

great sacrifices to provide their children with an education that they themselves lacked, and thus have contributed a fair share of teachers, nurses, engineers, scientists, lawyers, doctors, businessmen, tradesmen and legislators to Manitoba.

With the coming of increasing prosperity and technology, John's homestead continually grew and flourished throughout the 1940's and 1950's. By the mid 1940's, John had been able to purchase a tractor and three-quarter ton truck which greatly eased many previous cultivating and transportation burdens. John fondly recalls when he bought his "Oliver" tractor in 1941. Being an "old world man" in every respect, the idea of sitting on a piece of machinery that moved under its own power was still very foreign to him. He remembers having a fifteen year old neighbor's son named Steve Kotowich, live on the farm for a week to instruct him as to the proper procedure and maintenance of this vehicle. On one early experimental ride, John recalls the tractor heading towards a ditch when he suddenly realized he did not know how to stop or turn this strange contraption. John was wide-eyed as he tightly grasped the steering column, while totally unaware of its function. Steve Kotowich yelled frantically for him to turn the wheel but the roar of the tractor made it impossible for him to be heard. In a desperate and final attempt to stop the tractor, John did what he had done in similar circumstances previous when his horse-drawn plough encountered a ditch, but his repeated cries of "Whoa!" were to no avail. The tractor soon found the ditch and sputtered and coughed to a silent stop. Whether John laughed at that moment as hard as he does now when remembering it is unknown but one can rest assured Steve Kotowich made more than one person laugh at the dinner table when he returned home. But undaunted and ever-persistent, John excused this first meeting with a gas-powered vehicle as merely one more occupational hazard and resigned to the fact it might take a little longer to understand this mechanical monster than anticipated. In time he reconciled with himself and the tractor and purchased a truck a few years later.

The truck now made it possible for the entire family to venture into Winnipeg and sell their farm produce and visit the various attractions within the city. John usually savoured this weekly outing secure in the knowledge he would be selling his fresh produce to a loyal clientele but more importantly, to share a drink, or two, or possibly even more, with his fellow Ukrainian farmers. He stringently followed his unbending rule of "women sell while men drink" and since he expected Anne to sell as much as possible he felt obligated to live up to his end of the agreement — to drink as much as possible. Hence, John spent many an afternoon in the dark confines of

the now demolished Dufferin Hotel while Anne and the children sold eggs and vegetables. On a typical journey home following these eventful days, eyewitness accounts tell of a 1936 Dodge, three-quarter ton truck swerving from ditch to ditch with an obviously impaired man driving attempting to negotiate a straight highway while being badly scolded by a woman in the passenger seat.

John never remembered being the object of any racism in his years in Canada, but he often had trouble communicating in English. His command of the English language was fair, at best, and it usually made for some interesting conversations with people who were not well-versed in Ukrainian. On one occasion, an insurance man came to the homestead to talk to John about a policy payment. This particular insurance man, however, was strange to John because he had dealt with another agent for nearly twenty years. When John asked where his old agent was, the man replied that he was, in fact, his son and he would be taking over the insurance business from his father who had "passed away". John then innocently queried, "Where did he go?" The man later explained he believed his present location was heaven, but since he had worked as an insurance salesman all his life, even that was not positively certain.

Time passed all too quickly for John and Anne as they saw their two daughters get married and start families of their own. They would continue working extremely hard on the farm and attend church services faithfully every Sunday. They lived on their own land, doing what they pleased, when they pleased, throughout the 1950's and 1960's. Yet, by the early 1970's it became painfully apparent John and Anne could not properly take care of themselves. Although they performed all the farm chores with amazing enthusiasm they were in the difficult circumstance of being able to care for an entire forty-acre farming operation, but at the price of neglecting their own bodies. Thus, the family decided it was best for all concerned to have John and Anne locate in a special apartment residence for the elderly in Selkirk, Tudor Personal Care Home.

When John received word of their plans, he was shocked and angry to extents unimaginable. How dare they even suggest that he move off a piece of earth that he had sweat, cried and laughed on for over forty years? To John, the move would be the termination of a rugged, outdoor life — the single life he had known since his birth, only to be replaced with the triviality of shuffleboard and checkers in some depository of aged outcasts. He defied this proposition with all his will, yet, in time he realized the reality of the situation. He was an old man with a multitude of aches and pains, with a wife not much better. He

knew he was beginning to overly drain his family's time and attention by their frequent visits to the farm to check in on their condition. Hence, reluctantly and passionately he stubbornly agreed and moved to Selkirk with his wife in the summer of 1973. However, he still valued his independence and kept his truck to return to the farm during the day to work on a vegetable garden. The sight of an eighty-two year old man proudly driving his truck to his old farmstead to put in a full day's work in his fields is enough to restore any doubts one might have as to the extent of human courage and spirit. He remains in Selkirk, Manitoba today - much less mobile and more subdued. He is joined by his wife, who together await, almost impatiently, the final process of life.

Life seems to be both a comedy and a tragedy as we live and cry and laugh in an effort to improve ourselves as human beings. We are born only to face hardships, setbacks, disappointments and absurdities, yet we must strive, we must learn and we must live on. John and Anne Luchka were two people who faced more than their deserved amount of grief and misery in their lives but their existence today is a testimonial to their strength. So long as their children live to revere life, love peace and cherish hard work, they will never die.

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Miss Helen H. Hay was born 1871 at St. Andrews, Manitoba. She was the daughter of the Hon. E. H. G. G. Hay and Frances Gibson. Died February 24, 1960 and buried at St. Andrew's — on the Red.

My Memories — Helen H. Hay March — 1951

I do not remember just at what time I made my arrival in this world but so far as I know June, 1871 seems to have been the date, and as I grew I have always held St. Andrews among my happiest memories. When I was small we were as one people, sharing in both community and family life. Now in my fading years you have asked me to tell you some of the things that I can remember of the pioneer days in this old Parish. The range is very long and wide so perhaps I had better start in St. Andrews South, which in the early days was called the "Centre". The church, the schools, the chief interests were at "The Rapids". Miss Davis' English Ladies School was in the house now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Edy, which is known as "Twin Oaks". The pupils came from all parts of the district, a number being boarders who lived in the house with the staff of ladies from England who taught English deportment to Canadian students, and their parents were assured of the correct up-bringing of their children. The name of Miss Davis' School became part of the history of the country.

In the other school, which was demolished only within the past few years and was in use until it had passed its century mark, a Mr. Smalley was the master when I was there. I cannot tell you much about him as I attended Miss Davis' school where we used slates and clay pencils which we sometimes

made ourselves out of Red River clay. Mr. Duncan Macdonald tells me he also went to school at St. Andrews in 1879. My mother used to tell us when we were children that in her day the window panes were made of parchment. The old master led a busy life with boys playing pranks. When parchment is wet or damp a boy can make hideous noises by scratching it with a stick, or what comes handy and make a sound like a banshee wailing. They were taught reading, writing and 'rithmetic and music but had no instrument except the tuning fork which gave them the pitch. They learned their notes by rhymes which my mother could still sing. One I remember very well went something like this:

"I am tired of this doh — raying,
But I care not what you're saying,
Doh, Re, Me, Fa, So, La,
Ti, Doh -----.

