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]EVA J. BOND ΔLF -- Interviewed by John Henderson,

August 24, 1977. Early teaching experiences.

]HENDERSON: -- Could you start off with what you were mentioning before about how you became interested in coming to Canada in the first place, and whom you were involved with at that time?

]BOND: -- Yes. Well, it really started when I was at college in St. Catherine's College in London, at Teacher's Training College. While I was there, Bishop Lloyd of Saskatchewan came to give a lecture. His idea was really to encourage christian teachers to come to teach in the rural schools of western Canada. Now I was very, very interested. He showed various slides. When he departed I determined that that was for me. Now he did explain that anybody who was interested in going to Canada should contact the Fellowship of the Maple Leaf in London, an organization that helped arrange for teachers to come to the West.

I made an appointment to see the Reverend P.J. Andrews. He had a very interesting interview with me. At the end of this, he told me, I think you are very suitable but you are too young. By the way, I was ~~at~~ at the time. So that was that. I

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returned to college and thought about it, feeling very disappointed of course. When I had an opportunity to go home to discuss it with my father and my eldest sister (my mother had died when I was a child) they both said, no, you are much too young, it is too difficult an

adventure for someone so young. That was that. I was rather

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deflated but determined that that wasn't the end. I prayed very hard. I felt that it was a job that needed doing and maybe I could do it. To make a long story short, I had another interview with this Reverend Andrews and he, I suppose, decided that I was the right material after all. On August 4, 1923, at the age of nineteen and a half, I left England for the West with the blessing of my family.

Now, at Liverpool I met a group of Maple Leaf teachers all of whom were experienced. I had no experience other than my college training and practice teaching. I had no certificate to show anybody because I had only written my final exams a few days before and the results wouldn't be out for a month or so. However, undaunted I started out. It wasn't the most comfortable journey in those days but we finally, after eight days, reached Quebec City. From there we got on the train and headed West and I finally arrived at Regina a few days later.

Now there was another clergyman, an Anglican clergyman who was in charge of the Maple Leaf, Fellowship of the Maple Leaf, in the West and he had obtained a suitable boarding place in Regina for us. He took us to the Legislature to get our standing, a word new to me but I soon realized it meant, checking our qualifications. When it was my turn, the only thing I had to show was myself and a college report signed by the principal. Then I was asked to swear an oath of allegiance to the King, ~~which~~ rather amazed me, as I had always been / which /

a loyal subject. However, it didn't worry me until -- and I swore

this oath, a rather interesting procedure -- but what did worry me was when they charged me \$5 which I couldn't afford, as I only had \$20 to my name and didn't know a soul in Canada. But that was the drill and so it went.

Now, although I didn't know anyone in Canada, I had had an introduction to a lady and gentleman who lived near Ridgedale in Saskatchewan, who were homesteaders. I had this introduction in England and I corresponded with this lady whose name was Mable. She got in touch with me in Regina and explained that there was a school going not too far away from where they lived. So, although I had had other offers of schools on the prairie, I was interested in the prairies, it was the bush that appealed to me. I got on the train and went to (blank spot) I arrived there late at night, that was the end of the steel in those days. As a matter of fact, the conductor had to shake me because I was fast asleep. However, I rolled off the train and there to meet me was Mable's husband, whose name was Roland. He was very nice. What rather surprised me, it was dark but there were stars out, but he looked exactly like King George V, complete with beard, about the same stature. He was dressed in homesteaders clothes, which I have never seen the King in. He had a buggy waiting. He loaded my baggage and we rattled down a hill. It was only three miles to a district Riverstone where the homestead was. It was everything I had imagined -- a long cabin, dark, bush all

around, the door opened, lamp light streamed across the ground and

Mable welcomed me with a very English voice. So I was thoroughly happy I had got to the West; I had met these people and always will.

