Residents of Caleb Pike Road are curious about the good person/s who placed the bulletin board beside the mail boxes nearest the Pike House. Initial inquiries made to some likely benefactors have not yet revealed the source of this most useful and appreciated method of communication. Perhaps this pleasing gift will prompt similarly secretive copycat donations in other Highland neighbourhoods...

The Highland Youth Group has been formed by young residents following information collected from the Dreams and Decisions survey. The group welcomes all youthful Highland residents, (yes, I know that includes everyone!). Members have met three times to date, and are currently planning a youth party for the near future, (look for posters). Additional ideas include maintenance work at Eagles Lake beach, creating transportation opportunities, and encouraging the planning of a corner store. To join, offer support, or for more information, contact Erin, (479-4441) or Sheila, (391-0105).

Throughout the Highlands, residents are still discovering legacies left by last winter's unusual storms. Skylines, shady areas, favourite hiking and picnic destinations, small water courses, and more; many have been forever altered by the forces of ice and wind. People are contemplating the changes, curious about which species of trees and plants will be encouraged by the increase in light and space; others emit gasps as they encounter profound changes in the landscape. It seems certain that the severe 'pruning' effect will provide for interesting studies in local botany and the importance of biodiversity for years to come. The Heritage Fair will take place on Sunday, August 18 at the Caleb Pike Homestead. This old style community fair features pioneer games, food, and demonstrations. Admission is free and everyone is welcome; this has always been a great family event. The organizers report a shortage of volunteers this year; anyone with energy, ideas or talents to contribute to the fair can call Eric at 652-1466. The Heritage Fair discussion group meets at the Pike House on Thursday, July 4th at 7:30 p.m.; interested people are invited to attend.

The poetry readings hosted by the Pike House Poets and Friends are into the second year. The events feature an open stage, and a friendly, cozy atmosphere; closet poets are encouraged to bring their poems in their pockets. Admission is by donation and everyone is welcome. The next reading is planned for Saturday, September 21, at 7:30 p.m.; look for information about possible special events during the summer, or to get onto the phone tree, call Roxanne at 478-3997. The events are lots of fun; plan to attend and bring a friend.

Seen in Passing Stu Hogarth pruning the heritage orchard trees at Caleb Pike Homestead; white-knuckled roads advisory and council members on an evening fire engine joy ride; adorable baby goats east and west; fire department members duly practising; great blue herons north and south; large potholes; sword fern population explosion; market vendors growing, sewing, planning; sore-but-proud broom-pulling marathoners everywhere. ❀

IN MEMORY

VILMOS ETTINGER

Born in Köszeg, in western Hungary, in 1931, Vilmos (Vili) Ettinger came to Canada in 1956. He and his wife, Roza, fleeing from the communist regime, were forced to hide in a barn, waiting for the resistance worker who was to help them across the border into neighbouring Austria. Vili had studied engineering in Europe, and on arriving in Victoria found work at B.C. Forest Plywood. A skilled cabinet maker, he has worked for a number of years in his shop at home, near the top of Millstream Road.

Moving to the Highlands, he quickly endeared himself to the local community. One friend describes this colourful, generous, kind-hearted man as "a revolution in himself", and, with Roza, as "the best neighbours one could possibly have." Former neighbour Ken White tells of meeting Vili for the first time during the winter of '84 when Vili came to his rescue after Ken, new to the area and unused to slippery Highland roads, got himself thoroughly stuck. But later that same winter, coming home one snowy night, Vili crashed into Ken's parked truck, and returned later to see what damage he had done. "That", says Ken, "was the real beginning of our wonderful friendship." Though not from a farming background, Willy raised pigs, chickens, ducks and whatever he could find in the country auctions he loved to attend. Some of these found their way eventually into the fine Hungarian sausages which he sold as far away as Alberta and at the Highland Market, where Roza, too, had customers lining up, for her gourmet Hungarian pastries.

