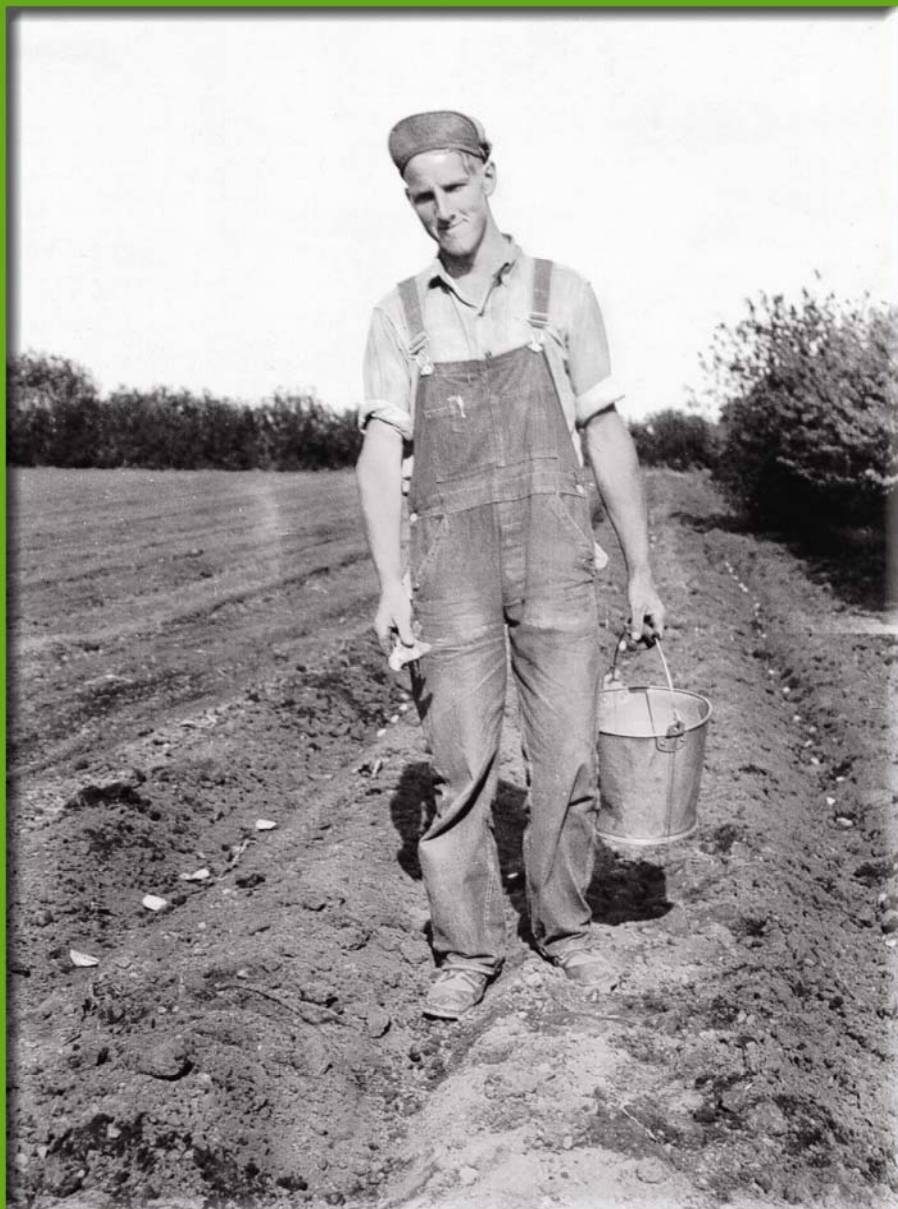


How I Remember East Nissouri

by
Harvey Waud



**“East Nissouri,
things I remember and other
things, some funny,
some sad, some very sad.”**

by

Harvey Waud

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The parts of East Nissouri I remember best are the Townline (both sides, Nissouri and West Zorra), 13th line, 12th line, Lakeside and a little bit west.

East Nissouri, like other Townships was built by co-operation of women power and man power (they are both popular) and oxen. Oxen were very strong and could live on browse. Oxen broke a good

share of the Prairies and used binders geared to accommodate their speed. (I think I had one of them). Everything was done by bees; logging, stumping, house and barn building, early schools, churches and wells. Water was very important and was sometimes shared with a neighbour, but a good spring was a godsend. The well was quite often lined with stone. If you had ever been down a stone well you needed a good rope around your chest and under your arms and hopefully a strong man up top.



under your arms and hopefully a strong man up top.

You put a rope on whatever had fallen in and inched your way back up.

When barn raising, the framer had everything planned out the winter before and then went to the woods and selected the trees for every purpose. If you look inside a timber frame of a barn you will notice how the braces and the notches are made and how they fitted perfectly the same with posts and beams. Each bent was put together one at a time on the day of the raising and raised upwards by a hundred men with pike poles, with some men riding the bent. The framer would yell, “YAW HEE!” meaning you all heave. When the frame was up, two captains were chosen and each in turn picked his crew and they would race to put up the rafters (it’s a wonder someone wasn’t killed). Now when all this was going on the ladies were preparing meals, dinner and supper for the men and the ladies too, and there was bound to be children as well.

“Carrying the Torch,”

I even have heard that saying.

My mother died when I was about twenty months old and the youngest of my sisters Ada Pauline was five years old and we went to Grandma’s.

Aunt Eva, my mother’s sister was there, but we looked to grandma. Grandma would tell us stories. When my Grandfather Hugh McLeod was courting Grandma Margaret Kittmer,



My mother as a young girl

it wasn't far but through all the woods from the 13th to the Townline (it was only a half a mile), he had to carry a torch to ward off wildcats. There were a lot of wild cats and a lot of other torches carried by other swains.



Grandpa McLeod, Hugh McLeod, Eva McLeod

Grandma was a good cook and had fun doing it. She would have me, at the end of the bake table, give me a good handful of raisins and I could put them in anything she was baking and it was quite alright. If anyone scolded me she would just wink at me. Women of the early pioneer days had to improvise. They made their own lye to make their soap, spun their own wool and made blankets and handspun clothes out of Linsy Woopsy, which was half flax and half wool. It wore better than each fibre on its own. They also made their own baking powder out of ashes from burnt corn cobs.

Hospitality

If you happened to be at a farmstead near mealtime you would be told you're staying for dinner or supper. There was always that crock of side pork and instead of bread they had bannock, which was made on top of the stove or in the fireplace in the frying pan. My Grandmother and Mrs. Hector Ross were the only ones who could make bannock. (hot bannock, homemade butter and honey, "Yum,Yum")

Getting back to bees, nothing changed in that respect. If a farmer was laid up, neighbour farmers would still do wood-cutting, put in the crop, do haying, harvest and even do chores. Ladies would help in the house and had quilting bees for old and young, which also served as a social gathering. When a lady was expecting and time was up, the first person called was the lady across the road, then the local midwife and then the doctor and one very fast horse. Actually, I think maybe the horse came first. I think that is when my dad learned to cook, with six in a family and he had to make sure my mother stayed in bed. After my mother died, dad had to do most of the house work while my older brothers could do most of the farm work. I came back from Grandmother's when I was four or five so I can remember my dad making cookies. I can remember they were oatmeal and oatmeal with date filling. He could also make pies and layer cakes all filled and frosted. "Don't slam the door there's a cake in the oven." he would say. He also made a Christmas cake, one cake in a four loaf bread pan with Earn French's recipe. Most ladies in the Lakeside area used Earn's recipe. My

Grandfather McLeod was a butcher and the local vet and had to know that a beast was okay before and after it was butchered. I don't remember him but when I was a child people would say "I knew your Grandpa McLeod and what good meat he always had. My own dad was a butcher in his later years and it was particularly hard to keep up with that old boy. My dad was a good farmer, up to date, liked good machinery and was a good neighbour. He told me in later years to, "never fall so low as not being able to give someone else a hand up" and he always lived up to it.

The Depression Years

Lasting from 1929 through to World War II, although things were looking up by 1936.

My dad had lost his farm in 1931 and he sold out but he still had some equity in the crop sowed that spring and a good garden. My brother's even bought back a cow in the sale. We moved to a rented house on the Lakeside-Medina side road and Pauline and I went to school in Medina.

Getting back to the farm, on the last day of school, even though dad must have known that he had lost the farm, he was still hoeing turnips and thinning. I carried him a honey pail and water and he asked me if I had passed. I showed him my report card and he handed me a brand new jack knife. The year before, we had a lot of pigs and lots of meat. If you shipped hogs you wouldn't know if they would cover the freight or not. So we ate pork and put side pork in crocks, fried a layer of meal, a layer of fat and salt, a layer of side pork and repeated this until it was full

and wrapped it in heavy brown paper and tied it with a cotton string tightly around the top.

Another favorite was dried sweet corn. I can remember making two wooden frames, one in the oven and one on four bricks on top of the wooden burning range. There was enough heat from the stove at meal time so the cotton sack of corn was kept hanging behind the stove all winter and made a good supper of creamed corn. That year you could buy a Model T for \$5 (the license was \$7). My second brother Hugh bought a Model T Touring, no top, and drove down to Grimsby where peaches were selling for \$1 a bushel and that included the bushel. My brother could get \$1.50 in Lakeside area. Along with another Lakeside boy with him the car was loaded. They had nineteen flat tires on the way home. One could patch them while the other drove. (boy were those peaches good!)

