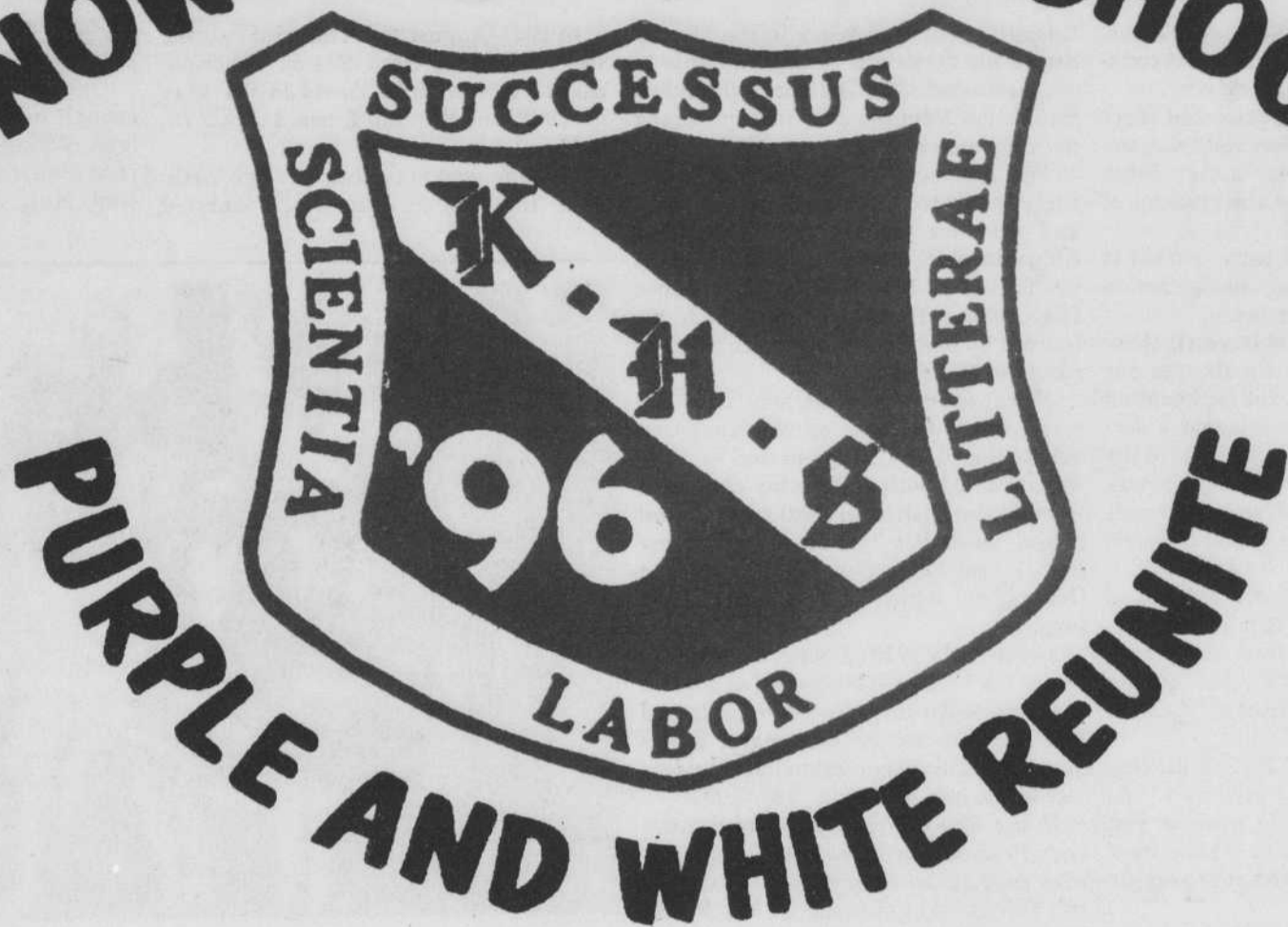


KNOWLTON HIGH SCHOOL



Chairman's Welcome

"Purple and White Reunite"

In the spring of 1994 Steve Trew, the current principal of Knowlton Academy, wondered out loud if there was any special celebration planned for the 50th anniversary of the Knowlton High School building which was opened in 1946.

Luckily there were enough former K.H.S.'ers around to gather together to discuss having a 50th anniversary celebration. As is the case with K.H.S. people nothing as insignificant as a 50th anniversary celebration would do and the idea turned into a full scale reunion covering the years 1898-1969. Eighteen ninety-eight because that was the year the first Knowlton Academy was opened and 1969 was the year Massey-Vanier

High School opened in Cowansville. With the opening of Massey-Vanier all the former High Schools of the area became elementary schools and K.H.S. reverted to being Knowlton Academy.

Over the past two years countless meetings have been held either at Knowlton Academy or at B.C.H.S. "The Museum," to organize the reunion. However, as is usually the case, the real work was done around kitchen tables or over the phone. It was always possible to find willing volunteers to organize the many aspects of the reunion.

The job of putting the reunion together was a serious business — how

many of us have thrown a party with a potential of 3400 plus guests and had over 1,000 actually sign up and pay their money to attend? It was soon realized that the actual thrust of the reunion was not to entertain but to provide a venue where reminiscences could be shared and old friendships renewed. Certainly when we were all together at K.H.S., enthusiasm, imagination and fun were never far below the surface and usually right out in the open, far, far ahead of trying to learn something useful. Our hardest working committee chairman was the one in charge of informing the weather committee chairman was the one in

charge of informing the weather department that if a huge hot air mass was spotted over Knowlton on July 19, 20 or 21 it would be a tornado or cyclon but simplify several hundred happy people getting to know each other again!

