

Memories of Sunderland ,Ontario and BrockTownship

\$5.

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River Street in Sunderland
Looking East from the Town Hall

Memories of Days Gone By

Contributors in Order (with thanks from the Sunderland & District Historical Society)

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Christmas Time Long Ago From an article by Helen Westgarth

The article tells about Christmas about 1884 by her aunt Jennie Brown

When I was a little girl, it was impossible to think about Christmas any place else in the world except at Granpa and Grandma Brown's near Udora. You knew Christmas was not far off when we started picking out the geese for Christmas dinner. Christmas Eve we all went to bed early and all three of us were tucked away in the old crib. Once we were awake we began our search for the Christmas stockings. They were filled with candy ,nuts,oranges,dates,figs and we usually got a big candy apple with red stripes on it and a clove in the centre. For breakfast we had flour porridge with thick cream from our Jersey cows, ham and eggs and toasted homemade bread with crabapple jelly. My mother would have a big roast pan of goose or duck ,Christmas cake and wild strawberry tarts to take to grandma's house. We all packed into the green sleigh and were covered with buffalo robes and singing carols all the way there to the jingle of sleigh bells. Christmas was truly a gathering of the family in that small log home ,filled with the Merricks, Browns, and Murrays. After dinner we all were outside skating on the river, snowballing, and visiting the camp of trapper Dan Cameron. He had mink ,muskrat, and fox skins stretched out on boards to dry. When we got too noisy or restless inside Grandma had the habit of opening up an old boiler and bringing out a big round loaf of homemade bread and spread it with butter colored with carrot juice and honey.

Sometimes on the way home with the snow so deep and the pitch holes so bad the sleigh would upset and spill us all out on the road. When we reached home we had to get kindling to light the fires in the kitchen and sitting room and then light the coal lamps. Although times have changed over the years, I still wish for those olden days and remember the fellowship of a loving family reunion. We were happier when times were simple and a pair of homemade stockings or mittens were wonderful gifts. This was a time when we were taught that all men were alike, and that God gave us all we had and Christmas under the roof of the family home was a joy to us all.

We often hear reference to the African proverb, "It takes a village to raise a child". The real meaning of this notion becomes very real as I reflect upon my experiences growing up in the village of Sunderland in the 1950's.

From the age of six until completing my elementary education, I walked the mile through the village from home to school. Along the way, everyone and everything was familiar. After school and during the summer I was free to explore the village and surrounding area. Every day was an adventure. Being home on time for dinner seemed the only control in my life.

Usually somewhere in town, Clayton Woods was building a house. I was fascinated by the speed with which he would cut a board, straight and true. This feat was accomplished using a handsaw that seemed to slash through a "2X4" like a knife through butter. Never could I understand why my efforts to duplicate the task resulted in a crooked or incomplete cut. While a man of few words, Clayton always seemed to welcome my company and the endless string of questions that flowed from my fascination with his work.

Going to the creamery across the street from my home to fetch milk and butter was one of my regular chores. These visits provided an opportunity to watch Elwood Free and his right-hand helper Donny Brooks at work making butter in the creamery or at the adjacent public locker where folks stored their frozen foods. There was nothing better than licking a finger laden with fresh butter drawn on a wooden paddle from the giant churn that these men maintained. I was also fascinated with the chemistry associated with testing the cream drawn from the hundreds of cream cans that arrived daily from local farms.

Hollie Doyle was a classmate and I welcomed every opportunity to visit with him and explore the various undertakings of his enterprising father. Eggs were candled and graded at Doyle's egg grading station just down the hill from Doyle's Lucky Dollar Grocery. Many a Saturday, was spent with Hollie, selling and trading comic books at the ice cream stand located beside the store.

On occasions when mother was out of town, I would meet my father at the post office and he would treat me to lunch. If mother had the car, we would walk next door to the Brock House where George Shier would serve a sandwich at the beautiful old bar that graced his dining area.

On other occasions, we would take the car south of town to Mrs. DeConkey's diner and enjoy her delicious hot beef sandwich drenched with rich dark beef gravy. Aside from the twelve ounce bottle of Wilson's Orange soda always purchased with the ten cents offered by my father when I visited him at the post office, these lunches were my favourite treat.

During winter months, the Brock Memorial Arena became my second home. Life as a rink rat afforded lots of time to marvel at the skating proficiency of Charlie Flaglar, the facility's manager. Were it not for his severe visual handicap, I am certain Charlie's skating skill would have somehow generated his livelihood. I don't think that I have ever seen a better ice skater than this man. With my mother provisioning the rink's snack bar run by the Legion's Ladies Auxiliary, I spent many hours stocking shelves and refrigerators. Hockey was my passion. I enjoyed the game as a player playing on various teams often coached by Newton Reed, the United Church minister and as a spectator regularly watching the intense play of the Harvestors, Sunderland's senior entry in the rough and tumble Ontario Rural Hockey League. All of this provided plenty of material for the weekly sports articles that I submitted to Mrs. Stan Miller, the Lindsay Post's Sunderland news correspondent.

An eye was always kept on the parking area in front of the Sunderland Curling Club. The presence of only a black '52 Chevy signalled the likelihood that caretaker Lloyd Bagshaw was alone and busy with the painstaking chore of making ice. While Lloyd took great pride in the quality of his ice, he was always willing to accommodate an interested youngster dropping by and throwing a few rocks. Even though the attempts rarely passed the hog line, throwing these great stones was always a childhood thrill.

Sunday morning never seemed right without the Saturday Star Weekly on the coffee table and a round loaf of fresh bread on the kitchen counter. Village stores remained open later on Saturday nights and I was regularly dispatched "uptown" where I would stop at Anderson's Rexall and next door at Oldfield's Bakery to get these Sunday staples.

Many a summer day was spent at my friend John's house pressing hamburger patties. John's mother, Doris Glover was the proprietor of the Log Cabin, an eatery at the north end of town. Highways 7 & 12 ran through Sunderland and were the main conduits to cottage country. From Victoria Day through Labour Day, both Friday and Sunday evenings saw traffic creeping through the village. Hundreds of these folks planned a stop at the Log Cabin for a fresh, homemade burger and fries.

A week was never complete without spending a few hours with my elderly friend Jack Fallowdown. Jack lived alone down the street and through my visits often on the way home from school, I learned much about life in Blackwater a small hamlet a few miles south of Sunderland. My grandfather had owned the general store in Blackwater and Jack had worked as a drover often bringing cattle to the Blackwater stockyards to be shipped to market by train. Jack was filled with stories about the various business activities in Blackwater during the period prior to

the second war when Blackwater had been a thriving railroad junction. Through Jack's stories, I learned of the turnip factory, the sawmill operating at the pond on the Beaver River and the elegant restaurant that distinguished the railroad station. These visits also provided an opportunity to explore the barn behind Jack's house. Therein, countless relics were discovered, each to become the subject of one of Jack's tales.

As I grew older, I too wanted to embrace the entrepreneurial spirit that characterized so many of my local heroes. My dad had financed our home through the Veterans' Land Act upon his return from service with the Royal Canadian Air Force. One of the provisions in this program required the veteran to purchase a minimum of one acre of land as a site for the financed dwelling. Given my father's complete disinterest in gardening, our one acre property was significantly underutilized. I devised a scheme whereby I would buy a young steer and pasture it over the summer. Chet Snodden sold me a Hereford calf for a hundred dollars and I was in business. Quickly I learned that cattle have a herding instinct and my calf had little interest in grazing alone. It was impossible to contain him. After the beast had made several trips through a neighbour's garden, it was suggested that I tether him. Using a steel post and chain, his roaming days were curtailed for one day. A severe thunderstorm struck the first night of his being staked and in the morning my prize steer was barbecued. Not only did the venture teach a lesson in physics; when Chet arrived later in the week with an insurance cheque covering my investment, I learned something about the good will of people.

