

Flashbacks

One Christmas Eve the C.P.R. train from Winnipeg was filled with Christmas shoppers and relatives coming out to villages and towns along the way to spend Christmas. Among those on the train were George Sutherland, Betty Fillmore, Senator Crerar with several other members of the Crerar family, and Mr. and Mrs. Ernie Finch of Kenora. The weather was bitterly cold and it was blizzarding when the train left the Winnipeg station. As the train approached Clandeboye, the passengers for there all arose, laden with bags, packages and suitcases, and stood in the aisle ready to get off. To their amazement the train whizzed right past the station where they could see horses and sleighs all huddled together waiting to take them home. Someone said the engineer must have been celebrating but Ernie Finch, a retired conductor, maintained that the engineer was just following the summer schedule. The train stopped two miles north of Clandeboye to let George Sutherland off. Then it continued to Matlock before special permission came from Winnipeg to back up to Clandeboye.

Flashbacks

Mr. C. E. Fillmore was often called upon to voice the greetings of the community when a young married couple was being honored or anniversaries were being celebrated. On one of these occasions he said that when he brought his bride to the farm, she didn't know how to cook. There was an old Indian well about fifteen yards from the back door that proved to be a very handy place to dump the failures. He said that he got so much practise he was able to lean out the back door and hit the well every time.

Mrs. Fillmore agreed that she didn't know the first thing about cooking. Her mother, Mrs. Hample, who lived in Winnipeg, was an excellent cook and told Betty to bring her failures to her to diagnose the problem. Sometime later, Elwyn and Betty were attending one of her mother's Sunday evening musicals. During a lull, Elwyn brought out a piece of material from his pocket and passed it to his neighbor asking what he thought it was. This man looked at the article embedded with bits of dirt and tobacco and judged it to be a piece of rubber. He, in turn, passed it on. Each person gave a guess and when it came to Betty she passed it off as "some old piece of leather." Mr. Reid, head of Eaton's carpet department, said it could very well be a piece of carpeting. Finally someone said, "Well, Elwyn, tell us what it is." The reply, "Why, it is Betty's Yorkshire pudding!"

Flashbacks

Before she was married, Mrs. Clarence McDonald worked for a family in Winnipeg. On Christmas Day she was told that she could go home as long as she prepared dinner first. She made dinner, bought some ice cream, a special treat for her family, and then caught the 2:45 train to Clandeboye.

When the train approached Selkirk where it had to shunt around to get into the station it backed into an open switch. Help had to come from Winnipeg and it would be long in coming. Peter Loutit who was seeing his sister, Mrs. Muir, off on the train to Petersfield invited whoever wished to go to his home near the station for a cup of tea and Christmas cake. The train crew obligingly said that they would give three long whistles when the train was ready to depart.

Much later on Clarence McDonald met Julia at the station in Clandeboye. However before she could have her belated Christmas dinner, Clarence and his brother Alex made her sit down at the organ to play music for their Christmas party. There was no time to waste. Because the next day was Sunday, the festivities had to come to an end sharp at midnight.

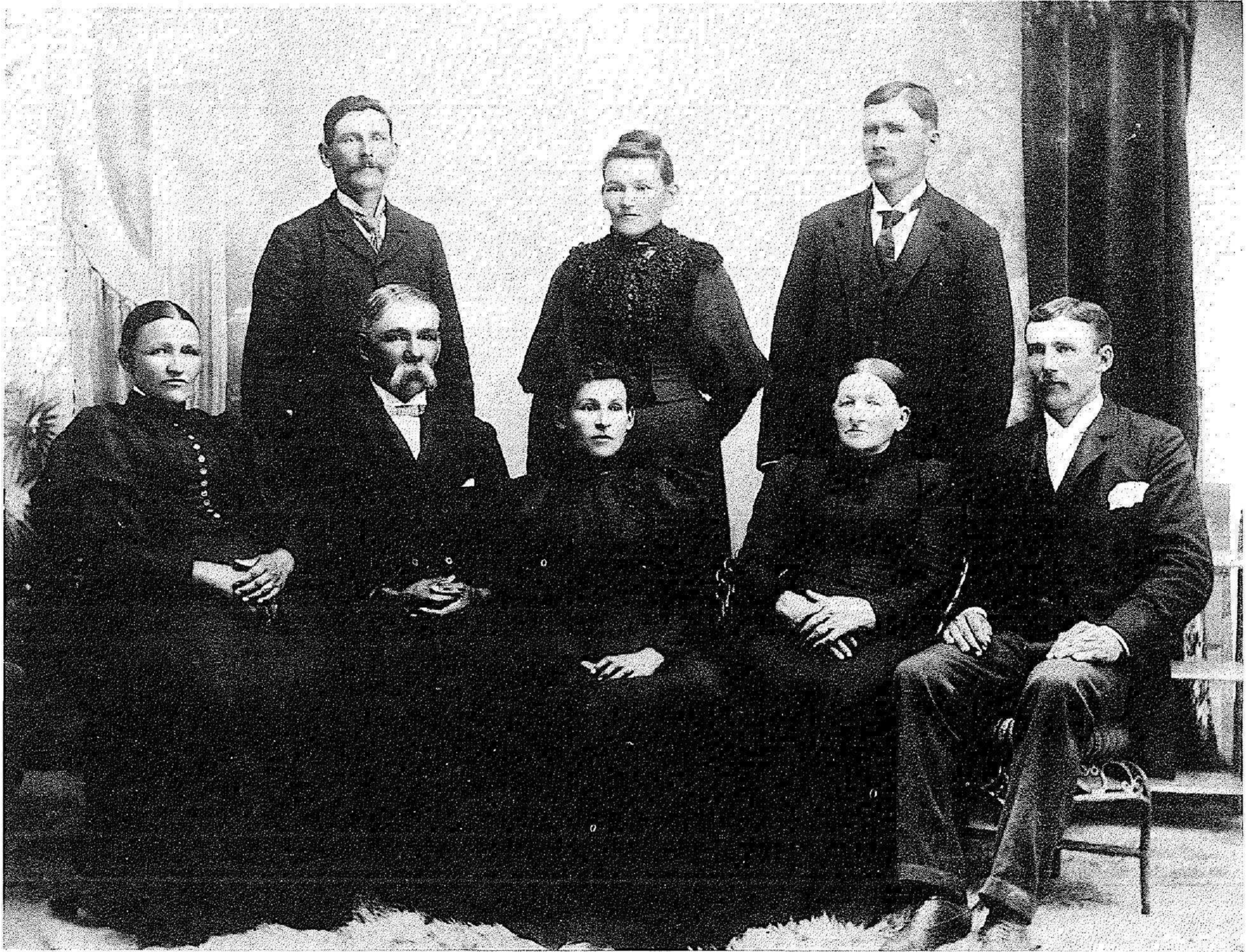
Flashbacks

One lovely clear morning in July 1968, Betty Ann Muckle with her dad, Bob Muckle came to the Fillmore Farm to play the bagpipes for Mrs. Fillmore. Betty Ann was en route from her home, which at that time was in Stoney Creek, Ontario to Grangemouth, Scotland. She was a member of the Highland House Pipe Band of Woodstock which was soon to enter in a world championship competition. She came in Highland costume, kilted in the Gunn tartan.

