

The Fibroy

EXERCISE BOOK



No. 990 WIDE RULED

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1975

To Our Children
Grandchildren
And subsequent Great Grandchildren.

It seems fashionable these days to leave behind us histories of families. In the year 1975 I find myself wishing that if some of my people didn't leave histories at least they had put names on the photos they did leave.

To condense this summary into a of sufficient size to be informative and not boring to all and sundry and at the same time give enough authentic information of the beginnings of our family in Canada it will be necessary to deal with the early pioneering time in Manitoba during which hearsay is my only data. Your father and grandfather didn't appear on the scene till 1900. and for good and sufficient reason was not much interested in family history for the first twenty years of his life.

Of my father's people on the Turnbull side I know little. My grandfather was the Reverend George Turnbull. At one time quite high up in the Scottish Presbyterian Church. Due to the influence of a parson he was forced to leave the Scottish church and eventually went with his family to Santa Rosalia in the Argentine as an Anglican Church Missionary. As far as I can learn, and remember, that is where my father,

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James Norman Robert Turnbull was born and lived until around the age of thirteen or fourteen the family returned to England subsequently emigrating from there to Petrolia Ontario, where my father attended school. He had two brothers who I understand stayed in the Argentine and married Spanish women. Their names were Charles and George. Another brother Mark Turnbull was ordained to the Anglican Church and stayed in Ontario, at Goderich when the family came west to Rapid City, Manitoba in 1880. My father had three sisters Aunt Annie, Aunt Ada and Aunt Beatrice (Aunt Rappie). I believe Dad was the youngest of the family and I believe was born in the Argentine altho I am not sure.

My grandfather's wife was Georgina Elizabeth Gordon Leslie daughter of Sir Charles Leslie of "Ward's" Scotland. I believe Sir Charles also had estates known as "Grip Fast" and "Melandene". The N.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ 36-18-28 W 1. of Ellice Municipality, Manitoba, my father's homestead, was called "Grip Fast" & we gave that name to the E $\frac{1}{2}$ 36-18-28 in Ellice Municipality when your mother and I and the family moved back here permanently from Kamiké. You will be clear when you remember that "Grip Fast" had no connection with the Turnbells other than it was evidently my Grandmother's home (on Dad's side) in Scotland.

My father was extremely fond of his mother & that is likely why he called his homestead "Grip Tart". His father and mother must have lived with him quite a few years because he homesteaded Grip Tart when he was 16 and that was about 1884. Grandfather died in 1902 and Grannie in 1904. They are both buried in Burscast Cemetery on the S.E. side overlooking the valley.

Two of Dad's sisters married. Aunt Annie married the Rev. Tom Lowrey. They had one son Chad and I believe a small daughter who died in infancy and is buried a mile and a half straight north of here on what at one time was Uncle Oswald Immans homestead and now belongs to Bernie Whyte. Aunt Annie's husband died in Ireland in the early 1900's. For some years he had one of the churches at Oak River, Man. He eventually became mental and returned to Ireland, where he was institutionalized. Chad, my cousin caught tuberculosis in Winnipeg working in Ashdowns Hardware. Was for several years in Mount Sanitarium eventually emigrating to Santa Rosa New Mexico where he farmed for several years until he died quite suddenly of the final effects of T.B.

Aunt Ada married Oswald Immans a son of the Immans Steamship Line.

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died in infancy.
one son
buried with
his mother
1/2 mile west
of here

Uncle Cy as I always knew him was evidently a character. They had three girls. Maizie, Ruby and Annie. The latter is still alive at this writing and lives in New Zealand. Mrs. A. Clark. From what I gather from reports Uncle Cy used to like to celebrate Saturday nights in Bonscaret by tearing down the street on horseback & firing off his shot gun. They left the homestead around 1900 and returned to England & thence to Wellington New Zealand where he got work as Ships Provider. He wrote and told me in 1920 that if I'd care to come down to San Francisco I could come across to New Zealand as Steward on one of the Taranaki boats. I really think he meant Cabin boy. I would surely have liked to have gone. However the farm was here and we were busy with it & it seemed impossible to go at the time.

My Aunt Bessie never married and died in Winnipeg at Ted Cox's as did my Aunt Annie when her time came. Aunt Eda & Uncle Cy as I said went to New Zealand and two of their daughters, my cousins died in Wellington. Uncle Oswald lay in bed for nine years with a bad heart before he too voyaged on to something new. He used to write me fairly regularly after we moved to Hamiota. For some reason I started corresponding with him then.

Your grandmother Cecilia Seant was born in Orkney in 1858. There were eight in her family all born when my Grandfather Robert Seant of "Bonsicant" was in his late sixties and early seventies. Family dialogue informs me that my grandmother was Joanna Stinson and Grandfather Seant's third wife whom he met in Montreal when over in Canada on business. She was eighteen when they were married and he well on in his sixties but evidently quite a lively old gent when it came to securing a family. Grandmother Seant seemed to have been loved by everyone that met her. Certainly her relatives the Stinsons whom I met in Montreal were wonderful folk.

