

As a token of our goodwill and appreciation, we present you with this secretary which we hope you may long be spared to enjoy."

Signed on behalf of the congregation by Mr. James McKenzie, M.P.P. and Mr. K. McKenzie.

Rev. McRae, Mr. Neil Grant and Mr. Davidson spoke, expressing their satisfaction with her services, and approval of her bearing, which have been invariably an influence for good. After partaking of Mrs. McQuarrie's hospitality, the friends dispersed to their respective homes at an early hour.

Mother was a great horsewoman and I guess I took after her. Dad had a keen driving horse which could really cut off the miles and I drove it when I was too small to sit on the seat and pull on the lines. I had to lean against the buggy seat and the neighbors thought it was terrible to let me drive "Old Ben", but I loved it. I was taught to ride as a wee kid. (Gosh! That's a long time ago.) I was pretty small when I started to drive four horses in the field. Well do I remember hiding when we would see John Ferguson coming with his car - and were the horses ever afraid of it! We always had to hold them by the head until the car got past. Lots of the horses were afraid of bicycles too.

I often heard Dad and Mother speak of moving the station and the Burnside Cemetery off the Galbraith land. The cemetery is on #1 Highway now.

When Dad came from the east, he landed in Winnipeg and drove the horse on the street car. The horse and the heater were his job to tend to. When they got to the end of the rails they unhitched the horse, put it on the other end, and went back again.

The next spring he came to work at James McKenzie's on Rat Creek, now the Brian Hyde farm, the S.E. 1/4 of 3-12-8. William Gould started there at the same time. They were there for a few years and that was when those evergreens were planted. Mr. Charles Larkin was the man that tended all the trees and garden, as he had a real green thumb.

The men broke land for Mr. James McKenzie with a team and walking plow, with a wheel fastened to the wooden plow beam, which had a marker on it. I don't remember how many turns the wheel made in a mile. Dad and William Gould moved to Edwin, right close together again.

In our family there were three girls and three boys: Mary (Blois), Winnie (Graham), Nell (Bogue), Jack, Bill and Andy. Andy married Janet Anderson and lived at Edwin. I live in Portage la Prairie and have always kept in close touch with Edwin. My mother passed away, December 24, 1933 and my father, August, 1960, at the ripe old age of 92.

Right now the "Old Timers" are pretty well gone, as in all the other districts. About the first thing I really remember of Burnside, was riding on the wagon loaded with grain. Tom Munro and Joe Crewson were the elevator men then, and we got our mail and groceries from the general store. There was the church, the manse and a few homes. Mr. Fox had the first store and Mae Fox used to come to our home. I used to love all the tall tales they talked about. I well remember them saying the men in the district put the foundation in for the new church. The rest of it cost \$2300.00. That sounds like a lot of money to me, but I know about how far that would go now.

I remember so well when the mail started on Rural Route 4. It was Dick Roe and his mules and they would be nearly buried in the deep snow.

Another big thing for all of us was the Burnside picnic on the creek bank, east of the Methodist Church. The tables were down, over the hill, where folks sat for supper. The swings were down there too and they never stopped. Everyone brought something for lunch. The horses were tied to the wagons. There were races for the

kids, horseshoes and ball games, which I really loved and later learned to play myself. I surely loved to razz the players and I sure got it back when I played; but it was all in good fun.

Our family all went to Sunday School in Burnside. The teachers I remember well were Mrs. Bob Leader and Mrs. John Galbraith.

I have a picture of the Burnside store. Also, there was a hockey team in 1913; they had a rink in the Methodist church yard, across from Burnside School. The boys in the picture were Harold Lee, Frank McKenzie, Gordon Troop, Addie Bell, Wilfred Lee and Alf Troop.

I'll bet not many of you have a picture of five outfits of binders in 1924. These belonged to Frank McKenzie - mules and all. It looks like Frank had been in the bush after binder whips.

Before I go any further, I would like to mention a grand old lady, Mrs. Henry Voss; she brought half the local babies into the world. I know she was at our place several times, although she had a big family of her own to look after.

I have the write-up of Mrs. James McKenzie's death. The pall bearers were Joe Crewson, Alex Bell, Alf Kitson, Robert McIntosh, William Gould and Mr. Booth, who was the school teacher at that time.

Our dad was one of the old timers that had a steam threshing machine. He threshed for John McConochie for 30 years and always had a gang of the old time Indians who came back, year after year, to thresh with Dad. The Hillman boys were also with the gang for many years.

I remember the Indian tents out by the granary every year and their ponies tied near by. These were real Indians. The squaws would be waiting for the machines to move away and then they cleaned up all the spilled grain. Another place to find them was out at Treffry's, as Will Treffry killed for the Beef Ring. They could skin cattle out fast. They got the tenderloin rough fat, and often liver, etc., if the person putting in the animal did not want it.

I also have a big picture of the Burnside young folk - Grants, Munros, Gairs and Rev. McRae. I forgot to mention that it was the Rev. McRae who married our parents. He preached at Burnside, Beaver, Edwin and Bagot.

The real old-timers will remember a minister from Burnside Methodist Church, Rev. S.O. Irvine. That was in 1897. He lived in a little log shack on the west side of McKenzie's, across the creek from the Frank McKenzie home where grandson Owen and his family now reside.

Water was a very scarce thing every winter, so the men got together and dug a huge well, five feet square. They went down 86 feet only to hit hard pan. They managed to get some kind of drill; went down another 82 feet and found water to no end. The cattle would be standing and waiting their turn for water a half mile back; neighbors hauled for miles around. The mule hardly ever got stopped, as he went round and round, pulling water up by the barrel. He would have a sheaf of oats given him for his meal and he was as wise as the men. When the barrel came up, the rope had to be pulled over and the barrel dumped quickly, or away he went again for another barrel. This well is still there on the west side of Rat Creek south of the old house.

The McKenzies plowed around a section of land on the west side of the creek and the Indians turned the furrows back in place and told them nothing west of the creek could be touched; that was the way it was until surveyed. Before the survey, all land west of Rat Creek was Indian territory. Many folk lived along the creek and that was fine, but no land was to be broken, and as long as they were east of the creek they would be safe.

I am only sorry this was not written ten years ago when there would have been many more old timers to help. But I am glad it is being done, even at this late date. I hope I have been able to help in