Hugh left the Lakeside area and went to Ingersoll and worked at the flour mill and delivered to quite an area with a chain driven, hard rubber tired cab truck. I rode in it once from the siding to the mill. Hugh told a story of a hitchhiker who declined a ride. I didn't blame him. Hugh had asthma so after he was married he and his bride went to run a farm and his wife Pauline learned to milk by hand. Three years later Pauline was expecting their first and they came to Embro to work at the mill but his asthma was very bad so they went back to Ingersoll and he worked in the quarry, then Ingersoll Machine, then to Brantford to work for the International dealer repairing tractors and setting up machinery. At that time machinery was delivered and set up on the farm under a shade

tree. You would usually get your dinner, (if you didn't you just didn't quite tighten the nuts). You would tell the farmer after a half a day he should go over the machine and tighten the nuts. (don't get mad, get even). After three or four years he started his own business, pumps and steam fitting, twenty four hour service, rain or shine until asthma caught up with him again. St. Joe's Hospital had a special bed for him because he was a regular customer. Hugh was six foot seven. Hugh retired and spent the rest of his life having a good time. Hugh and Pauline had four sons, two still living and two daughters, one still living.



Harvey, Hugh, Charlie, Vic,
Marguerite, Pauline, Dad (in front)

From my oldest brother to me our family was spread over almost fifteen years. There were six of us, four boys and two girls. At first my parents were

trying for quantity, then quality and I like to think they achieved it. Charlie was born in 1908 in Ingersoll, where Dad worked in the Box Factory next to the Pork Factory. Before Hugh was born in April, 1910 they rented a farm on the 13th of East Nissouri, Lot 23, east half, where Marguerite was born March, 1912. They moved to Lot 23, west half, Concession 13 where they bought a farm with SS10 where the school house was.

Charlie was six years old when he came down with rheumatic fever. It was two years before he could walk without assistance. My mother massaged his limbs for hours everyday I am told. When he started school at eight years old, John Snell came through the fields and took him to school in a Buster Brown wagon and helped him over the style at the north east corner of the school yard and helped during the day.



Vic and Harvey Waud in the
Buster Brown Wagon

Charlie got well, but had health problems all his life. He was very particular in everything he did, plowing (oh so straight), gardening, vegetables or

flowers, but liked carpentry best of all. I remember one day he was plowing. He'd tied the team to the fence and came up to the woodshed and built a birdhouse. (that didn't sit well with dad). He went to work for Bill Crellin until he and several other boys from Lakeside went to Grimsby area to pick peaches.

He met a girl from England and didn't come home but went to work on construction in Hamilton. He was put on a crew with Italians. (do you know what W.O.P stands for? "Without Official Papers"). They were good to Charlie and they were particular as well. You were expected to save enough to hold you till spring when construction started again. Charlie had a hole in his pocket. Dad was worried about him so he sent Hugh down to Grimsby to bring him home. Hugh found him living in a shack with a bed, a stove and a chair. He was making soup with cabbage and bacon rind. He said, standing over the soup with the teakettle on, "How much soup can you eat Hughie?" He made applesauce too with apples that had a rotten spot. He was broke. He and Hugh got a job cutting wood but two or three weeks later went back to Grimsby and went to work for his girlfriend's brother in grapes and peaches, etc. Charlie and Edith were married the following spring of 1929. That fall there was no work, and no money. Dad drove down and brought them home in the spring and Charlie went to work for Bill Crellin. That fall he got a job delivering milk for Bighams. In the summer I would go to Charlie's, (they had two little boys at that time) for a week and go with him on the milk route. The horse knew where to stop, where to meet Charlie and when to trot back to the dairy for the second load. After

seven or eight years, Charlie went back to carpentry for 40 cents an hour. Factories were paying 20 cents while boys worked at the furniture factory for 6 cents an hour. The casket company paid more but there were cabinet workers working for less pay so they all had a job. I remember the older cabinet workers telling me about that when I worked there first knocking chairs together then later putting the interiors in the caskets. After six months I quit. I was a farm boy and knew there was no future there even though I liked doing the job. Getting back to Charlie, when war broke out he went to the job of building barracks and had a great deal of experience was soon hired as a foreman. He was hired as maintenance superintendent at Camp Borden around 1950 but hated that job as he was used to helping new help. I heard him say, "No matter how little a man knows, if he wants to learn I'll make a carpenter of him, the very best." But the union stopped all that. After that he always had a job as superintendent on large construction projects but his health failed in his early fifties due to rheumatic fever in his early years and he died at the age of sixty six. He and Edith had two boys and two girls, but the marriage failed. Charlie still loved her, and would let no one say one thing against her. I being the last in the family Charles John, Billie William were close to me and are very particular. We talk to Billie often, it's like a tonic! We see Lynn on occasion, her husband died in April 2005 of a blood clot. We don't hear from JoAnn.

Brother Victor, my youngest brother, must have been born grown up. He was doing everything grown men were doing (in the way of work) when he was

twelve. Then he tried his entrance exams. Dad didn't have time to drive him so he took Vic and I out to teach Victor to drive, (Vic already knew). So he took a carload to Medina (a 1927 Essex at top speed went about 30 mph). Dad had traded the Grey Dort, which I also remember. By this time Dad was doing custom work ploughing, threshing and later had the old grist mill on the last bend going to Lakeside and Vic could handle all these jobs. We had an International 15-30, (huge!! I thought). Dad bought a new 28 inch separator in London and left after supper with Bell and Star, a beautiful team of Percheron mares on a light wagon and stayed the night at a livery stable. He started for home at sun up and rested the team for two or three hours west of Thorndale. At Sutherland's corner he thought they had enough so he called from Bryant Sutherland's for Hugh, who was still at home, to bring the tractor. (Dad told me in later years, when he was flat broke, that the 15-30 threshing machine was one of his worst mistakes, as he felt duty bound to thresh, paid or not. (too often not). Dad and Vic carried on after Hugh quit and rented the grist mill. (same old story, no money). The last job, (one of the last) Dad and Vic did was to pull out the trees for the new park and dance hall. They would hook a pulley up in the tree and an anchor at the base of another and the tree came crashing down. Joe Widdis and I watched. (it only took a day, but it was a great show). The Sinkins, who built the park and dance hall, bought a motor boat. I remember them painting it and loading it on Dad's truck wagon. I didn't know he could swim, but he drove the team Duke and Dan out into the lake and the boat floated and he circled

around, Dad and horses swimming and pulling the wagon. I must also tell how the sandy beach was made before anything else was done. They built a cottage the year before and the Near's dug a well. (Joe and I watched that too.) Billy Pickering drew sand from his sand pit across the road and dumped it on the ice, load after load and in the spring the ice melted. "Voila, sandy beach", which is still there today. Vic went to work at Sid Mills and later for Jack Baker. That fall he went to Ingersoll and helped Charlie on the milk route and in the spring went to work near Holbrook. He stayed there for about four years working the farm as the owner was hospitalized. When the farm was sold they went to Woodstock. The lady was like a mother to Vic who went on to Oxford Fruit. When she died she left an adopted daughter, we still hear from her occasionally, who lives in Osyoos, B.C. Her mother was a painter, beautiful paintings (we have one). She never sold a painting, just gave them away to friends and neighbours. Aside from getting side tracked, after the house was sold Vic went to Standard Tube, but only stayed a couple of years. He was a farm boy too. He went to work for Charlie Brink and then he and a friend from Standard Tube bought a store at La Sallette and as Vic was getting married that summer he bought the other share and built up a thriving business.



Vic Waud's Store in LaSalette

When the girls would soon be going to school, no public school, they bought a small farm north of Norwich. But Donna Jean took ill about a year later. No hospitalization then, and they had three daughters on a new farm. Vic went back to carpentry and tried to farm as well but finally sold his stock and rented the farm to York Farms and went to work at Norwich Co-op. He was there for nineteen years until his death and he had been in poor health for some time.



Vic, Donajean, Rosemary, Eileen and Carolyn

His three girls were married and have great families who he was some proud of. He is buried in Townline Cemetery as is Charlie and our parents, grand-parents, great grand-parents and our son Ken as well as many other close relatives.

My oldest sister Margeurite Frances was only twelve when our mother died. It must have been a terrible time for her as she did a lot of the house work and went to school as well. Dad did a lot of the heavy work. Charlie, Hugh and Vic did a lot of the farm work. Washing was a big chore with no modern conveniences. Rag carpets that had to be taken up twice a year hung on the line and were beaten with the broom. The floor was washed and the carpet was re-tacked down before bed-time. Canning was done and there were hundreds of jars for strawberries, raspberries, huckleberries, peaches, plums, quinces, Tolman sweets and tomatoes all done on a wood cook stove. Then there was chili sauce, pickles and sausage in two quart jars, (I couldn't eat them, too much pepper) and Dad helped a lot with canning and cooking. He must have learned a great deal from my mother. After the farm was sold we moved to Bill Ross's farm. Taylor's owned it at the time. Marguerite still had all her work to do, but Pauline didn't have the same responsibility that Marguerite had when she was that age. From Medina the family moved to Brown's but I went back to Grandma and Aunt Eva's. Pauline was working at Seaton's, but went to Brown's as well. Then in 1932 Dad got a job at Ingersoll flour mill and they moved to north of Ingersoll. The man who had the farm mortgage

wanted Dad to move back, but Vic would have to go too and Dad was too proud anyway. The following year he would have, but Vic had a farm to run. The flour mill burned in 1933 and the family split up. Marguerite went housekeeping at New Lawson and married the son, Alonzo Mayberry. Marguerite has three girls, Marion, Ada and Esther.

