

Memories, Memories, Keeping the Past Alive

Copyright 2004 by Evelyn Schriber. All rights reserved.

Produced on home computer (The Daisy Press) in Haslett Michigan by the author.

No part of this family history may be reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission of the author except in the case of brief quotations embodied in reviews.

Photographs of the early town of Nakina (buildings, trains) came from the website <http://traplinesnorth.tripod.com> which is produced and maintained by Matt Robison. These photographs are not the property of the author.

This short history was prepared as a Christmas gift to May Tyson from her daughters, Margaret, Pamela and Evelyn. After reading it, May said that there were a few minor errors. However, she did not inform the author of any changes, therefore, it stands as written.

Future revisions will include additional photographs of May, her siblings and parents as they become available.

Current revisions/corrections include:

Correction1: The lake referred to as 'Loon Lake' (on a graphic) is actually Wild Goose Lake.



Memories, Memories

"Keeping the Past Alive"

A Story Dedicated to

our Mother

Mildred May Tyson (Round)



Christmas, 2004

Dear Mom,

When we were young children, you often entertained us with stories of your childhood when you were growing up in Nakina Ontario. I don't know who got the most pleasure from the stories, we children who were hearing the tales of a happy childhood or you, Mother, re-telling times that were precious in your life. As the years went by, some of the details may have been forgotten and each child may have interpreted a story differently. No matter -- these are the memories that we hold and cherish as the stories of our Mother's life. Please forgive any liberties that we have taken with interpretation of events and the tone taken in presenting the story in your own voice.

This memory book is a gift for you and for your children and their children for generations to come. It is a reminder of a happy childhood, a wonderful time of life, a time that you remember as "The Best of Times".

"Thanks for the Stories"

With Love from the Girls,

Marg, Pam and Evelyn





This memory book was inspired by an on-line interview that Mother conducted with a man interested in the Nakina area. He contacted Mom about her life in the North and her knowledge of the Vanderbeck family for a web-site that he maintains. The interview also appeared in the Nakina News. I read the interview and decided that it was time to write a story of Mom's life when she was a child and then a young woman in Nakina. The idea was often discussed amongst the children as something we should do but procrastination prevailed and the story remained unwritten. It was now time to put thoughts and memories to paper.

Special thanks to my sisters Marg and Pam who collaborated with me by recalling and reviewing many of the stories, made great suggestions, provided pictures and reviewed the text. Pam initiated the project by setting up and participating in the original interview. Marg spent many hours digging through her notes and created the genealogy chart. Thanks to Matt Robison for the interview with Mom, and for the details, maps and pictures that I took from his web site. Much appreciation goes to my brothers Ron, Dave, Lorne and Joe for sharing their thoughts and feelings. Thanks to Craig for finding the great clip art, Kathy for editing the text and suggestions about materials and to Stan for the encouragement, reviews and technical equipment expertise, not to mention his trip to pick up hamburgers for Sunday dinner when I was involved with the story.

Evelyn



November 2004



If you look at a map of northern Ontario, Canada and find a small place called Nakina, you might ask yourself, "I wonder what it's like there?" or, "I wonder who lived there? What did they do?" You may imagine a cold remote town with little to attract you. You may imagine the freezing winters, the scourge of insects in summer, or the lack of entertainment in such a distant place. You may be excused for having such thoughts; most people assume the same, but I know otherwise...

The Past

My parents, John Ashley Round and Florence Colkett, met in London, England around 1908 and agreed to marry once Ashley had established a living wage. As opportunity in England was somewhat limited and Canada was advertising for immigrants Father left for Canada in 1909. He settled in Hillsboro Saskatchewan, near Moose Jaw and received a quarter section of land to farm.

Mother did not sit idly by in London while she waited to join him in Canada. She was a modern woman for the times and worked in a lace factory where her job was to tat lace onto ladies' gloves and handkerchiefs. She also worked for Peak Freans (an English biscuit company) just prior to her marriage. After a long journey by ship to Canada, followed by a train ride across the country, she arrived in Moose Jaw. She took her wedding cake, generously donated by Peak Freans with her. They married shortly after her arrival on May 6th, 1911, in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan and I was born on February 6th, 1913.



While we lived in Saskatchewan, my parents had land that they farmed in the summer and in the winter months we lived in Moose Jaw. When I was five we moved into Moose Jaw permanently because I had to go to school and my parents decided that farming was not a suitable occupation for them. But, I remember the farm in Hillsboro very well; I liked it there. In the 'city' Vera and I shared a room. On one wall was a clothes cupboard and I had my books on a shelf above it. Our bedroom faced west looking onto the open prairie. One day the window was open and a horse stuck his head into the room! Vera and I thought it was great!