Some years ago, their first Highland home burnt to the ground. Nothing, not even a family picture, remained. But the intrepid Vili rebuilt, sold that house, and built another.

On Monday, May 27, Vili died at his home. He leaves, besides his wife, Roza, two daughters and four grandchildren. He will certainly be missed. ❀

Ed.

Josie Barclay

In conversation with the editor (Part One)

Highlander: Sitting here in your kitchen, watching your flock of Highland Blackface sheep grazing in the valley just below here, I'm reminded of your father. When I came to the Highlands in the early fifties, he and your mother were our neighbours. He had a flock of that same breed and they used to roam all over the Highlands. I remember him telling me that some of his ancestors were famous in the Lammermuir Hills in Scotland's Border country for breeding Blackface sheep. So you've come full circle, haven't you?

Josie Barclay: It was his brother, Bob that got us all living in the Highlands. He was the first one of his family that came in here . He lived at the Pike House. I can remember sleeping there. I remember the house very well. I can remember where the roothouse was, and where the outdoor toilet was. There were two. The last one I remember was *across* the road! You know there was a road that went to the field across the road. Well, you went down there and there was a little trail that went off to the left, and it went up over that hill...it was just the *longest* walk to that outdoor toilet. If you were in a hurry you'd *never* have made it. I don't know *why* he had it away over there.

Highlander: Maybe it was the only place he could dig a hole!.....Your uncle was still there when we came to live in the Highlands. I can remember that spring when I first climbed Lone Tree Hill. I'll never forget it. It was magical country. I climbed up amongst all the wild flowers, and when I got close to the top I could hear the tinkling of bells, and soft bleating sounds. I climbed up onto the peak, and there were sheep with their lambs and it turned out they belonged to your uncle.

Josie B: He was a very old man when he left there. He just got too old to drive and keep up. And the dogs wiped out his sheep. It was my uncle that got my Dad up here. They both came from the old country together, him and my Uncle Bob. Peter, the eldest brother stayed in Scotland, and Tom died in the war [World War I]. Two sisters died of tuberculosis, and Bob and my Dad went to Australia together; and to Tasmania, and New Zealand. They went the whole bit over there. Then he got a letter saying that his mother was ill. He went all the way back to Scotland to see his mother, but he didn't make it. She was dead when he got there. So he left again and came out and went to Wyoming, to herd sheep in one of those old sheep wagons. And I can remember my Dad saying that he was sitting on a pile of rock there one day and he kicked some of it out of the way. And that was that blue-coloured rock where they found all the oil. So he was sitting on hundreds of thousands of dollars and he didn't even know it! He left there and came to B.C. and he worked on the west coast and then he came to Victoria where he met my mother.

Highlander: Was she born in Victoria?

Josie B: No. She was born in Sheffield and came over with her mother. I mean, these people got around! I can't understand how they got around so well when you think about what they had to go through. She came out in her twenties. They were married in 1911. They went back to Scotland, but she was determined to get him out of Scotland. She told me she spent many nights sitting in front of the fireplace there, trying to talk him into coming back to Canada. By that time they had three children and she felt there was nothing for them there. It was hopeless for the children to ever become anything there. So they came back. They lived on a farm in Langford, which is hard to believe now, and of course they lived in Metchosin on Brotherstone Road that's named after them and eventually moved up to the Highlands for about a year. We lived in the house on the corner of Millstream and Finlayson Arm Road, the one Mrs. York owns now. That would be 1936 or '37, somewhere in there. I went to the Highland school. I can remember it, you know, in a child way, not a grown-up way. The front part that faces the road; that was where the teacher stood. There were about six rows of desks. I was in the one that would be on the north side where all the young ones were. And they got older as you went across the room. The oldest kids were on the end row. I took my lunch. Why I don't know because it wasn't that far from home. We used to sit on the rocks in front of the school if it was a nice day, and eat our lunch, and I can remember it was quite clear of trees. You could see right out and down to the road.

