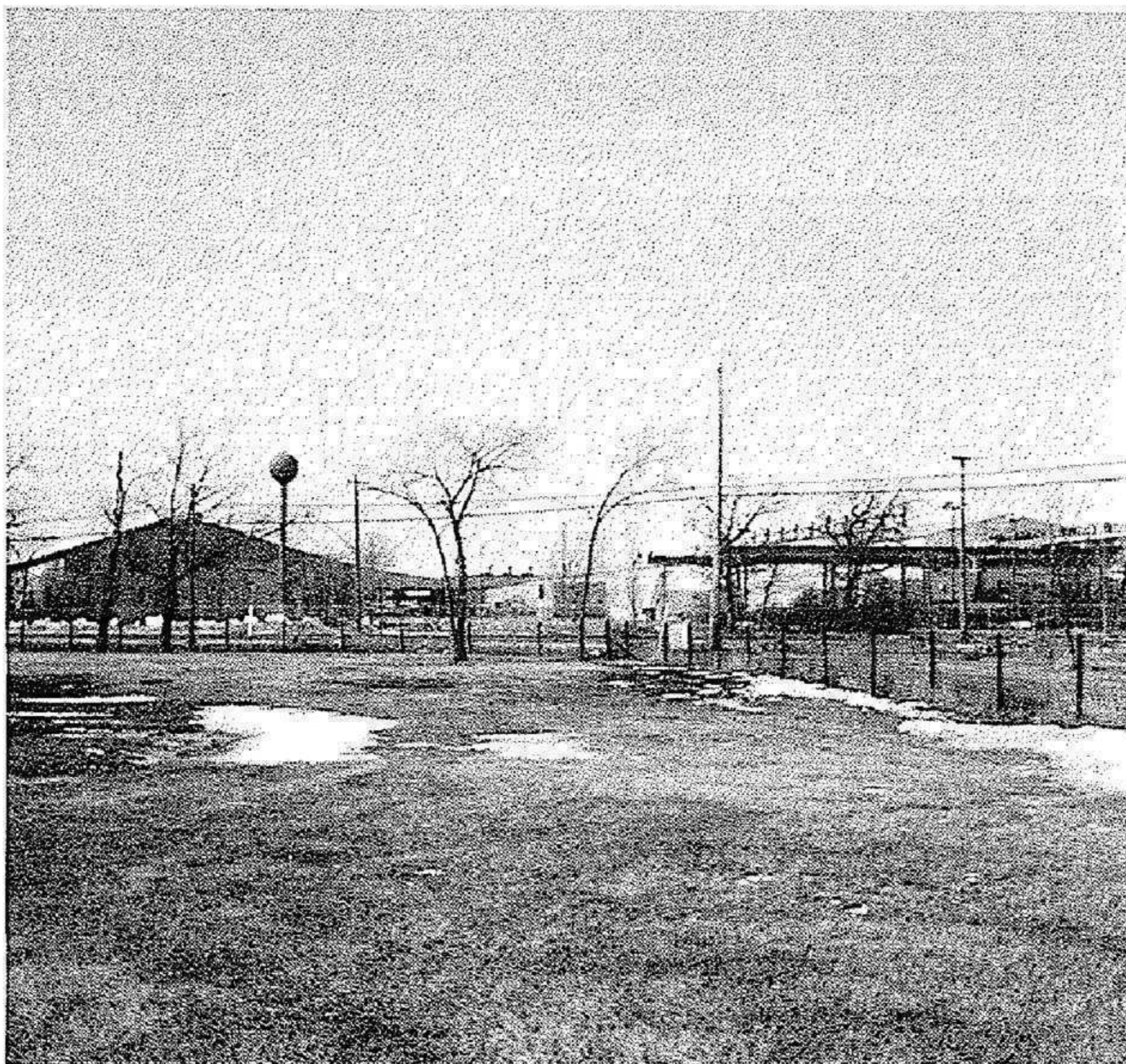
Community Store, Clandeboye 1930's. Owned by Dick Leask and Walter Sutherland.



Union Carbide, 1979.



Petersfield Motor Hotel.



Manitoba Rolling Mills, Old England.



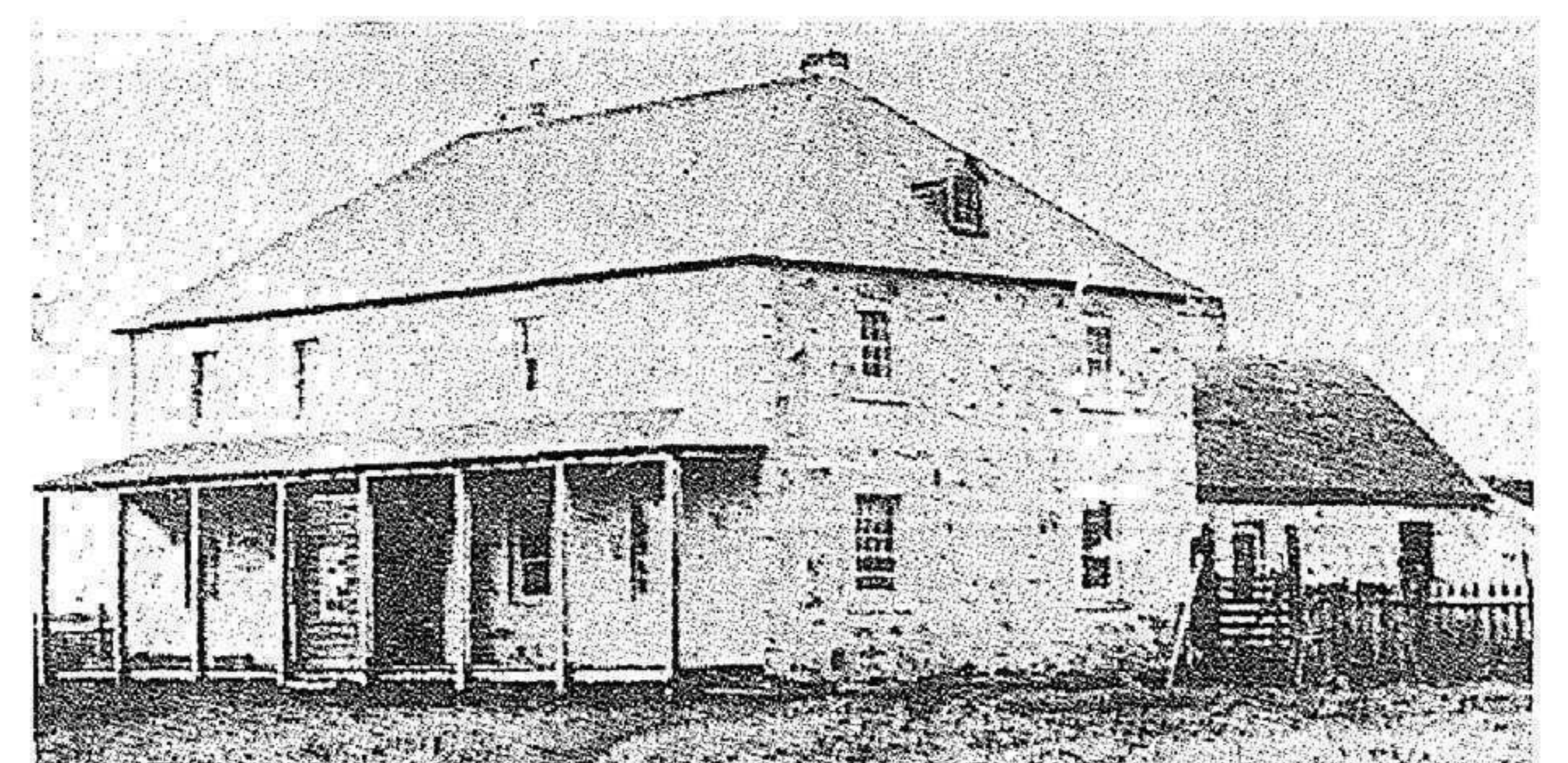
Scraba's Lodge. Two cats broke through ice pulling lodge across Netley Marsh.