Now Mable explained to me that this school that was vacant was at a place called Waterfield, about 20 or 25 miles through the bush from Riverstone. A few days later she drove me over in the buggy and I was introduced to the trustees and they appointed me to be their teacher. I didn't stay there immediately but I went back and picked up my baggage. I guess it was something like the 28th or 29th of August when I became the teacher of Waterfield School. It was a frame building set in the bush. If I remember rightly, there were about 30 students. It wasn't a new school. I don't know how long it had been in existence but there were all the grades there. There was a funny old organ up in the corner. There were a few books, not many. I had already read The School Act which I had bought in Regina, with one of my few remaining dollars. I will never forget that act because it became a bible to me. It was bright orange in color, not very big, with what I thought was most interesting information. One of the things that I took in as I read it, while I was still in Regina, was that in each rural school there was a school well. I realized that that sort of thing would be necessary in the backwoods. There is a reason for telling this. So I started off gayly.

It was arranged that I would board with a family only

about a quarter or a half mile from the school. That was fine.

That was a large (at least for the West) house, at least it had an up stairs. It was a frame building. There was a room for me. It was more or less what I expected and I settled down. Now the first night that I spent in my room, I was a bit amazed because the ceiling kept moving. Now I had never been inebriated, so that was not the cause. I couldn't understand it. There was a most extraordinary scrabbling noise but I soon found out -- I only had a coal oil lamp to see by -- but I could see there had been paper put on the ceiling which had sort of draped down and the peculiar noise was mice running up and down. Of course, that wouldn't scare me but it was a bit odd. Then the coyotes that I had never heard before were howling outside the window -- that I thought was rather nice. The next part I didn't think was rather nice because when I got into this bed, which was all right, I began to feel most ~~uncomfortable~~ uncomfortable, itching everywhere. However, I thought, it is the West and this is it. I didn't know what was wrong. I couldn't see any fleas, I knew of fleas in England but anyway, that was that. The next morning I did speak to this lady of the farm. She said that's the hives. Well, I didn't know the word 'hives', I knew of ~~hives~~ beehives and things but hives seemed to be a western complaint. She told me the thing to do was to rub it with ordinary rough soda which I did.

----- To get back to the school I really liked it. They were lovely children; they were willing to learn. One of them was extremely

musical and could play this organ. I didn't play the organ, my

instrument was the violin. However, we settled down nicely. There wasn't much equipment; there were a lot of blackboards, in fact, the walls were mostly blackboards. This was all right. I had to teach Grades 1 to 8. I was prepared to do that. I was very happy. Now in those days, everybody brought their lunch to school in a lard pail, which was a sort of tin affair with a handle and seemed to work quite well. I, of course, took mine. I knew about the school well, I used to drink the water and that sort of thing. What I didn't know and was to find out later, much to my dismay, was that that water wasn't fit for drinking. The children, I suppose, knew it but I wasn't told. So the net result was that I started breaking out in what I thought were boils, I had seen other people having boils and I started to have them more or less all over my body. I carried on feeling wretched. However, one day at school I just crashed on the floor in front of the class. I was dragged back to this boarding house and I suppose became very ill. Now the man, the homesteader I suppose, I don't know the length of time I was quite ill there but the homesteader got worried that I was going to die on him or something, so he (unknown to me) hopped on a horse and galloped through the bush to see if he could find any news of a doctor. It was lucky because he had gone, I don't know how many miles, enquiring from everybody and someone told him that Dr. McKay of Tisdale was in that area. He managed to contact him and the first thing I knew about him was a great

tall gentleman, the doctor, sitting on my bed (which I thought was a

bit odd) I was clued up to what might happen between western males and females but I was ill. However, I need not have worried he was a perfect gentleman. He said that I should be moved but I wasn't fit to be moved yet. He gave me some type of medication and coped with these great sores that I had. He then explained that he lived in Tisdale, that he had a wife and a little girl of four and a beautiful Newfoundland dog and when I could be moved he would be very pleased if I would go and stay there. Well now, I thanked him but I worried a bit because I thought, ha, ha, one of those you see! How are you to know, 19 years old and really out in the bush. Anyway, it worked out. He came back a few days later and drove me in his funny little car to Tisdale. A nicer family I couldn't have stayed with.

