

Barwick, (Rainy River Dist.)

It was a cool, rainy night in early September 1902 when I arrived in Barwick, accompanied by my parents, Benjamin and Rachel Hadley, and an older sister, Anna. I was eleven months old at the time, and my sister was three and one half years. When my parents stepped off the train, beside a box-car - (as yet there was no depot, as the C.N.R. had only come to the district in 1902-) they realized suddenly why the District was called the 'Rainy River District'. In fact, the rain was the only thing that came to meet us, and welcome the new-comers. The train-men put the trunks in the box-car, and departed; while Father and Mother, loaded down with two children and two suitcases, plodded through the mud and slush to the one and only hotel, at precisely 3.20 A.M. The place was in complete darkness and it took them a while to reach the place where a dim lantern hung outside of the door, in the entry. After some time, with much pounding on the door, a man's voice hollered down from an upstairs window and said, "Who's there"? After father explained in detail, why we were there, he finally, with his good wife, opened the door, and ushered their wet guests to the kitchen, where they soon had a small fire in the cookstove to boil the kettle for tea. After that we were shown a room with a double bed and a cot large enough to accomodate the two children. We all forgot our woes until it ~~was~~ day-light. As my parents looked out of the window, a wet, dreary sight met their view. The only road, which is now main street, was a veritable mud hole.

My uncle, Roderick Gillies, who came to meet us, had a terrible time getting through the mud. The extra luggage and relatives (mainly us) helped contribute to the delay. Getting to Uncle's house, which was three miles and one half from Barwick. We went through mud and slush and over corduroy roads, ^{were} nearly mired several times, but finally, after thinking we were never going to get there, we ~~got to~~ ^{arrived at} Uncle's house, where Aunt Effie and the cousins greeted us. By this time it was noon, and

A nice meal awaited us. Mother and Aunty were so glad to see each other, and when Aunty didn't want her oldest children to hear, she and mother talked in Gaelic. I am glad I was not old enough to know one tongue from another as I would have been very curious as to what they were saying, that we couldn't hear.

My uncle had taken one hundred, sixty acres to homestead, so let my father have the north eighty. Settlers were encouraged to take land, erect a dwelling and clear five acres, then they could get a deed for the property. My father cut logs and had it made into lumber, and got everything ready that it was possible to get, before the winter set in. He and uncle got plenty of winter wood up, and sawed and split it by hand. We would stay with the Gillies', until Spring. They had a two-storey frame house. Even so, with two families living in it, no doubt they were somewhat crowded. But we all managed nicely.

Dad was working as clerk, for a wealthy man in Chicago, before coming here. This man owned several large apartment buildings, or 'house of flats' as they were called in the States. Before that my Dad was a market-gardener, in Tetica, Ill. When Aunty wrote about the free land, he and mother decided to come to Canada, rather than raise a family in the hot city. Mother was born and raised on a farm near Strathroy, and Lucknow, in Eastern Ontario. Her father came from ^{one} the Isles of ~~the~~ Hebrides in Scotland. He was my grandpa Ross. When he, Alexander, and many of his relatives came to Canada, they lived in Prince Edward's Island first. But later came to Eastern Ontario where they farmed.

If mother found it difficult to adjust to the 'new Country', after being used to gas-lights, lighted streets, in-door plumbing, water on tap, and other conveniences not to be had, nor expected, here, she did not mention it, that I ever knew of. We children thrived in the pure, fresh country air. Mother had a baby son, Benny, born in 1903, and a girl, Mary, in 1905. That was the extent of our family. She had an Aunt by marriage, living in Fort Frances, and they managed with out ~~a~~ doctors of whom there were very few, in those years.

Incidentally, a Barwick old-timer told me that when his parents came here, (years before we came) that there was one doctor in Fort Frances, and one in Rainy River ~~town~~ town, so the many expectant mothers depended on an Indian lady, who was an excellent mid-wife. She gave the patient a powerful brew ~~concocted~~ from the bark of certain trees in the area, when she began the first stages of labour, and after the child was born once again gave a plant-brew which she always had on hand. The mothers of many of these children vowed that she was better than the doctors they had had previous to their coming to the district. She was a much-sought after, and well-liked lady, in those early years. Many a baby was ushered into the world through the medium of her slim brown hands.

Another old-timer from the Lake Head told of being sent here by some lumber company to look over the log and timber situation in our area. He said there were relatively few white settlers here then, and said our muskegs were all tiny lakes, some not-so-tiny also.