Mother was the middle one of three sisters. There was also an older half sister Jean Jessie Seant from Grandfather's second marriage. She was Bob and Agnes and John Rannies mother. Mother's eldest full sister was Agnes (Mrs. Garrison) then Mother, then Aunt Midge (Margaret) Mrs. Dr. Walter Bell of Lowestoft. Five boys in the family were Robert, Pillance, Chrichton, William and Mathers.

The latter two men came out to Canada in the early 1890s. Uncle Matt worked for a Ben Rathwell at Ottawa on a farm for a while a cousin of the Seants or Stinsons. Then he came west with the Scottish Ontario Land Co and finally arrived at Bonsicant Colony Farm when it was established north and east of the present Bonsicant by the S.O. Land Co. Under the auspices

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of G. L. Smellie an Ontario cousin of
the Scarts.

Uncle Will Scart left the sea, his first
choice, and came out to Uncle Matt on the
homestead in Silver Creek Municipality S $\frac{1}{2}$ 6-19-27
known as "Snaba" while Uncle Matt and
Aunt Minnie lived there. However at that time
neither man was married and in or around
1890 my mother came out to them to keep
house for them. She had been keeping Grandfather's
house in Orkney from the time she was
about 17 and after her father died and
Uncle Bob took over the scart she felt that
she could be of use to the "boys" out
here.

As Uncle Matt and Dad were homesteading
but a good half mile apart and Uncle Matt
had met & liked my Grandfather it was only
natural perhaps that Dad & Mother should
get to know each other fall in love and
eventually marry altho Mother was ten
years older than Dad.

Uncle Will married a Miss Ella Jamieson
from Scotland or England but not sure which.
He and Uncle Matt split up then Uncle Will
going about a bare half mile north and
farming the north half of 6-19-27 in
Silver Creek. He did not farm there too
long before the family moved to Oregon U.S.A.
in 1906 or perhaps earlier. Two boys and one
girl Margaret in his family. Margaret dying in

omitted
Uncle Matt
in here

infancy Buried in Pleasant Cemetery on its east side. The two boys Pillance and Anstruther, Bill & Jim still live in Selkirk. Regon & were had several good visits, ^{recently} with their cousins who had always been so far from us.

It was in 1898 I believe that Dad & Mother were married. At the time Dad and his parents, the latter quite elderly, were living in a one and a half story log house that stood in the north rec formed by the frame house that replaced it about the time the folks were married. The west portion was built first and had access to the log house by a door on the east. The south wing was built later and at the time my grandparents died the old log house was being used for grain storage. Finally it too was torn down and for many years the roof portion was used for a buggy shed between the house and where what was N.E. of the yard.

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When the upcoming generations complain about the hardship of walking out to their heated cars from their homes, our young people can perhaps realize that during many winter mornings when Dad climbed the "loft" stairs to see how his mother and father had fared he would find snow had seeped through the cracks in the walls and was lying on their counterpane. My grandparents would be in their mid seventies or nearly eighty.

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There was a story told me of my Grandfather's time as missionary in The Argentine. He and the family lived in a compound or yard near the city of Santa Rosario. Those days, as in the present, were wild times in Argentina. Brigands roamed the country in bands, usually with one man as head or chief of its band. They stole and robbed far and wide and disappeared into the surrounding mountains when chased by the Police.

One day a man rode to the compound and wanted to speak to my grandfather. It turned out that the messenger came with instructions that Grandpa was to come with this man to a brigands hideout in the mountains where the 'chief' was holding a woman captive whom he was very desirous of marrying according to the rites of the church. My grandfather by that time was well aware that in those parts one of the rules of survival and peaceful co-existence with the brigandari was compliance with any reasonable request, also he knew the chief in this case, well enough at least to comply without question, so he set out.

Travel in those days was chiefly by horseback especially in the mountains. The messenger had brought a second horse with him. A splendid animal. It was a two day ride back into the mountain fastnesses.

and when they arrived at the camp they found everything in readiness. It seemed that finally the chief had found a woman to his liking and had determined that the marriage was going to be no 'affaire de force'.

My grandfather performed the marriage rites according to the Church of England. He wanted to return home as soon as possible but that was not to be heard of. He had to stay for the festivities and ceremonies which lasted for another two days. Then when he said he must go he was told that the horse that he came on was to be his and the same big and guided him back to Santa Rosario.

Grandpa was rather overwhelmed with the gift of the horse but knew it was really meant. Evidently the outlaws had sort of a Robin Hood pride. That was not the end of the matter however. A week or so later a messenger came to the compound leading a string of beautiful horses and Grandpa was told that these were further payment for the marriage ceremony. Here his grandson of the 20th century remarks "The lady must really have turned out to be some bride".

My grandfather protested but was met with an adamant declaration that the horses were to be his as an additional gift from the grateful chief. I can imagine Grandpa seeing a big question of one

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word of one syllable FEED rising before his eyes - There was nothing to do but comply, and the horses were left at the compound.