Soon the farmyard and beyond was filled with Scottish airs as she marched around the lawn. Everyone from the other homes on the farm and the hay-makers came to see the Highland Piper, who could "touch your heart and stir your toes."

Curiously, all of a sudden, her dad began to laugh. Then he pointed to a neighboring pasture where the Black Angus steers had been grazing, but now they were on their way into the farmyard. When Betty Ann saw them, without breaking stride, she marched out to the pasture fence piping all the while. Soon the steers lined the fence from one end to the other — a standing ovation for the bonnie young piper. When the music was over, back they went to their own pasture. And a happy ending to the story — the Highland House Pipe Band won the Sir Harry Lauder Shield.

People, General



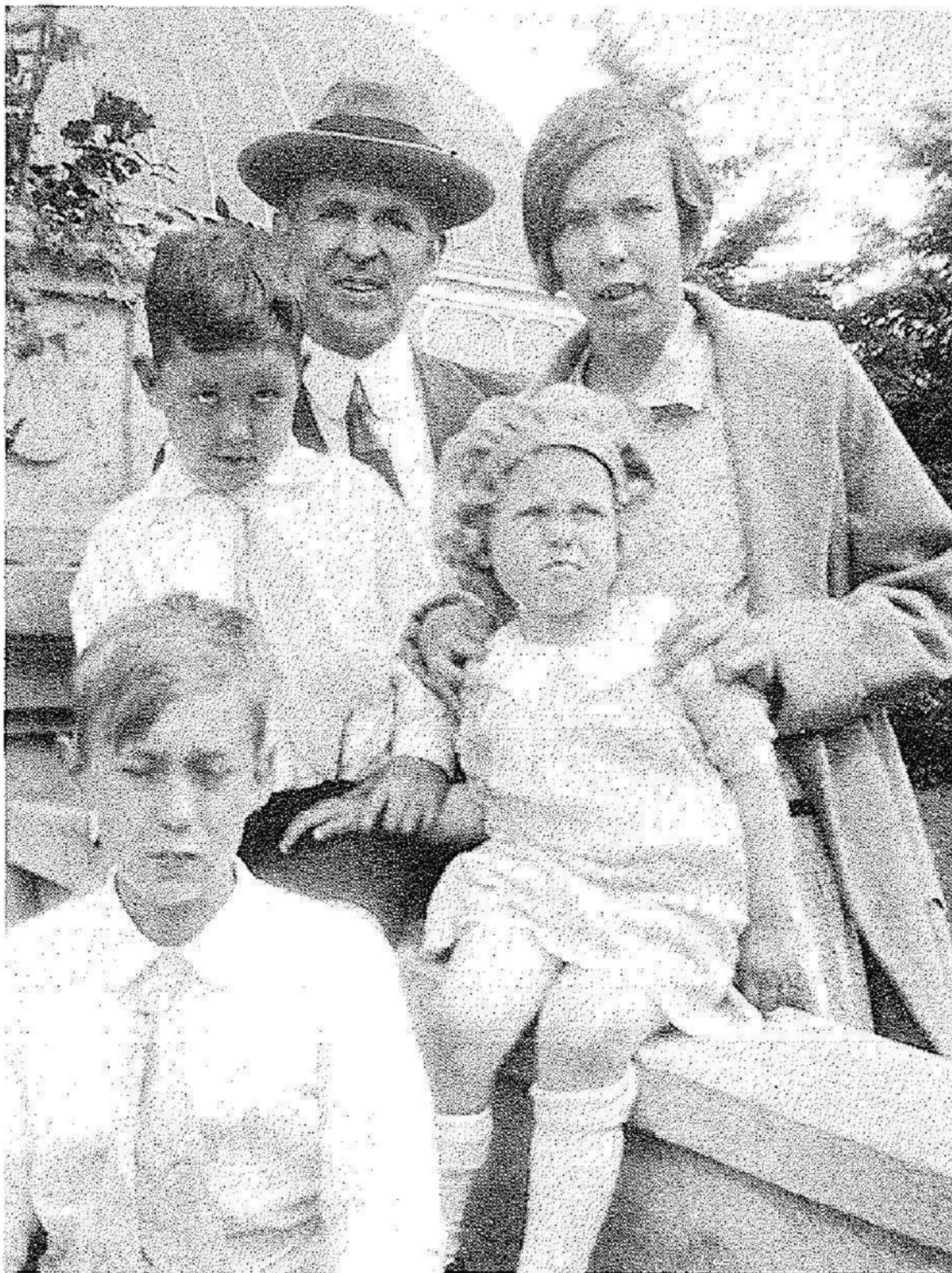
Deputy Sheriff Wm. Sutherland and wife Margaret (daughter of Mary and John Inkster of Seven Oaks House) and their family 1800's. Back row — L to R: George, Isabella Anne (Mrs. Alex Setter), John. Front row L to R: Mary (Mrs. Wm. Leask), Wm. R., Victoria (Mrs. Jack Paton), Margaret, Colin. Deputy Sheriff Sutherland is great-great-great-grandfather of Tom and Audrey Crisp's children.



Wedding photo Arthur and Margaret (Clouston) Land (left) Jan. 1, 1903 with Joe and Annie (Pritchard) Clouston.



Mr. and Mrs. Sam Cawson, long-time residents of Mapleton district. Sam was employed at the Manitoba Rolling Mills.



Sam Cawson and family, Mapleton district. L-R: Charlie, Frank, Sam, Muriel, Molly.



Mr and Mrs. Peter Popple, who lived in St. Andrew's, west of the tracks, on Donald Rd. Children — Ludwig, Hardy, and Mary. — Circa 1915-1920.



Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Blow lived on Main Rd. near St. Andrew's Rd. from about 1915 or earlier. Children were Clifford, Anne, Val and twins Phyllis and Jack. They all moved to the States except Jack, who married Irene Truthwaite and lived near the parents until moving to B.C. "Ted" Blow was a bricklayer working on many homes, as well as on the newer buildings at the Mental Hospital; his wife, Margaret, was an energetic pioneer for the Woman's Institute, the United Farm Women and Hospital Board. Ted died in 1951, Margaret 1970, and both are buried at St. Andrew's.