They sold the farm in 1943 and moved to Woodstock. They were enjoying retirement when Alonzo took ill and died in 1953. Marguerite married Oliver Clyde in 56 or 57. They enjoyed life and Oliver worked at Oxford Regional until retirement, but after a series of strokes he died in Woodstock Hospital. Marguerite lived alone until she went to a Tavistock Nursing home and died there in 2003, at 91 years old.



Alonzo Mayberry riding Harvey's bicycle at the Mayberry farm.



My sister Marguerite marrys a
second time to Oliver Clyde

Pauline went to Ingersoll in 1932. She didn't go back to school, but went to work at P.T Walkers. Thorold and Meredith Walker were little boys at the time and Pauline loved it there. Pauline was not good at school but her penmanship was beautiful, needlework perfect and cooking the same, but to sit in school was a waste of time. She could turn cart wheels, skin the cat and chin herself up to 100 times without stopping. After Walker's she went to Woodstock to do housework and met her future husband who delivered for Foster's Bakery. Bill Thomas was a Welsh orphan boy brought to Canada by the Salvation Army to work on a farm where the farmer was mean. So Bill (Gwlym in Welsh) had a contact in Woodstock, Foster's

Bakery. He started out walking from north of Stratford until a man picked him up and took him to Foster's. They had no family and Bill was like their son and later grand-parents to Bill and Pauline's family. After marriage Bill stayed at Fosters and his delivery route until war broke out and they had their first son. They went to London to a rented apartment on King. (God, what a place) Pauline was resourceful, it was dirty and needed papering, "We are not staying here long!" she said. So she bought wallpaper and thumbtacks, papered the large room at the back and a bedroom and took the paper with them when they bought a place on Barker Street. Pauline and Bill had five children in their family; Ron, John, Lynda, Ray and Brad. Ron, John and Lynda are still living. At Pauline's funeral Lynda said her mother's saying was, "Don't stand there, do something."



My Sister Pauline her husband Bill Thomas and our daughter Louise McLennan (Waud) and Ray Thomas (deceased)

Bill was in the army all the way through the war, but never went overseas. He was kept behind to train the other boys. He would have liked to have gone back as he had an older sister in Wales. After the war he went to work at Wonder Bread and later as route superintendent, until an accident at the plant, (a flash wax fire). He got it out, but was never the same and after two heart attacks he went into the taxi business. His two older boys drove taxi at night, they had some great stories. (Pauline never learned to drive, good thing). After Bill's death, Pauline hired drivers until she took ill of cancer and had one lung removed, both of their cars were sold and Pauline died two years later. The last time we saw her was the day before she died, at home. About all that was left was her big smile.

Working the West

I am the only one of the family left. I spent my time working on farms, except for a spell in the casket factory. It was a good education, a lot worth remembering and a lot best forgotten. I worked on farms from the time I was fourteen and was small for my age. I weighed 75 lbs doing a man's work for boy's wages. I got two years at Harrington Continuation and worked on Saturdays. When I was seventeen I went to work for Bill and Ida Kittmer. Ida would tell in later years that I worked for them but, I told her that wasn't right, I didn't remember doing any work, but had a lot of fun. We always had the work caught up and if any of the neighbours needed a hand up one or both of us would be there and their boys were the same way. When we moved to Embro their youngest son Bob organized a bee one Saturday. At twelve thirty the yard was full of trucks and by three thirty everything was moved, set up in place and eating lunch. I worked for Donald McCorquodale, then Gordon Ross. Gordon never told you what to do or how to do it, you were on your own and we got along fine. Then I went west on a harvest excursion and stayed all winter driving a school van, with horses of course.



Harvey Waud's team.

We had a stove in the van, your head roasted, and your feet froze. The old timers said it was the coldest they could remember and hard on horses at 50 degrees below. I worked for Beaver Lumber and unloaded coal cars, (coal was rationed at 500 lbs per customer), teams & sleighs lined up, it took about two minutes to put approximately 500 lbs in a sleigh with a large coal scoop on small wheels. I came back in the spring to Ross's, put on farm leave and went back to Allan's for harvest. Willis Ball went to Crawford's at Viscount and Howard McCall and Wallace Heron near Saskatoon. Willis got quite an education on the harvest excursion. Willis behaved himself and most of us were sober by the time we got to Saskatoon. I stayed all winter and next spring helped put the crop in. Before any other farm crop was done I had to rake the Russian thistle, rake all day and burn till about eleven when the wind had gone down. Bad as it was, the Russian thistle helped save the west, it gave the

cattle and horses something to eat and stopped the soil from blowing away. I came back east on the harvest excursion and worked till the end of August at Frank Piries on the River Road, Ingersoll. The Piries were grand people, Frank was almost blind, but knew every cow in the stable.

At the end of August I went back to Allan's as I had promised, (a promise made is a debt unpaid). The crop in 1944 was exceptionally good and help very scarce. I stoked 275 acres, alone and on the run, for 50 cents an acre which was good money in '44. We worked long before daylight, until after dark with time out only to eat. Help was so scarce we threshed for a week with two wagons and I put the loads on, Bill put them off. Then Bill hired an older gentleman who had been hailed out and Bill's brother **Jock** provided another team and another man. I think he was sixteen and had run away from home.



Harvey stoking grain on Bill Allan's farm,
Viscount Saskatchewan

Horses are very clever, we had been threshing wheat for about a week and then barley. They knew, to the second how long it took to put off a load. After that we started into the barley and it took about a third longer to put off a load. Their little ears would come up and they left at a gallop, circled around and pulled up to the machine again. One horse was half mustang, another was about three quarters and the other part was Clyde, they were used on the school van in the winter.



Hauling a load of sheaves up to be threshed
Bill Allan's farm Viscount, Saskatchewan



Harvey operating the binder

After harvest I went to Saskatoon and joined the army. I went to Regina and was turned down. I had pneumonia the past winter and it must have shown up on the chest x-ray. I couldn't see driving school van another winter, so I came back to Ingersoll and the next day was working for P.M. Dewan. Alex Amos was manager and Bruce was herdsman. Bruce and I were pretty well matched and we would wrestle for five or ten minutes every morning before cleaning stables. (no holds bar'd) Alex would get a little browned off with us. At that time Bruce was getting involved with A.I. and in January went to Chicago, to Graham's School for a week short course. Back on the farm we were hit with the worst storm, roads blocked and Alex and I were alone. P.M. was in Toronto. Mrs. Dewan gathered the eggs from 1000 hens. I drew the milk into the dairy and the feed truck couldn't make it from the Co-op so I had to pile up the milk cans and stop for the mail. A gentleman went into the post-office for me and then I went up to Dad's Butcher Shop for meat, then load two tons of feed on the sleighs, then stop at Fulton's and bag up coke for Amos's as the gas line froze up. Alex had all

those pigs to look after and the heifer and cow barn to look after. I was glad of that big team of Clydes. They reminded me of those hammer heads I drove in the west. I remember when Alex and I were leaving the barn about eight in the evening, and that we finished up every night at the same time as usual.

I stayed at Dewan's till the spring of 1946. I went to Graham's School in February but came back with a bad cold. Bruce and Alex were leaving, Bruce to W.O.B.I. and Alex to Insurance, so help was hard to get. When I got back from Chicago, Joe Kirwin was helping out, I was drawing manure with a team and wagon. I must have un-harnessed the team and was going to sweep mangers but next thing I knew Joe was carrying me to the house. Between Doc Furlong and Mrs. Dewan, they tried to get me better, but I got a ride to the hospital in a WW I ambulance. I got better and got the crop in, but knew I had to leave, but I did like it at Dewans, being treated like family and was known to pull P.M's leg on occasion. I went back up to Gordon Ross's and told him the situation and he hadn't been well so was glad to have me back to tidy up, rebuild fences and put in a good garden, his mother liked to have a garden. I wanted to go to a place where I was manager so I went to Bruce Dickout's. Bruce was a cattle buyer so I had pretty much free rein. I fixed up the stable and rebuilt all the fences (but one). There was no room for horses, Bruce had one and Chamber's had one so they were stabled at Chamber's and I went down every other day and cleaned the stable. (they had five or six cows and some heifer calves and about 200 hens).

Harvey Waud #143



Will was about eighty five or eighty six and his daughter Agnes did not get along well with some people but I found her to be a very fine person. One day I had taken my 22 to shoot pigeons and there was a starling in the broken silo. Agnes said, “I bet you can’t hit that starling.” but I did hit it and Agnes was the only one not surprised.

One thing we should remember, “Always do a kindness whenever, always be kind to animals.” When I was at Dickout’s I found it much easier to put a double handful of twenty four percent dairy ration in with the oats when I went to catch the team. They came running to meet me. Dad asked me what I was giving that team, but I didn’t even tell him, and never let a day go by without improving something. “Never fall so low that you can’t give someone worse off a hand up.” “Always keep your promises.” We bought our farm on the spoken promise and a handshake. I have bought machinery, even a tractor and a couch even, over the phone and a new side rake and a used car with nothing down even on paper and the rest when you catch me.



Harvey’s fathers store on King Street East, Ingersoll.

Getting back to Dad, his Butcher Shop was in a rented building, next to him was a grocery store and the owner wanted to expand his grocery business. Dad had very little money, but his shop was well equipped for the time. Down the street about two or three lots was a three story building, the bottom floor had been a store in bygone days. Margaret and I were not keeping company at the time so I put up the money. About three months later we started dating.



