



KENMORE CONTINUATION SCHOOL 1937

Wallen death casts pall

The death of W. B. Wallen, noted Ottawa area educator and former principal of the old Kenmore Continuation School, cast a shadow over preparations for the school reunion to be held at Metcalfe arena July 21.

Mr. Wallen died at the age of 85, leaving a son, Victor. He was one of the early principals of the old Kenmore Continuation School and from there went to Ottawa Technical High School in 1933. Following a stint at Fisher Park and Laurentian High Schools, he retired in 1961. His wife, the late Jennie Watson, died some years ago.

Many of those planning to attend the reunion had been looking forward to seeing the former principal, whose record as an educationalist ranked him as one of the most highly respected teachers in Eastern Ontario.

Kenmore schoolmates meet for first time in 25 years

In 1954, after 64 years, the Kenmore Continuation School closed its doors for the last time. The first reunion of former teachers and students of the school will be held at the Metcalfe Community Centre at noon on July 21. Hazel Rombough, of Russell, was one of those students. Here's her brief account of the school's history.

The first secondary school in Kenmore opened in a private home owned by the Misses Dow opposite the Kenmore United Church. It started in 1890 and later classes were taught in the Forresters' Hall known today as the Town Hall from 1910-1912.

The school board bought the Baptist Chapel and school was held there. An extra room was added in 1917 with two teachers instructing an average of 50 students in Grades 9 to 12.

From the graduates of this small school came many teachers, doctors, farmers, etc., who have all made a fine contribution to the life of our country.

Among the teachers were W. B. Wallen, and names such as Fraser, McKenzie, Mitchell, Hamilton, MacDonald, Mills, Craig, Blacklock, Crozier, Robinson, Stephenson, MacIntosh, Twiname, Hastings and the Christies.

Bite on barking dogs

Russell Township now has a bylaw prohibiting the barking of dogs in a "manner to disturb the inhabitants."

The bylaw makes the dog owner responsible for observance of the bylaw.

In the preamble the bylaw refers to "incessant barking of dogs" in "certain areas of the township."

It does not specify the areas in which such disturbances have arisen but provides the law enforcement officer with the authority to serve on any dog owner whose pet has been in breach of the bylaw a notice in writing. On receipt of such a notice the owner must restrain his pet or keep him in the house. There is a fine of \$100 on conviction.

The action was taken under a provision of the Municipal Act which authorizes council "to prohibit unusual noises", or "noises likely to disturb the inhabitants."

After the school closed in 1954, the south section was bought by Willis Hill and moved away. In 1957, Willard McCormick bought the original building where he and his wife are still living.

BEAVER BOB

(Continued from page 2)

"Doc, I gotta leave you, now. Gotta get back home."

Then it hit me.

"Just a minute. When is this happening?"

"Mid July. Early August."

"Good. I'll just stay here until it's over. What about you, Doc?"

"I will stay here, too. Looks like as good a place as any."

"You know," I said thoughtfully, "this is a great honour for the town of Russell."

"Quite. I hope they appreciate it."

"You have to ask yourself, how come out of all the towns and villages in Canada, Russell was chosen? It makes you think."



The Adventures of Meg

By M. M. McCallum

Mr. Packrat strikes again

Meg stepped from the bright sunlight into the cooler semi-darkness of the horse stable.

Jayne shouted a cherry hello from her perch high on the broad back of Mary, the black mare. David's greeting was muffled as he applied a curry comb industriously to the sleek side of Birdie, Mary's teammate.

The beautiful big draft horses were going on a special mission. They were going to camp. It was the same camp that David and Jayne went to each year. Meg was to be a junior councillor. There were to be 40 boys and girls from Capital City and most of them had never seen a horse up close . . . let alone, touched, groomed, or dressed one.

Dad and David started early the next morning, taking the team, wagon, water pails, feed, harness, and cleaning tools. David was to be left in charge; it looked like a busy week ahead.

Mum arrived in the pickup with Jayne and Meg and helped them get settled into their cottage. As Jayne unpacked, her Mum noticed that she had her little jewel case.

"Oh Jayne," she said. "Why didn't you leave that at home. You might lose some of your pretty things if you wear them during activity period."

"Oh I'll be careful Mum," replied Jayne. "But we do have costume parties and last year I wished I had some Jewellery here, especially after Lois lost most of hers."

"Yes," answered Mum. "Remember that Lois did lose hers and take care. It's peculiar that not even one piece was found. Now let's check on Mary and Birdie. It's time Dad and I said goodbye."

"That's right."

The doctor seemed to have lost interest in the topic. He had fallen into a brown reverie from which nothing could rouse him except the prospect of another Planter's Punch.

"Think of the publicity," I mused. "Think of people coming from all over the world to see the spot where Skylab hit Russell. It sort of shakes you."

The next day the horses were the main attraction of the camp. As a weary David turned them into their stalls, Jayne whispered in Mary's ear, telling that it was only for a few days and soon she would be back in her own familiar stall.

Mary nickered as if in reply and moved back straining her halter and lifting her front feet as something seemed to run over them and disappear behind a stud near the shoulder-high window.

"David," Jayne squealed. "I think there's a rat in here."

"That's OK," said David, with all the authority of a big brother. "Most old stables have rats. Mary and Birdie won't mind; there's plenty of oats to go around."

The next evening was dress-up time and Jayne's jewelry got a lot of use as her chums borrowed freely. Earrings and bracelets added just the right touch to the costumes as they sparkled in the light from the campfire.

Meg helped her tired charges to bed and as the girls handed over their finery she placed it in a heap on Jayne's shelf.

It was late the next afternoon before either Meg or Jayne gave another thought to the jewelry. Opening her box, ready to replace the trinkets, Jayne gasped in amazement: Of the dozen articles there the night before, only three remained; a watch, a heavy locket, and a headband.

"Meg, come quick," she called. "Look. It's just like last year. Remember Lois lost hers. Now mine is gone. Lois said she didn't lose it swimming or hiking . . . she said there must be a thief in camp. Oh Meg, who could do such a thing?"

"Now, now. Calm down," Meg said. "I'll get Matron. She'll get to the bottom of this."

But Matron didn't get to the bottom at all. All the girls remembered the jewelry on the shelf but no one could find it anywhere. No one heard a prowler in the night. It was certainly very mysterious.

It was the last day of camp. Everyone was a little sad at saying goodbye and wondering about the missing pretties. In the stable, Jayne leaned against Mary and whispered to her that Mum was sure to say "I told you so."

Just as Jayne reached to undo Mary's halter, a big brown rat ran right in front of her, just as it had on the night of their arrival. Jayne screamed. Mary raised her legs and aimed at the rat. It darted away. Mary followed, her hooves beating at the corner of the stall.

The old boards splintered and the rat's final breath left its body in a high scream. Matron, Meg, and David rushed in. Backing Mary out carefully, David and Jayne looked her over for damage. The horse was fine but the corner of the stall was a splintered mess.

But wait. What was that? It looked like . . . yes it was.

Meg and Matron grinned happily at each other. The mystery of the disappearing jewelry was solved. There lay Jayne's and Lois' belongings. The thief had been wily Mr. Packrat.

"Oh thank you Mary," said Jayne, rubbing the mare's nose. I knew you were the best horse in all the world."

And David seemed to agree as he fetched Mary another helping of oats.

Road closing

County Road 8 will be closed from the 21st concession in Cambridge Township to the boundaries of Plantagenet South and Clarence Townships for a period of six weeks — July 16-Aug. 25 — in order to complete road repairs.

There will be a detour along the 21st concession of Cambridge and county Rd. 8 South of Bourget.

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