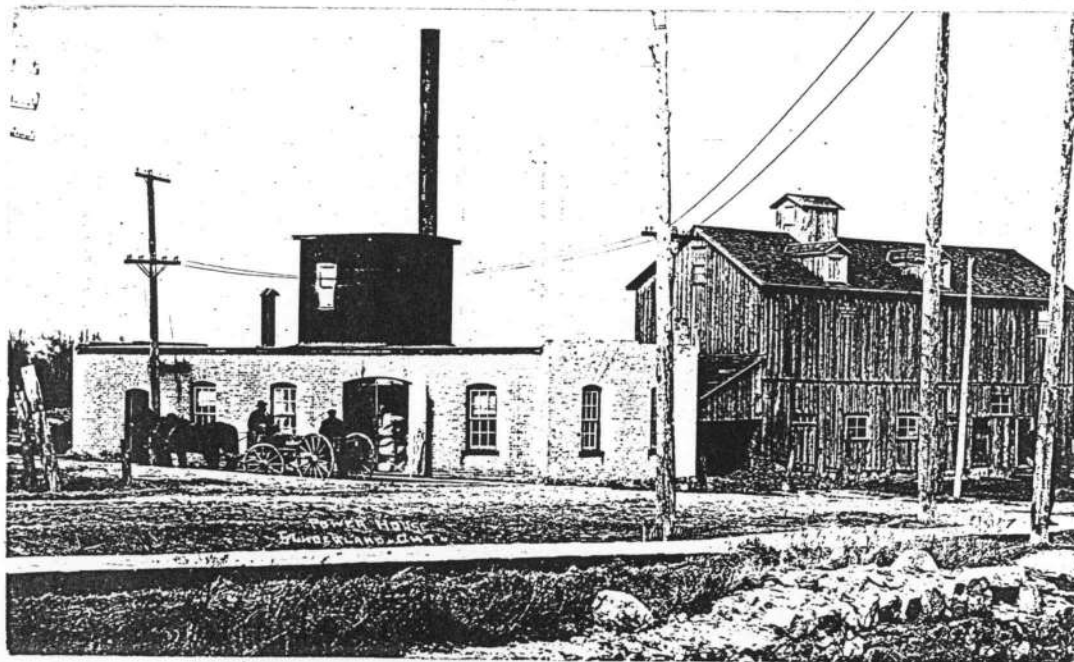
Many a fantasy was played out with friends in the tree house located in the apple orchard behind Skakie's Chevrolet. While the gang associated with this fortress took great pride in their engineering and construction prowess, the truth is that Sam Rae, a neighbour and local

handyman made nightly visits where he would complete structural improvements ensuring our safety.

During this period, a few televisions were finding their way to friends' homes. However, the entertainment that these devices offered could not compare with the escapades to be had in and around town. Howdy Doody just didn't compete with swimming at the Gravelly, a gravel shoal on the Beaver River southeast of town; felling poplars for a 'log cabin' being constructed in "Uncle Bert's (Waddell) bush; climbing the grain elevator at the Co-Op or tobogganing down Doble's hill standing high to the east above the village.

As a child, I viewed life with a sense of freedom and adventure. It was only in adulthood that I came to appreciate that there were many eyes and ears throughout the village looking out for my wellbeing as I took on the world.

Article by Joe Allin



Sunderland Grist Mill and Power House

Norman Doble was born in 1916 as one of 8 children of Bern Doble and Louisa Dusto. They lived on lot 3 and concession 3 in Brock Township. The Doble family had immigrated to Canada from Mayo County Ireland about 1825. The children attended the Ruddy School which was on the third concession just south east of their farm. The land and lumber for the school house had been donated by Norm's grandfathers who were William Doble and James Ruddy. Norm had to look after getting the firewood for the stove in the winter months. Life was tough on the farm and for a long time there was no hydro and water was drawn from a well. A huge cistern in the basement provided the water for washing and the journey to the outhouse in winter was a real cool experience. Horses were used for many years to cultivate the land. In 1929 lightning struck the barn and part of it burned down and several of the livestock were killed. Timber to rebuild the barn was gleaned from the beams in the old turnip factory in Blackwater.

The Doble family attended the Anglican St. James West Brock Church and had ties to that cemetery as early as 1859 when Luke Doble donated land for the church at lot 2 and concession 4. For several generations now the Doble Family and other local families have looked after the care of this church and cemetery. In the early years the farms were pretty isolated in the winter and the only method of travel was horse and cutter. Farmers depended on all the preserves in the cellar that had been put down during harvest times. There were jams, relishes, fruits, pickles and all manner of food stuffs in the Mason jars. Pork chops were partially cooked, then placed in crocks of lard and stored in a cool place. Nothing was wasted. Food scraps from the table fed the dogs and fallen apples from the orchard feed the pigs. Lumber was cut from the nearby woodlot and wood was cut up with a buzz saw into blocks for the cook stove. Horses drew the wood out of the bush on sleds or stone boats. Finally the farm got tractors. Bern got a little Ford Tractor and his son John on the neighbouring farm got a big orange Case tractor. There was never a day without work to be done. If it was pouring rain you could always clean out the stalls or sweep out the cobwebs in the barns. When the harvest was done you could always be picking berries or picking stones off the fields or mending fences. The old crank phone was on the same line as several other families so you could always get the local news if you lifted the receiver quietly. No fancy number just two long rings and a short and you knew the call was for you.

Norm stayed on the farm for about 30 years before he was married and moved to Toronto, but the farm was always the family gathering point for anniversaries and celebrations. This was the focal point that linked the different generations to their heritage.

Memories of Sunderland

Recently Bob Davison returned to Sunderland after being away for about 70 years . His parents and grandparents lived here and although he was born in Detroit he spent many summers here with his relatives as a young lad. Grandma Ida Davison in the early days was a cook at the Brock House Hotel and usually won prizes for her rhubarb pie at the fair. One house she lived in was on Water Street across from the William Snoddon Family. His father Earl Bennett Davison worked for the Grand Trunk Railroad and learned telegraphy from William "Dick" Shier who worked at different stations like Blackwater and Whitby. Earl lost his job to soldiers coming back from the war in 1918 so he moved to Detroit for work. In 1924 he came back to Sunderland and married Madeline Brethour ,his childhood sweetheart, at the St. Andrews United Church. His great grandfather was Robert Bryant ,a veterinary surgeon in Sunderland who lived across the street from the Masonic Hall on Albert Street. Dr. Bryant used to jack up the rear tire of his Model T Ford so it would be easier to crank start the vehicle. Stores in Sunderland were open on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights so the farmers could do their shopping. On Saturday they often stayed open until midnight. One night they closed the street off and held a dance with the band set up on a platform in front of Art Brethour's Barber and Tailor Shop which is now the Magic Door Art Gallery.

Times were tough during these depression years. Bob remembers his grandfather Art once had a salt and pepper sandwich for lunch . Bob would go across the street to the butcher shop to get the free liver and kidneys for meals. Many families in town kept chickens and Sunday dinner was stewed chicken and dumplings. In the 1930 and early 1940 period "hucksters " came to town selling their wares. Bob remembers one such man who poured the medicine on his leather shoes and it was supposed to soak through and cure his corns and bunions.

People often waited by the post office for the train to deliver the mail. The mail car which was called The "Doodlebug" and was near the engine . East of Art Brethour's Barber shop was a store that had

barrels of flour,oats etc . and everything was weighed and put in bags. Next was Pinkham's Funeral Home and Furniture Store , then Bagshaw's Hardware and finally a large parking lot with buggy sheds at the back of the Brock House Hotel. The bank was next to the east and just down the hill was the blacksmith shop where the blacksmith heated a wagon wheel rim red hot and pounded it onto a wooden wheel and then dunked everything in cold water to shrink the metal rim. At Highway 12 there was a feed mill and the diesel engine could be heard all over town.

Bob remembers the Sunderland Baseball Team playing the "House of David" team from Benton Harbour, Michigan , a small plane landing at the fairgrounds and ice skaters in the old wooden arena. Across from the barber shop was Rundle's Hardware , Anderson's Drug Store, and Oldfield's Bakery / Ice Cream Parlour. Behind Oldfield's was Mr. Flagler who fixed watches and sold honey from his bee hives. Further west on River Street was another tailor shop and Gordon's gasoline station and repair shop. The gas was pumped into a glass cylinder which held ten imperial gallons. The gas pumps had different coloured gas to denote the various types of gas. There was blue, green and red. One of the mechanics there, Sam Fallowdown in 1943 lost his son, Ken ,who was an airman in World War II. Just west of the garage lived James Brethour , his other great grandfather and across the street next to the town hall was Dr. Oliver. Up the dead end street north of St. Mary's Anglican Church was the dentist Dr. Wallace. On Wednesday with the stores closed, he and his grandfather Art Brethour would head north to the Gambridge Locks for a fishing trip. Clarence Umphrey, west of town, had a barn raised and the wives cooked all of the meals for the helpers. One special treat he remembers was the home made butterscotch pie with the crust made from tasty lard. Bob remembers shopping at the Glendinning dry goods store in the old McDermott Block at River and Albert and the "Honest Integrity " Euchre games in the back of Art Brethour's Barber Shop. He often would go to the town hand water pump at the corner of River and Church Street to get a pail of drinking water. Rain water for washing was collected in a large cistern in the Art Brethour's basement and drawn upstairs with a hand pump.