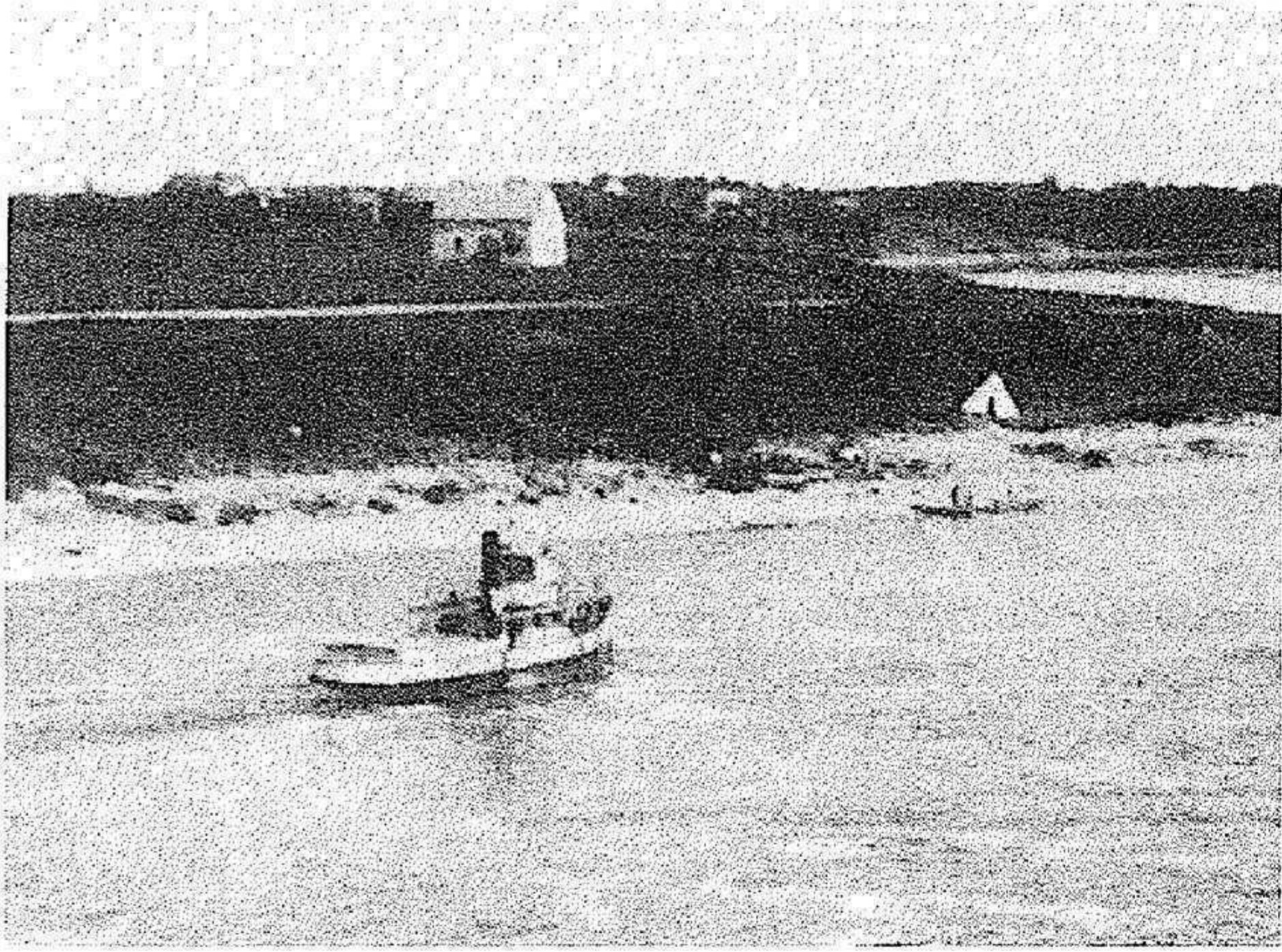
J. R. Heath Co. Ltd., Fish Reduction Plant, Clondeboye, 1979.



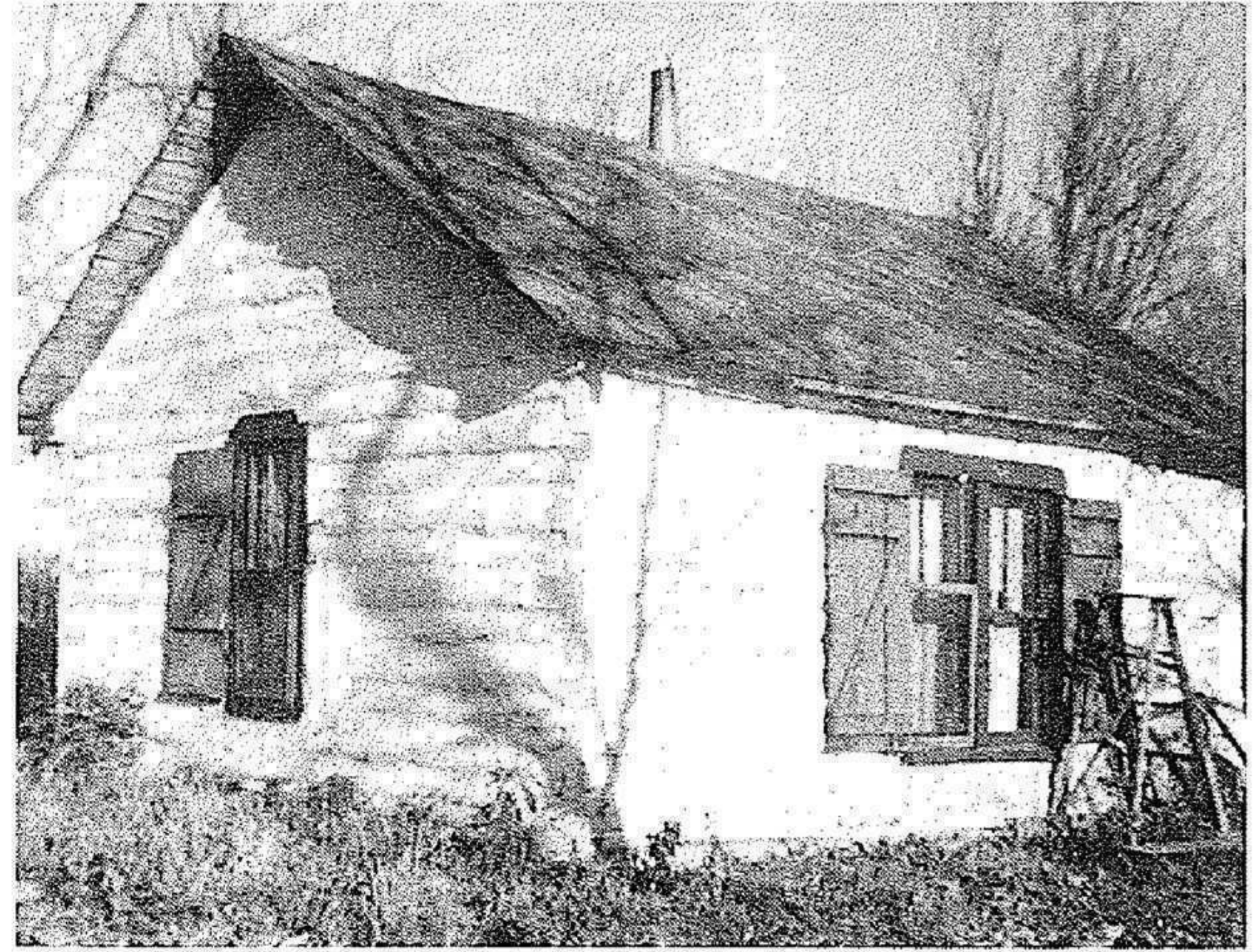
Raback's store, Oak Hammock. L to R: Pete Romanick, Jean Galloway, Alex Popowich.