I became terribly ill and in the end I had to go to hospital. However, before I got to the hospital I determined to go back to the school -- I don't know what made me. When I got back the lady with whom I boarded who was very pleasant, she said, "There's a letter for you, Miss Bond from the school board." It didn't worry me until I opened it. When I opened this letter it explained that my services were no longer required and I was fired. So now, here I was ill, having to go to hospital, having come out full pep longing to work in the West, the first I had ever been employed at and I was fired. A pretty grim proposition. However, to hospital

I went. I was there a long, long time. Months later I recovered. I

went back to stay with these friends that I had made, Mable and her husband and recuperated there on the homestead for a few more months.

When I was fit enough I thought I must get back to teaching. I had been fired once so let's hope I won't be fired twice. I didn't know how to set about getting a school but I did learn there was an agency, I think it was called the Canadian Teachers' Agency, situated in Regina that helped to find schools for teachers. You had to pay a certain fee. I wrote to them, the mail only went once a week but I got an answer. Finally they wrote and told me ~~that~~ there was a school going at a place called Camp Lake, 75 miles, more than 75 miles, it was the nearest place on the railroad was a place called Debden, 75 miles north and west of Prince Albert. Camp Lake School District was 20 miles through the bush from there. So I wrote to them and they accepted me.

So with really much trepidation I got on the train and headed for Prince Albert where I had to wait over to catch the ~~the~~ connection. I strolled across the bridge and sat by the river and wondered what on earth was in store for me ~~and~~ having had that rather /, h/ nasty first experience. I remember there was a ~~big~~ bunch of ~~Indians~~ Indians --I don't know if they were picking berries or what -- I was rather interested in Indians, so I thought I would like to take a photograph of them. I just walked quietly towards them, they all disappeared. They were scared stiff, I must have looked a fright.

So that was my first ~~essay~~ essay into getting to know the Indians.

I got to know them very well afterwards. However, I caught the train it was sort of a mixed train (you could really walk faster but I didn't know the way) we stopped here and there; we finally pulled into this little siding sort of place called Debden -- right deep in the bush. There I got out of course, I didn't know who would meet me but finally a man strolled up and asked if I was Miss Bond. He told me he was Ernie Bird's brother from Camp Lake and I would be staying with Ernie Bird and his wife. That was that.

We got out my baggage which was rather huge affair and another buggy ride. Well, we hadn't gone far from the town of Debden when this Mr. Bird who was originally from England, a very nice man, said, "Oh, this poor horse, poor Pete he is so tired. We had to take him out of the harness field." I don't know how long it did take because Pete walked a lot of the way. I didn't mind. I liked Ernie and I liked the country. We went through one place, it was called Shell River. In those days, there was no railroad or anything, it was just a little settlement with a great big white church -- I think it was a Catholic church -- over we went, over the hills and far away and finally pulled up at a little white frame house on top of a hill. This was Ernie Bird's house, where his wife and two children -- they would be my students -- Carl who was 12 and Marguerite who was 10. They were extremely nice; they greeted me, it was around supper time. We went into this place; it was beautifully

clean. I didn't see any wall paper on their ceiling, for which I was

grateful. However, I didn't have much time to think because I was hungry and I was told it was supper time and the threshing gang came in, all the harvest gang. Well, I had never sat down with a harvest gang before and I didn't mind a bit, this is what I had come for, this sort of a life. Looking back it was funny to see how polite those men tried to be. They were used to stretching and reaching and they kept on passing me everything you know. It was sweet.

Well, I suppose teaching at Camp Lake ~~was~~ practically
/ were /
the happiest days of my life. It was just exactly what I wanted.

However, I forgot to tell you that on this slow drive from Debden to Camp Lake this Mr. Bird said to me, "Well I think the school will be ready." Now this was news to me because if you want a teacher, why wouldn't the school be ready. What I hadn't been told from Regina was that this was a new school, brand new! So here I was the teacher had been rejected from the first school, fired, given the chance of being the first ~~one~~ teacher in a territory in western Canada. What an assignment! I did rather knock at the knees, although I wouldn't show it.

