

Oral histories : audio cassettes and transcript collection

([see Oral histories finding aid](#))

Transcriptions

Miss Margaret White

- Experimental French class
- Dr. Kenner, Depression fund
- The services, war, effects on school boys
- Regulations, standard to be met if one stayed in school
- Gap between normal students and those who were in the services
- How she got the job as head of the department
- Depression, salary cut
- Teaching, different profession, no money
- Dedication
- Disciplinarian

One time I taught a bunch of 4 year boys. I never was one for letting the youngsters fool around. I wanted them to behave themselves and learn because you can't learn if you're fooling around so I must have spent a good 2/3 of the time impressing upon them good classroom behaviour and the rest of the time on French. But I don't think they learned a great deal of French. But it was interesting. I enjoyed it. It was entirely different from what I have been used to.

Dr. Kenner was the principal. He was without a doubt Peterborough's most famous educator [during the depression]. He was 50 years at PCVS, 35 of those years as principle. He was a most remarkable man. He ran the Board of Education, not they him. He was a real headmaster, not an administrator.

He had a fund. I really don't know where the money came from. Even the people on the staff didn't know. And he knew his students. Of course there weren't really as many as there are now. He knew his students, and he knew those that might be having difficulty. And he just quietly provided them with clothes or books or whatever it was that they needed to stay in school.

No. They didn't begin to drop out until the war time. Of course then voluntarily, though volunteering for the armed forces. And then the boys at a certain period through the war were not allowed to stay on at school unless they were being successful. Because they needed them, either in the forces, or if they weren't any good for that, they needed them in [the] industry. Everything in Peterborough really began to grow during [the] war time. It was really a small place when I first came here in 1935. I'm not any better at figures than I am at dates but I'm sure that it at least doubled its population during the war years. There was so much activity at the GE and the other factories around. I think they flocked here to get the jobs. And of course the men who had been working in the factories were off at war. That was when the drop came. In some ways it was a sad time to teach because so many of the boys went overseas and got lost you know...but it was a very satisfying time because of these regulations. They had to make the grade or they couldn't stay. There was no difficulty about trying to get them to work. And then of course the boys who were heading towards the service...they wanted to get through. They wanted to get at it. You know what young lads are like. They were afraid the war would be over before they got there. Adventure you know. Of course an awful lot of them never came back.

It wasn't a local thing. The Department of Education set the regulations. It was a very good thing from our point of view. Because you didn't have to coerce them very much. They were interested in it. And then after the war, some of them came back to complete their education and they were a pleasure to teach simply because they knew where they were going now. Those who had been planning to go to university and had been putting it off until the war was over. They were really anxious to get back and they were older. It was really funny the normal students, the students of normal age, they thought were awfully childish. They weren't that much older in years but they were that much older in experience. It was amusing because they were so depressed about how childish the ordinary youngsters were, yet they themselves had been just as childish in their day. It's so easy to forget.

I graduated in [19]32 from university and in '33 from the College of Education and this was the first job I had [1935]. And it was just a fluke that I got this job. I came in the middle of the year. The woman who was head of the department of the time, she was ill, and has been ill I think perhaps a year and a half. And they had substitute teachers one after the other, one after the other for that length of time. A friend of mine was already on the staff. She had come here direct from the college of education, she was one of the few that got a job. And I was in Toronto working on my Masters simply because I had no job and I thought possibly it could help me get a job. I don't know why I thought that because I had spent the previous year in France on the assumption that they couldn't resist anyone that had been to the Sorbonne, but they could.

Anyway she was on [the] staff here and she called and said ["]would you like a job["]. I thought the money would come in pretty handy and I could always come back to get my masters, which incidentally I never did.

My friend took me in and introduced me and in the course of things Dr. Kenner said ["I understand you come from Lindsay too["] and I said yes. And he said ["] well we'll try and forgive that["], there has always been great enmity between Lindsay and Peterborough, or at least there always was.

In any case he hired me. An there I was my first job as head of the department. You can imagine what the other people on the staff thought of that, because they were much older and had been there much longer. I'm probably the only person in captivity whose taught the whole time as head of the department. I've no doubt there were several who wanted the job, but he ran the show, and if he thought I was the person for the job he'd give it to me. But it didn't make me very popular. So I came as a supply teacher and stayed for 30 years.

[During the depression] The teachers took a 15% cut in their salary and we got it back 5% at a time. I don't [know] how everyone felt about [it], but I know that I felt that compared to the way that people in other parts of Canada were suffering I felt it was a small sacrifice for me to make. [the] Salary wasn't all that great anyway.

We weren't forced to, it was voluntary.

I think its safe to say that then was an entirely different kind of person [that] went into teaching, and I don't mean that in any kind of snobbish way. I simply mean that if you were out to make yourself a lot of money teaching was no place to go, no place to go at all, because teaching salaries simply did not compare with the salaries of anything else, any other profession.

I can remember if we wanted to go to Toronto for the weekend, we had to sit down [and] figure out if we were going to be setting papers, or marking papers, or getting marks ready for reports and that kind of thing, before we could choose what weekend we could go.

Well, if you ever get talking to any of my ex-pupils, they'll probably tell you that I was a strict disciplinarian, that would be a kind way of saying it. But so many of them have become my friends it doesn't bother me at all. The big trick I think is to keep them [...]. They know as soon as they come into your classroom that you're ready and that they're not going to stop until the bell rings.

Miss Heslip

[date of birth approximately 1896] It was all gravel road then, not beautiful pavement like now, and there used to be men with their teams of horses and they drew gravel and, I mean, everybody burnt wood then, the wood from away back north, and they'd be coming along with

wagon loads of wood and when my mother was sick, they would stop their wagons and fly in, just to see how she was. I mean the neighbourliness, the kindness of their hearts and the thoughtfulness for other people, not like today when they just fly by. They didn't fly by, they flew in. I mean they cared when anybody was sick. And the women with their nice big white aprons on, they wore belly aprons then, with lace on it that deep. The Heslips must be in this house as far back as over ninety years. It was built in 1849. I found that out from the assessor, he had it in the back of his book. It's just a little shell of a house but look how it stood up, far better than the new houses. 1849, that's 125 years. The Heslips have owned that over 90 years. I think it had been built about 30 years when old uncle Andy and Sam bought it. They were great old Presbyterian Christians, boy were they ever. I mean just fine old gentlemen. My dad came out from Ireland to them. He brought my mother and Celia's dad out with him and naturally I arrived some time after that.

I remember we had lamps, just oil lamps and when electricity came through we were school kids and you signed up a 20 year contract. My dad did and I think it was \$2.50 a month for 20 years. I said I wished he'd signed up for 40. So we kids could study with electric light instead of the oil lamps. There was always the fear of the oil lamp, always the fear. I can remember when the first automobile came along here. And I can remember when there was no canal. The kids came from all round, up over the fields to our little school, up where Whitakers live now.

The canal didn't do what the government thought it would do. It was for big boats to come, but they didn't make it deep enough. It wasn't deep enough to carry heavy grain boats. It was to take grain across the country.

But it was a wonderful thing. There was no work [to] talk about, it wasn't inflation then, it was just starvation. There was no work, no work for men, men came for miles, men came halfway around the world nearly, to work on the Trent Canal. And they got \$1.00 a day and that was pick and shovel. There were none of these big steam engines, it was horses and the men with picks and shovels. A ten hour day and mud, up to your waist.

I can remember my father going to lay down in the Inverlea Park, my mother was dead and done and we lived with another father. It was ten cents a meal for use kids and he would go and lay in Inverlea Park because he didn't have enough to feed up all so we could eat and he didn't. Talk about no work, and there was no help from [the] government then, nothing. And when that canal came through, it was hard work, if it didn't do all they wanted it to it gave livelihood to hundreds and hundreds of men who had no work.

I can remember it rained the day they had the opening of the Lift Locks. Uncle Dave worked on the Lift Locks. My dad didn't work so much on the canal but Uncle Dave worked there.

We don't know what it's like for big strong men to be walking the streets and not a day's work, no money in their pockets and kids at home hungry. We know nothing about it because the government helps us. But there was nothing, there was nothing.

It was good when the canal came through. Life picked up for many people. I mean we always had a garden, a real garden. Of course home life in those days was home life. I mean my dad would come home from work all sweat and hot, he'd have his supper and have a nice little wash at the basin and have his supper and go down to the garden and work in the garden as long as he could, then [he'd] come back and have a little sponge bath and we used to have a porch all the way across the front and we'd sit there then and you'd make a great big glass jug of lemonade and little fancy sandwich biscuits and you'd have the lemonade and those little biscuits and then you'd sing a few hymns and read a little while. The sun would go down in the west and it would begin to get cool and we'd go in the house then. It was time to get your books out and study a little while before you had to go to bed.

It was really a nice night life, a neighbour would come in and we'd all sing whether you could sing or not. It was a nice life. It was a nice homey life. And maybe the boys would be playing over in the field for a while throwing a ball or something but it wasn't all sports or anything like that. You lived. You had to work to live. You had to have knowledge to live; knowledge of how to make things go. Nothing was thrown out, you mended.

You went to church on Sunday and you had a nice dress and a nice hat and a pair of shoes and you came home from church, you walked [all the] way down town to church and walked home, and you came home and took that all off and hung it up on the door and had your dinner and when you went to church that night you put it all back on again and that hung there until the next Sunday or until you went to town. and you had a nice homespun dress and an apron over it and you went to school.

I didn't know my way downtown, except down Water Street. I would go down Water Street and old aunt would come in from the country with a nice big knoll of butter like this.

And you know it was in a knoll and they'd put marks on it with their paddle. and I'd wait at Willy Hamilton's store on Since Street until she would come in and if she would fail to come in I would sit there and I didn't know enough to come home. I'd sit there until nearly half the afternoon if something happened and she didn't have a drive in.

And I can remember on Saturday. She gave me five cents; I didn't know my way on George Street, only Water. She gave me five cents to buy some candy and I said ["]Oh no aunt, I want some needles["]. I had been trying to sew dolls clothes with a pin, I knew you put something sharp in and pulled it out. So we went over to George Street and got a package of needles. I always had an urge to sew, I could make my own dolls clothes. Nobody showed me. I remember somebody giving me some nice little thread and I still had my mothers crochet hooks. There were four or five crochet hooks in a case. I remember my father showed me how to make hand stitched handkerchiefs; how to draw the threads. My father showed me how to do that. And I don't know who showed me how to crochet. I know I could crochet and [have] loved it all my life. Somebody gave me some pale blue thread, like silk, and I made my dolly a pair of mittens. Did I ever love [my] doll[s]. I never had many of them but they were well looked after. They were undressed at night and put to bed with their wee nighties on. It was a different life.

I was thinking about going up here to Sunday School; it was Auburn Union Sunday School then and there was a teacher there and each teacher had their own class. There were teachers from each Presbyterian Church and the Methodists and the Baptists, I mean they were all there. I remember, you'd hurry to Sunday School so you could sit up tight to your own teacher, oh you loved your Sunday School teacher. Jenny Spensley, I can remember her, she'd open her mouth and she'd sing "The Great Physician now is near, the sympathizing Jesus. He speaks a drooping heart to cheer, oh hear the voice of Jesus, sweetest note and steadfast son, sweetest name on mortal tongue, sweetest song was ever sung, Jesus blessed Jesus". I can remember that from when I was a little wee kid and I can see her face. She was a big girl, and then there was Jenny Moffat. And you could just cuddle into them, not like the kids now. I mean we were in a round class and the teacher would sit there and we were all - and they would give you these little tickets if you would learn your golden text. And you'd get so many of this size and so many of that size and eventually you got a nice motif for on the wall.

I can remember Rudy Long, leading the singing on the platform and Annie Ellis playing the organ and John Simpson, [the] superintendent, a great big man, he was our Bible Class teacher. I was a little bit older then. Sunday School in the afternoon was something you looked forward to. It was at four of half past four and then our lovely Sunday school paper the Northern Messenger and Pleasant hours.

My father and Mr. Long walked nine miles to Lakefield on the [...]. They walked to Lakefield into the woods and carried their lunch with them and cut cord of wood or what ever they could and walked home again at night. And then you'd stand on the boot-jack until he'd pull his feet out of these frozen boots. And then he'd go over and take the icicles off his moustache. By the time they walked from here to Lakefield the [their] dinners would be frozen solid. They had tin pails, the bottom part had a compartment for tea and then there was another part for food. They set that on the fire and when the tea would boil, that would thaw the bread and pieces of meat or whatever they had in there. And if they weren't at that, they were taking ice out of the canal and filling peoples ice houses.

My dad would go to town on Saturday night to get the groceries and he would get 5 cents worth of Job sticks, older people would remember Job's Store and Job's sticks, they were yellow and were peppermint flavoured, his own flavour, but he would get 5 cents worth (that would be five sticks) and each night he'd cut off a little piece about that big and it in our mouths before we went to sleep. That was our good night before he'd go off to prayer meeting. You never thought of going and looking for that and taking it on him. Each night you got your little piece of Job's stick. It was a lovely life. It was a life full of need and your needs were supplied maybe not always with what you wanted but with the love people would give you with what they had. The out reach of heart to heart was far more than what it is now, far more.

When my father took sick, I worked all the time. You didn't worry about him when you worked because you weren't. I worked in the mills because there was no place else close. It was close

and I could run down and I learned to weave. The auburn was there then. But I was a young women then, that wasn't in my childhood days.

But you'd run home and he'd be in bed. You'd get up early, early, early in the morning before daylight and get him all fixed you for the morning and leave him and you'd know he'd be all right (the lord would be with him). Pay at the mill was a dollar a day, 10 cents an hour and they (the men) would go to town on Saturday night - there were a lot of nice fruit stands here, lots of Italians here - and come late Saturday night why the baskets of plums and baskets of peaches would go on cheap and you'd carry it all the way from town here and be right glad to get it.

I remember Eva and me went to town shopping and we had so much shopping, so much shopping. I remember we stopped at Park Hill and I took off my slip (my petticoat) and we put our parcels all in the petticoat and each took a side to walk home. You had to carry your things. Once my brother and his wife were in the States and they were coming home and we got a nice big wicker lunch basket. We used to get those nice big ones and we just filled that with groceries and things we knew, she'd be needing and we walked way up the street with it. Kids wouldn't do it now. Each carrying a handle.

I remember bringing some of the kids home a glass full of little fish. We were coming along, it was Smith Street then, and the water it wiggled and wiggled and out went the fish in the snow. It was for Christmas and I had to go forging through that snow to get those fish, but I got them, got them back in the bowl again and got them home. They lived.

We always had the garden and the rhubarb. I sold all the things like that when I was a kid. I mean when I was out of school. And the milk, I learned how to milk. My father bought me a little cow. It was about two year old and had to learn how to milk and I had to learn how to churn and I had to learn how to make butter. and I would make butter and sell it and I was just in my teens. I'd sell the cream and the mild and I'd carry mild all around to the neighbours and that's the way I earned my living until my father took really sick and couldn't work any more. But you'd have nickels coming in from every corner - nickels from here and nickels from there. You'd have a bunch of rhubarb this big for five cents. You couldn't get it for twenty five now and a big jug of cream for ten cents. And you'd sell your eggs. When I was about sixteen I learned to keep house.

I can remember the snow. The weather has changed. When I was a little wee kid you could walk, I mean from here, way out on the crust of the ice and I remember Uncle Dave going down to all the neighbours way down there. You did visit your neighbours then. You'd go down on a cold winters day on the crust of the ice and he'd cut their hair and trim up their beards and cut their toenails and come walking home. On the roadside, we kids would make caves. I mean the snow would be so deep on this road here that you could dig out your own cave in it.

When we'd come from school, we'd watch for the sleighs. The Auburn Mills burnt wood in their furnaces to run the mill and there was always these big sleighs full of wood and we'd always see who could get on the back of the sleigh- [and] who could hold on the back of the sleigh. There

were always little points like this sticking out the back and you'd sit on that or stand on the runners. And then the pitch holes. The pitch holes would be about that deep in the snow in the road [3'-4']. Not roads kept like snow.

Years ago in the summer, the weather used to be far drier that we have now. My father would walk me to school part way and on the mill fields you would walk along and the grass would be brown and scringing under your feet and the crickets and grasshoppers. There were so many crickets and grasshoppers that I'm always afraid of real hot weather. Things wouldn't be growing and they'd dry up. Now you go out and water your lawn. When my father got really sick and money got tight, I went down to work at the mills. It was piece work that I was on. Something I would get maybe \$18 in two weeks. But I wasn't such a good worker. I was more or less afraid of the big machines. I wasn't my life. I did what came to my hand to do and I did it.

We used to walk to Jackson Park but my father wasn't even too sure about that. But the bands used to be out there. There were swings and the band and dancing and Eva and us all would go down.

My father was bound we'd get an education. His cry was always "to your books, to your books". We learned the essentials. I read to my father night and day. I read him to sleep. Mostly the Bible.

I remember having a chicken, a nice fat hen and I did want to have that chicken for my father and I caught it and had it by the two legs on the stump (my dad wouldn't kill them) and I'd raise the axe up and I'd put it down and I'd raise the axe up and put it down and eventually I killed that one. It's only one I ever killed too. And I laid it in the porch. I went into the house and was doing something and I looked out and there was a hound with my hen. I was only a girl. It took off with the hen. Now I would take after it with a stick but I couldn't then.

I remember the first chickens we got. Next door there was an old Scotsman, and my father thought we should be having some hens. He'd ask (Harvey Swenton?) if he'd get us some hens. Yes, he'd get us some hens. Well when he brought the hens I can remember the knobby feet on them and there were two or three little yellow ones. It was a start and then we always had hens. And a beautiful rooster. I remember our neighbour (the Scotsman). His rooster and ours always used to fight. So he bought a real fighting cock so as to beat ours. And so this day he let it out and the two of them went at it and our big black rooster pretty near killed the fighting cock. But that was life then.

Olive Howland

I've been here 34 years. It was a flat store first, but mother got sick and couldn't look after it herself so father built this house on top of it (Three story building). Before 1940 I lived on Burnham, 269. Right on top of the hill. We had a house. My father and I ran this store for 39 years. Dad died in [19]44. I was born in the house on Burnham Street, but I sold it.

[School] I went to King George. I finished [at] King George and went to South Central. I lived on Murray Street then. after school, I worked at Peterboro Milk first. They used to bring out the Barnardo boys, that's a long time ago. I worked in the store at Peterboro Milk. They made ice cream out back and the cheese upstairs. It was quite a growing concern. I worked for Peterboro Milk, and then I worked for Beatty's Transport and I worked ten years for Beatty's Transport and then my father started to build here [which is] why I quite and came here.

[Depression] My father ran a butcher shop on George Street during the depression and I was at home. We always had enough to eat but it was tough enough. He was on George Street where A and P is now, the corner of George and London. The Kaye Funeral Home was Dr. Yelland's house. Then there was an apartment building, then there was my fathers shop, then there was a Chinaman, and then the corner.

We used to have a city hall [Ashburnham City Hall] on Hunter Street where Beckers is, when this was Ashburnham. They were always going to build us a new city building because the men go down there and play cards in the winter and there'd no place now. So Ashburnham had its own City Hall. It had a stage in it and used to have plays there and everything - Ashburnham Hall.

When we first came, Dad, he was meats and got everything going. Bought cooked meats from Canada Packers. This was a butcher store to start with and then we got groceries. We had a walk in box at the back and we had pop in the bottom, it was cold. We had Nielson's ice cream for years. We didn't scoop ice cream, we sold those mellow rolls.

At Peterboro Milk I got \$7 a week, then when I went to the Exhibition for Crimco for Peterboro Milk I got \$12 a week. Just while the exhibition was on. I worked from about 9-5 or 9-6 for five days a week for seven dollars. I put a dollar in the bank every week because I had the insurance to pay. I always had money in the bank. I got twelve dollars a day at Beatty's Transport. This was during the depression.

[Ration books] They were the things! Poor Dad, he couldn't look after them; it was too much for him. We got boards and we put thumbtacks across on the board. If you wanted to buy the stuff, you had to have the ration tickets to buy it or else you couldn't get it. Underneath the counter we'd pile it full of ration stuff. We always had our ration stock there. It used to be awful. We had five books up here at one time you know, of our own, and there wasn't a coupon on them. I had them cleaned right off. For you wouldn't get coupons sometimes on a lot of stuff and we had a time to buy it. What tickets to buy, you would buy that much gouda. The stores were never short of things. You could get them at the wholesale if you had the coupons. But if you didn't have the coupons, you couldn't buy one thing in ration stuff. I went to the ration board. I didn't stock too much butter, in the store. We had a box and a half when we started and I wanted the half box made up to a box, so we would have two boxes. The first thing we knew, we didn't even have a box with coupons. I went to the ration board a good many times but I couldn't. If you had the coupons you had them, if you didn't you didn't and that was it. So our own books didn't have butter, sugar, or anything on them. There wasn't one coupon on our

books that was due. I'll tell you that. So we used our own families coupons to get things for the store.

I had a housekeeper up here because my mother was sick in bed for seven years. We never did without anything except we never had any coupons.

[High school] We went to the show for fun when I went to high school. I got kicked out for a week because Catharine Whitehouse and me, because we skipped school. There was a little store across from there and every morning we went to the store and sat around the stove. We never told our parents we were kicked out. But someone told my father. Oh was he mad. It didn't go over [well].

I used to go to Rochester. The boat used to go across from Cobourg.

Miss Finlay

- Sewed for friends
- Difficulty in going to school
- Music lessons
- Depression, father jobless but would not allow mother to work
- First wheelchair
- Second wheel chair
- Played in Pentecostal orchestra in Opera house
- Early meetings of Pentecostal Church

I was sewing for my girlfriends, some of them had had lessons and they told me some very important things and I got little books to read about dressmaking since I couldn't go out to night classes [or] things like that. I had to do the best I could. I learned quite a bit that way. The patterns had quite a few details, there was always a sheet with directions on it. Sometimes I'd have to alter the patterns too, one girl I used to sew for, I had to adjust the pattern, her shoulders were just a little different than the pattern and she dipped in a little bit here. It didn't show on her but it did on the pattern and if I hadn't adjusted the pattern why some thing would stick out. I sewed for them, my friends got so they were working and didn't have time to sew. One girl lived up the street, I made her a lovely outfit one time. A tweed skirt and kind of a tweed jacket. Oh it turned out great, and her mother made her a pullover to go with it. She was going out that night, so I sat up at the window of my bedroom. I watched her going down the street, did she ever look nice. I was so used to sewing for them that I used to watch them going

down the street to see if their skirts hung right. I used to enjoy it so much. I felt that was my job.

I haven't been to active. Just in the last few years. When I was younger, you know, you couldn't get wheelchairs, like you can get now. My father was a shipping clerk, he used to work in the freight sheds at first. He would see that the stuff that was to be shipped out was put on the proper cars. When it came in he made sure that the people got it. He worked on the CPR, that was his last job until the depression.

We lived out in the country. That made it more difficult for me to go to school, so between a bit of schooling and a bit of private teaching, I got along alright. I did take quite a few music lessons, but the teacher came to the house you see. I didn't have to miss anything along that line. I took violin lessons too. I was in grade ten in piano and I taught for a while. I used to play first violin in the church orchestra. That was a highlight in my life. I enjoyed it. My piano teacher didn't prepare his students for examination, he just taught them to play, so he wanted me to take a grade ten in piano, so he sent me to St. Mary's Convent. I think its the Catholic Education Centre now. When I went up there it was a day school and music school, and I went up for three months. I liked it, it was different you know. That was a problem, getting up and back, up and back, you see I lived in the south end at the time but we made it and I got my grade ten in piano.

When I was smaller my mother could carry me, and I could walk a fair distance then, holding on her arm and if I got tired she could pick me up and carry me the rest of the way. I remember the streetcars, they were noisy and they were mostly, if I remember right, on George Street. Then there was an open car that used to take people for long rides from uptown way down to the south end and then there was a turn. I think it was just 10...5 or 10 cents for the long ride. That was really something. It seems to me it was iron seats.

My mother worked before she was married, but not after. Father wouldn't let her. During the depression we had a rather difficult time and she wanted to try and get a job and he said no, no that would be terrible for her to go out and work, we'll manage some how. We had to economize. We had money saved up and we stretched it out and stretched it out but we got by. My father didn't have any work for five years, where he was working they laid men off. He got kind of discouraged, he was getting a little older and I couldn't go out and work, but we got by. We had our own home and that was a big help, we didn't have to pay rent.

We used to live on McDonnell Street. There was a lady up the street, she had married and then something happened to her. She got crippled up very badly. There weren't any wheelchairs in these days. I was just a little wee kid then. I remember she could get around on crutches but if she wanted to get out, up and down, the street she'd have to have a chair or something so her husband made one. He had some kind of a very nice chair, and he put wheels on and handles on, so he could take her up and down the street. Eventually he was able to buy her a new and better one and we heard about it, so mother got this one that he'd made. It was very good, we used to get and around town with it. That was the first, the second one I got I got from Mr.