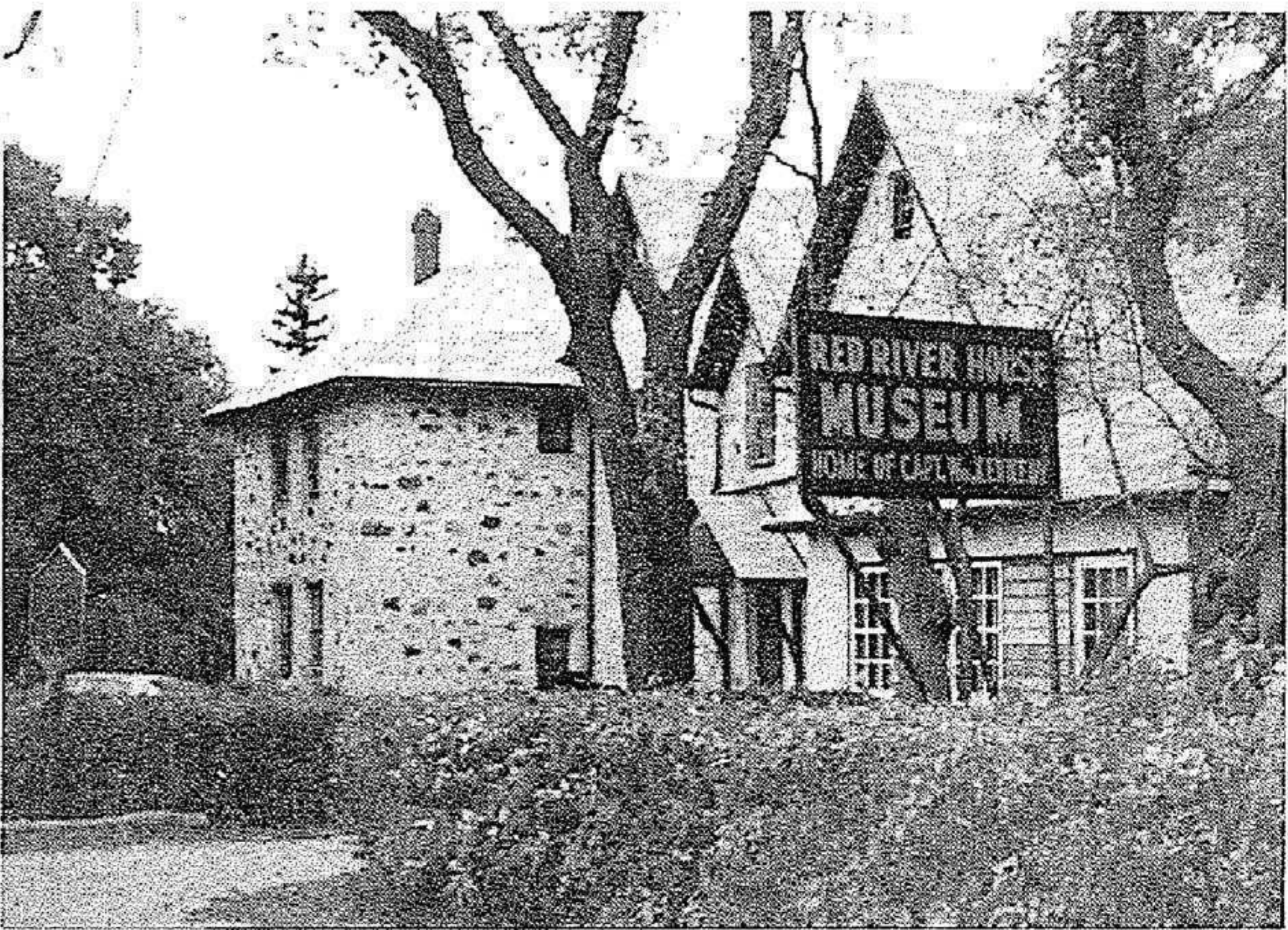
St. Andrews Church Rectory, built about 1852, soon after the church. Both of stone and built by dedicated parishioners. Free Press photo, August 21, 1965, entitled "St. Andrew's Rectory on the Red — 100 years ago."



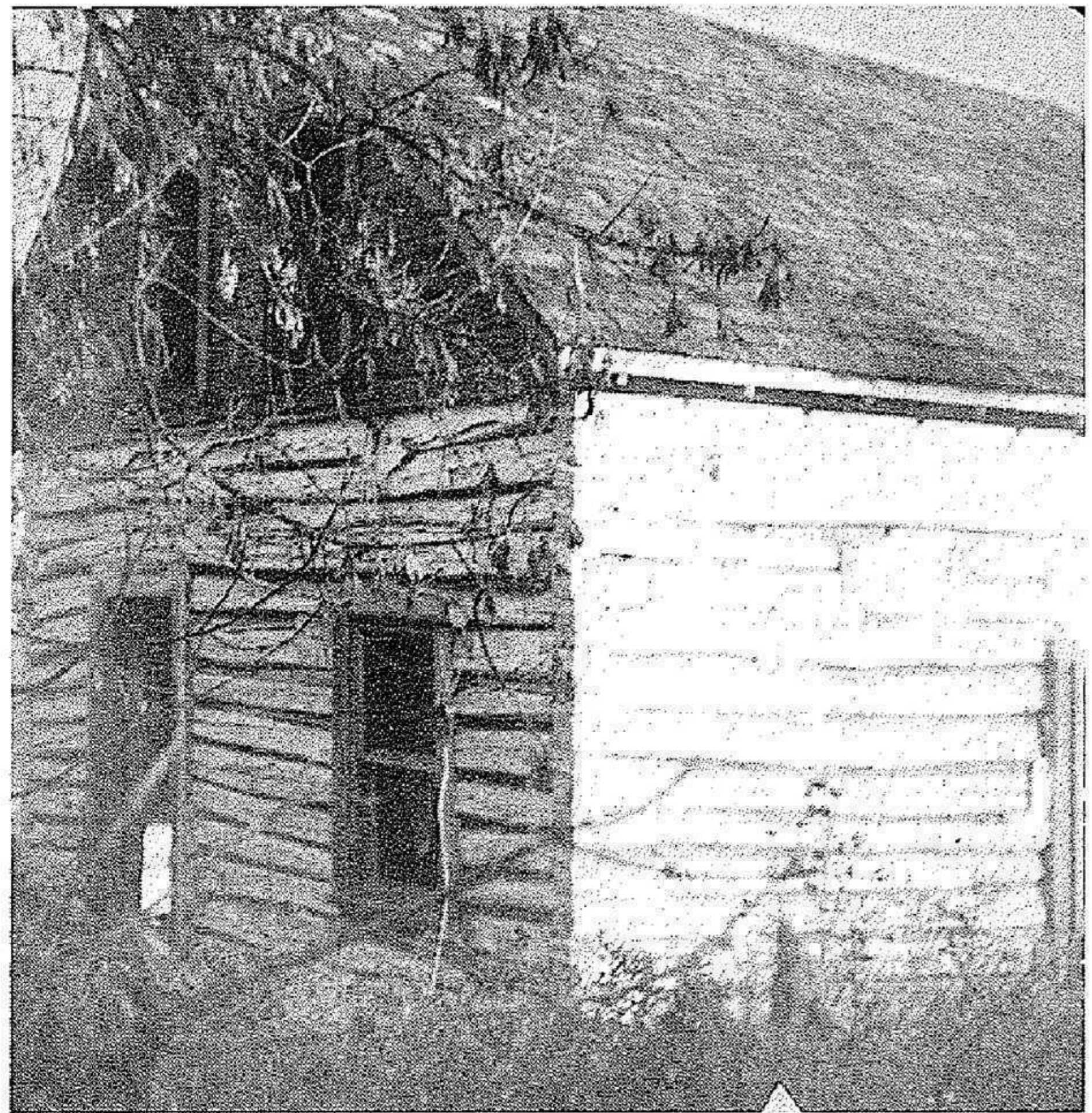
Meeting house built before 1852 by Honorable Donald Gunn, used for services of the Presbyterian Church, was the original Little Britain. A cairn built of stones from that dwelling marks the spot along the Red River north of Lockport.