Highlander: There must have been a lot of logging before that. I have a photograph of the old Mitchell house at First Lake, taken early in the century. You can see right over to Holmes Peak. There are a few trees standing, but you can clearly see the ridge above Finlayson Arm. Now it's grown up to pretty sizable trees and you can hardly see across the road.

Josie B: It *was* clear. It's unbelievable. This place here that we're living on now, I can recall this being a lot clearer when I used to come up here as a child. The only big trees that were on this place were right up there on the top of that little knoll. When I came back it was hard to get my bearings, because it had grown up so much.

Well we moved back to Victoria for awhile and then we went to live on Thetis Lake Road [now Highland Road].

My Dad bought his property in the Highlands a few years before they came to live there. That was near the bottom of Green Mountain but I see they call it Scafe Hill now. The boys built the cabin

and did a bit of logging and lived up there off and on. And then my Dad decided they'd move up there when he retired.

Highlander: What did your mother think about that? It was a pretty isolated place.

Josie B.: Well you know, she never complained about it, but I think it must have been hard on her. Because she didn't drive, and she was a very sociable person. She just used to have to wait for someone to come to have a cup of tea with her. There was nobody near - no neighbours - I think it

Photo courtesy of Josie Barclay

Josie Barclay's parents, David & Vera Brotherston in front of their home at Scafe Hill, in the early fifties.

was kind of lonely, really, but I never heard her say that. But then, you know, she had a lot of inner resources. She wrote a lot of poetry, and some of it was very good. And then she had that old pump organ up there and she used to play all the old songs. While she was there she took up the violin again, too, that she'd learned when she was a girl in Yorkshire.

Highlander: Where did you go to school?

Josie B.: Well, I went to a lot of schools. Because they moved something fierce. They were the movingest people I ever seen in my life. I remember one school in Victoria. I don't remember the name. It was a horrible place, a very rough little school. I can remember we all had measles or scarlet fever or something and everybody was in these darkened rooms. It was very scary.

Highlander: Did you go to the old Metchosin school?

Josie B.: No. The others went to that school. I was born in Metchosin, but we left soon after I was born. I had a brother that died in Metchosin, a month before I was born. He was two years old. He's buried in the old churchyard there.

It was when we were on the Thetis Lake Road that my Dad got the Scottish Blackface sheep. They had brought some in from Scotland at the experimental farm up just past Courtenay, at Black Creek, and he heard about it and of course he couldn't stand that, so he went and got three sheep, two ewes and a ram, and he was tickled pink. And then he got various others after that.

Highlander: Your father told me that he bought a flock of Blackface when Eaglecrest, the Lieutenant-governor's estate at Qualicum was sold and the stock dispersed. He said that it was the only purebred flock in Canada at the time.

Josie B: I left home when I was fifteen. I just thought it was time to leave. There was nobody left at home. I was the youngest and I figured my mother had just about had enough. She'd raised all these children under difficult conditions - packing water and all that. Not that the old man wasn't a good provider, but anyone who'd lived through the depression with a big family put in some tough times. She looked like a very tired woman to me. My Dad was retiring and I knew he wanted to go and live up in the Highlands. I felt they'd had enough. I didn't tell them that and they didn't want me to leave. But it was away out there and I wanted to move into town and go to work, and so I did.

Highlander: And did you get a room in town?

Josie B: Yes, I did that.

Highlander: That was a brave thing to do at fifteen.

Josie B: Yes, it was kind of gutsy. As a matter of fact I think it was more ignorance than guts. I mean at fifteen you don't know the pitfalls. But, in the meantime, my two brothers, Bob and Ken rented a house in Langford, because they didn't like me living in town alone. It was right on Millstream Road, just below where the Highway is now.

Highlander: Was it an old two storey house? I remember in the fifties or early sixties there was a couple who lived around there. They were from the prairies. And they had bought a small, stone, flour grinding mill through an ad in the Winnipeg Free Press. They started grinding their own flour and making bread and the neighbours liked it so much that they began to sell the flour. And that was how Millstream Flour Mills began. After a while the business grew so much that they moved to an industrial site in James Bay. But you were talking about leaving home and going to work. Where did you work?