Father went to work at Drackett's Auctioneers in Moose Jaw as a cashier. He worked six days a week, from eight o'clock in the morning until six o'clock at night. During that time he was able to purchase many lovely things for our home. One time he bought a 'fumed oak' dining room set with a beautiful curved front china cabinet. He surprised me once with a pretty white book called "Princess May". Mother received a quilted work- basket that she used for many years. I will never forget the butterscotch candies as large as quarters in his lunch box on payday!



Sundays, Father's day off, were always devoted to Church activities. In addition to Sunday school the family attended evening services. We always wore hats and had a nickel for the collection plate. We couldn't play with friends but I was allowed to sit in the garden and read books. On that one special day of the week, we were permitted to use the living room. I remember it well; it had a piano and there were family pictures on the walls. There was also a picture of Queen Victoria. On special occasions, Mother draped her picture with purple cloth. They were happy times.



However, life took a rather bad turn when Mother became ill with rheumatic fever. She spent two or three months in Providence hospital in Moose Jaw. I was about seven years old. I stayed with her friend Mrs. Evans, Vera with Mrs. Irving and Ron with Mrs. Dure. When she came home she had to learn to walk all over again. We were thrilled to have her back! It was quite a while until she could resume her visits with Mrs. Liz Dure, her friend who lived just behind our home, for tea.



Around 1922, Father heard that Henry Ford in Detroit was paying five dollars a day in the Ford factory. Such an attractive possibility could not be ignored. After selling many of our belongings at an auction, the family packed up in search of a better future. On the way we stopped off in Winnipeg for a few days to visit friends formerly from Moose Jaw. While there, Father found work for Spears Parnell Bread Co. driving a horse and wagon delivering bread in the St. Vital district. Signs started to appear around the city advertising for men to move the town of Grant, Ontario to a small community called Thornton Junction. Another opportunity seemed to present itself and we moved on.

The Best Times



It was late October. I was nine, my sister Vera was six and my brother Ron was three years old when we took the train with Mom to Thornton Junction. I remember that it was Halloween night when we arrived. My father had gone ahead and was staying at the Crawley McCracken Camp for the men who were moving Grant. We arrived about four in the morning. The train pulled up to a boxcar (there was no station) and we got off. Dad had another man with him and they brought food provisions with them. On the very top were chocolate bars! Dad bought them at the Camp and it was the very first thing that caught my eye. I can remember it like it was yesterday.

We all trudged down the track for about two miles to Mileage One. Coming from the prairies, we'd never seen anything like it before - trees, trees and more trees and beautiful rock cuts! At Mileage One we cut into the bush on the right hand side of the track for about half a mile and on to the cabin that was to be our home.

The men at the Camp often swam at a small lake nearby. One day prior to our arrival, Father joined them and saw that there was a cabin beside the lake. He decided that it would be a good place to put his family when they came. We were told later that it was a warehouse for the CNR camp when the railway was first put in around 1913. I believe Round Lake took its name from my homesteader parents. They acquired the land as a grant from the crown with the provision that it is worked a minimum number of hours each year.



What a shock our new home must have been to my mother! There were only two large rooms: a living room and a kitchen behind. In one corner of the living room there was a big pile of firewood and there was a table and chairs made from planks. There was also a stuffed owl. Mother's first reaction was "That going to go!" and she threw it outside the next day. The walls were lined with building paper inside. On one wall there was a drawing of a canoe with two Indians paddling that extended for the entire wall. There was a stove in the kitchen but the divider between the oven and the firebox was missing. My dad got a piece of tin from the camp to line it.

We had no furniture at first because there was a train wreck around Sioux Lookout and our belongings were in it. We eventually recovered some things and received five dollars apiece compensation for the damaged items. The mattress came shortly after our arrival so we slept on mattresses on the floor for a while.



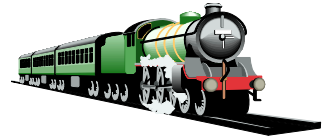


Each year the homestead improved with the addition of two rooms, an icehouse, a garden and a chicken coop. Sometimes local folk assisted with these tasks and their labor counted against the hours due. Vera and I shared a bedroom in the cabin after the addition was completed. We had



curtained apple boxes where I kept treasures in little boxes. The room was papered in pink "oatmeal" wallpaper and it had a big homemade clothes cupboard. In the winter Mother wrapped bed irons heated on the stove to heat the beds just before bedtime. From my window I could see the bush country that I loved so well.

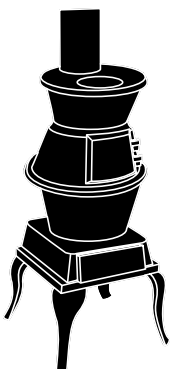
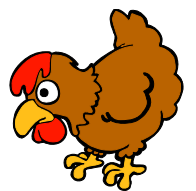
After the town was moved it was renamed Nakina. Of course, at first there were no roads at all; the town had to be built from scratch. And, there were no roads to or from town either for many years after that. Everything came in and out of town by the train: supplies, homes, food and the people. My family was the first white family in the area, and we quickly became known locally as "the Rounds".