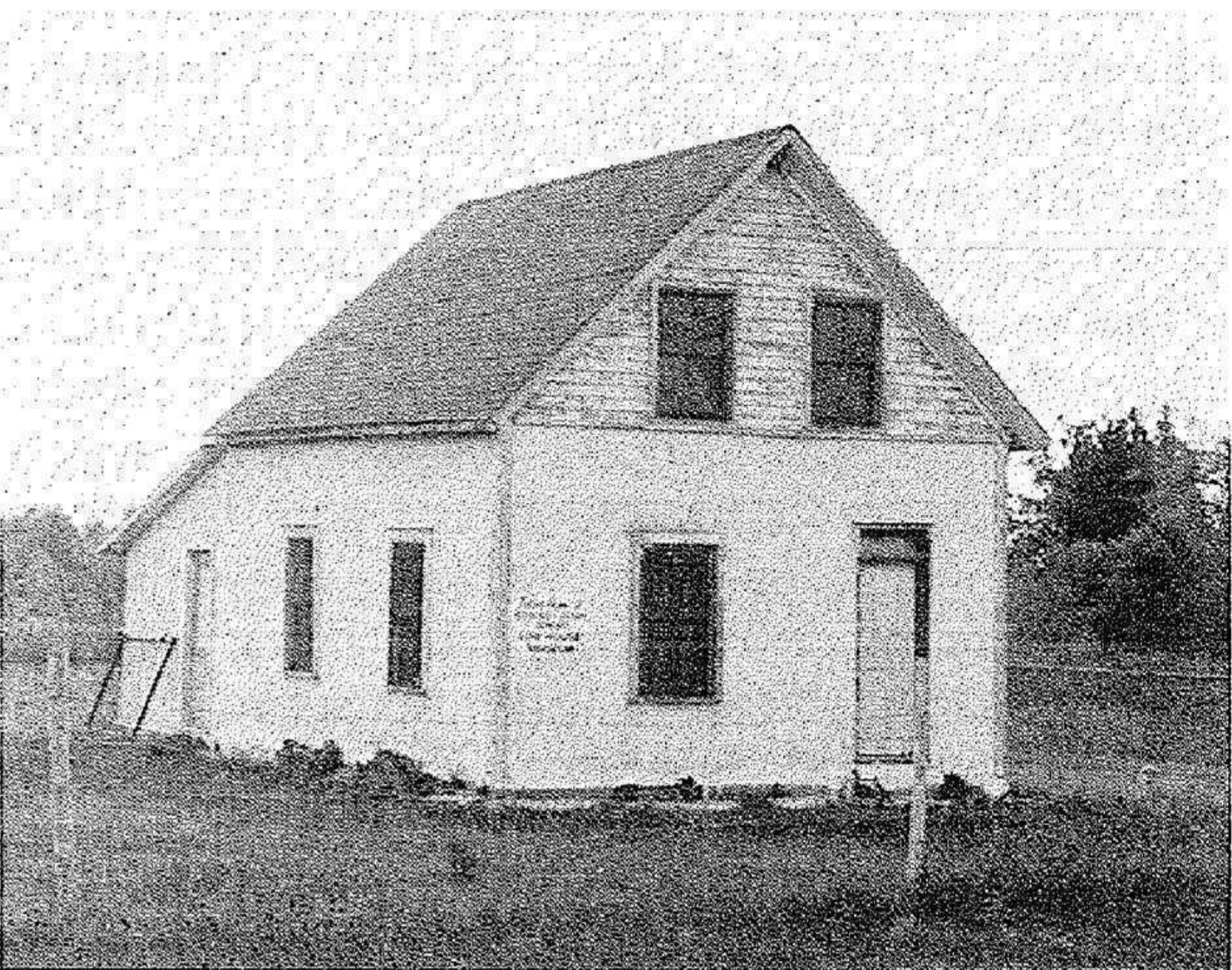
Jack Irvin's log house Breezy Point.



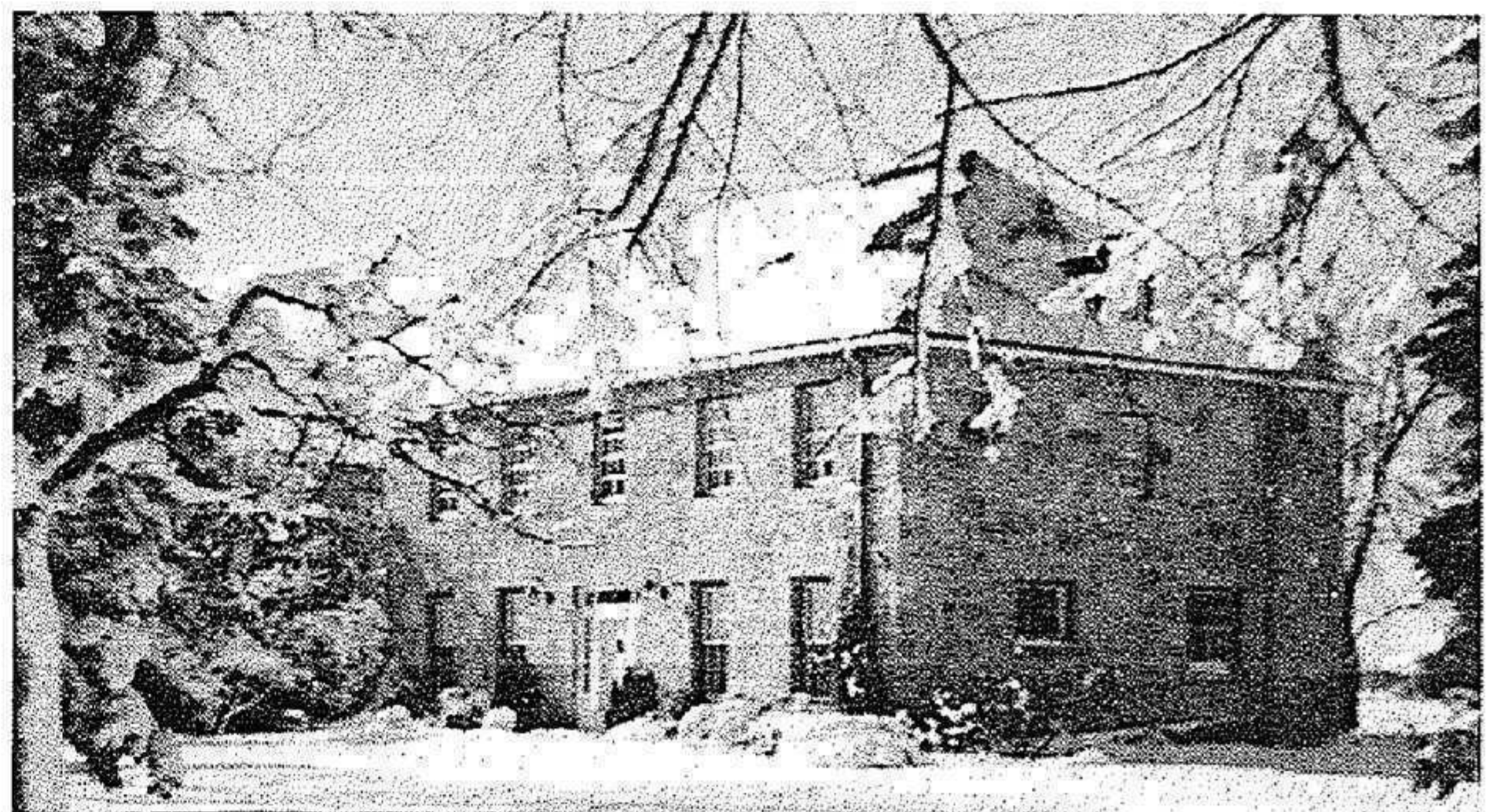
Red River House Museum River Road, St. Andrews. This house was built for Captain Kennedy in 1866 from Stone brought by oxcart from Stoney Mountain. It is now a museum of Manitoba History.