Margaret Wheeler and Harvey Waud
at the beach. (Port Burwell)

One Saturday night I took Margaret around to the shop to meet dad who later told me, (and this could be the greatest compliment he could give) that

Margaret reminded him of my mother. We were engaged in October 1948 and married June 15th 1949 and went to Gordon Ross's until 1952, when we bought Jim Ross's next farm west having bought lock, stock and barrel. We took 500 hens, some calves and not much else in that line.



Margaret Wheeler weds Harvey Waud
June 15th. 1949



Home of Gordon and Noreen Ross where the happy couple stayed for two years while getting their home ready.
(This is the current site of Kintore Grain today.)

Our Growing Family

We had two little boys, David and Kenneth. At first they were by your side and before long they were leading. On November 13th, 1953 our first daughter was born, Ruth Anne in spite of being born on Friday the 13th she turned out okay, her brothers loved their little sister. January 9th, 1957 our twins were born, what a surprise but we had two names picked out, Lorne and Louise and how David, Kenneth and Ruth Anne loved them.



Ken, Louise, Ruth Anne, Lorne, David

Reta Palmer Jeffries came and helped Margaret and I. We knew how to hang out washing and get it

back in, (sometimes frozen I think). When we bought the farm Jim told me I would never fix the house, but the house was sound and we couldn't afford to build a new one so we squared up the house, (that's what barn jacks are for). We started in April and November it was squared up, dug out for the wall and Margaret mixed the cement and I poured the foundation for the north third of the house. The south two thirds had a stone foundation which I had dug out to give head room. It is a better house now than it was when it was built in 1852, warmer I would think. We enjoyed farming, improving, adding too and tile draining.



The Waud Homestead in 1952.

David and Ken are on the front porch. Louise and Dan McLennan have the property now. (Dated: October 2004)

I became involved on School Board and later Township Council. I hope I made a difference but that isn't for me to say.



The final council of East Nissouri Township (1974) included, from left: George Worte, deputy reeve Mac Robson, reeve James Patience, treasurer Ruth Route, clerk Gordon Gregory, David Slater, and Harvey Waud.

Margaret and I worked hard and our family were always there to back us up. Times do change, and we had some health problems and we lost our Kenny in a car accident. He was a technician for W.O.B.I. One never gets over a blow like that.



Ken Waud, ready to go to a friend's wedding.

Heritage

Getting back to the Kittmer family. Grandma's people came from England and settled first near the river on the first line of West Zorra, their first child Benjamin died of convulsions at two years and is buried in the Methodist Cemetery. They moved from there to Lot 23 Concession 14 East Nissouri and lived in a wattle and daub house and moved to a hotel where a house still stands not lived in for over 50 years. Grandma told me of she and her father riding the oxen up to the farm. There were ten in the family including the boy who died an infant. Ben, Harriet, Margaret, Tom, Alonzo, Chum (Francis), Jane, Susie and Rachel. I will give husbands and wives, Harriet married John McDonald a farmer, Margaret married Hugh McLeod a butcher, Ben was a contractor who laid brick streets and married Georgia King, Tom married Emma Morrison and farmed and Alonzo married Kazia Balston and farmed. Chum never married and farmed on the home place, Jane and Susie never married and Rachel died at eight years old. All are buried in Townline Cemetery. Great Grandfather and mother were devout Episcopale Methodists and he was the first minister at Townline Church in 1863. (I have one of his sermon books, but not the first). My Great (paternal) Grandparents, David he came from Skye and she, Johan Whyte came from an Island in Sutherlandshier, Locford on the Isle of Ellenandren. The McLeods and Whytes settled in Braddlesbane, Nova Scotia. The Whytes and David and Johan came to East Nissouri Lot 23, east half Concession 13. They

were the only McLeods of that clan to come to Ontario, the rest stayed in Cape Breton, maybe still speaking Gaelic and dancing the highland fling.



Back Row: Aunt Bea, Aunt Gret, Aunt Eva, Uncle Chris,
Ada (Grandma Waud),

Front Row: Hugh, Great Grandpa McLeod, Aunt Jean, Great
Grandma McLeod

Ada Susanna, my mother born 1890, died in 1923, of a strangulated hernia. Margretta married Jim Morrison and had Lorne, Jean and Jim Junior whom are both still living. Christopher married Addie Robins and had a family Hazel, Hector, Elgin and Kenneth. Beatrice married Edward Kinsman and had a family Edward, Claude, Marjorie and Eva May never married. Hugh married Iva Crellin and had a son Hugh Laverne whom we keep in touch with. Jean

married Gilbert Johnston and had a daughter Margaret who married a Long and had two sons.



Beatrice (McLeod) and husband Ed Kinsman



Harvey's Great Grandpa
Charles Kittmer



Harvey's Great Grandmother
Kittmer



Left to Right: Uncle Ben Kittmer, Clarence, Ada, Bill and
Aunt Georgia

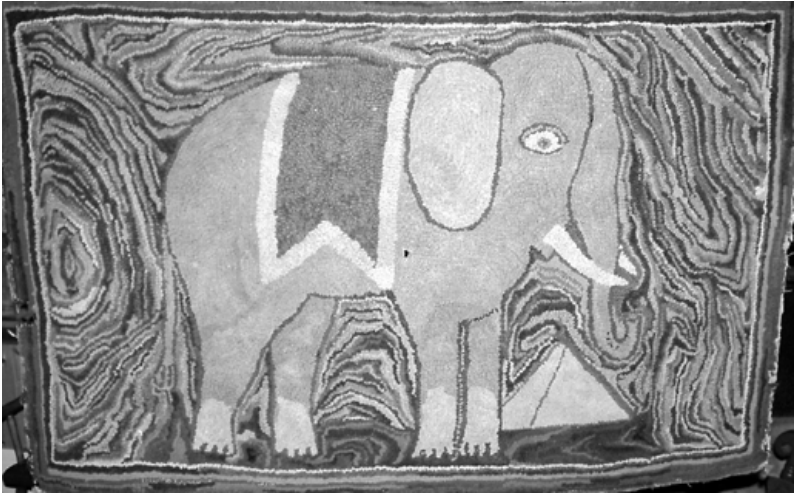
Bill Kittmer was only fourteen years old in this photograph.

I was to Bill Kittmer's funeral in 1941 he was 39 and had been called up for service. He couldn't work his whole body seemed to have a quarter turn. He could drive a car and was fun to be with.

His older brother was killed in an accident with a truck early 20's. Ada had a very bad marriage lived in Buffalo. Dad took Uncle Ben to Buffalo to bring Ada home. She could drive and got a job as girl Friday for a law firm. She married a man who was doing about the same as Ada. I remember them coming to Chum and Janes, he was Scottish and funny as a barrel of monkeys and so was Ada.

I remember her telling of going with her Dad who laid brick streets to feed the crew, Italians just off the boat. She said it was just like slopping the hogs.

We took care of Aunt Eva for the last six years of her life and Margaret had power of attorney and although some things had been stolen we tried to divide up my grandmother's possessions. Grandma hooked a rug every year until 1915 when Grandfather died. Margaret and I tried to divide things up, we have two mats one of Jumbo about 1885 and one of an owl still in beautiful condition at our front door, but Jumbo is on a table in our museum in the basement. Dan and Louise's daughter has Grandma's bureau made by Uncle John Wibday, a cabinet maker who was Great Grandmother Kittmer's brother. I repaired it and gave it a wax finish to bring out the natural cherry colour of the wood.



JUMBO, a rug hooked by my Grandmother.
Size: 3 feet by 5 feet

I have forgotten to mention my mother was a seamstress before she married. At that time when you graduated from Public School you could apprentice for a trade, be it a blacksmith, carpenter, cabinet maker, butcher, baker or seamstress for four years. You would take your sewing machine and live with a family and make your own patterns and make clothes for all of them, even men's suits. (can anyone imagine pumping that machine day in and day out). My dad and mother had been keeping company but dad was a hired man and didn't think he was good enough for my mother so he went west and stayed for six years, so he must have gotten homesick. He wrote to a first cousin of my mother's, Anna McDonald and Anna wrote back saying, "You get back here post haste or you might as well stay out there," so he did as he was told. They were married in 1907 and Charlie was born in 1908. They lived in Ingersoll for a year and

moved to a rented farm where the McLeod's and Whyte's homesteaded, then bought the west half of lot 23, concession 13 next to the Lakeside Fairgrounds and the school SS no.10 was on the property and north east quarter lot 23 concession 13 known as Uncle Ben's quarter. Tommy Kittmer had the land south, either 50 or 100 acres, and Jane's 50 was south of that (berry farm now). My father was a very good farmer and liked to have everything neat and tidy and my mother was always well organized and neat and tidy as well and had the steadying effect my Dad needed, he told me as much in later years. I have a feeling that was quite often the case.