Not one former K.H.S'er refused to help in the organization of the reunion. Look around, if you see someone proudly wearing a purple and white ribbon, they helped to make this weekend possible. Thank them or let them know in some way, that you appreciate their efforts. Welcome to the 1996 reunion! Enjoy!

Bob Quilliams,
Chairman

Then and now

From an historical sketch by LM. Knowlton we learn that our first school, "Ball Schoolhouse" was built in the summer of 1825. It was a frame building 21 x 28 feet, boarded with 3" planks. It was located on Shufelt Road which is opposite the Protestant Cemetery on St. Paul Road. In 1847 a decision was made to move the school closer to the village, then called Coldbrook.

The movers placed the building on poles and hitched 12 pairs of oxen to it. The school was small but heavy. The move became more difficult than expected so the men left the building at what is now the corner of Ball and St. Paul roads. There it remained for 30 years 'til torn down in the early 1870s by Mr. Knowlton so he could build his home.

In 1850 a school known as "Brome Grammar School" was opened on Lake Street. It acquired several additions over the next twenty years and became "The Knowlton Academy". This school was given to the Brome County Historical Society in 1903 and is now our museum.

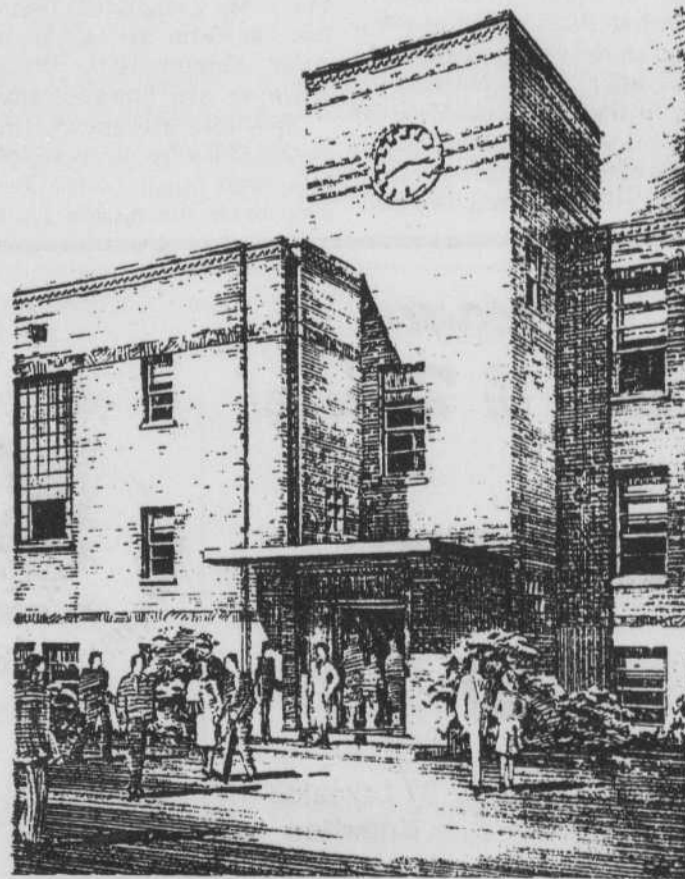
In 1897 a large, three-storey brick

building was constructed on Victoria Street at the site of the present school at a cost of approximately \$11,000. It was known as the new "Knowlton Academy". Unfortunately it was destroyed by fire on May 25, 1944.

Plans for a new school were soon underway and in September 1946 the doors to the first composite high school in Quebec, Knowlton High School, were opened for its first full year. It included at various times Kindergarten to Grade 12 as well as specialized, excellent courses in Commerce, Agriculture and Manual Training, and Industrial Arts. K.H.S. remained a high school for 24 years until June 1969.

In September 1969 all high school students in the district moved to Massey Vanier Regional High School in Cowansville, and K.H.S. became an elementary school. Its new name? Knowlton Academy!

Our reunion honours all these schools and the pioneers and forward-thinking citizens who built them.



ARCHITECT'S SKETCH OF THE TOWER OF THE NEW COMPOSITE HIGH SCHOOL, AT KNOWLTON
Printed by the Herald Press Ltd., Montreal

Mayor looks back

Recollection of Knowlton High School 1931-1941

My memories of K.H.S. are very pleasant to recall, when you realize that sixty-five years have passed quickly by.

The Blackwood family consisted of my mother and father and five children; one girl and four boys. My sister, Janet Mizener, and myself are the remains of that era.

All of our family was born at what is now 475 Knowlton Road, almost across the road from the IGA store.

It was a log house which is still there and occupied by Andre Proulx. As our family grew in numbers, the log building was covered with clapboards and a dormer window was added at the front of the house for more space. At that time it was outdoor plumbing. My father ran a small farm (40 acres) and was a horse dealer supplying the people of the area.

We had to walk to school which was not always pleasant because of weather, snow, etc. We walked from the house about 300 yards and then walked the railroad tracks to the school on Victoria Street.

Once in awhile the C.P.R. employees using a hand car would give us a lift, which we looked forward to, however you had to keep your head down to keep from getting banged on the head by the pumper handles.

This went on until 1933 when we relocated to a farm opposite the Catholic school on Main Street. We still had to walk to school crossing the Coldbrook River on a foot bridge, which was used by both Catholic and Protestants to get to and from school.