Original log house in the town of Petersfield.



Senior's log house Museum, Peterstfield, Man.



"Twin Oaks", St. Andrews. Formerly Miss Davis' School "Oakfield," built 1857-58 as a girls' school. Built by local residents who had formerly sent their girls back to England for their education. Has been declared a National Historic Site. Presently is private residence of Tom and June Denton.

Flashbacks

Mr. Henry Smith saw a nice flock of geese in the lake. Thinking they were wild geese, he shot and killed one. Mr. J. Smith came to the lake to water his horses and asked him what he was doing. "Trying to get my goose, what in the hell does it look like" he said. "Well", said Mr. J. Smith, "that's my goose," to the embarrassment of Henry Smith, who had to pay \$5.00 for the goose.

Flashbacks

There was an Indian graveyard on the Monkman property by the lake. I can still remember the graves. My grandmother said they used to bury their tools and guns when one passed away. Her father had loaned a gun to an Indian. A long time had passed and they asked a relative for the gun back. "We buried it with Mooman," said the Indian who had borrowed the gun.

Flashbacks

My great grandfather James Bird lost a team of oxen. While searching for them, he found a valuable pelt. He never found the oxen; he knew the Indians had taken them. The pelt proved to be more valuable than the lost oxen.

Flashbacks

A former resident of St. Peters remembers when a wedding party came down the river in the winter-time with horse and sleigh. Residents of the area came out of their homes and fired guns as a salute to the newlyweds.

Flashbacks

A story from Rossdale Primary:

A little girl who needed review was asked to take a beginner and hear him read his workbook. She came back in disgust and said, "Miss Goldstone, I can't teach Harry to read! Harry says r-a-p isn't 'knock'!"

Flashbacks

In August, 1904 the Winnipeg, Selkirk and Lake Winnipeg Railway was established, the first cars operated by steam and the first electric cars beginning to run in 1908. A devoted parson of Little Britain Church detested the "noisy monsters," as he called the trolley cars, and took his protestations to

the Lord in prayer. On Sunday, he was earnestly praying when the car passed in front of the church. "There it goes now, Lord," he is reported to have said, "You can hear the thing for yourself."

An 1884 issue of the Winnipeg Free Press made a note of a famous team of oxen known as McDuff and Punch "who made the trip from Selkirk to Clandeboye, a distance of seven miles in the extraordinary time of three and one-half hours, besting the best recorded time for such a trip.

Flashbacks

Where two roads intersect in Cloverdale, there is a school on one corner, a hall on the opposite corner, and then a church and a farm on the other two corners. Local people named these corners: Education, Damnation, Salvation and Starvation.

Flashbacks

One nice afternoon Edith McAulay decided she would take the car and go to pick strawberries at Bob Muckle's. She took Kenny, who was just a little one then, and off they went. On the way home she picked up Alice Jackson who sat in the back seat. The minute they drove into the yard, Fred McAulay came running over to them shaking his head and asked, "Where's your back tire?" "What tire?" "The back tire on the car." "Isn't it there?" "What do you mean, isn't it there? Don't you know?" "How would I know it wasn't there?" Then said Alice, "I knew it was pretty rough but I just thought it was the road!" Fred walked down the road and found the tire about a mile back. Edith never drove the car again, saying she just wasn't driver material!

Flashbacks

Dan Rogowski who operated Dan's Transfer built a garage in Matlock to keep his trucks. The garage also served as a dance hall. A wooden portable floor was made and kept against the walls. When a dance was to be held, the floor just had to be laid down. One of Dan's sons had his wedding in the garage as well as many others. The women would prepare the meals. A live band always played. "Danny Staff" was a regular orchestra and the members were friends of the family for many years. Dances were held and movies were shown. Dan and Phyllis' home was used as a babysitting place and also for cloak rooms. All the children were brought to the weddings and dances. As they became tired they were brought to the house and put to sleep. There was always someone there to keep an eye on them.

Transportation

Transportation of the Red River to Hudson Bay

from *The MacNabbs Look Backward*, by F. H. Ross, *Winnipeg Free Press*, July 18, 1936

In those days all supplies for the old land were brought into the colony from Hudson Bay. The York boat was a standard means of transportation, as commonly seen on Lake Winnipeg as are motor boats and steamboats today. In this connection Mr. MacNab enjoys what must be almost a unique distinction. Few, if any, other men now live who actually went on a journey by lake and stream to York Factory and return, and in a York boat.

Such a voyage is one of his vividest memories. A man named Donald Bannerman had taken a contract to bring in supplies for the Hudson's Bay Co., and it was in his employ that Mr. MacNab made the trip.

Two boats travelled in company. In each were eight men — seven rowers and a steersman. They were men of the old voyageur type — of French and Scottish descent, rugged and accustomed to every hardship.

They left Old Kildonan early in a spring more than 70 years ago. In the calm water of the Red River the men rowed, and aided by the current they ran rapidly downstream through the settlement. But on Lake Winnipeg they shipped oars and spread sail and rested. With a spanking breeze behind them they scudded along at such a good rate that at the end of the second day they were beaching at Norway House.

Speed was the watchword of the men who in bygone days accomplished journeys over the inland waterways that seem stupendous to us of the present. They rose at daybreak or before. As long as the light lasted they kept to the stream. When a halt was made for the noon-day meal it was "eat and away again" for them. And their food was pemmican and bannocks, pemmican and bannocks, for meal after meal.