My Mother Ada Waud (McLeod)

Getting back to the Waud family history, my Grandfather was the youngest of a family of girls. In England the onus was on the family to pay for education, if you didn't have your penny, you didn't go to school. They lived in Yorkshire where Grandfather Waud spent his time down on the wharves. He could neither read nor write, but learned arithmetic. When he was ten or twelve he sailed for Canada as cabin boy and landed in Halifax where he took off to Annapolis Valley for several years, till Civil War broke out in the States and there was talk of Canada being dragged into it. Since he didn't have any quarrel he worked his passage back to Yorkshire. I should have mentioned that they grew potatoes in Nova Scotia. It was hard labour, they planted with a heavy hoe (we have one) and put so many fish in each hill (caplin) that wash up on the shore. So when he got back to Yorkshire he went into growing potatoes until the blight struck, but not like Ireland, they still had something to eat. By this time he was married and had a young son, my Dad. So he had to have money, he went to Ireland, bought horses and brought them to England and sold them for a good profit and worked passage to Canada for he and his family and worked for a year on the Welland Canal before coming to Ingersoll. In Ingersoll he started a wood yard and a drover's business, he did know arithmetic. He would buy cattle and hogs during the week, Friday midnight they were weighed on the scales at the Town Hall and driven up to London on Hamilton Road to the Great Market about where Central Ave is today. Cattle walked and pigs were in the wagon, no wonder

Dad never let us go barefoot. My Grandmother Waud, Frances Woodhouse died when Dad was a young boy. I have talked to people in Ingersoll who remembered her as a lovely lady. Grandfather Waud married again, but according to Dad she had a mean streak a yard wide, but she wasn't well and died of dropsy.* People still have it, but it can be kept under control now. He married again to Jane Sutherland who was older then he by about 12 years. You didn't hire a house keeper then, it would not be proper. My older brothers remember her as a nice old lady, she is buried in the Log Church Cemetary with her siblings I think.



My Grandfather Waud

*dropsy, a swelling from excessive accumulation of serous fluid in tissue. This term is no longer used in medicine.

There are few Waud's in Canada, there were some at New Durham. We have had calls from the New England States, a Dr. Russell Waud who came from New Durham came to see us one spring. He had been a professor of medicine at Western for thirty some years and before that practiced in Chicago and before that taught school and had been retired for ten. He didn't say how old he was but now he was looking up the Waud's. He told us there were no Edwards in the family, only Edwins. There were two artists working for a magazine in New York. They would climb up in a tree and sketch the battles in the Civil War. Photography could only take still photos back then. The name goes back before the Battle of Hastings, De Wold, De Wald, Wauder (Sir Wm. Wauder was killed in the Battle of Hastings). There are Waud's in the Channel Isle's and still a lot in Yorkshire and Dr. Russell Waud's grandson Kerby Waud came to our family picnic last summer.

Neighbour Helping Neighbour

Getting back to East Nissouri and the subject of neighbour helping neighbour. There were a lot of buildings moved, even in the small area, that I am aware of. On the Townline, John Muir bought a farm house across from where Round's now live and moved it in the winter on sleighs. The road through the swamp was corduroy and narrow, it slipped off the sleighs into the ditch. John thought it would have to be taken apart and be rebuilt on site. Chris McLeod, who was living at the time at what was later the

Benson Baker farm said, “ No John, we’ll get a set of triple blocks and we can put it back on the sleighs no problem!” Chris knew how and there was no problem. Bryan Muir lives there now and one would never know that it was two houses. Down the road at Lot 21, Concession 14 East Nissouri, just north of the Ball home was a store called “The Grange”. I believe it was a type of Co-Op, they were quite popular in the States. Taking orders from farmers, a larger quantity could be ordered at a better price. Charlie Munro filled me in on this while we were lawn bowling. The building was moved to Bennington and used for a Hall for many years. Mac Vannater bought it and moved it to Ingersoll, but was not allowed to erect it (it was in bad shape). There are other buildings moved in that area. The barn where Gordon Cucksey lives was moved from Kintore Sideroad, south side between the 1st and the West Zorra Townline. The Bennington store was moved from the 13th Line somewhere between Lots 21 and 23. The cottage where George and Hazel (nee Kittmer) Cooper lived and where Alvon and Jack were born was moved from Bennington after the Cooper’s went to the Brooksdale area. The house was empty till Fred Elliott’s rented it for three years, then George Noble’s for three.

After the Coopers (George and Hazel and boys) Alvon and Jach went to Brooksdale, John Muir rented the farm but didn’t use the house, which was empty for three years. I learned a lot from John and son Alex. I helped shingle the barn roof learned to drive horses, use a cross cut saw and split wood, I made a

real pest of myself one day Johnny said you do that once more and I'll dunk your head in a pail of water and so he did! "To a good little boy!

I didn't spend much time there when Fred Elliott had the farm rented I was working at Donald McCorquedale's and going to Harrington Continuation School. After George and Verna noble, their family Marjorie, Bobbie, Marion had a baby boy Gordon, I spent a lot of time there and George and I cut wood in the winter and cut off the swamp north west corner lot 15 first concession west Zorra township, Cedar, Pine Hemlock and Rock Elm. George had three horses, a big old Belgian, a Blood mare and a retired race horse not very big but they sure were willing. Everything had to be hauled out of the swamp, George Gates owned the farm and the logs were hauled to his saw mill in London. We always kept in touch with the Noble's. George is gone now and Verna is in a nursing home. We still keep in touch with Verna at Christmas she is blind so her daughter Marion writes for her, Verna was a good friend of Margarets and remember that even though she was blind she knew where everything was.

When Francis and Jean Oliver were madly in love they bought the cottage, tore it down and moved it to the Oliver farm, re-built it and raised a big happy family. Even the barn at our farm, where our daughter Louise and husband Dan live was picked up and moved by capstan to where it is now and put on a stone wall in 1888. A great number of buildings were moved by one means or another. There was a farm house moved from the north west quarter of the north

east half of Lot 20 Concession 12 East Nissouri to Kintore. At Ross Calder's sale there was a capstan sold for very little. If it had been now I would have bought it. I don't know where I would put it but there must be a place. I saw a two story building moved in Viscount, Saskatchewan with a capstan mounted on a Model T frame and cranked by two men, slow but sure on planks and rollers and turned four corners.

The roads in the early days were in a lot of cases non-existent. The road north of our farm was built by the Ross family in lieu of taxes. The logs were huge in our time and they would heave up over winter and the knots in the logs were huge as well. On one occasion a knot in a log stopped the maintainer and the operator's head broke the windsheild, (Don Kipp died 2005). Over the last thirty years roads have improved greatly due to better equipment, knowledge, drainage and the very fact there is a greater buildup of gravel.

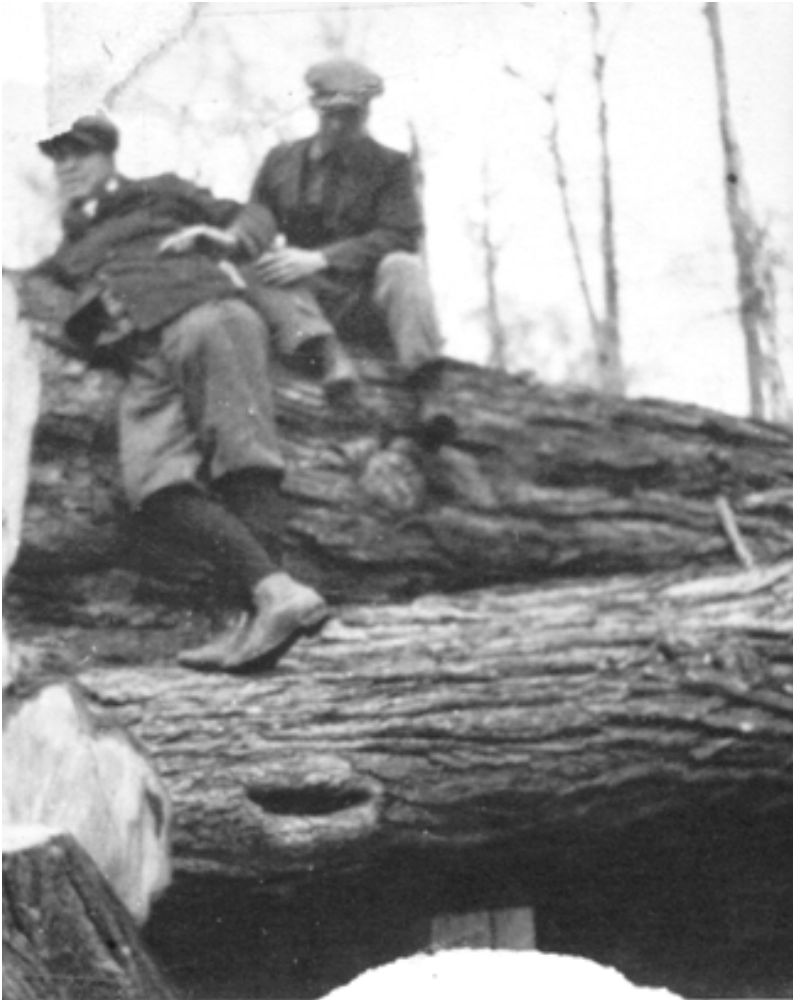
The thought has occurred to me on occasion who would have been the most important person in pioneer times, the doctor, circuit rider, blacksmith, hotel keeper or the neighbour. My guess was a toss up between the blacksmith who could make implements, tools or even pull teeth or your neighbour where you might go for hot coals if your fire went out, think about it. Do people still sing, whistle, talk while they work anymore. I have talked and sung to my team and maybe even a tractor, but where no one could hear.

When I worked in the furniture part of the casket factory, the man next to me, Claude Hughes,

was the most beautiful singer. Bill Sutherland, another cabinet maker would say, "Give us a song Claude" and Claude would oblige old ballads, Scotch and Irish, with perfect pitch and keep on working, even after I went up to the trimming room on the third floor you could hear Claude if the elevator door was open (some voices carry, some don't). He would tell of working in the Evans Piano factory so he must have been in his seventies.