The first settlers, or people who lived first on what is now Barwick's main street, were the before-mentioned Indian lady, with her husband and family, who had a tepee for a dwelling, and fished in the beautiful Rainy River to help with the food situation. She grew Indian corn, or maize, on a flat area on the bank of the river, and ground it with a stone, which was hollowed out and held a cup or so of dried corn. Then a smaller stone was used inside to crush the grain. Their main fare was fish, and venison.

Before we came, there were many natives living in the forests along the river's mouth, and course. There were not so many white-settlers, but between Fort Frances and the town of Rainy River there were quite a number. One day word went around that the Indians were on the war-path. Great consternation was felt for the safety of the ~~wives~~ and children of the settlers ~~living~~ between Stratton and Crozier. After a hurried consultation the whole body of white people from

the area went with all possible speed to Fort Frances, where they felt that they would be safer, as there were Soldiers stationed there. One man, a bachelor, refused to go, lest he be scalped enroute, so hid in his root-cellar. These little towns I mentioned were not even towns at that time, nor did they have their present names. After several days, as there was no word of any uprising whatever, some of the men accompanied by a group of soldiers, went back to look over the land. Everything was just as the settlers had left it, but the poor man in the root-cellar was nearly famished for food and drink, as he did not venture from his hiding place all that time, and only had an old turnip which he found in the cellar (from the year before) for nourishment. This was the last scare the settlers had, of any up-rising among the natives. The Indians had left for the north woods, when they had heard that a large detachment of ^{English} soldiers were coming to Fort Frances, so they sent a couple of spies out to see if all was well at the different points in the district. They then returned, to tell the ~~Tribe~~ that it was safe to return to the area.

Before this time, an event of a more serious nature took place at the Long Sault Rapids. A Catholic Priest came from Eastern Ontario to try to teach the Indians about the Bible, but left shortly after, as he thought it was a hopeless job. The next year a Nun came, thinking she might accomplish that which the Priest was unable to do. When she entered the ~~Tribe~~ to talk to them, they immediately scalped her, and left her body lying in the woods, close to, and north of the Mounds. A white party searching for her, found her and buried her at the spot where she died, under a grove of oaks and pines. The only music at this bleak funeral was the choir of birds in the trees, intermingled with the roar of the rapids, as the seething waters plunged angrily over the dark rocks at the Long Sault Falls.

By the time we came here and a while before, the Indian people were a very kindly people, when one got to know them. The full-blooded Sioux and Cree were never known to steal from the farmers. It was only after they began to intermingle with the White folks, that this habit

took root among them. Then the trouble began in more ways than one. These half-breeds were neither white, nor Indian.

The Long ~~Sault~~ Rapids are a part of our Barwick History. When Walter Kenyon, the Archaeologist, came to open up the Mounds, he was amazed to find, from the finds, or artifacts, at the diggings, that the Mounds were much older than he had been led to believe. He discovered that the present-day Indians from our territory, were in no way connected with the Mound builders. His book on the Mounds at the Long ~~Sault~~ Rapids is most interesting and educational.

In the early nineteen-hundreds, there was an abundance of deer, bears, moose, and the occasional elk. They came close to the settlements. The pioneers did not hunt or fish for sport, but killed game only when they were in need, and to help out with their winter larder. In the summer there was plenty of partridge and mud hens, or spruce birds, some called them. Rabbits were also plentiful, as were coyotes and timber wolves. I loved to sit out on our porches in the evenings and listen to the wolves howl their mournful call, and the echoes pealed through the woods and hills. Answering wolves howled farther away. It was an eerie sound but I loved it.

Now with all ~~fast~~ technology, and timber-cutting, motor boats on our lakes, and cabins sprawled all over our water-fronts, we, who are so highly educated, could not see ahead very far or we would have realized that soon our beautiful flora and fauna would disappear, never to be replaced. It is indeed happening!

Another strange thing about our R.R. District ^{and Kenia and Dryden} are the beautiful graphic pictures painted on some of our rocks. The pigment used is of unknown origin. The latter-day Indians know nothing about it. Some of these pictures were done on high cliffs, fifteen or twenty feet above sea level, and inaccessible from above. We do not understand how this feat was accomplished, but our Indian friends tell us that 'Windigo' did it. Windigo was an evil spirit upon whom the Indians ~~then~~ put the blame for anything in nature which they could not understand. Most folks are of the opinion it was done by an older tribe of Indians who lived here before the Indians we know, came here.