A few hours after they left Norway House, where they had camped for one night only, they reached their first obstacle. With a 12-foot waterfall to overcome, they tied ropes to their boats and lowered them

over the rapid, portaged the cargo around the rapid overland and reloaded below. After the time-honored manner of the portage they loaded the goods on their backs, supporting them with a head strap, as much as 180 pounds per man, and with such loads they dog-trotted from one end of the portage to the other.

Beyond their first rapid they came again into an open lake, dotted with islands. But they were soon in swift water again, and their troubles multiplied, for rapid succeeded rapid, 36 in all of them between Norway House and the Bay. In some cases they could run down without unloading, and this was a pleasure! In other cases they could manage as they did the first, by lowering the boat down with ropes. But in one case, at least, where a half-mile of white water appeared before them, not only the cargo, but the boat itself had to be carried down the long portage.

To do this they fastened their pack straps to the sides of the boat. The two crews helped each other. Usually they could pick up the boat and carry it, but sometimes they would vary the process by pulling it along on rollers. In either case the labor involved in moving through the bush with such heavy loads and in a season when mosquitoes and blackflies are at their worst, can be better imagined than described.

At last there came an evening when the steersman said, "Lie down and sleep boys, your work is over!" The current was strong and carried them along rapidly as they slept, and when morning came they saw the buildings of York Factory on a high bank by the river. They had arrived at the Bay.

They had come a long way, but their journey was only half done. The need for haste still possessed them and they could stay only 24 hours, long enough to load up with English goods and to take a look around at the port.

So shallow was the water at York Factory that ships anchored at a distance of three miles. From the ships the cargoes were carried to shore by a small sloop with shallow draft. They were brought off in boxes or crates too heavy for a man to carry alone. So at the port they were uncrated and made up in smaller

"pieces" or an average weight of 80-100 pounds. Tobacco, rum, clothing, powder, whenever possible the separate articles were all made up in the same way so that on the portages a man could carry two, one on top of the other. For this purpose the company kept at the port a staff of coopers, and it was for this reason that the place was called "factory".

The company people were kind to the travellers from Red River and each man was issued a gill of rum. But strangely enough what caught Mr. MacNab's fancy most at York was the fact that while he was there the water in the channel rose 12 feet above the level at which he had first seen it and then began to recede again. For the first and last time in his life he was witnessing the rise and fall of the tide.

Now came the return journey and now began for them such a bitter struggle as to make the downward run to the Bay seem easy and pleasant by comparison. Back again over the 36 rapids, the waterfalls, the portages, and now the weight of the stream always against them, adding to that of the cargo they had received at York Factory.

An ordinary load for one boat was 90 pieces. Taking the average weight of a piece at 90 pounds, give a cargo weight of more than four tons per boat, or more than half a ton per man. Only a few years before, the youthful Father Lacombe, making his first journey up the Saskatchewan to Edmonton, had been moved to tears at the sufferings of the boatmen of his party. And it is hardly to be wondered at that after a period of 70 years the memory of the toil and hardship of himself and his companions is still keen and vivid in Mr. MacNab's mind.

Mile after mile of river where the current was too strong for rowing, had to be "tracked." A rope was attached to the prow of the boat, and run ashore. To it the men fastened their pack straps. Stumbling and straining through the brush and over the rocks, they dragged the boat upstream. And where the current was too strong for even this slow and difficult method of progress, then they must bring everything ashore, unload, and portage.

It was six weeks to a day from the time of departure when they beached again at the old stone fort, unloaded their cargo, and disbanded.

It must have been almost the last time that freight was brought into the colony in this way. For now a new form of transportation was replacing the York boat. The railway had come west as far as Minnesota, and here, first to St. Paul and later to St. Cloud, the Red River men went in their carts. Mr. MacNab remembers several such trips. Though more pleasant than the Bay voyage, they were still lengthy enough. So bad were the roads and so slow the carts that a return trip took three or four weeks. Travellers took

with them food and camping supplies and prepared to rough it through all kinds of weather.

The Old Gimli Road

by Mrs. Clara M. Einarson

The Gimli road was built to provide a link by land, between the Icelandic settlement along Lake Winnipeg with the present road to Netley Creek. This road was to open up the land in between for settlement. It was surveyed by a Mr. Monkman and followed the height of land on the west of the Red River, Netley marshes and Lake Winnipeg. Where low spots and swamps could not be avoided the road was built up with "corduroy", that is logs were sunk in the mire and lashed together like a floating bridge.

This was slow, backbreaking work for men using oxen and horses and in some places shovels.

Another drawback was caused by friction between the government and C.P.R. over the right of way. The C.P.R. had been granted sections of land which were not available as homesteads. The railroad went as far as Winnipeg Beach in 1903 with stations about six miles apart.

Once the road was passable, traffic with oxen, horses, and dog teams began to travel between the settlements. People moved in and began to take up homesteads and raise their families. Some of the homes along the Gimli road were used as "stopping places" for freighters and mail carriers. These were homes where travellers could get food and lodging for themselves for their teams for a night or in case of stormy weather for a few days.

Many of the people who took up homesteads along the Gimli road were descendants of the Hudson Bay factors sent out to trade with the Indians and live at the forts. From Sandy Hook north, they were mostly Icelandic people, but from Winnipeg Beach south there were quite a few of Scottish descent. Baldy Anderson's was a stopping place just north of Winnipeg Beach.

At one time there was a bush camp called Robinson's Spur where cordwood and logs were cut in the bush and loaded on the train cars. Frank Philpott Sr. worked as a cook's helper at his camp he was a lad of fourteen. His parents kept the Post Office a few miles west of there at Plum Ridge.

A small church was built along the road just south of the camp. George Tait, who was the son of a Hudson Bay factor from the Orkney Islands, lived near there. His wife was very active in keeping the church going. Also other settlers to the north and east helped. They put on raffles on quilts and held box socials, etc. to raise money. After this church burned, a little church was hauled in from Mustard Seed Creek. There is a cemetery there and for a few

years it was sadly neglected, but the people from the parish at Matlock and Whytewold have renovated the church and cleaned up the cemetery. They hold an annual picnic and memorial service there each year in August.



One and only five-road intersection, Netley area.

From this church the road angles south and east past the site of the old Netley school. This school was the main centre of the social life of the district for many years.

Just north of the school site was the old Edward Cochrane homestead and south of him was land settled by Sidney Tio and his son Robert.

People by the name of Sabiston lived first on what is now the Kreamer farm. Jim Kreamer and his wife Lena brought their family there in the 1920's and their grandson Bruce and his wife make their home on the old place.

South of the school was Dave McKenzie's homestead which is now owned by his niece and nephew, Margaret and Jimmie Thorburn.

Dave's brother Bob, homesteaded near the south end of Lake Winnipeg. He and his wife had three children, a son and two daughters. The daughters both taught school in Netley for a time. Their sister Margaret Smith homesteaded a mile south of the school site and boarded the teachers for many years.

Johnny and Minnie MacDonald lived along this road, also the McKays. Their farm was homesteaded by Neil McKay Sr. and four generations lived there over the years until it was sold in the 1930's. John McKay Sr. (known as Gampa), his son Johnny (who married a teacher from down east) and their son Neil and daughters, Grace and Joyce. For a few years there was a silver fox farm on this farm and then it was bought by the Nick Lucyshen family who still live there.

Across the road from McKays lived a Scotsman by the name of Jim Smith who bought the farm from a George Urquart.

South of the Netley road was a farm settled by four Englishmen. They were the Bullivant brothers and the farm still belongs to the family.