Now ~~at~~ Camp Lake, I can remember the number of the
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district, No. 4342 was ~~was~~ built of logs. It was hewn logs; it was beautifully built; it was a one room, no porch or anything. It had a
beautiful hardwood floor. It had the best desks I have seen before
or since; individual desks with the tops that adjusted for art work

and that sort of thing; a nice little drawer underneath. They were

beautiful desks. There was no equipment whatsoever, except a box of chalk; six beautifully tipped rubber pointers, the like of which I had never seen before; a register and that was it. A box of chalk, blackboards and six rubber-tipped pointers -- there might have been a blackboard brush. However, one of the trustees told me that the readers -- that seemed a great word in the West -- were on order and would come eventually from Regina. So there I was.

Now I had, I can't remember exactly, but I had about 30 students. When I got to the register that was really something because pretty well all the surnames, the last names, were Isbister but they were not all the same family. I have since learned that a certain Scotch Isbister rambled through the West one day years ago and I suppose these were some of his offspring. They looked exactly like ~~the~~ Indians to me but they were really what in those days were called ~~the~~ halfbreeds or Metis and nicer wonderful people / h/ you would never meet. They weren't all those but I would say 75 per

cent. Then there were some Icelanders; there were the two Bird children who were Canadian, the mother had come from Ontario, the father from England. That was about it. There were eight grades.

I started the best way I could. I think there was only one in Grade that's right. This little one, one of the tribe of Isbisters, a dear little girl had no English whatsoever. That was another problem.

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I managed, I am no artist but I drew pictures of things and we got

on famously. But there is something interesting, I think, at least

that should be reported about this child. She was as nice as they come but I soon found that her beautiful dark Indian-type hair was alive with lice. This I felt wasn't quite what I had been taught in college to allow. She didn't seem to have a mother, she lived with her grandfather. I sent a note to him, he could read, which was something. He came to the school the next day after he received the note and talked about this problem. I said the child must be excluded until her head could be cleaned up. While scratching his own head he said that he couldn't see the point of this because her mother had them, he had them and that they had always had them and why was I so fussy. However, I was adamant and he agreed to keep her at home until she was cleaned up.

Another western habit I found that was a bit peculiar, was the habit of spitting chokecherry stones all over the school floor which I didn't think was very good in any case, unhygienic.

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It was a beautiful hardwood floor. So we gradually learned a few laws

in hygiene and all went well. I think I might have got the readers

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from Regina, there was Grade 1, Grade 2, Grade 3 and so on.

Everything seemed to be grade this and grade that, nothing individual

which kind of shook me because when I was training in London the

great thing in those days was individual work. We had to do everything

individually with large classes. But in the West it seemed to

be a smear over Grade 1, Grade 2 and Grade 3 -- at least that was the

impression I got. Well, I hadn't had a chance to do very much in a

few weeks. One morning at school a very ~~was~~ unusual noise was heard -- not a frightening noise, the noise of a car coming. There was only one car in the district, old Scotty's car and it wasn't old Scotty. It stopped near the school. The door opened and a tall gentleman in a rather peculiar brown suit came in and introduced himself as the school inspector. Well, I had had inspectors in England and one was always very much in awe of him. I thought, now what? Here's the inspector, he'll want to know everything about this school; I had no books; I hadn't been here long, so what. Was I ever mistaken for a nicer gentleman you couldn't have found. He must have sized up the situation. He knew we were a new school, which of course I had forgotten. He stayed quite a long time. When he left he said, "Well Miss Bond, I think you are doing a very good job." So that was that.

Of course I knew inspectors wrote reports and I was a little bit suspicious. It is all very well to be nice to your face but what about the report. However, it was Monday when the mail came in, by Monday, some time later I had a letter from this gentleman. He was satisfied with my performance, so I had been granted a Third Class Interim Certificate for the Province of Saskatchewan.

I silently cheered and thought my biggest [?] is going to work out. Now I stayed in that school for a number of years. To be exact, I think was there two and a half years. -----

]HENDERSON: -- Do you remember when you arrived there?