Josie B: I was a meat person. I worked in the meat department at David Spencer's [where Eaton's is now]. Funny, because I'm a vegetarian today. I've been a vegetarian a long time - twenty years....

I don't like to be an ostrich that puts its head in the ground. I like to face the facts of life. We'd raised turkeys and chickens and sold eggs, and we'd gone through the whole flipping bit.....you know what it's like when you live on one of these farms. And one day, we had these turkeys, and we'd killed them and I just said, "you know, I am sick to death of this. I'm never going to do this again. I just can't do it. I'm fed up with it. All these feathers and all the cleaning." And I said "I'm not going down to the store and making out that it's not happening. If I can't kill it and clean it and do it myself, I'm not doing it. I'm not eating any more meat and that's the end of it." And I never did from that day to this. Jim [her husband] eats meat , and I cook it for him. This was my decision, and I didn't make him do anything. What he does with his life is up to him and that's fine. I cook it because I ate meat when he married me, and you know there's enough in life to put up with without some silly thing like this happening to you in the middle of your life. I'm not a true vegetarian. If I'm really, really stuck and I'm away somewhere and I need something to eat, I will eat a piece of fish, especially if it's done in a fish and chip way because it kind of camouflages it..[chuckling]....so I don't even know what I'm eating! And you know I'm not unrealistic. If I was starving to death I would eat meat.. But in the meantime I don't want to kill it and I don't want to clean it, so I don't eat it.

But I was telling you about working in a meat market. Jobs were pretty easy to get. I worked at Eatons as a cashier in the grocery department, and then I went back to the meat department. They had a huge grocery that delivered out to all the farms. It was all big delivery in those days, and people would come in and get a big delivery that was going out to Sooke or Saanich or somewhere - because there were a lot of farms still around then, you know. I can remember Emily Carr coming with her little wagon to get her groceries. It looked like a baby buggy of sorts. I didn't pay much attention because she wasn't so famous then. It just seemed as if she was a bit weird with this baby buggy to get her groceries. So that was my encounter with Emily Carr!

Then I went up Island for awhile and I got married and after a time we went to Williams Lake. We were living in a cabin by the lake and I had to pack all my water and wood to survive there. It was very tough and very cold. I can remember not being really familiar with the lifestyle there and not knowing things that I should have known to rough it in that country. I had been walking out on the lake, on the same trail, chopping a hole in the ice in the same spot every day, to get my water. One day, come early spring, I left my daughter on the side in a sleigh and walked out there. I turned around to chop the hole and my axe went right through the water. So the trail had just stayed frozen because of the constant packing. Well, I tippytoed back in a hurry, I'll tell you. I just kept looking at the baby and hoping I'd make it back to her because she would probably have frozen to death before anyone could find her.

I had Sandy, my second child, in Williams Lake and four days before she was born I got the news that my Dad passed away. It was an outpost hospital where she was born. I went in and had to sleep in the hallway the night I was expecting, because there was no room, and finally they unloaded me into the room where you delivered. I was on the table for the night with the window wide open and I think it was about five below. When I was laying there, trying to have this child, there was a half Indian lady came in, and

Photo courtesy of Josie Barclay

Josie Barclay at fifteen, shortly before leaving home

said she was going to have her baby *now*. And so they unloaded me off and shoved me to the other side of the room. She jumped on the table and *did* have it "right now", and anyway she left and they put me back on and finally, I had my child. But it was just the roughest country you've ever seen. The lady that had the baby had been shot through her stomach by her husband a few weeks before she had the baby. And they were wondering how this whole thing was going to work out. But the baby was fine. There was another woman there who lived in at Horsefly. She had had to walk out and she had to walk back in and she said she wasn't taking any baby. She had left three in there and she wasn't taking another one back in because there was *nothing* to eat. And she did get up and walk away from that hospital. It was really tough living in those days up there. Anyway, my Dad was dead and I had just about had it, so I said "I'm not staying up here another winter. *If* I have to rough it I'm going to rough it down on the west coast where I understand what I'm doing." So we packed up and ten days later I was living in my old man's place. ❀