Where was the biggest tree that grew in East Nissouri, or all of Ontario possibly. This particular tree was in Adrian Ball's bush. It could be seen for a great distance, towering over everything. A company in London bought the tree (elm) and hired three men from Embro to cut it down and cut the logs from it. The tree was so big they had to rent a saw either 10 or 12 feet long from Hays in Woodstock, and even then they had to put a wire on each end so the sawdust would clear. Jimmie McArthur was hired to haul the logs out of the bush and up into the yard. We have a picture of the butt log. When Jim got the log on his sleigh, the sleigh was crushed and he was to get ten dollars a log so he bought a brand new set of logging sleighs for forty dollars (this was early 1920's). He got the log out of the bush and it rolled off the sleigh. There was a big growth on the log about the size of a normal large log, so Jimmie blasted it off (this proved to be the only part of the logs used). He got the other logs out and into the yard but no sawmill in Ontario was big enough to saw them. Jim was a neighbour of ours in Embro and he told us he could have quartered every one of those logs with dynamite, but Adrian

was afraid, being that close to the barn. By the way there was 36 cords of cord wood 4 by 4 by 8 in the top. Ken Pickering had a story about the tree that Steve Ball, Adrian's father, started to measure the circumference at eleven and didn't get all the way around and had to stop for dinner.



Possibly the Largest Log in Ontario grew in
Adrian Ball's bush.

The crossway south of Lakeside was in line with our lane. It was or had been a road through the swamp, a corduroy road graveled on top but it sunk to a depth of about three feet. It was my job as a little boy to take the cows down to water and call, “Co Boss – Co Boss!” and they would come out in their own good time. Dad had fixed the Manitoba gate so I could shut it.



The Crossway, just south of Lakeside

Blacksmiths were very important in those days. In every little village there would be one, two or even three blacksmiths. There was a shop just over the line fence and down close to the lake. Jimmie Morrison found a tapping chisel that was made using charcoal instead of coal. Charcoal is used in making tool steel. In the early days they didn't have coal so they used charcoal which made the iron too brittle. In our private museum we have some early blacksmith tools. We have two lathe chisels made at Oliver, and a

tapping chisel from Holiday, with the blacksmith mark. Gordon Ross had a set of harrows with the same mark. I have seen bolts with that same mark. Some things were crude and others quite artistic even when there was no need to be. We have Dan Ross's high chair. He was the blacksmith at Lakeside before Art Fallowfield. Dan Ross was born in a log cabin before 1850 and was still working in his eighties. We have a picture of the Ross home and family as of 1903, Grandfather Alex Ross, Hugh Ross with his wife, Millie, Al, Watt and Jim, and his team.



Alex Ross, Hugh Ross with his wife, Millie, Al, Watt and Jim
(1903)

These two buildings were separated. Harvey and Margaret made it their home in 1952, and this is the current home of Dan and Louise McLennan (nee Waud).

Imagine one hundred and fifty years have passed.

Family

I have been lax in not giving an account of our family. Dave, born 1950, married Jacalyn Renaud and have a family Andrew, Michael and Katherine. Kenneth Allan born in 1952, died in a car, train accident in dense fog, March 2, 1974. Ruth Anne born 1953, married John McKay and have a family Karen, Josh, Chris and Megan. The twins Lorne and Louise, born in 1957, Lorne married Debbie Shearon and have a family Teri, Aaron and Hilary. Louise married Dan McLennan and have family Matthew, Joan and Mari Jane. Dave is a salesman with Sun-North Systems of Seaforth and still has some of the farm. Ruth Anne is a lab technician at the Woodstock General Hospital. Lorne works for the Thames Valley District School Board as media production technician, and Debbie has worked with the Thames Valley, London Catholic and just recently switched to the Huron Perth Catholic Board, always serving in Special Education. Louise and Dan still live on the original family farm. If you need a cake you call Louise.

My wife Margaret, (nee Wheeler), her mother's name Ruby Bowman farmed first on the 3rd Line of Dereham Township, where the family were born. Cecil, Margaret, Charles and Leslie moved to the Bowman farm in the early 1930's when Ruby's brother died. Harry Wheeler came from England as a young man. He and brothers Percy, Charles and Frank and sister Julia were brought over by Uncle Joe Wheeler. Another brother, Sid and his wife Het

wouldn't come. If you are born poor in England, you stay poor, at that time anyway. Harry, Charlie and Frank brought them over about 1960, and for them to see how well off we are here and for them to be so poor and what they could have had if they only had come as well. Margaret was always community minded, went around to call on neighbours and we both joined Kintore United Church and Margaret became quite active in U.C.W and Sunday School as teacher of the Junior Congregation.



Margaret's family, Charles, Margaret, Cecil
Parents Harry and Ruby and the youngest
Leslie Wheeler

Charles Wheeler, (deceased) his wife Marjorie living in Ingersoll, Ontario has family Janet, Pauline and Ralph.

Cecil Wheeler lives in Ajax, Ontario with wife Violet and have family Mary and Linda, (by Cecil's previous marriage to Marguerite, (nee Douglas), after Marguerites death Cecil remarried to Violet and have three children Nancy, Scott and Marcia.

Leslie Wheeler lives in Ingersoll, Ontario at Woodingford Lodge long term care facility for 12 years and had wife Dorothy, (deceased).

Margaret had always worked on the farm as it was war time and she had two brothers in the army. That was when I was working at Dewan's. I think Mrs. Dewan had something to do with getting us together. We were married June 15th, 1949 and farmed in East Nissouri till we moved to Wallace Crescent in Embro in 1987. We still enjoy life, but we are getting slower maybe. Margaret is still involved with the U.C.W and we are still involved with the upkeep of the Townline Cemetery. We have even painted chain link fences and cleaned stones with vinegar and elbow grease. I have been on the cemetery board for over forty years. The Muterer's play the pipes every year at Townline Decoration Service, where we have always been able to obtain excellent speakers. The Muterer's have been at the Services for over thirty years. Jim Muterer has three daughters Joanne, MaryEllen, and Jane, (not in the picture. "Pipers All"



Jim Muterer and his two daughters.

When David and Kenneth were at the University of Guelph, we needed someone to do chores at the beef barn. Jim and Ruth Patience's daughter Mary Anne and husband Harry were living in Woodstock and were not happy. It was noisy and dirty on the hill going into downtown. So we got them to come out. Harry kept those critters like pets. Their first daughter Ruthie was born about that time and by the time she could talk she was calling us Grandma and Grandpa. Wendy was born about two years later. We always gave them a side of beef or so when we butchered. They were like family to us. When our Kenny was killed we had to make a change. Harry and Mary Anne stayed until December. Dave and

Jacalyn were engaged at the time and we gave them the beef farm where Dave spent weekends trying to get the house ready. Margaret, Lorne and Louise and I got the chores done. I remained on council until December but didn't run again. Harry and Mary Anne built a new home west of Ingersoll, just a beautiful home, but Harry died in the summer of 2003 of liver cancer, (why this happens to the very best).



Dave and Jacalyn Waud take over Harvey's second farm on the Kintore sideroad, 1975

East Nissouri then and now!

The Townline Methodist Church was the centre of the community and where your lives partners were found. The Morrison family (the church was on the Morrison Farms) was a family of girls and one boy they all found their partners within a mile! I can't remember all the names but will leave a blank that can be filled in, Uncle Tom Kittmer, Neal Stephenson (Alberta) George Snell (Eugenia) Al Kirk (?), and Jim Morrison (Gretta McLeod) John Muir's second wife Nettie and Susie never married one died in teens, most of them are buried in town line cemetery. My dad had a good car, a Gray Dort, 1918. He took a carload (all brothers-in-law) down to Port Dover on a fishing trip two of these fellows had never ridden in a car, to hear dad tell it, it was some funny.

I've heard my dad talk of neighbors on a Sunday afternoon they would come just to visit. I remember some of them John Stephenson, Dan Sutherland, Alex Lawrence and Billy Dalrymple it was Sunday you didn't work on Sunday, you didn't play on Sunday either. My mother would have a lunch for them. I remember after my mother had died dad would get me from Grandma's on a weekend and we would have company or go somewhere. This Sunday the boys had been playing ball at the fair ground and Charlie broke his wrist. I think dad was more concerned because the boys were playing ball, than Charlie breaking his wrist. One Sunday afternoon Walter Hebden's were there and they lost me, Walter found me, I was trying to start the Model

T. truck. Walter was a good friend of mine I made his day!

After I went back to Grandma's my grandma died and Aunt Eva took care of me. Alex Muir ploughed her gardens and stayed for supper. Alex liked sugar in his tea. I was always a good little kid so I put effervescent salts in the sugar bowl. Wooosh! Alex never forgot!

Neighbours are wonderful Alex Muir was a good friend of the kids, if your bike needed repairs just go down to Muir's. Alex always seemed to have parts no charge. He has taken kids to shows, the circus, and to the plowing match. When he had his own farm he got an old sawmill and put it in working order I think he would stop what ever he was doing to saw a log for you. Alex taught senior boys Sunday school, and I was in the class as recording secretary. We were charged with putting up the stage for Christmas concert and some of the show. One Christmas we put up the biggest tree ever in the church. We got a cedar tree from George McCorquedale's swamp, roped it on top of Muir's Terra plane car. We decorated it laying down, a five pointed star made in the bottom of a sap bucket and a 60 watt bulb, the tree reached the ceiling. We got 3, 8 foot fence posts out of that tree (no kidding). At one of our concerts we performed a major operation behind a bed sheet, and the patient lived! The surgeon working with a steak knife removed an alarm clock, 3 feet of link sausage and a few other odds and ends. The sausage courtesy of Danny Wilson, (there is a kidding everyone!).