△PD

]BOND: -- It was 1924 when I went to the school. It was the fall of 1924. I was there until at least until I should think 1926. My board place which was at this house on top of the hill -- by the way that was the post office, there was a sign outside the post office and when I looked around there was no sign of a post office. I couldn't quite understand it. I didn't say anything. The lady who was the postmistress, when I asked her one day, she said, that's it. It was a tiny ~~cup~~ cupboard in the kitchen. She had to go and collect the mail from far away every week. Every Sunday I used to help her cancel the stamps. I ~~thought~~ felt quite important. But that's by the way.

Now what was I talking about?

]HENDERSON: -- Your living accommodations.

]BOND: -- Right. Well, that first night I shall never forget you see because I was tired and I was happy. Really all I longed to do was go to bed. When I said, "I wonder if I could see my room?" I was told, "Well, we haven't got one. If you go around here under the stairs." It was perfectly all right, they didn't have a room for me. This was a frame building and didn't have an upstairs. But there were beams across and they started putting a floor in and they were going to have a room for the teacher. They hadn't even built the stairs properly yet. I don't remember exactly how long but for two or three weeks, the men were busy in the fields

they couldn't do anything at that, I slept on the floor under the

beginning part of the stairs and just across from me Mr. and Mrs. Bird slept in their bed. The children slept on the floor. It didn't seem to matter, it was a nice place. I wasn't worried. I can't say I was comfortable. However, they got it done in time, so at last I had a bedroom. I am about five feet eight inches in height, but I had never really had a bedroom anywhere where the only place in which I could stand upright was the exact centre, because the roof slopped down ~~where~~ the bed stuck out from the wall. I had an apple box / w/ / . / upturned, a little enamel basin, that was the toilet facilities. I had an iron bed and that was it. There was no furniture of any kind but that didn't seem to matter. I was happy.

The winter came and it was cold. I was four miles from the school. By this time, I had bought a horse. I had never ridden before but it would seem to come easy to me. I bought this nice / m / little bronc and I rode the four miles to school. But when the real severe winter came it was very cold, 60 below for four days and nights.

I went in a cutter, a home made cutter, with Carl. It was too cold for the little girl to go. We got to the school ~~the~~ the school was / , t / frozen because ~~one~~ one of the older Metis boys looked after the stove. It was quite a good stove but the school never thawed out until 11:30 or 12:00. We couldn't use the ink or anything because it was all frozen.

To get on with the story, just before the winter came / t /

the same old trouble, bed bugs. Now this wasn't a dirty house but

Mrs. whoever she was, the landlady, she was most open about it. She said she had a terrible time, this was a new shack built a few years before and when they moved out from Ontario they pulled into some place to stop overnight and their furniture got full of bed bugs. So the bed bugs got into their new home. You see it wasn't finished, it was just bare boards up the sides. Now the roof, of course, had got shingles on but it wasn't finished inside. I had to be very careful if I sat up in bed in case I caught my nose on the nails hanging through. When winter came I didn't mind being cold because the bugs disappeared. It was beautiful because it was so cold out there that the nails that kept the shingles on the roof were covered in hoarfrost. Now it isn't everybody that had those decorations in their bedrooms.

I kept the school open all through the winter because that was the practice in that school district. Some schools used to close for the winter and keep the schools open in the summer. I think the idea was, as there had never been a school there, they wanted to get in as much as possible.

SIDE 2:

HENDERSON: -- Perhaps you could talk a bit about was going on in the classroom, the activities, the curriculum.

BOND: -- Yes. Well, gradually I managed to get a few books. I sorted them out into grades the best way I could. I think there was every grade represented, except Grade 8, until later on when a boy turned up and he could cope with that work. It was a big

problem for me to work out what I thought was the best timetable

because each grade needed some instruction, and what were they to do while I wasn't coping with that grade. Now, although there had never been a school in this area before, a few of the children had been to school at this next settlement, Shell River but nobody could read above about a Grade 4 level. Now, I had a boy called Adam, it always amused me because he was Adam and I was Eve. He was 17 and I was now 20. He was as nice as he could be; one of these halfbreeds. I had to teach Adam to read because he had never had the opportunity. So the teaching wasn't anything like I had expected. I knew the children would be all in different grades but I didn't know I would ever have almost grown ups who didn't know anything because they had never had the chance to learn. This I thought was a wonderful opportunity. We did make quite good progress but it was sort of odd to be having a 17-year old learning to read for the first time.