Seventy later when he came back, there were still things the same to rekindle memories of his past.

Autobiography by John Wingrove Doble

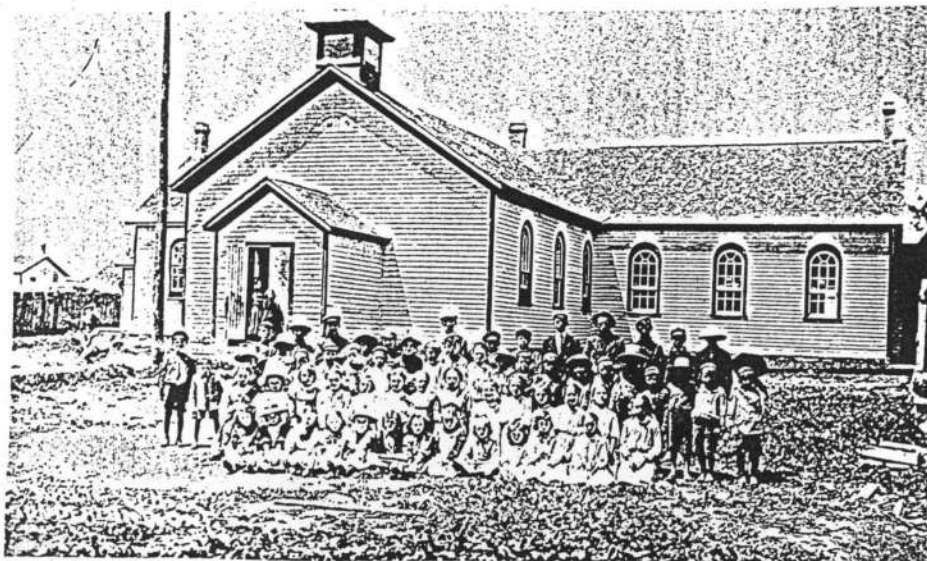
I was born on October 16, 1925 at the home of my parents Talmage Doble and Mona Hopkinson, My brother Keith and I lived on a farm about 1 mile east of Sunderland on the south side of the 6th concession of Brock. This farm was purchased by my great grandfather Robert James Doble in 1850.

Our farm was initially a mixed farm enterprise but about 1940 we had a dairy farm with Jersey cattle. The farm was close enough to walk to all the local activities in Sunderland. I attended Sunderland Public School and our family were members of St. Andrews United Church. I was part of the young people's group and we put on plays and I sang in the church choir. On Arbour Day we helped clean up the school grounds located on River Street west of St. Mary's Anglican Church and then had a picnic lunch at Herb Baker's Bush on the south side of the 5th concession of Brock. Each fall during the Sunderland Fair the entire school marched in the parade to the fair grounds.

I worked on the family farm from 1940 until the early 1970's and then worked in the municipal office first in Port Perry and then in Mariposa and was a clerk-treasurer for over 15 years. I was a member of the Brock Township Council as a local representative and later was a Regional Councillor.

I felt my success in politics was due to the fact that I was descended from one of the original families that settled in Brock and the fine reputation that the family had over the years.

I was always a great fan of the Sunderland Tigers Hardball Team and proud that they won the York-Ontario and the Ontario Baseball Intermediate C Championship in 1935. The social life in Sunderland centered around many of the activities in the churches and dances were held either in the Town Hall or during the war on the main street. Saturday night was the major shopping time and gathering for social activities. Cars were angle parked on the street, farmers shared stories, and young people headed over to Oldfield's Ice Cream Parlor at Church and River Street. In the early days winter travel was done by cutter or sleigh as the roads were impassable for other types of vehicles. During the drier seasons we traveled by car. It was a wonderful time to grow up in a rural community where you knew your neighbours and supported the local merchants.



Sunderland Public School
River Street

MEMORIES of SUNDERLAND

I was not born in Sunderland, but my father and grandfather, Reaford and James Gordon were born there, and my great-grandfather, William Gordon and his wife, Margaret Buchan, emigrated there in 1854. As a young girl, I often visited with relatives in Sunderland and area. Many of my father's maternal relatives, the Campbells, married Sunderland people.

My grandmother, Catherine Campbell, came from the Bolsover area to Sunderland to stay with Jane Campbell & her husband, Dr. James McDermott., and that is probably how she met Jim Gordon. Another of Jane's sisters, Sarah, married a James Brethour in Sunderland.

Because my grandmother, Catherine, died at a young age – my father was eight when she died – I think my father wanted to reconnect with his Campbell relatives, so we spent time in Sunderland with her sister, Aunt Mary Anne McPhaden, whose husband, Charles, had died young and left her with young children. One of them, Allie, married William Nassau Doble (or 'Gypsy Bill' as he was sometimes known). My sister recalls the very steep stairs in the Doble home and how she always bruised her shins on them. My sister and I would lie in bed in their home on River Street near Highway 12 and listen to the cars swishing up the highway as folks went to their cottages on Friday nights. It seemed like a continuous line of cars even in those days. Allie always served pie for breakfast – something I had never seen before and thought very strange, but I guess Will needed sustenance for a long day's work. When Aunt Mary Anne McPhaden died in 1942, I will never forget attending her funeral and sitting on the horsehair couch - most funerals were still in homes in that era – and I remember how uncomfortable it was! Allie and Will Doble's daughter, Mary, married Dr. Carl Taylor from Udora in 1941 when he was in the service, and when they were "courting", I was allowed to go along with them in their car.

A little girl doesn't forget that!

We remember how handsome Carl Taylor looked in his uniform at Allie & Will's.

When we went to Doble's, if it was summertime, we were taken to the blueberry 'swamp' at Derryville. To this day, I do not like blueberries because memories of those attempts at picking in that swampy area!

We always visited Allie's sister and her husband, Elva & Percy Flagler, the local jeweller.

Elva had married Percy after the death of his first wife, and helped him raise his three boys, one of them being Charlie, who remained in Sunderland until his death.

Another Campbell sister, Lizzie, was married to another McPhaden, Joseph, or 'Joe Patch' as he was known, and we always visited there. Sturgis McPhaden, one of Lizzie & Joe's children, was not only my father's cousin but also his stockbroker for many years.

While it was not actually in Sunderland, we stayed at the Innes farm – Aunt Margaret Gordon and Uncle Jim Innes to my father – and Les Innes, and Frank Innes and his wife Marion Stainton – Carol Brooks' parents. That was a great place to visit as we were spoiled by Aunt Maggie – who was also Ross Cookman's grandmother.

I'm sure Marion Innes used to dread us coming to be fed again as if she didn't have enough to do with Aunt Maggie and Faye, Carol and young Jim as well. The road getting there up and down the hill on the 4th concession to the Innes home was not for sissies – I still remember the washouts and the times when we could not navigate the road. My grandfather, James, married an Innes, Emma Innes McDougall after his first wife, Catherine Campbell died in 1906.