Shortly after my grandfather examined them more closely and to his amazement found them all exhibiting the brands of various of his neighbors. When he examined the horse he had been given for his own he found no brand at all. How he resolved his predicament no one knows. It is his grandson's guess that either Grandpa was a very persuasive missionary or the bride was a more persuasive person, perhaps a little of each accepted with the folly of the occasion did the trick. Perhaps feed in the mountains was scarce that year.

When one thinks of a lifetime such as Grandfather Turnbull spent - always taking the family along and knowing that he came to the end of his time on a homestead in Manitoba with the snow blowing across his bed as he and Grandma slept in an early log house, one looks back with profound respect on those old forebears who not only pioneered the land but also the gospel of Christ wherever they chanced to live.

Another story I told me of your Great Grandfather came from an old friend at Pettapiece, John Shanks. He told me that

when the C. P. R. railway went through from Rapid City to Minnista that the work crews stayed in a worktrain at Pittsburg for several months during winter construction.

Grandpa was incumbent minister at St. Thomas Anglican church at that time and figured those men ought to have a church service. He set off up the track for the seven mile walk, his Bible in his pocket. When he arrived at Pittsburg and pounded on the door of the work car it was opened to exhibit a real old game of poker going on. Seeing the Reverend in his collar & suit brought an awed hush to the game. Many of the cards were homesteaders or their sons and just what the Padre would think of their card game on Sunday plus gambling was anyone's guess.

It is my surmise that John A. Hanks must have been one of them because he told me that Grandpa just said "Hello fellows, just go ahead with your game. I just walked over to see how you are getting along and to see if you'd like a bit of worship on Sunday. You go ahead & finish and then perhaps we can get together and talk about what interests us and I can get home before dark."

The upshot was that was what they did. They got together and sang songs they knew, Grandpa said prayers and the benediction. Somebody told him he sure wasn't

going to walk back to Rapid City its seven miles. So they got the handcar out and pumped him back. Next Sunday night after lunch they were there with the handcar and took him out for service with the work train crew and took him home again after. This lasted for two months till the train moved farther west to Hamösta.

Finally in his eightieth year Grandfather heard of a community that would like a church service. (I think it must have been St James on the Birttail) There was no way to get there but cross country walk which he did to the exasperation of his family. When it got late in the evening my father got worried about him as he should have been home. When he went out to look he found him lying just outside the yard gate utterly exhausted. He had walked nearly twenty miles cross country, held a church service and returned home. I think from what I can remember being told he never did quite recover from that trip. Not too long after he suffered a stroke, fell against the hot stove in the living room. It burned a hole in his forehead from which he never fully recovered. He died in 1902 and is buried in Bismarck cemetery.

At that last service at St James, if it was St James, Row was the old man to know that some fifty nine years later his sorrowing grandson was to watch the

body of a well loved son being lowered to its last resting place in St. James cemetery. As the wheel turns.

Our little systems have their day

They have their day and cease to be

And those who said it more than they.

Great Gammie Turnbull was a lovely old lady. Lovely crown of white hair over a gentle face. Her face was not only gentle it was serene. I was only four when she died and I can remember being taken up to the east room at old Grip Tent to kiss her goodbye the morning she died. You have a photo of her Connie. The one Mr. Peders of Roskruengars gave you. Everyone that knew her or met her loved the old lady. Certainly the people around Rapid City remembered her with great affection. She was kind to everyone she met.

While I was visiting a family south of Newdale ^{I heard of an incident in Gammie's life at Rapid} the Wooddells. I had gone round that way on an electioneering trip. My platform was Social Credit. I do not know what their politics were. As they were our customers at the Hamlet Flour Mill I thought I should visit them anyhow. They kindly asked me to stay and have dinner with them. While I did. When I entered the living room I was introduced to a Mrs. Wooddell, the grandmother who was ninety one. During our short conversation before dinner was put on the table she asked me if I would be any

relations to the Reverend George Turnbull
 who used to be at Rapid City. I said I was his
 grandson. The old lady exclaimed "Oh I
 knew your grandmother!" She was the
 dearest person and so good to me. She
 knew I longed for a bicycle and somehow
 she managed to get one for me. It was
 such a surprise and I had such a good
 time on it!" The old lady did not want
 any dinner but pulled her chair up beside
 mine and talked away all during the
 dinner hour telling me so much of my
 grandparents history while they were at
 Rapid City and I was able to tell her
 a bit of their subsequent life at "Grip
 Fast". She seemed in such good spirits I
 felt so glad I had met them all. Some
 friends I met later who knew the family told
 me that next day they found the old
 lady peacefully asleep in her bed - for the
 last time. Incidents such as these are the
 rivets that hold the sheets of memory together.

New
 Paragraph

Of the early days of my Grandparents life in Canada I know little. When they returned from South America I think they went to England. From England they came to Ontario and for a while Grandpa was the Anglican minister in Petrolia Ontario. That was the time that oil was first discovered in that region. The raw oil from the wells ran down the curb gutters on the streets. Coal oil for lighting lamps lanterns etc was just coming into use and the kids used to get the raw oil well mixed into clothes. It was smelly stuff to fall into!

