

July 2, 1938

Following pupils of S.S. No. 10 passed their high school entrance exams, Margaret Berl, Edgar Huggard, Byron O'Neil, Magdalene O'Neil, Douglas Pettypiece, Nancy Pettypiece, (H) John Schneider, in Paquette News.

Oct 27, 1967

The pupils and teacher, Mrs. Davis, of S.S. No. 10 Sandwich South wish to thank all those who helped make their affair a success on Friday afternoon, October 20th. We want to thank all mothers who helped and to give a special thanks to Mr. Dick Reyner for the use of his two ponies and for the enjoyment they provided for the children. Thank you to Mrs. Deehan who did the fortune telling. We cleared the sum of \$25.41 which is to go to UNICEF (for underprivileged children).

Dec 20, 1968

Former pupils of Miss Mollie McGurn who taught at S. S. No. 10 several years ago, will regret to hear that she passed away, April 27th of this year in Belleville. Mrs. Russell Pettypiece's annual Christmas Card and letter to Miss McGurn were returned to her with a note telling of her death.

June 4, 1971

Miss Isabel A. Young, a former teacher of S.S. No. 10, Sandwich South, entered into rest suddenly at her residence, Robinson Street, St. Mary's, on Thursday, May 20th. Daughter of the late Alex and Agnes (Gowan) Young, she was in her 81st year. She is survived by several cousins. Funeral services were held at the L. A. Bell Funeral Chapel, St. Mary's, on Saturday, May 22nd, at 2 p.m. Interment was in St. Mary's Cemetery. Miss Agnes Hartley and her sister, Mrs. Ethel Comeau, of North Ridge, close friends of deceased, attended the funeral. While teaching at S.S. No. 10 the late Miss Young lived at the Hartley home and attended the Church of the Redeemer where she took an active part in the W. A.

Windsor Star
Oct. 24, 2003

Celebrating the simplicity of life

#10 School

As a kid, they laughed at him at school. They poked fun at the way he spoke, and the fact he couldn't read or write.

He's now 81. It's all behind him. He didn't care then what they said, and doesn't give it a thought now the way he was treated.



MARTY GERVAIS
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Paul O'Neil was what was commonly termed "retarded" back then when he walked across the road to the one-room school on County Road 8 in

Oldcastle.

He never got past Grade 3, and that was a struggle.

Paul, a short but stocky man with a

big smile, still can't read but each day, without fail will pick up the Windsor Star, and flip through it, mostly examining the pictures. On occasion, he'll quip it's the "speed reading" course that's helped him get through it so fast.

I went to see him the other day. We sat at the kitchen table and drank tea in the house where he grew up. I was there with his 69-year-old brother, Alfred, his sister Virginia and his sister-in-law Carol. They had lots to say about him.

They'd shout questions at him because Paul is hard of hearing, and he'd laugh, but wouldn't say a word. That is uncommon — he's usually talking your head off. Or so they tell me.

I didn't believe it. At least until I asked if he could lead me to his tiny quarters at the back of the farmhouse where he was born eight decades ago.

Paul's now living in what was then called the "summer kitchen" in this

farmhouse that raised 10 children. Paul's the third oldest in the family.

It's here that Paul opens up. Tells me about the pictures that adorn his room. It's here that his dog, Lucky, jumps up on his bed, and Paul recalls another dog that he had that dug a hole into his pillow, and another time chewed up a belt of his.

From the tiny window across from his bed you could look out into the yard. There embedded in the grass are the markers for two other dogs of his.

Who is this fellow? And why should I write about him? He reminds me a little of Forest Gump. He is slow-witted and was someone raised by a loving mom who was protective of him. And yet his mother never handled him with kid gloves. He did everything his brothers did. Picked tomatoes, suckered tobacco, fed the cows, cleaned out the barn, cut the grass. And when he was old enough, he showed his younger

brothers what they had to do, and how to do it.

But Paul has proven to be a man with a big heart, a great sense of humour and someone who never gets riled, never raises his voice. He keeps to himself, and since the death of his mother, he has decided independence is best for him. He cares for himself. He's usually up by 8 a.m. to make tea and fry up a couple of eggs.

Life is simple. "And he probably still believes in Santa," says Alfred.

Why is that? Well, stop by the house at Christmas. The place is ablaze with every kind of tacky ornament. There's a plastic Santa Claus — at the moment tucked away in a shed — that lights up and stands taller than Paul.

In a few weeks, right after Halloween, Paul will put up his own Christmas tree.

"He's happy," says Alfred. "I've never seen him get angry. In fact, he has trouble understanding why people get mad. "He doesn't have a care in the world except to make sure there are tomatoes at Zehrs."

As I looked around Paul's tiny quarters, I spot the Halloween decorations: a werewolf, a witch, a string of lighted pumpkins. It looks like an old-fashioned dime store display.

We laugh about it. But then I think, here's someone who enjoys life. Here's someone who goes through each day celebrating, taking it all in, indulging his fantasies, someone who lives in the world of the imagination.

Believe me, there's nothing better than that. This is a man blessed and living every glorious moment of it.

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