Back when my older brothers and sisters were small there was an epidemic of scarlet fever, you were confined, could not ship milk could not associate with anyone, all but for the telephone you were cut off from your neighbor's. J. C. Henderson would bring the calves and leave them at the stable door. He did not ship milk, if you needed grain ground (a grist) you needed a neighbor, in dad's case Billy Dalrymple. When dad was building his barn he bought the flax mill at Thamesford, the neighbors had bees to haul it home. Donald Seaton senior told me that he and Hugh Harris were going down to Thamesford for two loads of timbers. Donald was chewing tobacco, it made him sick and he threw his plug into the pond on the northwest corner of Medina, but I noticed it didn't stop him from smoking a pipe! They didn't know whether to go in for supper or not, as my mother had a new baby Victor. We better as Ada won't like it if we don't!

Ackland Baker was a distant cousin of mine, the first memory I have of him was when he came to fix our radio. I was about four or five years old and he always wanted to trade jack knives with me. When I was at Grandma's he would stop and give me a ride in his car. He had no use of his left arm so he just leaned over the steering wheel while he shifted gears. He had a photographic memory and so when he was clerk of the township he had to take the proceedings home in his head. His sister Marion could put them on paper my brother Victor worked there after our farm was lost. They, he and Ackland had bought a book of service poems, he could read off a poem hand the book to Vic and recite the poem word for word.

We have the complete works of services but I haven't been able to put the cremation of Sam McGee to memory. Noreen Ross gave me the book in memory of Gordon Ross, Ackland graduated from University though doctors had no hope for him, he could hear but couldn't move a muscle not even blink, now wouldn't that be terrible to hear a group of doctors giving you no hope. He went on to wiring a lot of buildings he had the brains if someone had the brawn! His brother Jack had the brawn! Other boys in the neighborhood helped as well, Alex Muir was one of them!

Continuing with good people and people I have worked for, Burns Ross and son John were ditchers, and John was about the best welder who had never had a lesson. I stopped in their just to say hello I guess they were planning to have a trip out west and wanted someone to mow the lawn, hoe the garden and check on the cattle that were boarding there and to work for them ditching when they got back. I was working for Gordon at the time, haying and harvest. Burns, Mary and John were gone a month or so and then came back to ditching. I was to get \$30 a week room and board but he would say on Saturday, "Oh, it's been a hard week, I better give you \$35. I think they must have all been hard week's.

The first place was in the black muck east of London and south of highway 2 to drain the bog we had to have hardwood poles to put under the cat's and over the wide front wheels so the machine wouldn't bog down, I hope the land gained was worth it! We went from their to Ed Henderson's. Burns was a kid too! He had a bit of a problem and chewed Feenemint (laxative) everyday. I was chewing a Chicklet. Now

this was planned, George Fisher, a neighbor was loading the tile boat and covering tile. Burns says to me this gum is getting stale, Burns got a Chicklet, I got a Chicklet, and George got the laxative. When we were going into supper George says. "Oh I better go home, I have a sow due to farrow, and took a shortcut through the cornfield. It was Jack that spiked the Chicklets. It was meant for someone else but to bad to spoil a good thing.

We went from Henderson's to Harold Quinn's, his was a good place, level and no stones, some of the time Jack could spell his dad off on the ditching machine and I could make connections and someone had to help set sights. Every other Friday afternoon we had to stop early and babbett the bearings (babbett is an alloy used for bearings) most used in the older machines and early engines. It took three people, one to take the grease nipple out, one to pour babbett and one to put the grease fittings back and give it a shot of grease! You had to work fast or faster as babbett sets up quickly if you weren't doing anything else you greased bearings.

From Quinn's we put in a couple of kitchen drains and one from the house to the barn, we were told no stones, he was right only boulders. We hit one and I was catapulted out of the shoe (the shoot where tile were layed), Burns wouldn't let me get back in. From there we went to Alvin McKay's lots of help their Mrs. McKay was teaching school at the time so Alvin took us to Embro for dinner and dropped us off at home, he then went to Woodstock for a case of 24. When we hit the big boulder the slide in the shoe was bent, Jack and I got it out and laid it over the front

wheels. The wheels 40 inches high and 24 wide made a good anvil for sledging the shoe back into shape. My feet would leave the ground with every swing as I had to use every pound I had! Burns took a picture of me with both feet off the ground, how I wish I had that picture! We went from their to Flemings, we must've been slipping, no Tom foolery there. Jim claimed I would never go to heaven, I don't know what made them think that. We moved from Flemings to Patterson's on the Governor's Road (now known as number two highway). There was a lot of hard pan in that area, hard going but we had some fun too. One day as we were eating dinner I had a story to tell that must've been pretty funny, Burns got laughing and couldn't stop. He said when we were coming out from dinner (you do that again and you'll walk home without supper!) There was trouble in Mel Patterson's across the road, we must've thought we had it solved but next spring Jack had to try to fix it. The problem was water under the hard pan.



Harvey Waud and Burns Ross Tiling a field.
Not always in a suit and tie, in this case they did
for the photo. (1971)

At Mel Patterson's estate sale I bought an old bell it is very old as the dinger is flat on two sides. When I was carrying it out to the car a lady came to me and said how glad she was that I got that bell as it was her great grandparents and she knew I would take care of it. That made me some proud.

From Patterson's we went to Clifford Sutherland's, Cliff was a prince of a guy. Over the weekend it turned quite cold, Cliff wasn't sure if there was anti-freeze in the engine so he carried quilts back and covered it up. Burns said he had never had anyone do that, or never seen anyone that thoughtful. It was about that time we went to the plowing match, at Lindsay in Victoria County to see a new machine. It was a good machine, but could have made much better time if the man who laid the tile had rode in the shoe, maybe they were afraid. We went from there to George Ross's, Burns older brother. Moving that far was out of the question with that machine, a float had to be hired, that was one advantage of the newer machines. From there we went to Adrian Balls. The weather was getting cold, nasty and foggy, that made it hard to set sites. We got bad colds Jack and I got over it however Burns never did. He had been very ill in England during the first world war. He spent a long time in old Vic (hospital in London).

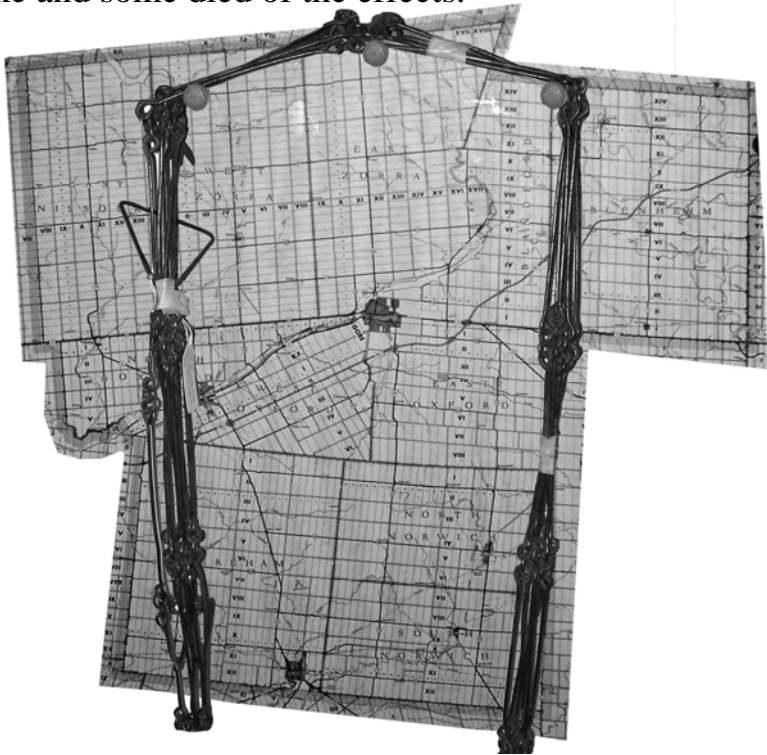
Jack had to take over, he could run that machine and could make repairs, he was a super welder I thought, there was no better welder who had never taken a lesson. Burns had purchased a chainsaw, a Hornet, I think you could hear it for miles so Jack and I cut wood for some of the neighbors and themselves.

I went to work at George Freel's, George had been to the winter fair and had cows in full flow of milk, and George milked three times a day. I guess he was glad to see me come, I knew all about tending cows and didn't mind milking three times a day. 6 a.m., 2 p.m. and 10 p.m. made a short night, George liked to visit, I could have milked faster on my own. Ian was about 4 or 5 and he knew the full names of all the cows, I would try to trick him but you couldn't fool Ian.

Freel's had a German Shepherd, they are very protective. The bread man had to stop and take Ian's sled off the drive, and Skipper wouldn't let him, I had to run and move the sled. When I was a little boy we had a German shepherd, my dog. My dad said if you can't find Harvey, call the dog! King was his name. We knew where to find morrells, mushrooms and puffballs. We knew where to find most anything I used to give King black strap molasses, we had a special spoon for the dog. We always liked a dog. There was a dog that came with the farm a Heinz 57. He was a great babysitter when our twins were born he wouldn't let me take them out of the playpen. Our next dog Lucy was a border collie, spaniel cross cow dog, chicken dog, people friend and loved to ride on the tractor with me. Then we had Napoleon or Napper, he could sort people out. He was a shepherd collie cross a real guard on! Angus Green thought he was just the very best! Some people he tolerated and some didn't get out of the car, he liked the Frisbee and liked to steal son David's gloves I don't think he ate them but we never found them. Our next dog Trix was a purebred border collie, cow dog, my dog, and

she could tell time. She was killed on the road, when she was coming across to see me. I have never hit anything yet and I don't know why, anyone would need to.