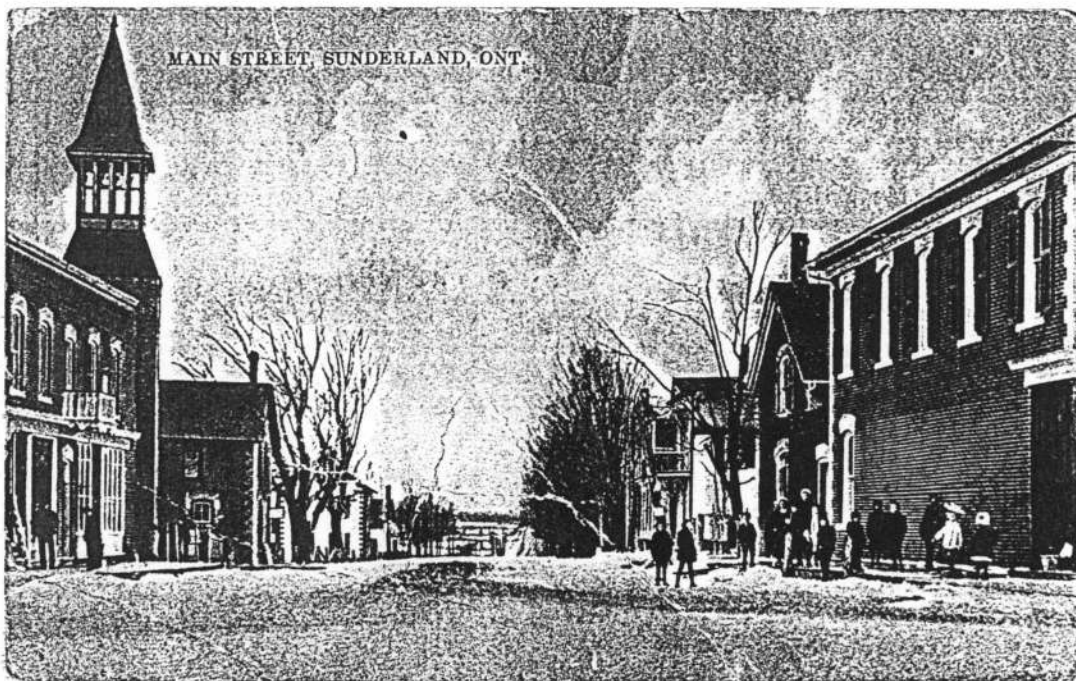
My father was born where his Uncle Richard Gordon's farm was located on the edge of town, although Dad always said he was born where the saw mill was on the highway, and Richard's son, Hugh, and his wife, Madeline Rynard, became two of my favourite relatives – Madeline gave me my first 'Toni' home permanent - and especially when they moved to Toronto and we saw them

frequently. We also had many visits with Hugh's sister, Bessie Gordon and her husband, Henry Wood, a barber in Toronto, also from Sunderland and son of Moses Wood.

In later years, Henry and my father delighted in shouting at each other on the telephone- they were both deaf- as they recounted stories of relatives in Sunderland. Would that I had listened to more of these conversations than I did!

I have memories of spending Saturday nights sitting on the sidewalk outside one store or another while my father and his relatives visited or shopped. It seemed like real crowds to me especially for a Saturday night which we were not accustomed to even in Toronto in the 40's.

Since our family never actually stayed for long holidays in Sunderland, my memories are more of the relatives than the buildings. But those memories are of happy times that always made my father very happy, and probably started me on my search for all the family information I could gather.



Main Street (now Albert St)
Looking south from the CIBC

My grandparents Isabella Keeler and William Wright lived a farm east of Manilla and their families came from Yorkshire, England and the Isle of Tyree in Scotland. My great grandfather John Miller came from Ireland and was a Palatine whose family had come from Germany about 1710 to Limerick Ireland. About 1849 he began farming north of Vallentyne and his 7 sons all had farms when they were married. In our family the farm went to his son George and then my father Lorne and my brother Ken Miller.

We attended the Vroomanton SS12 School and then the Reekie School in Brock Township. I remember the teachers reading us stories after lunch at one room the schoolhouse. Christmas was always a special day and the families all gathered together. Our gift was often hand made by our parents. On Arbour Day we worked hard in the morning and in the afternoon we had a picnic in Taylor's Bush. For entertainment there were hockey and basketball teams to play on and school dances, skating at the arena and plays at the Sunderland Town Hall.

We had an old yellow car that we drove to high school and to the movies. In winter we used a horse and sleigh to travel on when the roads were hard to navigate by car. On market day my dad took geese to Pefferlaw for the Christmas and grandmother Wright would take butter and other foodstuffs to the market in Cannington.

As I was growing up Sunderland had on the main street Anderson's Drug Store and next to it was Oldfield's Bakery and Ice Cream Parlour. To the east was Haney's Ford Dealership, Taylor's General Store and across the street Bagshaw's Hardware and the Brock House Hotel.

Our family had been for many years closely linked to St. James United Church in Vroomanton. It was the social centre of the area and a site for many concerts and suppers as well as church services. I have served in many capacities here and Sunday School teacher, member of the UCW, and a leader for the youth group and Explorers as well as on the Board of Directors to keep the church going.

In a rural area it was sad to see the closing up of some of the local one room schoolhouses and the Sunderland Continuation School because they gave a uniqueness to each small community.

Over the years I worked on the farm and then in Bud's Restaurant. Later I worked in Oshawa General and the Toronto East General Hospital. I also worked at the Wolf's Den (Candlecraft) and Lakeview Manor.



This is a Personal, Cordial Invitation
for you to attend the

UNION EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS

CONDUCTED BY EVANGELIST

Alex. Torrie, B.A.

IN SUNDERLAND, ONT.

Beginning **SUNDAY, Nov. 27**
at 7 p. m.

IN THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Week-Night Meetings begin at 8 sharp.

The 2nd week of meetings will be held
in the Methodist Church

Come and Bring Your Friend

The history of the Snoddon family in this area dates back to about 1851 when William Snoddon built a hotel at Udora and sold off some building lots. I attended school for one year in Sunderland and then moved to Udora to live at my Uncle Oscar and Aunt Hazel's farm. Hazel was my father's sister and when my mother was unable to support both me and my sisters they took me in.

In 1935 I went to the Shiloh School and it had 8 grades with one room and one teacher and no hydro, just a wood stove. One of my teachers was Doris Bagshaw and she married Morris Snoddon. At that time if a young woman married then she could not continue teaching. I walked to school each day and it was about a mile from our farm. Like most of these stories the walk was uphill both ways.

The farm was about 100 acres and we had no tractor. All the work was done by 3 horses on a two furrow plough or 2 horses on a single furrow plough.

Church services were held in the school for a period of time and then we went to the Udora Church. They had a very active young people's group on Friday nights.

Each year our family went to a park at Port Bolster on Lake Simcoe for a family picnic on the Sunday closest to July 30th as this was the day closest to the birthday of my grandfather William Snoddon.

Our families also celebrated Christmas at the farm of my Uncle Stanley and my aunt Myrtle. Myrtle was my father's sister. In 1948 and 1949 I went out west to Munson Alberta to help with the harvest.

In 1950 I started to work at General Motors and I retired in 1988. I belonged to the Sunderland volunteer Fire Department from 1955 until 1993. When I started they had one truck, a 1950 GMC and 8 sets of coats and boots. After I retired from the motors I worked at the Sunderland United Cemetery for seven years.

When we were young Cecil Snoddon and I helped my grandfather bag turnips for sale at Blackwater Station. The large turnips were sold to grocery stores and the small ones we loaded loosely into boxcars so that they could be used as a filler in making jam.

We travelled around with horse and buggy in the summer and horse and cutter in the winter. Uncle Oscar had an old car with water in the radiator but it would freeze up in winter and the road was not plowed out until the spring so we horsed around most of the year.

When I lived with my Uncle Chester and aunt Grace we drew the milk cans to Blackwater across the fields until the road was passable in the spring. In Sunderland I still remember Elgin Bagshaw's Hardware Store and Rundle's had a store across the street. Wilfred Haney sold tractors, cream separators, and stoves where Flindall's Freshmart is now. Gordon's had a butcher shop where Katie's is now.

I remember the great fire in Sunderland in January 1949. Clay's Restaurant, Henderson's Barber shop and pool room and Neil McPhaden's grocery store all burned down. I remember being on Bill Doyle's rooftop with Bill McDougall as part of the bucket brigade trying to keep his store from catching fire.