There was another Indian boy who was quite brilliant in his way. He had a wonderful flair for English Literature. Jimmy Chafee was his name, he lived with some odd family in the district but his mother was fishing up on Lake Athabasca. I never met her. He was a joy to teach. He really was outstanding. I've lost track of him but he made my day in the school with regard to being one to one with somebody because he was very teachable. They were all teachable but they hadn't had a chance.

There were two subjects that were really quite new to

me -- one had the marvelous term of civics. Well, there was a

textbook on civics, so I sort of studied it up and did the best I could. I don't know how much it applied to those children but I adapted it the best way I could. There was another subject which certainly should be taught, ~~was~~ of which I was abysmally ignorant, and that was Canadian history. So I did my homework everynight, reading up all about the early explorers, the voyageurs, it appealed to me tremendously. That was another thing I taught.

Then there was ~~grammar~~ grammar. Well, of course, they didn't call it grammar. I don't know what they called it. But I had been used to speaking correctly as I had been taught and the English was -- well, it was different, that's the nicest way I can put it.

I remember ~~once~~ another time when this inspector came in -- this time he uped my certificate again, for which I was thankful. This time we had learned a certain amount and he really tested them.

Unfortunately, I was in the middle of one of these sort of grammar lessons when he came in. I don't know whether it intrigued him but he started asking the older girl who was in a higher grade a lot of questions that she answered fairly well but not absolutely correctly. She ~~ended~~ ended up by bursting into tears. I didn't burst into tears now I've lost that certificate. He came at a most inappropriate moment but it all worked out.

Now what else did I teach? Oh yes, geography. That's been a subject dear to my heart always. Now, another girl had come

to the school, an Icelandic girl. She was a Grade 8 level or nearly;

she knew quite a bit. When I started talking about geography in England and she brightened up and said, "Oh, I've learned about it, it's London on the Thames." Of course, that was too beautiful for words. I didn't laugh, it was difficult not to. That's another thing that stuck in my mind.

Arithmetic and art. Of course we had these beautiful desks. They did some lovely work. Now, at college I had specialized in physical education and advanced English. There was no apparatus for physical education but we had this beautiful floor which reminded me of a gymnasium floor in England. We had individual desks. So, everyday we would push the desks ~~away~~ aside and we had good old phys ed lessons, and country dancing. It was good. They really enjoyed it. There was one child, the poor girl, it didn't matter to her but it was very difficult for my sense of humor to be controlled; this same child whose head had been filled with lice and her grandfather sent her to school at the age of seven (which was the age to come) but her underwear consisted of a napkin, like a baby's napkin. I didn't know this and there was no particular reason for it, except I suppose she hadn't anything else. When we did rather strenuous phys ed, every day they fell down; every day I gave a nod and one of the older girls took her behind the stove and re-napkined her. It was a bit peculiar. Poor girl died later on but not until after I left. That was the sort of thing that happened.

APD

HENDERSON: -- You were mentioning about the accommodations you had.

BOND: -- Yes. Well, of course, when I finally got this bedroom that I have already described, it was really fairly big for these parts because it was the complete length of the house. I was a bit surprised when I came home from school one day to find that a local woman who lived in what was ~~the~~ called the two by four, a very small shack a mile from us (this woman was extremely large) she was in childbirth. My landlady had gone down with her husband, put her in wagon and driven ~~her~~ her up and fixed her up in the bed at the other end of my room. When I got home from school I had the new born baby and the mother. This was all a new experience to me. She was a nice woman, I didn't mind. I thought she might be embarrassed. I don't suppose she would have been embarrassed at anything having got to know her later. I wasn't used to sleeping with any ~~body~~ body. I got out my curtain that I used at college in England, known as the Rose Garden. It was a ~~12~~ yard wide and long enough to be of some use and I hung it from the peak of the roof; that was my partition. Luckily the windows couldn't open so there wasn't a draft. This lady only stayed there for a certain length of time. The baby did well; she did well. ~~Two or three months later she got~~

~~A few months later a man came to dig a well on this~~

land where I was boarding. He happened to be covered with lice; that

didn't particularly ~~matter~~ matter because his bed was at the other

end but I wasn't used to undressing or dressing in front of well diggers. The curtain came in to be very useful. That was only just one of the things. I would just like to add that the said well digger was rough diamond but was a perfect gentleman. I needn't have worried at all but I felt a little bit more comfortable with a 'rose garden' between us.