Edward T. Howe and wife Helen. Ed was agricultural representative in Selkirk District, 1937-50.



Edward and Margaret Jane Croasdell — Parents, Ruby (Croasdell) Dreger, St. Andrews.



L. Wilkin and Deaconess W. Stapleton, Dynevor District, 1961.



Mr. and Mrs. James Pittis built their lovely home called "The Gables", just north of Donald station Main Street, St. Andrew's. The house still stands on what is called Westphalia Farm. They went to Little Britain United Church. Jim Pittis commuted daily, on the street car to work at the Winnipeg Tribune. He was a popular Scout leader and having come from Montreal, could regale his audiences with his renditions of such French Canadian poems as "Leetle Bateese". This is a picture of Esther Pittis in their home on Scotia St., Wpg. taken in 1973, where she stayed on after Jim's death, until her own, at the age of 93 in 1981. They are buried at Little Britain. Their daughter Victoria, is Mrs. Walter Lang, of Selkirk.



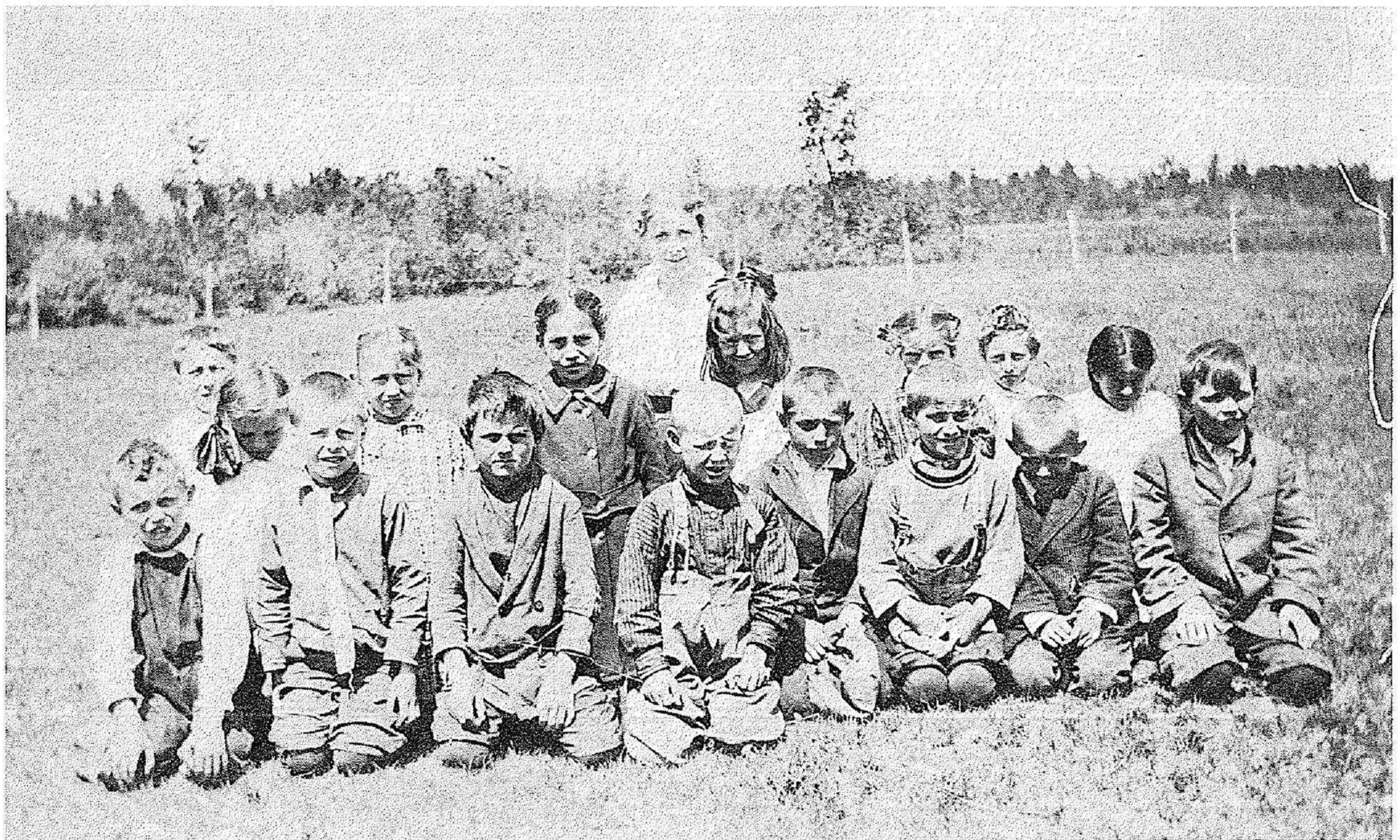
Mapleton School Class, 1876, Miss Moore, incumbent teacher.



40th Anniversary Mr. and Mrs. Adolf Streich and 20th Anniversary, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kamer Sr., July 1949. J. Janisch Sr. Farm, Petersfield. Front row, L to R: Mr. Spring, Sr., Mrs. A. Bumberger, Mr. and Mrs. Adolf Streich, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kamer Sr., Mrs. Rosa Wehrle, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Stoykowich, Mr. and Mrs. George Schneider and daughter Mrs. Louis Wielander. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stossel, Mr. Tom Kopp. Back row: Mr. and Mrs. Karl Schalk, Sr., Mrs. Herman Wehrle Sr., Mrs. Joe Janisch, Sr., Mr. John Schmid Sr., Mrs. Joe Janisch Sr., Mr. Theodor Bohmer, Mrs. Klara Koch, Mr. Bernhard Meier Sr., Mrs. John Schmid Sr., Mrs. Theodor Bohmer, Mr. Max Wehrle, Mrs. Bernhard Meier, Sr.



Miss Brown and St. Andrew's Grade 1. Back row, third from left, Charlie Supleve; second from right, Myrtle Goldstone. Middle row, centre: Annie Praznick; last girl, Katie Gusnowski. Front: Wilfred Beaton, Matt Bell, Phyllis Blow, Winnifred (?), Nora Bell, Jack Blow, and Lorne Mills, 1917.



1917 Miss Brown and St. Andrews Grade 2. Back row: Clifford Beaton, Kathleen Simpson, Mary Gusnowski, Gladys Setter, Sophie Liss, last three unknown. Front: Norman Telfer, Leonard Oakley, Hardy Poppele, Metrol Popp, unknown, Paul Praznick, Unknown, and Jack Gessner.