The social life around this part of St. Andrews was made up of entertainment in which Mrs. Kennedy played a prominent part musically. (She was the wife of Captain Kennedy and lived in the large stone house just below the Rapids on a bend in the river) She was the choir leader and played the Church organ.

On Victoria's Day, (the Queen's birthday) the people gathered for celebrating at a place then known as "Queen's Park". Cricket and sports and races made a full day. Lunch was served on the grounds to the Hudson's Bay Company officials and many prominent people who yearly looked forward to a happy day on the Red River.

The year Manitoba became a province in the time of Governor Archibald was one of great importance. It is very interesting to note that Governor Archibald was both Premier and Lieutenant Governor in 1870 and 1871. Amongst those holding portfolio in the first Legislature my father, E.H.G.G. Hay, known as "Alphabetical Hay" was made Minister of Public Works and was the first Leader of the Opposition.

Mr. John McDougal, an old-timer who brought up his large family on the banks of the Red River near where the Locks were later constructed, carried the Mace as Sargeant-at-Arms for almost fifty years and told many interesting stories of the gay days of the early Parliament. Queen's Park situated west and South of the St. Andrews Highway. The members wore full evening dress when in session, staying in "Town" during the week. My mother used to drive in every week-end in the horse and buggy to bring my father safely home.

Along the river to the South beyond the old rectory many pioneers built their homes. Their names are still fresh in my mind, the Norquays, Sargents, McDonalds, Sinclairs, Clares, Allens,

Setters, Thompsons, Morwicks, Hudsons, Beddome, until you came to the Halfway House and "Granny Fulsher". There also lived a Doctor Beddome who was noted for his "bread pills". Mrs. Clare who later married Captain Allen of Allensdale was one of the first women on the Board of the Children's hospital. She could be seen at the door of the tent at the Winnipeg Exhibition taking in the pennies for her good works. Mrs. Allen put the chandeliers in the old Church at St. Andrews and we are hoping to be able to use them for our present electric lighting system. Mrs. Allen's old home, Allendale, passed into the hands of Mr. Abell, who as a boy had grown up at the Lower Fort. He remodelled the old house and chose an old friend to decorate it for him, Mrs. Mary Doupe. When it was finished it resembled the old stockade at the Fort, but as Mr. Abell did not find it possible to live out in the country it was sold to the Lightcaps, and changed hands several times until at present it is a lovely garden farm noted for its peonies. Time passes but our memories never fade.

The visit of the Governor General Lord Dufferin, Lady Dufferin and their party was heralded throughout the countryside and great preparations were made for their coming. A huge arch was erected on the hill at the church, flags, bunting and green boughs were put to use. There were speeches prepared and much ado about what was to be worn. Old men with long beards in tight fitting brass buttoned coats and French belts, flat hats and moccasins; ladies in bonnets, shawls and bustles very busy setting out the tables on the grounds of the Rectory and in the old school for the Luncheon. I was only a child but well recall baskets laden and on the table quantities of pies, blanc mange, wild strawberries and thick cream. My mother's bone china was lent on this occasion for the use of the honoured guests and since that time has been a treasured possession know in the family as "the Dufferin China". There are still a few cups and saucers, plates and the teapot, cream jug, sugar bowl and slop basin and cake plates left.

The speeches were long and sometimes funny. My father used to tell of old John Tait who was to be presented to Lord Dufferin. Old John had a habit of searching his head. He would then pause and peer into his hand as if expecting to find something — this he was told he must not do. Needless to say habit defied convention!

My memory is still fresh on the "doings" for the Countess. Two girls were chosen from Miss Davis' school, Nonie McDonald and my elder sister, Bessie Hay to present the bouquet to Her Highness. These two wore organdy frocks, black silver buckled slippers, wide blue sashes and leghorn hats trimmed with

pink flowers and ribbons. I can still see later on in the day Lady Dufferin and her lady-in-waiting resting on the Cochran tomb and a number of Ladies standing around talking to them. I don't recall what she looked like but she must have appeared like a fairy tale come true. My mother wore a light grey poplin dress, all panniers and bustle, a small hat, her hair in long curls. Mr. McDougall, the gallant Sergeant-at-arms, paid the women of the Red River the compliment of always looking very coy and at the same time being at perfect ease. (Speaking of Mr. McDougall reminds me that the piano which was used at Miss Davis' school, a small baby grand, was stored in outshed at his house for years and only a short time ago was demolished. Old George Moore told me there was not a vestage of rust and the strings rang clear as a bell after all that time).

The house where we were born was on the hill on the other side of the creek below St. Andrew's Church, and being near the church much of our early life is associated with it. I do not know if any of you noticed in the paper a short time ago that Mrs. Sophia Anderson of Peguis celebrated her 96th birthday. She is a niece of my mother and her mother was the first white child baptized in a canoe on the Red River just below where the Larters now live. A tree stood for years where the canoe was tied up and mother pointed out the spot to us when we were children. Mother had many stories of her early days and one of Archdeacon Cochran at his daily devotions stopping in the middle of his prayer, looking up and loudly calling to his wife "Matilda, is the Turkey cock in the byre?" and Matilda gravely answering "Yes, Master" and the prayer going on.

Old John Tait had the first water grist mill at Parkdale and Mr. John Gunn also had one at Gunn's Creek (opposite from the Locks on the other side of the River) but my father's mill, situated below the St. Andrew's Church at the mouth of a small creek was the first steam grist mill in the country. The settlers would bring in grist, leave it and take what they called "mouter". My father's flour was graded First at Ottawa. His business took him away a great deal and mother was often left alone with her children. One of the favorite spots for the Indians landing was just below the Rapids near the Kennedy house but not far from our house and they would camp there under the oak trees.

One morning looking out Mother saw smoke coming from the gully at the back of the church near our stable. She was a little worried but went on lighting her own fire, when turning from the stove she saw a big Indian in paint and feathers walking in her door. As she spoke both French and Cree as well as English, she said "How do" and he said "Your

man away?" She was frightened but she said, "No, he's not up yet — I have a sick baby — make hot water". He said "We killed one of your pigs — took some chickens. Have three canoes — we want much flour" and all the time he was talking he was sharpening a wicked looking knife on the edge of the stove. My mother kept right on with what she was doing, talked to him while she got some flour and tea and finally got him out of the door and promptly dropped the bolt.

Around this time my father had several men working for him in the mill and they had to be fed; also there was never just our own family, there were always cousins, friends or just travellers staying overnight on their journey up or down the river, so that it meant a lot of cooking for the housewife. My father built a brick oven outside the house and my mother baked a sack of flour at a time into loaves. They made their own yeast from fresh hops, Barm, as they called it. It stood in a crock and was kept from baking to baking by adding to what was left to keep it alive. I remember my father always put the fire on under the oven the night before mother was going to bake. She was noted for her bread and buns. In those days cakes were rare but jams and raisin bread were always on hand.

Sunday dinner remains in my mind — roasted suckling pig, all crispy and crinkly. My mother loved cooking and I can see her yet brushing the yolk of the egg over her cooking (with a clean feather kept for the purpose) to put the shine on as a final touch.