The principal of the school was Mr. E.M. Greaves, who was later replaced by Clifford Moore, who is still living at the Wales Home in Richmond in his ninety-third year of age.

We had good facilities at the school and I was able to graduate in 1941. We had good teachers and recreation facilities which made life pleasant.

Somehow I managed to get a job at Bell Canada which lasted for 38 years. Unfortunately the war took its toll and a good number of my classmates were killed in action. For myself after my first year at Bell Canada, I joined the R.C.A.F. and graduated as a pilot. In our family my young brother Bill joined the navy and spent time on the destroyer HAIDA, which carried supplies to Murmansk, Russia. I was in the RCAF and Marcus, my older brother, was in the army in the Grenadier Guards and fought in Germany. Last of all, my oldest brother,

Russell, spent four years in the United States Air Force and we were all able to get home safely when the war ended. Since then I am the sole survivor along with my sister, Janet.

While at school in the late 30's and early forties we had a good hockey team and we won the District of Bedford Championship, and went on to play in the Forum in Montreal for the Quebec High School Championship, which we lost out by one goal, but a great thrill of reaching the finals.

Since returning to the area after the war I spent 18 years on the Knowlton School Board as Chairman and in 1966 was involved with eight other chairmen to build the District of Bedford Regional School located in Cowansville. For my part I was Chairman of the building Committee, which was a \$10 million project.

In the early 1970's I became a councillor for the Village of Knowlton and when the town of Brome Lake was established in 1972 I became the first mayor of the new town and remain mayor at this date having missed one term, 1987-1991.

It has also been my pleasure to have been President of Knowlton Lions Club, President of the Brome County Historical Society, a supporter of the Pettes Memorial Library, the Brome Lake Theatre and for twenty-five years, the senior member of the Narcissis Farrand Trust Fund which assists school students to further their education, a past director at the Sweetsburg Hospital and finally, a long-time member and past director of the Knowlton Golf Club.

I am pleased with my accomplishments and have enjoyed life fully.

In 1947 (August 2nd) I married Pauline Safford Bowker from Sutton Junction. We had two children, David James, May 25, 1953, and William Edward, April 28, 1958.

My wife died of cancer on April 24th, 1972. In 1973, on June 9th, I married

Dorothy Evelyn Cooney and we live in Lac Brome at 15 Lynch Drive.

Over the years I have been fortunate enough to travel; Ireland, England, Scotland, Wales, Hawaii, Hong Kong, Singapore, Penanez Figi, Australia, New Zealand, Haiti and on.



Teachers (first ones in new school)

Front row: Miss W. White, Miss A. Corrigan, Miss McFadden, Miss P. Tugman, Miss H. Chapman. 2nd row: Miss M. Horner, Miss D. Hanna, Miss P. Wickens, Mrs. K. Call, Mrs. L. Wright. Back row: Mr. Davidson, Mr. Prince, Mr. W. Marshall (principal), Mr. M. Tyler, Major Reubens.

Knowlton High School 1931

by G. Edgar Ransom

The school, in those days before the fire, was not as large as it is today and it seems to me the snow banks were higher.

We lived a mile from town, toward Sweetsburg, corner of Moffat Road, where the Building Materials Co. is today. My grandfather, James McKee, had the farm across the road where Atlas Aluminum is. We walked to school on the "flat-iron" road.

Mortimer Greaves was principal. He stayed at Nellie Woods boarding house. Miss Scott taught Grade One and made soup for the lunch room. Leila T. Smith,

Mrs. Godden and Miss Stevenson were among the teachers.

Some of the students and teachers came from Sutton every day on the train which also brought the mail from Foster. Alan Blunt and his sister rode to school on the back of a great big horse; the Ladd boys came with a horse and sleigh.

George Allen and Gordon Bailey were seniors, who we looked up to.

I bought a bicycle from Homer Blackwood for ten dollars but I could only raise seven. I had to wait 'til I had ten before I got the bike. (Homer and Billy were tough guys. I was a city kid.)

We played baseball on the school

grounds. Bunk Williams sold us all 'bowler' hats for 25 cents. One day I went for a fly ball, David Woolley grabbed my hat and caught the ball. It went right through the hat.

Another day a lot of senior kids played hockey and went to 'the island'. I think Sewell Foster was the instigator.

School dances were great: all the family wet together. We brought box lunches, all fancy wrapped and they were auctioned off to our supper partners.

Teachers, parents, merchants and students were all friends. Life was good and not as fast as today.

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Best wishes
to all

Purple & White Alumni

Memories of KHS in 1945-1946

by Ruth Macdonald Coates

I never went inside the old Academy. When I was in Grade 11, it was an interesting time in the history of the school. We went part of the year in the factory building that is now Amalgamated Industries until we moved into the brand new school building. We were fortunate to have this building, even though it was not designed for us. The rooms were small, but probably the teachers were more inconvenienced than we younger people were.

Our entrance to our upstairs classroom was an outdoor stairway. The classroom for grades 10 and 11 was a big room with an archway. The five in grade twelve laughed a bit about their closet and indeed it was hardly bigger than a closet. We had no laboratories for Biology and Chemistry, we read our experiments, we did not do them. Down the hall we had a kitchen for Home Economics. I think Miss Herron was our teacher for sewing and cooking. We did cook and there was always someone showing up to sample it; teachers, classmates and always ourselves. Of course with a name like Lemon Fluff Surprise who would not want to try it! Sometimes we girls were sent down to a younger class in

time of emergency to teach. We tried to pretend we were quite professional.