First

The first store-keeper in Barwick had a store on the river bank where the boats came in with all supplies. He was W. Thompson. The first hotel-keeper was Thomas Weston who was there a long time before, and after we came. The first school was an old log house, donated by the owner who was a white man but had an Indian lady for a wife. The first school-teacher was Thomas Kneeth or Kneetal, am not sure of the spelling. He was here in 1901. The famous Kate Rutten taught in Barwick in 1903. In 1901 there were 27 children attending. I have an old copy of the school attendance from the original record books for 1901-1902-and 1903. It is quite interesting. In the last week of Sept 1901, and all of October of that year, the school was closed on account of the very serious diphtheria epidemic, when several children died through the district, and mostly all of them were stricken with the disease. Those were tragic days when parents were quarantined and had to often bury their little ones privately. One such little grave-yard is on the old Billy Simons place on the Rainy River bank not far from ^{Barwick} town. I have been there often, and some of the little stones are very old and worn-looking, with lettering scarcely legible.

Barwick's first Reeve was Thomas Weston. The first Baptist Church preached was Traitem Luckens ^{in 1903}. Mr Sam Booth was first and only blacksmith for years. He practiced his trade first in Barwick and later at his farm just one half mile from our farm. I loved to go to the shop and watch him at work. We hauled drinking water for the school across the road, from Booth's well, and did once in a while slide in for a few moments to watch the sparks fly from his anvil as he fashioned horse-shoes.

Then, when families got settled farther north of Barwick all the way to Black Hawk and Shenston no 1, we decided to form a School Board, and Trustees for the Municipality where we and others near by were living. It was called Shenston no 5. After ^{that} they decided to erect a School House, as Barwick School was too far from most of us, ~~for~~ (children of school age ^{could not go} to go either in winter or summer.) So in 1903-4 a school was completed and operating. That was before I was five years old, but I do remember that Mr Kneetal, ~~was~~ one of the first teachers.

Here could
be added
How Barwick
got its
name. I
somehow
neglected to
put in
that item

Nept Clunk
page 71

The school had the usual old pot-bellied stove that heated the building, in fact it heated children almost to the boiling point, who sat nearest to it, while the ones in the back rows were slowly thawing out. Strange to say, by the time we left for home at 4 P.M. the school was reasonably warm. The teacher boarded a short distance from the school, but at times in extreme weather, brought her lunch, when she wasn't there we held high Carnival, but did not do anything destructive or really bad.

For recreation, in the summer we had our annual school picnic in Mr J. Leech's grove, ^{but} later on ^{at} the school grounds. The mothers, ~~who~~ were for the most part, ^{very} excellent cooks. So each family donated food, and by the time all were ready to eat, it was indeed a real feast. One father, who incidentally became my father-in-law, made two five-gallon freezers of ice-cream, yes, it was made with lots of cream, eggs and milk. They had their own ice-house and plenty of ice, so donated it free. No one ever thought of charging for ice-cream or lemonade. My Dad always made the lemonade. I still vow that it was the best lemon-ade I ever drank, made with real lemons and sugar. None of this commercial mix was invented at that time, with ~~its~~ additives and sweeteners. We had races and ball-games, where prizes were given to the participating children, even to the ones who came in last. Not as much as the prize-winners got, but enough to make them glad that they had tried.

I remember these days with nostalgia, and would fain live them over if I could. The box-socials were great events to us younger fry. How we enjoyed them! The older girls all took shoe-boxes decorated to the 'nth' degree. no two were alike. The teachers box always went for the most money, but some of the very popular teen-age girls came not too far behind. I remember when some of these girls' brothers, who maybe had a bit of a grudge against their sisters, sometimes told the old bachelors what sis's box was like, knowing that she had probably told her boy friend (her choice one, as some

of them had more than one love-sick swain, who hoped 'he' might be the one who ate with her. The bachelors usually had more money than the young men, who usually worked on the farm with their Dad, so come time to sell boxes, it was very exasperating to the girl to find herself eating with one of the bachelors, while her boy-friend was not bidding any more. The brother was highly elated over getting 'even' with Sis. One time the Teacher's boy went for \$28.00 and was bought by one of the river-drivers who was taking logs down the Sturgeon Creek with his gang, to put them in the Rainy River. More than one of the Teacher's beaux was highly incensed, as the man was a complete stranger, but he had the money!