Little Red Schoolhouse on the Hill

Part One

Davyd McMinn

Annie Dixon heard a far away voice calling. "Annie, May, you'll be late. Don't disappoint Mr. Likeman today of all days. Come on, up you get now."

Slowly Annie opened her eyes and the confused jumble of France and the horrible explosions and her brother in a tin helmet drifted away with the night.

It was cold! Oh, was it cold. Even in a bed with four brothers and sisters it was hard to stay warm this winter. Last February there were days when the sun glistened on the waters of Finlayson Arm far below the house and it felt more like April. There were even a couple of days when Annie and her classmates managed a scrub baseball game at lunchtime in the clearing behind the school.

Spring seemed a very long way off this February of 1916. Just last week Annie had seen a photograph on the front page of the Daily Colonist over at Mr. Mitchell's store. The photograph showed a B.C. Electric Railway snow plough in front of the Victoria City Hall. The driver was standing beside the plough and the snow came up to his waist. Mrs. Mitchell complained that this was the worst winter she could remember since she and Mr. Mitchell came to the district from England in 1902. Annie found Mrs. Mitchell to be a bit haughty but she liked Mr. Mitchell. He was a kindly older gentleman with long handlebar moustaches who enjoyed children and had cleared the snow from the ice on his little lake for skating at Christmas time. As Annie was gathering up her packages and the week's mail, Mr. Mitchell slipped a nice chunk of Edinburgh rock candy into her coat pocket to "shorten the walk home a little." He was right, it did.

Annie's mother called from the kitchen again. Throwing off the bedclothes, Annie clambered over her still sleeping younger brother and sisters, gave May a good nudge, and jumped to the freezing plank floor. Annie never imagined it possible that she could change so quickly from her nightgown into her stockings, frock, blouse and pinafore.

Today was a special day, but a sad one. Annie was leaving the little school on the rock above Millstream Road. May, who was fifteen, was leaving as well to work as a maid in town. Annie, who had just turned thirteen would be staying at home to help with the chores and with the younger children, now that her brothers had joined up and were going off to war. She knew that her mother couldn't manage without her help, but she enjoyed school and would miss her friends and the teacher, Mr. Likeman. Mr. Likeman, who had grown up on the prairies before the turn of the century, had been a teacher for more than twenty years. Annie loved to hear of his experiences teaching all over Saskatchewan and Alberta; tales of sod houses and Indians, and foreign children who came to school speaking not a word of English.

Annie would not miss having to leave before seven o'clock in the morning, usually in the dark, in order to light the pot-bellied stove and sweep the floors at the school before her classmates arrived. The two dollars a month she received did help the family, though, and she liked raising the flag each morning, especially now that the Empire was at war with Germany. It made her feel quite patriotic as she watched the Union Jack inch its way up the knobbly old cedar pole.

Annie and May took turns fetching water up the steep hill from Millstream Creek, with their friends Connie Aikman and Kathy Corry. Mr. Likeman never asked any of the boys to haul water, which didn't seem fair, but Annie supposed he worried that they would just start fooling about down at the creek and never come back. Certainly no boy could be trusted to wind the old eight-day clock, high up on the wall above the teacher's blackboard. Now that she was leaving the school, Annie wondered whether Connie would be winding it .

At breakfast the talk was of the war and the awful weather and when Mr.Holmes would be able to get his new McLaughlin automobile out to town again. Bill said that the machine was hopeless in the snow and he imagined it would be marooned for weeks yet. The conversation turned to France and what the boys would be doing when they first arrived." Trench digging and more trench digging I'll bet ", said John. "Couldn't be any harder than breaking rock on the road gang for old Corry", laughed Bill. "I'd guess there's more rock here in the Highlands than in all of France and Belgium put together!"