Centennial Tree Planting 1967 at Margaret Hayworth School, Emily Bear Grade one, Mr. Sam Cawson, centre, Mr. Ed. Stonechild right, Cathy Johnson — grade two.



Hartley School Class, 1951-52.



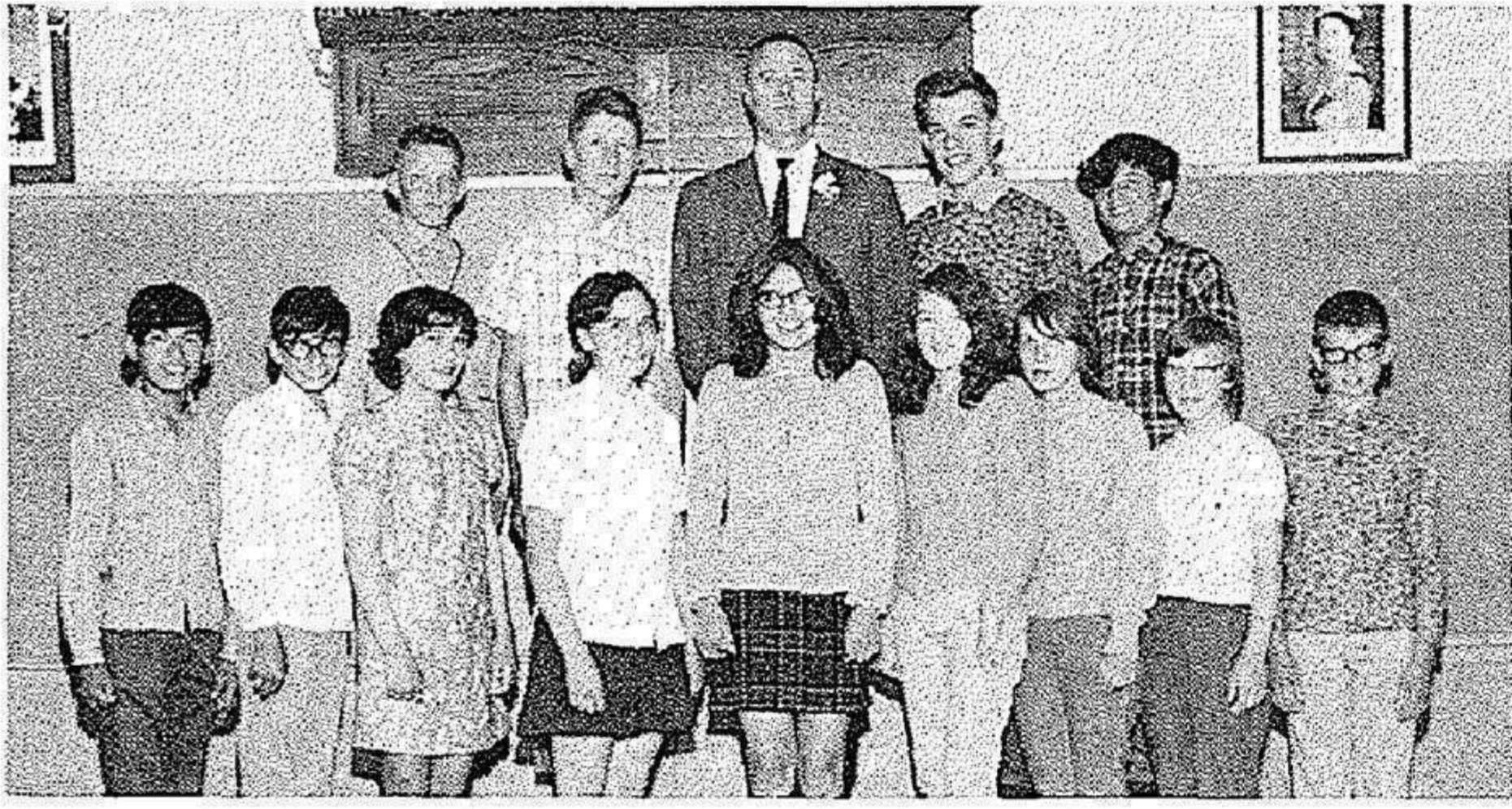
Rossdale School class 1955, teacher — Miss Harasymyk. School built about 1918.



Hartley School students, 1954.



Margaret Hayworth School — Gr. III Class 1962, Elizabeth Neskar teacher. L to R: Grace Ann Dunning, Christine Prince, Sandra Ogden, Denise McKay, Irmgard Schoen, Danny Hunt, James Moar.



Margaret Hayworth Senior. Room grades 7 and 8. Teacher — Mr. Ian J. Barron, June, 1968. Back row: David Enns, 7, James Moar, 8, Wayne Johnson, 8, Larry Fey, 7. Front row: Brett Stevenson, 7, Elmer Mallette, 7, Grace Ann Dunning, 8, Geraldine Karol, 7, Janet Stevenson, 7, Valdine Inkster, 7, Denise McKay, Rosemarie Schilling, 7, Oscar Schoen, 7, Irmgard Schoen, 8, Lila Judd, 8, Leslie Bear, 7, and Tom Partridge, 7.



Margaret Hayworth Primary Room — Grades 1 and 2. Teacher — Principal Mrs. M. Myrtle Barnett. Standing: Gail Enns, 2, Billy Skrypnyk, 2, Gordon Hochkevich, 2, Walter Sanders, 1, Tannis McKay, 2, Denise Sinclair, 2, Robert Andrusko, 1, Duncan McIvor, 1, Michael Fey, 1, Patrick Sanders, 1, Wiltrude Schilling, 2. Sitting: Douglas Smith, 2, Deborah Flett, 2, Marilyn Starr, 1, Janet Fey, 2, Laurie Lillie, 1, Bonnie Andrusko, 2, Christine Starr, 2, Cynthia Sinclair, 1, Beverly Lillie, 1, and Wayne Fey, 1. Missing: 1. William Monkman, Mary Lou Orvic, Nelson Sinclair, Russell Sinclair. 2. Emily Bear, Donna Berthelette, Brenda Bird, John Monkman, Edna Nielsen, Charlotte Orvis, Hermann Schoen, Kelvin Swain, and Bernadette Sinclair. Taken June, 1968.



Clandeboye School Graduating class, 1954. Teacher — Mr. Hume. Back row, L to R: Esther McFarlane, Fran Thurston, Doretta Chanin, Josephine McDonald, Jack Ryan, Clifford Field. Front row: Betty Cunningham, Helen Kvoriak, Gladys McAulay, Clarice McDonald, Jessie Fryza, Jim Long.



Iris Diamond, Hartley School teacher 1934-38.