There is no record of how long my grandfather & his family lived at Petrolia. The next records of their travels that I have heard was their coming to an area south of Rapid City near what is now known as the Camcigue District. They came with an entrepreneur colonization agent named Whelms and settled in a district they named Melandone after an old Leslie Estate in Northern Scotland. Several families made up the colonization group among them the McNaughts. Barney McNaught, one time chuggist in Kamusta, being one of that family. Fred S. C. Cox and his brother Harry both of whom later went into business in Winnipeg, were also with the group that came with Whelms. I believe that Ben and Tom Revell also came over there. Ben Revell was married to a first cousin of my father's and was the father of the Dr (Revell) Fox that we all know & are so fond of.

An Anglican church history of the Canadian North West in the 1880's contains an item in it that the Rev. George Turnbull was minister in St. Thomas Anglican Church in 1891. Second incumbent in St. Thomas, I believe, as while we were living at Hamiota Maucker and I were asked down to St. Thomas sixtieth anniversary where I read the scripture lesson in honor of my Grandfather & that would be around 1945.

In a dim way I recall friends that the family had in Rapid City. Dr. Cruikshanks who once I recall driving up to Gipsy Lake to hunt duck & prairie chicken with Dad. The Thorstads who were old friends at Melandene. The Lockharts whom Mother and I visited in Vancouver in 1941. My recollection of Dr. Cruikshanks just was the anticipation of his arrival. I was told that "he drove a team in his buggy". As Dad always called our buggy a "rig" I spent a long time trying to figure out in my young mind just what a buggy was and how you'd hitch a team to it. Anyway having heard the word buggy connected with crawly, creepy things I made up my mind that Dr. Cruikshanks would be someone to keep well away from at least until he proved himself not 'creepy crawly'.

Another family in Rapid City that our people knew were the Lodd's. Bill Lodd whom we knew at Hamiota used to go fishing with my father when they were boys. Bill Lodd told

one of several escapades they got into together. Those were the days when the Little Saskatchewan (now called Munnisdora) River was a river not just a stream as now. There was a flour mill at Rapid City run by water power also the first electric generator in this part of the country also run by water power. The boys would fish downstream below the dam and in the drier seasons they felt the fish were not getting enough water. By some adroit manoeuvring they were able to surreptitiously pry up the old plank on the spillway thus letting more water out of the dam to the ponds below. A practice which was taken with an exceedingly stern view by the mill authorities.

Once spying the boys plus accomplices in its act of "watering the fish" the miller started out spouting epithets of profanity and in an almost apoplectic rage. The boys were hiding on the far side of the dam and to see who they were the miller, a rather stout party, had to lean over to get a good view. The boys were cowering in a corner when they heard a wild yell over the sound of the dam & when they peeked over the old boy was frantically trying to swim away from the spill way. The boys let out but spent a very subdued day listening to many words their parents said about accidents around town. They figured if the miller had been drowned or badly hurt they were really in for it. I can guess several young women were vastly relieved when "no news was good news."

Ground 1876 - 1880 land to the N.W. of Rapid City was thrown open to homesteaders. My father, sixteen at the time, turned down an offer from Archbishop McRae to attend St John's College in Winnipeg as a candidate for the Anglican priesthood or ministry. The West called and he set out for the N.W. The whole country was being opened up at that time and a sixteen year old lad could file on a homestead quarter, put in his duties each year and at the end of two or three years get his patent for the land. Hard competition against a college education or a Ministry student.

bounded by

Dad came up to this district, Birth St. Louis, Russell and Rosburn sometime in 1884. Sam Middleton on whose homestead I now write this was here in 1882 if not earlier. Dad filed on the N.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ 36-18-28 W1 in Ellice Municipality and I presume did his duties. In a diary of one of the land titles officers, called Harris' Diary & now held by the Provincial Archives in the Legislative Buildings of Manitoba there is this item. The date etc, and the following: 'Today two young men Thomas Low and James Turnbull were in the office enquiring about land in the Birth area. We supplied them with particulars and directions and asked them if there was anything they wanted. Thomas Low said he wanted a good spade? I'm not sure if Dad had any requests. Tom Low said he wanted to dig himself a garden & use

the rods he removed to build himself a sod
 shanty for the time being. I am indebted to
 the late Mr. Johnston, Librarian of the
 Provincial Library in the Legislative Buildings. He
 had just procured the diary and thought I'd
 like to see the entry about Dad & Tom Low.
 This diary is a most interesting one because
 it not only contains records of people who
 came to the office but also records of Mr.
 Harris' amorous affairs with a widow of
 no little intelligence. Evidently the arduous
 duty of sending immigrants on their way to
 homesteads in the west, had its lighter moments
 in the young city of Winnipeg. The same
 comments in the diary of Mr. Harris' meeting the
 lady. Buying himself a new suit. Leaving hotel
 residence. Getting married. Taking up life with
 lady. Expression of doubt as to his wisdom of
 undertaking the adventure and the finality of the
 item. "Living at hotel again". leaves much
 delightful conjecture to one's imagination. We
 have just recently had a counterpart in Winnipeg
 in our more modern age. Humanity and
 human nature are the stuff that keeps interest
 in living. I suppose our one neighbor would
 shrug - expressively - "Huh! Blanket not big
 enough" for love & respect." & let it go at that.