Finlay down in Norwood. I was a wicker chair, it was a comfortable. It had quite a big place to put my feet. I remember the collapse of the Turnbull building, and this man's wife was up from Norwood shopping and she was very badly injured. eventually she died, just at the time my mother was figuring she had to get me a new chair and we saw the add in the paper. The one I had was getting kind of rickety. That was my second chair, it lasted a long time. The only problem was that it had pneumatic tires, you had to pump air into them and they weren't badly worn but they were after I'd had it for a while, and we couldn't get the right size. [I] finally had to give up using the chair. We were going up Aylmer Street one day, and the handle at the back was set in nice and neat, some boys stood and they looked and they looked and they looked at it. Usually people look at me, they wonder why I'm in a wheelchair. They're standing there looking and as we passed they could see my mother pushing and one said "Oh, its got handles, and she's pushing it, that's what makes it go!"

I remember the Grand Opera House. I can't remember when they tore it down, we used to go to the played there. That was a big event, the Vaudeville came, and the Marx Brothers. They used to come in from out of town, eventually I played in the Orchestra up on stage. I thought I'd made it. The church I belonged to, the Pentecostal Church, rented the Opera House to have meeting there. There was an orchestra pit, and we were going to play down there. We did the first night but the evangelist said "I don't like the orchestra down in front of me I want them up on the stage with me", we liked that better too, it was easier. We ended up on the stage, and we all got a thrill out of being up on the Grand Opera Stage.

If everybody in the orchestra turned out at the same time there was about 18 of us. We had men from the Salvation Army, they had kind of changed their religion. They came with us, the bandleader from the Salvation Army was our orchestra leader for quite some time. We had several violins, first and second and a cello, and trombones and clarinets, we never had drums or anything like that.

I think the very first meetings of the Pentecostal Church were held in the Opera House. During the week they used have rooms [rented], different places or somebody's home, and they'd have meetings there, but if they had an evangelist they didn't have room, since they'd always have bigger crowds.

[Lorna Cotton-Thomas](#)

- Early C.C.F. clubs in Peterborough
- Public reaction
- Club activities during depression
- Anthracite coal
- March on relief administrators for early issuance of coal

- Robertson Davies
- C.C.F. clubs in Douro
- Opposition from "dirty" Conservatives
- Changed attitude in Peterborough
- No trade unions in Peterborough industries
- War orphans
- Defective light bulb

I came to Peterborough in 1934. In 1934 there were three clubs in Peterborough [C.C.F. Clubs]. I organized them, there was the south club, the east-end club and the west-end club, and the three outstanding men I would say were Tommy Littlefair, a shoemaker, Bill Johnson, [who] was a union man, and Alf Birkoff, a Dane, who was a social democrat, he worked at Quaker Oats.

When I arrived in Peterborough, I was the limb of the devil, as far as that was concerned I carried a six shooter in one hip pocket and a hand grenade in the other. My husband was told that unless he could silence me his job was on the line.

During the depression our C.C.F clubs full time was given at sustenance level, people were hungry. You have no idea what times were like during the depression. One of the first things the club did was gather clothes from all the plants. Adults clothes, and my aunt who was a designer cut them out on the dining room table to make small clothes for the children, who had none, and I went to Quaker Oats and got rice bags. When they were through with the rice bags I used to collect them and we used to stencil a boarder on and put a top hem and a bottom hem so that the women could have curtains. There was no question of organizing trade unionists, the question was to survive. I said it so often in Peterborough in those days, we must survive with our self-respect. That's what I thought, not just survive. And so the curtains were made and the clothes were made and do you know that we set up a co-operative bakery and we baked our own bread? Do you know that we found out that Anthracite coal was laid down in Montreal a Long Ton. That's 200 lbs more than our ton, for ten fifty a ton? The coal dealers in Peterborough were selling it for sixteen fifty. So it lost 200 lbs in weight and gained six dollars a ton. Do you know what we did? We grouped together and we bought it and brought it in by the car load and distributed it to ourselves so that the poor could have heat. And do you know what the coal dealers tried to do? Run me out of Peterborough. But they couldn't do a thing. There's nothing to prevent me buying coal. I wasn't selling it. They had me up at the police station, I was queried by the police. The head man told my husband that his job was on the line if he couldn't stop me, my husband said to him " you obviously don't know my wife. I suggest that you talk to her".

And then we had a new president who was really a broad minded person. I worked on a lot of committees with him, helping. He was concerned about the situation in Peterborough. He called me up and asked if I'd work on a committee. This was after the war when the depression was tinkling on the eves. He wanted to try and prevent the women [from] going into the factories to work, leaving the children unattended. He was quite socially minded.

To get back to the depression, we distributed our coal, we made our own bread, we clothed many of the unemployed and one December the temperature dropped to about 22 below zero, and the issuance of fuel to the unemployed was two days away. They'd used it up. The administrator was not going to do a darn thin about it, we marched down to the administrators office, and they came and got me and I went down because I didn't want any violence, I'm a pacifist. Some of the very fine people were afraid there would be violence, and they came and got me and I went down. I stood guard over our people so there would be no violence. I kept saying "Now there is to be no violence". Charlie Lambert, head of the Union, played association, jumped over the desk and he just took the administrator by the scuff of the neck and put him out in the 22 below zero, in his short sleeves. He ran all the way down to city hall and the unemployed group walked in and made out the vouchers and served themselves. The police came up and oh there was debate. Poor old Charlie, sitting behind the desk, having made out the vouchers said to the policeman "Sir, there has been no violence done here. Dr. Lorna will assume I've handled the administrator quite gently. There has been no violence. But I want to know if you're going to administrate relief by the calendar or by the thermometer!". The police just smiled and walked away, I must say, the police in Peterborough were very much on my side. They knew for one thing that I was a no-violent person. They knew also that I had fairly good control over the clubs [and] that the clubs respected me and that they wouldn't get out of hand. So very often when we had a confrontation the police would turn their backs.

Now I had an enemy in Peterborough, this Robertson Davies. He's mellowed out a bit in his old age, he lived up the street from me, and used to wear purple vests. He was quite a dresser, a Beau Brummel.

We had a C.C.F. club in Douro, which of course is a strong Roman Catholic centre. The priest up there came to a meeting in which I was organizing and he was quite vicious. When he tried to intimidate the people, they wouldn't let him. They frowned upon him.

The depression was so awful in Peterborough that much of our energy was used in Peterborough itself. Baking the bread, bringing in the coal.

We struggled, but then when the war came and everybody had a job, this weakened the Clubs too. Many of the Clubs were cut right in numbers. There still were three in Peterborough, and they worked.

I never ran into opposition in Peterborough because I was a women. I had a funny thing though, a prominent conservative in Peterborough, suggested that I wasn't married to my husband.

That I was just living with him. I got a lot of footage out of that, because I always used to say that I had my marriage certificate with me, but the amazing thing was I didn't want to be married to my husband. I had suggested that there be no marriage ceremony, so he didn't know how close he was to being right, but my husband is very old fashioned in these regards, and he would have none of it. He was going to have me nailed down, or not at all. This was my only personal thing that was ever done.

I must say, Mr. Duffy was a liberal running at the time, and he was most gracious. I never once when I ran in Peterborough, mentioned my opponents. It was never a personal campaign, but with the conservatives it was a very bitter miserable campaign.

The Peterborough Examiner after Robertson Davies came was very slyly anti-socialist and anti-women too.

I liked Peterborough. I found it very conservative [...], backward in many ways. But I liked it. I curled in the Peterborough Curling Club. There are some questions about whether they would let me in, but they finally accepted me. I did not blow it up. The attitude in Peterborough changed. A lot more people came in and a lot of the closed atmosphere was breaking open. When we first went there, you were either born in Peterborough or you ought to have been, and that was wearing out.

[Mrs. Charlie Lanly? - wife of pres. Unemployed Commission?]

The C.C.F Clubs felt that they would ultimately come back, if not to the C.C.F clubs, then to the political structure when it was time to build again. But it always came to me, that in effect to water down the Regina Manifesto, in order to build a political structure, and that's precisely what we did. Bit by bit we moved towards the conservatism of organized labour. Now all organized labour wasn't conservative because we had organized members in the C.C.F, active members. There was no trade unionism at Quaker Oats. There was no trade unionism in many of our plants. There was no trade unionism in Westclox. Peterborough was, well I would say at the time of the war, about where this area (Leeds) is now.

Peterborough was terribly, terribly patriotic. Oh brother was it patriotic. You know when they were bring the children out of London to Canada for safety during the war. Well that spread through Peterborough like wildfire.

Trade unionism in Peterborough was all hopelessly company controlled. I said to my husband the other night, "name me a trade union leader at C.G.E while your were there that you respected" and he said "none of them". I could not name one, you see they were all company men. So there was no real unionism at C.G.E. while I was there.

We were married in august 1934. Mr. Langly fired Jim. He fired Jim because Jim refused to pass a "bulb" that Mr. Langly had designed. This was just before we were to be married. I said "oh well". I said there are a lot better people than us out of a job, it does not worry me in the

slightest. I had a job at the time. It didn't worry me in the slightest to join the ranks of the unemployed. I said its a great tragedy in our society and its no disgrace to us. The disgrace is to society.

It was only two or three days before we were to be married. The lights were installed and turned on and there was a kid out there playing and the kid was electrocuted. He shoved his hand in the faucet. Well all hell broke loose. Jim went back into the office. He went to clean out his office, and was told that there would be no firings here and all the lights were ripped out.

Mrs. Johnson [791 Donegal Avenue, July 26, 1974]

- Brought to Canada by Navy League
- Work during depression
- Sanitary Ice and Little Lake leeches
- English tomatoes
- Discrimination against English in 1930's
- "Foreigners"
- Stranded in station (Arrival in Peterborough)
- The climate
- Steamer trunk, clothes and glasses
- Trips to Bowmanville
- Baker and milkman
- Laundry etc.
- Nylon stockings
- Supper of drippings

During the depression we weren't too bad off because my husband always had work, but it was bad here [in Peterborough]. He only got 25 cents an hour, that was the pay, 25 cents and hour at C.G.E. Then we were going to go back home [to England] because he was only getting two or three days of work a week. We had an off to be sent back home, not deported, but sent back

home. When you came out as an immigrant, if you didn't make it or if your family got in trouble, they'd deport you back again. That was a real slur on you.

The Navy League, brought my husband out here to work, but we got off at the wrong station, we were to go to Toronto, but we got off in Peterborough, and been here ever since.

Sanitary Ice, they'd come around in a wagon with a horse, and the kids would follow them. They'd chip the blocks of ice, everyone had ice boxes, no electric fridges. Its a wonder half of them didn't die of diphtheria or typhoid of something because this ice came right out of the lakes. Little Lake, Canada Packers had a big processing plant there, where the Holiday Inn is now, and of course Little Lake was absolutely polluted. You couldn't swim in it at all. When you did, you'd come out just covered with leeches.

When we came out, the first time I went to get some groceries, I was just looking in the window and I said to my husband "Oh they've got some English tomatoes here". And he said "They're not, they're grown in Canada" and I said "No, they are not". So I went in and the young fellow came over and he said "What would you like?", so I said I wanted a pound of the English tomatoes, he looked at me and said "I beg your pardon", so I said "are you deaf? I said I wanted a pound of English tomatoes". I knew they were making fun of me. He called the other boy over and said "Can you understand what this lady wants?", so he said "What would you like Madame?", and I said "A pound of English tomatoes" and he said "You mean you want a pound of tomatoes?", and I said "No, I asked for tomatoes, that's what I want".

In the thirties they were really down on the English here. You'd go in to get a job, and there would be a sign "No English or British people need apply". There were so many immigrants came out during the thirties, the late twenties and the thirties, before that the Irish came out. In fact it was the Irish that settled Peterborough in the first place. In fact, at one time, you know where the Peterborough Club is now? Well there was an old Irish sod shanty down in there, because friends of ours that were on relief during the depression, moved into it because they couldn't afford anything else. I can remember going into it, it was dug right into the bank.

We were stranded when we came out, we were stuck. [We] had to sleep in the station all night, we landed in Quebec City and took the train up. We were to go to Toronto but somebody gave us wrong directions and we got off at Peterborough, so there we were. I had three children and this other family that got off with us, the Fitzgerald's, they had four. Every time she opened her mouth was swearing. The station master made tea for us and he got some sandwiches for us and we stayed in there till Sunday morning. He phoned [the] Salvation Army, and they said they couldn't send anybody down. Then they got in touch with Jimmy Aiken, he lived on Rubidge Street, and he came down and said "Well, I'll try and get you a place" he said " I think I've got a place for all of you", it was one Hunter Street, it was an old place, and they had a little store. There people were from London, England, but they'd been out here a long time and were old. He said "We can't get you a place because you've got too many children, and they don't want any children". Well I said "that's too bad, because they didn't ask to come into the world, and we had to bring them with us". There were all the Fitzgerald's too you see. I said "the first train

that comes in I'm going back home on, I'm not stopping here". My husband said "Well, good luck to you". They put us in a room, it was a great big room, and we all had to sleep in this big room, all the lot of us. There were seven children and my husband and ma and this other man and his wife. I said "we'd better put a blanket across, and make a partition because you don't want people to see you getting undressed and that ", so we put the blanket up and the women who owned the place came in and said "take that down". I'll never forget her, She had lots of boarders there, so we said to her the second day we were there "well can we do anything to help you". She said yes, and boy, we were scrubbing floors and washing dishes and we were just about dead on our feet when we were through. She said to us "you two lazy devils, you're not tired are you?", I said "we're not devils and we've worked hard and we're not getting anything for it", we weren't. When we did go out we bought our own meals. We were supposed to get our breakfast and we had to wait while everybody had gone and we got what was left. But there were other people that were far kinder than that. We were dressed different you know and we had our English clothes on and we had the high boots on that lace up. And we were going up George Street, where Walkers is now, is was Zellers then. Anyway, we were going by there and as we were going up George Street everybody was looking at us you know and passing remarks and I said to Mrs Quinn, the next one that stopped and stared and said anything I'm just going to answer them back. And so these two women deliberately stood at the front of us and boy did I ever get mad. And one woman said "I don't know what they are bring these foreigners out here for" and so I said "That's done it" So I said to her "I beg your pardon", she said "I don't know why they bring foreigners out here". I said "well I'll tell you, I never met such ignorant people" and I said "they want some brains out here, so that's why they brought us over".

We were out for a walk, it was a long walk, we didn't have money to do anything else and it was really cold and you know how the sewers steam on a real cold day? She said "its so cold they have to heat the streets out here". Then I came home from school one day and Mom and Mrs. Quinn had been uptown shopping in 20 below zero temperatures and I come home and she was standing on top of the stove with her arms around the stovepipe [because] she was frozen, because it would take you a while to get yourself acclimatized. When it would just go down to freezing in England and below zero here. So when my husband came home and her husband (we took them in because they had nowhere else to go) we has a house by that time. Anyway my husband said "did you go for a walk today?" I said yes we went up George Street. "Oh what did you do?" and I could feel my face going red and Mrs. Quinn said "Yeah, we went to a walk and she got mad at somebody" and he said "you didn't".

Before we left Sheffield, in England, they had a big party for us, and they gave the children all the clothes and underwear to last them for a long time. I'd has my eyes tested again and got new glasses, that pinch your nose and are held by a chain. I thought that everybody was staring at me with them on, and I put them in the steamer trunk with all these clothes. My husband was in the Royal Navy, and he had all these torpedo boat books and that, cause he worked with the torpedo boats. Well we moved because the house was really dirty, and when I went and opened the trunk my glasses had gone, all the children's new clothes had gone, and my husbands torpedo books. They'd all gone. The people that were in the house had taken them

and given them to this family that had lots of children. When we went back to get them they'd moved and we couldn't find them. That why I was going back to England.

When we left England to come to Canada, my nephew went to school and he got up and said "my aunt and uncle and their children have gone to Canada, they are like Indians, they wear feathers in their hair". That was the idea they had of Canada then.

I went to work in the cafeteria at C.G.E. during the war, I worked there nearly five years.

One Christmas Eve, the man next door came over, his wife was in the hospital. He said to my husband and me "come on over for half an hour" so we went over and was stuffing duck. He was talking to us and he was stuffing this duck, he said "Now that all ready for cooking in the morning", come the morning, he came over to our place and he said "funny thing happened, I can't find the salt and pepper shaker". I said "maybe you stuffed it in the duck" he said "No, no, I can't find it, one of the boys hid it on me". Sure enough, when he took the duck out and opened it up, there was the salt and pepper shaker. I said "wait till I go to the hospital and see your wife, I'll tell her what a good cook you are"

We used to have some good times, no matter whether we had anything or not. We got together and sometimes we would share what we got. If one was a bit down we would ship in. We used to go to Bowmanville. That was a big journey. We had a car, we had al Model T first, if we came to a big hill we'd have to turn around, everybody get out and back up the hill because the car wouldn't run. They didn't have the thing to pump it through and it all ran back. We'd have four in the rumble seat. When we got back one time, one of the men at work said "how many did you have in the rumble seat?". Charlie said "there were four", so he said "you had to back it up the hill?" and he said "yeah its a wonder the damn thing didn't turn around and bite you". It used to take us nearly a day to get to Bowmanville. Sometimes we would go to Cobourg. We would go to a beach and swim. They used to have band concerts in the shell down there. They would have the Highland Regiment Band down there, the trains used to run from here down to Cobourg, on picnic. All the factories would have their picnics, and you'd get on the train, it would take half a day to get down to Cobourg on the train.

My daughter got married in Edmonton she was in the Air Force, and she worked in the map room. Her husband was in the Air Force. She got married on a Saturday, and we couldn't afford to go. You didn't just run down to Toronto and hop on a phone then.

Everybody ran a bill with the baker, the milkman, they would come around with horses. There were some of them, they were the biggest crooks there were. They would add a few little cents to you bill, but they worked hard. They would be on those wagons twelve or fourteen hours a day. It would be after dark when they got home, and they would be out at six or seven in the morning. They would bake all night and then out would come the wagons and away they would go. The milkman used to come around [...] dark.

The big thin used to be the boats going up to Stoney Lake and all around. On the stern end they would put a couple of planks across and that was the store. That's where the kids spent most of their time. They would give out so many tickets and they would buy all kinds of all day suckers, cracker jacks...

[Mrs Johnson's Daughter] In what's not Rubidge Hall, that was called South Central School, and that was where, if you were a little backward or if you had a learning problem, you went. I used to go there to learn to write. I was two years behind the class here in writing, I could print beautifully.

Hand your washing out and the G.E. smoke would start coming out, you would bring it in and wash again and put it out again. You could not get a nice wash like you can now. Used to have a tub and wash board. Then we had the kind of machine with a handle on it to make the agitator go. Then you had the old hand mangle. That was really something when they first came out. You had long benches with your rinse tubs on that, then you would take the clothing out, put them through the mangle into the first rinse tub, take the mangle off, stick it between the two, then run them through again into another rinse and then hang them up. Another thing we had was a plunge. Plunge it up and down to clean the cloths.

And the old cook stoves. That heated your house when you cooked. But you know, some good meals came out of them. Mum, used to keep a pot on the back, all the leftovers went in to it for soup for us kids when we came in from skating or skiing.

I used to bake all my own bread when we first came out, because you always made your own in England.

We had a zeppelin go over there once, in thirty one, thirty or thirty-one, it was going around to cities. We stayed up till eleven or twelve o'clock at night to see it. [it was] really something. If you saw a plane go over, everybody was out looking.

I can remember when nylon stockings came out. Before it was silk and lisle stockings, you have not lived until you wear a pair of those thing. They were horrible, even if you had nice legs they made them look bad, and then the first nylon stockings came out. They were not expensive, they had the seam running up the back and then they had this heel thin. We turned them inside out and they had this ruddy fringe where they trimmed them. It was inside but the things used to shine like noon light, so we turned them inside out and then clip all this fringe off so it did not show. They all had the seams up the back. Lovely black ones, it did not matter what color, they had black seams. Of course we thought they were the height, and they put around the big phoney thing that they made your legs look slimmer. During the war we could not get anything, so we got this leg makeup that we put on. You had to get up about half an hour early to put this leg make up on. We would work at it and get all smoothed out. Of course the first time you took a bath it was off, so you would be back at it again. If it rained you had a nice patterned splatter effect, or if you went bicycling and it rained you had it all up here.

Lots of times we would have drippings, you would save that and mum used to make here own bread and we would spread it on and have it with lots of salt and pepper. Many times we made a supper of that, let me tell you.

Mrs. Grumbridge

- Came to Canada for holiday and stayed
- Came to Peterborough, trees
- Stayed home to care for children
- I.O.D.E
- Depression, nylon

We came here in 1912. I wasn't married, we were engage, but we both came over together. He came back with this sister from England. For a holiday, I did, but never got back. We came out here. and lived with his sister in Toronto for a while, he had a job for a little while in Toronto. Then he got a chance for a job up here. There was not much work then in 1921, it was very bad. Peterborough seemed such a long way from Toronto and it was then, it isn't now. He said he wouldn't come here unless I'd come up here with him. I said well there's was no way I could come up here. "Well" he said "We'd better get married", so we got married; and we had ten dollars between us. So we came up here and he worked and we boarded for a while. When I got to Peterborough I thought that I had never seen such a beautiful place, it struck me as a beautiful place. The old lady who we boarded with had a daughter. She was married, she was older than I was. She was most kind. She took me everywhere. She took us all around, all that summer. Mind you I was lonesome, but I had no parents, my parents died when I was a small child, I really had no terribly tight family ties to break my heart over. As I say, I came here, I'll never forget the trees, the trees struck me. I had never seen, and I had travelled in England, but I had never seen such a beautiful place as Peterborough.

We came here and we have lived here ever since, and that was in 1921. Then I had my first baby, which was a girl, and in those days you didn't look out for somebody to look after them while you went to work, you stayed home and looked after them, that was your job, and it was a very important job, and fortunately I met up with another girl from England, though a neighbour through the back. Whom I am still friends with. She had a daughter about a year older than my daughter, we have always [been] friends. We used to go out to the church together, and the I.O.D.E together. I've been an awful [...] person all my life, in organizations and things.

I belong to the 57th Regiment Chapter of the I.O.D.E and we have worked our heads off for years and years, to keep that thing together and hold it together. [we] worked, and made things, sew, bake, interesting work.

As far as anything spectacular in Peterborough, I can't tell you anything spectacular. Its the kind of thing that nothing happens too much, just the ordinary run of the mill.

I.O.D.E has done a tremendous amount of work. I still knit those long Korean socks. They're long, you knit them on four needles. You make them longer than they fit any size, they're like tubes.

Do I ever remember the depression, yes we often talk about it. That was when we first came here, I say I though nothing of taking off my nylons and washing them out and putting the same ones on in the morning, and hoping and praying you never got a run in them, but those things

Miss Pringle [Extendicare]

- Turnbull's store collapsed

I worked first in Turnbull's store. When Turnbuls took over the corner store they took out the main support. They came in and started renovating. They put in girders. The foundation was not strong enough.

Five were killed. There was three employees, and two were customers. I was in the store, about the center. Although if I'd stayed in my own department where I was, I'd have done down into the cellar and been hurt. I had moved down with the manager to mark some stock. All I heard was three cracks. I said to the girl beside [me] "we had better run", and we got out of there [...] last. Then we came in where the ground was. I answered the telephone. All I said was "the store is fallen in". That was in August and then the next July the new store was erected where Zellars is now, at the corner.

[Salary] Two fifty a week. That was in 1909

I failed the French exam and I quit school

Mrs. Cadd [Extendicare]

- Chinese restaurants

- S.A. band

We mostly went to the Empress. My husband did not like Chinese restaurants. He said he was too much of the Chinese when we was in [S. Af?]. You know they nearly all worked in the mines and they wore their pigtails. But he said they wasn't clean, not in [S. Af?] when he was there.

There was not such things as those ladies beverage rooms then, just for the men. Oh no, morals have changed terribly.

Every Saturday night the Salvation Army used to play at the corner of Simcoe. It was quite an attraction you know, because they had a lovely band. Now of course they don't. Peterborough on a Saturday night is dead now. We used to go up on a Saturday night and do shopping and meet your friends, you know, and the Salvation Army band would be playing, but now it is just dead on a Saturday.

We used to drive in cars up and down George Street when I was in my twenties. It was just one rut going up and the other rut coming down. You had to stay in that rut, and no one could pass you,. You were lucky if you did not get in some difficulty with another car.

At twenty one you were still under the thumb of your parents in those days.

I was taught to knit when I was about six years old on two hairpins. [one had] Long hair in those days, your mother always had it pinned up. They would be big long ones, strong ones, they had a way of twisting it and rolling it and sticking these hairpins in.

We came to Peterborough when I was six years old, just before the war. We came out on the Empress of Britain, the first Empress of Britain. It was considered a beautiful boat at that time. Much smaller scale than the second one. It was used for the war finally. It was turned into either a troop ship or a hospital ship. My father was already here. He had come a month before on his own. He did not know what he was going to or where he was going. He landed first in Labrador and he did not think it was very for him there. he was a blacksmith/mechanic. So he got back on the ship and came on. They got off at Newfoundland. That was not any liking for him either, so then he came on to Montreal. From there he said he did not know here he was going. When he arrived in Peterborough someone said on the train that Peterborough had a large plant, C.G, and said that maybe that was more his line. So he came on to Peterborough, stayed here [and] we never went anywhere else.