Helen Penner, Hartley School teacher 1951-54.



Elmer Kirkness, Clandeboye, 1940, cutting timber at Rennie, Man.



Clandeboye Belles and Beaux Jessie King, Edna Sutherland and Mary McNabb. Dick Leask, Dudley Sutherland, and Geoff McNabb.



"The Rossdale Gang". Back row, L to R: Pete Karmozyn, Frank Duchak, Peter Bochen, Mike Pochinco. Front row: Jack Sobcovich, Steve Kormylo, Mike Palotick, Nick Cheslock, Stanley Sobcovich, Stanley Bochen, John Prochinco, Henry Charney.



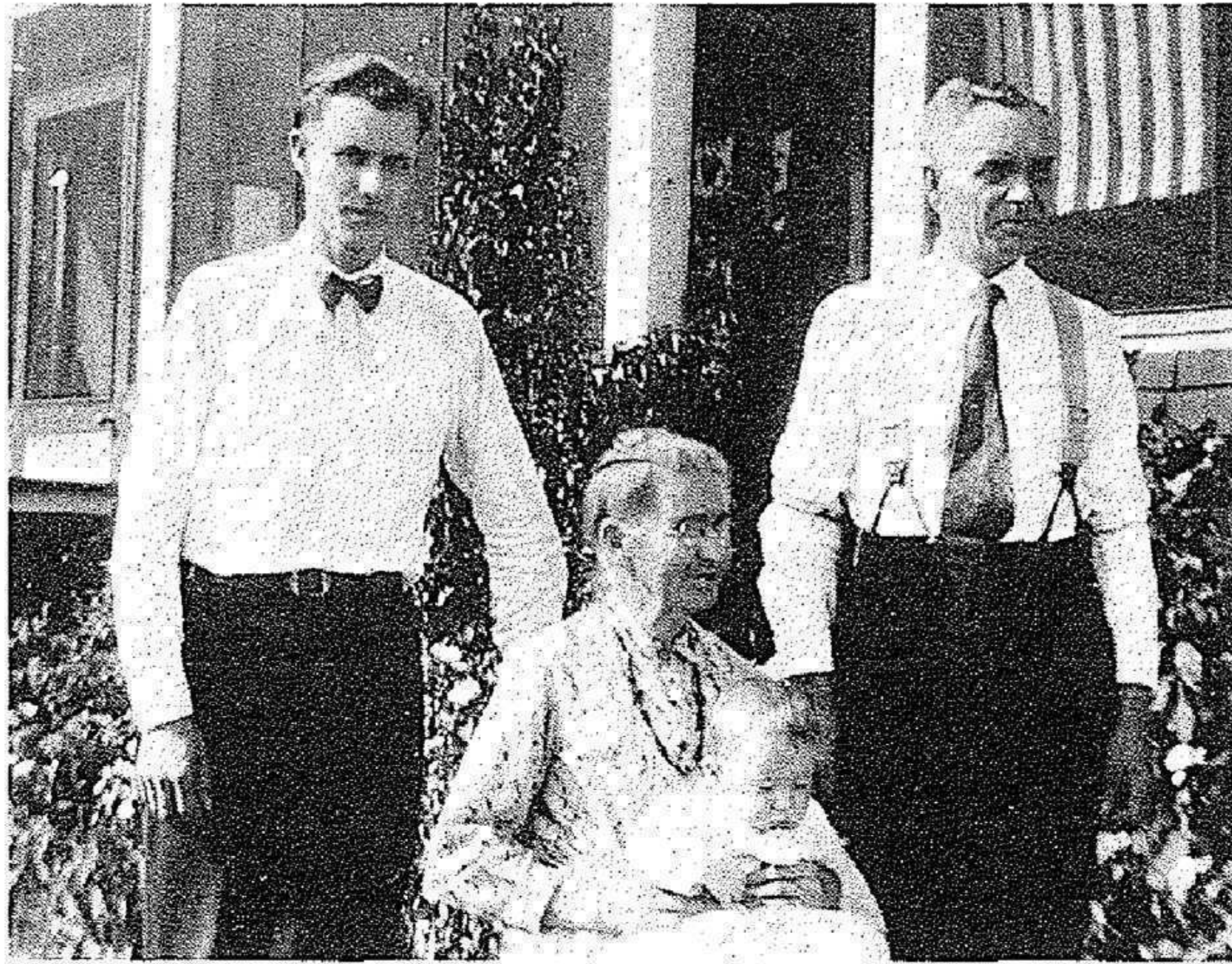
Official opening Matlock Solo store, 1960. Front row, L to R: Georgina Krupa, Hon. Duff Roblin, (Premier). Back row: Sam Dukenich (contractor) Hon. Dr. George Johnson, (Minister of Education) Phil Krupa.



Peguis S. D. #1426 Group teacher and students after 30 years, at the Tom Schindler's 25th wedding anniversary in Clandeboye 1974. Front, L to R: Florence (Smith) Atkins; Myrtle Barnett, teacher 1943-1944; Ruby (Kelly) Schindler. Back: Joe Kelly, Allen Fey and Jack Kelly.



Four generations — Back row L-R: Mrs. Helen Gasjaine, Mrs. Kate Clemons, Dickie Gasjaine, Mrs. Sophia Anderson.



Four generations: R. L. Long, his mother (Emma Welsh), Gerald — son Calvin — Gerald and Annie's son.

Curriculum Vitae

Name:

Mary Elizabeth Bayer

Vital Statistics:

Born Edmonton, Alberta, Canada
February 10, 1925

S.I.N. 607 561 305

Education:

St. Andrews Consolidated #1	1932-42
Kelvin High School	1942-43
University of Manitoba (BA)	1943-46
University of Manitoba (MA)	1963
(English Novel & Modern History)	

Work Experience:

Lecturer (English), University of Manitoba	1946-48
Executive Secretary, Central Volunteer Bureau	1948-53
Public Relations Director, Community Chest — Welfare Planning Council	1953-57
Program organizer, researcher and performer, C.B.C. Winnipeg	1957-64
Cultural Liaison Officer and Executive Director, Manitoba Centennial Corporation	1964-68
Secretary, Centennial Centre Building Committee, Free-lance writer and broadcaster	1968-69
Co-ordinator, Learned Societies of Canada	1969-70
Executive Director, Manitoba Arts Council	1969-73
Chairman, Manitoba Centennial Centre Corporation, Director of Cultural Development, Department of Tourism, Recreation and Cultural Affairs	1970-73
Assistant Deputy Minister, Cultural Affairs	1973-80
Member, Canadian delegation to UNESCO, Kenya	1976
Chairman of the Board, Heritage Winnipeg	1978-80