I was not too much involved but I seem to remember there were Cadets, no gyms but track practice and meets, student council and many activities.

We moved into the new building on Friday, April 5, 1946. I have just read in my old diary, "Our classroom is big and light". We did experiments in the lab, burned our fingers on hot glass, and the boys even tried some concoctions they were not supposed to. One lesson was on starch. The boys crowed because we girl cooks did not mix the starch with cold water first and lumped it, they did not lump theirs. In Biology we dissected frogs, earthworms and other beautiful creatures, at least some of us did while some of the girls had to watch and squeal.

At the end of our year we had our newspaper called Inkspots, also had a big and exciting Graduation Dance, at least we thought it was exciting. It seemed to be for Grade 11, but it must have been for Grade 12 also.

September, 1946, I returned for Grade 12. I did Biology again, typing, and I remember French class with Miss White. Once a week we had to read a section of the French newspaper, then tell it to the

class. Also on the course were six books and they were books, in French. "Count of Monte Cristo" was one, "Les Deux Idoles", another and I do not remember the others.

There were hockey games, track, sports and if we were not interested, many were at least interested in the boys.

On April Fool's Day there were many little harmless tricks. Our class was in the Library with glass in the door through which we could see shadows outside, but from the hallway looking in, we could not be seen. At the end of our class we were

to leave and Miss McFadden was to come in with Grade 10. We had no teacher, but one of the boys went up to the blackboard, spouting a long Calculus work when they opened the door to see if we were ready to leave. They quickly shut the door, opened the door and shut it three times before they decided they were being tricked.

In our school years there were good times and must have been hard times, happy memories and memories not so happy. I choose to remember the happy times and we did have them at KHS.

Country boy

I was a country boy who had attended Bolton Pass School to Grade 7. Then our family moved to Knowlton where I started Knowlton High School.

My first day attending Miss Stevenson's French class was an eye-opener. There weren't enough seats for the Grade 6ers and 7ers, so some of us had to stand at the back of the class. The whole class was conducted in French. It might just as well have been Chinese because I'd never spoken or read French before.

Unknown to me, the teacher was giving me instructions, and I was standing, with my book wide open, looking in wonderment at this amazing French teacher who was asking me questions in a language quite bewildering to me.

Getting no response from me, she charged down the aisle severely reprimanding me for my lack of co-operation.

To make a long story short, I was demoted to Grade six.

After two more years my classmate, Clifford Benoit, and I were ready to graduate. But Clifford graduated two months before me.

One day in early May, Mr. Greaves, the Principal, called Clifford to the office. Then Mr. Greaves had to return to his classroom to quell the uproar. When he returned to his office, Clifford had disappeared and the second storey window was open. Clifford had jumped from the window sill to the roof of the front door entrance and then to the ground.

Mr. Greaves looked out the window and saw Clifford hightailing it across the school yard, and he shouted "Benoit — come back here!" But Clifford, still on the run, yelled back, "You go to hell. I've just graduated!"

— George Rogerson

Ah, the good old days...

Spring 1969... mini-skirts, Nehru jackets and lots of long, straight hair (some of us even ironed it), big V-8 engines with no catalytic converters, Friday night dances and really intense basketball matches. It was also the last year a Grade 11 class would graduate from Knowlton High School. Suddenly 1969 has become 1996. Twenty-seven years have flown by — time to establish careers and families. It is now the perfect time to revisit the past. Names long unheard begin to come to mind unexpectedly. I wonder where

Susan Reilley is now... Does Dale Patch still play music? Are the girls still stick thin? Do the boys still have hair? For one short weekend we'll have a chance to turn back the clock which has begun to tick far too fast. My husband, Mac (yes, we finally got married in 1972 after dating 5 years) joins me in wishing everyone a happy reunion — especially the final graduating class, the class of '69.

— Donna (Weir) Ross

I was a shy country girl

I was a shy country girl, never been far from home, always went to Tibbits Hill School until I took my entrance exams at K.H.S. in 1927. My teacher on the Hill was Myrtle V. Prouty. Those few weeks I boarded with Annie Prouty and Myrtle Prouty in Davignon.


I passed into Grade 8 as Myrtle was an excellent teacher, as was her aunt, Annie

Prouty, who taught me in Grade 8. In spite of her skill as a teacher, I failed in 1929, so graduated early. Some in the class had the answers to questions before I got my brain into drive. Harry Pibus and Vera Parrit were a couple of the very clever ones.


— Helen Eldridge Seymour




Knowlton Academy 1905-1910 (estimated) Marion Davis Robb (Boyd), 4th from left, back row.



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Old yellow



Miss Christine Miller shown here at home in Knowlton after her 20,000 mile trip to China. She is holding a miniature Chinese Junk, one of the many presents she received during her visit.

You might think my fondest memories of Knowlton High School would involve me sitting in my desk, hungering and thirsting for knowledge, and wrenching on the drawer under my seat to get out the books that would tell me more about Shakespeare, Alexander the Great or Pythagoras. Not so. Some of my most memorable experiences were gleaned on the school bus, jolting over the countryside with Bill Hinves at the helm.

In the spring on the East River Road out in Bolton Centre, dust billowed up from behind the bus and rocks spit out from underneath. In the winter, the hood of the bus acted as a plow as we made our way over the snow drifted roads.

Some special bus trips stand out in my mind — Quebec City with Glen Brown, Dominion Textiles in Magog with Miss Shepherd, and an Ottawa band trip with Mr. Long. Food was scarce on those band trips. I remember Bob Quilliams asking Mr. Long if when the fence posts began to look like hot dogs that meant that starvation was near.