My parents decided to settle down for good in the area. Father took a job as a clerk in the freight section of the railroad, first in Nakina then, for the last two years of his life, in Armstrong, which was smaller than Nakina at that time. Being a CNR employee meant that a worker could be 'bumped' in position. That is what happened to Dad and resulted in him commuting to Armstrong for the workweek and returning to Nakina for weekends. He continued that way for the last two years of his life.



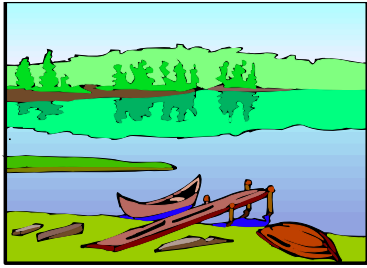
Mother, a young woman used to the civilized life of a modern early 1900s London and raised in a family of seven girls, had to learn to skin and cook jack rabbits. She also had to get used to chasing snakes out of the cabin and to deal with black flies and mosquitoes. Skilled at needlework and as a seamstress, she ordered many items from catalogues, including her personal lingerie that she improved upon by tating fancy edging on the legs of her drawers. In addition to her daily chores of caring for her family, she grew vegetables, raised chickens and tended a flower garden. I especially remember the beautiful irises that grew just outside the cabin door. She was a good cook. Her roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, made the traditional way, in the roasting pan, was delicious. Cakes were a special treat for celebrations and were often decorated by my father who was not averse to participating in domestic chores.



At one time Mother supplemented the family income by laundering shirts for the single men in town. Without any of the modern conveniences we enjoy today, she improvised by installing a stove near the shore of the lake, using it to heat the lake water. The shirts were washed by hand in large tubs along with the family wash, (there was no electricity in the area

at first, certainly none by the lake!) and hung on bushes to bleach and dry. The ironing itself was a considerable chore because everything was done by the old-fashioned method of heating the irons on the stove.

The lake was directly in front of our home and what beautiful scenery it provided in every season. Evening sunsets truly showed the beauty of "God's



Country". In winter the snow was cleared from a large area on the frozen lake to make a skating rink for the children. It provided a wonderful swimming pool for summer fun and it was not unusual for my sister Vera and me to swim across and back, thoroughly enjoying the freedom of being young. When frozen over it

provided the ice for the icehouse that Father dug into the hill behind the cabin. (An icehouse is the precursor of the modern refrigerator. Placed beside a hill or dug into the ground and packed with ice before the spring thaw then lined with straw, it proved a very convenient way to store food in the warm months of spring and summer.) It's easy to see why the 'found cabin' on Round Lake was such an enticing home for my parents. It took several years to make the little log house into a comfortable home, but they accomplished it through determination, labor and skill.



By our first Christmas in Nakina, our little cabin had expanded into a very livable home for our family. It was a cozy, comfortable, loving home for the five "Rounds" and despite the formidable winter temperatures, never lacked for warmth. I remember a knock on the cabin door that first Christmas Eve in our new home. Mother opened the door to see a man with a long beard standing in front of a dog team. Young Ron hid behind Mother and asked if it was Santa Claus? The bearded man was a Norwegian trapper named Herman, who had used the cabin we were living in. He had since moved on but saw smoke from the chimney while passing by on his way to town. "I'm so glad someone is living in my shack", he told us.



Herman came by several times that winter on his way to town to sell furs, sometimes-staying overnight with us. We never found out his full name; we always knew him as "Herman". When he got up to leave he always took the change from his pockets and left it on the table for us, saying that he couldn't spend it in the bush. He also visited with the Vanderbeck family. One time he told them "I'm not like strong tea", meaning he didn't like it. We always remembered this about him. Everyone liked "Herman from the Bush" as we called him and were saddened one day to hear that he was found dead in the bush after experiencing snow blindness.

At times a Native woman accompanied Herman. She sat on the floor smoking a pipe while he sat at the table talking with my parents. Since she didn't speak English, or was very shy, she never said much but simply sat on

the floor keeping warm beside the stove. During one visit the woman began to cry, and when Mother asked Herman what was wrong, he replied that she had just noticed her son's rifle hanging on the wall. It had been there when our family moved in the cabin and we had never taken it down. Her son died in the bush some time before and seeing the rifle reminded her of him. Mother took the rifle down and gave it to her.