Volunteer Associations:

Alumni Association, University of Manitoba	Board member
Canadian Arthritis & Rheumatism Society, Man.	Board member
Manitoba Theatre Centre	Board member

Winnipeg Art Gallery, Public Relations Committee	Member
Anglican Church Diocesan Council	Elected member
St. John's College Council	Member
University & Community Council, U. of Manitoba	Member
Manitoba Historical Society	Member
Manitoba Historic Sites Advisory Board	Member
Assembly of Arts Administrators of Canada (Chairman, 1975)	Member
Manitoba Council, Girl Guides of Canada	Provincial Commissioner
National Council, Girl Guides of Canada	Executive Member
UNICEF Canada	Board Member
Rhodes Scholarship Selection Committee	Member
*Canadian Commission for UNESCO	Executive Member
*Royal Bank Award Selection Committee	Member
Children's Book Centre, Board of Directors	Member
Heritage B.C.	Director at Large
Hallmark Society of Victoria	Member
Greater Victoria Public Library Board	
*Present	

Communications and Publications:

Poetry

Of Diverse Things — Ryerson Press
The Silver Swan: An Epithalamion — Ryerson Press
Faces of Love — Ryerson Press
Summer Winds — (poetry to accompany a wind quintet)
1969
Responses — Peguis Publishers, 1971
Perceptions — in progress 1980

Television
Researcher, organizer and hostess on C.B.C. television
The Mary Liz Show, Three's Company, 1958-63 regular
afternoon programming
Tandem — summer of 1960
School broadcasts, e.g., "Peguis of the Cornfields"
Documentaries, e.g., "Tribute to Murray Adaskin"
Special assignments, e.g., Winnipeg Winter, United Way
Referral Agent training tape, etc.

Miscellaneous

Grant — Warden of the Plains — opera libretto
commissioned and produced by the C.B.C., 1967
It's Happening — a study of renewal, commissioned by
the Anglican Church, Diocese of Rupert's Land
Social Service Audit — Editor, 1968-69

Occasional
Book reviews, columnist, Winnipeg Free Press
Radio commentaries, criticism, on-spot reports
Writing pamphlets, brochures, reports, promotional
material
Public speaking throughout professional and volunteer
career
Children's books (completed correspondence course,
Institute of Children's Literature)

Hobbies and Special Interests:

Travel (Europe, Middle East, Morocco, India, Hong
Kong, Japan, Taiwan, Mexico, United Kingdom,
U.S.S.R., U.S.A., Kenya, People's Republic of China,
etc.)

Photography, gourmet cooking, reading, music, preservation of historic sites.

Honours and Awards:

General Proficiency, St. Andrews School	1939
Manitoba Scholarship	1942, 1943
UMSU Executive Award	1946
Canadian P.R. Society, P.R. in Print Award	1966, 1967
Canadian Centennial Medal	1967
Winnipeg Sales and Ad Club — Woman of the Year	1969
Manitoba Historical Society Medal	1970
Alumni Jubilee Award, University of Manitoba	1972
City of Winnipeg Community Service Award	1973

Girl Guides of Canada Medal of Merit	1974
Honorary International Member, Beta Sigma Phi	1974
Honorary Doctor of Laws, University of Winnipeg	1975
Alumni Association of University of Manitoba, Honorary President	1976-78
Queen's Jubilee Medal	1977
University Centennial Medal	1978
Honorary Life Member U. of M. Alumni	1980
Life Member, Girl Guides of Canada	1980
Heritage Canada Award	1981
Charles A. Barbour Award	1981
Life Member, Manitoba Library Association	1982

Anecotes

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 just what he was doing. "Trying to get my goose, what the hell does it look like," he said. "Well," said Mr. J. Smith, "Thats my geese." How embarrassing for Mr. H. Smith, who had to pay \$5.00 for the goose.

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 with the body whenever one passed away. Her father had loaned an Indian a gun. Long time had passed and they asked a relative for the gun back. We burried it with "Mooman" was the reply. He had borrowed the gun.

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. However, the pelt proved to be more valuable than the lost oxen.

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

The Call of the Wild

One of the first ministers to be connected with St. Clement's Church, Mapleton was a native priest by the name of the Reverend John Settee. He was one of the first ordained Indian priests in the Red River Settlement. One Sunday in the fall the congregation trooped into the church for the morning service. As the Reverend Mr. Settee was preparing to conduct the service, the door opened and an Indian complete with a beaded buckskin jacket entered carrying a

shotgun. Stopping long enough to lean his gun against the wall, he proceeded to the front pew.

In the silence following the first hymn a sound of geese calling could be heard. The geese were circling the church in preparation for landing in the river below. The old Indian arose, strode down the aisle, picked up his gun and was gone. Some time later two shots were heard.

Later, in the midst of a prayer the iron latch was heard opening as the Indian returned. The Reverend Mr. Settee, forgetting he was in the midst of a prayer, arose and called to the Indian, "Did you get um John? Did you get um?"

The Mason and the Deacon

Old St. Andrews Church was built by the Master Mason, Duncan McRae, under the instruction of Archdeacon Cochrane, a priest in charge of the district.

McRae and the Deacon did not get along from the start. In looking over the plans Duncan kept insisting that the church was too big. "You'll no be able to hear the ser-rmon from the last pew," Duncan kept insisting. Archdeacon Cochrane was adamant so the original plans were adhered to.

Finally the church was finished and the day came when Duncan was doing the finishing touches to the inside. Archdeacon Cochrane came into the church and turning to Duncan McRae said in a stern voice, "I want you to sit in that end pew and you dare not move." Obediently Duncan sat in the pew. The Archdeacon proceeded to the front of the church and climbed into the pulpit. Looking down at Duncan, he started to preach. He preached about Hell's Fire, he preached about ornery Scotsmen who did not agree with their Deacon. He preached as if it would go on forever. Squirming in his seat, poor Duncan could stand it no longer. "Enough," says he, "You win. The church is no too big."

Recollections

History
by E. K. Pruden

They are not forgotten,
The Pioneers of yesteryear.
For in their pathway
Descendants follow.

They will dream the dreams of vision,
The past, the present, the future,
Merge.
Life and living conquer
Time.
Today is yesterday's tomorrow,
Yours and mine.

Lowes H. Gray July 31 1909

Mr. James Nowat
Oak Hancock

Bought of
The Hudson's Bay Comp.