One hot June day, Bill's yellow bus was wending its way through Bolton Pass. At the back of the bus, two boys, who shall remain nameless, were testing out a few choice swear words. These words had the misfortune to drift into Bill's ears. The bus ground to a halt. Bill left the driver's seat, dragged the two

offenders to the front of the bus and set them down on the steps — beside the heater. He turned the heater on full blast and warned them that it would be hotter than that where they were going if they failed to mend their ways.

Those were the days when discipline was creative. The boring "pink slip" was unheard of.

— Marilyn Cameron Stairs

Mabel Marshall's memories

My name is Mabel Marshall. The year is 1928. I have passed my entrance exam which will allow me to go into grade eight at Knowlton High School. As there are no bus routes to pick up children and I live eight miles from school, I have to board in the village.

I have found a room with a Mrs. Leech, but due to an illness in the family later on in the year, I have to go and stay with my aunt.

In grade eight, the teacher is Mrs. Annie Prouty. She actually teaches grade 8 and 9 in the same classroom.

I completed the eighth grade but in 1928 my father passed away and my mother could no longer afford to send me to school. She needed my help on the farm.



Knowlton Academy Hockey Team 1912.

Harold Ralston, Principal Crutchfield, Geo. Harris, Sherman Kathan, Harry Shepard, Arnold Fennell, George Savage, Lionel Sicard, Thomas Wood.

1953

Brenda is a light in the dark old cell, She's generally singing, and smiling as well, She sits at the front, between Susan and Connie, I don't know if she's Scotch, but she sure is Bonny!

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My days at Knowlton High

It would be hard to talk about my memories at KHS without admitting that the ride home was my favorite part

of the day; however, there are numerous other anecdotes which come to mind and like most people, the ones which stand

Memories

The memories of events that touch our souls during the first eleven years of school life stay with us for life and become warmer and dearer to us as the clock of life moves on. Memories lie idle until triggered by some form of stimulus and there you are back in time reliving your past.

Who doesn't remember the words of songs like "Give Me Some Kind of Sign" reminiscent of the miles put in strolling up and down the halls or "Do Wah Didi" at the Friday night dances. A certain song can trigger a moment remembered, even to the kind of day it was.

We all remember lunch hours and recesses spent playing softball on the playground, lying on the basement floor rolling marbles off that funny curved cement baseboard, pole-vaulting in front of the bandstand or swinging as high as

our tummies would allow us. The best part was that noise of the hundreds of familiar faces, laughing and shrieking and filling the air with the excitement of being alive.

Then there are those special moments remembered, such as the vision of "big Earl" dressed in a burlap sack and dragging the hindquarter bone of a cow across the stage in one of Mr. West's Shakespearian productions; or four bodies cramped in Munkitrick's Carmen Ghia en route to a ball game in Chateaugay. But most of all, the unselfish kindness brought forth day after day by the teachers who guided us and helped us over each hurdle as they came along, will always have a special place in our hearts.

Bill Schnatgen

Lorna Booth

My name is Lorna Booth. The year is 1924. I have waited one whole year to go to Knowlton High School. It is not an easy matter to get a way to school. My brother has now passed his entrance exams for grade eight as I had to. Now we can go together.

It is finally time to go; my brother has hitched up the horse and wagon. It is 7:15 a.m. and we have eight miles to go along back roads and woods before we reach Knowlton. This is a Monday morning so we have to make sure that we have all our food for lunches for the week with us. We are going first to my uncle's house. He lives in the village of Knowlton. His house was on Main Street, exactly where the Clairol building is today. We will leave the horse and food there, then walk to school. At noon we will come back to eat and see that the horse is fed.

In those days school hours were from 9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. with an hour off for lunch. If the weather turned bad during the afternoon and the snow was blowing and drifting badly on the way home, we would have to unhitch the horse and pull the sled through the biggest drifts by hand. Sometimes we would not make it home for supper until 6:30 or 7:00 o'clock at night.

I went into grade eight and the grade

8 and 9 students were in the same room. There were about 10 or 12 students in grade 8 and about 9 or 10 students in grade 9.

For sports, the boys had baseball but the girls did not have a team.

Things were very different in those days.

out are centered around the teachers. Since it is easiest to think chronologically, I can start in grade one with my first bus ride on one of those dear old Ford busses, number six with a wooden body and canvas roof; this turned out to be the last run for this old rig, replaced by a brand new one the next day. (I'm sure Gordon Page, the driver, didn't mind the change at all) Grade one was with Miss Tracy (now Mrs. Sam Duffin) who phoned my mother the day I got the courage to actually say something.

I had all the great ones of KHS. Miss Carmichael who swam in Brome Lake when most folks were still trying to skate on it, Mrs. Jackson, and of course the most famous of the lot, Mrs. Hadlock whose bite WAS as tough as her bark. She was the only teacher to come anywhere near close to making me write properly; and who can ever forget her epic reading of Huck Finn.

High school was more of a blur except perhaps for grade nine because I did it twice, mainly due to my perpetual habit of hating math (and failing it). The first of these two years things like throwing fruit at lunch to improve hardball skills were paramount. Stewart Whitehead's slider was so uncatchable that once, a tomato, roared out the classroom window and hit Mr. Stonefield, the math teacher, on the head. (oops! good thing Stew was a math wizard)

Well armed with two years of Mrs. Bradley's celebrated grammar schooling, I was finally more or less equipped for grade ten and eleven and the challenge

of surviving among other things, Mrs. Gatenby's French class (she, like Mrs. Hadlock, proved that fear can indeed inspire greatness). Both were fine teachers, just woe unto those who put no effort into learning.