For our sweets we would have maple sugar. In the spring when the sap begins to run the natives would bring it around in rogans, some weighing a cup and others up to a gallon. Every speck was gobbled up. In my mother's day pemmican was still eaten and long after 1881 I can remember getting it in the Hudson's Bay store. Much later it was served as a special treat at the Old Timers' Ball at the Hotel Alexandra.

There were always bells at St. Andrews, at least as long as I can remember, and bell ringers — old Jimmock Corrigan and his sons, known as one button, two button and three button Corrigan, also there was a Moose Corrigan. They were the bell ringers and grave diggers. In the early days the people made their own coffins and the women made their shrouds and put them carefully away for the time they would need them and, I suppose, bringing them out to admire their handiwork every once in a while. When a prominent person died the grave diggers received a new suit of clothes and new boots.

When the Rev. Howard King was in charge of St. Andrews Parish Mrs. King watching from the rectory windows told of seeing a woman sitting in the church yard for three days running, so finally went over and

asked her if she was waiting for someone. The woman said "Yes, she was, that she had heard old Mrs. Rat was on her death bed and she was waiting for her burial". Going to funerals in those days was really a part of the social life of the people as it was an opportunity for a gathering.

One thing that I must mention is that there was never any need for an excuse to get together. They were a hard-working people in the old days but had learned that they needed to stop and enjoy themselves sometimes. Even when we came back to St. Andrews after having been away for about twenty years, these old timers seemed to have the gift of relaxation. At any time of the day you could have heard the fiddle going and the sound of the Red River jig and eight hand reel in some house as you walked along the road.

Travel in the old days was difficult but I remember my mother spoke of trips they took to St. Paul by ox cart, spending around a month on the way. She said their money was in gold and the Americans were eager to get it and gave in exchange paper money, which filled all sorts of bags, being bulky.

Much has been told to Dr. Schultz escaping from Louis Riel, and of his hiding in the loft of Old St. Andrews rectory but I do know that later on he visited us and after some time became Lieutenant Governor. He and my father were friends and I remember my mother telling of spending a night at Government House in town and being given dried salt codfish for breakfast, which apparently she did not relish, being more used to Red River goldeyes.

Amongst my possessions I still have half a dozen silver tea spoons, a gift of their early friendship, and also a berry spoon sent by Lady Schultz on the 50th Anniversary of my parents Wedding which was celebrated in 1914.

Captain Kennedy, who as you probably know went North to search for the Sir John Franklin expedition, lived on the river bank near what is best known as "The Rapids". He had a small store and my memory is of a boat bringing in supplies and getting stuck on the rapids. Some goods were being transported to shore and my young brothers standing by the side of the creek offered to help when a bag of prunes broke and the prunes spilled out into the stream. I can see old Captain Kennedy grabbing frantically trying to save his prunes and the two boys salvaging quite a lot that never reached the Captain. To this day I do not relish prunes.

Mrs. Kennedy was known as the "Duchess" and always wore a lace cap. She was quite English, in every way talented and famous for her raspberry wine. She taught many women the art of making the home attractive with red Hudson Bay blankets and

Buffalo robes. She had married the Captain thinking he was wealthy and despaired upon finding out that he was only a poor man. She was known to complain and to say that her daughter, Mary, should never be a poor man's wife. I remember when Mary Kennedy came home from England where she had attended school. Her hair was fair in long ringlets and she wore fluffy muslin dresses and long pantaloons. She soon became a favorite. Mary Kennedy is buried in old St. Andrews and the Women's Auxiliary, through the kindness of a generous friend of Miss Kennedy's is having her name placed on the Book of Remembrance in the W.A. Records of Rupert's Land. The Captain and Mrs. Kennedy were devout Christians, Mrs. Kennedy taking a leading post in choir and playing the organ and generally managing the affairs of the church and community life. They moved to Virden where they passed away at a good age, and were buried in St. Andrew's Cemetery, the son William remaining there but Mary Kennedy returning to Winnipeg. She never married and spent her time visiting the scenes of her childhood with old friends.

Along the bank of the river where it turns at the spot where the Adsheads live now, once stood the home of John and Nancy Lewis. Their father, an old countryman of some means, lost his fortune in sailing ships to Australia and had come to Canada and married into the Ballentyne family. He had made several trips to England, taking his family with him. After his death they continued to live in the old home and eke out a living. Miss Lewis, and two maiden ladies, retired teachers from Miss Davis' School, spent their remaining days here and at St. James in Winnipeg, where Miss Roland and Miss Lane and Miss Lewis are buried. Miss Lewis was very entertaining and was long remembered by old timers. The Ballentynes too have still a few living descendants. Mrs. Ballentyne, who was known as "Maggie Jane Garl" (girl) was Mrs. Fred Tulloch's mother. She drove an old white horse and buggy and was interested in collecting for church, hospital and basket socials.

Beyond the old Lewis house was the house that Bishop David Anderson was born in and later "Old David" and Mrs. Anderson lived there for many years. I recall that on the passing of old "Mrs. D. B." as she was called, she was laid out in a beautiful lace shroud, all of her own making.

The house we now live in at "The Heights" was built by old John Firth and his four sons about a hundred years ago. It was all stone at one time and even when we came here there were the remains of the old lime kilns on the river bank. Old Mrs. Donald told me she grew up at the Firth's house and was



"The Heights" Home of E. H. G. G. Hay, St. Andrews.

twelve years old or thereabouts when old John, his wife and four sons and a concubine all occupied the house. She, as a girl used to be sent to bring the concubine who would remain for some time. This was told me not long before old Mrs. Donald died. She too was a worthy old timer who had gone through much hardship.

The next point of interest on the river road that I remember is what is now the mill but when we were young was the home of old Mr. Peter Young. Mr. Young kept the Post Office and had a small store. He used to sit well in the back of the room near the fire and away from the draughts, all wrapped up in a shawl and would only stir when it was a question of waiting on a customer. It was said that he had made his money giving loans to people and taking land as security, and very often ending up with the land. He was supposed to live in fear of the ghost of Nanny Cramer who haunted the old house, wailing that he had taken her home away from her. Whatever the origin of the story, Nanny Cramer's ghost is still supposed to walk in the moonlight around the mill. Old "P.R." the postmaster, was the brother of Dr. David Young who was superintendent of the Presbyterian Sunday School and lived farther down the river.

Now along the river to the Lower Fort in the Winter of 1879:

The Governor and his party drove out in a huge Carryall, all wrapped in musk-ox and buffalo robes. The coachman sat on a high box seat in front robed in a long cape and buffalo robes about his feet, and wearing a big fur cap. The horses were black, silver mounted harness and huge red tassels on their collars made quite a show. In after years the Bannatynes, whose home was recently demolished, and also Sir Hugh John and Lady McDonald could be seen in the same smart turnouts paying New Year Party calls. My father used to tell of the Fort Balls. The staff were

allowed to watch, and among the guests on one occasion were the three Misses Drevers, who were gowned in evening dress. One old Scot, with red beard and corn pipe in mouth, pointed his finger and exclaimed in a broad Scotch burr, "Ah Maun! Yon Lassie is showing an awful heap of Bussom."