We went back to the old country after the war because there was nothing, everything went dead. My father said "well I think I will go back home for a few years, [to] help them over there, they need it". Things were bad here. There was nothing to do. So we stayed there eight years, then came back.

I met my husband at church, in the choir. We were both in the choir.

Things were not bad in Peterborough during the war. Of course the ammunitions was at C.G. at that time. Everybody was getting wealthy. That's how a lot of these big houses crept up during the First World War. People moving into these great big houses and [when] everything went flat they either had to take borders or get out of the house or something.

The Stony Lake, the Geneva, and The Rainbow, picnic boats that used to go up and down the river. On market days they used to pick up the farmers along the river and bring them to market. That was before they had cars.

Mrs. Hamilton

- Trip to Apsley, 12 and a half hours

I remember one summer vacation, I went to stay with a friend who lived in Apsley. It is about forty miles from here, and of course today you could get there in an hour or so. Well it took us twelve and a half hours. We had to first take the train to Lakefield, . Then we went by boat to Mt. Julian Viamede. Then we took the stage coach to the Apsley Hotel. My friend's father met us there with a horse and buggy and we had to go another five miles to their home. I left Peterborough at seven in the morning and did not get to my friend's house until half past seven that night. It was the boat that took up all the time. People took it to their cottages, so it had to wait while they unloaded their food or furniture or whatever else they were taking. But just imagine twelve and a half hours to go forty miles.

Mrs. Ferguson [Balmoral Lodge]

- Hit by baseball
- Worked in Milliners shop
- Hats
- Made 'shapes'
- Dressmakers

I was a dressmaker. My sewing machine was a Singer, treadle, oh no, I would not run an electric, I would run it into my fingers.

My older sister, she was a four years older, she was going to school and the girl older than her. The older girl got sick, and was not going to school that day so Min wanted to take me for company. She had to go way across two fields to get to the other road where the school was. Well, they got me ready and let her take me. Before the bell rang for nine o'clock, her and her girlfriend took me over to the pump to get me a drink before school would start so I would not be wanting it in school. The boys were playing baseball, and they used to try to hit the girls when they would be going from the school to the well or from the well to the school. They liked to tease them. Min and Katie Row took me to the well and they were going back, one had a hold of each hand, of course I could not run as hard as them and [I was] lugged back, past them, and they threw the ball and [it] took me right here on the side of the head. Oh my God they knocked me silly, me only a little tot, a young woman going to school, she ran and picked me up from Min and she sent Min in to tell the teacher. "Tell the teacher" she said "you don't know how badly she is hurt". So Min went up and told the teacher, we all went in and he read and

prayed and after he read and prayed he called Dave Brown up. There were the two Brown boys, both were about the one size, but John was older than Dave. There were a lot of big boys, nearly young men, going to school. They used to go in their bare feet, imagine in the country. Dave said "It was an accident". Eadie Bureley put her hand up and the teacher asked her what had she to say. She said "It was no accident, it was a wilful thing because they do it all the time when the girls are going from the well to the school or from the school to the well, [they] try to hit us'. Well, the teachers did not do nothing to them, only warned them they were not to be throwing the ball when people were going from the school to the well. Well that was alright, Min kept me there all day and the teacher gave her leave to fix a place for me to lie down on a bench at the back. Min should have took me home and she did not. She stayed till four o'clock. When I went home on they were amazed. My head was all swelled out black and my eyes was closed. When father came in to his supper and se saw me he wanted to know "What happened to the child?", so they told him. Well he said to [my] mother, Mary was her name, "Mary get her ready as soon as we have our supper and we will take her up to Browns". Browns [was] a [Trustree?] and it was his son [who] did it. Russell will not get off with [...] him off with it. So he hitched the team up to the buggy and they took me up to [the] Browns. Pa drove into the yard. Mr. Brown and the two boys were out in the yard and he said "Good evening Sunday, how are you tonight?" Pa said "Not in very good humour with you, come over here till I show you something". Well he [Mr. Brown] came over, He [Father] said 'What do you think of that?'. "Oh my God" he [Mr. Brown] said "what done that?". The boys cleared for the house, you see, when Pa called the father over. He said "Your boy done that, Dave, imagine nearly a young man to hit a little child like that with a baseball, she told the teacher and he just gave them a warning not to be throwin the ball anymore that way when the girls are going backwards and forewords, he done nothin to 'em". Well he said "Sunday, I'll promise you he'll pay a dear price afore he sleeps this night". Pa said "that teacher no good at all, if he can't chastise any scholar in the school" He [Mr. Brown] "No, he's not, he should have given him a good breechen, that's what he should have done". Well, the next day, the lad could not go to school, he got such a licken.

I used to work for a while in a Milliner's Shop. I used to steam the Ostrich tips. The curl would be all out of them and I used to take them and I could curl them like new. One of the sales ladies used to show me how to trim the hats and line them and everything. The girls that were in learning always used to wonder why she used to show me everything, they thought I was in learning too, but I had to always have to go back on Saturday night after supper and they did not.

I worked for a little while for Mrs. Laster, while Mr. Laster, was away, trying to get rid of some bankrupt stock he had bought up near Lions Head. She was a Jewish woman, but she was awfully nice. She sold ready to wear.

Once I wanted one of these white sports hats. It was in the Millinery window. The girls all had them, and I wanted that hat. She had different ones, she had ones that were bound around the edge, and she had ones that were not. Well it was the one that was bound around the edge that I wanted because it holds them in shape you see. Well I was telling Ma about it, I'd like to have one to wear up street, and she said to me "Come on, then, and show me that hat you're

talking about". So we went up to Mrs. Donnelly's and it was in the window. I showed it to her and she said "Come on in, I can't see it right through the window". So we went in, and Mrs. Donnelly came and had me take my hat off and try it on. Ma said "Do you like that?" I said "Yes", Mrs. Donnelly said "All the girls are getting them". Ma said "I just don't like it, you've got your new suit, and that's not suitable to wear with it, to put on and go to church". A plain thing like that, to go to get it for a good hat, that's all right for [...] up street or the like, but not all right for a dress hat". She went down along the store, and she saw another hat back in a glass case, it had feathers, it was just like a ducks breast, the little short feathers, it was lovely. Mother said "here is a hat back here, how much is that?" Mrs. Donnelly came back, she said "That's one of the best hats we have in the store". Mother said "How much is one like that?" So she told her how much it would be and mother said "I'd like to see it". So she took it out of the case and brought it up to where I was at the glass, she put it on my head. "Oh" Mother said "that's a nice hat, but it'll have to have some trimmen' on it. She couldn't wear it like that". So she went and got some blue silk velvet and fixed it up with a lovely silver buckle and got a great big white feather pomp and put it on it too. "Now" she said "Mrs. Ferguson, how to you like that?" "Well" she said "that's more like it". She said to me "wouldn't you'd sooner have that? ". "Oh yes" I said "I'd sooner have this hat. But it is too dear Ma", "Nothin is too dear that one wants" she said. When could she have that hat ready for me? for it was not ready then and we did not want to wait. "Can you have it ready Saturday?", "Oh yes" she said, "[it will] be ready before Saturday". "Well", she [mother] said "we'll be in on Saturday". We went in and got the hat, well, do you know, no matter where I went, everyone was remarking [on] my hat. I even went to get my fortune told, and the fortune teller all she could talk about was my lovely hat. Ma said "You should have left the hat at home"

When Mrs. Donnelly first came here, there was a [leghorn?] hat in the window and it was all cased and nice, with nice white silk chiffon, all shirred nice and a little heading about [it] that wide out past the rim. The top was all trimmed up, and the kind of flowers on it was white grapes. Oh my they looked lovely and little rosettes of shell beads, it was tucked up at the left side, at the back, and under that they had a black silk velvet bow. They had two of these little rosettes of shell beads holding it on. Oh it was a beautiful hat. Mother brought it home. [Alex intended?] She was only up the street, she wanted to get a hat, she had ordered one in Halls. They were to have it ready for her Saturday, we went into this milliners shop before she went to Halls, and she saw a hat that she would rather have, the shape was black in Halls, Black Straw, but this one was a kind of light brown [and] kind of a mushroom shape and it was trimmed lovely with lovely double pink roses and ribbon. Mary tried it on and she asked her the price of it and she told her. "well" she said, "I cannot take it now. I have a hat ordered in Halls. If it doesn't suit me I wont take it and I'll come back [here] and get this [one] if you do not have it sold". So we went up to Halls and she brought out a hat. I said to Mary "Why Mary that is not the hat you ordered", it was Mohair straw the hat she had ordered, and it was just common black straw, the hat she was trying to put off on her. The roses were the single roses, it was not a bit nice. Mary said "this isn't the hat", "Oh yes it is" , "Oh no it is not, you cannot fool me. It is not the same kind of straw. She said "Give me the hat I ordered, and I'll take it". "Oh you will have to take it if you ordered it" she said. Mary said " I have not got to do anything, only die, but I have got to do that and so have you. Its up to you to make me, but I wont take it". She put

on her hat again and her and me went back to Mrs. Donnelly. When we went in, Mrs. Donnelly came right out and she brought the hat with her [and] said "Did you come for this hat?", Mary said "yes", and started telling her the experience she had with Halls. Well she [Mrs. Donnelly] said "we do not do that, you order a thing here and you get what you ordered". Mary found out from one of the girls that was working at Halls there was a woman who went in and when she saw the hat she would not accept it until she got that hat and she sold it to her, and she thought she would put this other hat off on Mary.

We went up town after supper, Mary, Mother and I, we had been telling her about this leghorn hat, she said "we will go up and see it". It was in the window "Oh" she said "I cannot see it right in the window, we will go in and have a look at it". So we went in and one of the girls came up to us. Mother said "you have a hat there in the window, I have come in to have a look at it". Mrs. Donnelly heard her and she left the girl to finish waiting on the customer she was waiting on and she came to us. She turned to Mary and said "How did your friend like your hat?" Mother said "It is a very pretty hat and very becoming on her". She got the hat out of the window and put it on me. "Now" she said, "is that not just the pure thing for your girl?", Mother said, "It is nice on here" But I had got a hat but it was nothing to be compared with that. I said to mother "I have that other hat". "Never mind" said mother, "It will save this one, you can wear it because it will save this one". Mary said "I wish I could have bought it but it was too dear for me". Mother asked her [Mrs. Donnelly] what it was, she told her, she [mother] said "You will give her a couple of hat pins, nice hat pins, with it", "Oh yes" she [Mrs. Donnelly] said, she [then] went away and got them. Mother paid her for the hat, she put it in a bag and gave it to us. Mary said "she did not give you a veil, she gave me veil with my hat". They wore face veils then. Well I could not wear a veil with the leghorn hat on account of the chiffon being frilled out past the rim.

For a while, I used to get wire, when the wire shapes were in. Make wire shaped and cover them and trim them and sell them. I could make them like the milliner shops did. I covered them with black chiffon that was the whole go then, shirred it on thick and it had to be the black silk wire. I used to get the wire in coils from Schwartz, he kept it. I made lots of them. I used to take great sport out of making the shapes. I never worked at the millinery. I just picked it up, but I did learn the dressmaking. I did not care much for the dressmaking, you know it is quite a responsibility to take a person's measurements and draft them out a pattern to fit them. You had to be careful, but I had pretty good luck always. I used to draft it a little bigger than they would measure and then I could take it in if it was too big.

[Part about electric vs. Treadle machine here]

Annie Carr

- Loner

- Job at Royal York

- Job at Malton (WW2)
- Proposal by 1st husband
- Job in Bobcaygon and subsequent arrival in Peterborough
- Food tickets
- Life at home while father at war (WW1)
- Job at Bell Telephone
- Walk home to visit family

I have always been what you call a loner, if you know what I mean. I have been free in a way, I could come and go and have the initiative to know what I wanted and what I did not want. I never went into a crowd, because when you do you get to complicated. One wants this and one wants that and you either have to agree or your out . So I said just travel alone for a while.

During the war I was with the Royal York Hotel. My floor was picked my her majesty the Queen, there was the third floor and fourth floor which was one, two main floors for all the soldiers of Canada before they went overseas. We got \$12.00 a week, I lived in a room and you went back and fourth.

I was in one place on Sherbrooke St. It reminds me of this street only it was in Toronto, you know, when you go for a room, the funniest thing is, you just meet the landlady, the others are working. I was on the second floor and the house was clean, but you know I never could get in the bathroom, this [one] morning, I was determined, I used to always get my water before I left at night time, if I waited till morning I would have never got tea, never got breakfast, so I used to get it when I had a moment in the evening. This [one] morning I got up and I thought to myself, "well I'm gonna see what's going on". I never had a bath there, I had to take the water and sponge myself off in my own room. Of course I could have gone to the Royal York and got in the tub there, there was nine besides me in that house. You do not mind if they are all ladies, but the different sexes, that was enough. So when I went to pay her my rent and I saw that line up I said that's it, so I paid her my money and I said that a weeks notice, I'm looking for another room, which I did. I did get in a better place, but I had to pay a little more.

I was working at the Royal York, during the Second World War. Well I knew about the airplanes, you know, and I said "I'm not finished, I still got [time] to do something else". So I left there and I went to Malton and went making the Lancaster Bombers. I had the overalls and all that stuff. I really enjoyed it, it was not long I was there but I enjoyed it. We would work maybe tonight, take tomorrow off and go in the next night. It depended. Sometimes you would work all day and they would ask you to work all night. I never got back to my room in Toronto till nine

o'clock at night. Then I was ups at four o'clock in the morning to get the train to got to Malton to work. Well, that was a session, but it was interesting,

My first husband had asked me to marry him four years before. I said "I haven't made up my mind", I have to get myself together on the matter. So I said "When I'm ready I will tell you", so I'm looking for work, and he is working, so I said "What's wrong with me? Why don't you get married?" When he came home I said "Are you still in the same mind as to getting married?" He said yes. So we went to the church and I spoke to the minister. I said to him "Will you ask Charlie if he is still in the mind to marrying me?" So he went up and asked him. I never had my parents to take my side you see. A man could easy say "Oh, forget about it, I'll get someone else". The minister asked him, he said yes, so we got married at St. Thomas Church. We were married twelve years, he was an epileptic for those twelve years. I did not know that until after I married him, but then once I was married you know your married. So I said well here I go working again. But I made sure I had a one year's holiday before I went to work.

[How I came to Peterborough] This lady was advertising for somebody to work the other side of Bancroft for this gentleman. A Mr. Sniderman or something, for \$60 a month. So I said to Charlie, well, we'll go. We went by car, [with] what little furniture we had and personal things. I thought I would never get there. It was a big house, and this man was living there alone. He had left his wife and had child so he had to have someone like a house keeper. So here I was a housekeeper again. I'll never forget it, there was one electric light, no curtains. You should have seen the home, and we had to take a chance on him bringing food in. If he brought it in, alright, but if he did not, well half the time we were starved to death. I just could not take it. I said this is it, so I said to my husband "Tomorrows Sunday, the next day is Monday, Monday morning we are away". So that's how my husband and I walked from the other side of Bancroft to Peterborough.

Well to tell you the truth, when we walked in we did get a ride. We walked a little bit and then we got a ride. Well when we got in, then we went to the police station. We reported him there, we reported about not getting the money and that, but this is when I went to the Royal Canadian Legion. As I said my father being a soldier we got help from them. We stayed in the Queens hotel and we got a meal ticket for a week. Well the police said we had to go back so we had to walk all the way back again. We got [...] walked all the way back again. Now [...] this Mr. Sniderman, he had a big car you know, he seemed to be a big shot [he seemed to have money] but he would not pay us. When we got there he said where are you going and we said we are going back home and he said indeed not. My husband had given him the house key so we could not go in and he had some thing sin there which we were going to get later. So, well then me had to walk another mile to the next farm house to get put up for the night. They gave us some breakfast, then me had to walk [back] in [to] town.

I did take him to court, but I had no proper proof you know, no witnesses, so I lost everything there. But believe me I have never forgotten that. Well what could you do. I came into Peterborough for help, we stayed from then on. So it did work out god for me. I tell you I do not

think there is another person [who has] gone through what I have gone through. So understand I had my family, it is not like I had my sisters, I had no one to help me.

19[...] was a hard year. We had these tickets that you had to get food by, and here I was alone again. Anybody that had a family could get all they wanted. They gave you so much for each one, but me alone [is] just so much and it did not go far. But you know I really came through it and there was maybe times when I would become provoked and say why did it happen to me, but you know through it all I become stronger, [it] made me strong. That I could [...] the world and do things. Where another person would have got down and gave up. I could have gone to the dogs as they say, and been the [...] person going, but I think I have other qualities than just going down that crooked street.

When I was home we ere snowed in and it was the First World War [Dad was over at war] and I was fifteen or sixteen and I was in charge of my mother and the home until he came back, and we were snowed in, it was only as far as from [here?] to town, but it [was] like the end of the country, the end of town, and I could not get the pump. We had no heat in the house, there was me my mother and the baby in one room.

Anyway it was ten days and the snow was in the pump. The axe was downstairs and the basement was flooded. We had just a little electric plate and we had a tin of condensed mil and a loaf of bread to get us through ten days. We did not get relief or help in those days. I used to go like this to the window and make a peep hole to see out. We told my father and he would not believe us, and my mother said "well you better believe it".

I got in at the Bell Tel. three days a week [relieving?] the girls, but I only got about \$7 a week. My mother said "oh that's not position". Well I was smart enough to know that if I stayed with it I would get higher. Well I stayed for six and a half years. My mother gave me notice. My mother was very hard, her word was law, and I was the youngest and I had always been obedient so I just packed up my things and told her I was leaving home and I left with \$10 I had from picking berries on a fruit farm. I took it and put it in a back so I could get to [it in] Toronto.

It was just that my mother would not give me no [money] .[you at a certain age you feel as though you would like to do this and that] I was too smart for her and she would never give me no money, for the six and a half years, I was at home I gave her every cent and she gave me a dollar.

One time I went here to see my parents, I walked thirty five miles from Toronto to Milton. You know when you get on the highway you figure you can make it [I did not know how far thirty five miles was], well it was getting dark. We were warned by the police not to be picked up hitchhiking and I thought no if I stay on the highway someone is going to pull up. So I climbed the fence, I slept in the field all night, I prayed that I would be fine in the morning, I woke up at 10 o'clock, the sun was shining, I went from there.

My mother never believed I had walked in and when I left she never gave me a cent and never wished me well. Well, I said that's the end of it.

You know I got a girl. She worked in an Insurance Company. She was a lovely girl. A lovely personality and I just hated to see her up in those hot offices. I said 'get out of there and go over to CHEX". Anyway she got a good position there and she married a good man and he is a main position and money you know. Well she would never have met that man in that hot office, climbing up those stairs.

Mrs. McFarlane [Extencicare]

- The farm
- Canning
- The work
- Electricity
- Washing machine
- Ice box
- Farming - nice way to live
- Depression, costs of cattle
- Her work
- Amusement, picnics, bridge
- Meeting her husband
- Brother in the First World War

I was born near Norwood, but I have lived in Otonabee, eleven miles from Peterborough, for forty years.

No I was strictly a farmers wife, a farmers daughter and a farmers wife. I'd say I worked as hard as anybody that goes to work, maybe harder, longer hours.

But then it was enjoyable, I had a happy life.

Mixed farming, all sorts of animals and it used to be horses that did the work in those days and then it got to be mechanical.

We canned, in the older days, we canned all out food, we did not have freezers you see, the first freezers we had were three miles from home, we put all out meat in that, but that was all. But until about 1934 we did not have a freezer, after that we did not can very much.

The wheat and alsike were the main crop that was sold, the cash crops we called [them]

Gardening was my hobby, and then we had chickens and hens, part of that was women's work too, look after the chickens, clean the eggs and gather them, one thing and another like that.

It was a pleasure most times, I did not find it burdensome, you geared you meals according to the conditions, the men were very understanding, sometimes they needed a [...] of cold drinks taken to the field or a cold lunch to help them along. Oh I don't know it was a very ordinary life. You just did things because they were there to be done and it just had to be done and you went ahead and did it . There was a no growling about it or complaining because you did not push a button for this or that.

It was wonderful when electricity came through. It came through our line about 1929 and my son never knew anything else but electricity you see. He did not have any idea about taking a Lantern to the barn or how dangerous it was, or the lamps in the house. A lantern is a very dangerous thing. It can be upset so easily by the animals even if you have it hung up high, things can happen.

The straw and the hay are very flammable, so that we were very happy to get the electricity. It did not cost much in those days. You could not just come into the city and say "we would like electricity" because the lines were not built to the country. You see it had to be going through from Peterborough down the old Keene road, as we called it into Keene, that was why we got it so early because it was coming down through past our place to Keene, and anybody along the road could avail themselves of having it put in so we did of course as soon as it came along because it was wonderful. Not only the light itself but it gave you so many more things to work with like your washing machine, your iron, for pumping water, all those things that saved you another hired man, or girl whichever it was. It was so much easier to put your wash in an electric washing machine, it just starts up, the washing machine was the first thing we got in because the men quite often got hooked into helping the women with the washing, they did not like that. At least my husband did not care for it so the washing machine went in as soon as the electricity did. It was a wonderful thing to have. I think it was turned on the night before Christmas from Peterborough to Keene and all the houses were given a whole weeks grace before we had to pay for it. So the country was lit from top to bottom. All along that road and we lived right at Mathers Corners and that corner was just as bright as day.

[How did you keep things cold?]

You had to go down to the cellar, you could have an Ice box but we [did not have] an icebox long before the hydro came through. And then it was during the war time, the depression came along then and everything was very hard to come by. Refrigerators were very hard to come by. We did not get a refrigerator until a long time after we had the hydro. We still had to go down to the cellar. But you had to keep your cellar dark and keep the flies out of it. Nowadays your cellar can be as open as the rest of the house. It makes the house very much nicer in the summertime. It does not gather the moisture that it did when your house was closed up. We were very fortunate in having a big stone house which was entirely open when you opened all the openings. It was like living outdoors. Hot nights like this it would be wide open. All the doors and windows screened.

I think that farming is one of the nicest ways of living that I know of. Now that we have all the improvements its not hard work. But it used to be real hard work.

That's one thing farming is the biggest gamble that I know of, you are dependent on the weather for everything, your wheat may freeze in the winter time, then you have no crop.

They're more specialized now, in my day it was all just general farming.

[weather, during Depression]

I think conditions in the west were worse than here. Lets give you an instance: during the Depression years a hog would be three and a half dollars a hundred weight. This last year they went up to \$69 a hundred weight. So that you can understand is a vast difference. Cattle were seven dollars and half during the depression and now this year they went up to \$70.

You could not break even, you did not get anything for your field work in harvesting the grain. You feed your own grain to the animals and when they're a good price it brings a very profitable amount of money for your work on the field. But if you are getting such a small price, then you get vary small amounts, it works that way.

We were responsible for getting the meals for the men who were doing the work. I never worked in the field. I never had that to do. Some women did, I didn't do very much milking. But then I was tied otherwise, I had an aunt for three years and half in bed. I didn't go outside the house, except to my flower garden and vegetable garden once in a while because I could hire a man to hoe the garden. We had a hired man those years.

We had lost of fun, we had picnics and the children all learned to swim, we would go to the lake on Sunday after church and take our dinner with us and the kids would swim, learned to use a kayak and a boat.

We would go down to Cobourg for a day to the horse show, in the winter time on our line we had a group of sixteen of us who played bridge all winter. 8 couples and we did that for 6 or 7 years. Every two weeks we would meet at one house often another up the line. If it was a very

snowy dirty night the one at the end of the line would hitch up the team on the sleigh and put buffalo robes and hay on the sleigh and away we would go.

Oh I had to walk two miles to public school and we went to Norwood to high school. Couple of years when we had illness at my grandfathers at Norwood we boarded in the winter time and drove in the summer time.

[How did you meet your husband?]

At what they call a tea meeting. He brought three ladies down from Keene, a soloist and pianist and his sister and that was the first time we even met. Unfortunately I had a beautiful ring on my engagement finger, I suppose I should not have, it was my aunts, a beautiful opal surrounded by diamonds. But she would not even wear it. I don't know why uncle did not have it changed, but she was superstitious and she gave it to me. He came back to visit but I was not home, my brother and I were driving to Norwood, and our horse was very much afraid of cars. He would rear right up on his hind legs and we were so busy trying to see where he was going to come down that we did not even notice who as driving the car. So he had a talk with my mother and father, he said he had to find out whether the ring meant anything or not, but I do not think he asked them. Anyway it was not long before a letter came asking if he could visit again. My Brother rode a horse in a team of four that pulled the artillery and the horse was shot out from underneath him. He was in the hospital for a long time. He got out in 1920 just in time to be home for my wedding. When he arrived he was all covered in these boils and I asked him if he thought he was going to be in any shape to be seen at this wedding. Then my father and brother took them as well. The only explanation we could think of was that the long, slow boat ride over from England had brought them on. Anyway my mother discovered that acidic value of raisins would combat these boils and so they would just eat handfuls of raisins and they cleared up in time.