At that time, many of the Native people of the area (now called members of the First Nation) as well as some of the local people, worked as fur trappers, traders, guides and hunters. The book Trap-Lines North by Stephen W. Meader is one of my favorite novels. It tells the story of my neighbour and friend Jim Vanderbeck and his adventures one winter, when, as a young man of about 18, he worked a seventy-mile trap-line with his brothers. They travelled by canoe and snowshoes, sleeping in rough cabins and lean-tos in temperatures as cold as 50 below zero.



There was a cross that marked a particular spot on the Vanderbeck trap-line. Apparently a tourist once gave a young local Indian boy a pocket watch because the youth was fascinated by it. After the boy died, his family put up the cross and attached the watch to the cross to mark the spot. As people went by they wound the watch. It was said that "no Indian would ever steal it and no white man would ever dare". Our family always wondered if the story was about Herman's son whose rifle was left on our wall.

In an area just north of Nakina the Indian and Metis people became convinced that a werewolf (also known as a loup-garou to the french-speaking Metis) was prowling the area at night killing livestock. Suspicion fell on a native woman of Eskimo heritage, a recent stranger to the area. Fueled by superstition and fear, the rumor persisted and a RCMP officer (Sgt. McLeish) was dispatched from Winnipeg to investigate the allegations and provide protection for the woman. Jimmy



Vanderbeck killed a big lovely wolf shortly after. This brought a quick end to the story and squelched this item of local interest. Unfortunately, in doing so he also reduced the enjoyment of the children who were enthralled by it. The wolf was shipped to the Toronto Museum and was put on display as one of the largest killed in Ontario.

Slowly but surely Nakina continued to develop. As the town grew, it included two general stores, a Chinese laundry, Chinese restaurant, pool hall and one hotel run by Fred Ellis. Howard Collins was the town's Postmaster. Churches were established and our family attended the Anglican Church where I sang in the choir.



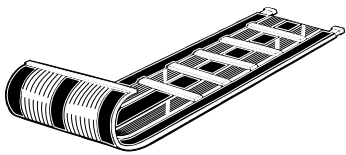
Vera and I did not attend school when we first arrived because there was no schoolhouse until the following spring when a tar paper shack was constructed in the town. Eventually a school was built. All of the grades shared the same classroom and instruction only went to the grade eight level. Students who continued on to the high school level took their courses by correspondence under the supervision of the teacher. Everyone enjoyed Christmas and

Easter dances and Christmas concerts at the school.

Nakina was full of enthusiastic friendly folk who enjoyed a good time. For entertainment, we skied, snow-shoed, swam, canoed and fished. My parents spent many social evenings laughing, eating and playing cards with great neighbours. The Vanderbeck family arrived a year after us and built a cabin half a mile from our home. I went to school with the Vanderbeck children; Irene, Ida, Mary, Jim and Lindsay Jr., and spent many enjoyable hours playing with them in their cabin. I recall looking at boxes of their family photographs and eating the wonderful



doughnuts their mother Maude baked. In spite of some cold winter days, we had plenty of fun. My best friends were Annie Dowanick, Esther Skooge and Mary Levesque. With these and other friends, we three Round children sometimes snuggled into

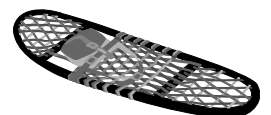


bearskins that we used as handy toboggans to shoot down the hill by our cabin and onto the lake. We found the cabin roof especially enticing as a jumping off point for practicing skiing.

It was around 1930, I was seventeen and the country was experiencing the first 'depression' years. I was given the opportunity to go to a business school in Moose Jaw to further my education. So, I went by train to attend Success Business School. Father agreed to pay thirty dollars each month to one of our former neighbours as room and board for me to stay with them. They were glad to have the extra income. Mr. Graham was an auto mechanic by trade. His boss could not pay him money but paid him in coal or potatoes. It was great to see my old friends once again and I had a wonderful year with them. Mrs. Graham gave me a party on my eighteenth birthday and gave me a perfume atomizer for a present. I also met my first boyfriend there; Albert Rennie and he gave me a little pink wooly dog that his mother made as a going-away gift when my course was over and I returned home.

Back in Nakina I took a job with Howard Collins in the small post office that was set up in a corner of a general store. It was a great place to work; everyone in town picked up their mail at the same place. I quickly fell back in with my old friends again and into the life I loved.

Sometimes the 'young folk' walked, snow-shoed or took the train to other towns to attend the dances. This was no small feat; the towns were few and far between. On a few occasions my friends and I



walked ten or more miles along the track to visit friends in distant towns. At times, some of the younger crowd, me included, would take a handcar out to the Twin Lakes and back. (For those of you unfamiliar with that means of transportation, it's a hand-powered cart that scoots along the railroad tracks!) We had to watch for trains coming and pull it off the tracks if one came along.

Eventually there was a movie theatre in Nakina, showing silent, black and white films. I still remember Mitch Young who played the piano during the show. When I think of the different types of entertainment we had in those days, I can truly say, "It was great fun!"