The Fort buildings as they now stand were much the same then. The old trading post was on the south side, the bastion on the north corner was sometimes used for servants' quarters. The large building in the centre known as the prison and guard house shows signs of some form of wicked punishment which was made use of. In the north east bastion they stored powder and firearms. In later years it was used as an ice house. In another old building, now demolished were kept the spinning wheels and looms. These last were huge things on which were woven the home-spuns then so much worn. Still to be seen in the middle grounds is the sun dial, which served the purpose of timekeeper for both the voyageur and the Hudson Bay Post. Mr. Lily, an outstanding old timer of the Company staff and John McDougall kept up the old Scots' custom of "First Footing" at New Year. They would start out immediately after midnight and I can still remember their arrival at our home around dawn feeling pretty joyful and merrily singing "Twinke, Twinkle, Little Star".

If I remember correctly, in the year 1879 a Mr. Graham was the Governor at the Fort and a Mr. Flett, the Post Manager. It was at this time Sir Donald A. Smith was leaving for England and gave a farewell dinner there. Many grandees were present and a very lively evening spent. After dinner he presented each lady with a piece of jewellery, my mother's gift was a pair of long ear-rings. I still have the loving cup used that special evening, a lovely thing of red embossed crystal with three handles. Later, fiddlers were brought in and the floors seemed to be jumping with the rhythm of the many feet doing the Red River Jig, eight hand reels and the Cotillions. The calling off was most fun for us little ones, hearing Birdie Fly In — Hawk-fly-out, Swing your Partner and Do-si-do. The Fort staff had eaten their dinner in their own mess-room but came in later to dance or to watch the performance of the dinner guests. After this Sir Donald A. Smith became Lord Strathcona and did not return to Manitoba until some years had passed. It probably was in the early 1900's because the Locks were still being constructed. Mr. Chipman was Commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company and Lord Strathcona gave a large garden party at the Lower Fort on a beautiful day in September, most fitting for an outside affair. This time the guests arrived by the Canadian Pacific Railway train and by "the Din-

key", which was the local electric service between Winnipeg and Selkirk, now our Bus line.

Mrs. Chipman and her three daughters were in the receiving line to welcome the guests. Everything was in readiness, chairs and tables scattered over the grounds — green grass cut and rolled, gay flower beds at the sides and two big pine trees sheltering the gardens. Men were in silk top hats, frock coats and grey trousers, ladies in their finest gowns trailing over the grass; Lord Strathcona beaming on old friends and looking very happy. Bands were playing, people chatting in groups together. Champagne cup and tea was served from tables centered with brown-eyed susans and goldenrod, and to cap it all, that was the day a motor-car made its first appearance at the Lower Fort.

There is much more I could tell you but my memories are longer than the afternoon. The people and the places have changed, but the spirit of those pioneer days is still with us helping us to look forward to better things.

So much for the old days and their stories; last week I was in the midst of the history of the new days. Mrs. Lyall, our hostess of today, very kindly asked me to tea to meet Bishop Abraham of Newfoundland, who had come to Winnipeg for the Lenten Services at Holy Trinity Church — across the continent now in a few hours — a long long way from York boats and canoes. The Bishop was making a tour of our old churches and while in Winnipeg was the guest of the Rev. R. L. Taylor and Mrs. Taylor. This day they had visited Old St. Andrews and the Lower Fort with their party which included Reverend Wilmot of St. John's and Mrs. H. L. Mayhew, Mr. Taylor's sister with her two children. Bishop Abraham wished the day had been brighter as the cold and bleak winter scenery did not lend itself to sightseeing. When they came into Mrs. Lyall's hospitable home and found an open fire glowing and a gracious hostess, they felt well rewarded for braving a drive through our winter countryside.

Mary Elizabeth Bayer's Recollections and Memories of St. Andrews and the Gibson, Hay and Bayer Families

Beginnings . . .

the river flowing, on and on, stubbornly north. Some swirlings where the Big Eddy used to be, before the Locks controlled it for navigation. The last of an indentation where the Grist Mill was, grinding out some of the earliest wheat in the west . . . family graves . . . Hughie Gibson, who helped to build St. Andrew's church . . . the trunk in the attic with the shiny beaver top hat and the lacy bonnet, the Prince

Albert and the fine wool shawl. Crisp programs from a long-ago dinner and dancing at the Governor's Ball at the Fort. Leather-bound tributes from everybody who was anybody on the occasion of the fiftieth wedding anniversary . . .

The Gibsons came down from York Factory, even before the Selkirk Settlers; it is said that Hughie helped guide them to their destinies at Red River. Hugh, faithful servant of the Hudson's Bay Company for his lifetime, married to Angelica Challifoux, daughter of a French trader and a Cree lady at York Factory, settled in the Red River Valley. In due time, 1864, their daughter Frances married an earnest young adventurer from Yorkshire, Edward Henry George Gunson Hay, and they lived just below Archdeacon Cochran's stone church, across the creek. "Alphabetical" Hay built a mill there, and prospered. Self-educated, he taught at night at the old log school.

When the Riel Rebellion began in 1868/9, young Mr. Hay shouldered such arms as were available to help keep the peace, and became a Lieutenant of the First Lisgar Rifles, although the mettle of the troop was not tested in conflict. He turned to politics, became a member of the first Manitoba Legislature in 1870, and served as first leader of Her Majesty's loyal opposition. When the Liberals were in power, he served briefly as Minister of Public Works. Later, he was Clerk of the Works for the building of St. Andrew's Locks, and was for many years a Police Magistrate in Portage la Prairie and in Selkirk. He was active in church and community affairs until his death in 1919.

Mr. and Mrs. Hay had five children. The eldest were twins, Edward and Elizabeth. Ned became a respected citizen of Portage la Prairie. Elizabeth was a talented artist, educated, with her sisters, at Miss Davis' School. She married Thomas Edward Patten of the North-West Mounted Police, and she and her dashing Sergeant were posted to McLeod, Alberta, where their three children were born. The second son, dark-eyed and gentle William, master machinist and superb hunter, was with the HBC for twenty-seven years, serving mainly in the western Arctic, and then on Lake Winnipeg boats.

Memories . . . mallards hanging in the ice-house . . . the ring of axe on wood . . . the Dufferin China revered from the luncheon served to the Governor-General . . . the old brass bellows brought from home . . . the half-moon bone plates and the old punch bowl . . . Uncle Will's journals in indelible ink, recording every day's wind and weather for three decades . . . grandfather's speech notes on the glory of Empire, a draft for a pageant to be held in Selkirk



E.H.G.G. and Angelica (Challifoux) Hay and Family. Sons L to R: William and Edward. Daughters, L to R: Frances, Elizabeth and Helen, St. Andrews.

on the 24th of May . . . the jitney . . . roar of ice at spring break-up . . .

The middle daughter was Helen Harriet, a doughty and determined woman who, at the onslaught of the Depression, established a Tea Garden in her home and grounds, and built a well deserved reputation as a super organizer, gracious hostess, and gourmet cook. Miss Hay attended her aging parents, cared for her sister's three children while and after their father served in the Boer War, and then in 1932 welcomed her niece Anne Farquarson Bayer with her two youngsters, Edward and Mary Elizabeth, to live at "The Heights". Miss Hay was an active worker with the Women's Auxiliary to the Church, and a member of the I.O.D.E.