Terms, Cash. *Interest will be charged on all overdue Accounts.* ACCOUNT N^o

1909

<i>July</i>	<i>8 289</i>	<i>Cocoa 25- 1 can Tea 125 Coffee 40 Nuts 40</i>	<i>2 30</i>	
		<i>Butter 60 1 can Oranges 75 Raisins 21</i>	<i>1 60</i>	<i>3 90</i>
	<i>21 401.</i>	<i>Sugar 100 Butter 100 Tobacco 60</i>	<i>2 60</i>	
		<i>Cheese 50 2 & Purim Sauce 55</i>	<i>1 05</i>	
		<i>Castor 35 2 cans Corn Meal 25</i>	<i>60</i>	
		<i>Winko West 25 Pork 70 Lady's Corn 100</i>	<i>1 95</i>	<i>6 20</i>
				<i>10 10</i>

336

PRIVATE POST CARD.

Rural Municipality of St. Andrews

RETURN IF NOT CALLED FOR IN 14 DAYS TO

JOHN MACDOUGALL, Sec.-Treas., LOWER FORT GARRY, MAN.



Mrs Maria Sinclair
Dunara
Man



Fred. A. McPherson
(of Oak Hammock)
St. Andrews
Man

May Bill Receipts



Mr Peter Sinclair
Clarebays

Municipality of St. Andrews.

SEC. TREASURER'S OFFICE.

**Excerpts from "Buttertown Paradise"
A History of Rossdale, Manitoba by Garrett
Wasny, March 23, 1982**

"The beginnings of Rossdale date back to the late 1800's", claims Mike Cheslock, "when eight men not happy with the Winnipeg Red River Settlement moved north to start a settlement of their own. Their names were Pruden, Ballandine, Corrigan, Park, McDonald, Boskit, Truthwaite and Ross. Ross, by the way, was the leader of the group and named the new settlement after himself. I can't remember his first name or any of the others, unfortunately."

All of them were single, incidentally, and soon they began clearing and working on the land. The area had already been surveyed in the 1880's, though, into either narrow river lots about four miles long or regular six by six mile townships. A French fellow by the name of Vincellete commissioned by the government, I suppose, built a post office in 1900. He didn't stay very long because in a few years he closed the office and just left. I guess it was from a lack of work. There was not usually a lot of mail in those days."

"In 1902, four Ukrainian men came to Rossdale. They were Hochkevich, Danko, Pochinko and Mike Cheslock, my uncle. By the time they had arrived some of those original eight settlers had left to go back to Winnipeg, I believe. I wouldn't blame them. It was long hard work for months at a time clearing the thick brush that was on much of the land in the area. So, seeing there was some vacant land, the Ukrainian men decided to settle there. One must also remember the terrible conditions that existed where they had come from. Most of them would have been serfs working the fields for some absentee landlord had they not decided to come over. Canada must have seemed like paradise compared to the awful circumstances they had left. But, here or there, work was work, and work they did. If they did not, they would starve. Soon they had potatoes planted and kept a few chickens, hogs and cows. Don't forget, these men had barely more than ten dollars between them when they first came over. They had to work on the railways, laying down new track or fixing old lines. Some of them even had to work in a filthy mine in order to raise enough money to buy their first tools and animals to start their farm. They also worked on mud roads around their own homestead, of course, to be able to take some of their produce to Winnipeg by horse and cart."

Mike Cheslock's vivid accounts of the hurried and adventurous early days of prairie settlement are echoed by Marge Chamberlain in relating the events of her family's eventual arrival in Rossdale.

"Ed Chamberlain, who is my father, came to

Canada in 1907 from Somerset, England. He travelled over with a friend of his, Edward Percival Ings. They came over on the ship 'Virginia'. They had originally tried to get on the 'Titanic' but they were refused because the officials on the boat said it was too crowded. I'm sure they must have been disappointed because the 'Titanic' was considered the greatest ship of the time, but after they learned what eventually happened, they must have shuddered. Both of them wanted to come to Canada to travel and work and if at all possible, start a farm. This dream was to come true when Donald Gillespie, a dairy farmer, hired them to care for his herd of eighty cattle and to deliver milk from door to door. I remember my Dad saying milk was ten cents a quart during the summer and twelve cents in the winter. I guess in the winter they had to work harder to walk through some of those high snowdrifts and bundle up for those very cold winter days. After a time, Mr. Gillespie asked Ed and Mr. Ings if they would like to buy into his farm and form a partnership. They both jumped at the opportunity but no sooner had they started their own business than they had the misfortune of being burnt out. Everything went: the house, the barn, the implements, everything. Thank God the cows were out to pasture at the time. After licking their wounds, the three decided to divide the cows and go their separate ways."

"So, my father took his cattle and bought a farm at Rossdale that was called 'Buttertown'. In fact, some people today still refer to Rossdale as Buttertown. It dates back, in part, to the fact my father's farm was called 'Buttertown', but also many people lived on narrow chain lots in those days and after building a homestead and planting the fields, there was not enough room to put the cows out to pasture. Many farmers would just let their cows go free and hopefully at the end of the day they could track them down by listening for their cowbell. This got to be too troublesome, because often people would have to spend all evening searching from Parkdale to Cloverdale to try to find those stupid cows. Eventually an elderly Polish or Ukrainian fellow . . . I'm not sure which nationality he was because he spoke both languages . . . would come around to all the farms in the area, and for a small fee per head, lead the cows to a district pasture about a mile west of Highway Number Eight. His name was David, I think. He was usually pretty scruffy looking but he seemed to have a special way of communicating with the cows. The animals could almost tell when he was coming by lining up at the side of the road in the morning about six o'clock when he would come to round them up. It seemed as though David was a hermit, as he kept mostly to himself and stayed clear of most people. He

always wore a big, loose coat which never fit him. He had grey hair and was always unshaven. In the summers, if I remember right, he would build a mud hut near a ditch and live in there all summer. I think I did talk to him once and he talked longingly about his wife in the old country. Apparently, he had come over to Canada but could not bring his wife because they were short of money. I guess he planned to save enough money to send back to her so she could come over. He always looked very poor, though, so I doubt if he was able to send her the boat fare. He must have been a very sad and lonely man.”

“Anyway, back to my father, he soon started his own dairy farm business. He met my mother, that’s Anne (Mitchell) Chamberlain, in 1909. She, by the way, had come over from Sussex, England, earlier in the same year. They dated about two years and apparently spent much time in West Kildonan. They must have had some pretty interesting pastimes to spend two years dating in some bush and swamp. They finally got married in Old St. Andrews Church on October 14, 1911. Rossdale had already thirty families at that time. With some of the original Scottish settlers and the new Ukrainian families, Rossdale was now a fair sized community.”