Further south homesteads were taken up by William McRae Sr., McNabbs, Kingsberrys, and Henrys. Oli Goodman bought a quarter section after the First World War. Harry and Tom Hermanson farmed land along the Netley Marsh. There were acres of wild raspberries in the low land there and people came for miles to pick. They came by cars, horse and buggy and wagons, bringing picnic lunches with them. Many a visit and gossip took place in the berry patch.

A number of duck hunters came in the fall as the marshes were teeming with wild life in those days. Some of these hunters built lodges and in later years used them for summer homes.

There were also muskrat trappers in the spring. There was a stopping place at Henry's and at Captain Hugh Black's further south. Vega Johnson, who later made her home in Seattle, Washington, says that as a girl she often stayed with her aunt, Mrs. John Henry. She could clearly remember the teams hauling supplies, wood and fish. Often the drivers would stop for supper, put their horses up for the night and make their beds on the floor of the main room in the old log house. In 1914 Henrys built a new house. Harry Fisher now owns this property and has built a new modern home. The old landmark is in the process of being torn down.

Hugh Black's farm was later owned by Mr. and Mrs. Fanthorpe and then by the George Riley family.

Pete Smith, who lived to be over 100 years, lived across the road east of Rileys. Further south the land on the north side of Netley creek was settled by Indians and Metis. Ed Chesley built a resort area where at one time there was an Indian graveyard. Mr. Gilbert lived east of Chesley's resort, and his property and that of the Wheeler family is now being used as resort areas. Mr. and Mrs. Dave Veitch live in the old Gilbert House.

George and Velma Riley live on the site where Colin and Jane Muir retired after selling their farm and Phylis Lemoine has built a home on the property once owned by the Ballantynes.

In winter when the ice on the Netley Creek was strong enough, the traffic crossed the creeks and continued south along Muckle's Creek to east of Clandeboye, then across the prairie to Selkirk. In the summer a trail went west along the Netly Creek. Before the bridge was built at Petersfield, there was a ferry across the creek near where the Croys live now

in a house built by Mr. and Mrs. John Palmer. There was no ferryman so unless you were a strong swimmer and the ferry was on the opposite bank, you often had a long wait until someone came from the other direction. This was often a good time to boil the kettle and have a bannock and tea break. Late in the summer when the creek was low, travellers were able to ford the creek, just east of where the bridge is now.

A man named St. Louis had bought up the land that is now the townsite of Petersfield. He gave land for a road north from Lemoines, Highway 314, to the street we call Edith avenue, then west to the bridge. The townsite was called St. Louis after this early settler and Edith Avenue was named for his daughter.

From St. Louis, the road went south on what is now No. 9 Highway. It passed a school called Wakefield which was built in 1888 and was situated on the farm now owned by Jack Bowman's family. This old building is still in existence, being used as a granary where Pat Donohoe lives.

Two of the earliest teachers of the old Wakefield school were Mrs. Elliot (Annie Muckle) and Mr. Peter Loutit. The building was also used for church services until the present Wakefield church was built.

At one time McLure Muckle taught school in a log house on Muckle's Creek. This was before the first Clandeboye school was built.

The road continued south to where the Clandeboye school is, then went east one mile and then south again at Kingsberry's Corner, past the farm of Mr. Wm. McRae and from there on to Selkirk.

Somewhere on this stretch of prairie road between McRae's and Selkirk, there was a family living in a one roomed log cabin. Teams leaving Selkirk for Gimli would sometimes leave Selkirk in the late afternoon and arrive at this cabin by dark. If the drivers had stayed over night in Selkirk, some of them would stay too long in the hotel barrooms and would be in no condition to make an early start in the morning.

The first telephone line between Selkirk and Winnipeg Beach was put through in the early 1900's. Colin Muir, a local old timer, recalls that he hauled supplies for the telephone company at this time with his team. This line was discontinued after the end of the First World War.

At one time there was a rumour that the Winnipeg Street Railway would continue their Selkirk streetcar line on to Winnipeg Beach, but this never went through.

This old Gimli road at time of writing is still in use.

South of Matlock, it is still mostly a mud road with a few miles gravelled. Some of it has seen no repair in over sixty years. When Lake Winnipeg flooded in 1966 several places were under water.

Many of the settlers or farmers now living on or near this old road, would like to see it restored at least in part. We are sure that many tourists and people out for an enjoyable ride would use it to get away from the heavy traffic on the two main highways to the West. We would also, on this our Centennial Year, like to see a few more road signs from Netley Creek North, with the name **GIMLI ROAD**.

The Family Car

as told by Anne (Philpott) Carter

Early in the summer of 1920, my father went to Winnipeg and returned home with a brand new "Model T" Ford car, which in later years was referred to as "Tin Lizzie". This car provided the family with transportation for a period of ten years. I have vague recollections of Sunday afternoon jaunts in our new car; Pa took the family to see Stoney Mountain, and then drove through Cloverdale, before returning home. In the summer months, we drove to church, then on to family gatherings. There were three of these touring cars in our family. On a Sunday, all three cars would often head for Woodfield Post Office; which was the home of my paternal grandfather, Francis Philpott. Another Sunday everyone would be invited to Uncle Fred and Aunt Jane's place for dinner; or everyone would be at our place for dinner. The outings I loved most of all were having all three cars loaded with relatives and picnic baskets and spending the day at Lockport or at Winnipeg Beach.



Fred and Jane Philpott with family and friends in front of new car.

In the fall, when the pigs were mature and fattened, after a day of butchering, the carcasses would be laid crosswise over the back doors of the "Model T" and taken to Selkirk and sold to John Robertson, at the local butcher-shop. Once a week Mother would take eggs and one hundred pounds of printed butter to

Selkirk. Much of the butter went out on the Lake Boats. Ma would shop for groceries and clothing and pick up any repairs that were needed. Quite often, I went along with her. I became quite adept at repairing tires. On one occasion, I remember Ma going to visit Mrs. Donald McDonald, while I was left to take off a flat tire, take it apart, fix it with a patch and tire cement, then put it back together and pump it up with a hand pump, and put it back on the car.

In the fall and early winter, or on rainy days, we would snap on curtains to enclose the sides of the car. There were tiny Isinglass windows in these imitation leather curtains. This made the car quite cozy.

I was twelve years old when Pa decided it was my turn to be taken to Winnipeg. We called and picked up my maternal grandmother (Setter) and she took me shopping in Eaton's and Woolworth's stores.

Our "Model T" took us everywhere; the family would all get in the car after the days work was done, and attend every football Game. Each School District had a football team and competition was pretty keen among the six districts.

In 1930, this faithful old "Tin Lizzie" was replaced by a Chevrolet car that had glass windows all the way around, and the windows could be wound up and down. But no car ever saw happier times than our old "Tin Lizzie". No car was ever called upon to give greater service for business or pleasure. It was truly a good and faithful servant but it had had its day, and had finally reached the end of a long, long trail.

To Winnipeg Beach by Car in 1921 by C. E. Parker

In the early 1920's the daring Sunday motorist had a choice of three routes to Winnipeg Beach. All of these routes are set out in the Automobile Road Guide for 1921 published under the auspices of the Winnipeg Automobile Club and Manitoba Motor League and edited by A. C. Emmett.



"Time out" — Joe Weiss and Pat Bilan, Matlock.

The introduction to this valuable guide to the motorist of those times says:

"The present issue of the road guide marks the ninth year of its publication. It had been necessary to practically rewrite all routes from year to year to take care of changes brought about by the settlement of the country and the consequent closing off of old trails which are gradually replaced by definitely laid out highways.