Her spectacular beautiful younger sister Frances died in the 1918 'flu epidemic.

Attic discoveries of tennis racquets, and a worn and battered croquet set . . . memories of homemade bread . . . stacking cordwood in the cellar . . . white-washing the two-holer . . . cleaning coal-oil lamp chimneys . . . fresh cottage cheese . . . wild strawberries . . . blue blue saskatoons . . . mushrooms on the manure pile . . . wild roses delicate among the thorns . . .

Until 1975, "The Heights" was the residence of Anne F. Bayer, who now lives at Lion's Manor in Winnipeg. Mrs. Bayer worked with Osler, Hammond and Nanton for close to thirty years, becoming expert in administration relating to the oil industry. As well as the Desk and Derrick Club, she was active with church affairs and was a member of the Business and Professional Women's Club. Her son Edward Granville was born in 1923 and was killed in action with the R.C.A.F. in 1944.

So, for six generations, and longer when you count the soft-spoken lady from York Factory, St. Andrews has been hearth and home for this essentially Canadian family.

The memories live on . . . skating on the river that New Year's Eve, spring breakup of the ice . . . the sound of the geese high overhead . . . lanterns swinging by the barn . . . the stained glass window in the Church . . . rustle of poplars . . . gumbo underfoot . . . festivals of music and spoken poetry . . . and on, and on.

Mary Elizabeth Bayer

Recollections of a Pioneer

Oliver Mowat resides in the Oak Hammock district. His grandparents were Selkirk Settlers, and he recalls vividly many interesting events from his childhood, such as how Oak Hammock got its name — settlers first located in the shelter of the poplar and oak bluffs. Later on, farmers from south along the

Red River pastured their cattle in the area, and picnics were common at herding time. The name "Oak Hammock" came from the many hammocks strung among the oaks.

Warden Benson at the Stony Mountain penitentiary kept a herd of buffalo and on occasion when they were let out to roam would get in with the local cattle causing many a headache for the settlers.

His Uncle Fred owned the first steam thresher in 1887, in the district, a double-chested Case outfit. He did custom work among the neighbors and the going rates were:

1¢ a bushel for oats
2¢ a bushel for barley
3¢ a bushel for wheat.

People travelled by ox cart and even on occasion would hitch an ox and a horse together in an emergency.

School dances, Christmas concerts and field days were common and he and other members of his family made a significant contribution to the musical life of the community.

The first rural telephone line in the area came into being when he and his friend William Popowich, hooked up a communication system along the barbed wire fences that surrounded each farm, using baling wire for connections and ear phones from crystal radio sets, until they had 24 families connected on the line!

Coal oil lamps provided light and on occasion his mother would make a "poor man" — twine rolled tightly, dipped in grease and when it hardened would be coiled and burned in a tin plate. Several were needed for a good light.

Snow in the late 1940's was so deep local boys had to shovel ahead of the plows.

Roots and Herbs

by Violet McLeod

These roots and herbs I learned about from my grandmother. Mrs. Sophia Anderson:

Wolf Willow grew like a bush. You boiled and drank it for relief from kidney infection.

Tonsy grew on the fields, a cluster of small white flowers. This was good for toothache.

Frog Leaves were used to fight infections. They were put on open sores and bandaged securely. They were plentiful and found around most houses in the area.

Weakcase or Wild Ginger grew near the lake. This was picked in the fall. It grew like a long small root and had to be dug under the mud. After washing it well, you tied string around each root and hung it near the ceiling to dry. It made a good hot drink for

colds in the winter. We used to put sugar in it. We also chewed on it for coughs.

Liniment was made from turpentine and egg whites. My great Aunt Annie Bird used to make it.

Licorice Root or Sinica root also grew around. It was used as a mild sedative.

Wormwood grew around our home. It was like a small hedge and we all liked the pleasant smell of it. I never knew of any use for it, only that some put it under the mattress to keep fleas away.

Caraway seed grew around the house. It was a cluster of brown seeds. These were collected and dried, then were used in the cooking.

Red Willow also found in the area, was used by the Indians for a dye to color leather.

The Scotts and the Red River Settlement by Clifford Fulsher Scott in 1967

All those who may be interested, may I ask you to join me on a journey into the past, to travel as our forefathers through this great land of ours, over lake and river, land, rolling hills and broad flat prairie land. I am writing of that which I have seen and that which was told to me by those who have long since passed away.

First, perhaps it may be in order for your travel guide to introduce himself. I was born on March 25, 1897, in the old stone house which stands on the west bank of the Red River. This would be about half-way between what was then known as Lambert's Point and the St. Andrew's Rapids. My father was born there also, and was one of eight children. Grandfather Scott came to this country in 1831 from Orkney Islands and worked for the Hudson Bay Company as a crewman on the great yoke boats in the summer, and hauled by dogteam in winter. His travelling companion on his journey to this land was a young man, then known as Donald Smith, who later became Lord Strathcona and finally Canadian High Commissioner to Britain. Grandfather was one of twelve brothers who were all seafaring men. One of his brother's sons



Historical House on Red River.

was Robert Falcon Scott, discoverer of the South Pole, who lost his life on the return journey. At the termination of Grandfather's service, he married and was given a three-chain river lot extending northwest two miles. This was a Hudson Bay Company grant in appreciation for his services. These land grants were later extended to four miles.

First he built a log house and about 1855-56 he built the stone house. This, I believe, is perhaps one of the oldest dwellings built in the west. At that time there were no legally established roads, apart from river travel and the old Red River tracks which followed along the river banks as far as any settlement. This road has been moved in many times over the years through the courtesy of the landowners and still has never been legally established as original deeds grant ownership from the high water mark. This road also began as the oldest trail west of the Great Lakes. The first legally established road to serve this early settlement was known as the Queen's road and is now known as #4 Highway, existing between two points which became known as Winnipeg and Selkirk or the "Crossin", as it was originally called. The plan at one time was for the railroad to cross the Red River there. Selkirk in those early days almost became the gateway to the west in place of Winnipeg. This was mainly brought about by tax-free land grants in perpetuity, to the railroads and has since led to much controversy over taxation rights. I might, in this instance, add that no man has the right to gamble, even with his own destiny, much less that of his fellow man. Well do I remember when this section of #4 Highway was nothing but a dirt track with ruts cut axle deep, later being graded and gravelled over the years until it is now perhaps the finest highway in Manitoba. When the railway passed through Winnipeg and on into the west, my father's uncle, Joe Monkman acted as guide to the surveyors as far as the foothills of the Rockies.

We will travel back briefly to the river in those distant days, to the church and to the school. It has been passed on to me by those long before me of the narrow places in the Red and how, when travelling by canoe, overhanging branches could be touched by outstretched arms on both sides. This would explain the great flood of 1886 and also 1852. The flood of 1950 would have been a lot more serious under those conditions. As freight haulage between Lake Winnipeg and Winnipeg began to increase, St. Andrew's Locks were built. The reason — to allow larger boats to pass over three shallow spots, namely St. Andrew's rapids, Lambert's Point and another shallow spot known then as Listers, now being Riverside. There were no trucks or cars in those days and no roads to carry them. Thus was born an era of river

travel, with cargoes consisting of cordwood and lumber and outgoing supplies to all parts of the north through the gateway, Lake Winnipeg. Many people enjoyed excursions on this great waterway.