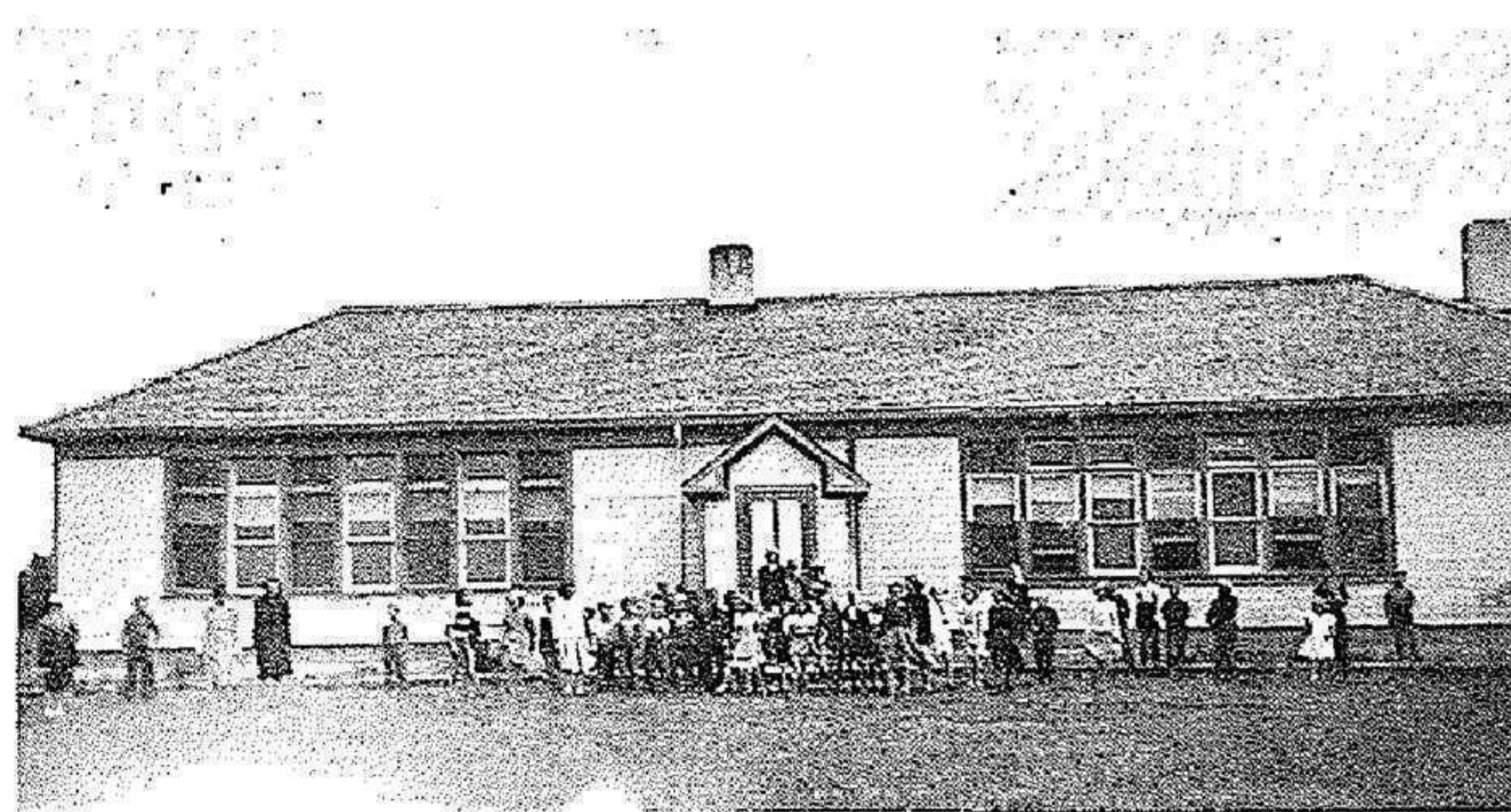
Mike Cheslock goes on to discuss the development of schooling in Rossdale. “The first school in Rossdale was a one room, one storey building. That was built in 1913. I believe it held twenty to thirty pupils, aged six to sixteen, for grades one through eight — a teacher’s nightmare. In 1916, another one room was added and in 1923, with lots of young students, still another was built on.”

Marg Chamberlain continues: “My father, along with Ben Roberts, were the ones who built the original schoolhouse in Rossdale — 1913 I think it was. Mr. Roberts was a carpenter and he and my father put it up in a few days.”

Mike Cheslock reiterates the hurried pace of the 1920’s as he recounts the early farmers’ markets in Winnipeg. “Naturally, we had to take our produce, like our vegetables and potatoes, to Winnipeg to sell because that’s where every farmer from Cook’s Creek to St. Norbert took his goods. Mike Hornyk had a store off Donald Road but no one would ever bring their produce there — it was only a place to buy lamp oil, household supplies, and what not. We would usually load up the wagon at sunrise with the goods we wanted to sell because it was a good four hour drive into Winnipeg. There was an old Jewish Market on the corner of King Street and Dufferin where we would set up a booth and sell our vegetables and potatoes. It was a very busy place with many people buying and selling and much bartering going on. The market was also surrounded by farm dealers who

sold supplies and tools. Often we would just give the store owner some vegetables in exchange for some tools that we needed. We would spend the entire day there and after selling as much as we could, we would hitch up the horses for the four hour ride back to the farm. I don’t think we every got back before sunset.”

The church was always the constant focus of community gatherings and involvement. The first Greek Catholic church had been constructed in 1914 by workers from the Cheslock, Eranchuk, Boss, Bilan and Borsch families. This wooden structure lasted until 1958 when it was replaced by a brick building. Another church, Roman Catholic, was built in 1920 with help from the Sobkovich, Evaskevich, Danko, Troniak and Bochen households, and still stands today. Religion was a way of life in those times and not just one hour a week on Sunday as it so often is at present. Mike Cheslock vividly describes the prevailing attitudes of the time. “Religion was serious, extremely serious, back then. From November to Christmas and February to Easter people of the parishes were not allowed to dance or listen to music. On Friday, of course, no one could eat meat. Each Sunday everyone would be at church. I remember the services being between two and two-and-a-half hours long and you had to stand the entire time because there were no pews. The floor was made of stone so during the winter it would get very cold, since there was only one stove to heat the entire church. Standing for that length of time often got to be very tiresome considering you wore all your thick and heavy winter clothing. If you did get too tired, though, you could lean against the side of the walls of the church to rest. And in the summer, it would be hot and stuffy and many people would often pass out or faint . . . oh yes, confession once a year was mandatory also.”



Rossdale School, 1950.

The Rossdale School was a close second to the church in community importance and community involvement. Unlike the church, where sobriety, devout faith and solemn seriousness was demanded, the