Mrs. Shimer [Kingan Ave, July 24/1974]

- News of the First World War
- Giving up of her profession
- School days, gym uniform
- Meal tickets during the Depression

I was here during the First World War. There was no radio or anything. We didn't get any news from overseas very much. Nearly everybody in town had somebody fighting and it was pretty awful. There was a newspaper on George Street that they put out every day. They put just a written bulletin out and everybody just ran over to see, and of course they would be from away back, you would not get up to date stuff very much, because we did not have that much contact

in those days. I remember my poor dad tearing over every day [you] see my brother was over [there], they had a really hard time, lost a lot of men.

When I was nineteen I went up to Guelph to school. I went over to the States and took some post-graduate work at John Hopkins, and then I worked in the States till I was married. I was a dietician, in those days people did not think you should work after you were married. I had a nice position and I liked it and would have been glad to go on, but both my parents and my husbands parents thought it was a terrible thing, they had never heard of it, a girl working after she was married. My husband agreed with them, "that's ridiculous" he said "If you think your going to get up at half past six in the morning and go to work, while I don't have to get up till eight, well that's crazy". So I quite, I would have gone back after my mothers business closed up, but they would not take me, my age, they said I could not take it, which was ridiculous. I could have gone if I had gone back to the States.

I went to Central School. You just took general courses in those days. We had gym classes but not very strenuous ones. I think we had those bloomers as I remember it, navy bloomers, serge I think, a wool material, and middies, we wore and awful lot of middies, with the collar, you know. We had a big dance, maybe once or twice a year, which was a big thing then. Nearly all the other dances that the I.O.D.E or other groups had were held in what is not the Empress Hotel, in the rotunda of that hotel, then the conservatory of music had a big ball room and they used to have dances up there. We used to do the foxtrot and all that sort of thing. Waltzes of course, and the Charleston, it just sort of came, we never had any lessons, we used to go out to Chemong a lot to swim. There was a boat house out there, a public place where you could swim if you wanted to, we'd go by car, a straight road with a sort of swamp on one side, just a narrow road, my parents worried about accidents, there were a lot of them, then we sued to go down around the small places top dance occasionally, Campbellford, down at Trent River used to have places to dance.

Well there was not much of a tourist trade in Peterborough then because the cars did not come in until a little later, and you get most of your tourist trade from cars, of course they have built up the lakes.

Somehow when there's a war and a reason and you have got family and friends fighting over there, you do not feel sorry for yourself, you just feel that your a part of the job and its the easier part. After the end of the war, people used to come into the store to Dad for money, he would not give them money because so often they would go and buy liquor, so he had an arrangement with a man who ran a small restaurant, and he bought tickets from him, meal tickets, of course a lot abused it but there were an awful lot who really needed it. When we lived on Rubidge Street at one time we would have as many as two or three people a day come asking for a meal, we always gave it to them. Dad said that we should not let men in, but if he was there we would, or if the weather was not too cold and he was not there we just gave it to them on the veranda.

Mr. and Mrs. Shield

- Lived on farm
- Depression, prices
- Farmers market
- Second World War, prices soaring, two boys, adventure
- economical during the Depression, no conveniences
- Sociability
- Coal, oil, woodstoves
- Parties
- News of the war endings at school, victory loan
- Vouchers for milk, farm last place to be during the depression.
- Making ice cream at parties
- Telephone
- churning butter
- Using cream
- Wash day
- Cutter or buggy
- School, spats, Arbour Day

Yes we lived on a farm. I was on the 3rd Concession of Smith (three miles north of here) until [19]26, and we were married and lived up where Wallis Drive is now. That was out farm out there. It was a dairy farm and grain farm. We milked cows up there.

[Do you remember the Depression?]

It was a time when you got no prices whatever for produce from the farm. We had to learn for to do without a lot of things in the country, make our own entertainment.

You remember on the farms, there were mice around. They were going around with tears in their eyes.

[Could you sell any produce from the farm?]

Nobody had the money to buy anything. There was no money then. I remember selling eggs during the Depression for 15 cents a dozen and everything else was in accordance with that. The pasteurized milk was 9 cents a quart, that was the lowest it went, but you could get raw milk for a quart for 7 cents or maybe less than that. For a nickel maybe. I sold many a quart of milk for 5 cents. Hundreds of quarts for 5 cents. Thirty cents for a bag of potatoes. A ninety pound bag. There were no packages then, there were bags, ninety pound bags and 30 cents a bag. Butter around 25 cents and you could hardly swell it. Butter off the farm would be around 20 cents.

I always remember selling cream to the Central Smith Dairy and getting \$60.00 a month, for the whole month and we thought that was a lot of money to get out of it at the farm.

[Did you go to Farmers Markets in Peterborough]

Yes. I don't remember a great deal about it. The farmers market was upstairs where they sold butter and eggs and home baking and so on, under the town clock. And then the open market was down out on the market square. I remember the winding stairs to get upstairs. People used to carry baskets of butter, it used to be school boys, I do not know, they got a nickel or 10 cents to carry people's butter or eggs upstairs to sell.

[Do you remember changes from the 2nd World War]

Wages came up, I can tell you that. Prices started to go up then, yes, we were on the farm. I remember we thought in 1946 or [194]7 they would come to a peak. But instead of that, they just kept rising until now, they're complete out of control.

I remember the First World War. We were talking the other day about two of the boys out on the highway enlisting and they had a party for them when they went away. They thought they were going to have a grand time and see the country, they did not realize, one of them did not come back. Then in 1918, boys between 18-22 were conscripted. A lot of them went overseas and then others did not get there.

[During the Depression]

We did not have conveniences then at all. Washes were all hand wash. Sometimes a tub and scrub board and we just did what we did when things were better. We had to be more economical. But we always had our own meat and eggs and milk and vegetables. Nobody had any money. everything was done the hard way. But we did not have the wants that we have

now because there just wasn't the money around. But people had more sociability. Oh yes! Neighbours were maybe [meant] more to each other, helped each other out in any way they could.

There were always agents [who] came and they always asked to stay if it were mealtime. I think that was typical of farm people, different from other people.

Then when it was time for the chores, you lit the lamps for the house and you got the lanterns ready for the barn. They burned coal oil. Fires were almost nil, they were very rare, you did not hear too much about. And the wood staves were very cheerful. Nobody had a furnace in those days. Although out in the stone house there had been a furnace of some kind, wood I guess, from years and years ago. I remember when we were on the farm, some of them used to get the ties from the railway, when they laid new ties, and use them for their furnaces or for firewood.

We had more fun in those days than we have now. There were always, in the winter time, parties at the houses around. Some for the older people, they used to have gatherings, maybe a dozen of them or 7 or 8 for supper and have the evening together and play cards. The young people used to have dances and they were at the schools, all kinds of concerts and things. We did not think of coming in to town for entertainment. Skating Parties on the pond you did not have to pay a dollar and a half to get in either, and in the summer time there were numerous socials, strawberry socials and so on. The women had great enjoyment in teasing the men [did you tease back?] All we could.

I went to school at S.S. no. 2 on the Lindsay Highway, about a mile west of the cheese factory. It is closed now. You did not have a bus then, you walked. You made your own fun. I was there when the first war ended. The first news came that the war was over, there were big parades, we came to Peterborough but it was signed about three days later. I remember all the excitement when, one time they had the victory loan and I remember one time the whistles all blowing and people thought it was peace declared then but it was not that, it was the loan they were calling and that was in summer time of [19]18 and then it was over in November.

I was also at school when the Quaker Oats was burnt. There were flakes from there, fell all the way into our schoolyard.

We all came from farms around Peterborough and it was the best place to be in those days. We had enough to eat anyway, you did not go hungry. Lots of people in town were. Farmers did not go hungry. They had their own produce. I remember, there was so much relief done in part of the city and we sold milk for 5 cents a quart. Two big cans, 8 gallon cans. We took them to a house in the south end of the city and people went there with pitchers and little pails and they had vouchers to get milk from the township and they went to this house and got milk. So there was a lot of hardship in the town.

We bought most of our own clothes. They did not cost so much in those days. You got a good coat for very little. But farmers always had an income from something through the year. So many people in town were out of work, on relief, but there was not any of that in the country. The farmers were the best off.

[What kind of agents came to the house?]

Well, machine agents and insurance agents and then there used to be men going around selling, well, some had packs on their backs with needles and thread and Tom Sergeant sold Ocean Blend Tea. I think it was (Shoppings?) [who] came around with meat every week. We used to get tea in five pound cans. Tin cans about so high and square, Ocean Blend Tea. A baker came around always with bread and cakes, something like that. We had to come into town if we wanted sugar or flour or salt. But we bought in large quantities. We used to buy sugar in 100lb bags. I remember we bought brown sugar in a barrel.

We cured all our own meat. We always say there nothing like home cured ham.

That was another social affair, maybe two or three families, [would] get together and make ice cream in the summer time, have strawberries or cake and so on.

It was 1911 when we got a telephone, I can remember that because my grandfather never could get used to the telephone ringing.

We used to have a dog churn for the butter, a dog would walk around in a circle and run the churn.

We never thought of not using cream whenever we wanted it for anything, I remember when my mother made tea biscuits, she would use cream.

On wash day they would get the big boiler on top of the stove and heat the water, they used to pound the clothes, and then in the winter time they hung them out on the line and they were frozen stiff. [You] just got them hung up before your fingers [would] freeze. The clothes all had to be boiled before they were washed or you thought they were not done. After that they had to be washed and rinsed and rinsed again.

We preserved all our own fruit, never thought of buying anything like that, we made a lot of syrup and had a lot of that.

Sometimes you did not know whether to take the buggy or the cutter, whether there was enough sleighing. Sleighing you went with the cutter. The roads were not snow ploughed, there would be pitch holes, you would be going along, there would be a big hole that was made with the traffic, the length of time it took depended on the kind of horses you had, but there was always something nice about traveling along in the cutter, crisp air, with buffalo robes around you.

We all dealt in Hunters Grocery Store up where the Victoria and Grey is now at the corner of George and Brock. I can remember my grandfather would come in with his horse and buggy, he would drive up to the front door on George Street, just throw the lines down or wrap them around the whip and walk into the store and stay for half an hour.

When you went to school in those days the main thing to learn was to fight, everybody got into spats, even the girls and the used to have Arbour Day around the 24th of may, you cleaned up all the yard and all around the school, everybody would take something and have a picnic lunch after...

Jean Buck

- Her teaching career
- Training
- Teaching is interesting, some changes over the years
- The subjects, library
- Grade 4, grade 5, reading period
- Junior Red Cross
- The Second World War, in the classroom
- Jokes
- Red Cross during war
- Art Association
- Travelling abroad, 1922
- Disciplinarian
- Difference in salaries, standing up to the men
- Music classes, singing
- Dr. Gatskill

I started at Queen Mary when it was opened. I think it was 1914, it may have been 1913. I taught grade five, I was there for seven or eight years, than I was transferred to Central, against my will at first but much to my pleasure later on. I must say that the old school had an atmosphere that the new school did not have. Central is the oldest, and it celebrated its 100th anniversary quite a number of years ago. I was transferred there to take work in connection with the Peterborough college and I was there until I retired, and I retired in 1951. So I have been touring the world ever since.

I loved teaching, and when it came to the time when I felt I should stop, I got out of it, [and] had some leisure. although I really had taught nearly forty years [did you have training?] You went to normal school here and then you were supposed to go two years out to teach in the country, but I was not old enough to go to normal when I finished high school in Norwood, and so the inspector got me a very nice school up in Smith for a while, until I was old enough to go to Normal. So then after I finished Normal I could go right on staff there, of course you know I have taken refresher courses at Toronto University. I have a certificate in Household Science, and I have taken summer courses there, and I have a French Upper School, from there, because when I began to teach I was not very proficient in French and then I took a course in English and History.

I just did straight public school work because I liked it. I usually had grade five at Queen Mary, but when I came to Central I taught five, six or seven and sometimes I had the one year through five and six. Now that was the advanced class and the next year I had the [fancy?] seven.

Teaching is a very interesting profession because there are no two children the same. I noticed a great deal of difference as time went on and especially in the public schools. The more assistance families got, you know how the families all get so much per child under the age of eighteen, and once that came in, they could afford better food and we noticed a big difference in their attitude when they are well fed and well looked after. It was quite a difference and of course we had quite a mixed school, down there at central, we had different groups, some were fairly well off, others were not so well off, but I do not remember much about welfare, that seems to have developed since I gave up teaching. I really do not remember that aspect of it at all, but I suppose since social assistance came parents could afford better clothing, better food, and of course we had the school nurse too, and she looked after their health and we often had milk at school for children who needed it, and of course we had the dental work done in the school at that time, we had free dentist work done, in that was they were well looked after.

I taught all the subjects, arithmetic, spelling, geography, history. Geography and history were combined and called social studies. [In] Literature, English composition, we taught grammar. we gave them a good grounding in English grammar, forming sentences and putting them together into ideas, and they could express themselves. I had a very good library in my room, of books that were suitable. We were allowed so much for building up a library in each room, each classroom had a very good library on the budget that we were allowed. It was not very big, but it really helped, you chose according to your grade you see.

There was quite a big transition between grade four and grade five. Up to grade five it [had] been mostly mechanical, learning tables, memorizing things off by heart, but when they came into grade five they have to begin to think for themselves. I would always leave a period for reading and when they first came into the room they would get a book, then sit down and begin to read. At first they would usually say it is too difficult, I can't read it, [and] I would say "Oh, I think you can" and they soon became accustomed to it, [and] gobbled up everything in that book case. I always believed in setting the standard just a little above so that they could reach up not down, so that they could achieve.

We had [...] Red Cross in school. The children did most of it with my guidance. I belonged to [the] Red Cross since 1939, when the war started, I was president for four years and was on the Board of Generals. So I was well grounded in the Red Cross Programme for Juniors. On Friday afternoons we had the last half hour for Red Cross. We learned all about Red cross really, they learned what the policy of Red Cross was and how it was carried out through the various branches [and] divisions. We kept it simple, not making it too difficult. Then they learned how money was collected for the MR. at a certain time of the year you see. We are in with the Community Services you see, now, but early we joined, what is now Community Services and all work together. But they had a day, and donated to the campaign the seniors came and collected and of course sometimes there was literature they wanted to buy, there was a Red Cross Junior magazine you know. They contributed to it. So they knew quite a bit about Red Cross, as much as many adults, at least [while] it was continued, I think it was too bad it was dropped.

The war made quite a difference. There were so many of the fathers and brother who were overseas, but children brought clippings and they would make a book. I tried to encourage them to read newspapers and keep notes and clippings, and they would get up and talk about it orally. They could talk like little Philadelphia lawyers, you know, they were not self conscious. They loved to be up talking and of course it had to be worth while.

Another thing they loved would be good jokes. Sometimes if we had moment of two before dismissal we would here jokes. They always had a joke or two up their sleeve, and they were good, they were smart.

When I joined the Red cross I was on a packing committee and the Red Cross rooms were over the library. There were [...] all day long making [...] things for soldiers and refugees, and of course we still have storage spaces in Asia, and other places. Then at night Margaret White, Miss [Rose?] and I we went out and did the packing, and we packed everything that was made in those rooms at night, in big boxes, and put on the [...] and put on the labels...[...]. We went as often as it was necessary, that was my first introduction to Red Cross in Peterborough.

It was hard work, but it was fun and we enjoyed it, and after we were through we went down to a Restaurant on George Stet and had a milkshake or something.

I belonged to the Arts Association. There was a sketch group, but I'm literary study and art study. I belonged to those two groups, but of course there was a garden group, a Shakespeare group, [and] about fifteen different groups. When I first started I do not think there were more than five different groups, so they have expanded you see.

Another teacher and I went abroad in 1922. Of course there were very few teachers travelling then, our salaries were low, but we went with a group in the Overseas Education Week and our tickets were [\$590?] and that was for two months, except gifts and extras. That covered travel, meals, everything. We went chiefly [to] the British Isles, England, Ireland and Scotland, and France and Belgium. 1922 that was not too long after the first World War.

I was a disciplinarian, I believed in discipline, I could not teach without it. I could not teach in a classroom where everyone was buzzing around. I am not that kind of teacher, of course you did not have that in my day, you were supposed to keep your class under control and teach.

I was not an easy teacher. I could hold my own with the biggest and I always believed in holding my own with the men on the staff. If you sat down and let them walk all over you that was not so good.

There was always difference in pay. We fought for our rights you know, but we knew that the board, but nobody, not even the men had high salaries.

We all got the same there was no discrimination among the women, and of course the men always had higher salaries, but we would not think of women's liberties. If you were a principal you were supposed to be a graduate of a university. Lots of the girls had degrees. I taught art in the principles room for years because the men did not like teaching art.

No when the new principal came he wanted me to continue teaching art and I said yes if your trade me a subject. I said I cannot leave my room. I said the last principal took arithmetic in my room and it was quite a help. I said I will trade you the same subject. He did not think [he] wanted to do that. We wanted to be in the office. "Very well" I said "Its all off", because I was not going to do it. Well the next day he came over and he said "Well you know I have been thinking that over and I think I had better take that subject for you if you do the art for me". So if you hold out and stand up for yourself you [will] get somewhere, even in my days. They will take advantage of you, in the teaching and other professions the men seem to think they should have the advantage in salaries and other things.

I taught music for a while. I took piano lessons at the Conservatory, but otherwise I had not training, yes, mostly we sang. We had the pitch pipe and we gave them the key and worked from that, and we had the scale you know, Do Rae Mi, and we used to practice the children on that, we used to go up and down the scale. They thought they were quite good on it. Miss Ranny, when she was at the Normal school, she would send the boys or the men down for the music lesson. She asked me it would be alright and she would send them down and they would come and really it would be a scream. One would have a nice harp and one an auto harp and

some would have something else to quite them, all they needed was the pitch pipe and the usually got along quite well.

Dr. Gatskill was director of the Art for the province of Ontario. Dr. Gatskill would come in and he would pick out the worst piece for art in the room and hold it up and talk about [it] and talk about it and maybe offer possibilities for improvement, and the rest of them. I always had a piece of art of every child up. I made sure of that and the rest of them would be sitting longing he would choose theirs to talk about, but as a rule he just concentrated on some of the worst. They would say to me, "Do you thing that man knows art", and I would say "He ought to he is the director of Art for the province of Ontario" and the say "Oh". They were disappointed but of course he could only deal with a few pieces, he had a purpose behind it all.

Rita Roderick

[No record of the first part of this interview, simply starts here, though it is stated at the top of the page that it is continued from another page]

- Missing her brother in the barracks
- Jobs, Empress and other hotels
- Never asked last names
- Mother-in-law and son
- Cotton mill, 13
- Met husband, dancing
- Going back to work, trauma
- \$29 a month, depression
- Lumberyard, pay for house
- Ploughing in winter, loss of horse
- Spent time with mother and neighbours

said to him "You have got a guy here named Eddie Laloane" and he said "yes", "is he here?", and he said "I don't know now, I couldn't say if he was here or not, I'll find out". Billy said "If he is around tell him that his sisters at the gate". He went and phones and they said "yes, he was grounded yesterday, he went out of Peterborough at five o'clock in the morning to go overseas". So I never got to see my brother. If only we had known a couple of days ahead of

time. It was quite a while before I saw him again, ten years, he was in for a medical hospital you see. I guess they thought he would never come to again but he did and then after three months they got a letter saying they had found him and telling how he was, and then the address to write [to]. Then after he got well enough to come home, I only [got] to see him three or four times afterwards, and of course he was always odd, he was always odd, he wanted to be quite, no bother, so we always left him alone, he had a good pension.

Miss Hoffman

- Streetcar to work
- Teaching at Fairview
- Garden
- Boys out fishing
- Land lady making starch
- Selling bricks to pay for S.A. temple
- Selling left over wedding goodies
- Depression lists
- Family who ate porridge oh Christmas
- Skating on swamp at the end of Sherbrooke St, roast potatoes

The car went up George Street and it went as far as Hilliard, and it turned out there, when I taught at Fairview. I've seen we go out on Monday morning maybe a little before seven and I thought well I won't wait for it and I used to go up to that park and I've seen we go to the end of the street and beyond it and the streetcar would come up from the south and would have [...] to wait all that time and I would not be any further ahead.

I would walk out to Fairview, walked up past the Filtration Plant, and turn west and its a mile and a half past that. There is a big school there now, but that was the school. Where I taught is the Smith Council Township Hall [now]. I Taught nine grades there.

We had a garden at the school we had flowers and taught the care of the garden and planting them. In the fall we planted tulips, things like that we did some painting. I taught some painting, artwork.

The worst thing in Buckhorn was that once the fishing started, some of the older boys that were about as old as I was would be out missing. even the secretary of the board, he had two boys, and they would be missing. Well they went out catching dew worms and getting crayfish for fishing. They sold them to the tourists you see, and made a bit of money. The parents thought it was alright.

I boarded down from the school. Oh she was a thrifty person. One time they had more potatoes than they wanted and she peeled them and grated them and put them in pans and put water on them. She put it up on the roof, the cookhouse, had a sloping roof. She stirred it up and the next day she poured that water off and put fresh water on them and stirred it up and the potatoes would get fine, like soap. She would do that until the water came off almost clear and then she used that for starching clothes and she even made a pudding from it.

When they rebuilt the Salvation Army Temple after the fire, they sold bricks, 25 cents a brick, to pay for it not only the people of the army but the people of the town bought them.

After weddings they would often have far more than was eaten as leftovers. The day after the wedding, the children came from the school and they paid maybe 5 or 10 cents for the leftover cake and things.

I worked on the depression list. I would have to go and visit people during the depression and see what was necessary and I was allowed so much money to buy things and then turn it in. There were people during the depression who never would have needed help, never had to. There were an awful lot of families who were really up against it. I remember one family, we had given out about 56 boxes with things that had been given to us at the school, and then we bought meat to put in, and after Christmas, they phoned from the head office that there was one family, would I go and see them. Well no it was a Scotch family and they would not give in, but the women told me when I went in she said "Well, we are up against it", I said "how did you manage for Christmas?" "Not very well she said, we had porridge for breakfast and for dinner we had potatoes, and for supper we had porridge again". So they were really up against it. So I said "Well I will see that you get a basket with something now", I went over and I got them meat at Dales, got an order of groceries and everything sent to them. I was allowed to do that, oh yes, they did have a terrible time.

Where the Medical Centre is was a swamp. On Sherbrooke Street, where the new rink is, that was a swamp too. I skated there, there was creeks running through, where we skated in the winter time. We had roasted potatoes and wrap them up in newspapers put them in our shoes, take them out, and put our skates on and put the roasted potatoes back in the shoes that we had worn out there to keep them warm for us, and then skated around, and then the boys afterwards would light a big bonfire and we would warm up the potatoes and eat them.

[Ann Heideman](#)

- Packing boxes during World War One

- Prayer service for soldiers at St. John's
- Fruit farm workers
- Burning furniture during the depression
- Municipal organizations that grew up to alleviate suffering
- Clothing depot
- Second World War - Women in factories
- Home nursing and first aid courses, St. John Ambulance
- Air raid protection
- Packing and knitting
- Red Cross pyjamas
- Depression, in general
- Serving meals
- Salesman
- Truck drivers, motor mechanics course
- War time prices and trade board
- Why were we doing all this, Germans at Hudson Bay
- Lock Company guards
- Recycling during the war
- Margarine

I can recall my mother, there was a group of young girls who went to the church, and I can recall them sitting around that dinning room table stretched out to its full length with boxes, packing boxes for the [...], they made socks and they did all sorts of thing like that, and they packed boxes.

The women and the older men who were not working, on certain days at St. John's Anglican Church, they had a prayer service, and I can remember being taken to it as a very small child.

I believe some of the senior high school girls went out and did work on the fruit farms and of course they wore knickers.

When the depression came, people of course were desperate. In our era of affluence you cannot conceive of it, but people who had everything were breaking up furniture and putting it in the furnace to keep warm. There was not any sort of an arrangement for public care outside of the small charity that was dispensed by the city and other organizations, but not on a large scale. To try to alleviate the suffering and help, there was a group of people which got together and were, I think, sponsored by the Peterborough Examiner. I know Mr. Rollie Glover had a lot to do with it, and they raised a large sum of money and then there was a group of women who dispensed that money. I can recall they used to come in and they would collect clothing of all kinds. There was a depot on Hunter St. in what is now the Bell Apartments and they had clothing of all kinds for all ages, people would come in and register and that is where I first entered the picture because I took the registrations and they told me what they needed, somebody would go see them and try to get them wood or try to get them fuel and what have you. When the money was collected, and it was a large enough sum, they took over, you see the city itself was having difficulty trying to look after these people, they did not have any money. There was no government set up to look after them, this fund was dispensed through and office. I was in that office, I was the person who interviewed people. I gave to them enough just to keep them going until somebody could visit them and assess their needs and exactly what they wanted. They were given wood and coal and then some of the dairies gave milk tickets and they got orders, we did not hand out money, if I recall, it was an order on a certain grocery store, I think it was whichever the nearest where they lived, they got an order for so much money for the groceries. That went on for quite some time, until the organized authority was able to channel money into the city and pay for those people's care. You just have not idea what it was like, an ordinary working man could have his income cut to half, that was not unusual. Even a man on a salary was cut down to half, if you lost your job you never did find another one.

I can recall that they used to come, there would be a queue at my desk. They queue would start at my desk and go out and around the hall and down and then down the stairs case and right out to the street. People waiting in line to be looked after. all city people, if you were out in the townships you had a pretty rough time, because again the townships did not have a surplus to be spent on relief, there were some townships, I think the amount of relief they gave was practically nothing.