Well do I remember, to name a few, the side wheelers and end wheelers, the old Bonnytoba, Winnitoba, Bradbury, The Gertie H., the S. S. Alberta, the Keenora, Suzanne E., Lady Canadian and Brown and Rutherford's lumber boat the Granite Rock. This old era has now completely passed and has been replaced by trucks. The locks served their purpose at a time when needed but have done irreparable damage to the river bank and each year this increases. This high water is not needed now and should be let go. The key now to future flooding is the Nelson outlet, not this expensive floodway which cannot increase the water movement into Lake Winnipeg, and will only act as water holding within its own capacity. Many cottage owners and farmers on the lakeshore have found this out to their sorrow this past season.

It is stated in old records that a party of French priests came up the river more than 300 years ago and camped at a spot near where the old church now stands. They spoke of the rapids as being white with pelicans, and of the river being alive with fish. Being a clear day they looked to the west and could see a hill which appeared about twenty miles away. This was later called Stony Mountain. We know that later, much of this land was covered with trees. They spoke of the many buffalo in sight and of the deep patterns cut to the water's edge. Others have spoken of the Indian burial ground on the east bank of the river, opposite to what is now known as Liss Road. Stories are told of how they buried their dead in a standing position, facing the water, so their spirits could watch the passing canoes. Their bows, arrows and tomahawks as well as pipes were buried with them. What little tobacco they had at that time was obtained through trade with eastern Indians and was mixed with the inner bark of the red willow.

While still very young, I recollect how the men of the neighbourhood would go down to the river in the evenings to scoop fish. The scoop was a net on the end of a long pole. This would be in the spring when the river was clear of ice and the fish were coming upstream. Each scoop would bring up anywhere from one to five or six fish, mostly goldeyes and pickerel. Catfish and bass were caught with baited lines sometimes extending across the river. Many sturgeon were caught in the shallows up at the point. A short pole was used with a sharp hook on the end. The fisherman stood in the water and watched for the sturgeon ripple, if he struck at the right place I can assure you that a battle was fought. With the gradual

depletion of the fish in Lake Winnipeg and the building of the locks, another era ended.

I can remember in those early days when even a little money was hard to come by and how most of the settlers burnt lime. A kiln was built at the edge of the river bank opposite their property. These kilns were built of small stones mixed with white mud, mixed into a plaster and into a circular shape. The walls would be about twelve inches thick and about twelve to fifteen feet in diameter and built to varying heights. A larger kiln would produce about 500 bushels of lime. A fire box was built in the bottom and covered with iron rods, and would be about four feet square. The kiln was then filled to capacity with limestone gathered along the river bank. Then firing started. This woodfire was kept up for three days and three nights, and if the heat had been good enough a blue flame would appear on the top of the kiln. The lime would then be cooked and was sold for about 30¢ per bushel.

Back in 1860-1870 the Sioux from the western plains were still making their annual trips to the settlement. Large parties would come down the river in their war canoes. My father told of them always coming to the old stone house dressed in feathers and beaded buckskin with many dried human scalps suspended from their belts. They were given flour, tea, sugar and whatever could be spared. In most cases they went peaceably away. The local swampy crees seemed to know by grapevine of this event and would hightail it to the thick woods until it appeared safe to come out. The settlers always lived in fear and for this reason grandfather built a tunnel leading from the cellar to a wooded creek on the river bank, with a canoe concealed there at all times. This tunnel has long since caved in, and was walled up.

Grandfather died while still a comparatively young man and left my grandmother with eight of a family to bring up. She also cared for several motherless children. About this time Sir George Simpson paid her a visit to ask if her money was coming through from the old country. Apparently something was amiss as she had not received anything, but he told her he would enquire into this upon his return to England. Later word came that the papers had been proven up but the boat that was returning with them went down in Lake Winnipeg, I believe at a point known as Cox's Reef. This money was her share left by her grandfather of whom we shall speak later.

I will touch briefly on the school and the church as most of this is already historical common knowledge. I believe the original St. Andrew's school and church were the first centres of religion and learning in the west. The first log school was unfortunately long since pulled down as was the first old church.

My father, William Scott, was Secretary-treasurer for St. Andrew's continuously for forty years, until his death in 1933. With the arrival of Archdeacon Cockran, work on the present stone church began. He proved to be a great teacher and guide not only as a minister of the church, but as a farmer and builder. In the building of the church, the settlers gave freely of their time. Many of them being Scotsmen, and experienced stone-masons, the work went well under the supervision of Duncan McRae. Stones were gathered in the winter time and hauled to the site by oxen. Timber was brought from a place then known as the far pines. Lumber was cut by hand in a saw pit. Shingles were also made and square nails of various sizes were made in the blacksmith shop where also the oxen were shod. Many of the timbers were fastened together with strong oak pins. The three large bells were ordered and cast in a foundry in Scotland and were brought in by the northern route. I will mention here that the original tower was about thirty feet higher than today. Shortly after the church was completed a violent summer storm struck and part of the tower was demolished. I suppose I should explain the method of raising the huge stones to this great height. This was done with a windlass cable and pulleys. These men that came out to work for the Hudson Bay Company were picked for their size and strength and were expected to carry up to 300 pounds over a portage.

Archdeacon Cockran served for many years both at St. Andrew's and points further west. He died at Portage la Prairie and his body was brought back by democrat or light wagon. The funeral party stopped at a point about 300 yards south of the church and the coffin was then carried the rest of the way by six men. I have been told that in those early days the old church would be almost filled to capacity, including the gallery. People would come from miles around, many of them with no means of transportation.

The old school, one roomed as I remember it, and long before my time had a roll call of about thirty to fifty pupils. Some of them walked up to four miles with little or no roads, through drifted snow in the winter and across mosquito infested swamps in summer. One boy would take the job as janitor. This meant sweeping the school during the summer, and getting there one hour earlier in winter, to build a fire in the old box stove. The pay — one dollar per month — as you can well understand there were no labour unions in those days. During my school days, football and cricket were the most popular games. Generally the south played against the north, the dividing line being the school road. St. Andrew's at one time had the champion cricket team in Manitoba. I attended this school up to the eighth grade and then

took the higher grades in Winnipeg, and went on to the old Agricultural College. With the outbreak of the First World War, many changes took place. Most of the boys that were my school companions were killed overseas and possibly rest in that hallowed spot so beautifully described in the poem, Flanders Field.