[HENDERSON: -- In the schools were you ever expected to do activities other than teach the children?

[BOND: -- Well, yes I was in a way. I don't know if I was expected to do it but I did run a Junior Red Cross and I did run a Sunday School. I was expected to know everything really. For instance, they would ask me if there would be some people visiting where I boarded and we were all eating together, they would say, now Miss Bond how many board would be required to build a barn so and so? Well, I had only just heard of a board foot you see.

Another thing I would get asked about, my opinion on divorce and this sort of thing. I felt that I should know a great deal more than I did; I felt that teachers in England weren't trained enough. We should have been lawyers and engineers and a few other things. It was really pathetic because they really thought I would know. Some of the questions I could answer very well but some I didn't know. I was always honest and I simply told them that I didn't know and would find out. But I was really expected to know everything.

APD

You asked me if I ~~was~~ was expected to do anything extra. I wasn't ever asked to do the janitor work, for instance, which I know some teachers were asked to do. What else would a teacher be asked to do in those days other than teach?

]HENDERSON: -- Well, just the janitorial work or something like that.

]BOND: -- No, I didn't have to do that. At Camp Lake School one of the older Metis boys, who was about 17 or 18, he used to do it. You see, as I explained before, it was uncomfortable because he didn't get to school until about half an hour before -- I don't know what you called that stove, it was a tall thing and large and wood burning but it didn't really heat the place for several hours. When you would come through 40, 50, 60 degrees below, your lunch was frozen, and you were frozen, it really wasn't comfortable. Of course, it was a good thing I was keen on physical education because we did more and more then to keep alive as it were.

]HENDERSON: -- After Camp Lake you went on to?

]BOND: -- I went on to another school up in that area. The name of the school district was Lonesome Pine; that was about 30 miles -- the nearest railroad point was Leask. I came to that school through a friend I had made. I had had an address when I left England of a lady and her husband who had gone from England to homestead out in that country and if ever I was up there to try

to contact them. Well now, the name of the post office in that school

district was Paddling Lake. One day while I was still at Camp Lake (and that well digger was still there) we were talking at breakfast I think it was, and I said, "Have you ever heard of a place called Paddling Lake?" He said, "I know exactly where it is." So I explained to him why I wanted to go there. He ~~says~~ says, look one Saturday morning, because he was a long time drilling this well, I'll take you there. He did. There was no trail, well there was part of the way, but mostly straight through the bush. He was as good as his word and he took me to this lady in Paddling Lake. We became very friendly and so in this next year, she asked me ~~if~~ (the school was becoming vacant) if I would leave Camp Lake and teach at Lonesome Pine School, which I did.

HENDERSON: -- That was in 1926?

BOND: -- Yes, the fall of 1926. I boarded with this /ed / English family. They lived in a log cabin. It was just like an English home inside. The man had made the furniture himself. She was a good cook. They had one little boy about two. I had a horse I could ride to school. This school was not a new school. It was another log building. A different nationality had settled there. It was a Scandinavian settlement -- there were Swedes and Norwegians. I very soon learned that you had to be very careful not to call a Swede a Norwegian or vice versa, or you would more or less get your throat cut -- not quite as bad as that, they were extremely fussy. If I said,

before I knew the names properly, "Are you the little Swedish girl!"

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If I hit upon a Norwegian, I had put my foot in it. I had to be terribly, terribly careful. But it was a school that had been going for a number of years. In many ways it was much easier because there were no absolute -- well, there were no older children who had never been to school; there were some new ones. I ~~was~~ really fell on my feet there and I liked it. I forget the distance from school but it wasn't quite as far as it had been at Camp Lake. That was four long miles at Camp Lake in the bitter weather; this was probably only three miles.