In the Second World War, there was a tremendous amount of activity among the women. That is when the women really started going into the factories in large numbers. I know of one women in particular, she had never done anything outside her home, ever, and she went in and worked something like nearly two years in one of the factories, doing fine precision work. The

Western Clock had a department that made some kind of precision instruments, I have an idea it was for submarines.

The General electric did all sorts of things for the war. and there were all sorts of women employed in there, [as] matter of fact, they made the anti-aircraft guns down there, and there was not anybody in town [who] knew about it, despite the fact that there were hundreds of people involved. I do not know whether they were obliged to take an oath of secrecy of what, but you never heard it, in any ordinary conversation, what anybody did. They were making guns. Of course, to take up the slack everywhere they could, they took girls on. It was that period of time when the house servant disappeared because a girl would go into a factory, she would have her evenings free, she would have her weekends free, she was making wonderfully good wages, she did not take into account that her shoe leather and her clothing ate up most of her profits, maids just disappeared. That has been a great change in the life of women.

The St. John's Ambulance, gave courses in home nursing and first aid. They have always done that, but it was revved up, and there were all sorts of persons who took that course who would never have thought about taking it. Then you were part of the brigade and you were called out on duty. There were some men in the corps, but it was the women who went out on duty. One year, in the spring, a whole busload went to Toronto, the armouries up there was just full of St. John's people, they were all reviewed by Princess Alice and her husband. She came alone and I suppose probably because I was a very large person, stood out from the rest of the crowd. She stopped and shook hands with me and inquired what we did and so forth. I can remember being very severely reprimanded, not by the head of the brigade but by the other members, because I just naturally curtsied when she spoke to me, they said when you are in uniform you do not curtsy. But it was just the sort of thing you just naturally did, she was a lovely, lovely looking person, just like a little Dresden doll, and so gracious.

There was a group of women involved in the air raid protection. Now it way seem strange to the present generation to think that, at the time [though] we thought, well, its kind of a far-fetched idea, but we will do as we are asked, but there was a meeting once a week that we went to as a branch of the air-raid wardens. We were the medical corpse of the air-raid warden system. There were strategic houses all through the whole city, where there was a man, and he was given certain duties to do. We used to have mock air-raids and somebody would come in on a stretcher, with ketchup, the lights would be turned out completely in the city for a short period of time.

The fairgrounds were turned into a camp, and there were temporary buildings down there, the conscientious objectors were put down there, the I.O.D.E chapters attempted to keep them entertained and not involved in mischief.

Individually we bought things and made things and packed boxes ['] all through the war. Everybody knitted like mad, all through the First World War as well as the Second World War. I can remember my father said grandmother knitted one sock a day, I do not know how she did it

with all her housework and everything else, but she did one sock a day. Best I could do was from the setting it up down to the heel in two hours.

The Red Cross did all sorts of things, I was involved in it part of the time, making all sorts of things that soldiers would need in hospital, I cut out pyjama's and panama's until I had a callous on my thumbs, I used to cut about six pairs at a time, the old hands who did one at a time were a bit aghast at the idea but it worked well.

During the depression, things were pretty grim, there was not a radio station in every little berg, dispensing news, you got the news, but I do not think that people were really aware of what went on. There was a depression and you did not have this and did not have that and you had to do without things, while things became very cheap, it still did not make any difference because if you did not have any money in your pockets you did not buy. I think that they all wondered what it was going to come to and what was going to happen, but I do not think they had any real understanding of what caused it.

My mother was a very kind-hearted and generous person, and I can recall distinctly that we used to have every week, sometime it would be every day, somebody would come down our walk, rap on the back door and say, "Lady, could I have something to eat", that got to be regular, heavens knows how many people we fed. finally I did see what happened, one came up the street, he came up the other side of the street, he got to the corner, he crossed over, just as though there was a neon sign, he came in out walk and knocked on the door. So I went out to look and I found the sign out on the street, it was a one that would escape you but there was a little mark. There was a little mark beside out front door, so that they knew how many blocks to go up and then ['] a certain house then they could check with the mark and they would know, but I have no idea how many meals we served during the depression. The doorbell would be ringing every day with somebody with something to sell, [it] might only be shoelaces.

There was of course a great deal of make do, you made over your coat and you made over your dress and your dress got made over for you younger sister and after she got finished with it, if there was anything left it, was made for the small child.

A course was offered for women to learn how to be truck drivers and motor mechanics. They provided a certain amount of text and they also provided everybody with a pair of coveralls. We had lessons on internal combustion and you had to know how to change a tire and how to fix a spark plug and make various repairs, not too complicated, but you were given a superficial knowledge that would enable you to go out on the road in a truck or a car and not get stuck.

At that period of time you learned how to drive, if you go down the street and stand and wait, you can pick out the people who are cautious by nature or are people who drive during the Second World War, and those who learned to drive afterwards. The way they approach a corner, they come ['] put the brake on and stop. They have never had to drive when there were no tires to be had, you slowed down as much as you could without putting the brake on.

Everything was under the Wartime Prices and Trade Board a manufacturer [had to] obtain a license to manufacture certain sizes, certain colors. If he did not have a license he could not manufacture. In some cases, the market was small, and so they just did not bother getting a license, for those people who were accustomed to buying things, they just were no longer available to be had, because the market was large enough you had to resort to all sorts of things to get what you needed. [Take] Me for instance, I always sewed the top of an old pair of stockings on the top of a new pair of stockings because they just were not long enough for a tall person, they did not get a license for the few people who were as tall as I am.

Sometimes we did have, sort of, in the back of our minds, why are we doing all [of] this. You know when you spend three and four nights a week at this kind of thing, between entertaining soldiers and this that and the other thing, you kind of wondered was it really, really necessary. It seemed a very far cry to having an air raid in Peterborough, the fight was over in Europe. After the war was over I received a scroll that was sent out to all of us, signed by Mackenzie King, thanking us for our services in Canada's time of need, and I sort of smiled and wondered how great the need had really been. It was some years afterwards that the news was then leaked out that there had been German planes up in Hudson Bay, bombers, and all they had to do was come down James Bay and of course the first place they would probably hit was Sudbury and those places and it was not very far from Sudbury to Toronto and around here, you see we lived right in the band where there was the greatest population and the greatest industry, if it had been needed it was fortunate that we had training.

In the First World War I can remember going past the Peterborough Lock company and they made, I think, brass shell casings. I can recall going along Simcoe St and seeing the soldiers walking up and down on sentry duty, twenty four hours a day, up and down, all the way around that building, in an effort to keep anybody from getting in.

During the last World War you did not get things delivered the way you did before. You saved paper, you saved tin foil, you even saved the round tops on bottles of milk, it was to recycle the cardboard and you used to save the tin foil the way we do today, if you stop to look you will see there only a very small amount of foil on top of a piece of paper, but there was real honest to goodness foil without paper on the old ones.

I remember my mother and I going out in the fall, this was towards the end of the war, when they could no longer get Kapok from the Pacific. We went out and collected seed from the Mullen, the seed pods were filled with the little silky parachutes with the seeds on. They used that silk to make life preserves, I can remember going out with sacks and filling them with the seed pods from the milkweed.

We did not suffer in Canada, we had to learn how to be very careful, during the First World War they had for some reason a shortage of butter and that was when I first recall hearing about margarine, when I was just a little girl. I was considered to be positively awful, there was a n old lady who used to visit here frequently, and she would not consider ever eating it, what she had to say about that dreadful stuff margarine. My mother was not the kind that played to practical

jokes but this time we had a regular dinner with baked potatoes and we all nearly split because we were in on the joke. Mother put margarine instead of butter on the butter dish. When we were finished mother asked the old soul how she liked the new butter, and she said well you know it was really nice, when we told her it was margarine she could not quite believe it, but she was convinced after that that it was quite edible.

Mrs. Anderson

- Gym class in 1903
- Parents live in St. Josephs etc.
- Women stayed at home
- Personal ambitions
- Spare time
- Boat trips
- Early teaching days
- Conservatory days
- Country concerts
- Red Cross work, sizing and packing
- Second World War, did not suffer
- Buying eggs during the depression
- Protestant home

I remember when the gym was first started. I went to that first class. I was in my late teens, I suppose. I must have been seventeen or eighteen, or something like that. I went to these first classes, you should have seen my first gym uniform. They were serge, mine was black. Most of them were a navy blue, but I think the town ran out of navy blue serge because there was tons in the bloomers you know. They were just to the knee and they were pierced. There was simply yards and yards and the top was just sort of a blouse affair [with long sleeves of course] and then we had a sailor collar, white on one side and red on the other and when we had an exhibition we could turn it and make a change you see. We really wore clothes in those days. I do not know when that would be, 1903, I have an idea.

Mother used to hire in St. Joseph's Hospital. It was a private estate at that time, very small. The old part is down now. It was only taken down last year. It was the north part of the back, and the lower part was all orchard. When Grandfather came back, they went to the continent, to Europe, touring for a year or so. And when they [came], they could not find a place they wanted.

Do you know that big house that is now Severn Apartments, just above Monaghan Rd. on Clonsilla on what they used to call the Old Gravel Rd. that house was the original hospital.

My mother never worked. Women did not work in those days. No women worked when I was a young girl, unless they were charwomen and that type of things. They were cooks and things like that. But they were home.

I got tired going to school and there was no question of my going to university. I think it would have been a good idea if I had perhaps [but some friends?]. Nowadays everybody thinks they have to go to university whether they have any brains or not and I do not think it does you any particular good to go unless you have a profession.

We had plenty of amusement. We were busy, but we were not running madly from one thing to another all the time you know, of course I was teaching at the conservatory from 1910 on and that kept me reasonably busy. I used to dash over to St. Joseph's Hospital to sit with a sick child that I knew. We went to the hospital to see sick people and we went to the protestant home on Sunday afternoons. Some of us did but one thing we did do that we enjoyed so much was go down the river in the boats. In those days before all the [beautiful?] motor cars spoiled all the boats, there were lovely boat trips. There were a few trips down there almost everyday. They mostly took freight because there were no trucks coming up on the roads of course, and we would go down. That was one of our treats. There were three or four girls, we were in our teams you know and we would take our fancy work. There was one trip that went about nine o'clock, [and] got back about five, and it went down to Rice Lake, and there was another that went down at two and it did not get back until ten or eleven. But they were lovely trips and they were very pretty and they would twist and [wind?]. Sometimes you [were] going south, sometimes you were going north. You never knew. They have small boats and they were lovely trips. One time I spilled some plum juice on a doilies that I was embroidering and I just went down to the engine room and asked them if they had any boiling water and they put a jet steam into it and were very interested in getting out the stain, out of my doilies.

I taught in the kindergarten because they needed someone to help, but I did not take my training there. The kindergarten assistants at that time got their training for their work, they did not get paid. I would have been there about a year, with Miss Miller, and she put it up to the board of education. She said, well if I did not have Miss Dean, you would have to get me a qualified assistant. So she said "I think she should be paid". I did not know anything about this of course, I never thought of getting paid, [it] never entered my head. So they all sat down carefully and considered the matter and voted me five dollars a month. I did not know what to do, I already had five dollars a month dress allowance and what was I going to do with ten

dollars? However I managed to use it, but the men teased me so much about this tremendous salary of mine, I could not see that there was anything funny about it, I thought it was wonderful. But they thought it very funny indeed, me getting five dollars a month from the Board of Education, which I did.

I taught at the Peterborough Conservatory for a while, we had an orchestra. A small orchestra, we used to have great fun there. I played the viola a little bit, I scratched at it, I used to play the piano for the practices a good deal too. Mr. Glume needed another viola so he invited me to play it but I did not know very much about it, but he said you will not do any harm and you will look nice, so I played in the orchestra. We used to go and give concerts in the country around about, say the Gilmour Memorial Church, out there on Chemong Rd. wanted to have a concert. They would supply the people and we would supply the orchestra, and we split the proceeds, we made money for buying new music for the orchestra and that kind of thing that way, and it was such fun, because they always gave us an enormous supper afterwards, and it used to be great fun getting there. And we had concerts at the Gilmour Memorial, and we went down to Warsaw one year and we went to Omeme one year, oh that was very grand, we went on the train. Kept us busy [and] out of mischief.

During the First World War, I sized and packaged the knitting for the Red Cross. I didn't do any packing but I went down once a week and sorted them into sizes and took all of them home that that had one foot that much longer than the other. Really, some of the knitting, it was simply wicked you know, you would think they thought soldiers had feet with one foot twice as long as the other. I hardly ever got the chance to knit anything myself. I was always making over these things that I had to take home and do over again. There was a lot of work done there, excellent work. I think the Red Cross was very pleased with the sewing that went from there, they made little boys jackets just like the ready made ones, only a good deal better, even the little caps with the peaks, all that stuff went to England.

We did not really know that there was a war on, here compared with other parts of the country and other parts of the world. Even in the second war we did not really know, we did not suffer anything.

The Depression was quite a little time too. I remember going through the market. I was going through one day at noon, going home, and I stopped to buy some eggs. There were still a few people there, most of the eggs and butter and chickens were upstairs in the market hall and downstairs was more loads of wood and things like that, but there were some tables with small things. There was a woman and her son, a boy of about fourteen I suppose, I said how much are the eggs, and he said fifteen cents and I said "Oh isn't that dreadful", and the woman turned around and said "if the lady thinks that's too much tell her she can have two dozen for a quarter". I said the lady's ashamed to take twelve beautiful eggs for fifteen cents, wasn't that shocking? How they managed to feed the hens at that rate I do not know, but they were just desperate to sell them. That is how bad it was, you see.

Before this house was built, in 1911, the Peterborough Protestant Home was one Stewart street. You know where the stream goes through and the steps come down? Well, right at the top of the steps on the left hand side there was a long, low brick building, I understand it was a brewery [that] used the motor power from the creek probably. But that was the original Protestant Home. I went with somebody for a little while on Sundays to play the pump organ so they could sing hymns. At that time there were nearly all old people. They had no money, they had not been able to save anything, because you see if you saved anything and if you had to have a doctor's bill of anything, it ate it all up. A good many people could not save anything, you could not blame them for not saving anything.

[Mrs. Darnell \[406 Water\]](#)

My father came first, then the next year my two older sisters came, then the next year my mother came with seven children, actually we had to wait for my mothers mother to pass away because she was in her eighties and she really did not want to come to Canada you see. So anyway, my father worked in a butcher store, it only recently, in the last few years, closed down. When we arrived in Peterborough in the CPR station there was nobody there to meet us. My father thought we would be coming in on a regular train you see, but we came through on an emigrant train. So we waited and waited, and then someone went into the store and said, "say Jim aren't you expecting your wife and kids" and he said yes. Well he said "you go down to the CPR station, I'm sure them are your kids".

Of course [as] children we all thought we were going to enjoy the trip over, but the first morning we got up we were all around the basin, we were all sick, but we had a very kind stewardess that looked after us. It was only in the last two days that we were able to get up and take part in any meals or anything.

We landed at Montreal. They were just dropping them off along the way. I cannot remember anyone else getting off at Peterborough.

I remember in England my school teacher asked me how my father was getting along because she knew he was in Canada and I said well people have the idea they are going to pick up gold off the streets in Canada, but you just did not, you had to work for it.

We had [...] in Peterborough when we first came and you could not go out on the streets unless you wore a hat or carried an umbrella and quite often you had to walk right on the roads because the caterpillars were thick on the sidewalks. The city sent men around, men with great big flares and you know they would put them up in the trees and of course they would just shower down. It was just sickening and you know you felt that you did not want to go out.

The day we were married, it was a very hot day, humid and everything else. We were the second ones to be married after it had been burnt down, you see they had a bad fire there and it had to be rebuilt and the army officer there at the time asked our permission to charge twenty-five cents for people to come to the wedding, and [that] of course included the banquet

too. So of course we did, my husband he phoned me at noon and he said do not worry but our best man missed his train at noon, he was to come from Toronto. The wedding was scheduled for seven thirty and our band had just changed [and] come out in their band uniforms, prior to that they had worn red tunics with navy blue pants with stripes down but they changed into navy blue uniforms for this night and they have worn the navy [blue] ever since. Anyway the best man could not get in until ten after eight at night and the wedding was scheduled for seven thirty and the band put on a concert because the place was jammed, people were standing up too. So the band put on a concert until the best man came.

Were we came from in England the S.A. used to come to what was called the Five Mary's. There were five streets that met together and the came there to hold their evening open air service. My father used to take me to listen to them and then he would send me home and he would go on to the Westlord Methodist Church. He refused to send me because he said I would not sit still, but right back then as a little girl I had a feeling they were to be my people.

I was appointed to Parliament Street. I did two years there which was really practically all [slum?] work. I was the Girl [...] organizer for the whole neighbourhood. I remember at Christmas time we gave out one hundred and thirty baskets for relief you see and every one of those homes I had to investigate. Well of course there is always the worthy and unworthy.

My husband used to go out almost each morning and make the rounds of the factories but you just knew by the look on his face when he came home what the answer was. They would have notices up that if you were over forty your not need or not wanted anyway. We struggled, we had five children, but we made it. I had to go out too and I used to go out and help at dinner parties and wedding parties and housework. You just took anything you could get. I got about twenty five cents an hour. You got what they called relief in those days, and of course because I went out to work myself we were not allowed the full amount you see, but we managed. I think it taught out whole family the value of money.

My husbands parents, they were buying their home and they only had a few hundred dollars and they lost their home because they could not pay it, a hundred dollars in those days was like a thousand today you see.

We always emphasized the home life, even when it was necessary for me to go out to work, my husband was home and I always remember once our youngest boy, one night he said "I called and I called and I called you and you never answered, that meant something to me and to him and I always tried to be home when the children came home and I worked quite a bit for the Home School for the Prince of Wales and then I was on the council for the Home School and we always tried to put the church first. I think the home and the church and the school are the three greatest things today.

It is alright I think for mothers to work where there is a necessity but where it is not needed I think they should be in the home and sometimes we talk about delinquent children but sometimes the emphasis is on delinquent parents.

We were thankful that our children have all turned out good. We have not had great problems with them, just the ordinary everyday ones you know, and we have always tried to [put] emphasis on the home life. In fact in that book of memories they have all contributed something to us you know, and it is really very interesting the things that they have brought out, that we have forgotten.

Gertrude and Musa Cox

- Conservatory
- Concerts, Madrigal Choir
- Depression, cut in salary
- Art program in public schools
- Summer art training for teachers
- O.C.A. summer school
- Dr. Gateskill
- Little Theatre

We came here in 1923 to Peterborough

[Did you come here with your family?]

Yes, our parents, brothers and sisters. I went to Toronto to teachers college

[Were you involved in the Conservatory?]

Yes, I started working through Mr. Durdy, he and his wife were directors, I suppose you would call it. It has been made into apartments now. It is just up on the hill. It is on Hunter and Rubidge. It is a grey building. It faces south on the north east corner and lately they have been adding a couple of floors, one floor at least. In those days there was a little auditorium or theatre, a small building at the side that was attached to it, where the garage is now. The place got sort of run down and I guess its pretty hard to finance it, but it eventually closed. It was, I supposed financed from students lessons. There were a lot of people teaching there.

[Didn't most students in those days got o Toronto?]

I don't know, I don't think so. Many of the students there tried Conservatory examinations but I had no other connections anymore than any other private teacher whose students took Conservatory examinations. Some teachers had their tests set by McGill or Western University of the Conservatory in London.

There were all kinds of violinists [who] came to Peterborough to give instructions in strings and Pearl Bertrude Curtis, a very fine piano player came and taught piano. Now I studied with Mr. Glidden and I remember studying with Norman Wilks he came down from Toronto once every two weeks. He came for one season I think and then I went down for another season and after that I switched to another teacher in Toronto.

For many years during the war and prior to it, there was a very fine choir here called the Peterborough Madrigal Choir conducted by Dorothy Eillen Park and she also taught at the department Conservatory in Toronto. Her home was here but she commuted back and forth and she formed this women choir, now I was only in it for about the latter half of its existence and it was disbanded just after the war.

We gave two concerts annually here. One to raise money for ourselves and one for the Canadian Legion because Colonel Parks (Mrs. Parks husband) was very active in the Legion. He would have been in both wars and her son was in the second war but it was, at one time, rated the best women's choir in Canada by top critics in Toronto.

Then I taught in the schools and it was thirty two years before I retired and my sister was the Art Consultant for the public schools. We were supervising the classroom teachers. We did just the regular music program and art program.

There have been many good choirs in Peterborough over the years. Charley Allen, until he died, had an outstanding choir at George Street Church, [and he] always took top honours at the Kiwanis Festival and in recent years Trinity Church Choir under Danny Reynolds is, I would say, the best church choir.

Classes in the school from seventy classes to two hundred and eighty before we amalgamated with the county. I never had more than a part time assistant. When amalgamation took place with the county we got a lot more classes but we brought in two more people who worked in the county.

Mr. Lee is a bandsman primarily and he was the supervisor of all the secondary school bands.

We did have a very fine musician here Clemmy Hamburg Jr. You are too young to have hear Clemmy Hamburg Sr. Many many years ago there was a fine family of musicians of Hamburg's in Toronto. There was a Hamburg Conservatory and the had a trio that was quite famous. They travelled quite a little bit. Clemmy Jr. started a strong program here in the schools. He took a year and went to England to study and then he stayed on and got a job at Newton Park College and he stayed on and taught there for a while and a girl named Pamela Einfield took over while

he was away. Then he came back and picked up public school work again and he really started the Peterborough Symphony. After a few years he left and went to Oregon where he teaches in the Teachers College.

[Depression?]

I do not remember having a great trouble getting supplies. I remember one time the teachers offered to take a cut in salary during the depression but it was not just music teachers it was everybody. I think I was a classroom teacher at the time.

The art program was much later getting off the ground really because actually the art program in the public schools was a pretty feeble thing until about 1945 and Dr. Gaskell, who was given the go ahead by the Ontario Department of Education to plan. What they did first was a big investigation of the state of affairs and the kind of things that were being done. They did all sorts of experimental things all over the province to find out just the sort of thing that was done and what should be done about it in order to make it a program that was being more in keeping with children's thinking. The art program was geared to adults thinking always, you know, and there was very little in it that certain small children could get much out of. From 1945 when he did this big investigation, then he drew up a sort of overall program for art for children of all ages, starting with very young children and on to grade thirteen. He started by writing a number of paper covered books and really laid it on the line with his whole plan for working. What he tried to do was gear the whole program so that children could be encouraged to express themselves in a way that was a natural way for them at all age levels. Previous to the [Gaskell?] program they had little boxes of water color and little tiny brushes and pencils and little tiny paper like this. Afterwards they had bog paper eighteen inches by twenty inches and poster paints and big crayons and everything colourful and easy to handle and lots of variety of material like coloured papers. Just anything the children could handle.

They set up summer schools so teachers could be trained to know how to handle the program. The people who were teaching had had the old kind and really did not know what to do with the new program. I attended right from the very first summer. when they started this school in Toronto, and I attended that for four summers until I had what they called a Supervisors Certificate. [skips to page 101 to further explain the summer course...These summer courses they were just a thrill to attend because they had brought people in from all over the world. Those four summers that I attended as a student, I just loved every minute of it. There were so many things you could do for you had a choice, of course it was a twenty five day course and you got four six day units and you were obliged to take one basic course, which was the basic picture making course, and after that your other three could be a choice up to a point, and each year of course you had a little wider choice and your second year you had a little more than your third and your fourth, and you were getting into quite advanced crafts. Like figure drawing, life drawing and of course there was a certain amount of painting and understanding of the various materials.]

At the time I was attending these summer courses I was teaching primary grades at Queen Alexandra. There was a woman who had the title of a supervisor and she was a part time employee. She worked part time at the Teachers College and part time as a supervisor in the public schools. She [however] had not really got to know anything much about this new program and really had not done anything about it in the schools. So when I started the job in 1951 I started from scratch. I started with a sort of nothing budget. I got two hundred dollars which they thought was a lot of money. I remember arguing with the inspector who was in charge, he thought it would be better if we ordered pressed crayons, they were like a slate pencil, and you could not get color out of them with dynamite. He thought they would last longer so we should try those, I think it took me about three hours to convince him that if we had them we might as well have nothing. I remember the first painting I did. I bought my own paint and my own brushes and my own paper and worked with my own class at the Queen Alex, I was so anxious to try out what I had been learning at these summer courses, every year I managed to persuade them to up the budget.

Over the years, as teachers became interested in what I was trying to do, a great many of them did go and take these summer courses, because that was their way of upping their own knowledge.

It was in the thirty's that I really did begin to get some good art training. I went down to a place at Port Hope, it was really the summer school of the Ontario College of Art, and they had bought an old mill and set it up and staffed it from the Toronto College. Basically it was supposed to be used as a summer training place for [the] College of Art students, but they had room, and I guess they needed extra students. Extra people to finance it, so it was opened to people like myself who were interested, we boarded there and worked, there was a dormitory in the old mill. The top floor was made into a dormitory where the girls lived and then there was an extra building that had been put up that was the men's dormitory. The man who was instructing had a studio place. There was a dining area, it was great fun and that was where I got my first training in outdoor painting.