I will touch briefly on Lord Selkirk and his settlers and those who came after them. Selkirk was born as one of a rich family; a kindly, sympathetic person whose heart went out to the tenant or share-crop farmer. These people were being oppressed, overtaxed, and starved. He had heard of this new country, so after winning a seat in Parliament and waging a long and bitter battle, using his own influence and that of some of his friends, he finally obtained permission to move any of these people who wished to go to this new land. I may say that at that time and much later this same feudal system prevailed all across Europe and was the major cause of many people from other lands arriving later. The longing for some land of their own, and to work for themselves. After a long delayed start and many disappointments, Selkirk's people arrived at the Red River. Through the hostility of the fur traders, their first settlement was burned and that with starvation almost forced the abandonment of this early venture. However, these people were hardy and used to a rough life. They were gradually able to cultivate small plots and with the little seed brought in from the old country, some food was grown. They learned to hunt wild game, which was abundant and to make use of the fish. The wheat they had was of a late maturing variety and very often froze.

Warmer and better houses were built and life seemed to take a turn for the better. The few cattle that were brought in gradually increased, more oxen were available and these were put to the plow. By the time my grandfather settled on his plot of land, the settlement was beginning to thrive. Hay was cut with a scythe, put into small piles to cure and then carried to a stack with poles. Men could be hired then for 50¢ per day with board. Works hours were daylight to dark. Grandfather always brewed his own beer from barley and they always had lots for warm days. The first grain was cut with a scythe and cradle, and tied into sheaves by hand using strands of twisted grain. The sheaves were then put into stooks which would consist of ten to twelve sheaves. After about ten days, stacking started. Stacks were built beginning with a stook in the centre and forming a circle of about twelve feet in diameter with the heads always up off the ground for the first layer. The centre of the stack was always kept higher than the outside with the diameter increasing until about six to eight feet up, building always clockwise. It was then gradually

drawn into a shaped top. These stacks would turn the rain through any weather and would remain dry until threshed.

The first grain was threshed with the hand flail and winnowed in the wind or with a tread mill. Barley and wheat was made into meal on a pounding block or ground between two large stones called a quirn. Later the first gear-driven mower was manufactured; this was drawn by oxen and it cut a swathe of four feet. Reapers were the next machines to come into use. They cut the grain then threw it off in loose sheaves which still had to be tied by hand. Then came the self binders which tied the sheaves with wire. As mechanical aids came into use, acreage was increased. Thus a nation was born. Much needed goods began to come in by oxcart from St. Paul, U.S.A. This helped the settlers gain some comfort. By the time my father took over, horses were brought in from Ontario. They were at first unclimatized and many died, mainly of swamp fever. Father had the first threshing separator in this area, which was operated by horsepower. The horsepower consisted of a large cog wheel about six feet in diameter, with hitch bars bolted onto it. This was turned by eight to ten horses hitched in pairs and travelling in a continuous circle. The large cog turned a smaller one and power was delivered to the cylinder by what was called a tumbling rod. A large grain crusher was also operated by this horse-power. The first grain separators were pulled in between two stacks and were fed by hand with two or three pitchers on each side, also a feeder and two band cutters. The straw that came out the back end had to be forked away and built into a stack. A bushel man stood on the ground by the side of the machine and caught the threshed grain in a bushel measure. By using a board with holes in it and moving wooden pegs by the unit system, a record of the number of bushels threshed was kept. This was called a tally board. The grain was then bagged and hauled to the granary.

After the horsepower, portable steam engines were used until the advent of the large steam tractor. These monstrous machines were either wood or straw fired and needed an engineer, a fireman and a tank-man who hauled water steadily. The engineer spoke to the crew with the steam whistle. Each different blast had a meaning — it could be more water, more heat, more sheaves or more grain bags. The fireman had to be up long before daybreak to get steam pressure up, ready to start the day at six. A long blast on the whistle followed by several short ones meant "ready to go."

As the steamers increased in power, grain separators also became larger and the old method of stack threshing changed to stook wagons. By this time self

feeders were in use as well as wind and fan operated straw blowers. The threshed grain was elevated higher up above the separator into a mechanical self weigher and tally. Each half bushel was tripped and dumped and came down a pipe by gravity, either loose into a wagon box or into a bag. As high as fourteen teams were sometimes used to haul sheaves from the field to the separator. Two men called spike pitchers stayed by the machine to help the teamsters unload, feeding the machine from both sides. The head end of the sheaf went in first and followed each other in a steady stream; the grain pipe would be running full for a good crop. A complete crew would sometimes number more than twenty men.

In most cases harvesters were well fed with breakfast at 5:30 a.m., lunch at 10:00 a.m., dinner at 12:00 noon, lunch again at 4:00 p.m., so large supplies of food had to be prepared ahead of time. Work continued until darkness fell. Much land was also plowed and broken with these steam monsters pulling as many as fourteen plows in stubble and two twenty four in breakers in heavy bush. At that time hundreds of men were brought in from eastern Canada as harvest help with reduced railway fares.

Gasoline tractors gradually started to replace steam; first the large one-cylinder type sometimes called one lungers, then the two cylinder type. These machines were heavy and ponderous and carried a lot of unnecessary weight. Thus, this era has passed. We will again go back a few years covering some of the early hazards of agriculture.

A variety of wheat known as Red Fife of Scottish origin was grown for several years, but being slow in maturing was sometimes caught with frost. Later other varieties were used that matured earlier and were of improved quality. I believe the first shipment of western wheat overseas took place about 1870. This, in a very small way, was the beginning of a nation. The life-blood and foundation of all other phases of our whole economy. Manitoba No. 1 hard red spring wheat became known all over the world. Wheat grown in European countries makes a heavy dough that will not produce a light textured or a white loaf. With the mixing of Canadian wheat much of this trouble is rectified. I must mention the scourge of grasshoppers that took place during this early period, and of how they were so thick at times that in flight the sky was darkened. They ate every green plant and the leaves on the trees. Clothes that were left outside were devoured. These hoppers kept travelling in one direction and would pile up against any building or obstruction to a depth of several feet. Needless to say, the settlers had neither grain nor garden for at least two years. Some had a little grain saved but much had to be brought in, and with renewed hope, another

start was made. The people almost starved and had to go back to a diet of fish and game. I was told of the ever present fear of prairie fires and of the danger of hail. Also of one winter that was hardly a winter, as the river did not freeze over solid, and there was little or no snow. The cattle stayed on pasture all during the winter, and one party went out and plowed a few furrows on Christmas Day to see if it could be done. I was also told of the summer that never really was, as some snow fell every month.

Many different varieties of wheat and coarse grains have been developed over the years and I wish here to pay tribute to those patient and careful men who have made this their life work, making this possible. I have grown most of these varieties over the years and think that the wheat named Marquis was the most outstanding; unfortunately its life was shortlived due to the great scourge of rust during 1916. The year prior to this produced a record crop. I remember seeing re-cleaned Marquis weigh seventy pounds to the measured bushel with kernels as large as small peas, and a beautiful color. It also had excellent baking qualities and had the ability to yield. We have had many other varieties since but none can compare with Marquis. New races of rust always seemed to be around the corner ready to take over. We know that over the years according to history, western North America has had alternate cycles of drought followed by years of generally ample moisture. I remember the year 1910 being without rain until September, there was very little pasture and the hay was so poor it was hardly worth cutting — a day's cutting would hardly fill a wagon box. Herds had to be reduced and many farmers travelled to St. Andrews marsh to get a winter's supply of hay. The only grain crop was a light return to fallow land.