No record exists in the family as to
 when Dad built his log house on the ^{extreme} N. E.
 corner of N.W. 1/4, 36-18-28. It must have been
 in the early 1890s or even earlier perhaps. Nor do

from Rapid City.

I know when his parents moved up to live with him. I think I have stated that the frame house on the North wing of it was built in 1898 or a bit earlier. The picture shows only the old log house in which they all lived.

In addition to the house there was a long low log barn west of where the frame barn (built in 1906) stood. The location can be judged by the overgrown mound some distance west of the frame barn site. It was quite near & to the west of the log barn. In this barn were kept a milk cow a couple of oxen and one horse.

Later the oxen Buck & Bright gave way to a team of horses Frank & Barney and when mother arrived at the establishment she brought her pony Maggie with her. I can recall my father seeding with the two oxen and one horse hitched together to an old ten run row inch spacing skinner, Harris shoe drill. I can also remember Dad sowing the pasture in front of Grip Fast to oats using the broadcast method or seeding by hand with a bag of grain holding about a bushel of oats hanging round his neck.

Another log building of huge poplar logs well over twelve inches in width stood just west of where the present granary now stands on farming lane. It was about 24 ft x 12 ft with a sod roof. This did duty for

a number of years finally being pulled down by Jack Smith around 1914 or 15. or at the time the new granary was built.

Dad had made several attempts at finding water in the yard. There was an old well dig just a few feet north west of the house. Another about forty or fifty feet due north and another in the vicinity of the present well. Finally your Grandfather found water about a hundred feet N.E. of the house. This was eighteen feet deep and for years provided plenty of water for all the stock. While digging it Dad came across a petrified fish at about the eleven foot level. It was in clay and about ten inches long. It lay around the house for a long time finally, like most things do, disappearing. My father was an adept at witching wells with a willow and found several wells for neighbors in this district. E.P. Clarkes, Ted Cass's Bert Griffiths and others that I cannot recall. Unfortunately his son did not inherit the knack. It would work for me when he stood behind me and held my wrists - an annoying experience but it would now do it for me alone. I think Bob finds it will work for him.

There was a fine poplar bluff all around the house to the north. Quite large poplar somewhat forty feet high. It reached to the west as far as where the old garage stands. There was a winding lane from the

barn SE. to the well. Between house and bluff. In wet weather with the tramping of stock to water this lane became almost ankle deep in mud. Leading fussy horses out to water twice a day or worse still a more fussy colt was often a real experience. Made more exciting by a dog who thought that he could help matters by coming up at the rear & nipping heels. Once in a while, usually early morning a shout would be heard accompanied by a bit of profanity and one would know a team had been urged by the canine curse to "step up a bit" uneasily on to the heels of whomever was unfortunate enough to be holding the halter shanks. In course of time dogs disappear, as do humans and this particular canine took the road to where he could nip all the heels he liked without being cursed out. It was only because he was so good at herding cattle that he was allowed to live as long as he did.

This started out to be a family history and now I find myself reminiscing like an old man will about my boyhood days at Grip Fast. At that they may be of interest to some who come after me as so much change has taken place in my lifetime that it is hard to explain to grandchildren what things were like at one time around these parts.

where

In 1906 Dad built a hip-roof frame barn East of the old log one. I expect the winter of 1905-06 helped him decide. In January or February of 1906 we had a real blizzard. I do not remember it, but the aftermath I do remember. The log barn was completely covered over by a huge drift. My father dug a hole down to the door to get to the cattle and horses. He took me out to show me and I can still recall this black hole in the snow with steamy vapour roiling out of it. They fed the horses & cattle snow to drink until Dad & the man helping him had a large enough dig to let the cattle & horses out. The bluff north of the house had at least twenty feet of snow piled in on its west side. I could go right up the drift among the tops of the trees and slide down on my sleigh. There were no snow ploughs or blowers in those days and the stock just made paths round the yard which they and humans followed until spring.