The Highland District is certainly rocky terrain, but this was apparently no deterrent to the pre-empters and homesteaders who trickled into the area in the latter part of the last century. There was little arable bottom land and much better sheep grazing in other parts of the region. Perhaps the better land on the peninsula and in Metchosin was already taken. Or just perhaps, these hardy settlers were seduced by the unique upland topography of the area.

Notwithstanding the appeal of natural beauty in the Highlands, this community was very isolated before the turn of the century. The nearest railway

station, in Langford, was accessible by only the roughest of tracks, and the nearest school was two miles further at Colwood. By 1892, there were fourteen school-age children in the District, and in April of that year, local parents forwarded a petition to the provincial superintendent of education, requesting the establishment of a Highland school district and funds to construct a school. In reply, the petitioners received several letters from S.D. Pope, secretary to the Council of Public Instruction, informing them that under the School Act, a school district could not be created unless there were at least fifteen children between the ages of six and sixteen residing in the district, and that moreover, the petition must be received prior to the spring session of the legislature.

Undaunted, the twenty-three petitioners, who included such pioneer families as the Scafes, Pikes, Dixons, Maltravers, Jones, Vellacotts, Mullens, and Rowntrees, re-applied the following year and were at this time successful.

On May 11, 1893, the first meeting of the Highland School District was convened at the home of Mr.E.Simpson. H.Jones was elected chairman, J.C.Mullen secretary and J.H.Scafe, R.McClure, and J.E.Dennis, trustees.

In July, 1.75 acres of land above Millstream Road was donated, and $800 was warranted by the provincial Secretary of Education for the "construction of a school and incidental expenses". $606 was earmarked for construction of the school, outhouse and shed for stabling horses, $25 for surveying, and $100 for clearing the plot. $75 was set aside for a picket fence and $15 for the purchase of a stove and cartage to the school. Conflict of interest appears to have been of little concern, as Board chairman J. Mullen received $14 for ten cords of firewood. It was probably a local mother who was hired to clean the school before opening, for the grand sum of $2. $1 and 50c respectively were directed toward the purchase of a water pail and broom, and two boxes of chalk. In August, the board engaged Miss Jennie Fraser as teacher, for $50 a month, and in September, the Highland common school opened with twenty-four students in attendance.

It must have been a very proud group of parents who watched their children troop up the steps and into the little clapboard schoolhouse that early autumn day of 1893. These determined pioneers had succeeded in their efforts to provide an education for their children. The community not only had a school, but a place for Sunday worship and a hall for meetings and concerts. The future of the Highland District seemed bright indeed.

However, trouble was already on the horizon. In October, J.C.Scafe received a stern letter from S.D.Pope, informing the board that "I have just received the monthly report for September. The daily attendance required by the statute has not been maintained. Allow me to point out that the requirement of the Act in this regard must be complied with during the present month in order to prevent the closing of the school. I trust that the board will aid the teacher in every effort made towards securing the attendance required by the statute."

Over the next eight years, the tone and content of this letter was echoed over and over in missives from Pope and his successor. Enrolment never exceeded the twenty-five students in the 1894-95 school year, and average monthly attendance often dipped below ten. The sparse population and long distances travelled by students over rugged mountain roads and trails contributed to the low attendance. In addition, winters were a good deal harsher during this period than now, and children would often be required to travel by foot or horse through heavy snow.

On the Steps of Highland School, Dec. 10, 1910

Back row, left to right: Winnifred Corry (teacher), Arthur Corry, George Corry, Harold Pike, Percy Corry. Middle row, left to right: Christina Pike,? Pike, Mary Dixon,? Gregory. Front row, left to right: Robin Gregory?, Kathy Corry, Annie Dixon?, Violet Pike,?Gregory

By September of 1900, the Department had lost patience with the poor attendance and Miss Laura Tingley, teacher at the time, was given notice and informed that "owing to the failure to maintain the average attendance required by the School Act", the school will be closed at the end of the month.