By Earby Snoddon

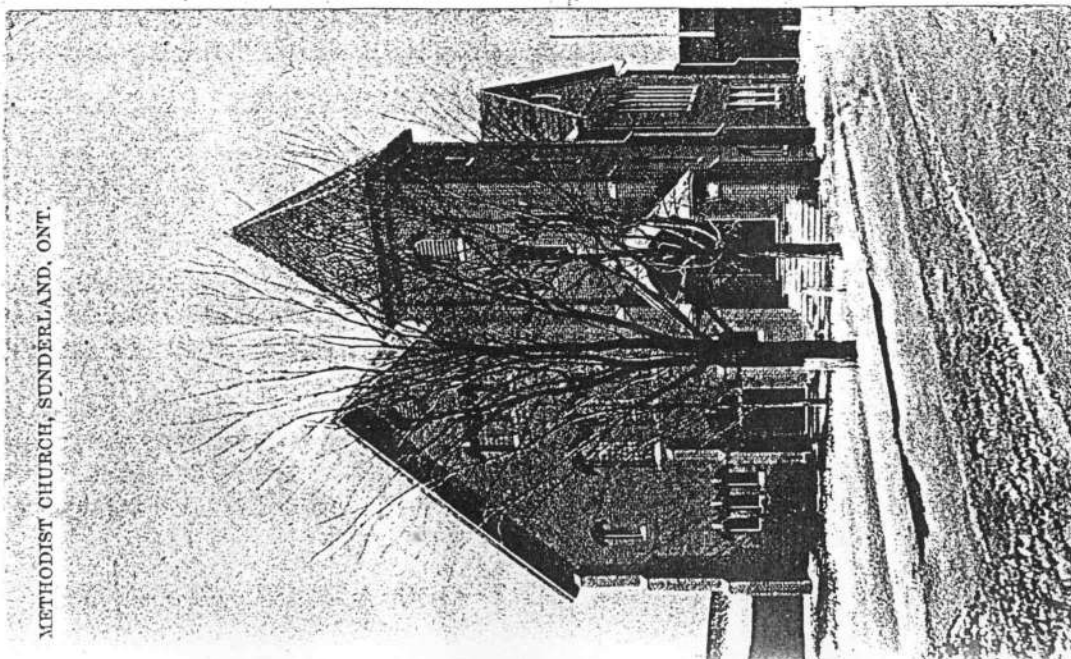
I was born in Sunderland England in 1930. I started school at age five and finished at age 14. I started working on a farm and then when I was 16 I began to work in a coal mine. When I was 17 I immigrated to Canada. I came to my uncle George Parry's farm in Brock Township near the small town of Vroomanton.

Each Sunday we attended the Vroomanton United Church and also went to many of the church suppers and social events. There was also a young people's group to help co-ordinate local activities. When I was eighteen I joined the Loyal Orange Lodge in Vroomanton. It was a fraternal organization that worked to help promote Protestant views and also to act as a social safety network to help those in need. There were Orange Lodges in Derryville, Victoria Corners, Sunderland and Wick as well as in other small towns. I got to play the big drum in the band and each July 12 we would march in a parade to celebrate the victory of King William of Orange at the Battle of the Boyne. For a few years I worked on the farm and then I went into construction and road work. After working for Loblaw's in Toronto for a few years I joined General Motors in Oshawa from 1956 to 1986.

Locally I played on the baseball and soccer teams in Sunderland and helped to work on the old and new hockey arena and the old Curling rink. I remember the Blacksmith shop in Vallentyne and a time when you could get both the car and farm implements fixed at the gas station in Vroomanton.

In the early days we travelled around by car and truck and we had a 1940 Packard and a 1934 Ford.

When we went to the bush for firewood we had two horses and a sled. In those days you could use the sled on the roads until about 1955 when the Road Department started to put salt and sand on the roads.



By Irvine Morris

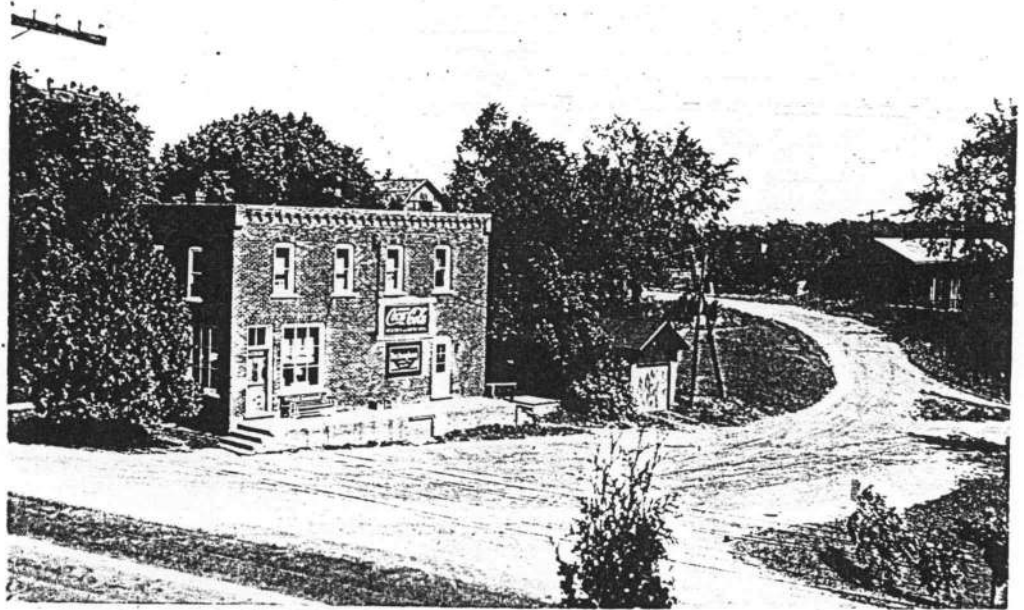
My grandfather William Archibald Morris was born in Guysborough County, Nova Scotia in 1820 and was one of a family of seventeen. He was the grandson of Richard Morris who had arrived in Nova Scotia in 1784 with a shipload of United Empire Loyalists from the U.S.A. after the War of Independence.

They were dumped ashore in the wilderness with a few tools and provisions but very little else. They had all received grants from the British Crown, and Richard Morris's land grant was next to that of Frances Irvine who was another of my great-great-grandfathers.

William came to Ontario as a young man and eventually built a home of some sort on the south side of the fourth concession of Brock west of the church and quite close to the top of the hill. It must be assumed that he was a squatter, since Brock Township records do not show him as ever having been a landowner. This is where my father Richard was born. Richard went to school at the Ruddy School on the third concession of Brock which eventually became the private home of the Marquis family. The school was built in 1866 and I Irvine Morris also went to school there.

I remember the old St James West Brock Church on the 4th concession of Brock. My mother and brother and I used to travel to church by horse and buggy in the 1920's. We did not get a car until 1929. I vividly remember my mother's efforts to get between the buggy wheels and into the buggy, because my brother had a very skittish young horse who was not about to stand still while passengers were loading. I remember also a cold winter day when the three of us and Reverend Howe were the only ones at the service. Ross Doble, who lived across the road east of the church was about my age and we occasionally sat together in church. Our legs at that time were not long enough to reach the floor. We had a game we used to play which didn't endear us to our mothers. We would put nickels on the toes of our shoes and see how long we could swing our feet before the nickels fell off. Nickels rolling around on that wooden floor used to make quite a clatter!

My grand father was a carpenter and built the pews for the church.



GREETINGS FROM BLACKWATER, ONT., CANADA.

V421



TOWN HALL, SUNDERLAND, ONT.

Memories of Growing Up in Sunderland, Ontario

Oldfield's Bakery by Roy Oldfield

I do not have too many recollections of working in the store and bakery until I was around 7 or 8 years old. I am sure I was there, however I have forgotten about any of those experiences. I do recall the fire at the post office and Clay's restaurant at which time I would have been 5 years old. The time frame I will generally be referring to during this presentation is from 1949 or 1950 to 1964 or 1965, a span of some 15 or 16 years. My earliest recollections are of waiting on customers from behind the counter and when they asked for products we would go to the shelves and retrieve them or scoop ice cream cones. We tallied up the cost on a piece of paper or wrote it down in a statement book if they did not intend to pay upon receiving their groceries. One copy of the statement would be given to the customer and we would keep a copy in the statement book or on a clip until the bill was paid. Over the course of time and the years that the store operated we had very few bad debts. We had statement books with customer's names on them as we would keep a running tally and then they would pay off some of it and so on and so on. We also had three hard backed books or ledgers in which we kept a record of payments. These were used by Uncle Reg on the delivery routes and neither Marion nor I can remember or explain how they worked but they did.