A man named Ferguson built the barn for Dad and on my sixth birthday I proudly led old Frank into it. He was the first horse to go in after it was completed. It had a loft in it which was really something new. But for all the style & then convenience it was never as warm as the old log barn. The latter had a sod roof & was used as a pig barn for several years until it collapsed, killing Sam Weddcombe's old red Lamwork boar. The demise

was long overdue as it had us all
 scared witless. A miserable long lean mean
 brute with tusks about eight inches long
 he used to prowle the area with a herd of
 about ten sows. Dad went down across the
 pasture to drive them out of the S.W. out field
 and fortunately took a pitch fork with him.
 Presently your grandmother and I saw Dad
 walking backwards toward the house with
 the fork held out in front of him and this
 mean old boar matching him step for step all
 the way, head down and snarling like a
 steam engine. The procession or retrogression
 was followed dutifully by about six or eight
 sows and numerous progeny of all colors
 and sizes. I think it was shortly after this
 the old boar was finally rounded up and
 incarcerated in the old log barn. I know our
 neighbor Sam Widdicombe was duly advised of
 the fact & probably heard a sigh of relief himself
 as Samworth was left as long in that barn
 that he excavated a huge trench under one wall.
 Being a hog and not an engineer was the
 cause of his death. The north wall descended
 on him in his sleep. Weighted down with a ton
 or so of sods on the roof it brought a swift
 end to the sleeper under the wall. He was
 not removed for several days & Bill Seant
 my cousin, and I would peek in the door
 at the casualty and recall again the time
 the same brute had tried Bill for hours in

Uncle Matt's yard.

In the fall of 1906 I started to Balmerino school. E Miss Drysdale was teacher at that time. Bob Leath my cousin was going at that time. He was two years older than me. Bill & Ethel Barker were going. Harry Johnstone boys Arthur & Bill and Oliver and their sister Laura. Laura was a bit older than Bill and Oliver I think. I guess in a small boy way I figured when I grew up I'd like to marry Laura. At least that's what I must have told my parents. They reminded me of it at times! Bella Irwin and Nellie & Bill Fraser were going to Balmerino at that time also Dena. I can well recall that Dena and I got the strap together after four o'clock. There was a well worn hole in the dirt just in front of the school steps. This would fill with rain when it did rain and made a nice, soapy slushy mud in which to cool bare feet. I never did recall how the fray started, but Dena and I started pasting handfuls of mud at each other. You can imagine the result. Two stubborn kids that wouldn't quit even while we were chewing the stuff! Finally the teacher took over. I can still see the look on her face. It has lasted longer than the snapping we both got. I was always impressed with the partiality with which that licking was meted out. Dena got just as many licks as I did. I guess from that time on Dena & not Laura was my ideal. She could sure put up a good fight. I'd always sort of scorned girls for being sissies. Dena changed

my mind. It seems long years since that time and so much has happened. The day before yesterday I helped carry Dena Ryan to her last resting place. The little country school of earlier days has given way to great modern emporiums of learning that do everything but teach children how to live. Our early Teachers "belonged" to the neighborhood. Their salaries were small but most of them gave of themselves far far beyond the recompense they received in money and I wonder how many teachers of the present day will be remembered with such love and respect as were the pioneer men and women of the early 1900's. Miss Margaret Wallace who, while dying of consumption gave her pupils of Baberino a cloth lined picture book "Children of the Empire". Every word in those books had been marked so that we could phonetically sound the word for ourselves. My love of reading and books stemmed from that I'm sure. That and the fact that both Mother and Dad read to me many times. Dad reading Stories of Uncle Remus & Peter Rabbit till I knew them almost by heart. Read too in the vernacular Uncle Remus used. Mother reading stories by Sir Walter Scott. Mother and Dad poems. Keats's. Charles Dickens.

In February of 1907 my mother went "back" to Orkney for a visit. I was taken along. I suppose getting me to school in winter time was a problem altho we usually

walked the three miles on snow shoes. Always with the strict admonition that if a blizzard blew up we were to 'stay' at school until someone arrived with team and sleigh to fetch us. No telephones in those days.

My recollection of going to England and Scotland with your grandmother was like a dream with bright spots. I recall that my cousins in Montreal, the Duggans gave me a cannon, a real honest to goodness model that actually fired wooden bullets. That cannon was my joy and employment for the first two days of ocean voyage. We went by train from Montreal to Halifax. I can remember getting off the train and going up some steps and through a door and asking your grandmother where the boat was. I had some faint idea that the boat was a slightly larger version of the one Bill Hunt and I had on the slough east of Gipsy Fort. When I was told "We're on the boat now son." I just didn't believe it. This big building with stairs and long narrow corridors with doors opening to each side - this couldn't be a boat. However it was 12.30 AM and we were shown into a small room with two beds one over the other, next the wall. A wash basin with taps to run water and a seat for one's daily 'must' business. I took all this in rather

Sleepily. I didn't care where we went
 now as long as bed was near by. My
 mother took the top bunk of bed and I
 had the lower. When I woke in the morning
 I heard a funny noise. Sort of a rhythmic
 thump and a corresponding creak & then
 a groan. Creak creak groan. Your grandmother
 seemed to have lost interest in everything
 even me. I crawled out and saw a
 little ^{round} window above my reach so I got
 a chair and stood on it and looked
 out. As far as I could see there was
 nothing but water, water, water every-
 where. Your grandmother had said "When
 we wake up we'll be out to sea." I
 wondered what we were going out to see
 but being too tired asked no questions. Now
 I knew that she meant we'd be sailing on
 the ship. Bill Smith and I had drawn
 countless pictures of sailing ships so I was
 just dying to see the sails. Finally mother
 got up and tho she didn't seem to feel too
 well & wasn't saying much we went down
 the corridors to a big room where people
 were all seated at long tables having
 breakfast. I was as hungry as a young
 wolf and had porridge and a boiled
 egg and some toast and jam. Your
 grandmother took a bite or two & then
 seemed to lose all interest in food.