Some friendships developed into serious relationships between the young couples in our crowd and eventually ended in marriages. My first Nakina boyfriend was a young man named Cy Perdue who once gave me a pair of high-top hiking boots as a gift and impressed my Father very much. I, however, chose to look elsewhere and was engaged twice after that, once to Bruce Lemon and then to Jim Holden who ordered a set of flatware as a gift for my mother in an attempt to gain her approval.

The train station was a gathering point for all of the townspeople who often met there during the evening to watch the train come in and see who and what had arrived! One night a young man named Charles Henry Tyson stepped from the train and into my life. He seemed a brash type of man but immediately attracted my attention because he was a 'city man', from Toronto. Although he did not greatly impress my Father, he was certainly a change of pace for this young country girl so I broke off my engagement to Jim and began to date 'Chuck' as I called him.

The depression of the 1930's sent a lot of the young unemployed fellows into a life of 'riding the rails' and they became commonly known as 'hobos'. Luck (and the government) sent Chuck into the bush near Nakina to work at one of the day camps clearing brush from the woods. He earned a dollar a day in the camps but it was sufficient to allow him to offer a few dates and we began a courtship that ended with our marriage on September 8, 1936. Times were difficult in the '30s and elaborate weddings were not the norm, especially for a 'dollar a day man', as the camp fellows were commonly called. We had a simple wedding ceremony in the manse of the United Church in Nakina. I wore a navy jacket, skirt and hat. It was a lovely jacket, trimmed with fur. Our



witnesses were friends Dot Perdue and Ted Day. In future years Chuck told the children that we married because he found a ten-dollar bill when we were strolling along the railroad tracks. Having just enough to purchase a wedding band, he announced, 'Let's get married!' At least that's the way he told the story for many years so by now it's become part of the family lore and I'll let it stay that way.

Unfortunately my father died of a heart attack while at work in Armstrong when I was twenty-one so was not present when Chuck and I married two years later. Neither was Mother who, finding herself a widow, with a dependent son of fifteen, decided to return to England to see family. Her family convinced her to stay longer, certain that war would not break out. Ron found work in a clock factory in England and they settled down for an extended visit.

Meanwhile Chuck and I married and as newlyweds moved to Toronto for about a year where Ron was born in 1937. We returned to Nakina and lived in the family cabin when Ron was an infant of two weeks. Mother returned for a short time during that period and brought her sister, Ada with her. It was the first time I'd met any of the family from the 'old country'. We all stayed in the cabin and had a wonderful time together. I can only imagine the impression that our home in the North must have made on my Aunt Ada. Mother truly enjoyed the time with her sister and showed her all of the local attractions. Apparently she was most impressed by the trips to pick blueberries (uncommon in England) as she mentioned it for many years after in her letters.

Sadly Mom and Aunt Ada returned to London and Mom was unable to return to Canada permanently until after the End of World War II. She found work in the book binding business while Ron enlisted in the Canadian Army and served in the war.

During the early war years, Chuck worked in the mines around Nakina. We stayed in the family cabin near town for a couple of years. In 1939 our second child Margaret was born. It was a happy time for me, living in the place I loved, surrounded by wonderful friends and raising two young children.

An unforgettable experience occurred one night when we were asleep in the cabin. No one ever locked his or her doors then; in fact I don't remember the cabin even having a lock. In the middle of the night a slightly inebriated visitor who mistakenly walked into the wrong home awakened us. It took Chuck quite a while to convince him to leave but he managed finally and we settled down for the night.

Once again we left Nakina, this time for Geraldton, a closer location. Chuck found better work in the Magnet Lake gold mines and Evelyn, the third child, was born there in 1941. When I was twenty-eight years old, with a family of little children, we left Geraldton and the North for good, and moved to Toronto in search of better work. In 1957 we moved our family once again to Winnipeg, where we settled with five of our children and I continue to live today.





Home Again

Although far from "God's Country", Nakina was never far from my heart so I returned in 1983 with Marg, Gordie, Joe and Debbie for the town's 60th Anniversary celebration. We stayed at Cordingley Lake. Nakina had changed quite a bit by that time but still held the same charm and warmth for me that it did when I was young. I returned a few times after, once with my son Ron and my nephew Allen and also in 1997 with some of my children, then again in 1999 with all of my children and their families. We stayed in cabins at Wild Goose Lake the last two times.