I have many recollections of the store and the good times we had there. I recall the bulk cookies so if you were hungry you just took one. Generally there were Oreo's or the equivalent of Oreo's, there were fig Newton's, a vanilla cream centered cookie, and usually chocolate covered marshmallow cookies with a dab of jam in them. Other bulk items we had were macaroni, corn meal, rice, oatmeal, raisins, dates, and coarse white and brown sugar in bins. I can remember taking lemons and cutting them and dipping them in the brown sugar and sucking on them. We also had barrels of white wine vinegar. Customers would bring their gallon jugs in and have them filled. Of course those were the grocery items. We also had bulk candy. There were always Scotch mints, humbugs and chocolate mounds or hills which had cream centres either white or coloured and flavoured. At Christmas the variety of candy increased to include French creams, gum drops which were red, green or white covered in coarse sugar, hard candy or rock candy. It would have a ribbon candy in it with which I often absconded. Speaking of Christmas, we would always have on hand a case of large sized oranges for

customers to buy for their children's stockings. All of the bulk items were weighed on a scale and we had two scales, a large one which weighed up to 30 pounds for the grocery items and meat and a smaller scale which weighed up to 3 pound for the candy. Every year a government inspector would come to the store to ensure that the scales were calibrated correctly and if so, a sticker was affixed to the scale verifying the accuracy of the weight. As well there was an inspector who came from the government who would take a pound of butter and insert a hollow probe into the butter and remove a sample for testing. Speaking of meat, we had cold cuts which we sliced for the customers. The variety was extensive, from bologna, to mock chicken, mac & cheese loaf, cooked ham and head cheese which came in a metal pan. These were in demand from customers to be used as baking pans. In fact Jane & I have 2 in our kitchen, which we continue to use. The only fresh meats we sold were cottage rolls, wieners and sausages, as well as bacon, both side and back or peameal. The peameal bacon came wrapped in paper with a wood slab under it so that it was not floppy. A relative of Lester Keeler's, Herb Keeler, who had a grocery store in Fort Wayne, Indiana, always took a whole peameal bacon back with him. I never asked but I assumed he sold it to his customers in Fort Wayne. Canadian back bacon is still a rare item in the USA. We never sold hamburger or roasts of beef as that would have been competition with the butcher shop or shops. The meat orders were delivered on Tuesday and Thursday and were from Canada Packers, Swift's or Burn's. There are fond memories of cooked ham as we would shave it off and put it in a fresh baked bun which we had buttered and on occasion we would slice off a piece of cheese from the half triple blocks of either mild, medium or old cheese and add it to the sandwich. During Lent, we would get a whole frozen salmon and cut it into salmon steaks for sale. We would order a whole loin of pork, with the bones in, that we would use ourselves after cutting into chops or roasts. We would use a butcher's saw to cut through the bones. On occasion we would order a roast of beef but generally we would buy beef from Charter's butcher store in town. The other butcher shop was Ballard's. I recall being there one afternoon when they were making sausages. I recall that beef steak or roast beef was 98 cents a pound and hamburger was 49 cents a pound at Charter's. Some of the other prices of meats I remember from our store are wieners at 39 cents, cooked ham \$1.20, bologna 39 cents. Of course this was for a pound. I also remember some grocery items priced as follows: soda crackers 20 cents 1/2 pound and 39 cents a pound box. We sold both Christies and Weston's soda crackers either with salted or plain tops. Bananas were 19 cents a pound, Campbell's tomato soup was 2 / 27 cents, vegetable 2 / 29 cents and most of the other soups were 2/31cents, butter was 60 cents a pound.

Fruits and vegetables were a big part of the grocery items in the store. They were delivered to us twice weekly, either from Polito's, who were located in Lindsay, or by Rusto's, who were from Newmarket. We always had bananas on the stock which hung at the front of the store and we cut them off the stock with a banana knife. It was curved, very thin and very sharp. Dad wrapped them up during the cool weather to protect them and it appeared that there was a body hanging in the window. Oranges, sold by the dozen, were in wooden crates and these orange crates also were a popular item as they could be made into bed side stands or

dressing tables. In fact through Eaton's catalogue, you could order covers for them. Grapefruit came in wire bound crates, apples in bushel baskets, peaches were in 6 quart baskets, Concord grapes as well. Tomatoes were either in 6 or 11 quart baskets. Tomatoes also came in wooden cases which we would pack from the wooden case into cello packs 4 tomatoes to a package. Mushrooms were in 5 pound boxes which is still the way they come today. You knew Christmas was approaching when the Emperor grapes would come in the wooden cases. As well, there would be bushel baskets of peanuts, walnuts and mixed nuts in their shells. Celery came in wooden cases standing on end. Of course, onions were bulk and in the spring we sold onion sets and multiplier onions for planting in the garden. Onion set would grow into full sized onions and multiplier onions would be used as green onions in salads. The only lettuce I recall were heads of iceberg. Spinach came in cello bags.

I mentioned earlier that we took buns and made sandwiches. Of course a big part of the store was the bakery. We made white bread, brown bread and rolls or buns. The bread and buns were baked in a wood burning oven. The bake oven had two levels in which to bake the bread. The base of the ovens were oven bricks which distributed and held the heat. My dad claimed that he burned all of the cedar rail fences in Brock Township to bake the bread. There were two fire boxes in the oven and one would be lit late at night and the other early in the morning to have the oven ready for the bread to bake. We used the orange crates, grapefruit crates and the slab from the peameal bacon as kindling to start or as it was called "to lay up the fire". The cedar was used to bring the temperature up fast to heat the bricks and then it would die down to allow the bread to bake. When the fire was lit over night we would use hard wood to ensure that the coals were ready for the morning. . Uncle Reg worked the early shift and my dad Len would start work in the bakery about 9.00 AM. We baked 120 loaves of white bread on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. There were both long and round loaves of white bread. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday we baked brown bread. I do not recall how many loaves of brown bread we baked but 60 comes to mind. We never baked round loaves of brown bread. There were different sized pans for the white and brown bread. There were rolls or buns which were baked on flat trays and we made dinner rolls, hamburger and hotdog buns. We baked hamburger and hotdog buns for the Log Cabin Lunch, owned and operated by Allan Glover and one August Civic Holiday weekend we made 90 dozen hamburger buns for them. That totals 1080 buns and a lot of hamburgers. We only made special rolls for either the United Church when they were catering for a wedding or for the Masonic Lodge banquets, which were in October, for Inspection, now referred to as the official visit of the District Deputy Grand Master and for Installation of Officers in June. For those special occasions we would make knots. To make them you rolled the dough out as if you were going to make a hot dog bun and then tie it into a knot. On the rare occasion, we would make a Parker House roll. All of the bread and rolls were formed by hand. We mixed the bread and bun dough in a mechanical mixer and after that the only machine used was the bun cutter which was also hand operated, to cut the buns into a uniform size, after which they were formed by hand. After the bread was baked, it was removed from the oven and cooled. We took the bread out of the pans and

placed it on a cooling rack. Once it was cool enough, it would then be wrapped in waxed paper. The waxed sheets were pre cut, once the bread was wrapped by hand; it was put through a machine, which we called the bread wrapper, which had a heater in it to seal the end and bottom of the waxed paper. Marion & I often got the job of wrapping the bread. When it was wrapped it would be stacked on end in a shredded wheat carton or box which fit the bread perfectly. Once a year there was a special loaf of bread made and it was a braided loaf which was used on the altar at the Anglican Church for the Harvest Home service which was held in the fall. The loaf was taken home by the minister for his eating pleasure. Mrs. Percy Flagler provided the fresh grapes from her garden for the display on the altar. As well, we made Hot Cross buns in the weeks leading up to Easter. Bread, during the years I was a youth and early teens was 16 and 17 cents a loaf. It eventually increased to 21 cents a loaf. Dinner rolls were 20 cents a dozen and hamburger and hot cross buns were 25 cents a dozen. Jane & I paid \$10.00 a dozen for hot cross buns at Cobb's Bakery in Oakville last Easter. You could either have the traditional hot cross bun or have them made with chocolate chips at Cobb's bakery. You would have been able to purchase 40 dozen hot cross buns at Oldfield's Bakery for the price we paid at Cobb's. We had a customer, Mr. Patterson, from Whitby, who bought 20 loaves of brown bread every Saturday night on his way to his cottage. We often thought that he resold them to his neighbours. One of the things I liked to do was take a fresh roll and put a scoop of vanilla ice cream in it to make a real ice cream sandwich.

The mention of ice cream of course brings to mind the ice cream parlour. There were benches and tables for customers to sit at and enjoy ice cream sundaes on a Saturday evening. We made sundaes with fruit topping as well as with butterscotch or chocolate. These sold for 20 cents a serving. Banana splits were 25 cents and had 3 scoops of ice cream with fruit topping and a banana. There were milk shakes available for 20 cents and of course soda floats. Ice cream cones were 5 cents for a single scoop and 10 cents for a double scoop. Saturday night was the big night and often after midnight we would tell customers we were out of ice cream so that we could close the store and go to bed. The ice cream came from Country Club Ice Cream in Orillia and was delivered twice a week. The ice cream came in 5 gallon metal containers from which we scooped the ice cream for cones and sundaes. The containers were picked up by the delivery man and returned to be refilled. Eventually they converted to paper tubs and these empty tubs were recycled and used as waste paper containers after being covered with wall paper to make them decorative. For special occasions, such as weddings or the Masonic banquets, we would order mellow rolls of ice cream and they would be sent to us by train in an insulated bag packed with dry ice. I had great fun playing with the dry ice and water. We never sold mellow rolls in our store. However Anderson's Drug store did and on occasion when I would go with Dad to get the evening Telegram newspaper I would be treated to a chocolate mellow roll from Anderson's. Of course Andersons had the only source of comic books in town and one of them might also be purchased for my reading pleasure. As well they sold dot to dot and colouring books which, I would also buy on occasion.

