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field by my father, who inexplicably whipped his horses all the way to the yard as he hurried to the fire. I was left to stumble home alone and in tears. It was only much later I learned that the war in Europe had involved Canada on the same day.

The same war took several young men from Cantire, including Sylvester Gowlock, Tom Sloan, and Barney Bowie, all of whom returned; and George Fletcher and John Blackburn who did not. I remember the visit of Lt. Jack MacDonald, as a recruiting officer, looking splendid in his uniform, surely an unaccustomed sight in the less-than-splendid surroundings of our cow stable. He was visiting my father to facilitate the release of a hired man whom he wished to enlist.

My first day of school was made easier because I shared one of the double seats with my cousin Laura Reid (Mrs. George McCurdy) who was my protector and encourager and who, then and always, never failed to praise my efforts at reading (a necessary skill) and even more at drawing pictures copied from the readers (which was a far less necessary accomplishment in the official view of things).

Colleagues of my time will remember the appearance of the school building. From the east the approach was by way of two steps onto a large concrete platform. Girls entered by the more southern door, boys by an exactly similar door to the north. Inside, girls and boys were separated by a blue wooden partition in an anteroom called "the porch". The floor sloped downward slightly as one continued through another set of doors into the single room, which was not divided at all. Just inside, in a central position at a height of about six feet, hung the bell-rope, looped at the bottom like a hangman's noose, and the rope continued upward through a hole in the ceiling to the arm of the bell. Only the teacher rang the bell, since it was found that over-vigorous ringing caused the bell to turn over. It would refuse to right itself until some obliging boy climbed the roof via the woodshed and pushed it back. This kind of emergency was always viewed by boys as a welcome break in the routine; teachers endured it as a nuisance.

When Tom McNeil was taking down the old building in the 'fifties, I bought the bell from him. It has been cleaned, bronzed and mounted, but I haven't used it much because of our city surroundings. But it does add something to a party.

Immediately beyond the bell-rope was the box-stove, a centre of fierce heat in winter and source of the smell of drying mitts, draped wet on the adjacent wood pile. A long run of stovepipes hung on hooks extending in a line under the middle of the ceiling and ending in a chimney-hole in the rear wall. Just underneath and reaching across the entire width of the room were blackboards of jet black. These were great smooth slabs of New England slate of a superb quality. I am told that for a long time slate of this excellence has been unobtainable. Smaller blackboard areas occupied spaces on side walls near the front. It was an honour to be asked by the teacher to clean the dusty boards with the laminated felt brushes of red, white, and blue strips, or even