Every possible care is taken to present these routes for the benefit of the travelling public in as concise and comprehensive a manner as possible, and it will be noted that the number of miles travelled in any direction, after making a turn is indicated by compass direction, thereby making a double check on the routing information."

Remember that in 1921, the C.P.R. ran no excursion trains to Winnipeg Beach. It was not until 1926 that the Imperial Privy Council ruled that Manitoba's Act allowing Sunday operation of trains was ruled to be valid. So, on Sunday, the motorist had his choice of three routes from Winnipeg to Winnipeg Beach.

No. 37	By Lilyfield and Stonewall	65.0 miles
No. 39	The Black and White route	57.6 miles
No. 41	By Selkirk	52.1 miles

The last route, after adjustments through the years, is the now familiar Highway No. 9. But in 1921, it looked like this:

Route No. 41

Winnipeg to Winnipeg Beach

By Selkirk

Mls.	Tenths	Direction
0.0	WINNIPEG. Leave corner Main and Portage N 22.4
0.7	Under C.P.R. Subway	
4.1	Under C.P.R. tracks.	
10.9	PARKDALE. Bridge.	
11.4	Turn to River Road on right. Keep north.	
16.2	LOCKPORT. Road on right leads to St. Andrews Locks.	
18.2	Motor Country Club on right.	
20.2	MAPLETON. Cross street car track.	
21.8	SELKIRK. Post office on right.	
22.1	Cross railroad.	
22.2	Cross railroad.	
22.4	Turn left. Follow main pole line — Greenwood	... W 6.3
23.4	Cross C.P.R. and follow railroad	
28.7	Turn right and cross railroad N 1.2
29.9	Turn left W 0.9
30.6	Cross C.P.R.	
30.8	Turn right. Clandeboye School — Clandeboye N 4.4
32.5	Bridge. Wavey	
35.2	Cross bridge and turn right — Petersfield E 0.5
35.4	Cross railroad.	
35.6	ST. LOUIS (now Petersfield)	
35.7	Turn right S 0.3
36.0	Turn left E 1.6
37.6	Turn left N 5.4
37.7	White house on left	
43.0	Turn left W 4.0
45.3	Cross C.P.R.	
47.0	Turn left S 0.2
47.2	Cross tracks and turn right W 1.0

- 47.6 MATLOCK
- 48.2 Cross track and turn right N 0.2
- 48.4 Turn left W 1.1
- 48.9 WHYTEWOLD (Stone's store).
- 49.5 Turn right N 2.4
- 50.5 Cross railroad.
- 51.9 Turn right at school and cross railroad E 0.1
- 52.0 Turn left at Town Hall N 0.1
- 52.1 WINNIPEG BEACH. Wood's Garage.

And for coming home at night, as it states in the Introduction: "All routes are written both inward and outward, thereby saving the trouble to the motorist of having to make their own reversals."

First woman bus driver recalls the early days

by Freda Glow, *The Citizen*, October 4, 1972

Women's Lib began a long time ago for Mrs. Richmond (Mabel) Davis of Lockport, Manitoba. She continues to stress, however, that two men in her life were a constant source of inspiration and willing help.

When she was 15-years-old, Mabel Davis influenced her father, George Donald, busman and boatman in Lockport for 40 years, to teach her the art of driving his bus. Shortly afterwards, she received her chauffeur's license and took over the job, becoming Canada's first woman bus driver. After she married, her husband Jake aided with the upkeep and repairs of the bus.

When she started in 1917, Mabel Davis occupied a unique position. Her fame spread across Canada and as far as the State of Washington. Tourists came especially to view the phenomenon of a lady bus driver, dressed in a khaki uniform made in post-World War I style of tight, knee-length knickers, shiny silk stockings, long tunic jacket and a cloche hat, all of which she designed herself.



Mabel (Donald) Davis, Canada's first woman driver of Passenger bus. Taken at Lockport in 1925.

Mabel Davis remembers changing many a tire, as service stations and other drivers were few and far between in those days. On rainy days, she says she used to drive backwards up steep and muddy roads in order to carry passengers safely to their destination, and chuckles when she recalls the streams of cars which followed her example and, like sheep, backed up the road behind her bus.

The lady bus driver remained dedicated to her avocation for 14 years, meeting every Winnipeg streetcar from April to November, from 7 a.m. to the last one at midnight. The route she followed in those days, between the years 1917 and 1931, was comparatively short — it ran from the streetcar station, just off Highway 9, to the outskirts of Lockport Village, which in those days was a fishing resort. She says many tourists came with wives and families for a day's outing to picnic and fish, renting boats from her father.

On two occasions, once during a bad storm when every available vehicle was put to use and again during the big strike in 1920, Mabel Davis carried passengers back and forth between Winnipeg and Lockport for up to three months until streetcar service was resumed.

She said streetcar fares from Winnipeg to Lockport or Selkirk were 65 cents return, and bus fare from the streetcar station to the village was 15 cents, or 25 cents return.

Later, Mabel Davis and her husband bought a Ford Model T motor bus from her father, who had run it many years before for convenience of villagers and summer tourists. Her father, George Donald, was the first boatman to take passengers across the river before Lockport Bridge was built.

Today the steel frame and wheels of the bus, as well as the roaring motor, remain intact, and members of the Classic and Antique Auto Club have promised to restore the bus, which is a valuable collector's item.

The wheels have iron rims with wooden spokes and originally had solid rubber tires, which were changed later to tires with inner tubes. The top section of the bus had a wooden frame and was provided with roll-up brown duck curtains which gave the open feeling of a convertible. Occupants would enter the 21-passenger vehicle by a single door at the back and take their places on seats which ran parallel to the sides. Later, two new doors were added, one on each side, made of black oil cloth with mica windows. Above the two large headlights at the front of the bus were two small coal oil lamps, the equivalent of today's parking lights.

Mabel Davis found that, gradually, as more and more cars were bought by the Lockport residents,



Early transportation in Lockport area, 1917. George Donald's horse-drawn bus gave way to the Model T bus which his daughter Mabel drove from 1917 to 1931. The little street car station shows the type of building placed every mile between Selkirk and Winnipeg.

need for her service declined and in 1931, she finally retired the bus and ended her career as Canada's first woman bus driver.

When Mabel Davis saw her old bus partially restored at the Manitoba Antique and Classic Auto held at the Highlander September 15-17, old memories came flooding back. She announced, "Just like Jack Benny — I feel like 39 again!" She says she can hardly wait until the entire bus is completely restored.

Mabel Davis concluded, "I wouldn't trade one day of my life for anyone else's!" At present, she lives quietly with her husband, who is retired after 44 years with Selkirk Rolling Mills, and helps him enjoy his hobby. While he repairs old violins, she loves to fiddle.

The couple will celebrate 50 years of marriage on November 8. The Citizen extends hearty congratulations and best wishes for many more happy and healthy years.

Update on this story: This couple celebrated their 59th Anniversary in 1981 before Richmond died on New Year's Eve.

The bus now fully restored rests in the Classic and Antique Auto Club in Winnipeg.

Mabel still lives in Lockport.

contributed by Mabel (Donald) Davis

Netley Air Base submitted by Henry Penner

With the outbreak of World War Two, an almost immediate need for air crews, and positions related to flying was created. Besides their own, Canada took on the responsibility of training allied airmen from all over the world. This was the beginning of the Commonwealth Air Training plan. To do this many air bases were needed and they sprang up all over Canada. Netley, on section 16-15-4E, was of these bases. In close proximity were Portage, Rivers, and Gimli bases.



Netley Airport — as painted by Henry Penner.