I would be remiss if I did not mention the penny candy we sold in the store. There were jube-jubes, black balls or jaw teasers, liquorice babies, to mention a few; these were 3 for a penny, Liquorice plugs and liquorice ropes, both red and black and liquorice pipes cost 2 cents each. There were miniature Jersey Milk chocolate bars and peppermint patties, which also sold for 2 cents each. For Valentine's Day there would be the hearts with sayings imprinted on them and of course Easter eggs for Easter. Suckers or lollipops were also available. Of course there were chocolate bars which were sold for 5 cents and 10 cents, depending on the size. Some of the varieties were Jersey Milk, Crispy Crunch, Burnt Almond, Coffee Crisp, Oh Henry, Sweet Marie, Cadbury's Carmel, Cherry Blossoms, Mr. Big, Four Flavours and Treasure Bars, which had 6 different flavours and shapes in them. It was like a small box of chocolates. One of the treats when our cousins or friends' children visited was a grab bag to be given out. We would have 2 lb. paper bags in which penny candy would be placed, sometimes without consultation, but the candy was always appreciated by those who received it. Of course Marion & I could have all the candy we wanted. What is interesting is that our friends never expected to be given candy from the store. If we asked, we were allowed to treat, but that was a rare occasion. We also sold Jenny Lind Chocolates for a while. This brand was a competitor of Laura Secord. There were half and one pound boxes, as well as a variety of bars.

One memory I have is of filling bags with candy for the Royal Canadian Legion to hand out to the children on Halloween night when they had the party at the arena following the torch light parade through the town. As well, we "made up bags" for the children to receive following the Santa Claus Parade. Marion remembers that the Legion bought boxes of candy and made up their own bags. I do not remember that, then again she has a better memory than I have. These contained, as I recall, peanuts in the shell, French creams, hard candy and an orange or a tangerine. I am sure there were other candies but I do not remember them at this time. The bags were all stapled shut so that the contents did not spill out.

The hours that the store was open were as follows: Monday 9.00 until 6.30; Tuesday 9.00 AM until 9.00PM; Wednesday 9.00 AM until 12.30 PM; Thursday from 9.00 AM until whenever, I will explain; Friday 9.00 until 6.30 and Saturday 9.00 until late. Now I will explain the hours. We tried to close at 6.30; however, if there was a customer we would stay open until they had finished shopping. Often it would be close to 7.00 PM. Wednesday afternoon was the half day closing and Aunt Alice and my mother, Hilda, would take turns working every other Wednesday morning. Thursday was the day the groceries were delivered from National Grocers, originally from the Lindsay warehouse and then from their Oshawa warehouse. We would stock the shelves and thus we were open until the stock was put away, which could be as late as 8.00 PM. It very often depended on how late the delivery truck arrived. Fridays we closed at 6.30 until the town changed to being open on Friday evenings and then we were open until 9.00 PM. Saturday, as I said earlier, was the big night and prior to the stores being open on Friday evenings we were there until all hours. Of course if someone knocked on the door and we were home, we would go down and let them in to buy groceries.

These were generally emergency situations but that was not always the case. Of course, once you were seen in the store then others would expect to be let in to shop. We were always open after the fair on Wednesday afternoon. I can still see the baskets of Concord grapes in front of the store.

Of course I cannot leave out the sale of cigarettes, cigars, pipe tobacco and chewing tobacco. The variety of cigarettes was extensive. Some I remember are Player's, Export, Export "A", du Maurier, Buckingham, Black Cat - Red, Yellow and Blue and Sweet Caporals or Sweet Caps as they were called. At Christmas we would get flats of 50 cigarettes in a tin box and they would have decorative Christmas sleeves on them. The brands of cigars I remember are White Owl, Trump and El Dorado. Eventually there were Old Port cigarillos. Pipe tobacco came in pouches and some of the brands I remember are Old Chum, which was in a black & white pouch with red lettering, Brier, which was in an orange pouch and Old Virginia. Smoking tobacco also came in plugs. Chewing tobacco brands were Crown and Big Ben. Marion recalls selling Crown chewing tobacco to George Reid and putting it in a paper bag.

During the time span I previously noted, we changed from a store where you were waited on to one that was for the most part self serve. This was quite a change and it took some getting used to both for us, as store keepers, and for our customers. With that came the end of the ice cream parlour and for the most part the bulk goods; cookies, candy and grocery items. We did however continue the delivery service to the farms throughout Brock Township and a bit further afield. My mother, Hilda, would phone the customers and solicit their orders twice a week. We had a private line and our number was 55. The operator would often give mother an open line on the party line so that she could place the calls herself. The grocery items were then taken from the shelves, boxed, and put into the truck for delivery to the homes. Ice cream was wrapped in newspaper and it stayed hard until it was delivered. We delivered on Mondays and Thursdays to Valentine, Vroomanton and the North West area of Brock. Uncle Reg would bring eggs from Joyce & Roy McMullen's for us to sell in the store. Another memory I have is of Uncle Reg returning with fresh Strawberries from Mc Leary's and we ate them for supper. On Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays we delivered to Pinedale, Layton Corners, Wick, Saintfield and the south east area of Brock. One thing in particular I remember about delivering was to McCoy's. We would deliver their groceries to their mail box and there would be a purse in the mail box containing their money to pay for the groceries and we would make change. The order for the next delivery would be in the purse. Their mail box would hold a 25 pound bag of flour. I think I met them once on fair day in all the years we were in business. Don Real lives on that farm now.

Uncle Reg did most of the deliveries. Often Marion & I would go along to assist and on occasion, once I had my driver's licence, I would be allowed to deliver. On the front seat of the truck was a box that contained cigarettes and chocolate bars and gum. This was in case anyone wanted to buy them and they had not ordered them. Most of the men came to the truck to purchase their tobacco products secretly as they did not want their wives to know that they smoked or chewed

tobacco. Uncle Reg gave candy or chocolate bars to the children that opened the farm gates for him. If the customers were not at home we would leave the groceries, put perishables in the refrigerator or freezers for them and if they did not leave the money then we would collect the next delivery, or whenever. Long before my time, we had delivery service and in the winter that was done with a team of horses and a sleigh. How times have changed.

Speaking of changing times, the packaging of some products changed considerably. Milk was in one quart bottles and cream in pint bottles. This eventually changed to 3 gallon plastic jugs and to waxed paper cartons for both milk & cream. Soda pop was sold in bottles and there was a 2 cent deposit on the bottles. Some of the varieties of pop were of course Coca Cola, Pepsi Cola, 7-UP, Canada Dry ginger ale, Orange Crush and Stubby. Brian says that my dad, Len, reminded him of the image of the man on the Stubby bottle when he was dressed in his whites for baking. There were Wilson products and they had a cola, orange and ginger ale. Wilson products came in 12 ounce bottles while the others were in smaller bottles. Wilson's products were in small shopping bags, six bottles to a bag, while the other brands were in a six pack cardboard carrying container. Wishing Well was another brand of products and I can only recall orange and grape flavours. Perhaps they also had cream soda. There were also quart sized bottles of pop and the deposit on those bottles was 5 cents. All of these bottles had to be sorted into their appropriate wooden cases so they could be returned to the supplier to be refilled. Recycling and reuse was prominent at the time. Of course we then went to canned pop and plastic bottles which are still in use today.

I previously mentioned delivering by teams of horses and at that time the wooden bread box, which I understand you have in your possession at the Historical Society, was used to pack the bread. After it was not used for that purpose, it was put to good use once a year. It was used to pack the "Hunt Order". When the men went deer hunting every year we would get a very large order and it would be packed in the "Bread Box" which was taken to the train station and was shipped to the hunting camp. Upon its return we would remove the non perishable goods and credit the account for the goods returned.

One fond memory I have of the store was the wood stove and on it, once a winter, Aunt Alice would make a large pot of homemade vegetable soup. There was always a can of Campbell's vegetable soup added to the homemade soup as it adjusted the flavour, so she reported.