In the winter at Christmas time, we all worked hard to get up a good School Concert. We had some very promising orators, and actors, and actresses in those days. The practices for the concert were almost as good as the concert. All who were taking part climbed onto a farmer's sleigh, drawn by a team of horses (with bells on) which was very pleasant music to listen to on these clear frosty nights. We had heated stones for the ladies feet and plenty of blankets and buffalo robes on the sleigh so were very comfortable. The teacher always accompanied us and the farmer used to have a young man in the family who did the driving. We sang songs both going and coming, and had the moon and stars for an audience, also the horses. None of them ever applauded; somehow how we did not mind. After the practice we had a lovely lunch at whichever ladies' home we happened to be in, and the evenings seemed to pass all too soon.

Santa Claus came no matter how cold it was with a gift for each child, plus teacher's gift, and a little bag of candies, oranges and apples for all the little ones in the school and in the various families. Oh, how we all enjoyed those days.

We also had sled, and toboggan parties on the banks of the Sturgeon Creek in winter-time. It would take many pages to tell all of the fun at those parties and at our Halloween parties. But we did not need

T.V.'s, shows, drugs, drinks, and cigarettes to really have a good time.

In the summer we had an abundance of fruits to pick. Luscious, big wild straw-berries, blue-berries, high, and low-bush cranberries (picked in muskegs, the low-bush ones) rasp-berries, saskatoons, plums, goose-berries, and black-currents grew rampant in our woods. No one, except the lazy families, could ever say there was not fruit for the picking. I have picked all of these varieties every year since I was six years old, and even this year, I picked some wild straw-berries. They are not as large as the ones we got years ago, but have the same delicious taste and smell. Mother canned enough fruit, and made jams, and jellies, to do from one season until the next. Once in a while the frost got plums, and cran-berries, the high-bush ones, but I have picked low-bush cran-berries in a bog, just as the last snow was leaving. They were frozen and just as good as any frozen ones, (and better) than we get today from the markets.

We raised our own beef, pork, chickens, ducks, and geese. We never lost anything to the wolves, as they do now, for the wolves do not find enough rabbits and partridge in our depleted country now for their needs, so they rob the farmers of sheep and calves; after all it was the farmers and hunters who diminished their herds in the first place.

reputation
do not
do fruit

~~There was plenty of deer and moose when we came here. No one killed them unless they needed the meat, or if they started eating gardens and grainfields, as they did occasionally. We had our own vegetables, made sauerkraut, by the barrel, and made pickles. ^{we} Canned meat in the Spring so the warm weather did not take toll of the meat we had left over winter. Eggs were 'brined' in summer to be used in baking. We bought only the necessities in those days. We made our bread, buns, cakes and pies. I remember my Mom's good pies, especially her lemon pies, and blue-berry pies. They surpassed any I have been able to make. Also I think of her lovely large, light loaves of bread and her Johnny cake and ginger bread cake! Ummm!~~

Last but not least I must mention that we had Sunday services in our school house. Most of the families went to Sunday School and church. They also took their children. We delighted in our Sunday School, where we got lovely little cards with a Scripture verse on it, for memorizing so many verses a week. At the end of the month, we got a lovely ^{fig} card with a nice picture and also a verse on it. None of the children, unless they were sick, (and I do not mean the sickness some get now which lasts until the folks go to Sunday School and church, then the oldest child who is left to look after the sick one, finds he is up and ready to go fishing.) and it was a sad day for the one who had to stay at home. The minister from the Barwick Church came first, then later when he left we had student pastors, but all, or mostly all, the families attended Church and Sunday School. We did not need Wiener roasts, corn roasts, ball games, and ping-pong or parties to keep us coming to the services. We thought it a privilege - and so it was! I remember before I started day school of being in Sunday School and Church with my family, and the day was hot. The four windows were opened in the School, and I got very sleepy. I could hear the large 'bull-dog' flies beating and buzzing on the window panes trying to get out, and the bees in the clover near the window droning in the honey patch, ~~while~~ the birds in the few trees, occasionally burst into joyous song, while the preacher's 'monotone', ^{voice} sounded from the pulpit. I got so sleepy that I put my head on my Dad's knee, and did not waken until the last hymn, when a lady with an extra shrill voiced piped up ^{on} the last line of the chorus. These sounds I had listened to, as I was trying to stay awake, mingled with the ^{smelly} fresh-mown hay in the field near-by, acted as an opiate to my tired little body and mind; (and that stays with me yet, as if it happened but yesterday). I was four at the time, but my child-hood days were serene and happy. I loved my parents deeply, and also my brother and sisters. Why do children always pine to grow up? Childhood days are far too short, and the happiest days of our lives, for we are carefree, innocent, and blessed. We understand nothing