There was one man who probably did more for music in Ontario Schools than anyone else and that was Dr. Roy Fenwick, he came to Ontario from the States. He really did a great deal. He brought out a whole series of song books and manuals to go with them, [and] conducted summer courses. He appeared on the scene long before Dr. Gaskell did you know and long before I really got in to the music field myself, he has been dead for quite some time now.

Dr. Gaskell was from Vancouver Island originally, he was a great teacher, he retired last year but he got his training down in California, he got interested in art, he felt that our program was all wrong. He was a painter himself. He was a sort of Sunday painter I guess, for him it was a hobby and we went down to California and sort of got to know the programme down there and actually he managed to get himself know in Ontario well enough that he was allowed to go ahead with all this experimental stuff. He has written quite a number of books now, all of which are just a further development of an art program for children, but they are used all over the world and they are translated into I do not know how many languages and they are so right

that they have been proven in all cultures because they are definitely geared right for children of various ages. A person who understands the basic philosophy of the whole thing cannot help but get from children the natural way of working and expressing themselves.

I attended the course, and then after when I got working on my own, I was asked to instruct [...] with the art program, the department courses were given all over Ontario and then for four summers I went to Ottawa and taught the art on the primary methods program, a summer course for training teachers of small children as art is a very essential part of primary education. Later I taught two years in Toronto on the Gaskell course, and another year here and that was about all I wanted of a summer job because I was working so hard on my job in the schools in town I was pretty near going out of my mind, as my sister said it grew and grew and until the last three years I was with the art program I did have a girl with me.

We were active in the Little Theatre from the beginning because we were both teachers when it was organized. Actually I worked back stage at the Little Theatre all the years it existed. I played incidental music. It was started by Robertson Davies, when he lived here and it was a fine experience to work with him as a director. It was a sort of limited thin that theatre group because it was very much a side line, they only did one production a year, but it was worth it, and it was fantastic. It was all done after we were tired from teachings all day but it was fun. We moved things from the basement at Central School and carried things from the basement to the attic, and from the attic to the basement. I will never forget the year we did the Noah thing, we won the trophy in the Eastern Ontario Drama Festival, but all those animal heads and costumes and parts. It was great fun.

Markowichs [Marcowick?]

- Boat adventure
- Mill at London dam
- Pub in Burnham
- Walked from C.G., beat the boss
- Picnics in Jackson Park
- Canoe Company, special order

It was the twenty fourth of may and there was still snow on the ground. We came over on the boat sixty three years ago. It took fourteen days and we had to pay for the baby. There was a gook on the ship with us. He had stuck his wife in quicksand and killed her. He was running away to Canada. There was this girl with him dressed as a boy. That is the first violence that I ever remember. We lost two god damn days on the water slowing up for him. They took him off at Farthers Points and took him back to England and hung him.

Over there at the London damn there was a mill there. The sawdust is still there. You remember when they had the river drives and the used to send the logs down. I worked in the mill when I first came to Peterborough, down by the Quaker Oats tennis courts and in Stevenson's Park there used to be a brewery. So when you got working too hard you just nipped over the bridge for a quick drink.

I can remember going to the pub in those days in Durnam, where Welsch's store is now and bringing a quart pitcher to get filled with beer and you just brought it home like that, none of this nonsense you put up with today [and they would put a big tub of beer on the table and they would slide it down the bar and you would all get some]

By the time you went to George Street to get the streetcar you could walk home, but that is not that long ago. Why when I worked at C.G.E I walked all the way over there from here and I could beat the bus. I can remember the old street car line that used to go all the way up to Jackson Park and then turn around. But we had lots of good times up in Jackson Park. The Kinsman had their big picnics up there. Ann and I used to butter the bread and pour the milk, but you really had something with a slice of bread and a glass of milk then. Brother, you got a glass of milk and you knew that you were drinking a glass of milk.

I have got those little baby button boots. And this women all her eight children wore those boots, every one of them wore them. Out of all the things that's what she wanted saved, and I have had them eight years for her now and they are a little pair of boots you could roll them up in a little ball in your hand and after all of those years they are still a good pair of boots. They were hand made and work was put into them.

One day at the Canoe Company they told me they had a special order for ninety canoes for me to do. They were blue. I had to be working overtime to finish it. I went to the boss and asked for a raise. Well he did not like it but he gave me five cents an hour. On the Friday the canoes were all ready and when I got my paycheque the figures were not right. There was not raise on it. The boss said it would start Monday. He said there was nothing he could do about it now, the cheque had gone through. I said if that is the case there is nothing I can do about not being here on Monday. So I quite right there and then.

I walked right over to C.G.E to stand in their line where they hire men and right away the foreman pointed at me and said, You! I do not want you, you just quite at the Canoe Company. By the time it had taken me to walk over there the boss at the canoe Company had phoned all over town.

Irene Vivach- C.W.A.C's

- Basic Training at Gananoque, Fort Frontenac

- Reaction to women

- Why join army
- Duties performed by women in the army
- Over seas
- records work
- effects department
- How army broadened outlook, broke barriers
- The Bombings
- Changed view of marriage and old friends
- Story about the cook
- Indissoluble friendship

I was in the Canadian Women's Army Corps. The first women to be taken on active service were the air force. They recruited women. Maybe a matter of two or three months before the army finally got around to accepting them. Elizabeth Smellie actually went across Canada and did the recruiting of those first people. Now I was in, I think it was the second group who went through basic training in Gananoque. There was a fairly large sized inn where we went through basic training in Gananoque and it was so unorganized in those days that out group of girls, there was a captain Lawrence from Peterborough who was head of basic training down there who was [...] older than the rest of us, and there was a Clare Mason from Peterborough, she went down on the bus with my friend and I, Alice Pruner. I can remember leaving on a cold, cold, winter's night not knowing what we were getting into. Of course there were no uniforms, the only way that anyone knew we were in the services was because we wore a red armband. We were actually all through our basic training course before they were organized enough to send us for our medical to see if we were fit enough to be in the army. You know they were just feeling their way.

We were sort of prepared partially in Peterborough, and I think that also goes for many other places where the girls joined up because we had the Peterborough Voluntary Women's Service Force and we had been going over to the armouries and the men had been training us in foot drills, in map reading, in basic training and studying the different ranks of the services themselves and how they fit together and of course the breakdown in Ottawa, and it was largely a breakdown of that that we got in Gananoque. From there I was one of the first girls that was posted at Fort Frontenac, it was an old army fort, that has been there ages and ages and it was a permanent force men's camp and I was one of the first five girls that they posted

there and they laid it on the line that the men did not want us and would do everything to make it difficult for us. They felt as though they were throwing us to the dogs, and they said either it works out of it does not and you girls are not going to be accepted.

We went in and the second day that we were there and the OC himself who is an old gruff army type and would just strike fear into the hearts of anyone, he came to us and he said when in hell are you going to send some more women here? he was the one that was against us. Yet they could not wait to get more and more women because they found out what workers the girls were and how interested they were and in many cases better trained for the type of work they were doing.

I think this was duplicated where ever women were sent in for the first time, that the men who were against it were suddenly all for it, they could not get enough girls. O worked for the Western Clock Company, and in those days one by one the men that you were working with were disappearing and coming back in uniform and this war which you were listening to the news with dread on the radio and you realized that lot you were fighting against and there was this great big fear that unless we went and did something now it was going to strike the shore of our own country. It was this big and compelling, you had to do something to help, you could no longer go along at an ordinary job.

I was one of the many people who were writing letters, flooding the government with them, why can't women have a role in this war, there is anything we can do and telling them what we can do, when are you going to recruit women. This went on for months before we actually had the opportunity to join. As they saw how they could use the women and as they needed more and more men, then they had to look elsewhere and I think it was out of the need. not only that we wanted to join and of course many of us were pestering the government to become part of it. That might have made them realize that we were willing but I think it was really the need for manpower.

I spent four years in England. I was one of the first groups chosen from right across Canada to go to England. At that time I was up, for my commission in Ottawa, a women who came down to Kingston said they wanted girls, one hundred girls they were going to pick from all of Canada. Non of use ever knew how we were lucky enough, but we took down sergeants rank in order to go, to turn down a commission, take down sergeants rank in order to go to England there was no doubt what we wanted to do, over there we did office work. Actually all the girls were doing office work of some kind or another in those days and than from there the first group of girls to leave England went to Italy. I was not chosen for that group, later on they asked me to go on to be in charge of a group of girls who were then to go on to Europe, so I went over with the first group of girls there. The girls there did a great variety of work. There were a lot of truck drivers don't forget, both in England and on the continent. I guess there were a lot of girls doing wireless work, coding messages and things like that. A part from that I suppose it was mainly records work.

When I was in Europe we had shifts around the clock. I was involved in records work then. We kept track of every Canadian soldier that was in the European theatre. Everything that happened to that soldier the new of it came through our office. If he got a wound, we knew the nature of his wound and how he got it, and through us if he was killed his effects, what was found on the body, were diagnosed and analysed and notes sent out to the parents, and relatives were notified. The Canadians had a wonderful reputation for being able to account for almost every man in the theatre and many other nations were not able to do that.

It was hard because many of the girls in going through all those messages that came pouring in all the time saw their own brothers and fathers deaths, wounds and illnesses. They would be the first to know. Of course it was nothing to work two shifts through, and of course I was in charge of the particular office that I was working in and we had so many men and women working, and when the casualties came pouring in you just kept working that was all. But I felt sorry for some of the girls in the effects department, because some of the smell and a guys blood and that on the effects that came pouring in. It was just dreadful, but they did not complain and of course many of our women were in the laundry units and that was pretty rough.

Some of those girls were brought up to be well educated girls and they had this desire to be in the services and so they joined anything in order to be in, not realizing what they had really got into. There they needed them for the work and it was pretty hard to transfer you know. People all join up for different reasons don't they. To me the advantages were that in the age in which I lived you were brought up to believe that you spoke to certain people, you played with certain people, other people were taboo, they did not come from the type of home you came from and you were not allowed to play with them. Now for me I discovered for the first time in my life that people that my mother or my father were terrible people. Their words were different from mine, happened to be wonderful people. I had thought they were terrible people because they had sinned, or if I had done it it would have been a sin, but I realized that those people had been brought up in an entirely different environment and were wonderful people and could be wonderful close friends and because we did not see eye to eye on such things as morals did not mean we were separated. It took the war for us to learn this, it broke down the barriers, it was a great education.

We were thrown in with all types of people. We knew nothing of this, we were entirely innocent. We learned that life was not so terrible after all and people were so different.

You saw people as they actually were when you knew that at any moment that bomb might hit your building. You faced the fact that you could be killed at any minute. I was in London and I was in Antwerp when the bombs were falling so fast that even the men, who had been up at the front lines, said I'm not going to stay here another minute. The buzz bombs kept coming over and you were not safe anywhere. We were on the top floor of a four storey building and when they came over they shook the building. One thing I realized is that you reach a point where you cannot be anymore scared than you already are and when you reach that point that's when you accept it and you on from there. You just keep working through you have to,

you would give anything to get out of that building where at any moment you could be trapped, but you know you cannot run. So you face up to it, but the people that you face up to it with become very close and you know that even though you may not have anything else in common.

It makes you very mature type of person and you no longer judge people. I think you accept people without judging them. I think it is because you see the most unlikely people facing up to those difficulties and you realize that the things you thought counted means nothing under a situation like that and the things that counted it was what the person is deep underneath. The superficiality we see over the surface in everyday life.

I think many women in my age [group] look upon marriage as the ultimate. The services did this to me, it made me see that there was a life a women could live were she did not have to become married in order to become a person. Somehow or other in my bringing up and the girls I chummed with, the things that we looked to was marriage as though it was going to fulfill everything but after you have been through a war you see men in an entirely different way. At least I did. You see them as brothers, as people you could work beside, as people you could love for many different reason. I never realized that before. I thought of men as a husband. I did not see them in any close relationship, as a person like myself. It is maturity really, but some people do not it all their lives.

It breaks down sexes. I breaks down religions. It breaks down differences in education. It just has an effect of breaking down everything.

I think most people came back knowing what they wanted to do with their lives. Certainly they know they did not just want to fritter it away on day to day things. Of course it was very difficult to come back. Even when you were back on leave you found that your friend who had not left were just talking about babies and recipes and home and you could not stand it so that you found that you were going back before your leave was up. It was very difficult to come back and realize they were not going to change, the change had to come from you.

Now I am to the point where I feel that wars are so unnecessary and I think that anybody who talks about taking up arms in violence to project their ideals on somebody else is so foolish, wasteful,.

I think most of the people who stayed at home while I was overseas envied me and I think many maybe thought up reasons why they should not do it. They could have been legitimate or not so legitimate. Maybe they did not have the courage or maybe there was family reasons why they felt they could not but I think most of them envied us, although they would not have traded places with us.

It is just a shame that the actual story of the girls from the services have just never been told. The girls are dying now and there are not two girls who tell the same story. Each persons story is utterly different. Now take a women who died just about a year and a half ago, that was with us, she was an older women in her thirties and she became a cook and her story of the years of

being a cook in London during the war, with the Canadian Forces, how she managed to scrounge fruit from different American and British forces to make cake for a girl that was being married, the little things that meant so much and how the English people did not know why we always had such good tables in the Canadian mess, and yet we were drawing exactly the same rations as the English were, but the Canadian cooks had a way of doing something imaginative with the food and so our food always tasted so much better than theirs. So they would come over to find out how they put what they did on the table with what they had got.

There were about five of us who met during the early time of our working down at the old Fort Frontenac and we remained close friends all these years and there will be nothing that will ever break up that friendship, because we are like sisters and always will be.

I was in the Canadian Armed Corp. The first women to do active service were in the Air Force

Mrs. Pilling [King George St. Aug 1st, 1974]

- Old fashioned buffet
- Children made own pleasures
- Neighbourhood nurse
- Sons in World War Two
- Met husband while nursing
- Came to Peterborough for holiday and stayed
- Expressions different in Peterborough and England
- First Canadian Winter

That old buffet in there used to have a big mirror and a shelf on the top. One time I came home and my oldest girl and one of the neighbours had said "Lets make mother's buffet new". So they took off the bevel mirror and the shelf and when I came home I could not think what was wrong with the living room, then all at once it dawned on me. I said to Eileen "Eileen what have you done with the buffet?", "Oh mother" she said "We made it new fashioned in stead of being old fashioned".

The children made their own pleasures then, I'm glad I am not raising a family in this day and age. The schooling was far different then from what it is now too. They never had any homework when they finished school. Their time was their own, the school teachers were very good with them, I think they spent more time with them then, education has gone beyond everything these days, they need it all right, but the parents cannot help them anymore.

I was the general nurse around here for everybody old and young, but it never gained me anything, only a lot of extra work.

When I came here in 1910, there were no private nurses, it was practically unheard of you see, you went to the hospital and that's all there was to it. I knew all of the doctors that were there then, now I do not know one of them. There was a bad epidemic, when I came, of Black Diphtheria. I helped with it.

The Second World War took my four boys, they were all away at the same time, I have three of them left, lost one. They all joined, they never were fetched, my two youngest went, one was eighteen and the other was fifteen. He went in the Merchant Navy.

I met my husband when I was nursing. I was going on a case one day and he was sitting on the veranda. He spoke, of course I answered him, as I walked by each day I saw him. At least I thought it was him and it was his brother. It was the brother I spoke to the first time. One time he asked me if he could walk up with me, and I said I did not mind. That is how we met, we never went on a date, we went to a show one time, that's the only time we ever went, that's the only night I had off. I was boarding just four or five houses away from him, I guess we knew each other three years before we got married.

I came over from England. I noticed quite a difference. Here its a wide open space, there, why you look up and you can hardly see the sky for the roofs of your neighbours. I came on a holiday to a girlfriend of mine who I had done to school with. I had six weeks holiday and thought I would like to come, so I came. I had only been here two days and old Dr. Scott was driving by in a horse and buggy and he happened to see me sitting on the veranda. He came over and asked me if I would go on a case of his. I said I did not think I would like to because I did not know anything of the city. He said "Well, you think it over and I will come back". So he came back late that night and I said I would. He said this patient had fallen off his horse on the ride to Lakefield. Well, it could have been in Halifax for anything I knew. So I said all right, I went with him. I said, when I got through the case, "Well that was my first experience of being all alone", then, my neighbours on the corner, their little boy died, they came and asked me if I would go to him, and from that, day and night you might say I was never without any work. So it was some holiday, I wrote home to the hospital and told them I thought I would stay her, they told me if I wanted to go back any time they would have a place for me. I never wanted to go though. I was never homesick for England. I was just homesick for my family. I was never homesick for the land, all you saw there was houses and chimney tops, no green fields.

I noticed one time when I went home [to England] the different little expressions that you have, I said to my mother one day "I'll go to the corner store", I was doing some sewing for her. So I went to the store and I said "I'd like a spool of thread". The man said "We don't keep it", well I said "you have a whole stack behind you ", Oh he said "you mean a bobbin of cotton".

All the cuts of meat are different. You would ask for something and they did not have that cut. They were cut differently, you could not get spare ribs at home.

Oh, my first Canadian winter, my husband said we would go for a sleigh ride. It was one Sunday afternoon. I thought "well how funny", we were going over the hedge, the snow was that deep. I could not get over it. You never saw snow over there to stay, if it fell overnight, the next day it would be swept into the gutter.

Mrs. Grace Reinhardt [11 Flenung Place [Born 1888, in Montreal]]

- How she arrived in Peterborough
- Looking after the step-father, librarian
- The Brush and Palette Club
- Outings
- Exhibits
- Water colors, exhibit at Eaton's in Toronto

After my father died my mother married an old friend who lived in Peterborough, Mr. Hall, E.H.D. Hall.

So instead of going back to Montreal, my own home there at least where I was born, I just stayed in Peterborough. My furniture was here, I had bought the furniture and I just thought well I will stay here and live quietly in an apartment and that is what I have done since he died. I spent a good many years after my mother died just looking after him you know, keeping house. We had a house, rented house on Flenung Place. That is where we were until I got my own place and after he died I took an apartment and I have just been living alone. That is what happened to me.

I came to Peterborough in 1909. My mother was alive then, it was her second marriage. My father being dead and she died a year afterwards. I had a choice of going back to Montreal or staying here, but all my furniture was here and I had made some friends and my step father was very kind so I stayed on. I have managed the best way I could since he died.

[did you work?]

I looked after my step father. He was quite an elderly man and we had a house. So I just had to keep house. He continued until he was in his eighties to go to the office. He was a prominent Lawyer you see. I used to walk down with him and go pick him up either driving or walking and that took quite a while, so now I did not. Though I had graduated and got my certificate as a

librarian and I was in the Peterborough library for a little while, for part of a year, but summer came and we had an island at Stoney Lake. I had to take Mr. Hall up to the island and you know open the cottage. So I had to leave. It was too bad, I would have liked to have stayed on as a Librarian but I felt the family came first. I gave that up and took charge again.

I was still doing water colours when I was living on Brock St. I was still working with some of the other girls. There were a number of us. We called ourselves the Brush and Palette Club. We used to go out, some of us had cars we used to collect maybe 8 or 10 and go out to the country and settle down and paint for a couple of hours and it was really lovely. I did not do any oils.

[What were your favourite painting spots?]

I liked to go to the country when we had time and Jackson Park was lovely. We felt safer being near the city. In a group we just went a few times with a teacher because the weather meant too much. You had to have a fine day you know. The artist that we work with did not live in Peterborough. He was from Cobourg and so he used to come up once a week on a certain day and it had to be fine enough and we usually stayed inside but occasionally we did go. We had cars and we would double up and drive someplace. Lovely outing. I liked it. I loved painting so it was a nice thing to do.

We did have exhibitions together. We would all show something, we would never show more than four usually just two pictures each. Now Gladys Elliott was in that group and May Nadiel. The name of the teacher was Pavol Punola. He was a Cobourg man, the Exhibits were in the Peterborough Public Library, upstairs.

[What kinds of paints?]

Tubes, I liked those the best because you can get them in pans too. Well I always tried to get the best paints. I think I got them Eaton's mostly in Toronto. I could look around and get what I wanted. I loved water colors. It is a nice thing to do with a group of people. Any chance I got, if I ever went to Toronto, the first place I would go would be the art gallery. The Eaton's art gallery or down town.

[WW1?]

I hated to pick up the paper and read about the fighting. You knew so many who had gone. It seemed like such a little thing at the time. They seemed ready to fight for any little reason, especially the Germans.

Mrs. Hazel Finnie, [(Widow) Anson House

- lived on the North Shore of Rice Lake - a farm - one daughter]

- Making butter

- How met husband

- Picking a chicken

- Cooking for the men

Making butter, 30-40 lbs a week.

Well you put the milk through the separator. You ever seen them to it? You put the milk through the separator and that takes the cream off of it and you take care of that cream. You put it in cold water right away because there is a lot more milk than there is cream and you put it in a small pan and set it in cold water until it cools in the basement. Then the next morning we add it to our big pot of cream and then we churn it into butter and churn it.

[How long do you churn it?]

Well, sometimes too long. It was hard work. We had a big crock churner. Your muscles got strong you know. It was good, Jersey butter, it stays firm. No trouble getting rid of it.

[How did you meet your husband?]

I went to school with him in the first place. The families were friends. So no trouble of course chatting together. Then we sold the farm and went north and built a summer resort. Bought [some] lakeshore, put up some cottages, we had rather an interesting time. I enjoyed the farming you know, some people do not like it. I was raised on a farm and I knew what to expect. I went to school for quite a while but I never wanted to make a profession out of it.

Do you know how we picked a chicken? Well I better not tell you. You have to cut the head off. Sometimes we dry cleaned it (pulled the feathers out dry) and other times we put them in hot water and scalded them and then the feathers came out easier.

Do you girls "belong" to Peterborough

[Picture and blouse]

Yes I made that, Georgiette, well I did not cut it, nor did I do the hemstitching on it either. Pictored edge, I have done it all.

I remember one day one of the neighbours took a notion they wanted to start at our place in the evening. So at 4:00 they came up and told me I had to hustle around and make some pies. I had a couple of shells read, I had cold meat ready. I got it done, they were hungry men you know when the we thrashing.

Major Mills [Extencicare]

[Bachelor, lived on the corner of Park and Hunter, 451 Hunter, born Feb. 7, 1891]

I have been a bachelor all my life. I never found a girl who would have me. About the 'fashion of the day', long skirts, high lace shoes, had a bustle of the rear end here, some of them did not need the bustle, but they nearly all had them.

Long before the women had votes, and before the women's liberties, although they may cook a little strange today they are very sensible people. They are there to build homes, that is what they are put into the world for to build homes and most of them made pretty good mothers in the old days.

A lot of people had dressmakers come right to the house. There was an awful lot of that done. Well I was in the army before the First World War but I did not become a professional soldier until war broke out. I made my living after the war broke out. It was the only way I had of making my living. I was getting a dollar ten a day until I got my commission. A dollar ten a day working on call for twenty four hours a day, twenty four house a day, clothing, board and sleeping in the mud, a dollar ten a day.

[Were there any women in the armed forces?]

Oh no, no, do not let them get the women into it, keep them out. I will tell you something, one day, the day that I was born, my grandmother and my aunt were there. Mother was up in the bedroom at the time, in this big house of ours, it was new, we had not got the furnace in yet. We had a coal stove in the dining room and a coal stove in the front hall and of course a stove in the kitchen. The pipes went up through the ceiling to my parents bedroom and the other, the one in the hall went up two or three chimneys to one floor then through a couple of bedrooms through a chimney to upstairs. But anyway, my mother had a little bell on her beside table see and grandmother and my aunt were downstairs and mother wanted to call them because the pipes were on fire see. The stovepipes were on fire and she could not make them hear downstairs and that is the way the say I came into the world because of my red hair. Just the color of a fire trucks.

The Ennismore group were all Roman Catholics and the Cavan people were all Protestant and they had a gang down there and they used to call them the Cavan Blazers.

Now if they thought that so and so was doing anything real mean on an older couple or anything like that they would raid the devil for them and well, they would put the wagon up on top of the barn or anything like that, but they have all died off, but Cavan's township is still very thoughtful.

Mrs. Walton [Aug 6, 1974, age. 53]

We used to be able to take cans of things to the show when the war was on. Fruit and stuff like that. [Of] course you went on lots of wiener roasts and things like that, in big gangs. I met my husband when I was working in a hamburger joint, Percy Harrison, and he came to buy an ice cream cone. That was where everybody used to hand out, right across from where the Donut Shop is now.

I worked at the Westclox and for the Ovaltine, at the Ovaltine I made seven dollars a week, that would be [around] 1936 [or] 1937. Then I worked in Westclox, but that was when the war was on, and at that time I made about fifty-five dollars every two weeks, which was considered really good. When you were on the war work you worked so many week days and so many week nights. This was all before I was married. You had to quite then. They expected your resignation as soon as you knew you were going to get married. It was just that that was what was done, you quite. Of course you were getting married they would say "Well when are you leaving?"