Mr. West was the one who, as well as possessing teaching excellence, provided the humour to make the pill of tough high school courses easier to swallow (who could ever forget the day he left the pretend throw-up on Mrs. Gatenby's desk).

There were other fond memories such as Mr. Long's KSH band playing from "The King and I" in summer Sunday evening concerts, Mr. Flewelling's monster basketball teams, as well as "The Gondoliers" and all those other great operettas. Actually, it was Mrs. Gatenby who told us that no matter how far we may go in our education it would always be the memories of fellow students and teachers in high school we would remember, and she was right. I hope most other folks cherish the people memories as much as I do.

Richard Price



Jessie Soles, Betty Williams, Janet Woodley.

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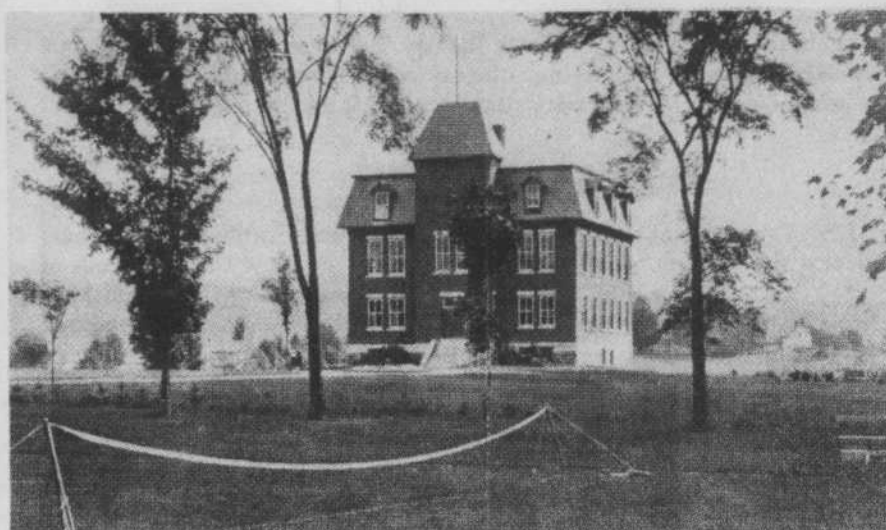
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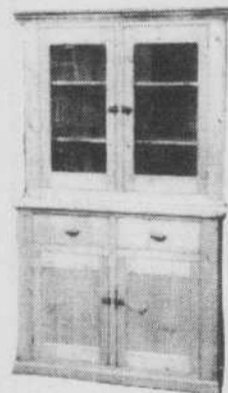
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Where are they now?

Catherine Bancroft Mitchell - 1937 calls Ottawa, Ontario home, as well as Joan Brunton - 1953; Joan Nurse Tetreault '49.

Jack and Gordon Bailey - 1940. 1935 stayed in Knowlton area as did Lee '68 and Tanis Ellson '66; while sister Dale, '63, moved to Sherwood Park, Alta. Horses are still their hobby.

Albers - David, '66; Fred, '65; Neil '69; John, '69, and Marion, '62, remained near the Creek at Foster while Norman, '69, trotted down to N.J. and Frances, '60, went to St. Thomas, Ont.

Audrey Benoit Bickley, '33, is in Marblehead, Ohio and Bob Benoit, '69, is in Haines City, Fla.

Avery Booth, '47, lives in Lenoxville while mom, Lorna Marshall Booth, 1925, and aunt, Mabel Marshall, '29, are still in town.

Malcolm Call, '54, is in Athens, Georgia; while Lois Chamberlain, '57, became a doctor in Sault Ste Marie, Ontario.

Joan Clark, '51, with hubby Wesley D'Artois, '51, now live in Bondville; while sister Evelyn Clark, '34, wed local plumber in town, Bill Partridge, class of '32.

Mildred Coote Siero, '47, went to San Francisco and brother Glendon, '56, lives in Langley, B.C.

Joan Beerworth, '47, wed Robert Edwards, '47, of West Brome and they run a "real country family store" along with son, Alan Edwards, '69 grad.

Merte Carstense Tanner, '55, became a nurse; lives in Edmonton, Alta. Brother Viggo, '59, is in Northfield, Vt.

Calgary, Alta., is the home to several KHSers. Barbara Duboyce Rodgers, '57; Tony Eldridge, '56, and wife Dorcas Levoy, '53; Ralph Matthews, '48; David Price (Rev.), '64.

James Stockwell, '65; Wanda Mailloux Arnett, '69; Jack Morley, '69; Shirley Page Doiron, '68, as well as Jack Taylor, '62, and Richard Arnett, class of '61.

The Sturtevant family of Judy, '60, to Cowansville; Linda, '63, to Prescott, Ont.; Vicky, '67, also Cowansville; Peter and Connie, '69, stayed in Brome and Sheila, '69 (our treasurer), took up farming with husband, John Rogerson, '69, on the outskirts of town.

June Spencer, '50, wed Ronald Pettes, '47, and lives in Verdun, while sister Connie, '53, moved to Toronto.

The Shepard twins, '62, Dora's in Sutton, while Doreen's in West Brome and the Stone twins, '69. Peter is Police Chief and brother Mike has a small business in town.

Gladys Gebbie Frizzle, '33, shares the home farm with son Larry, '69, in Brome Center.