Presently we went back to our cabin and my mother lay down on the lower berth. She looked kind of funny, sort of green. She looked as if she might go to sleep so before that happened I asked her if I could go out in the passage & explore. She said yes I could but to look at the number on our door and be sure I remembered it and not get lost.

That was the grandest exploration trip I ever had. All I wanted was for Bill Heath to be there with me. We could both have had a good time. I went down a long corridor and then came back to make sure I could find our rooms. That was it O.K. So off I went again. Some stairs looked inviting so I went up them. Then just a little way along was another corridor and I went along it then up another set of stairs and right in front was a door that was partly open. I looked out and there were people walking up and down a big long walk. On the far side of this walk was a big rail with big boats hung high above it. As I looked the rail started to sink down & it was then I felt the floor under me tipping. Then I could see all the world of water. Then very slowly the rail raised up again and I couldn't see so much water. I just couldn't figure that one out. It was then I decided to sit back & go and ask mother

The trip back to the cabin seemed quite simple. I'd come up one set of stairs, along a corridor then up another set of stairs and there was the door. Ergo, back the same way only in reverse. I never knew so many corridors existed anywhere. Or so many stairs. Eventually I got into a corridor that ended up with another railing in front. So I took a look at that. This was a steel railing all the way around a huge room. ^{It was very hot} It looked a mile long. Dad and mother had given me a toy steam engine for Christmas a year ago. Here in front of me was just the same sort of thing but so huge I just gaped & gaped. I counted them six huge black boilers all side by side in a row right across the room. I was so high up I could almost look down on them. Then I noticed huge glittering arms of steel going up and down up and down. There wasn't much noise just a low rumble but it was awful hot. I just stood there and gawped. The room seemed to have hundreds of lights in it. I'd seen those in Winnipeg at Aunt Annie's. They were the new electric lights. But I just loved watching those big steel arms going up and down up and down and when I peered over the edge I could see they were attached to the same sort of thing as on my little engine at home. A crank that

they were turning. I didn't know the meaning then between vertical & horizontal motion. I'm sure I don't know how long I was there but suddenly a big man with a blue shirt and a little round cap on his head was standing beside me.

"What are you doing here honey?" "Little boys are not supposed to be round here. Where's your father or mother?"

That was about the first time in this adventure I'd thought about mother. Suddenly I had a terrible feeling that I'd done something wrong, more than that I guess I realized I was lost. I didn't want to bawl but I was sure choked up.

"Where's your people?" again the question that had no answer as far as I could think.

"I d-d-don't know." I just came along that passage & here I was.

"Well you're still here. What deck are you on and what's your cabin number?"

Decks, what were decks? Cabin numbers. Cabin numbers. All I could remember was that there was a big B in front of the number.

"I can't remember the number. Mother told me not to forget it but I guess I have". There was a big black B in front of it.

"Well that's B deck and it's a long way from here and I'm going to my lunch. Are you hungry kid?"

I sure was but I was also darn

scared by this time. "Y, y; yes I guess I am but I'd sure like to get back to our cabin?"

"You come along with me and I'll see you get home," The man took me by the shoulder and guided me along the path between the sailing and huge walls. Presently we went down a long flight of iron stairs and the man opened a door into another room.

Immediately another was forgotten, the most wonderful array of food came out of that room and I sure was hungry. The man guided me over to a big long narrow table with stools all round one side. There were men sitting on some of them busy eating. My guide picked me up under my arm, put me on a stool beside another man and ^{to my left} then sat down on my other side.

"Who's your friend Jack?" The man on my left talked with his mouth full and it didn't seem to me he ever swallowed he just kept on eating and talking. "Where d'you find da kid?" "Goan make a linguist outta him?" Some woman going to be raisin all hell on this ship. "You shauln't bring him down here, Jack!" "Gaint it rules to are passengers down here!"

"Oh go on, I can never figure out how you guys can eat & talk at the same time!"

Just then another man in a white coat came in front of us. "Who's your friend

Jack? "Goventure a hure. Whattayew want kid? Soup
stew, fish, or fish stew soup? Ha' ha' ha' ha'

"Oh can the remarks Dick." The kid's lost, I want
my lunch and kid better have his too. The officer won't
come round here much and he'll be no trouble. He
knows his deck & I'll get him back before shift.

"He'll be d. lucky if there not an alarm
sounded for the young'un. Just as you say. Don't
get me into it that's all!"

By this time my stomach was having a battle
between fear of trouble and smell of food & I guess
the food won out. I took stew and that was
the best stew I ever ate. I got a big glass of
milk too and my friend poured a bit of this
tea into it. "just to give it a taste!"