The lake at Lakeside, was called Crystal. I have no idea when, why or how the name became Sunova. The lake was owned by the farm's farmers and the road was surveyed across the lake, there is a road allowance four rods wide across the lake. We have a surveyors chain for rods (66) feet long. Surveyors had a very hard time. Their diet was made up of salt pork, beans and things that would keep. The dampness, lodging and swamp fever was very hard to take and some died of the effects.



Antique Survey Chains draped over a map of Oxford County. (1976)

The fairgrounds were a property next to the east side of the lake, 37 acres lot southwest quarter concession 13 East Nissouri 37 acres of land 13 water! We have a picture of the fair grounds on fair day with very few buildings. The livery stable for 100 horses, dance hall, icehouse, boathouse, change house and the floating orchestra stage came later. On dance nights it took all of Dalrymple's cream and a lot of my fathers for ice cream. Apparently the sound of the orchestra coming off the lake was much better so I have been told. I remember there was a cottage for year-round habitation and 4 to 5 summer cottages as well. There was also a racetrack.

The people who bought the fairgrounds fell into hard times and it was put up for sale by auction and George Dalrymple bought it back as it was hard times and he was laid off in London. He had a team of horses but to few implements. He didn't have time to take down the board fence inside and outside the racetrack so he planted potatoes and beans on the track. Inside the track he had a small field of grain. Here and there he was able to cut some hay for his team and he was going to cut his grain with a cradle! Very few young folk know what a grain cradle, is we have one in fairly good repair, Dad told him he can do that, and went down with his good team and binder. No big deal!

The Pavilion was rented each summer for the YMCA boys camp, of Ingersoll. We have a medallion given to the best senior camper 1936. Margaret's Aunt Julia Davies was the camp mother for several years! The boys liked to help George with

haying and harvest, George would have the patience of Job.



Grain Cradle
(from Harvey Waud's Collection of Antique Tools)

Somewhere around 1950 George sold the property and it was turned into a housing development Tree Tops. George bought a farm southwest quarter, Concession 11, he farmed there for about 10 years. His next move was up to northern Ontario, Sundridge. Alex and Wilma Muir went up to see him as long as they were able.

Billy Dalrymple and his wife had a family of six, I know the boys names, Will, George, Russell but the girls I only know by they're married names. May, Mrs. Jack Kittner, Mrs. Walter Hebden and Mrs. Bill Clipperton. Billy was working at a chick hatchery in London and in the 1930's lost his job, in the Depression. He was not a young man but he bought a 200 acre farm at Blythe. He bought a herd of Durham cattle and four pony Clyde's. They were too old to farm but they had good neighbours. One July 12th Orangeman's Walk their house burned, but talk about having good neighbours it was no time and a brand-new two-story house was built. They were still too old to farm. George was not able to help, being a bachelor and his mother needing help as well, so older son Willy, his wife and daughter (about three or four years old) came and took over. Will worked in Detroit and his wife had never lived on a farm. My brother Vic took Dad, Sister Marguerite and I up to see them. Oh what a reunion!

At that time the area was backward to us, while we used the hay loader they pitched the hay on. They did have a hydraulic ram pump, which works on a spring, "what good cold water!" Margaret, Lorne, Louise and I were taking a drive up through Blythe

and inquired at the post office of the name Dalrymple. The name did ring a bell! The son-in-law had taken over the farm. There are so many so closely connected and now only on tombstones, I knew a lot of these same people. One look at the maps of the townships of Oxford and there are very few names still with us.

Looking at the little map of Lakeside, in the map of the township East Nissouri you will see the mill and sawmill, they were run by steam engines. The grist mill run by Dalrymple and sawmill Trothen. They wouldn't have had to draw water for their engine. At one time the east side of the lake was called Cudney Shore that's where the boys learned to swim, at least those with no bathing suit!

At the bend in the road and a little south of the mill was a huge elm tree, it was on Vinning property (the mill was Vinnings' property as well). Uncle Lonnie Kittmer and the Vinnings wanted it cut down (the tree that is). For two dollars they hired my brother Hugh Waud and Barney McLeod to cut it down. It was huge, they had it properly notched and came very near cut off. They were scared. Hugh ran home for Dad and Barney ran for his dad, Uncle Chris. They got it down no problem, I hope the boys got paid. No one could split the blocks, so the limbs were the only part used. George Noble and I could have split that tree, it's all in knowing how! It laid there for years.

When Dad had the grist mill rented I would go up Saturday afternoon. One Saturday Ken Pickering and Wiff Munds were shooting at a tin can on the ice. They were friends of mine, I was seven, they were in

their late teens. Ken taught me how to fire a rifle I got to be a good shot. Dad thought the world of Ken, he was a mischief, the teacher would send Vic home for Dad to talk to Ken. When I was driving school van in Saskatchewan, I had a boy like Ken, a pill but very likable and very dependable.

When I am sitting here thinking the people I got to know in East Nissouri. I was at a place in St. Mary's and they were getting their piano tuned, I can't play but I know when a piano is making good music. I asked the gentleman if he would tune our piano and told him the make, Evans, made in Ingersoll. The gentleman Mr. Windsor was all ears he thought the Evans pianos were the best. Evans Piano had ceased operations, the owners were old they had pianos in music stores all over, Mr. Windsor got the job of tuning these pianos. Pianos will get out of tune sitting, heat and cold or moving them around. When he tuned our piano he gave a real concert. "Now, he says to our daughter Ruth Ann, let's here you play!" Our old piano never sounded like that before! Then he told us that he grew up with the Lombardo boys.

The pianos in the East Nissouri schools (I was on the school board at the time) had been brought in from one room schools, roasted five days and froze for two, even the best were out of tune. With some discussion we asked Mr. Windsor if he would go over our pianos, tune them, those that were worth tuning, two were not, he was able to sell those two for parts. We were at the Woodstock fair and a man was they're selling Yamaha pianos. The appearance and sound were pleasing to the eye and ear, I asked the gentleman what kind of deal would they give the

school board. His answer, three for the price of two, that evening I called Mr. Windsor to find out what he thought of them. His answer, "I bought one and tore it apart, they are a real good piano." The next day I called the agent and asked if we could get the same deal with one, and his answer was yes. That is why A.J. Baker school got a shiny new Yamaha piano. The school board at the time was made up of John Dingwall, John Young, Bill Golding, Mac Robson, and myself. Bill Manzer was clerk. That was the last year of the township school board. The next year I was on Township Council. The last living for both, but the Routes are still with us, I like to thank the cream rises to the top

Worth Mentioning

There are a few other things of interest to mention.

In 1908 the CPR line was built from Zorra Station to St Mary's. At the river south of Embro a bridge had to be built on the road we always called the snakes trail and still do.

A big problem that occurred was between the 13 and 12 Line on the west side of what we always called the half. It was a sinkhole (there are many others). This particular sinkhole was filled with gravel but the next morning, and every morning after that, (I don't know how many times it was filled) it was gone. They were baffled until the engineers heard of filling it with wool or flax straw and it worked. The McLeod's boarded some of the men. Both Chris and Hugh worked on the road so they had a ring side seat.

The same thing happened on the Fullarton Road when Motherwell was swallowed by a sinkhole. The Little Lake at Lakeside is due east of Sunova. In my time Crystal can be seen from Tower Hill on the side road. "Don't get near it, it may suck you in!"

Then there are people who had a great deal of talent such as the Snell family, Donald, John, Mayme and their mother. I remember going up to the Snell's on a Saturday and after John cut my hair he would get out his fiddle, his mother would hum a few bars and John was away. Also, one afternoon we were going to have a wood buzzing bee at Ben Baker's. Ben had just gotten an old Fordson Tractor and hadn't driven a tractor before so he was having trouble setting up to the buzz saw. So Donald Snell had Jessie bring out her violin and he sat up on top of the buzz pile and fiddled while Ben burned over.

In closing, I think in our Private Museum we now have a good cross-section of the early days, don't know if it's a hobby, or a sickness but we are some proud of it. The most valuable are those things that have been donated. Visitors are always made welcome, we have had groups in the past and schools as well. We have had rope making demonstrations at Beachville Museum, every kid gets a rope, young kids or old kids.

We would like the History Book Committees of Zorra to see our Private Museum. It is not, I repeat not, a collection of junk, but priceless tools, kitchen wares and furniture etc. We also have a number of pictures of interest, some of SS no.10, but no names are on the early pictures. If no interest is shown please let us know, as time is passing. If Zorra has no

intention for a Zorra Museum please let us know, for in a few short years this collection will be dispersed.
Harvey Waud, October 25, 2004

“Best wishes to the heritage committee!”



Harvey pictured here in his museum, with one of his prize possessions a rare peg leg. As a boy, Harvey knew a cobbler in Medina who wore a similar wooden leg 1931-1932.

We will miss Harvey Waud, December 19th, 1922- May 17th 2006. Harvey passed away while cutting his lawn, keeping busy was what he liked to do best. “May god bless the good man of East Nissouri, now Zorra Township.”

Lorne Waud

NOTE: These memoirs & recollections were written by Harvey Waud during 2004 and a copy of the original was delivered to the Zorra Township office for the Zorra Township History Book Committee on Oct. 25, 2004. Katherine Waud enjoyed reading her grandfather's writing (although sometimes with effort) and learning from these memoirs. Katherine converted these memoirs to document form to allow easier reading and assistance in preparing a Zorra Township History Book. Lorne Waud (Harvey's son) reformatted Katherine's work and provided the pictures from Harvey's personal collection. (Revised with an additional fifteen pages from Harvey's final chapter. June 2006)

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