In the war [WW2] we worked every night [with] my dad, because there were no toys then, you could not buy toys then, he used to make them every Christmas. George and I would go over and we would paint them and work like that house and hours and hours. Did that all through the year until Christmas rolled around. We did not really make much money on them but there were no toys to be had and stores would not buy them because you could not make that many. It was just a small thing. People would come in and you would show them and get orders for them. We made trains and things. The only reason why he was allowed to do it was because he was a veteran, so there was nobody else that I knew of who did that kind of thing, unless you were a veteran you had to have a permit. During the war you could not get the materials for toys unless they were wood. All the materials were used for the war. We painted them to look like what they were supposed to look like, doll beds and rocking horses all kinds of things. We had the big garage and all the parts were hung on clotheslines to dry before they were put together. The whole thing was made of wood. I do not know if there are any left around, but they definitely would not fall apart.

I think the ration books were to remind us here that there was a war on more than anything else. Lots [of people] hoarded things, had their ovens full of sugar, things like that. I do not know why they did because we were never short. The stores always had everything and you could get it as long as you had coupons, and there were plenty of coupons. But you had to use them to buy it. You would hand over your coupons and your money. If you did not have any coupons than your money was not any good, but that was just for some food and gas and beer and liquor. Of course you could not get nylons or anything like that, you could not even get coupons to get them.

When we first came over from England it was getting pretty close to the depression and there was nothing, nothing at all. I know my dad told me he was walking along the street and found a quarter one day and that kept them for a whole week, with buying a soup bone. Mother would

not run up a bill, she did not now. If she did not have it then you just did not have it, that's all. Dad walked around trying to find a job. They got one of those knitting machines and knit socks and went door to door with them. They would stay up all night knitting socks. He used to take them around to the factories and make enough just to get by on [it].

There was an old fellow that dad knew, he said he used to watch him before there was any pavement ride his bicycle all winter. He would rise in the same rut going and coming. He worked at the Quaker and coming home he would be reading his paper and he never veered from that rut.

When I was little the snow was not cleared away like it is now. That is why lots of times now you think there is not as much snow around as there used to be but that is only because they never used to clear it away.

Miss Eva Long [Aug 8th, 1974, Age 83, Armour Road]

They always had an Arbour Day. Going to school there always used to be pitch holes. I do not know what made them form. A cutter would come and get down in them. I remember one time there was a cutter coming along with a whole load of wood and the horses and the whole load wood slid down into that pitch hole.

At school we were all in one schoolroom. One night Dr. Rae came out to a meeting there and he made a fuss over a one room school house, [it] was no good, because we could not learn the same as those in grades. Well we never believed that. I loved it because I liked history and when we were in the lower grades we did not get the English History. I did not like arithmetic but I did like history. One time the teacher was going up and down the aisles and she said "Eva, you're not at your books!" and I said "No, I am listening to history".

At the back of the school was a great big box stove. Some mornings it would be near noon before we could get way from that stove to go up near the desks to get warm enough to leave. It was not right in the winter.

We only got six weeks holiday we never got four weeks in August, we only got two. We never had the full six weeks like the did in the city.

There used to be a well at school and there was a pail there and a bench at the back and a washbasin and soap set out. It had to be carried in in the winter or it would freeze.

Mr. O'Toole

I was born in Peterborough. I went to the old Murray Street school. You know where that is, up by the Armouries, by the park up there. That was a long time ago. We would study and do all kinds of history and geography. That where we got all our early education. The old Murray

Street school, we used to play a game we used to call Shimmy. Used to take a limb of a tree and hold it like a hockey stick, and a ball, and we would run races and have lots of fun, all full of life and young and happy.

You had to be careful when you got back in school that you acted like a gentleman not like roughnecks. The master, the head teacher, if there were any complaints they were brought to him and he was liable to punish you just like any other boy. You had to be a gentleman. There were not girls of course [who] went to school in those days.

There would be various classes, they started out in what they used to call the first book. Then there was what you called the second book and third book and fourth book and for the fellow who taught the fourth class he was a paid teacher of the school. Now he used to strap you know, a strap about an inch and a half to two inches wide of rubber, no, I think it was leather. It was pretty hard to tell until you got it on the hand then you know all about it. It certainly would make your hand sting, of course, you would have to do something pretty serious and out the way before he would think of giving you the strap. He would give you a real hiding with it, if it ever happened to you, you never forgot it. I got sixty five straps one time. My hands were swollen like that before I was to go home from school. My dad was going to take him to court on it, so that was not so smart either. That was over doing it you see, they stayed swollen like that for two days too, maybe more than a few days. I was blamed for something that I did not do that was the worst part of it. Something that was forbidden but that I did not do, that is what made it so serious. My father said he was not going to get way with that, so some prominent officials found out about it and he asked my dad not to take him to court, not to lay charges on him, anyway the patched it up so they did not.

When I left school I started to work in Lock Works. That used to be down on Simcoe Street. You can remember that yourself. I started to work there. Well I worked on the canal when the canal was going through first. There were a lot of young men and grown up boys. That got on with the canal carting water and bringing water for the men to drink who were working. They used picks and shovel those days and you know quite a lot, before those modern digging machines came out, a lot of men worked.

Then the Canadian General Electric works was running and in operation and the Peterborough Lock Works, a good number of boys started with the Peterborough Lock works, you could learn a life trade there too. You could learn lock tooling and become a locksmith. Making locks and they made some very fine locks there at the time and a good many years after. You could learn all the trades, you could learn polishing metal, iron moulding, brass moulding, and you could learn what they call a speed lathe and you used hand tools and it could turn brass metal like door knobs by hand, but it was quite a trade in itself. In fact when I went to Toronto I got quite a few jobs in the factories but I learned my trade in Peterborough.

I went back to my trade in brass finishing and I was foreman there for thirty five years. I did not learn carpentry, but I know something about it. I never made it my trade. What I did do is I made violins. It was something I used to do. I made three violins and they were dandy toned

instruments. The last one I made I had it yet. I got interested in violins. I used to play them in different orchestras and of course I took lessons on them. The teacher then was a lady by the name of Mrs. Hoylard, she lived on the other side of the [G.G.R ?] track on Hunter Street in one of those terraces on the south side. We used to take lessons off of her. She was a wonderful player. One of those violins I had made, one of her pupils bought one off me and went up there for his lessons and she liked the tone of that instrument so well that she would take it from him when he went up for his lessons, she would play it when he came up to get his lessons, she would take it from him every time and play it herself. She could bring an awful wonderful tone out of it.

There was no work, work was very scarce. That was the hard part of the depression, you could not get a job. You could not earn any money, it was just like the time they had the coal shortage years ago. You were lucky to get a bag of coal some day to keep the fire going, coal was scarce.

I was superintendent of the First Brigade here [St. John's Ambulance]. The First Brigade was organized at the time of the war, 1914. A lot of us who were not going to the war, who did not enlist, you did not have to go, we got together one day and we figured why not organize some organization that would be a benefit to everybody so we thought of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade. We held meetings and we led a fairly successful organization. We used to go to the Toronto Exhibition, go on duty out there. In the winter time here in Peterborough we used to go north of the city here where there was skiing and one thing and another like that and go on duty up there. We were always down at the Peterborough Exhibition. [We] had our own tent down there, medical tent, first aid cases to look after. In fact one of our men got killed down there. There was a race on, he was standing down by the judges stand, and those race cars came along and hit him. Poor fellow, he was just standing there, he was on duty, so we took him out but he died, a very fine man.

It has a wonderful effect on you if you can bring a person back to life with artificial respiration. I tell you I did it with my own mother. My dad had just died at home. He lived there on Water Street at the time and I happened to be coming down the street past the house and I thought something queer was happening in the house. So I ran in up stairs, there was my dad dead in this bedroom and my mother was lying in the other [room] right out, deeply unconscious, not a breath in her body and I had that artificial respiration down so good. I just hopped up on the bed grabber her legs, took her arms [and] went through the motions and finally I heard a sound. Well there was a doctor there and he just came in shortly after and he looked at her and there was a priest there giving her the last rights of the Catholic Church. He had seen me working on my mother and the doctor said "Oh she's alright", well the priest walked out. He never said a word. [the doctor] looked at me and he said "Did you hear what he said". I said yes, the priest had seen me with the artificial respiration and he knew there was a lot of work to it.

Mrs. Mabel Armour - [Widow- 84 years old]

[lived on farm near Campbellford on Park St]

- Visits to the hospital in WW1

- Working at C.G.E.

- Bible under pillow

During World War One - remembers taking her mother to Toronto to the hospital where they had the soldiers who did not know who they were. To see her brother, Harould, who had batting in his nose and in his ears. When they came back later in the day the boy in the bed next was gone. They were dying that fast in the hospital.

-Brother, Roy, was reported missing (in battle of Hill 70) - They say there were holes in the ground in the First World War as big as houses - hundreds of soldiers - were never found.

-Remembers the last letter from Roy - said he was coming home soon to "see that big boy you call Roy"

-When she was eighteen she and her sister came up from Campbellford in the winter to work at C.G.E making lamps, packing them in boxes, they were not like the ones today, they put the bulbs right in the plaster of paris, in the summers they worked on the farm.

-Went to sleep every night with a Bible under her pillow.

-Married at 19 - "That's too young!"

-Lived on Park Street, across from Central School, had a porch where children ran up when bullied, gave her opportunity to speak to them about God.

Mrs. Rutherford - London St [Age 73]

- Ambitions thwarted

- Depression, cuts in salaries and rent

- Cosmetics

- Dressmakers

I was going to be a pharmacist but then my mother died and I just did not go. So I worked for nine years in a drug store.

[About the depression]

I was married and my husband was a teacher. They took cuts in salaries but they kept their jobs, the average person did not have a job. Welfare was not like it is now, it was more difficult to get.

[Mrs. Doris] We had a couple of house and no jobs and we collected to a duplex, a very ordinary duplex, \$7.57 which was one twelfth of the taxes. We lived in the other half of the duplex at the time and we could not get a job. I would never favour rent controls ever again, after that was over, as long as the same tenant was living there you could not raise the rent. People were defeated, hopeless, for the young people it had a bearing on their futures.

[Cosmetics?] It was not the deal like it is now. Lipstick was about it, lipstick and powder, face powder. You were ostracized if you ever wore eye shadow. Sometimes you could put on a little rouge, you know the powdered rouge, you would be a real bad woman if you wore eye shadow.

The first silk stockings were real silk, not nylon. They were expensive for what they were, about 98 cents a pair, if you had a run in them you did not throw them away. You would mend them if you could.

Most people had dress makers come to their house and stay for a week. People who could afford it. Like the Morrow sisters, when they went to Europe [they] would have a dressmaker come to the house. They could not see the things they wanted in the stores and they bought beautiful materials. It cost a lot of money in those days, they would go and sew for a whole week and that would do them for the months. Part of that idea of staying for a week was that there was not the transportation there is now.

A lot of parents were quite strict. They really believed children should be seen and not heard.

[Father-in-law built the Market Hall and Town Clock and the Stratton House on George St. and their own home in 1908. His brother was fire chief of the volunteer fire brigade]

Mrs. Jean Ridpath [Lakefield, Age 80 years]

- Lakefield school system
- The Stricklands
- The Canadian Nightingale
- Lace up boots
- Uncle Alex died
- Getting placed in a grade

- Teaching in Simcoe

I wrote reams and reams about the school here in Lakefield. It was rather unique in the type of school that they had. They had a wonderful master and of course Lakefield at that time was not a village, it was just a little community and the Stricklands had their way in everything. Arthur Strickland was an architect. I do not know whether he learned that after he went to Toronto. He lived right in the village of Lakefield. In the white brick house on the way to Young Point and he had a great deal to say, he insisted upon being on the school board and all the sum of money to be spent in salaries must not exceed a thousand dollars. Well there was one teacher there, a Mr. Shearer, he was a marvellous teacher, I remember in normal school, I sat across from Betty Shearer, and our school management and that, different thing that he has suggested and that he followed in other places, not here, because he was kept down. What he wanted to do here, he was so anxious, was that there were a lot of boys. Once they were 14 they could leave school and work in the mills and then when the mills closed down they would come back to school, which was a good thing for them. Mr. Shearer wanted to have 3 or 4 typewriters put into the school that the boys could learn typing and different thing that would help them get established in some sort of job. When they were old enough to leave school entirely. This was what they called the 5th class or the 5th book. You know it used to be books. They used to have quite a class and then it gradually dwindled down. I know there were 3 of us left in my class. It was a shame you know, but the village parents just fought real hard for a high school.

They took a piece of Douro and a piece of Smith and make it into the village of Lakefield. There were two entirely different types of people and with the Stricklands dominating this part here in Douro it did not go very well with, well one did not quite understand the other, so there was not really any progress in Lakefield until the Dixon Co. of Peterborough bought the water rights and that stunted the Stricklands. They were of good family but they forgot coming to a rough country where every one had to fend for themselves. It was not the place for them and that is what kept back Lakefield for a long time.

We did not come to Canada until I was ten years old and there is an entire difference in the build up. They wanted to lord it over everything and claim everything if you know what I mean, and he brought out boys as he called them from England and some from Scotland and Ireland to learn farming and that is the way he had his farm.

I will never forget my father one day called my mother to the door, "Aggie! Do you want to hear the Canadian Nightingale?" Well my mother dropped everything of course, because she missed the song of birds so much, we did not have the beautifully colour birds that you have in Canada, but in Scotland we did have songbirds. Mother stood in the doorway and listens and listen, father said "Do you hear it?", Mother listened and said "No, all I hear is that sawing", Father laughed and said "that is the Canadian nightingale"

Lakefield was so crude when we came in 1903, the children laughed at me, lifted up my skirts to see my funny flannel petticoats which they had never seen before. They all had lack up boots and I had button boots which nobody wore. I scuffed them up until finally mother said you had

better go down to the store and buy some new boots. Well there was no such thing as going from one shop to another looking for a better price. There was just one store for one kind of thing and so on. Well they did not have any button boots but he said they did have lace up boots. Well that was fine, that is what I wanted anyway. So I bought a pair of those and when I looked at my change I had to tell him he was a nickel short. He said "I must have left it on the counter over there", but he had to open the drawer to get it. When I told my father he said "You make sure you count your change when you get it back so that they can see that you know what it is"

Father was a merchant tailor, [he] came out with the idea of joining Uncle Alex in the gold mining in Northern Ontario but after only a month here came a telegram saying Uncle Alex had died.

When we came to school, [the] teacher first asked me to name the ten provinces and then their capitals. Well I knew Quebec and Ontario and I said I was not sure about British Columbia. Whether it was Vancouver or Victoria. I had heard Uncle Alex talking about both places and I did not mention the Maritimes at all. I know there were territories but I was not sure of their names and by the look on her face I did not think I had better try. She asked me how many pounds in a ton and I said 2200 and she said "Wrong!", in fact I was not because there are two weights used, 2200 lbs is used for flour and sugar and things like that to allow for the loss of weight in shipping but this is something most Canadians did not know because I could not answer these questions correctly she put me back in the junior third. They were doing grammar in that class that I had done over a year before. We had such a thorough training in our school in Glasgow, it was very strict and everyone was equal.

When I graduated from high school I went north to Simcoe for a year and taught school. I had a whale of time surrounded by young bachelors. We had dances, both the Scottish and the Irish Communities, that everyone went to, the whole family. After that year I came back to Lakefield and taught at the Smith School for five years but there was no room for initiative or for me to do anything on my own. I thought if this is what teaching is all about [then] I want out of it.

So in 1919 I went to Toronto under the auspices of the YWCA to take a course along with seven other girls, in social services at the university. [I] became an Industrial Secretary for [...] in Peterborough, looking after girls who came out to work in the new country to establish themselves for twelve months. Many was the time I walked the streets looking for them, they never stayed at the jobs they came out for, they just disappeared.

Mrs. William Hamilton [Homewood Ave, Peterborough, age 82]

- The fur business

- Going to Apsley

When we first came out here [to present home - 38 years ago] it was all country. There was one house up on the corner. That big house on the corner was just a big hole and when it would fill up in winter we would have a skating rink on it. This was all farmland.

We Had a fur business on Charlotte Street. There are so many different kinds of furs now, so many different kinds of mink. In those days there was just one mink and that was brown. The fur business has really changed a lot, in the old days when you bought a fur coat it lasted you for a long time.

That is really when we started business, after the First World War, when things were very low. My husband thought that things could not get any lower, but during the last war business was good because people had money. They were making so much, making munitions and that stuff. When we first went in they practically made everything [in the fur business], but now it had gotten so they do not make anything. They make over things, but even a lot of that work they send to Toronto because there are not too many people working the fur business anymore, very few in Peterborough.

[My words] I remember once when I was a girl, I went to visit a friend at Apsley. It was only forty miles north of Peterborough, but we had to take a train to Lakefield and from there a boat up through Stoney Lake and Clear Lake to [Mt. Julien-Viamede]. from there we took a stage coach to Apsley Hotel and the girls father picked us up there and drove us the last five miles north. It took from seven in the morning until half-past seven at night to get there.

[Mrs. Jean Lashbrook \[Anson House\]](#)

- Husband, war wound
- Bert's mother
- Death of husband, 11th of November
- No Pension
- Hoped never to live in Anson House

My husband was through the First World War and died of war injuries. He was in Europe for five years. I went to Europe. I had never been to England and I went to England. Someone met me one day and she said I have just booked passage for England and I said [...]. Well she said "I did so" she told me, and she said why do you not go if you want to go. I thought that I would like to go and that I would have the chance to see my husband, but I did not. He was sent to France the week before I got there and then he was five weeks there when he was wounded and the doctor said you have got [blighty], you are going back to England if you get a blight, and he said you are kidding me and he said he "no I am not, you have got a real blighty" and he was five months in hospital. The bullet went through there [arm towards elbow] and split all this

bone here and he could turn it but he had to turn it with his hand, he could not turn it on his own and somebody said that that was a good that he could not turn it because we would both get a good pension, but we did not. He got nothing. I never got a cent and when Bert died and of course you have to notify the Canadian authorities and I got a letter telling me that I would have someone for an interview. The first thing he said to me [was] "have you got a bank book?", I said yes. He said "would you let me see it?", I said yes, and he said "good god" when he looked at the bank book and he said "well I don't know, I cannot promise you anything. I imagine you'll get full pension." I never got any pension.

I heard some time after, somebody said to me here "Did you get any money from the government when Mr. Lashbrook died?" I said yes, "I got a letter from the government", [they asked] "Did they tell you they would give you some money?". I said no and they never asked me if I had any either. She laughed and said "Well you should have, I did"

When Bert was wounded and coming out of the hospital and when he came to England he had not seen his mother in five years and the did not let them travel in those days. You could not go anywhere. Bert's mother wanted him to go and she did not think much of the Canadian Government. They would not let Bert go home and I said "You know, after all, he is in the Canadian Government" and I said "He has not lived home [England] for ten or fifteen years". She thought that the Canadian Government was awful. I said I did not think do. I said after all if Bert had joined up in England. If I had gone to England and Bert had joined up then. I said what would I have got. She said you would get the same pay as Chris' wife would get and that was two shillings a day, and that was like fifty cents. Now personally I think I would have got more myself because she belonged to moneyed people and I think that makes a difference. I do not know of course. I said "I do not see why you should run down the Canadian Government because I said Charlie came to Canada and you would not come".

This day I was home, and he was upstairs and he called to me and he said is that you dear, and I said did you want me, and he said oh no, and I said I thought well that is silly that he called, he must have wanted something and so I came upstairs and I got up those steps and I heard this crash. He fell between the door and died.

Someone said "you have got to miss him terribly", I said yes but you know when he used to walk the floor all night he suffered terribly and everyone was sure I would get the pension but I did not.

I never got a cent. Well I got a hundred dollars. They give everybody a hundred dollars when their husband dies. I got a hundred dollars. You know that that does not last too long, but I got along.

The only thing that I had to worry about is if I ever had to live on relief. I could not stand that. I used to feel that would be awful. I did not have to so I have got something to be thankful for, we all have haven't we, no matter what it is. We feel sorry for ourselves at times too.

I always said I visited here [Senior Citizens home]. I am a Salvationist and I visited here every other week for years and I can remember going home and Bert said to me "Oh you were at Anson House were you" and I said yes, and he said "How did you get along?" and I said "Oh all right". I never said anything more, and [Bert said] "You have been so quiet about this" and I said "well you know its a place I shall never never like to live in and Bert looked at me and the tears were streaming down his face and he said "let's hope and pray that you won't have to". Of course, then, I was thinking of living here on relief.

There is something, feeling good, about when you can pay your way, even if there is nothing left after, you have paid it and that is all there is to it. I could go and live with my daughter but I think she is better off alone. I only have the one daughter. I had a son but I lost him. He only lived three day. Berts been [dead] twenty four years on the 11th of November, It was the 11th of November he dropped dead. Wasn't that funny. He made it through the war but he dropped dead on the 11th of November.

Esther had an operation, the doctor said she would get a baby if she had an operation. I never saw anybody suffer the way she suffered. She rolled from one side of the bed to the other, and she never had any.

[Mrs. Gavine \[170 London Street\]](#)

- Husband employed at J.J. Turners, Banquet
- Worked in store only at Christmas
- Work in Church, dinners
- 12th of July dinner, Bell
- First car
- Brother wanted free candy when grandfather was mayor
- Father's carriage business

Well now I do not know whether you ever read in the paper, you know where it says twenty years ago and thirty years ago, you know some items there. Well not long ago there was a piece in the paper at it said "For the first time since J.J. Turner", my husband worked at J.J. Turner's. He was foreman there, he was foreman over all the girls at tents and awnings. They had had a big banquet, for the Turner staff. Now this is the piece out of the paper, that's 1944. Seven old employees were presented with watches. Now there is my husband again and they have all got their watches and that is the seven. Now this is them at the banquet table with the Turner family, children, Mr and Mrs. Turner and John Turner's daughter Margret Donel and they are all there and Elsie Turner right up in the corner, she's still living, look she has got a jabot on her

dress. That is my mothers hired girl, me always had help at home. My mother always had a maid, until I got big enough.

At Christmas time I did work in Halls [which is Walkers now]. I used to work for a couple of weeks, or a month maybe, around Christmas. I never worked because I was the eldest daughter at home you know and I had to take care of the little family. By that time there were nine children you see with mother and dad that eleven and we needed help. My mother always had a maid.

I was not really trained to do anything. I had never taken a bookkeeping course or anything like that. I never knew anything but house keeping. While I was at the church I was such a good worker over there, I could plan there dinners. I had a little black book and I used to keep track of everything we would serve and how much of everything I had to buy. It got to be a joke. They would say, oh ask Evelyn about her little black book, she'll look it up and tell you just how much you need for 100 people or 150 people or 200 people.

[this segment was located on page 182...We used to raise money for the Church by serving dinners, the W.A. we called it, the Women's Association. We catered for different people, anybody who wanted a dinner put on, we catered for them. I suppose there were about thirty people in out group].

I remember one 12th of July, we were going to serve meats and we had a school bell and I used to stand out the door and ring it and of course we were on Murray Street, there since the new church was built, and I think I served about 1200 people that day. The crowd, well you know in those days the crowd that would come to the 12th of July celebrations, they would just come in droves you know, the whole families, the park was just full because you know we were right across from the park. They could hear the bell ring and we had a big sign out front. I think we were only charging about fifty cents for it you know. We served an awful lot of people that day.

I remember he said "Well I guess if everybody's going to have cars we better have one too". The first one we got was a touring, open you know curtains on the side if it rained you had to pin them back. My husband had just got a new car, a new Mercury. He had just got it over Christmas and he died in March. So I was up on the hill and I could not climb the hill so I put the house up for sale.

As far as the war going I just remember a lot of the boys that went and I had two brothers that went, Wilbert and Harold, they both were in the war and they both came home safe. Well than the last war, my brother who is seventeen years younger than I am, he was in the last war.

Walter Fitzgerald, I had known him long before I knew Jessie and they lived on a farm out in the country and I used to go out to their farm to square dances, to parties. My oldest brother, I know he was a little older than me, there was a little corner store on the corner of Brock street, Brock and George Street, it was just like a little corner grocery store. Mother used to deal there, we always went there and get a pennies worth of candies or something. My brother, he went

down and he said "Oh Mr. Bradey, I want some of those candies" and Mr. Bradey said "All right son, have you got some money?" and he said "Oh, I don't need any money. My grandfather was elected major". He thought that everything was going to be free. He soon found out different.

After my father gave up the carriage business, the cars came in, carriages were not needed or buggies, as we called them then. My mother used to take us for drives, the cars became more numerous and horses were not used. The downstairs at the back was the horses shoeing place, the Blacksmith's shop, the front was the show room which was where the buggies were exhibited and then the second floor was the carpenters shop, where the work was done, the third floor was the leather shop, where the upholstery was always done, and of course I played there as a kid. Well then after dad gave this up and went out of the business he went to work for the government, then on the Trent Canal. He was foreman there, he had a group of men working under him and they used to repair all the locks and the wharves up at Lakefield, if you know where the government dock is there. He has repaired a lot of the locks, up at Burleigh, at Juniper Island. He had quite a gang of men, they used to just go from one place to another.