It didn't take long to get that dinner
into me I can tell you. When we were finished
the man said "Come on with me kid and
we'll get you back to your cabin. This time
we went back up the long iron stairs, up
another set of stairs and then another and another.
I wondered if I'd really come down all that
many stairs. Then we went out a door and
were out on the long board walk with all
the boats hung above it a whole long line of
them. It looked as long a walk as from our
house to the barn at home.

Suddenly another man in a white
coat appeared and stopped us. "Where are
you going with that boy mate?" He's lost
I guess," replied my friend. "Get down onto the

gallery round the engine room. I gave him lunch with me. Says his mother's cabin is on B. Deck. He's forgotten the number. I'm taking him to the purser, he's know where they are. Say what's your name laddie? the man I'm taking you to will want to know that." I didn't mind telling blue shirt my name. but I wasn't sure of the other man. I didn't like the look of him. He looked sort of what Bill and I called "snooty" like a pig with a turned up nose and suspicious eyes like Dad's pigs at home.

Come on kid," this guy said. "I'll bet you're the brat the chief steward has been combing our hair about. Come on with me, what's your name, why don't you stay in your cabin instead of wandering all over the ship."

Blue shirt just reached out and took my shoulder again. "You're coming with me sonny. We'll go see a man who knows where your mother is. You just tell him your name it will be in his book same as your mother and your cabin number alongside it. "You, to the man in white coat just go forrest your sleep or jump over the rail due, I don't care. Come on now."

White coat and turned up nose went off the opposite way to what we were going and presently my friend stopped at a door and gave a good knock on it. "Someone yelled "come in." And in we went. A man in a blue coat and some gold braid on it was sitting behind a big desk.

"Hey Jack where did you find the kid?" were had a search out for him for the past half hour."

Half hour! That wasn't too bad. I must have been away all morning nearly. I wondered why mother hadn't missed me before.

"What's your name lad?" Blue coat and gold braid seemed a lot different from white coat and turn up nose. More like blue shirt. "Norman," I answered right away, "Norman Turnbull." Mother & Dad had sure drilled it into me that if I ever got lost I was to tell whoever I met who I was and who my parents were.

"Yes, that's right. Your old dad was after your mother is pretty sick, sea sick. That be better soon. Next time you leave the cabin you won't get lost eh? That's fine Jack, thanks for looking after the lad. I'll see he gets back where he belongs." Gold Braid pressed a button on his desk and then sat back and looked at me.

"You've had quite an adventure haven't you sonny?" Come over here. I've something to show you." He pulled a large sheet of paper out of his desk and spread it out. It looked like the top of some of the boats Bill Scarth and I used to draw at school when we were supposed to be doing our times Tables.

"Come on up close & look at this. This is a map of the ship." See here is where all the passengers have their rooms! You said you think you are on B deck, well, here is B. Now I've called the steward for B. Deck & he'll be here in a minute. Just a moment and I'll find your number.

He picked up a book and turned over some pages, sort of muttering. "I. I. 'Oh here it is, Turnbull, Mrs James and son Norman' Cabin 309 B. Deck. Well, sonny this office is on A deck and B is right below us so you're not far from home. Here is where you were, way down smickships where the engines are. You're not supposed to go down there, no passengers are, except if they are accompanied by a ship's officer. I am what is called Ships Purser and in my office are all the records of the passengers and where they are on the ship. I don't think you'll get lost again but if you do, come right along here and I'll find you again. Or look for one of the stewards. One of those men in white coats."

Right there I figured if I ever did get lost again I'd hunt up Mr. Purser not 'Turnup Nose'. Then I looked up and there was another chap in a white coat. "You rang for me Sir?" This chap didn't look too bad. "Yes, young Turnbull here belongs in 309 B. Travelling with his mother. Had his lunch with Jack Host and the firemen. Got down to the engine room. Better check with Mrs. Turnbull's Steward and see how she is. Kid doesn't seem to mind the sea. Bye Sonny & don't get lost again eh?" Take him along Bard, his mother will be worrying her head off.

The man called Bard led me out, down two flights of stairs then along a long narrow passage with doors on each side

and numbers on them. And then we were there - 309 B. The steward knocked and I heard mother's voice say in a funny sort of way "Come in!"

"I've brought your son back Mr. Turnbull!" Mother was in the lower bunk and her face was a funny queer color.

"Where was he?" I didn't give the steward time to answer. "I got lost mother". Away down in the ship and a man showed me the engines!"

"I was awfully worried about you but I am just so sick I couldn't do much." You'll just have to be more careful and not get lost again. Thank you so much Steward, my son will be all right now

SUBJECT INDEX

CLASS SCHEDULE

TIME									
MON.									
TUE.									
WED.									
THU.									
FRI.									
SAT.									

FINAL EXAMINATIONS

[illegible]

NAME _____ TELEPHONE _____

ADDRESS _____

SCHOOL _____ CLASS _____