Doreen Grannary MacFadden, '53, went to Delta, B.C., while Jessie Emerson, '41, lives in Kingston,

Ont., along with Joyce Knowlton, '41; Peter Mason, '60, Dawn McPherson Neely, '69, and 1st principal of new school in '46, Wm. Marshall.

Heidi Kuss Pesant, '53, is in Hampstead, P.Q.; Junia Journeau Culligan, '52, Pointe Verte, N.B.; Robert (Bob) Johnston, '47, Vulcan, Alta.; Nancy Hunter Rush, '47, Blaimore, Alta.; Jean Draper Sweet, '42, Wiseton, Sask.

Richard de Solla, '68, lives in Baie d'Urfe; Ralph Davidson, '54, is here in town and Betty Lou Cousens Richards, '57, calls Campell Croft, Ont., home.

Ormonde Brown, 1927, lives in the Glen, while Harold Battley, '39; sister Peggy, '46, are here in town; "Mickey" Battley, '47, went to Shilo, Man.

Richard Burcombe, '68, also policeman keeps wife, Susan Roberts, '69, out of trouble.

Rod Crandall, '45, and wife Mary Jackson live on farm in Brome, while up the road lives Rose Doiron, '62, and hubby Lionel Foster, '57.

The Mullins family - Sharon, '66, is in South Stukely; Danny, '61, and Charles, '69, Ottawa; Maureen, '69; Michael, '67, and Patty, '69, Montreal area, while Terry, '69, is here in town.

Eric Northrup, '59, is in Vankleek Hill and sister Joan, Barrie, Ont.; Brenda, '60, Toronto; Julia, '61, and Barbara, '66, Montreal, and Ann, class of '56, went to Markdale, Ont.

Our chairman, Bob Quilliams, '57, of Foster sent brother David, '61, to Bowmanville, Ont., and sisters Bev, '57, to Green Valley, Ont.; Sybil, '61, Killan, Alta., and Mary, '61, Metcalfe, Ont.

The East Hill Sanborns - Lillian, '53, is at Owl's Head; Nancy, '53, Burlington, Ont.; Norma, '60, Greenfield Park; Susan, '69, to Foster and only brother Kenneth, '63, to Red Deer, Alta., and the Knowlton Sanborns consisting of Art, '47, Knowlton, Deanna, '56, Columbia Falls, Montana; Lois, '62, and hubby Frank Stanbridge, '62, are in Toronto. John, '61, lives in Edmonton.

Sheila Rumsby, '54, married Keith Wilson, '51, and lives in Iron Hill.

Danuta Rypenski, '66, keeps the mail sorted in Mansonville, while Martha Page Dudley, '65, lives in West Brome.

Dorothy Hillhouse Barter, '33, is in Belleville, Ont., and Eileen Hillhouse McArthur, '31, lives in Lachine.

Ian Howard, '64, and wife Elizabeth Soles, '65, are also near Cowansville.

Douglas Hume, '58, lives in Bellevue; Bob, '62, keeps roads clear and Barrie, '62, is in Reno Nevada.

Tom McGovern, '66, is one of Knowlton's "city fathers" along with Mayor Homer Blackwood, '41.

Anislee Laing Mitchell, '38, is also in town.

Hilda Mitchell Luce, 1927; daughter Jean, '47, and husband Maurice Russell, '46; Norma, '54, and hubby

Bruce McLellan, '54, and son Grant, '64, are still in town.

Marion McLaughlin Pettes, the KHS cook is at the Wales Home and Nurse Christine Miller also class '36, is here, but brother Robert, '52, and wife Kay Miltore, '54, are in Dundee, Ill.

Keith Leavitt, '53, retired from CPR and is now living in Burlington, Ont., while John de la Mare, '54, and wife Bev Jones (Comm. 53), keep the trucks rolling in Cowansville. Dexter Jolley, '54, keeps London, Ont., as home, while sister Phyllis, '50, is in Cowansville.

Winnifred Pibus, '56, has taught for years in Igaluit, N.W.T.

Lois Thornton, '54, is in Portland, Maine, and Karen Wedge Gay, '61, is Port Cartier, P.O.

Philip Sykes, '54, keeps Dawson Creek as home and brother, Clifford, '59, is in Dorchester, Ont.

Art Mizener, '49, stayed on home farm, while sister Margaret, '40, went to Pointe Claire. Brothers Alden, '52, and Warren Mizener, '60, are in Brockville and Nepean, Ont.

Douglas Sutor, '45, is in Burlington, Ont., with wife Joyce Allan, '47. Ashley Sutor calls Pierrefonds home.

Robert Kenworthy, '37; Jean Soles Elliot, '39, and Bruce and Robert Morey, '69, are all living "down under" in Australia, while Arthur Badger, '63, is in Bermuda.

A complete list may be found at the reunion, 1996. Brenda Prouty, Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, Afr. 1963.

Sorry we couldn't find you

William Bastings	'55
Allen Bunn	'59
Ann Mary Burton	'52
Nancy Clark	'53
Norma Crewe	'53
Wayne Farrell	'53
Beverley Foster	'51
Jeanne, Philip, Suzanne Hamel	'69
Elsie Hillhouse	'32
Neil Juby	'53
Sheila Lawlor	'47
Clarence and Carol McKinley	'55
Randal Peasley	'63
Marion and Muriel Popkin	'68 and '69
Elizabeth Barker	'45
Isabelle Crawford	'45
Wendell Gough	'46
Shirley Bockus	'40
Mona Laremailler	'34
Adele Valentine	'35
Darrell and Gordon Turner	'36 and '36

Plus 210 more posted in hallways.