I would like to share some other memories I have of growing up in Sunderland and not necessarily related directly to the store. As I mentioned, the store was closed on Wednesday afternoons. In the summer time we would go and visit my grandparents at Shadow Lake in Norland, Ontario. As well, we would go on Sundays to visit with them. Very often this was the only "vacation" my parents got. Every year, as long as I can remember, until I was away from home, we went to the Canadian National Exhibition on Wednesday. At that time the CNE continued after Labour Day. Aunt Alice, Uncle Reg & Marion would go on one Wednesday

and my mother and father & I would go on the next Wednesday. We would alternate year by year so when we went on the Wednesday after Labour Day either Marion or I were taken out of school for the day. This was the second day of school! What a treat! Dad & I always went to the Hell Drivers at the grandstand in the afternoon and of course we always went to the evening grandstand performance. We would visit the Pure Food building where the various manufacturers would have displays and as we were customers of theirs we would be given gift bags of food. We always took salmon sandwiches for lunch and bought supper. I recall the Honey Dew orange drink being served in a large cone shaped container and Frejan popcorn; this was caramel corn which to this day I truly enjoy. Later, while living in Toronto, I discovered that Frejan caramel corn was sold in Simpson's Toyland at Christmas.

Another trip, on a Wednesday afternoon after school, was to Toronto prior to Christmas. This was to shop, as well as to look at the Christmas window displays at both Eaton's and Simpson's. Of course a visit with Santa Claus would be a must! Supper was eaten at Bassell's restaurant at the corner of Yonge and Gerrard streets. I continued to eat there for many years when I attended college in Toronto as well as after graduating.

Speaking of school I attended Sunderland Public School. My teachers were as follows:

Grades 1 & 2 Miss Velma Shire now Mrs. Keith McGregor

Grade 3 Miss Dorothy Norquay now Mrs. Wilmot Suggitt

Grade 4 Miss Rutherford

Grade 5 Mr. White, I believe

Grades 7 & 8 Mr. Albert Wells and Mrs. Roy McMullen

Mr. Gord Pinkham was the principal until Mr. Wells replaced him.

As well, Jessie Pinkham and Pat Bagshaw taught us music. One thing I do remember is having extra mathematics classes on Saturday mornings in Grade 8 to prepare us for high school. I attended Brock District High School in Cannington.

A talk of growing up in Sunderland would not be complete without mentioning skating at the arena on natural ice. I recall going into the office after falling and hitting my head on the ice and telling Carl St. John that they should put rubber under the ice to soften the blow. Skating was on Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 8 until 10 and on Saturday afternoons from 2 until 4. Another memory of skating was the number of times that the bottom right hand pane of glass in the door was broken by skates being slung over ones shoulder and hitting the glass. Mr. Roy Bagg became quite expert at replacing that particular pane of glass for us. The arena was a Memorial Arena honouring those who gave their lives in the Second World War. It was operated for years by the Royal Canadian Legion. The Ladies Auxiliary, of the Legion ran the concession stand and they sold hot dogs with steamed buns. As well, there were candies, pop and chocolate bars.

A visit to the library was also a fond memory where Bessie Oliver was the librarian. As many will recall this was in a separate room in the town hall prior to the new building being built, which is now the location of the Historical Society.

Mentioning Bessie Oliver brings back the memories of the annual Christmas concert which was put on in conjunction with the United Church. I had many years of taking a part in the production. We practised for many weeks prior to the performance, which was enjoyed by many. I recall one year playing the role of Santa Claus and as I was on late there was no one to assist me to get into the costume. I guess I made it as I do remember going on stage. Other entertainment through the years of course were the Minstrel shows in the Town Hall, and there were movies put on by one of the farm implement dealers. I believe it was John Deere.

It would be remiss of me not to mention Hurricane Hazel. The devastation to the trees in town was monumental as well as the destruction to the barns and other buildings throughout Brock. The 30 foot chimney for the bake oven was destroyed as well. There was no electricity for several days and we took the frozen food, from the store, to the locker in Cannington to save it. It took several days and many man hours to clear up the trees from the main street.

In 1959 the town got water piped into the homes. What a treat! It took three separate votes of the residents of the town prior to it being passed. Before that we got our drinking water from the town pump in pails. It was across the road from the store and close to Fred Wakelin's Dry Goods Store. If we, as children, were playing with the pump, Fred Wakelin would come out and chase us away with his yard stick.

I hope that I have given you a taste of what it was like growing up in Sunderland and in particular in the store called Oldfield Brothers, also referred to as Oldfield's Bakery. It has been a pleasure to make this presentation to you and most of all it has brought back a flood of memories for me and perhaps for many of you.

Memories of the Antioch School 1943-1945 by teacher Queda Shier

I boarded at the home of Lizzie and Will Colwill. There were 10 pupils. They were Pearl Woodward, Beatrice Cameron, Ivan Sheldon, Eva Eades, Dick Purvis, Leana and Eddie Perry, and the 3 Broderick children who were at Briscoe's.

Sadie Briscoe was the caretaker with the help of her father and the dog. There was no well at the school but one dug halfway down the hill to the west. The pupils came to school by pony express. Ivan Sheldon had a cart and pony. I walked back and forth from Colwill's each day and picked flowers along the way for Science Class. Mrs Perry and Mrs. Eades made a quilt and the money from the tickets was used to give the pupils books when the school was closed for the summer. We also went to Toronto by train and saw Eaton's and Simpson's and tried out the elevators. Then we went on to Centre Island and came back to Manilla by bus. Each year there was a concert at Christmas and Ivan Sheldon played the drums with his brothers. Graydon Sheldon later had a band and played at dances in the area .

During the war the Red Cross wanted milkweed plants for down for the light air force suits and the students went out and collected a whole bag full. The school was built in 1834 and in 1934 there was a huge weekend reunion of all the students and teachers who had attended here . I was the last teacher at the school before it closed.

Memories of Sunderland by Marion Gorrell (Mrs Reg Johnson)

I was born on the south side of the 2nd concession of Brock in the hamlet of Wick and at about the age of 3 my father Elmer Gorrell and his family moved to the 6th concession of Brock on lot 15 to the east of Sunderland. This farm was purchased from the Tocher family. Very early in life I found that I was doing much of the outside work on the farm and that included driving the horses for the wagon as my dad threw the loose hay from the fields. We had about 6 horses and used 4 when we had the double plow in operation.

I remember well the walk each day to the Sunderland Public School and in winter the high snow drifts on the road the went right up to the belly of the horses when dad gave me a ride on the sleigh. In bad weather I stay with my grandmother in town as she lived up on Park Street across from Kay Sheldon's home. I went to this school from kindergarten to Grade 12 and I always remember the oily boards on the floor of the classroom and the oily smell that went with them. Some of my teachers were Grant MacDonald, Gord Pinkham, Miss Cliff, and Miss Smith. Our first car was a Durant and we had to go all the way to Toronto to get it. Once I got to Grade 13 I had to board the train or "Doodlebug" and travel to Uxbridge. We would go to Blackwater and then switch trains. I would board there through the week for about \$4.00 and come home on weekends. Once I was late arriving to catch the train and just grabbed a bar on the caboose hanging on for dear life until the conductor came out and brought me inside.

At age 18 I started teaching and helped Miss Purvis at the Harrison School west of concession 12 of Brock. It is now a Mason Lodge. After that I taught at the Wick School for a total of 11 years starting in 1943. I taught 8 grades in the one room school with as many as 36 children at one time. I remember at the opening exercises we would all gather round the wood stove for the Bible reading and about halfway through the children would hear the word "Reverse" and each chair would be turned about so they could warm up on the other side of their body. We all drank the water from the well and used the same dipper cup from the pail at the back of the room and no one ever got sick. The greatest nuisance was those ink wells that kept getting spilled. This was a time when children were taught good penmanship even if they eventually became doctors writing out prescriptions. My first year I made \$975 annually and after 11 years I only had to use the strap 3 times.

In Sunderland we shopped at the general store of my uncle Wes Miller and bought groceries, flour, candies, oatmeal, sugar, often from bulk containers. It was located where the funeral parlour is now. We bought our meat at the butcher shop across the road that was run by Mr. Christie or Mr. Gordon. For ice cream we went over to Clay's restaurant and picked up our mail next door at the post office. Stamps were only a few cents then. The town hall was always a great place for minstrel shows and the Christmas concerts. The library was downstairs and Gus Doyle the policeman gave us a tour of the jail cells. These were simpler times when everyone was an integral part of the community life.