Grasshoppers appeared again in the early 1920's and did a lot of damage. By this time poison was available to some extent. This was mixed with sawdust and bran, applied wet and scattered around the edge of the grain field. On June 22, 1922 this area experienced the worst storm and cyclone that had ever been known. How well I remember that storm as I spent that night in a shack on the open prairie.

We go on again to the 1930's when drought, rust and grasshoppers took over all western Canada, the Dakotas and the Texas panhandle in the U.S.A. This as we know, lasted for almost 10 years. Although grain supplies dwindled, prices went down: cattle were shipped into Winnipeg at the price of 1½¢ per pound, barely paying freight charges. Hogs went down to 5¢ per pound, eggs 10¢ per dozen, butter 15¢ per pound, coarse grain 10¢ per bushel and wheat from 40¢ down. I well remember shipping milk at that time for 7½¢ per gallon, and paying 2½¢ freight

charges, also selling eleven cows for \$99. There were so many men who could not find employment and facing starvation, that the great powers paid the farmers \$10.00 per month to board them, the cash going back to the men for clothing. I knew of school teachers not being able to get employment and many accepted this plan. Teachers taught school on the prairies for as low a \$300.00 per year and very often only got part of this as school districts went broke. The people on the prairies were burning grain for fuel because they had no money to buy coal; this put the coal miners out of work. Although the stores were stocked with all daily necessities there was very little money to use as exchange. The big powers told us that most of the money had disappeared with the financial crash of 1929, some thought that the grasshoppers had eaten it. However, those who may read this, I will leave to draw your own conclusions. I do know that when war broke out in 1939 money appeared again very quickly. During these bad years, many farmers had to leave their land. As spring approached new hope was born and what little cash they would gather up went into buying seed and seasonal farm supplies. Each day they scanned the horizon for rain that never came, until finally they left their farms.

This brought about the Debt Adjustment Boards and the Moratorium. This serious drought was not a complete general picture but did happen over most of the western plains. There were some areas where, though crops were very poor and light, the farmers were just able to hang on. You have travelled with me up until the fairly recent times, so let's make camp here and rest awhile. Now we are rested, let's go back much further into the past — into the 1780's at which time my great-great-grandfather came to this country as a man by the name of Bates, employed as a high official for the Northwest Trading Co. He married a French lady from Quebec, who bore him a daughter, who was christened Margaret. They settled in Fort Qu'Appelle, Saskatchewan, but after being there but a short while he was sent back to the old country on company business. His wife and child were to remain in the care of the fort officials at Qu'Appelle. At the age of about two years the child was abducted by the Sioux Indians. Although this fair haired girl was seen with the Indians many times by white men, time had to be bided. One of these men was a young and daring person, by the name of Andrew Setter, who was employed by the Hudson's Bay Co. Finally the opportunity arrived when the Sioux warriors had left camp and the girl, who was now about twelve years old, was out picking saskatoon berries with the squaws, along the banks of the Qu'Appelle River. He used two good horses, tethering one a few miles away

he rode in on one, picked up the girl and managed to reach his fresh horse. He brought the girl back to her mother, but in a short while he married her. Andrew Setter and his wife, who was this girl Margaret Bates, now rest near the south wall of the Old St. Andrew's Church cemetery, on the bank of the Red River. The stone that marks their resting place is now weather-beaten and starting to crumble.

I will speak briefly of the wild game of this very distant time, of how the great buffalo herds numbering millions, ranged almost up to the tree line in the north, all across the western plains down into the United States. I have been told of the prairie grizzly bear that followed closely to these herds, picking off a stray or a weakling that had become separated. Hunters have seen these enormous bears break a buffalo bull's neck with one swipe of the paw. As the buffalo became scarce, these bears disappeared from the prairies, and were thought to have become extinct, but recently some have been found in a remote valley in the Rockies. The Indians never killed any animals for the sport of killing, but only when needed for food. They were also very careful of fires. These wise people knew that the great Manitou had given them the wild game to use as food, and the great forests for their shelter and protection. They needed fire for cooking and warmth, and they obtained this by flintstones and dry tinder. This method was used by the white men too, until matches became available. When meat was required, the Indians would move out onto the prairie where buffalo hunts were organized. The braves would mount the fastest horses while other ponies would be hitched to a travoy. This was made of two stout poles attached to a crude harness made of hide and consisting of a breast collar and back pad. The back end of these poles dragged on the ground and was hauled by the ponies with the spoils of the hunt lashed onto it. When the scouts, who always travelled ahead, sighted a herd of buffalo, camp was made. When everything was in readiness, the order to ride was given by either the chief or the hunt captain, — then the chase was on. The Indians' weapons at this time were only the bow and arrow. When enough buffalo had been killed to supply their need, the hunt was over. The women's task was to cut up the meat and process it into what was called pemmican. Containers were made from the buffalo hides and this meat has been known to keep for several years. With the arrival of the white man, this way of meat supply was continued.

When the long barrelled flint lock guns became available, each hunter carried a powder horn slung over his shoulder. A charge of powder was dropped down the gun barrel, then a cotton wad was tamped against this with what was called a ramrod. A charge

of buckshot was then dropped in and another wad tamped down. The charge then was fired by a gun cap placed on a nipple. A hammer on a strong string release created the necessary spark. Some of these ancient guns had two barrels and were still in use when I was still a boy. I should mention that the Indian women sewed hides together with carefully fashioned bone needles, holes were made by using awls fashioned of bones. Thread for sewing was made from the back muscles of the buffalo, moose and deer, the muscle being divided into strands. This thread was called tippis and was very strong. It was used to make their moccasins and all their leather clothes.

The white men used two-wheeled carts made completely of wood, and as many as 150-200 of these carts were taken on a hunt. Some riders became so skilful that they could reload their guns while travelling at full speed. It was not these annual hunts by the settlers or Indians that were so much responsible for the depletion of the herds as was the beginning of hunting on a commercial basis.

As the railroads started to cross the prairie, professional hunters were hired to keep up the meat supply. These men came up from the United States and a great and wanton slaughter began. Many buffalo were killed and left to rot. Sometimes only the tongues and choise cuts of meat were taken. Large corrals were built out of strong poles narrowing towards the brink of a steep precipice. The buffalo were then stampeded into these traps and would fall smothered and dying at the bottom. This sad and disgraceful practice almost resulted in the extinction of these noble animals of the prairies. All this happened in less than one hundred years and by the 1870's very few were left. It was only through the foresight and interest of an Indian and a white man that this situation was saved. They caught and protected three buffalo calves which eventually increased into a small herd. The caribou of the northern tundra once numbered into the millions, but now have dwindled down to a few thousand. These animals were the staple food of the Eskimo and the far northern Indian people. I have been told of the countless number of passenger pigeons that migrated annually between Canada and the United States. At times they would be so thick in the sky that the sunlight would be darkened. They were also slaughtered for commercial purposes until completely extinct. In the early days of my life the woods were full of partridge and prairie chicken and were so thick that to see a flock of around five hundred was quite common. In the spring and fall ducks and geese would be migrating by the thousands in a continuous stream across the sky. The joyous chorus of the