Deceased — a complete list is posted in the hall at school.

David Badger	'57
Alan Bailey	'53
Alan Barnett	'69
Stanley Bennett	'51
Bill Blackwood	'42
Beverley Bockus	'52
Dale Bockus	'69
Shirley Bould	'52
Donald Brown	'61
John Charby	'59
Ross Clarkson	'69
Sheldon Cook	'65
Tyler Crandall	'58
Sherry Crittenden	'69
Jean Duke	'69
Gary Durrell	'55
June Fessenden	'57
Robert Gorham	'52
Kurt Grannary	'60
Connie Hamilton	'60
Jerry Jackson	'50
David Lenz	'69
Carolyn McGovern	'66
John Partridge	'62
Rudy Pettes	'45
Brian Powers	'69
Gary Perkins	'53
Gesner Rumsby	'55
Ross Rumsby	'58
Gloria Russell	'58
Kamela Rypinski	'69
Ronald Sturtevant	'53
John Sutor	'52
Grant Sykes	'60
Judy Terrio	'63
Peter Terrio	'62
Carolyn Westcott	'65
Carmen Wilms	'69
George Allen	'34
Rupert Allen	'31
Iris Armstrong Kirby	'35

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while in
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Welcome Home!

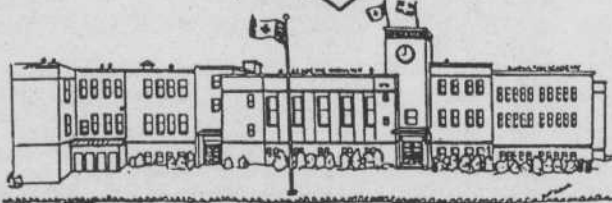
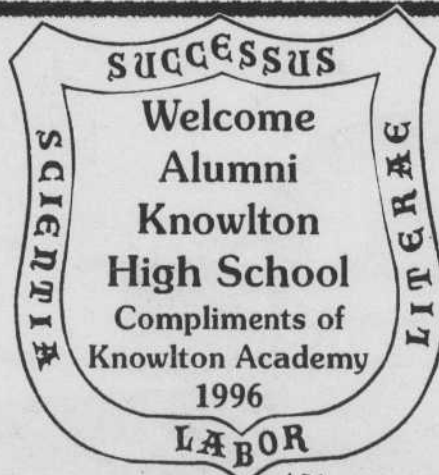
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The KHS train

Running between Sutton and Drummondville it was known as the "Gitney" with the 'G' pronounced as a 'J', the "Peanut" and the "Pike".

Starting from Sutton weekday mornings on the main line to Montreal it would switch to the Drummondville line at Sutton Junction where the railway station was known as Enlaugra.

It played a big part in the transportation of students, and some teachers, to Knowlton High School where those from Sutton would first board with the next pickup being Enlaugra with still another pickup at Brome.

Students from both Sutton and Sutton Junction were under the Sutton school system but for various reasons attended Knowlton. The students from Brome were fewer in number as there was a school bus service but there were always those who may have missed the bus.

There were both English and French students attending and the mixture gave excellent opportunity for many friendships.

At one time there was no school bus service between Sutton Junction and Sutton and the train provided a very convenient service arriving at Knowlton some ten minutes before nine o'clock in the morning giving time to make first classes.

The return run was around six p.m. which gave plenty of time for homework, but was probably taken up with other activities such as sports and later the band. It did, however, provide a convenient excuse at home that homework had been done while waiting for or while on the train.

It was an excuse only as band members would often have their instruments with them and jam sessions and sing-songs frequently took place on the ride home, usually drawing applause from the other passengers. There were also the card games and no end to story telling.

The train itself varied from a single diesel power unit, sometimes having an additional car and known as the "gitney", but nicknamed the "Peanut", to a steam engine pulling a number of cars which included baggage, as well as passenger and was usually referred to as the "Pike".

The railway personnel were accommodating and often foregoing and although conductors threatened to refuse passage because of forgotten tickets, no one was forced to disembark.

Due in part to the mail requirements there was a Saturday morning service returning around noon, which gave an opportunity to attend additional Saturday morning functions.

The poet, Robert W. Service, would probably have summed up as follows:

There were strange things done on that railway run

Using diesel or steam for its fuel

That road of rail could tell many a tale

As it headed to Knowlton High School

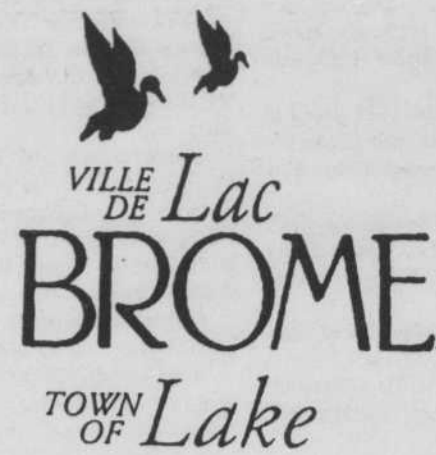
There were some nights that saw queer sights

But most folks were of one accord

When the whistle would blow that train would go

Once the conductor proclaimed "All Aboard".

— John de la Mare



Welcome Home!

Members of Council

Homer Blackwood
Mayor

Councillors

George Bristol
West Brome

Robin Moore
Fulford-Bondville-Iron Hill

André Groulx
East Hill

Paula Richardson
Knowlton

Thomas McGovern
Knowlton

Signy Stephenson
Foster

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