of the hollowness of life, the treachery of human nature, with the pangs of sorrow that so often overtake us; the faithlessness of one we trusted; when hope has departed and we are sunk into the morasses of despair. Oh, blessed childhood! It is good to know that beyond our rude awakening from our utopia, there is a way of escape from this dreary life, by leaning hard on the Rock of Ages, where one has only to look, and live the 'Abundant Life' of Him who gave Himself for us.

Here is a poem I wrote about 'Childhood'. It is in my book of 'Poems and Prose' which was published when I was over seventy years of age.

* LAND OF MAKE BELIEVE

When I was just a little girl, not very much past four,
I had a lovely fairy bower not far from our back door,
And no one ever entered there, unless I gave them leave,
It was my very, very own, my land of Make Believe.

There was a flow'ry little path beyond the garden wall,
A lake, an isle, and golden sand, and fairy castle, tall,
I was the only princess there, in all this pleasant land,
And miniature castles made, upon the shining sand.

No errands there, for me to run, no baby to amuse
While mother did the dishes,— and I could always choose
The things that I liked best to eat, for porridge was unknown,
And I could stay down at the lake, 'till I had tired grown.

One day a charming prince rode by my castles in the sand,
He stopped and talked with me awhile, he even held my hand;
Much finer castles could he build, than any I had made,
He painted them with star-dust, the kind that does not fade.

Then we would sail our white-gull ships, away out from the shore,
Then we would scale the golden steps, right to the castle door,
And climb up to the highest tower, and ring the golden bell;
The castle was a special place, and we both loved it well.

One day when I had older grown, I went out there to play,
But lo! the castle, lake, and isle, had vanished quite away!
The prince ne'er rode that way again, it makes my sad heart grieve
That I can never, never find my land of Make Believe.

Hazel Clink. Enns, Ont.

Please insert this at the end of this essay
on Barwick. I did not tell my book to the
Editor so can use any I want to print elsewhere

LONELY

I am lonely tonight, as the warm Spring rain
Falls over the town, and the road below,
Alone, in the twilight, with memories fond,
Of the dear past in the days long ago.

Then I was happy for you were here,
Never a worry had I, nor a care,
Now I am sad in the twilight gloom,
Turning Life's pages back, one by one.

I am lonely tonight while the whip-poor-will
Calls, and the echoes resound again,
List! his mate answers him down in the vale,
Calls to her lover out there in the rain.

She is so happy for he is near,
Never a worry, and never a fear,
Of this life's pleasures she takes her fill,
Living is sweet to the whip-poor-will.

I am lonely tonight, and the shadows fall,
Darkening down in a stormy night,
Dark, like some soul in its bitter woe,
Without a hope, or a guiding light.

Nothing is left but a bleak despair,
No one to comfort, no one to care,
Like a late leaf on an Autumn tree,
Waiting till Winter winds set it free.

(1955)

How Barwick got its name -

The first people to settle in or near where Barwick now stands were the Ojibways, a band of Chippewas.

Among the first white men to settle there were Thomas Weston, James Tierney, and George Cawston. There was no village as yet, not even a Post Office, but the mail came by boat, and was put off at the James Tierney residence, where he had a dock for the convenience of the boats and settlers. I do not remember any of these tug-boats except the Edna Bridges, and remember that only from my parents mentioning it when I was small.

Tom Weston, James Tierney and George Cawston decided their 'port' should have a name, so forthwith informed the Post Master General at Ottawa that the name would be Boston, but received word from him, that there was one Boston in Ontario, and they would be obliged to choose another name. The 'big three' then decided that Berwick would be a fine name, but after writing again, they were told that Berwick was taboo as there was also a Berwick in Eastern Ontario. The Post Master General did suggest though, that if they changed the 'e' to 'a' it would be a fine name. The three men, who had met the third time to discuss a name, decided that Barwick would be very nice. That is precisely how 'Barwick' got its name.

I have
a poem on
Barwick's
first Post
Office on
Page 78 of
my book,
if you want
to use it.