My eldest daughter Marg wanted to see where she was born so we drove north to Nakina and went in search of the old family homestead. After tromping around a little and calculating its location in relation to the tracks, we located it not far from the present Nakina pump house. Of course the house itself is gone, long ago sunk into the ground. We trekked the short way through the bush to Round Lake where we found stove lids and old stove door parts from the stove that Mother used to do her washing on the shore of the lake. We also found some old ink bottles, half-buried in the ground. My children thought the trip fascinating and gained a new appreciation for their grandmother. They said she was an amazing woman to come all the way from England to start a new life in the bush of Northern Ontario. Their respect and admiration increased for the grandfather they never knew, a man who had the courage to try a new way of life.

At the time, when I left Nakina, it seemed a wise choice, as I was a young woman with small children, eager for a different lifestyle. However, I miss it very much now, and think those were the "best times of my life".

In appreciation of those wonderful memories, after I am gone, I would like to have my ashes placed at the Nakina cemetery near where my father was buried in 1935.



Reflections



My first visit to Nakina was to a town reunion that took place around 1983. I think it may have been for the town's 60th anniversary. Joe, Debbie, Gordie and I drove there with you, Mom. Aunt Vera came by train, and we all stayed in a large cabin together and had a wonderful weekend. I remember that you met a few of your old friends; I believe one of them was Joe Legarde. It was wonderful to see you all together having a great time remembering the old times. Aunt Vera jumped in the lake, and, not to be outdone, you followed. You and Vera shared a bedroom with twin beds in the cabin. We heard lots of laughing and noise from the bedroom, went in to investigate and found the two of you jumping up and down, trying to reach the light string, hanging just out of reach from the ceiling, then falling on the beds and killing yourselves with laughter.

I am very grateful that you shared the wonderful stories of your years in Nakina, and thank you for showing good timing in returning there for my birth.

I am honoured --- *Marg*

Mother - I have always enjoyed the "Nakina Stories " which you have told us during our lives, and have come to feel a part of them. I could always envision myself living at the cabin in the woods. In my picture I see smoke coming from the cabin chimney and the smell of fresh burning wood. I can always imagine the crisp white snow that you must have walked on during the trek into Nakina. I like to picture myself having been there, and enjoying that lifestyle as much as you did. I imagine snowshoeing, swimming, canoeing, and walks in the woods right outside your door. It must have been a wonderful time. No wonder you feel it was your best time. Thanks so much for sharing those stories with us, and letting us become a part of that lifestyle.



Love *Pam*



In 1997, several of us met for a long weekend near Geraldton so that we could see the old 'homestead'. Somehow I think we all hoped to find the log cabin that you reminisced about so longingly in your stories. However, it was very comforting to find other traces of the life you



shared with your family when you lived beside Round Lake. I never imagined that our trip would take us hunting through the old family dump but it did and we were thrilled to find artifacts of your life at that time. The most impressive items were the remnants of Grandma's stove, still sitting by the shore after all those years. Knowing what a capable woman she was, I could well imagine her life as she lived it in the rugged North.

We were all very proud to find the names of Grandma and Uncle Ron on the cenotaph in the Town Square in honour of their service during World War II and were surprised to find the name of J. Round also. We assumed it was in honour of John Ashley's service in the Boer War when he was a young man, before he met our grandmother. Seeing his name there and later on visiting his grave, brought to life a grandfather I never knew.

We returned to Nakina again in 1999. This time we took a much larger family group including all seven children for a journey into the past. Many of your grandchildren and great-grandchildren came along and were thrilled to share your memories and imagine your life there as a young girl. They were both great reunions for everyone and I'm sure that we will never forget those times, your town, and your stories.

Thanks for sharing with us ----- *Evelyn*

I went up to Nakina to see where Mom had the most memorable years of her childhood. I recognized that she loved the "Nakina Years" and felt they were the happiest time of her youth. It was a great experience. We were all happy to share the time together and enjoyed watching Mom re-live some of her happy times.



The best thing I remember of the trip was when we were all in the big cabin and everyone was enjoying themselves and having a good time. It was great having all the family together again and having fun together. I remember the game that Stan introduced and had us play. It was a scream. I think it was called Bunco. We sure had lots of fun playing it.

One of my favorite memories is when we all were down near the lake searching the shore for reminders of the "old homestead". That was a great day. Those days brought our family close, and it was truly a nice time having the whole family together.

Thanks for the experience -- *Dave*



To be sure, for me, the single most enjoyable feelings about the reunions in Nakina came from simply being with my mother, sisters and brothers for an extended period of time and in an exceptionally relaxing atmosphere. No pressure to go anywhere special, no urgency to do something, just relaxing, talking and sharing idle thoughts and dreams. As everyone knows, I have lived a considerable distance from the family group for most of my life and on those occasions (such as the Nakina visits) when we are indeed together and sharing the same space and activities, I am often aware of so much that I have missed. So, Nakina reunions bring out that special comfort of sharing in normal (yet so important) family life.