Although the school did close, the board did not disband, and over the following eight years, vigorously lobbied the Department of Education to permit re-opening. Typical of replies from the Department was a letter to trustee Dixon in January of 1905, informing him that with "only eight school-age children in the District, it would be impossible to maintain a necessary minimum of eight children in regular attendance for an assisted school." Obviously well aware of poor attendance in the

past, the departmental official continues "Moreover, Highland is a regularly organized government school, and to be continued in operation, must have actual daily attendance of ten pupils. I regret that I am unable to grant the application to have this school re-opened. The Department sympathizes with the three families who are anxious for the school, but it will be necessary for them to wait until there are sufficient children of school age."

Finally, in the spring of 1909, the board was able to persuade the Department that there were now sufficient students in the District to re-open the school as an "assisted school". Board members at this time were Henry Pike, son of Caleb, who lived with his family on their farm at what is now the junction of Millstream Road and Caleb Pike Road; Frederick Mitchell, who farmed and ran a small store and post office at Mitchell Lake, near the junction of present day Millstream Lake Road and Munn Road; and George Corry, a former Royal Engineer, who homesteaded on the Ross-Durrance Road west of Pease Lake, and was road foreman for the District.

The school re-opened in September, under the tutelage of a Miss Noell, who soon came to regret her appointment. Over the next six months, she launched a flurry of letters to the department, complaining, among other things, of a "vacant school" (presumably days when no pupils attended), a sprained ankle, another "vacant school" and after Christmas, made several requests for transfer to another position. These entreaties were apparently not acted upon with sufficient haste, as Miss Noell abruptly resigned at the end of March, with no notice.

Fortunately for the board, the search for a replacement took them no further afield than the daughter of trustee George Corry. Alice Corry, who had graduated from the Victoria Normal School the previous spring with a third class certificate, was engaged to close out the school year at a salary of fifty-five dollars a month. Whether this salary reflected Miss Corry's inexperience or the general parsimony of the Department of Education, it is worth noting that this sum exceeded the first teacher's stipend in 1893 by only five dollars.

The photograph taken of the students and teacher on the steps of the Highland school during Alice Corry's tenure suggests that she was perhaps eighteen or nineteen, barely older than some of her pupils, some of whom were her own younger siblings. Perhaps she herself had also attended this school as a student, prior to the first closure in 1900.

The next few years saw a parade of teachers pass through the little red schoolhouse on the hill. Most were young, single women and few stayed longer than six months. Undoubtedly the isolation, inadequate remuneration and insecurity of tenure due to the frequent threats of closure were all contributing factors to this transience. ❀

In the second part of this article, we will meet a teacher who did stay, hear student and teacher reminiscences, dip into some of the school inspection reports of the period, and speculate on the reasons for the final closure of the school in the early 1940's. In addition, some of the options presently being considered for restoring and preserving this historic community landmark will be explored. Ed.

Davyd McMinn grew up in the Highlands, not long after the last of the pioneers had departed. Boyhood exploration of the remains of some of the early homesteads led to his interest in the history of the District

COMMUNITY CALENDAR

Date	Event	Location	Time
June 23	Highland Market	Caleb Pike Homestead 1589 Millstream Road	10 a.m. to 2 p.m.
July 14	Highland Market	Caleb Pike Homestead	10 a.m. to 2 p.m.
August 11	Highland Market	Caleb Pike Homestead	10 a.m. to 2 p.m.
August 18	Heritage Fair	Caleb Pike Homestead	Noon to 5 p.m.
September 8	Highland Market	Caleb Pike Homestead	10 a.m. to 2 p.m.
September 21	Poetry Reading -by donation -open stage	Caleb Pike Homestead	7:30 p.m.