Mrs. Parnell

- Arrival in Peterborough, immigrant train
- Children got sick
- Caterpillar epidemic
- Marriage
- S.A. in England
- S.A. in Peterborough, relief work
- Depression
- Husband out of work
- Parents home repossessed
- Emphasis on home life

We do not hear so much about this generation gap now, which I always thought was ridiculous really. If you want to stay young mix with the young people, but do not try to keep up with them. Our family was brought up on love and lickers. We were brought up quite strictly, never allowed to read a comic on Sunday. I remember getting my ears boxed for trying to whistle on Sunday. The funny part was I could never whistle. We were reaping the results of this permissiveness. You were not supposed to go against the child's wish, or must never think of

giving them a spanking, well I always said the lord made one good place for a spanking. We were supposed to be in at ten o'clock, if we went to a party or anything, even when my husband and I were engaged, he was supposed to go home at ten o'clock.

Verna Burgess

- General information regarding Teaching
- Salary during Depression
- Amusement in Lakefield
- More detail regarding teaching career
- Primary
- Went to Queens
- P.C.V.S.
- War effort
- Taught Military Regimentation

I cannot remember any particular problems, some of them used to say to me how can you stand those seventeen and sixteen year old boys, but you know if you mean business and they know your are interested in them and your are ready to work. I think the biggest problem in teaching is if you do not have something for them to do as soon as they come in, get them busy and if you keep them busy that solves your problem as far a discipline and on the whole we had a very good time together. I sound as if I am bragging but I an not because I have had rather a happy experience.

During our war years we had a wonderful time. The war efforts were splendid. It gave us all something to do, to be unified about. It is very sad of course when our honour rolls started to be put up in the schools, the name of some of the boys who had been over there such a short time and there was one family of three boys and they all went down, the first year. I think young people today have no conception of what those war years were like.

The depression years were hard going. I could tell you how much I got as a teacher, \$15.50, it kind of makes me laugh now, the highest salary I ever got as a head of the history, eight people in my department, I could easily get twice as much. we all took fifteen percent cuts in our salary. We were getting very low salaries anyway but the board asked up to take fifteen percent cuts and everybody said ok I suppose. There was a no question about it, we were working really on a minimum salary, I often wonder now how I bought my clothes.

C.P. Traill lived in Lakefield naturally and my mother knew her and her last house up there, Westhall, on the bank of the Otonabee river on the opposite side. It is still there. I have often heard mother say how she would go off to see Mrs. Traill. Mrs. Traill would read to the children, they enjoyed it so much.

Then of course up in Lakefield. Lakefield was a very interesting village in Upper Canada because it was what they called the literary English folk settled in Lakefield. C.P. Traill and her sister S. Moodie and Colonel Strickland, her brother, and the Akroids and the McPevers and the Tates, the [...], all those people, they called it the literary cradle of Upper Canada.

What did we do for amusement in Lakefield? We were all great boaters, of course we kept a boat in the village, we all swam, practically everybody shared their boat house with the others. We had tennis courts, where the old hotel is, there were tennis courts all along the side, from the rail road tracks right down to the wharf. everybody played tennis. In the wintertime there was snow shoeing and bobsledding. Just regular Canadian activities. We had tennis courts down by the cement company before it closed. They kept very nice courts down there.

I taught what they used to call grade two until 1923. Then Queen Alexandra School, that was the north school, it always irks me frightfully when they say Queen Alexander, which they do occasionally in the paper. It was what they called the Critic School for the Peterborough Normal School. The students came over just across the little bridge there and they came over to Queen Alexandra to do all their practical work there. We had to assign the lessons and we were what they called the Critic staff. So in 1923, I went up to Queen Alexandra School. I stayed until 1935. In 1935 I asked for a years leave of absence and I went down to Queens and graduated with first class honours in English and History in 1936. I won the western Ontario Graduate Fellowship in modern history, so I stayed on and did my masters degree in modern History. Then I came back to Peterborough and applied for a position in P.C.V.S. For my first couple of years down there I was head of the English and History departments for the vocational school. I had all boy classes. They were terrific. I remember one year my home form was vocational ten. There were fifty two in it that year, there were only fifty one seats in the room. I had extras put in and I had to stand in the corner to let these big men come in from woodworking and metal work and auto-mechanics and all the rest of it. However they were jolly good lads.

Then Dr. Eldon Rae, who was head of the History department, was appointed principle down at Kenner, so they asked me to take over the history department for the whole school. I thought it was my duty actually as head of the department to teach at all levels so I could judge examination papers and texts and do what was right. So I had two nines, a ten, an eleven, two twelve's and all of [the rest] thirteen.

During the war years, the forties, we had a wonderful time at P.C.V.S. because some of our oldest boys were being drafted and going overseas and we had honour rolls. We had what we called war bazaars and everything to raise money. For instance my vocational boys made wooden boats to put marbles in and play that game, they sold these and we raised enough

money at P.C.V.S. to equip one of the corvettes, the Miss Peterborough. She sailed out of the harbour down at Port Hope and she was equipped with what we had raised at P.C.V.S. The war effort was interesting, every class tried to make something and then we had a big victory bazaar in the spring and sold what they had made or they gave their talent in some particular way, it unified the whole school.

I had to teach Military Regimentation during the war. I did not know anything more about it than a cat. Some of the older boys who were in the cadets, they would come in after class and give me the lowdown on what I should say. We assigned these various military subjects to teach, practically everyone was, that was one of the funny things of that day.

When I look back I look back with real respect on all my teaching [...] and with real love for all the fine young students I had and it gives me great pleasure and fulfillment when it met any of them or read about what they are doing today and so I can conclude that teaching can be a very rewarding profession and well worth it. You get awfully stressed at times but there are compensations.

Mrs. Yelland

- Nursing profession (then and now)
- Training
- Various towns she nursed in
- Uniforms

Two brother, four sisters, made own fun, chores to do and would not think of saucing back. Happy to have work to do. went to church and Sunday school. Home at night by nine. Modern girls flaunt themselves in front of boys, girls were respected before. Shorts were unheard of, parents knew who you went out with, home by ten or eleven, I am glad I was born when I was born and not today. Parents today should be more strict.

In our day we used to help neighbours. Whenever anyone was in trouble we always helped. We always shared anything we got. You knew who your neighbours were and they were always welcome.

I.O.D.E [had] nine chapters, I belonged to the oldest, 57th regiment, 1912 [was when the] first one formed, we made quilts and knit and children's clothing and socks and that what we called a bale. We sent two bales a year to Hamilton (\$598.00 worth). Quilts to Indians, socks and bandages [were] sent to England during the war.

We would adopts a school, we had one north of Havelock. A teacher there for thirty seven years. Single room school, we provided books and outdoor equipment (baseball and bat) and

[a] dollar for the top student of each grade. School closing, we took ice cream, they put on a program for us, one boy talked for twenty minutes on Australia, one boy told us about the otter. That school is not in Lang Village. The kids went to Round Lake but had the same teacher (the bus picked them up). The teacher taught them everything and the kids respected her for it. They got a better all around training than the children in the better schools. If they came any distance (some came for miles) she (the teacher) would make hot soup for them for lunch. At Christmas time we always sent them a crate or two of soup and candy and a gift for each child (there were thirty of them) socks and mitts.

When I was and R.N., if a patient got a bed sore we could be sent home. We had to turn the patient every two hours. It was a disgrace for a patient to get a bed sore. It was around 1945 before the public health nurse started going around. The Red Cross used to give a short course for homemakers. I do not think the homemakers are well enough screened today. A nurse need someone over her, we stoop up when the doctor came in and there was no small talk, a junior could not talk to a senior. I think a hospital should be run like the army. There is not enough respect now. You should show respect for your seniors. We never argued with the patient, they were always right. Whatever the patient wanted we did. I do not think the university trained nurses are as good as the old hospital nurses. You need the theory to fall back on but you need the practical work too and the university trained nurses do not get the practical work we did. You have to do it yourself before you really know how to do it. I always liked looking after anybody, dressing wounds or if anybody got hurt I would like to fix it up if I could and sort of watch it heal up. Nursing is something your can always use as long as you able.

I do not look at it for pay because it was very low but I looked at it as a career. The more people were mutilated the better I liked it because I could watch it all heal and see how well a patient could do. We took a lot of pride in our work. We respected our doctors and there were no tales told.

Monaghan Road and Armour Road were outskirts before 1946, there was nothing on Lansdowne. Since the university came we are getting too many different races of people and you never saw people dress the way they do now. I do not approve of it. Shorts and practically no tops. I do not approve of boys long hair either. Boys hair used to be short and neat in respect of the church.

Peterborough was more friendly forty years ago. Robbery was unheard of then. We would not think of being disrespectful to a policeman. I hate to think what's going to happen to the next generation.

[Helen Wedalle](#)

Supervisor of operating room Nichols Hospital before Civic Hospital was built. We had a big surgical ward and a big medical ward then, thirty patients in each ward. Thirty to thirty three patients in each ward. We worked from seven in the morning to seven at night, with two hours off during the day.

In training in Bathhurst we worked from seven to seven and if our work was not finished we sometimes stayed until nine. We had patients allotted to us. We knew who our patients were and the patients knew who their nurse was. Now a patient does not know who their nurse is. We did not have coffee breaks then. We did everything for our patients and took great pride in our patients.

When I trained, in our senior year we took charge of a ward, we had a supervisor but we took charge. We had three months in an operating room. We could scrub up and take charge.

Nichols Hospital for eight years, then to Port Arthur, where I was in charge of the operating room and the obstetrical floor and I was on duty from seven to seven with two hours off and on call for twenty four hours. I had one afternoon off a week. I was at Port Arthur for a year then I went down to Cornwall as assistant superintendent and was there seven or eight years. Then Niagara Falls as assistant superintendent, then Cochran as superintendent. It was a much smaller hospital. Moved to Newmarket as night supervisor. Came back to Peterborough in 1947. We made our own uniforms in training and paid twenty five dollars for our books. We wore high button shoes and our uniforms came almost down to our ankles and slips same length. Our hair had to be worn up. We even wore the bib and apron. They were starched. We were allowed one blue uniform a week and two bibs and aprons. We did not get any pay during our training. When I was finished training I took a case and I got five dollars for twelve hours.

We sterilized all the linens and intravenous sets. We made all the dressings for the hospital. We threw nothing away, now they throw everything away. I think it is more expensive now.

[Irene Vivach, the interview with her was transcribed earlier, a second copy is found here between Helen Wedalle and Mrs. Hooper]

[Mrs. Hooper](#)

- Conservatory
- Singing in old days
- Saturday afternoon musicals
- Met husband at dance
- Depression, did not suffer
- Going to the cottage
- Teaching violin

I was down on the St. Lawrence River before I came here. Then I went to high school here and I took violin lessons for five years. Then I was married and I have two children, five grandchildren all in one family.

There was a conservatory and quite a nice one, people do not realize it you know. It was hard when I came. I always remember Mrs. Linnon and her husband. The two of them ran the place. She came to see me and I had always loved violin and had a very poor teacher where we lived. So she came to see me and I was quite delighted and I had a very very good teacher who lived here at the time. They did not have very good local teachers but they brought very good teachers from Toronto down. It was very nice.

I was just thinking the other day, there was a lot more singing in those days. There was singing teachers and now it seems to be mostly bands. Mind you I am all in favour of them, the young people in school make a beautiful noise.

I went to P.C.V.S. and I think there was about three hundred and fifty at that time. I took what was called the music matriculation course.

They did not really have all these different course like now you know. You had to take certain subjects regardless. The music matric was not quite so severe and not so much math which I did not like. Then I got my music matric and I decided I just wanted to take music. I went to Toronto and taught junior students.

When we first came, there were trains running to Peterborough from Belleville that connected to the main line of the CR, then there was one that came in from Port Hope. There were lots of trains. When we came my father was with the Trent Canal, he came ahead and there was not a house to be bought or rented. Everybody seemed to have their own homes, but eventually we managed to get one on George Street and stayed about a year, then we moved to Murray Street to quite a big house. I really did enjoy it. We had a lovely time when we were in high school. I really mean it. We made our own music.

We would have such lovely parties because everybody we knew had a good big house and you would have private dances you know and really nice parties.

[Anonymous \[Anson House\]](#)

- Cars on George St.
- Hairpins
- Chance arrival in Peterborough
- Wealth from ammunitions WW1

- Boats, farmers transportation

and you did not have to go out. We did not go with one person, we went in bunches, all together. I still like it. There was very often, if you had plenty of money, you hired a couple of people to play and at the conservatory too there was a nice big recital hall in connection with it and that's been torn down. The conservatory has been made into apartments and they tore that nice hall down where we also have very nice dances, quite rather formal ones. It was really nice.

That was another nice thing we used to have. We had Saturday afternoon musicals. Just invitations sort of affairs or silver collections, something like that, and usually had a soloist and an orchestra. I guess it was fairly good. It was usually the same little group that came and enjoyed it.

I was married and my only son is a city engineer. That's his job.

[How did you meet your husband?]

In high school days, you know, going to dances. I think the first one was at a New Years Eve dance. They had a confectionary and a bakery business here. They had three stores and he managed the bakery but he died very suddenly and that ended that. So I have to have a house now. I did not know what to do. I did not want to sell it to strangers because we went there when we married so my son said he would like to buy it and that worked out beautifully.

[Were you in the city during the depression?]

Yes. It really was not pleasant but we did not suffer too much. Our children did not have the same things that we had had. I could not say we really suffered. Except it made you feel very sad, the people who used to come to your door did not have any work. We could not have everything we wanted but that is not too good for people is it?

I think it has been a very good thing since Trent came here. I like the idea. I really think that it changed things quite a lot.

Year ago there were practically no houses on the road out to Chemong Lake or to Stoney Lake. You could get to the lakes in a very few minutes. We did not have the traffic to fight.

[Did your family have a car?]

yes. The roads were bad, yes. Going into the cottages from the main roads were pretty bad. We had a cottage down on Rice Lake and we used to get that way, not to the other lakes. The cottage was on the south shore, we used to go around to Harwood and then take the boat. It was on an island. Sometimes we went down to Hiawatha and went across. It is about three

miles either way to the cottage, but once you were there, it was lovely, quiet. We had, when I was growing up, mostly inboard motors. There were very few outboards.

[Did you teach violin after you were married?]

No. I said I would never teach another violin lesson as long as I lived. I did after a good many years. I took one little girl. Her parents had just moved here and asked me to teach and I said no. However they persuaded me and said "would you at least look at the violin we bought" and they brought the little girl and I fell. I taught her until she went to university.

The thing was that one of my friends living here decided to go to England to study and she had a very big class and I had a very big class so when she left they asked me to take over her class too and it was just too much. It really was because it is hard work. In the beginning you can make such perfectly dreadful noises on the violin. You can really. So anyway I think I had enough of it. I played in the orchestra and then I did not play again for quite a long time and then they started a chamber orchestra and I was persuaded to go into that and I am still in it or I am in the symphony, I should say. It is the symphony now but it was a chamber orchestra to begin with and I just loved it. It is my life saver, I am not fooling, because I do not enjoy playing solo anymore but it is marvellous to play with a group. It is the best therapy I know. I played with Gilbert and Sullivan too.

My grandparents were from Scotland. My father was an American and my mother was a Canadian. Both my fathers and mothers family came from Scotland.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilders

- Home produced dairy products
- Custard ice cream
- Putworth's Bakery
- Making candy
- Cream Puffs and Jam Tarts
- Skating on Goose Pond
- Father's Children's Aid
- Work during the Depression
- Seeing explosion of Quaker Oats

- Bathing suits
- The cottage
- Rug-making across the street
- Old house on Water Street.

[Did you have horses when you first moved here?]

Yes. We had a horse and a cow and chickens and rabbits. Anything we wanted to have it seemed.

[Did you drink the cows milk?]

Yes. Well in those days you just milked the cow and drank the milk that all. Mother put it down in big cans in the basement and let the cream rise, skim the cream off with a little skimmer and then make butter out of it, and cottage cheese, I loved cottage cheese. That was the sour milk you know. When there was a milkman, he would come around with a sleigh with two or three big milk cans on it and you would run out with a pitcher and get it. You would have a port measure. It was five cents a quart. But nothing was tested or pasteurized. In the summer time you would have a couple of washtubs in there full of water and a block of ice beside it and keep the milk cool.

We used to make the custard ice cream. You would take the milk and put it on and bring it to a boil and in the mean time you would heat up eggs and sugar together and then stir it together like a custard and cook it and dump it in the freezer and start the machine up that stirred it around and when it got cold enough so you could see it start to form little granules and you would dump in so much whipping cream and let it continue to beat and let it swell up and freeze it. We used to make chocolate sundaes and so on. They had a wonderful big marble counter thing with all the syrups in. The tables were marble top, round, and wire chairs. It was the ice cream parlour, with old fans up in the ceiling. In making their chocolate, they had trays about that long and that wide, full of cornstarch and sticks about that long with chocolate moulds fastened on in the shape you wanted and pushed that down in the start to make moulds and you would have the centre filling melted just to a certain temperature and you would put that in a cone shape with a handle here and little plug in the centre. You would go along like that and fill them and let them harden and then the next day take the chocolate coating down and put it on this big marble slab we had. It was an old tombstone, they stole it down at the cemetery, turned it upside down and put a coal oil lamp underneath it to keep it at the proper temperature. The chocolate had to be just warm to your tongue, other wise it would go grey and he would stir the chocolate around and shove a handful of creams into it. He had a little stick about that long with a little wire loop on it and a big knife to stir them around and to pick them out set them on wax paper. There used to burnt almonds, so you know how long it would take to do a pound. There would be a little stool set in front of this marble slab, there he

would sit. Putworth was about fifty years older than I was I guess at the time. He always wore one of these big Christies, you know (a round bowler hat), he would not work down there without it on. There he would be sitting at the table and finally we would see him falling asleep.

When I was there we used the real cream not this stuff they are using now. We used to make the cream puffs about that size and beat up a gallon of whipping cream at a time. It was hand whipped, whip it up nice and stiff, then pick up the cream puff and put the cream into a pastry bag. Pick up the puff and squeeze the cream into it, set it down. You would be working away there and some of your friends would come in for the first time and they would want some whipped cream so you would say alright. You would get the bag and say open your mouth. It would be coming out they're ears. You would just give it a squeeze like that and it would fill their mouth right up. They never asked you another time. A poor china man came in one time and he wanted a hot meat pie, and they put whipping cream on top of it, he enjoyed it. Another stunt we would pull once in a while was, we would have there jam tarts, about that size around and about that deep. You would give one to a fellow and then say "here's the boss coming", he would put it in his pocket and as he walked by give him a slap where it was.

Where the towers is on Brock Street, that was a roller rink and a skating rink. That was the only hockey rink and skating rink for years. Of course we used to skate over here on the Goose Pond. We would come home from school and get into our long stockings and bloomers and a dress over top of it, and the dress was I guess down to here, and then a coat, no short coats even, the coat was down to here, and you would go over there and the first one on the ice, well you tried to beat everyone on to the ice. That bank from Water Street down to the ice was all ashes, they had dumped ashes there for years. I remember rolling down that bank. One time I was just standing there waiting for some girls to catch up to me, and I guess one of the kids playing hockey must have caught my skate with his hockey stick. I do not remember a thing until I woke up two hours later in a house over there on Water Street, some of the men had carried me up that bank and I was near sixteen years old then, it was a long time getting me up that bank.

I had two years at P.C.V.S. but my father had the Children's Aid books to keep here so I found lots to do at home. Dad had this part of the living room as his office, that was when the Children's Aid was getting started. Actually what started the Children's Aid was from when we were living out at the canal there, there was a girl living in a little back road. She lived with her father and she got into trouble and had a baby and nobody to look after the poor wee thing and it just lay in bed, dirty, all day long. She went out to work and the old man would give it a crust of bread. I guess things were pretty bad, so the neighbours started complaining about it. They came to my dad and said what should they do? and my dad said I know Mark Burnham, a member of the parliament, we will go to him and see what he can do. From that he went got some ladies and they went to the house and saw the condition the baby was in, they took the baby and put it in a boarding place and that was really the start of the Children's Aid Society. That must have been before 1908. Dad, when he was an Aid officer, he went down by train to Norwood, because they said that there was a family living in terrible circumstances out in the country somewhere. Dad got a horse and buggy down there and the policeman down there went with him. They went out, it was just a sugar bush, there were nine kids and it was half

floored and the other was just dirt floor. They were all sleeping there on the floor, just laying around like pigs. They thought they might have trouble with the old man, that he might not let them take the children, so that's why the policeman went with him. Dad explained to him that the children should be looked after better and if he could not look after them then they would take them into the shelter in Peterborough and they would be well looked after. So he said "All right. If you want to take them take them, but you can take the old lady too". So they started to get enough clothes on them to bring them into town. He brought them into Norwood, and the train had already gone by this time so some of the ladies in Norwood opened the Town Hall and the kids slept on the floor. The next morning dad got them all on the train, the women too, brought them into Peterborough. The Salvation Army took her over, and dad had the kids in the shelter and they were well looked after and I know several of them were adopted into good homes.

During the depression, you would get your slip for the grocery store, and get your groceries, then the next week you would go down to the wood yard and saw wood for a week for people that could not saw it, and then when you got your share of wood it would come in four foot lengths and sit out in the yard and you would have to saw it yourself. Another time they would put you on cleaning sewers and stuff for a couple of weeks and you would earn your weeks groceries that way.

The fellow in the factories were hit hard by the depression. A friend of mine used to go down to the C.G. every morning for pretty near three years. Maybe he would get a couple of hours work this week, a couple that week. As a matter of fact one time he went home and he had his pay cheque for the week, one cent. They took maybe thirty five cents in benefits out and he was left with one cent.

We had a cottage across the canal by the Peterborough Golf Club. My father built it in there, my mother and I used to stay there and dad and the boys would come at night. In 1912, when the street cars were running, dad came up by streetcar and walked across the Auburn bridge and across the golf links and when we were going across in the rowboat to get him he was yelling "War has been declared!".

During the Depression there were hard times, really hard times, my husband was out of work for nearly three years, and the children were born in 1933 and 1934. There was no [pogey?] or anything else in those days. He would get odd jobs here and there, simonizing cars, going into a bake shop for a night, doing this and that.

I can remember sitting in the collegiate in the First World War, in 1916, you know when your idling, staring out the window sometimes with your mind a mile away. Quaker Oats blew up, there was a fire over at Quaker Oats, and there was just a terrible roar and this black column of smoke went up behind the Court House. Of course we all jumped up and ran. It burned for, I don't know how long. With war on and everything we were sure that it was set. It was not, it was just a dust explosion.

When we were living out by the Lift Locks, my oldest brother got up to go to work and my father said "My, that's an awful wind". Roy went out side and he said "Oh, it isn't the wind, I am sure it the canal that's broke". A hole had come out of the side and flooded all of East City.

I often laugh when I see these girls on the beaches today. When I was going with my husband, you wore stockings up to here, and your bathing suit came down to here and up around here. As a matter of fact, I think we even had sleeves in it, looks a bit ridiculous when I look back, had too much on me to swim.

We would go up to the cottage on snowshoes. We would take wieners and buns with us, maybe ten or twelve in the group. Take wieners and buns, build up a fire, make a pot of coffee out of snow and what not. One night we got up there and I do not know where the fellow got the water but when we were cleaning up after making the coffee we saw a dead fish floating around in the dish water, but the coffee was good.

There was a house in behind that one across the street. Old Mr. and Mrs, Berkley lived there. They were Scotch people, and they had a rug making loom in the house at the back, and the old man worked there at a great big loom. He was a tall thin man, pulling this thing back. No wonder he was so straight. They lived there for years, and mother used to often send hot biscuits over, tarts or something. I would have to take them you see, how you put the shuttles in and all that was very fascinating to a child.

That big vacant lot on Water Street used to be a school. It had a square tower. I have gone up there and played with Jean Eastwood with out dolls up in that turret room. Great big stone house and the rooms were half as big again as this one with ceilings higher and hardwood stair steps. The curved, beautiful stairway, in fact a Dutchman bought those stairs as they were and put it in his home when the house was torn down, but years before it had been a boys school and that was the bell tower up there. It had a lovely fence along the front of it. When the Eastwood girls were married there I remember peeking over the big stone fence to see the garden party.

[Mrs. Morton \[Fairhaven, July 24/1974\]](#)

- Getting to work during war

- Prayed to get new officers for clubs

During my term as president of the local council was when they celebrated their thirtieth anniversary in 1943. We sponsored full and part time civic [selective?] services. Five hundred women signed up. The men were off to the war, we had to get women to take their place. I spoke two times on the radio, appealing to them to come. They went through the selective service. I had to got to work myself. Word came that people said, well Mrs. Morton there, she will tell us to go to work but she will not go to work herself. I said, well they are mistaken, I will got to work but I am really not able. I went down to Quaker Oats and signed up there, we got

our five hundred. We had from Wednesday to Friday to get them. On Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock they had not been able to get anybody yet, we just had one person. I went down to Quaker and the rest went down too, and we all signed up the different organizations for different things, some were in the laundry, some at C.G., some were here, some there, by Friday night we had five hundred people. As soon as they found out that the local council of women would go too, why they were just ready to join in.

We sent eighty three thousand pounds of clothing, it was a national clothing drive during my term.

Whenever I was president of a club and I wanted to get a new officer, I used to think it over to pick somebody. I thought I was capable of doing it and then I would go to them and ten chances to one they would say "Oh, I don't think I could do it". Well, I would leave it for a few days and pray over it and every time they took it and proved to be a great success.