There was another poignant moment for me during that Nakina moment that has often returned to my thoughts. I went to Nakina the year before our first reunion and met Mom and Allan Round there. One night I drove Allan to the train station (around 1.00 a.m. I think) and after he left I took a walk in the dark, westward along the tracks toward the old home site. It was as I mentioned, a totally dark night with hardly a sound to be heard and I clearly remember thinking about Mom and Dad walking along this same railway bed away back in the 1930's. I remember thinking how fortunate I was to be given this opportunity to actually be doing some small thing that was exactly like my parents did during their youth. It was a feeling that I cannot adequately describe except perhaps to say that in some strange way I felt very close to both of them and to the challenges and joys they must have shared those many years ago.

Though we grew up hearing about Nakina on a regular basis, I don't think I ever truly realized just how meaningful the total Nakina experience was to Mom until I saw the joy and pride in her as she proudly took us around the town. I believe that each of us was beyond fortunate that we were able to share with her those important moments of a visit back into her childhood and then into her teen years and on.

Mother, you have brought to each of us the history of our family. If we can share in the wonderful memories of Nakina, even a small percentage of those enjoyed by you, we will be forever grateful.

Thank you so much ----- Love, *Ron*



Hello Mom and everyone who will read my memories of our great family trips. I cherish the memories of both trips; first the one when Ron and I were both surprised with a joint birthday party, then the second, with new additions to the family, and more birthday celebrations. I look at the pictures of the first one sometimes, and see Ron and me in silly hats, and laugh at us, and thank all of you once again.

Both trips were very special to me, and I will never forget the beauty of the lake, the call of the loons in the evening, and the sunset there. Northern Ontario has always been my favourite part of the country, and I have somehow felt that I belonged there.

More than the splendor of the area, though, was the great feeling of being there with most of our family. We are not always as close as we should be, and that time there was precious and important to me. We had time to spend in groups, and we had time when we could talk one on one, and those times were a strengthening of us.

I really enjoyed seeing Ron's girls, because we had not had a chance to know each other over the years when they were growing up. And having more time to know Ev's family was so good, because they live so far away, and we see each other so infrequently. Also seeing Angie and her growing family, and spending an afternoon with Joe barbecuing a roast, and basting it with beer.

Was it the second trip when we cooked fish that Jeff and Craig caught? What was that game we played in Stan and Ev's cabin? Can't remember it now, but I do remember it was fun and challenging.

I remember most the trips to Nakina, seeing the town for the first time, Mom remembering where the Post Office used to be that she worked at. On the last trip, it was a bar, and we went in and had a drink there. The railway station, that first gave reason for the town to exist. I enjoyed seeing the Legion there (from the outside) and reading the plaques on the cenotaph outside the Legion. Do you remember that Grandmother and Grandfather Round are both on the plaque, as well as Uncle Ron, I believe. The custom there in the Nakina Legion was to put the names of all Nakina residents who served in any way in the war, on the plaque. How touching it was to see their names!

The visit to the town cemetery was very special and seeing Grandpa Round's grave very important to me. I think it was there that I first heard the amazing story of the origin of Nakina. Imagine, moving an entire town, and giving an opportunity for our grandparents to homestead there. This, more than anything, was what I will remember and treasure most. To see the spot where our generation of the family started, to stand in the places shown in the old

pictures Mom has, of her, Uncle Ron, Aunt Vera, where they grew up, was so special. I will never forget that.

I remember Margaret suggesting that we should all get together and buy the land where the old house stood, on the shores of Round Lake. Maybe we should have tried, to have a piece of the past...

I have made a promise to myself, to visit Nakina again. I will probably stop in at Wild Goose Lake, to remember again the time we all spent together there. Maybe I will stay overnight there, or maybe in Nakina. I want to walk around the town again, visit the cemetery, and see if the church is still open. (Remember Mary and Mary, the last two remaining parishioners?) I have told that story many times to close friends, and still remember them opening the church, and their amazement at suddenly having others to join them in their Sunday Services. I know that visit was important to Mom.

When I return to Nakina, I will think of all of our family, and the memories of our time their together. If any of the family was there with me, how wonderful that would be.

These trips helped me to know Mom better, to understand how she lived as a young girl and as a young woman, and to respect and love her more, for what she went through. Her life has seen some great changes, and none of her children have had to experience the difficulties and challenges that she has.

Thank you. Mom, for giving us the love and upbringing you did.

Lorne



On our first trip out to Nakina we went with Marg, Gordie, Deb, Mom and I. We drove all night in David's old orange Comet. I have no idea how we all fit in but we did. We got to Thunder Bay early in the morning around 2 am (it could have been later). Anyway, we saw a doughnut shop open so we thought we would stop for a coffee and to stretch our legs. We were all punchy and had the giggles from being awake so long having driven all day. We got into the shop and proceeded to make fools of ourselves by all of us saying "Ooooooh Doughnuts!!!" like we had never seen them before. We got our coffee and

doughnuts and laughed about what a bunch of hicks we were all the rest of the way to Nakina.