There were no real problems at that school, we sailed ahead with the usual work. I had all the grades. I do remember very vividly our Christmas concerts. I was always keen on that sort of thing but I had never organized them before. I can't remember if we did them at Camp Lake, we probably did, we went in for box socials there. However, at Lonesome Pine School we were very keen on Christmas concerts and remarkable they were. No stage, a one-room school -- there was a porch there which there wasn't at Camp Lake. But we really went to town. All and sundry for miles around came to these Christmas concerts. I was there ~~in~~ 1926 and 1927. I would have stayed there much longer but I had an offer to teach in Leask School. I didn't know whether to leave Lonesome Pine or not, I just loved those rural schools. To me they were much better education in many ways than a town school, simply because in a rural

school it was a family. You knew the community well; you knew the

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children. The older children helped the younger children naturally.

I was a sort of -- I don't know whether I was a mother figure, I didn't exactly feel it but it was a nice little family. In a town school it was somehow different. There might have been more books and other bits of apparatus but to me that wasn't all important, it was the atmosphere of the school. (Now but that's really rambling on.)

I feel very strongly that education is not purely academic, that's part of it but education is for life; that's got to embrace everything. If you get too specialized as one was apt to do, even in those days, in town schools, you lost something that you had in the rural school. To be educated, it is good to have grades and knowledge but not just pure academic knowledge, you have got to know more than that and that I found was a natural in a rural school.

I don't know if I should say it ~~was~~ (I know they have largely vanished) but I still think today some rural schools would be just the thing.

It is old fashioned but not old fashioned things were bad. There was / all / a great deal that they learned about helping each other, kindness to each other. ~~Some of the things~~

In Leask, I forget how many teachers there were but there were a fair number of teachers. The principal asked me to take Grade 1 which I was quite willing to do. He also explained to me that I had to give a lesson in French every day; that was the custom. It didn't worry me because I knew French. I can't say I was

-- I had never taken a degree in French but I had learned French in

school and I could certainly cope with Grade 1 French. So I had to give a lesson, not a French lesson but a lesson in French. This I did. I was very happy there ~~but~~ unfortunately I didn't stay long for this reason, I had a recurrence of this general blood poisoning which I had in the early days in Waterfield. I became very ill. I suppose I had been teaching not longer than two or three months in Leask. It was in the late fall when I was ill. Of course there was a doctor there, a nice old ~~man~~ doctor, Dr. Duncan. He realized that I was ill; he gave me injections to counteract this. After a course of these injections he sent samples away to Regina to the lab down there and took me off the medication. He sent this by registered mail. I'm telling you this for a reason to show what it was like in those days. I wasn't feeling very well but I had a doctor and he was looking after me. It shouldn't have taken more than two weeks for the doctor to get the answer back, and he didn't you see. So ~~the~~ inquiries were made and it so happened that the registered mail in which the sample of this pus had been sent was in a bag of ~~the~~ mail that had been taken in a mail robbery. So that had gone. Then I had to start all over again with these injections, another sample was sent and that got there. But that showed the ups and downs of life in the ~~the~~ West.

I couldn't teach and one day the doctor came to this little place where another teacher and I lived together and he said,

"You know, Miss Bond, I think the best thing for you to do is go home

to England, you'll get better treatment." Well, this was awful to me because I had intended staying a number of years and then going home you see, but always coming back. However, I took his advice, I was pretty ill. So it was actually just before Christmas in 1927 that I left Leask, got on the train and returned to England. There I got good medical attention and was hoping to come back as soon as I was fit. It got to 1928, I was in England and I hadn't started teaching again -- well, I wasn't fit to, but I intended coming back. I loved Saskatchewan. Friends that I had made out here who corresponded with me when I had gone home advised me not to come back, the depression had started. It was all difficult. So, really much against my will, I stayed in England. That's the end of my first few years of teaching in Saskatchewan.