Before we made the trip we thought we would be smart and make reservations at the local hotel in case the town was full since it was 55th anniversary or something. The rates were quite reasonable and we were pleased with ourselves for thinking ahead. We got into town and found the hotel. We could not stop laughing! The hotel was on the main street. That was convenient however the windows did not have any screens and the curtains

were hanging out over the sills. The garbage cans were lined up beside the front door. It looked as bad as or worse than our own Main Street Hotels. I went in to check it out and walked right out again. We met a fellow from CNR who said that when he stayed there, he slept with the lights on otherwise the bugs came out. Needless to say we didn't stay there. Luckily we found some cabins run by a family Mom knew, the Lingman's, which turned out to be on the lake and quite nice.

One night we went to bed and we could hear Mom and Aunt Vera laughing and the bedsprings bouncing. We listened for a while until some one went in to see what they were up to. They were jumping up in the air trying to turn off the lights but the string was too high. They were falling down on the bed laughing and bouncing up again. We all had another good laugh about that.

Deb and I took Mom up again to Nakina another time to place a cross on Grandpa's grave since he did not have a marker. Gordie either made the cross or had it made. It was white with Grandpa's name and dates on it. It was cold and windy the day we went to the cemetery. We put the cross into the ground on his grave and Deb borrowed some flowers from another gravesite so we could take a picture. We didn't think to bring any flowers with us. (We returned them when our pictures were done.) Mom was a little sad that the cemetery was not being taken care of as well as she thought it should be.

We dug up a little pine tree from the homestead site that was just a couple of inches high. We call it our Nakina tree and it's about four feet high now. It's like a little piece of home.

- Great Memories - thanks Mom ---- *Joe*



Family

Times



I've got my name on the river
I've got my name on the sea,
I've got my name on the summer skies
They all belong to me.
I've got my name on the violets
That grow in their corner fair,
And wherever nature has planted peace,
My name is written there.
As far as the eye can travel
From where I stand in the sun
I've got my name on the things I see
And I own them, every one!
I've got my name on the singing birds
That mate when spring is new
But I won't be selfish with all these things,
I'll share them, friend, with you.
There is no deed to the river,
There is no lock to the sea,
Not all the power in all the world
Can take their joy from me!
There is no fence round the heavens,
No vault holds the sunsets' gold
The earth is mine and the heavens are mine
Till all the suns grow cold.
The stars are my thousand jewels,
And Life is my bread and wine,
And all that I see was made for me
And all that I love is mine.



John Ashley Round and Florence Colkett around the time they met in the early 1900's.

The Family in England



Lou, Bern and Mother



Tabatha (King) Colkett
Florence Round's Mother



John Ashley Round (right)
and brothers before
he left England



Lise Ann - Alfred Round
on right
Uncle Arthur on left



Dad holding May



Mom Vera and May having fun

Vera and May
in the Garden



May reading
-- a favorite activity



The Family in Saskatchewan

The Young Couple



May around 25



Chuck and May
around 1942



'Chuck' around 28



May around 18

The Streets of a Friendly Town





Second # 1



Makina C.N.R. Ont 1925

around 1925

CNR
around 1935

NAKINA
ONTARIO



*Makina C.N.R. Ont
1935*

Front
Street



Front Street Nakina Ont.

The Family Reunion in 1999



Left to Right:

*Front: Amanda Chantilly Jody Sharron
Debbie Mom (May) Jackie Mike*

*Middle: Debbie Joe Megan Sarah Dawn
Ev Carson Matthew Miranda Kayla*

*Back: Ron Lorne Vince Stan Gordie Marg
Dorothy Dave Pam Craig Kathy Jeff*



Hunting for the past



May and granddaughter Sharron Tyson at Round Lake



Marg, Stan and Ron searching for the old homesite

Lorne beside the cenotaph in Nakina honouring the Rounds who served their country.



1

9

9

7

THOSE WHO SERVED:
 L. POSPISIL
 C. QURT
 W. QURT
 J. ROUND
 MRS. J. ROUND
 R. ROUND
 E.T. SCOTT
 T.B. SCOTT
 J. SKRENKA
 M. SKRENKA

Jodi beside the remnants of the old stove used by Florence (Grandma Round)





Loon Lake Geraldton 1997

n
a
k



*Outside the old General Store
Lorne Ev Marg May Ron Pam*



Nakina Train Station 1997

i
n
a



May at Her Dad's Grave



*May and her children
in 1999*

Mom in front
Marg, Ev, behind
Pam behind Ev
Ron, Lorne, Joe, Dave
upper row



MOM

Nice to See You!

The Round Family Homestead

